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ALEXANDER RALEIGH

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Ex Libris

C. K. OGDEN

ALEXANDER RALEIGH

RECORDS OF HIS LIFE

EDITED BY

MARY RALEIGH

“ . . . The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night and make it beautiful.”

BAYARD TAYLOR.

EDINBURGH

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PREFATORY NOTE.

I WISH here to express my thanks to the friends who have kindly furnished me with letters for this volume, or contributed personal recollections, or who have spoken to me words of encouragement in my work. My special thanks are due to my nephew, Mr. Thomas Raleigh, of Lincoln's Inn, who has revised all my MSS., and given me much help in the arrangement of my materials. These pages were in print before the tidings came of the death of Dr. Enoch Mellor. He has taken his place in the unbroken procession which is ever passing from the Church on earth to the Church in heaven. His words about his friend are memorial now in a double sense.

The outlines given here of my husband's life are intended chiefly for those who knew and loved him.

A book is a poor medium by which to convey a full impression of any life. The shifting lights,—the colours that fade or deepen on the spiritual horizon as the years come and go,—may in part be seen and remembered, but can hardly at all be expressed in words. Those who knew him will be able to read between the lines, with the clear sight of affection, something of what cannot be written. A selection only has been given from my husband's letters and papers, in order that the volume might be kept within moderate compass.

I have tried to be true as he was, and while giving—from his own hand as much as possible—enough of details to fill up the picture, I have had a loyal regard to his characteristic reticence.

M. R.

GRANTON HOUSE,
EDINBURGH, *18th November 1881.*

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“What he could have done in this lower house, he is now upon that same service in the higher House ; and it is all one, it is the same service and the same Master, only there is a change of conditions.”—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

CHAPTER I.

GALLOWAY—BOYHOOD.

“ Pure livers were they all : anstere and grave,
And fearing God ; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God’s Word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.”

WORDSWORTH.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH, the fourth son and fifth child of a family of nine, was born at the Flock, a farm-house near Castle-Douglas, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on the 3d of January 1817. His grandfather, Thomas Raleigh, was a man of great integrity and force of character. His powers of mind were such as to command a position of authority among his neighbours. As they made their way from church or from field-preaching on the Sabbath-day, discussions would often arise, and on these occasions it was observed that whatever the subject was, Thomas Raleigh would never rest till he had “torn it abroad to the outmost.” His son, Thomas Raleigh, the tenant of the Flock, was of a less argumentative disposition, somewhat silent and reserved

in manner, of few words, but of fervent spirit. He is remembered to this day in that country-side for his straightforward simplicity and uprightness. "There was a stern faithfulness in the soul of the man," said one who knew him well; and the little community amongst whom he lived believed so fully in his impartial discernment that they sometimes referred local disputes to his decision. On one occasion a married couple who had separated on account of incompatibility of temper came to him to ask him to *re-marry* them, believing that "Thomas Raleigh's prayer" might go far to enable them to begin again with better hope of happiness. He did actually marry them, "at a dyke-side," although with what result we are not told.

His wife, Isabella Raleigh, was a woman of brilliant gifts, possessed of a lively imagination, and almost universal sympathy. At the time of her marriage it was said of her husband and of her, by one whose opinion carried oracular weight, "There was not, in twelve parishes, such a couple for *sense, character, and intelligence*."

The Flock was a small farm, and father, mother, and children too as they grew up, had to work hard to make ends meet; and as may be supposed, a heavy share of the burden fell upon the wife and mother. When, now and then, bad harvests, loss of stock, or other contingencies made the struggle almost desperate, her spirit never quailed. "Mrs. Raleigh," people said, "was happiest when she had a difficulty to face," and it is certain that she had a heroic joy in the conflict

with circumstances. She encountered cheerfully all the difficulties of small means, a small house, and a large family, and managed to preserve, in spite of many labours and anxieties, her love of reading, and her interest in poetry and speculative theology. She has herself told how, seated at her spinning-wheel (for all the wool for the family clothing was spun at home) with her foot ready to touch the rocker of the cradle at her side, she used to have a favourite book propped up before her, that she might steal a few sentences as she could. Her memory was stored with passages from the Bible, as well as from Milton, Thomson, and other poets, which she loved to repeat to her children as they gathered round the fireside. One of their favourite amusements was to recite single verses from the Psalms, challenging their mother to tell where these were to be found, and also to give the context, and she generally succeeded in doing both. When she went to market in the nearest town, the treasure brought back was often a book, sometimes one in Latin for the boys. It was from her that Alexander inherited his early love of reading; and from her, too, perhaps even more than from his father, came that rugged originality which made his tenderness seem only more tender.

Thomas Raleigh and his wife were attached, by habit and by conviction, to the small sect which takes (or took till recently) its name from Richard Cameron the Covenanter—the remnant of pure Presbyterians who, after 1689, continued to protest against the errors of an Erastian Church and an “uncovenanted” State.

The Cameronian body was never numerous ; its churches were few, but it possessed, sixty years ago, more than one preacher of exceptional power. Of these the chief was John Osborne of Dumfries, whose sermons combined in a remarkable manner the old-fashioned Puritan fidelity to the letter of Scripture, with a speculative freedom which often carried him far beyond the limits of the Westminster Confession. After the work of the day was over, and the family assembled round the fire in the winter evenings, or lingered in neighbourly talk at the door in the long summer twilight, great questions in theology, suggested by the Sabbath teachings, would be discussed and new views of doctrine considered.

So late as 1873 Dr. Raleigh, in a note of thanks to a friend for the gift of *Reflections and Reminiscences* by Dr. M'Leod Campbell, says :—“ The book takes me back to my boyhood. I can remember distinctly how the ‘Row Heresy’ was talked of at my father’s fireside, and also distinctly that my mother and he inclined to it as no heresy, but the truth—thus giving umbrage to some of the stricter sort. I have some remembrance, too, of the way in which the matter touched my first religious thoughts ; it came like a breeze from the hills, blowing away something that I felt even then to be oppressive.”

In fields and on hill-sides vast congregations would assemble, even on a winter Sabbath, to hear Osborne or any other of the orators of Cameronianism. These open-air services were long, extending, with two short intervals, from the forenoon of the Sabbath till the

shadows of evening fell. In later years Mrs. Raleigh used to express surprise if any one in her hearing complained of the length of a modern sermon, and would describe in fervent language those Sabbaths of solemn worship, the sermons which never seemed too long ; and told how, when the moon had risen, the services of the day used to close with a psalm, which went up "a storm of music from the hill." In fact, the religion of those people was their all. Not only did it bring to them immortal hopes, but it supplied interest and romance and intellectual food to lives that would otherwise have been poor. The distractions of travel, and the interest of the daily press and the public library, were almost unknown, and perhaps on that very account the one great theme had space to live and grow till it filled and covered all their life.

It was at one of the "field preachings" that Alexander Raleigh was baptised ; and among the memories of his boyhood none stood out more clearly than the open-air communion Sabbaths—the green hill-side, the white-covered tables, and the hushed interest of the hearers, who followed the preacher from point to point of his elaborate discourse. The fifthlies and sixthlies were not always retained by the childish mind ; but in the air and sunlight, with hills and sky to look at, even the children did not tire. Some phrase of the long oration, some text quoted with impressive elocution, would be caught up and remembered, to be recalled after many days.

One of Osborne's striking texts, "*I will not eat till I*

have told mine errand" (Gen. xxiv. 33), chosen by Dr. Raleigh, in Canonbury, for a discourse of his own, brought back to him, after long years, these unforgotten Sabbaths.

"I go back nearly forty years, when I was so young that I could remember only this text, discoursed from on a sacramental occasion, by a famous preacher, for well-nigh an hour and a-half. He spoke from a tent in a green field on a clear summer day, the communion tables covered with the linen clean and white, spread out waiting their occupants, who came to sit down at communion after the sermon was over, and during the singing of a psalm. Although the preacher spoke so long, no one seemed to weary, unless it were some of us boys and girls. But we did not weary much. We had the consolation of the green grass; we had the help of the daisies. We heard the bird sing and watched its flight, and saw the solemn movement of the cloud. And the sound of the preacher's voice was solemn; and the awe-struck, desiring look of the people—nearly two thousand of them—almost as if they expected a visit on that day and in that place from their risen Lord. The whole formed a picture and a scene not likely to be forgotten."

From the Flock it was a mile or more across the fields to Buittle parish school, where Alexander Raleigh received the first rudiments of his education. But before he had passed beyond the spelling-book stage, in the year 1825, the pressure of hard times forced his father to surrender the farm and to remove with his family to Castle-Douglas; and the boys were thus transferred to the high school of that town. The

programme of a high school was not in those days much more ambitious than that of a parish school. A good knowledge of English and arithmetic, an excellent style of handwriting, and perhaps the elements of Latin—such was the equipment with which the youth of Castle-Douglas began the world. Among his school-fellows Alexander Raleigh was regarded as a boy of good but not shining ability. He was a good worker, obstinate, indomitable, eager to lead and to excel; not always willing to fight, but a formidable enemy when once committed to a quarrel. In after years his brothers and sisters were sometimes reminded of incidents which exhibited his boyish temper; how, for instance, he nearly made an end of himself by attempting an impossible leap over a “moss-hole.” A moss-hole in Scottish speech is the bed from which peat or turf has been taken for fuel. It is often of considerable depth, and is filled with black moss-water. One day Alexander, aged four, and his brother Samuel were jumping over one of these black pools—first from the ground, then from one peat, then from two. “I’ll do it from three,” shouted the younger boy; but the peats slipped, and next moment nothing was seen of him but two little feet above the water. Providentially, the father was at hand to draw the child out, and to carry him home in his big, blue coat. It is remembered, also, how, after much provocation, he vanquished the bully of the Castle-Douglas school, and how he was suspended over a bridge, head downward, for what seemed a long time, because he refused to submit to the dictation of an older lad who

wanted him to say a profane word. At home he was considered then somewhat deficient in the milder virtues; and his mother has been heard to say that none of her children owed less to nature and more to grace, in the matter of temper, than Alexander, and that in none was the victory more complete.

The home Thomas Raleigh had to give his children is typical of not a few Scottish homes of that day, and is perhaps less common now than it once was. There were no luxuries there; the work was hard and the fare was very plain—oatmeal porridge and Scotch broth formed the staple food of the farm, with tea, then very costly, added occasionally. Amusements were few; indeed, the theory of life adopted by the old Covenanters still held its ground, and pleasure was relegated to a very secondary place. Conventional refinements were little regarded, but there was the culture that comes with “thoughts that look before and after”—the elevation of character given by Faith in the Unseen, and the nobility that knows not how to swerve from the path of truth and duty. This hardy nurture of his childhood left its impress unmistakably on Alexander Raleigh; and although, like his native Galloway in summer, his character came to be touched and softened into beauty, there was always the strength of the granite beneath. He even held that the granite itself had some share in imparting to the character of the men of Galloway a stability and power of endurance like its own. This opinion is supported by the author of *Modern Painters*. Ruskin says, “The quiet streams,

springs, and lakes are always of exquisite clearness, and the sea which washes a granite coast is as unsullied as a flawless emerald. It is remarkable to what an extent this intense purity in the country seems to influence the character of its inhabitants. . . . As far as I remember, the inhabitants of granite countries have always a force and healthiness of character, more or less abated or modified, of course, according to the other circumstances of their life, but still definitely belonging to them as distinguished from the inhabitants of the less pure districts of the hills."

Other influences went to mould the growing boy. The country-side was beautiful, and it was alive with memories of brave men and women who gave their lives, as they themselves loved to put it, for "Christ's Crown and Covenant." Their heroic story, lingering among the moors and hills of Galloway, and woven into the religious thought of the people, was of a kind to stir the chivalrous instincts of boyhood. Sometimes the whole district was roused to enthusiasm to do honour to the heroes of the Covenant. Young Raleigh was present at the great gathering on Kirkconnel Moor, where 10,000 people met to hold a religious service over the grave of one of the martyrs shot down by Claverhouse. Osborne preached one of his great sermons on the occasion, and every village and hamlet for many miles round sent its stream of people to the place of meeting, only the very old and the little children being left at home.

Memories, too, of a more savage bravery were abun-

dant; for Galloway was the country of the Black Douglas, and young Raleigh joined in many a holiday expedition to Thrieve Castle, the Douglas stronghold, and knew by heart the stories, some of them horrible enough, of which it was the scene.

Of necessity the elder boys left the home early, to make their own way in the world, and many years afterwards Alexander Raleigh used to recall his feelings when it came to the turn of his favourite brother, Samuel, the one next above himself in age, to leave his father's house, "to seek his fortune." He was to go to Edinburgh, which place loomed then, vast and mysterious, to the imagination of the younger boy. The coach to Edinburgh from the South passed through Castle-Douglas some time after midnight; and the two lads waited together at a corner of the village street till it should come up. Alexander never forgot the chill, choking sense of loneliness, and the baffled consciousness of the unknown, which took possession of him when his brother got on the top of the coach, and passed swiftly into the darkness.

His progress at school must have been such as to satisfy his teachers, for when he left it he obtained by their recommendation the place of tutor in a farmer's family. His tutorial duties were combined with farm-work: many a Scottish student earns in this way, by the labour of his own hands and brain, the money which enables him to enter a university. But young Raleigh's ambition did not yet soar so high; he returned to Castle-Douglas to be apprenticed to a draper, in

1832, and remained in that employment some three years. Before his time was out another family migration had taken place. Thomas Raleigh, with all his gifts of mind and character, was never a prosperous man; he was now compelled to leave Castle-Douglas and remove to Liverpool. Alexander, left behind alone, was unhappy; his apprenticeship was almost completed, and his position becoming intolerable to him, he left at last without waiting for his master's permission, and made his way to Liverpool, where he rejoined his family. In course of time a place was found for him in the shop of Mr. White, a draper in Ranelagh Street; and with Mr. White he remained till he began to study for the ministry.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL—BUSINESS LIFE.

“ Nor with thy share of work be vexed,
Though incomplete and even perplexed,
It fits exactly to the next.”

A. A. PROCTOR.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the years which Alexander Raleigh spent in active business did nothing to fit him for the work of his life. He became a good business man, clear and punctual in all his dealings, and well acquainted with what Caleb Garth, in *Middlemarch*—the novel he most admired—calls “the nature of things.” To the end of his life he never cared to receive any of the small concessions sometimes made to ministers on account of their supposed ignorance of business. But he was beginning to cherish hopes which the life of a successful trader was not at all likely to satisfy. He had begun to read and think for himself, and as he became conscious of his powers, he longed to devote himself to some work quite different from that in which he was engaged. But his duty to his family and to his father, who was then failing in health, kept him steady to his work, although it was distasteful to him. All he earned was given to

the common stock, and although he was anxious to prosecute his own reading, he gave up much of his scanty leisure to help his sisters in their studies.

When Mr. White selected him to take charge of a newly-opened branch of his business, young Raleigh thought less of his improved position and income than of the increased independence which enabled him to secure more time for his own studies and thoughts. His intellectual bent was thus to some extent in conflict with his duty and interest as a business man. He was troubled and oppressed by the feeling that he was not in his right place. One of his brothers observed that he was "an affecting instance of the round man in the square hole." It was at this critical period that Alexander Raleigh came under the power of those spiritual influences which were to mould and inspire the whole of his future life.

When Thomas Raleigh settled in Liverpool, he wandered for a time from one place of worship to another, finding none to take the place of the Scottish preachers of his choice. At last, one Sunday he returned home to his family with the announcement, "I have found a man." The "man" in question was the Rev. John Kelly, then beginning his Liverpool ministry in Bethesda Chapel. The massive, doctrinal style and the Puritan theology of this young Independent minister were very satisfying to the Scottish mind.

Over thoughtful men generally, and especially over young men, Mr. Kelly exercised an attractive and formative influence of no ordinary power. His Sunday

evening Bible class, held in his own house, among his books, is remembered by many of those who attended it as the birthplace of their higher life. Among the members of that class, in the years of which we are speaking, were Lockhart, Chisholm, and Raleigh, and many more who have done good work, though their names are less known in the Churches. One of these shall speak for all.

In 1873 Dr. Raleigh presided at a meeting in the Crescent Chapel, Liverpool, on the occasion of Mr. Kelly's retirement. We quote a part of his opening address:—

“I too am an old Liverpool man, or boy rather, for I was little more than a lad when I came hither, now a long time ago—not very long after Mr. Kelly himself. At any rate, I very well remember the old Bethesda days. A picture of the congregation as it then was—silent, thoughtful, slightly Puritanic in its aspect, with the young minister in the pulpit—is among the indelible things in my memory. I remember well the last sermon there, from the text ‘Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honour dwelleth;’ and how, when the preacher and pastor had touched, thankfully and tenderly, on some of the triumphs of Divine grace within the walls of the house we were leaving, we left it slowly, and almost sorrowing that we should see its small windows, and deep seats, and general dinginess no more.

“And this place I remember, if one may say so, long before it was built. I have passed Everton Crescent many a time, long before there was any chapel here;—going up to the heights to get a breath of fresh country air, to see the green fields, and the sheen of the sea, while

the ships went out and came in, silently, although in nothing like the numbers which crowd the river now. . . . I heard Mr. Kelly's first sermon here, from a text taken from one of the minor prophets, 'From this day will I bless you ;' and then for years I heard scarcely any one else, and had no desire to wander ; for here I found Sabbath home, and the deepening of spiritual life, and increase of knowledge—not only by the ministrations of the pulpit, but sometimes even more by those of Mr. Kelly's Bible class—and then, more under Mr. Kelly's influence than from any other outward cause, I went from this church to study for the Christian ministry, in which I have now spent many busy and happy years, and in which I continue until this day."

In later years Dr. Raleigh was led to widen in some degree the Evangelical theory of conversion. Without surrendering the belief that all men are sinful and require to be turned from sin to God, he saw that there were souls with what he calls "a congenital aptitude for grace," with whom the turning is gradual and almost unconscious. But in his earlier sermons the notion of conversion, as a definite, conscious change of heart and life, is very prominent. These sermons were probably drawn from his own experience. He knew that he himself had been "born again," and could fix the season of the happy change from blindness to clear vision. And now the vague longings and ambitions of his youth were being absorbed in one desire—the desire to make known to others the truth of the Gospel. On the 5th of October 1838 he was received into the Church, and about the same time he undertook to teach a large Bible class in

place of Mr. Lockhart, who was making ready to go to China. He was introduced to the school by Mr. Chisholm, afterwards an honoured and successful missionary in the South Seas.¹ Hitherto Alexander Raleigh had been known to few even among the men of his own standing; he was reserved and silent in company, and was not generally supposed to possess any extraordinary gifts. It was only when his duties in the Sunday school brought him into notice, and compelled him to use his powers, that his friends discovered what he was. The following extract is from a journal kept by a sister of Mr. Lockhart's, and sent to her brother, then in China :—

29th December 1839.—“The whole school and the Bible classes were to be addressed in the vestry—a goodly company—Alexander Raleigh gave the third address. I *was* astonished. It was plain and simple, admirably adapted to his audience; but elegant and poetic, and delivered with a point and earnestness which made me actually shed tears. . . . We were all delighted, and felt that a young man of very great promise was among us. His shyness and reserve could not conceal the truth that he had the soul of a poet.”

Mr. Kelly and Mr. S. B. Lockhart (father of the missionary) advised him to study for the Christian

¹ The manner of life of that circle in Liverpool is described by one of themselves: “There was a true simplicity in our life. Amusements, now so common among religious people, were not thought of. Our religion, and the intercourse it gave us, the hold it took upon our intellect, our Sunday classes, and the excitement of foreign missions, made every day a joy that no amusements could have brought.”

ministry. There were many difficulties in the way: his health was not robust; his means were small, and his family could promise but little in the way of assistance. At last the resolve was formed; in March 1840 he decided to leave business and enter Blackburn College as a student for the ministry. Before the first step had been taken towards carrying out this purpose his father, Thomas Raleigh, died. The burden of those members of the family who could work was somewhat increased; but the determination that Alexander should be a minister remained unaltered.

Before his mind was fully made up as to his vocation for the ministry, one of his brothers wrote to him:—

“You must ask yourself;—‘Am I fit for this life of single purpose? Do I possess that rare quality of character which will guarantee unflinching perseverance in the pursuit of this, the grand object of my ambition?’ In all candour and in severest truth, I think you do. Strength of purpose is one of your marked characteristics. My impression is . . . that you carry out a principle of conduct with a rigour perhaps if anything too little conciliatory to the prejudices and established habitudes of others. Your earnestness of conviction rests satisfied with nothing short of aggression upon the opposite error. . . . My first thought after reading your letter was, there at last is the right thing, and it shall go hard but we will realise it sooner or later.”

Another of his brothers, speaking afterwards of these years in Liverpool, said—“It was Alexander’s noble and unselfish conduct at home that first convinced me of the reality of religion.”

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE.

“ So when my Saviour calls I rise
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.”

FABER.

At the beginning of the winter session of 1840-41 Alexander Raleigh was admitted a student of the Independent College, or Academy, at Blackburn, at that time presided over by the Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw. He was older in years and in thought than most of his class-fellows ; but he was prepared to find that in scholarship he had much to make up. His letters home show that his first impressions of college life were favourable.

2d November 1840.—“ The heart-beating occasionally returns upon me still, but I hope it is gradually leaving me. With everything else I am pleased, excepting myself, of course. . . . I go every Sabbath to Darwen, a distance of four miles, to hear Mr. Porter, the best preacher I ever heard, not excepting Binney or Osborne either ; and yet he is a man unknown comparatively.”

It is not necessary to give here an exact record of the

course of study pursued by Alexander Raleigh at Blackburn and at Manchester, to which place, in 1843, the college was transferred. His fellow-students testify that his class work was done well and punctually, but his strength was not more than equal to the prescribed amount of reading. He suffered much from dyspepsia and nervous prostration; and the anxieties natural to his position were so painfully intensified by ill-health, that he was more than once on the point of giving up study and returning to business.

Once in vacation time, meeting a fellow-student, Mr. R. Davies, in the street in Liverpool, he mentioned his doubts about returning to college. "Raleigh," was the blunt but most encouraging reply, "I did not think you were quite such a fool." Referring to this incident at the time of Mr. Davies' death in 1879, Dr. Raleigh said, "But for Robert Davies, it is very possible that I might not have been in the ministry to-day."

To the doubts and fears caused by physical weakness were added cares of another kind. More than once in his home letters we come upon passages like these:—

10th March 1842.—"My funds are worn very low. I have had to pay a good deal in books, shoe-soling, medicine, etc., . . . and I know not where I must look next. However, I am not in immediate need, and will give you due notice before I reach the starving-point. A few months now will, I hope, end my pecuniary difficulties."

Miss Lockhart's Journal gives an interesting glimpse of the same difficulties from another point of view:—

“Mrs. Raleigh (his mother) came in the morning to tell me of Alec’s perplexities for want of money. ‘Truly,’ as she says, ‘when he becomes a great man, and writes his life, some of these incidents of his earlier days will be sufficiently piquant. They will look quite romantic *then*; but now they are rather painful.’”

The Journal goes on to record that one of the Crescent Chapel friends called the same evening to inquire where Alexander Raleigh lived, and “set off thither with an acceptable present—£5.” By such kindnesses, given and received in the name of the Master, the struggle was rendered easier; and if Dr. Raleigh had fulfilled his mother’s expectation by writing his own life, no false pride would have prevented him from acknowledging his debt to those who thus helped him through the difficulties of his early years.

We have said that want of strength prevented him from undertaking any course of study much beyond the usual requirements of his profession. He was not, and he never professed to be, a learned man. Indeed, he never had much ambition that way; but in his classical studies at college he reached a fair standard of excellence, and his command of the English language was already remarkable. Knowledge, of whatever kind, seemed to him only subsidiary and instrumental; there was but one thing he felt he could do, and was called to do—to preach the Gospel; and in this desire all others were swallowed up.

The Rev. R. M. Davies, now of Oldham, who was

then a student at Blackburn College, gives the following account of his first appearances as a preacher :—

“ I have not forgotten his first preaching appointment. When informed that his name was on the list of preachers he observed, ‘ Well, I did not expect it. It is the beginning of my public work for the Master. I will seek His help, and do my best.’ His room was next to my own, separated by a thin partition, and I can testify that he spent the most part of that night in prayer. He soon acquired popularity as a preacher ; but this led to no assumption of superiority ; for however much his services were enjoyed by others, he often declared that they fell so far short of his own ideal as to keep him humble. His generous impulses were many, and the goodness of his heart was often shown in acts of delicate and unexpected kindness. His student life was as exemplary as his spirit was devout.”

The following extract from a letter to one of his sisters, who was engaged in teaching, may serve to illustrate certain opinions which he formed early in life, and never relinquished :—

11th May 1842.—“ I should like to know something of the inhabitants of H——, whether they are any more civilised than the average Lancashire population, and whether the children are more apt and teachable than the general run. Speaking of this, I would have you beware of setting down any child as a dunce. Retain it as a firm conviction that every child has the elements of true greatness and infinite expansion. Your labours will then become invested with more of dignity and interest, and in due season will be productive of all the more abundant fruits. . . .”

To the same sister he writes to explain why he cannot accompany her to a concert :—

13th February 1844.—“ . . . Dr. Vaughan himself would make no objection, but thinks that, taking into account the state of feeling on the subject of a considerable part, and that in many respects the best part of our denomination, it would neither be wise nor dutiful in us to set an example of latitudinarianism.”

In regard to concerts, the writer afterwards came to entertain opinions of a more “latitudinarian” character; but his objection to the theatre, incidentally expressed in the same letter, he never abandoned. With all regard for the drama as an agent of culture, he was convinced that evil of several kinds was almost inseparably associated with our modern stage. From the time when he devoted himself to the ministry he never entered a theatre. He did cherish some hope that the theatre might in time be so reformed and purified that religious people could enter it without scruple. On this point he was perhaps no more “latitudinarian” than his master, Dr. Vaughan, who is reported to have said that for years after he was a converted man he could not pass a theatre door without a qualm of regret.

Year after year, through the discipline and privations which have been touched upon, ruled and softened as these were by other agencies, and by the grace of God in them all, Alexander Raleigh’s character grew, and the influence over men which he was to wield in after life began to be felt. We shall best understand

this by listening to the words of those who knew him at this time.

Dr. Mellor of Halifax, his friend for many years, says of these college days :—

“He was at that time a hard student, especially of English literature, both in prose and poetry, and few men have ever sought more earnestly than he the secret of that power which lies in the use of appropriate forms of speech, and few men have been so successful in finding it. . . . It was my misfortune not to enter upon my college life at Manchester until the year after Raleigh had left it, and it was also my good fortune to find there some of his contemporaries whose ideal of the ministerial life had been immeasurably exalted by their fellowship with him. His name was constantly on their lips. They referred to his sermons as marvels of power and finish ; and it was clear that whatever might be the prelections on Homiletics they might hear from the chair, their model of the true sermon was unconsciously supplied by Alexander Raleigh.”

Again we quote Dr. Mellor :—

“I have never known the man whose name was so fragrant and inspiring : the college seemed full of the light he had left behind him, and I believe that many pleasant traditions linger there still.”

His acceptance as a preacher while still at college had its inconveniences, for requests were often made for his services when the studies of the week were too pressing to admit of the thorough preparation of a sermon ; and to be less than thorough was always a trial to him. But whatever drawbacks existed in the shape of uncertain health and other anxieties, the years

at College were full of interest and brotherliness, and in the retrospect across a lifetime of work and change, they always looked beautiful to him.

We will close this chapter with a graphic sketch of life in Blackburn, by the Rev. Robert Macbeth of Hammersmith, London, who was a fellow-student with Alexander Raleigh.

“The peculiar conditions of our student life at Blackburn Academy, during the last two or three years of the existence of that institution, were well fitted to bring into prominence the latent qualities of Alexander Raleigh’s character.

“The approaching transference of the Academy to the new Lancashire College at Manchester—involving as it did the retirement of the old tutors, and, indeed, the complete reconstruction of the whole establishment—had naturally led to a considerable relaxation of the formal regulations ordinarily so necessary to the due conduct of student life and work. The growing failure of the sight of the resident tutor—the Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw—amounting at last to almost total blindness, tended still further to lessen the amount of immediate superintendence. The result was a sort of interregnum, during which each of the students had it in his power, in a large measure, to do ‘whatsoever seemed good in his own eyes.’¹ In this state of things the leadership—I might almost say the government of the house—

¹ A printed and framed copy of the “Rules of the House” used to hang over the dining-room mantelpiece. This, after due deliberation at a Parliament of the whole House, was declared obsolete and inadequate, and forthwith sold by auction, James Apperly acting as auctioneer, and Raleigh, if I remember aright, being highest bidder.

“Raleigh bearing down” was a standing phrase used to designate

fell, by a process of natural selection, into the hands of two men, the late Watson Smith of Wilmsloe and Alexander Raleigh; and to the manner in which they used the influence thus accruing to them, some at least of their fellow-students feel that they owe much of what is richest and best in their whole experience of life. In natural temperament and tendency no two men could well be more divergent—Smith, ardent, impulsive, and impetuous even to rashness, ready to fire up into burning indignation at the slightest appearance of what he held to be wrong; Raleigh, deep and tender indeed in his emotional nature, but cool, calm, and reflective even in his slightest and most impromptu utterances; ever ready to see the redeeming points in any character, and refusing to condemn while there was the slightest possibility of justifying. Out of these divergences differences sometimes arose, which for the time at least were of serious significance to us all; differences so acute that I have seen Watson Smith burst into a passion of tears through disappointment at not being able to carry his point. But never for one moment did these differences alienate those two from each other;

the inimitable combination of reality and burlesque in the indignation with which he would suddenly bear down on any unfortunate delinquent who had incurred his magisterial censure. It was made specially suggestive by a not altogether unsuccessful attempt by Anthony Bateson to render it pictorially after the manner of Leech or Tenniel. This piece, which hung for some time in the place formerly occupied by the rules above referred to, represented Raleigh in the form of a magnificent three-decker, affluent in canvas and bunting, bearing directly down on an assemblage of small craft, each one of which seemed to be making off in any direction open to it, the figurehead of each indicating unmistakably the personality intended. Perhaps such incidents have interest chiefly for those who look at them through the tender haze of loving memory.—R. M.

never once mar the enjoyment of the glorious hour after evening prayers, when, together with two or three others who formed with them a sort of inner circle, they met around the dining-room fire to compare notes as to the progress and events of the day.

“Smith was an omnivorous reader, and had generally fished up during the day—sometimes from a Socratic dialogue, sometimes from some little-known old Puritan—some racy passage or saying, which he rehearsed and expounded to us with an infinite variety of the most graphic and suggestive comments. To Raleigh a kind of judicial or magisterial function was, by common consent, tacitly assigned; and his summing up of the discussion and of the incidents of the day was often so tinged by mingled touches of tenderness, severity, and half-suppressed humour, as to throw a flush of rich poetic colouring over the most ordinary sayings and doings.

“But it was on the Sunday evening, when they were not engaged in preaching, or had returned early from an afternoon service, that our student life at Blackburn culminated to its fullest brightness. Then Smith would read a chapter from Cudworth or John Howe, which soon became a point of departure for discussions, such as I fear might not be so much appreciated now, when the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century* have superseded the English Platonists and the Puritan Divines, and ‘left none so poor as do them reverence,’—but which are remembered by those who were present with inexpressible interest and gratitude. On those occasions Raleigh’s words were few and well chosen. He never had any disposition for flights of mere speculative talk. His clear sense of the limits of human thought made him somewhat intolerant of all attempts to solve the mysteries of life, or to set aside well-sustained fact or doctrine, simply because it involved

what appeared for the present to be insoluble mystery. Sometimes a severe homily, without words, was contained in the look of humorous despair, or in the rich laugh, with a curious tone of mingled ridicule and sadness trembling through it, with which he usually received such attempts.

“It might be supposed that these unrestrained excursions into remoter fields were incompatible with due attention to our ordinary student work. It was not so. With Raleigh at least, and the whole of the circle immediately around him, the very absence of restraint led to a more rigidly conscientious attention to everything that duty or courtesy required. I have known him, for example, to run every foot of the way from Lower Darwen to Blackburn, rather than be five minutes late for evening prayers—although Mr. Wardlaw had expressly abolished all impositions for failures of this sort; or rather, I should say, just because these had been abolished. In like manner, when it was suggested to him that the state of his health would justify his declining some part of the prescribed course of study, he rejected the proposal almost with indignation—saying that he ‘could die, he could give up altogether, but he could not deceive or disappoint his friends by pretending to go on, and yet shirking the work given him to do.’

“Yet Raleigh was never anything of an Ascetic or a Precisian. On the contrary, it would be difficult for those who knew only the graver aspects of his character, to conceive of the zest with which he went into every justifiable game or device for relieving the strain or varying the monotony of our life.

“Details would be out of place here, and to those unacquainted with the character and composition of the unique little community at Blackburn, they would be

unintelligible. Never, however, even amidst scenes of the most hilarious mirth, did he lose altogether that touch of severe yet tender pathos which was one of the charms of his character. One felt that on all occasions, grave or joyous, there was an aroma of the Westland hills and moors, and of the old Covenanting life there, still lingering about him ; and a story which he was fond of repeating about Peden being found sitting by Richard Cameron's grave, swaying himself backward and forwards, and sighing out, 'Oh to be wi' Richie!' forcibly recurs to me now, with an irrepressible tendency to substitute 'Raleigh' for 'Richie.' ”

CHAPTER IV.

GREENOCK—FIRST CHARGE.

“ God gives to every man
The virtues, temper, understanding, tastes
That lift him into life ; and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.”

COWPER.

IN the autumn of 1844, before going to Manchester to finish his college course, Alexander Raleigh spent some days in the Highlands with one of his brothers. On their return they arrived at Greenock on a Saturday night too late to go on to Edinburgh, and were thus led to take up their abode till Monday with a friend, who had just started in business as a lawyer in the town. Their host was a member of the Free Church of Scotland, as was also Mr. Samuel Raleigh. On the Sabbath morning these two went to the Free Church together, leaving the Manchester student to find out his own people. Guided by one of the oldest members of the local Independent community, he made his way to the chapel—a new building, somewhat more ambitious in its style than the average Scottish Independent chapels of these days. Before the close of the service, when

the members of the church met around the Lord's table, intimation was made, according to the custom of the place, that a student from Lancashire College was among the company. The intimation was not without peculiar interest on that Sabbath, for the congregation had been without a pastor since the beginning of the year, and it was expected that the deacons would invite the stranger to preach. One of their number did in fact call upon him in the course of the evening. Mr. Raleigh said he would willingly preach if regularly invited to do so; but he would not preach as a candidate, because his college course was not completed. "A regular invitation" duly followed, and when he returned to Greenock to fulfil his promise the people were so much impressed with his sermons that they were ready to wait till the end of the college session, if they could be sure of receiving him then as their minister.

The formal call was sent to him to Manchester. All the members of the church heartily concurred in it, with the exception of a party of seventeen, who persisted in their preference for another. After mature deliberation and earnest prayer to God for guidance, he felt that it was his duty to accept the invitation; and on the 6th November 1844 he signified his cordial compliance with the wish of the Greenock church. He then expected to leave college at the New Year. By way of postscript to his acceptance, he states four points on which he desires to come to a clear understanding with the church:—

"1. The chapel debt I cannot but regard as a serious

obstacle in the way of the success of my ministry. . . . On this subject I doubt not you will be of the same mind.

“2. I should like the salary I am to receive to be specified before I settle. It has formed no element in my decision; but you will, of course, see the necessity of my knowing its amount.

“3. I do not know what the custom is in Scotland, but here it is almost universal for ministers to have six weeks in summer free from all encumbrance.

“4. I should like it also to be distinctly understood, that I am at liberty to read my discourse when desirable or necessary. It is neither my *custom* nor my *preference* to do so, but occasions will happen when it may be absolutely necessary, and there are subjects on which I should not dare to trust myself without my entire manuscript.”

None of these points presented any insurmountable difficulty; but the Greenock congregation were severely disappointed when Dr. Vaughan interposed to dissuade him from leaving college before Easter. Mr. Kelly supported Dr. Vaughan; and the other members of the College Committee were anxious to avoid setting any precedent for abridging the term of study. As for the pastor-elect, his desires were all with his people; “the nearness of the sacred office,” he writes, “investing it with additional interest and awfulness.” But his judgment told him that it would be better for them, as well as for himself, to finish his college course. It was not, therefore, till April 1845 that his settlement and ordination took place. At the young pastor’s earnest request, Mr. Kelly consented to accompany him to Greenock, and to give the ordination charge. From a letter written by

Mr. Samuel Raleigh to his mother we extract this note of the proceedings :—

Greenock, 5th April 1845.—“Dr. Wardlaw preached the introductory discourse yesterday from ‘And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved,’ giving a view of the principles of Congregationalism, and what was better, a fervid exhibition of the Gospel independent of *ism*. Mr. Kelly’s charge was admirable. . . . I trust you feel it no ordinary consolation that, amid years of trial and vexation, God has been preparing one of your children for a post of honour in His service. . . .”

The Rev. David Russell of Glasgow asked the usual questions, and in reply to these Mr. Raleigh read a short statement, in which he gave some account of the way by which he had been led to devote himself to the service of Christ.

The young minister threw himself with characteristic energy into the duties of his charge. His work was not confined within the limits of his own congregation; for his evening service was usually attended by a considerable number of strangers; and he was also one of the preachers at the Seamen’s Chapel. Some of the sermons of that period, which he thought worth keeping—careful manuscripts in the minute hand which he then wrote—are evidently intended for a seafaring audience. In a sermon preached at Kensington Chapel in 1879 he refers to the early associations of his Greenock Sabbaths.

“Of the first church of which I was pastor a good many sailors were members,—captains and mates and men before

the mast. They went round the world, meeting all the perils of the cities and the seas, and when they came safely back, on a quiet Sunday perhaps, the hills and mountains of the Western Highlands bathed in rich summer light, and, as it were, worshipping around us, and those men sat down at the Supper of the Lord in the little church, what hearts were so glad as theirs?"

He always had a keen sympathy with the peculiar anxieties of seafaring men, and once during his ministry in Greenock he had occasion to realise in his own experience what those anxieties are. His mother and one of his sisters making the voyage from Liverpool, in order to make their home with him, were shipwrecked, and for a time it was believed in Greenock that all on board the steamer had been lost. News of their safety arrived at the end of the week, and on the Sabbath morning he preached from the words, "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith," a sermon which is still remembered by those who heard it.

Some measure of the reputation acquired by the young minister is afforded by the fact that he is included in a list of some fifty preachers described in a book, entitled *Our Scottish Clergy*, published about this time. The sketch of Mr. Raleigh is founded on a sermon preached in Dr. Wardlaw's Chapel, Glasgow, from the text "Honour all men." After remarking that the speaker's voice is "somewhat harsh," and his action not sufficiently animated, the writer expresses a high opinion of the matter of the sermon, and specifies as characteristic qualities of the preacher, his originality,

his high sense of human dignity and of the possibilities of human nature, and his *guardedness*. This last touch was probably suggested by the qualifying phrases which he often introduced when he had made a strong assertion,—phrases which, if they sometimes seemed to check the flow of his speech, served also to indicate the conscientious care with which he kept his “originality” within the bounds of right reason and common sense.

In May 1847 his health again threatened to give way. The symptoms which had affected him in his college life still reappeared from time to time, and these were aggravated by the misery he underwent sometimes in his preparation for the pulpit, especially when, to please his people, he attempted to learn his sermon by heart. Once he records with joy that he preached without paper, and “got on like fire,” but at other times he was haunted by the look of the manuscript at home. He even “feared that he might (mentally) turn over two pages at once and so lose his place,” as he repeated the words. Extempore speaking was always difficult to him, and it was only later that he acquired the art of reading with ease and freedom. To the strain of his work was added the strain of family responsibilities, which were sometimes hard to meet. In the summer of 1847 he was obliged to take rest for a time. After his return home we find him writing to his sister:—

Greenock, 22d September 1847.—“ . . . As regards myself, I cannot say much. To say that I am well would be far from the truth. The people seem all very glad to have me back. This is Sacrament week in Greenock; Candlish

and several other 'wise men from the East' are to be here on Sabbath, so I shall take it easy. . . ."

So pale and worn was his appearance at this time, that friends belonging to other churches in Greenock sometimes said, "Let us go and hear the young Independent minister, for we may not have him spared to us long."

The result of the winter's work was to convince him that he must resign his charge, and abandon all exertion and responsibility for a time. His people came forward with offers of help of all kinds; he was surprised and touched to find how much love his short ministry had won him. Friends in England, who thought that a change to a less laborious pastorate was all he required, wrote to ask whether he would listen to a call from a small chapel in Manchester. But if he had been fit for work at all he would have stayed in Greenock. He was very loath to leave a place endeared to him by the beauty of its scenery, and by many pleasant and sacred associations. But it was not left to him to choose. God, by His providence, was calling him apart into a desert place, and he obeyed, not knowing how long the trial of faith and patience might be before he should be permitted to return to active service.

On the 10th of July 1848 he resigned the Greenock pastorate, and in the course of the following autumn gave up his home there, and became a wanderer in search of health.

CHAPTER V.

FAILURE OF HEALTH.

“How dull it is to pause, to make an end ;
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
As tho' to breathe were Life.”

TENNYSON.

THE trial to Alexander Raleigh of leaving Greenock would have been even more severe than it was had he known that for two whole years he was to be laid aside. As he went from place to place, and tried various medical treatments till he was weary of them, one home opened its doors to him and welcomed him time after time, during these years of enforced and undesired idleness. In Heaton Villa, near Manchester, the residence of Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Watts, he found kind friends and untiring care. Mr. and Mrs. Watts had known him in his student days, and hearing of his illness they sought him out “very diligently and found him,” and with rare delicacy tried to persuade him that in accepting their hospitality he was conferring as well as receiving a kindness. In after years, when his hands were full of work and his friends were many, as he mused on the Divine care that had followed him

all his life long, he used to say that under God he owed it to Mr. and Mrs. Watts that he did not sink utterly in this time of trial, and let go his hope of preaching the Gospel.

Notwithstanding the great reserve of his character at this time, and his avoidance of conversation in general company, he gave to friends who knew him absolute and unmeasured trust, and he possessed a singular power of winning the love and confidence of those with whom he came in contact,—a power which is one of God's best gifts to those whom He chooses to do a work for Him amongst men.

As often as his strength permitted he renewed the attempt to preach, but at first with small success. He could hardly enter the pulpit without overpowering nervous terror. The first time, after his illness, that he undertook a service in the chapel at Heaton, his friend Mr. Hooper, the minister of the place, was at hand in case he should fail. He was actually obliged to stop; and in the bitterness of his disappointment exclaimed, "I can never preach again." His next attempt was more successful, and he records it as "a trembling trial." As his physical health improved, the morbid intensity of his feelings diminished, although to the last he never entered a pulpit without an overshadowing fear upon his spirit,—partly nervous, but in large part also due to his sense of the issues for good or evil, which might depend on his words.

The following letters belong to the earlier part of these years :—

To Miss WATTS (then at school), 1st September 1848.

Edinburgh.

“. . . I think I have been taught during my last illness, more impressively than at any former period, the value of a Saviour's presence and support in trouble or when contemplating the possibility even of death. Every worldly support then becomes like a broken reed, and all worldly pleasures are as shadows: Christ and His salvation become all in all. And I feel a stronger desire to urge all my friends to make sure of a real attachment to Him during the season of health. Believe me that I speak, not professionally, as a minister, but as one who has looked towards eternity, when I say that it is a fearful hazard to allow the most vital of all points to stand by unsettled till sickness, and fear, and death come rushing upon the soul. . . .

“I hope you are deriving every day a fresh delight from the society of your companions in study, from looking at the harvest-fields, from walking up the hills and running down. I hope that when the birds sing you answer them, in passing by; that you muse thoughtfully when you see the leaf falling from the tree, remembering that ‘we all do fade as a leaf.’ I hope that your trials, if you have any, are sanctified, and that your weeping does not endure even for a night, and that joy always ‘cometh in the morning.’”

To the Same, 6th December 1848.

Heaton Villa.

“. . . It has been a drizzling, miserable day, but the moon is up and is shining calmly down upon the leafless trees, and lighting up the whole plain with its radiance. . . . It is like the change which passes on the soul when

it comes out of the deep darkness of carelessness and sin into the calm light of God's favour. . . .

“It is the only *great* life to walk in the light of the Lord. May we have grace to do so, till we reach the place where neither sun nor moon are shining, for ‘the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Light thereof.’ . . .”

Shortly after leaving Greenock, and when he believed that his illness was to be only temporary, he became engaged to Mary, only daughter of Mr. James Gifford of Edinburgh. Some of the following letters are to her.

To M. G., 5th December 1848.

Heaton Villa.

“To satisfy your affectionate curiosity, and my own grateful feelings, I shall try to give you some idea of the place where I am now so comfortably located. . . . Manchester is situated in the centre of a plain, and Heaton lies about six miles south of it, on a gentle elevation, and in favourable weather commands a clear view of—I cannot say the towers and palaces,—but of the tall chimneys and church spires and *smoke* of the city. On still mornings the roar of the machinery and of the living multitude is heard in its dying falls. . . .

“The prospect, of its kind, is beautiful. On fine days in summer there is a dreamy richness in the landscape, and even on a wintry day like this there is not the cold sterility which sometimes chills the blood in the hilly parts of Scotland.

“The house itself is large. . . . There is a large garden, and on entering the greenhouse one forgets that this is December. There are some six or eight horses, any one of which I may have when I wish for other than pedes-

trian exercise. Of course I shall not trust myself to a steed that might wish to part company with me on short notice, and further to allay your fears, be it known to you that I am a first-rate horseman!

“There is a little chapel within ten minutes’ walk of the house, and the congregation assembling there enjoys the ministrations of a very reflective young minister, who was a fellow-student with me, and with whom I have a walk every day. We talk of scenes gone by, and sometimes anticipate and forecast the future. . . .

“Thus, you see, I have almost every comfort, and yet like one who is anything but an ‘ensample,’ I am often disposed to feel that ‘all this availeth me nothing’ so long as I am deterred from labour and separated from you. Alas! my faithless heart, can I not be quiet and at rest—‘still’ in humble, hopeful trust? . . .

“I have to tell you that I have broken the silence of these long and trying months at last. I preached last Sabbath evening in the little chapel here, and without suffering any evil consequences, although not without unpleasant symptoms during the time of speaking. . . . It is much, and calls for a far more ardent gratitude than I feel, to have been permitted to preach the everlasting Gospel once more. Help me by your prayers, entreating our gracious Father to permit me to go on in the good work, *if it be His holy will*. This is the petition I find most difficult. . . . How hard it is to say, in full-souled acquiescence, ‘Thy will be done!’ But I am talking too much of myself; your letters are welcome as the sun. . . .”

To Mrs. S. RALEIGH, 3d January 1849.

Heaton.

“. . . 1848 has gone the way of all his predecessors, and has been an eventful year to Europe and to us. I

have a shocking memory for dates, but there are days and months in the year which has just passed away which neither you nor I will easily forget. And to me 1849 is likely to be, in one way or other, not less memorable. . . . It has been one of my besetting sins that I have been prone to be far too anxious, sometimes to impatience and feverishness, about the possibilities of the future. How good would it be for all of us if, while we yet stand on the threshold of the young year, we were duly impressed with the importance of *daily duty*,—the keeping of the commandments of God. . . .

“Will you assure J—— of my sympathy? I find it flows spontaneously towards those who have been stricken, and have turned aside for a season, to suffer and wait. . . .”

To M. G., 6th January 1849.

Heaton.

“I went yesterday by way of the College to Manchester, and read your letter while passing along some of the walks which were so familiar to me in other days not very long gone by. . . . The mingling of past and present in my mind was very strange, as I read and walked through the fields and along the rural lanes. . . . Friends with whom I walked in college days stood again by my side, albeit some of them are at the ends of the earth. Conversations, struggles, follies, hopes then indulged—some of them since defeated, and some more than fulfilled—aspirations and prayers, all came back. Ah! what sealed treasures memory has in her keeping; and how easy for the Author of our nature to touch the spring that shall unfold and disclose them all! With what solemnity should we look forward to that day when ‘the judgment shall be set, and the books opened;’ the book *we carry within* among the rest! . . .

“I saw Dr. Vaughan at college, who gave me kindly welcome. As soon as I am able to think of a settlement he will be anxious, he says, to aid me in finding the right place. I am deeply persuaded that God alone knows that, and my hope is that He will guide me. I cannot conceal from you that I am not recovering so rapidly as I expected. . . . I have very few anxious thoughts about myself, but I cannot help having some about you. . . . From the past let us derive pledges and arguments for trusting Him entirely in the future. Whatever be the way He has destined for us, it will be opened to our advancing footsteps.”

To the Same, 6th February 1849.

Heaton.

“I have a little natural regret at going away from here, but the prevailing feeling is gladness that I am so far recovered as to be able to show face in the world again. I am undoubtedly much better than when I came, the very circumstance of being able to preach is in itself much. It is as if I had come to an estate; it is better to me than thousands of gold and silver; better than all earthly delights. Truly it is a joy ‘unspeakable.’”

In the spring of 1849 he was able to undertake regular duty at Ebenezer Chapel, Steel House Lane, Birmingham. He remained there some three months, and if his health had permitted, the desire of the congregation and his own earnest wish for work would have led him to find a home there. But from the beginning of his stay he felt his health uncertain, and this hope grew more and more dim. About this time he writes to his sister: “I am sceptical as to the efficacy of porter and wine. Milk has virtue in it—so has quiet

exercise in the open air, and abstinence from public meetings, and early rising, and cheerful society—and perhaps the best thing of all for the health, both of body and soul, is a steadfast trust in Providence and a close walk with God. . . . I have consented to stay here two Sabbaths more. Would God I were fit for such a sphere! He may perhaps show me clearer light ere long—meantime I would rely on His grace, and contentedly discharge the duties of the day, leaving to-morrow with all its uncertainties in His hand.”

In another letter we find him referring to his difficulties in regard to what he calls “present and perishable things.” “My present pecuniary condition,” he says, “is not very comfortable.” He goes on to say that for complete restoration, it would be necessary for him to rest in silence all the summer; but that being unattainable, “I will work as long as I can. So long as I can continue to preach, I shall be tolerably happy, and if I must stop I will try to say, ‘The will of the Lord be done!’”

It was with a very bitter sense of “hope deferred” that he was compelled to turn aside from the door that seemed to be opening before him in Birmingham. After weary months of waiting, spent chiefly among friends in Scotland and at Heaton, he began, early in 1850, to preach regularly to a small congregation at Lisceard near New Brighton. He undertook the duty only on the condition that he might retire at any time if his strength failed. But the work seemed to bring health with it; the air of the place was pure and bracing, the

changing aspects of sea and cloud were a constant delight to him, and in the house of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Bulley he was welcomed as a "brother beloved."

"It was always a pleasure," Mrs. Bulley writes, "to see him come into the house; and to know that we numbered him as one of our most treasured and truest friends was a privilegè we have never ceased to value. I have felt that it was a sermon only to hear him give out his text; what power some of his tones had of entering into the heart, and fixing, not themselves alone, but the truths uttered in them! He will ever live to me as one of the noblest preachers, and one of the most delicate, tender, and truly humble souls God ever made to labour for Him on this earth of ours."

Other witnesses bear similar testimony to the power of his preaching at that time. His prematurely gray hair, and the traces of suffering in his face and bearing, lent additional force to the intensity of conviction, which enabled him to triumph over weakness and fear, and to lose remembrance of his troubles in his desire to bring home the truth to the minds of his hearers. Thus it was that by suffering he was being prepared for the work of his life. Long after, in the busy Canonbury days, Dr. Raleigh mentioned to one of his deacons the reluctance he felt when he saw it his duty to point out to young men, who aspired to the office of the ministry, the difficulties and trials of the vocation. "They come here," he said, "and they see the place crowded, they hear me preach, and it all seems easy and natural; and straightway they get the desire to do the same. Ah! they little know what it has cost me to attain to this!"

CHAPTER VI.

ROTHERHAM.

“ Knowledge and Truth and Virtue were his theme,
And lofty hopes of Divine Liberty,
Thoughts the most dear to him.”

To M. G., 11th January 1850.

Heaton Villa.

“ AS I leave early to-morrow morning for Rotherham, four miles from Sheffield, where I am to preach on Sabbath, I must write you a line or two to-day. . . . I remember that I omitted to ask you the last two times I wrote when your birthday is. . . . Never was any one less inclined to the observance of days and months and years than I am. I have much ado to remember even the great dates of history, and have always to bethink me before condescending on a particular year as the time of any event. I can remember the succession of events without much difficulty, or, in the world of mind, the succession of thoughts and feelings. And I freely confess that the kind of greatness which seems to me most worth striving after is not the greatness of historical accuracy and research, nor that of classical elegance, nor of logical precision, nor of general accomplishment, nor of oratorical power; but the

greatness of being a serious, reflective, spiritual thinker. To think correctly of God and His government, of Christ and His work, of this world and the next, of the moral duties and ends of life, and to have pure and strong emotions corresponding with the thoughts—both thought and emotion finding form and development in an active consecrated Christian life—*this* would be true greatness, this would make us co-workers with God. . . .”

The visit to Rotherham, mentioned in this letter, led to invitations to preach there again, and finally to a call.

To the Same, 7th May 1850.

Heaton Villa.

“I have got the call to Rotherham, signed by the late minister, who is still professor in the college (and the writer of the article on Emerson, which stands first in Dr. Vaughan’s *British Quarterly* of this month), by all the deacons, and by 230 members of the Church, and upwards of 100 members of the congregation. Only three refused, or declined rather, to sign—an old man and his wife—who said they ‘would sign’ if the deacon who waited on them ‘wished it;’ but they hardly seemed ‘*to know me enough to take such a step.*’ The deacon very properly said, ‘No, my good friends, you must not sign at all, unless you wish it yourselves.’ I am greatly pleased by such a display of Scotch caution. I daresay they are a very worthy Yorkshire couple, and if circumstances so turn out, I shall have pleasure in making their acquaintance. Perhaps they may sometime think they know me perfectly, when in reality they know me not a whit more than they do at present. . . . I shall take some weeks to consider. Every indication is favourable but my own health; that sometimes is distressingly uncertain. . . .”

To the Same, 29th May 1850.

Heaton Villa.

“ You will think me like Noah’s dove—unable to find rest. I am *unlike* that distinguished bird in this, that I have no ark to which I can go as my own home. I do not say this complainingly. I meet with only kindness and comfort everywhere, and I want for no good thing. But there are some things which *seem* good and desirable, which of course I should like to have, but which in the sovereignty and wisdom of God are denied me,—such as better health, a settled work to do, and a real home to live in. . . . These things being denied, cannot be the best things at present, or else I should have them. . . .”

To the Same, 17th June 1850.

Rotherham.

“ I came here on Saturday. On Thursday I went to the annual meeting of the Lancashire College, where I met a number of my old college companions, now in the ministry, and had a wonderful revival of youthful recollections. We sang together one of our old favourite hymns to a favourite tune, and the light and the peace and the stirring hopes of other days came back upon us with wonderful freshness. Years seemed to be cancelled, and it looked like yesterday that we were associated in preparation for the Christian ministry. Some of them are married, and others about to be, and I was disposed to think they were all happier as to outward circumstances than I am ; but on inquiry I found that each one had his peculiar troubles, and that on a fair adjustment there would probably be not so much difference. ‘ He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack.’ . . .”

“Life, with all its sore trials, ought to be one long and vast benefit, and *it is*, to every child of God. . . . I am to meet the deacons to-night, and something will transpire, of which I shall apprise you in a day or two. Truly I need to pray with the Psalmist, ‘Lead me in a *plain* path,’ for my path seems very crooked, and sometimes so hidden that I know not whether there *be* any path.”

It was ultimately arranged that he should enter on pastoral work in Rotherham before the end of August. But when the time drew near he began to feel that he had undertaken more than he could fulfil. He was suffering from illness aggravated by nervous anxiety; and when he had prepared two discourses suitable for the first Sunday of his ministry, he had “lost his voice, his strength, his spirits,” and felt worse than he had done for months. He considered it his duty to retire from the ministry, and to seek some “unexciting secular occupation.” “I seem,” he says, “shut up to this conclusion. Necessity is laid upon me, alas! not the apostolic necessity, to preach the Gospel, but the very reverse.” He was then staying at Heaton, and had actually gone to post the letter containing his decision when he was recalled by a messenger sent after him. Two deacons from the church at Rotherham had come to confer with him on the matter. After a long interview, in which assistance and consideration of every kind were promised, he at last consented to meet the wishes of the people, and to begin his ministry in Rotherham on August 24th, 1850.

To M. G., 25th August 1850.

Rotherham.

“The first Sabbath of my new career has gone pleasantly by. I preached with more calmness and comfort than I expected. The people seemed to feel the solemnity of the occasion, and listened with an attention more than common. I had to struggle against feeling, and nerve myself for as formal a discharge of the duties as was consistent with sincerity. The congregations were large at both services. So ‘magnify the Lord with me ; let us exalt his name together.’ It is best I should be kept waiting on the Lord. A good man once exclaimed, ‘How happy I have been since I have lost my will!’ I hope I may soon lose mine, and have no desire in life or death but to accomplish the will of God.

“The morning here is beautiful with cloud and sunshine, and I cannot fancy it anything else at the head of Loch Long ; so I will be with you on the sunny hills. . . .”

The chapel in which he thus began to minister is situated in Masborough, a suburb of Rotherham, from which it is separated by the River Don. Large iron works were erected in Masborough in the last century by Samuel and Aaron Walker. When Wesley and Whitfield visited Rotherham in 1743, the Walkers, with many others, were attracted by their preaching, and joined themselves to the Wesleyan congregation which was afterwards formed in this place. Their attachment was, however, to Whitfield rather than to Wesley, and they ultimately left the Wesleyan connection and built Masborough Chapel for their minister, Mr. John Thorpe.

John Thorpe had been in his youth one of the most

violent of those who opposed and insulted Wesley and Whitfield when they came to preach in Rotherham. He and some other ungodly young men were amusing themselves one day in a public-house, when one of the company proposed that they should preach in turn, imitating the style of the new evangelists, the texts to be chosen by opening a Bible at random. When Thorpe's turn came, he seized the Bible, saying, "I shall beat you all." He opened at the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 3). The text went to his heart; the whole current of his thoughts was changed; a strange power of utterance was given him, and he preached as one who felt the truth of what he spoke. He said afterwards, "If ever I preached in my life by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was at that time." John Thorpe became a Christian man, and in time a minister of the Gospel. He continued to preach in Masborough Chapel till his death in 1776. His successor, Mr. Grove, was one of six Oxford men expelled from St. Edmund Hall for holding meetings for reading the Scripture and prayer outside of consecrated buildings.¹

In 1795 the Yorkshire Academy for young men preparing for the ministry was removed from Heckmondwyke to Rotherham, and from that time down to 1850 the principal of the academy (or college, as it came to be called) was also minister of Masborough Chapel. The double office was filled for many years by men of unusual gifts. The names of Dr. Edward Williams, Dr.

¹ See *Historic Notices of Rotherham*, by John Guest, Esq., F.S.A.

James Bennett, Mr. Clement Perrot, and Dr. Stowell, stand in a good succession there. Its connection with the college, and with the industrial leaders and skilled mechanics of the town, gave to the chapel a kind of metropolitan standing among the churches of that district of Yorkshire. The near neighbourhood of the college was an advantage in many ways; it brought a new social element within reach, and Mr. Raleigh could avail himself when necessary of the assistance of Dr. Stowell (who continued to be principal of the college), or of one of the students.

On coming to Rotherham he became the guest of friends connected with the congregation. At Carr House, the home of Mr. Yates, and at Don Side, under Mr. Taylor's roof, he continued for a year. Their kindness, which became warm friendship, never permitted him to leave them until he had a house of his own. Of this hospitality he writes—"Humanly speaking, it has been my salvation during these last months: the one thing without which I could not have continued until this day;" and he has said that, but for the strength that such sympathy and care brought, he would have "fled some Sunday morning in sheer terror."

Not the least of the pleasures attending the return to regular work was his restored freedom from pecuniary embarrassment:—

"The glorious privilege of being independent."

To be in debt was a thing he could not and would not bear, and he brought no discredit on the Gospel by

carelessness in matters relating to money. When he took up his abode in Rotherham, he would not even order a new suit of clothes on credit, although he would have found it easy to do so. His friends noticed with silent amusement that when his first quarter's salary came into his hands, the well-worn suit at once and for ever disappeared, none could say whither, and gave place to a new outfit becoming his pastoral dignity. It was a favourite saying of his, "I can do without a thing, or *I can pay for it*;" and this strong feeling may have kept him sometimes from embarrassment, for he was not indifferent to appearances, and he had an almost child-like love for things beautiful and new. Indeed, he was apt to be lavish in spending, and he always gave "with both hands." In London he has been known to come home on foot across the city, because he had given away all the contents of his purse to some case of need. The cabmen of his neighbourhood were eager to serve him, and even to exchange friendly salutations with him, less perhaps because they knew that he never took literal advantage of their low tariff, than because he accorded to them a portion of the kindly human interest which he never withheld from any one.

To Mrs. TAYLOR, 11th March 1851.

Liverpool.

"It is impossible for me to tell you with how much grateful satisfaction I have just read your affectionate letter. The intelligence it contains regarding the people—their kind inquiries, sympathies, and good wishes—is very pleasant. I sometimes think myself very strong and in-

different to human opinions, yet, when I am assured that people I respect and love think well and kindly of me, my heart instinctively opens with a tenderness I did not suspect myself to possess, and lo ! I am weak as other men. . . . I feel almost disposed to reprove you for drawing such a beautiful picture of the future. It possesses too much sunlight and too little shade. Perhaps you think I have pensiveness and melancholy enough in my usual mental state, to cast the necessary shadowing upon the picture ; and I do know how to modify and mitigate the over-bright visions of futurity. . . . Certainly the last part of my life has been the best, and as I have walked out by the hedges and through the woods, I have often uttered the Psalmist's beautiful expressions in the still air, to the God who is everywhere, 'My cup runneth over.'

"I thank you much for the link in your letter which connects all present and all anticipated earthly enjoyments with the nobler experience of a higher world. My hope of that world seems to be my religion. If I were to lose it, this whole life would be overcast in a moment with a gloom which nothing could disperse. Yet a little while, and we shall be sorrowless and sinless, like the angels, like God, and we shall look back on the struggles and sorrows of earth, astonished that things so slight and transient could have so much discomposed us. . . ."

To M. G., 17th May 1851.

Rotherham.

" . . . Yesterday passed very pleasantly with the people, and not so heavily with myself as I anticipated. The pleasure of preaching is worth any amount of sacrifice—previous fears are so delightfully swallowed up, and consequent languor is so much more endurable, than if it succeeded self-gratification merely, or even worldly business.

When my heart is filled with some Gospel theme, when all the pity of my nature is trembling over souls that are 'lost,' or when the hope that they are about to be regained and 'won' exalts such anxieties into gladness, I can understand better than at any other time how angels in heaven rejoice over 'sinners that repent,' how the Saviour is 'satisfied,' and how God rejoices over His returning children 'with singing.' And such delight, I sometimes think, *must* have its abatement, must take its shadow with it, could not be so high and enrapturing, without corresponding capacities and susceptibilities of sorrow. 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, poor, yet making many rich,' you know the glorious apostolic antithesis? It is all very true. And therefore, I will glory in mine infirmities, and preach on—although it should be 'in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling' (which usually, however, it has not been of late)—and hope against hope, and write pleasant, if they must be brief, notes to 'Edina, Scotia's darling seat,' and wait—like a Christian and a man—for the developments of a gracious and all-wise Providence."

Mr. Raleigh's tendency in early manhood, as his letters show, was to look on the darker side of life. The uncertainty of human things, the sorrows of men and women, the mystery of suffering, and the unanswered questions that lie silent and dark behind all the lighter moods of thoughtful minds, these and his long uncertain health, shadowed his early years. He read at that time with intense admiration the writings and the life of John Foster, and used himself to regret that the inspiration he drew from these was so deeply tinged with gloom. The man who when he saw the first buttercup of the season could find nothing to say about it but that

he had seen "a fearful sight," because it told of another year gone in fleeting human lives, saw only the darker hemisphere of truth, and was apt to encourage in his disciple the same habit of thought. As years went by, this tendency was overcome to a remarkable extent. He says in a letter of comparatively recent date what those who knew him will acknowledge to be true.

" . . . What little help I have been able to give to others, my fellow-pilgrims, by preaching or otherwise, has, I am sure, been given largely, under God, by means of an old inveterate habit I have of looking on the sunny side of things. I am to-day more convinced than ever, that it is *the true side*, although for a season, if need be, we 'are in heaviness.' "

The following recollections are from the pen of the Rev. Robert Balgarnie of Scarborough, whose lifelong friendship with him began about this time :—

"He had recently settled at Masborough, while I had just entered on my pastorate at the Bar Church, Scarborough. At that time his health was in a precarious state. Constitutionally nervous and retiring, the strain of his work had so affected him that solitude was more congenial to him than company; he was unable to sleep at night, and his long vigils gave him a haggard appearance, making him look older than he really was. His pulpit preparations seemed to occupy his mind all the week, and as the Sabbath approached, the shadows deepened around him till his work was done. He had so high an ideal of what a sermon ought to be, that every height he gained was but the starting-point for another effort. Once he consented to preach for me at a week-night service, but

the prospect of it so overcame him that in the course of the day he begged to be released from the engagement—it was more, he said, than he could fulfil. And yet when the time of service came, he entered my vestry and said, ‘I see you have a sermon in your face.’ ‘All right,’ I answered. At this his face brightened, and he said, ‘Come, I’ll preach for you,’ which he did. He had then the same simplicity of style, the pathos in delivery, the beauty of illustration, and that true evangelical tone which characterised his ministry to its close. Once I heard him make a wonderful impression on a large audience. He was referring to an incident in the life of Sir Walter Scott. ‘When Scott,’ he said, ‘returned from Italy, in sickness and mental affliction, and was approaching his home in Selkirkshire, the old familiar landmarks seemed to recall him to his wonted animation. “That is Gala water,—yonder are the Eildon hills!” was his joyous exclamation. When at last Abbotsford appeared in sight, he became so excited that he desired to be raised up in the carriage that he might look on his beautiful home. Yes,’ said the preacher, ‘and poor Scott was going home to die! Christians, what rapturous feelings should possess you, in going home *to live!*’

“Yet at this very time his ministry seemed to himself a failure; in fact he seriously thought of returning to a secular calling. Everything looked dark to him. As for his engagement to be married, he saw no probability of that ever being fulfilled. It must also be given up. How little he knew that God was training him for higher service in His Church, and that the union about which he had anxious thoughts was to be a well-spring of joy and strength in his future ministry.”

His friend Dr. Falding, Principal of Rotherham College, writes of this period:—

“He was not then, indeed he never was, inclined to talk much. Sometimes when we walked together, long stretches of country would be gone over in silence. In mixed company he was not much given to discussion. If a topic of conversation was started, he would eagerly join in it for a few minutes, but was not in the habit of sustaining it long. For the most part his sermons seemed to be drawn from the resources of his own mind. He seldom directly quoted, scarcely ever at this time directly combated, any author. His own observation, reflection, experience, supplied him with materials, and as they came directly from one human mind, from the fulness of one human heart, they interested and touched the minds and hearts of his hearers. Even in these early years of his ministry, he seemed to have a wonderful knowledge of the *emotional* nature of man. At that time he seldom attempted to stir the deeper passions, but on the gentler feelings he wrought, as one that plays skilfully on an instrument.

“He was not always equally prepared for the pulpit, and no one seemed to be so well aware of the fact as he was himself. Indeed, there was an obvious difference in his voice and manner, on occasions when he was, and when he was not, satisfied with his preparation. Some of his more discerning and imaginative hearers thought they could tell, even before he announced his text, certainly whilst he was announcing it, whether or not he felt satisfied with the sermon he was about to preach ; but even his poorest sermons, if any might be so called, were thoughtful, real, and suggestive.”

CHAPTER VII.

ROTHERHAM—MARRIAGE AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

“ I looked for evil, stern of face, and pale,
Came good,—too fair to tell ;
I leant on God when other joys did fail,—
He gave me these as well.”

WILLIAMS.

IN August 1851 Mr. Raleigh was married at Edinburgh to Mary Gifford, and after a few weeks' holiday he entered his new home—a small house in Chapel Walk, Rotherham. He writes that he and his wife, on the evening of their arrival, “wandered up and down in it, with as much of the proprietary sense as if we were looking over broad acres, and calling them our own;” and again, “Home makes amends for everything now.”

Marriage naturally brought with it an increase of social engagements. Rotherham was then a town of early hours and ample leisure. When the minister and his wife dined out at the primitive hour of one, they were expected to spend the rest of the day with the family of their host. Mr. Raleigh, however, generally kept the afternoon for a round of visits, or for the

long daily walk which he never liked to omit. He thought then, as he said long afterwards, in speaking of the active life of the prophet of old, that "there can be no health of any kind, physical or moral, without movement. If there were ten commandments for the physical life, I am sure that walking would be one of them."¹

Dr. Falding, who was often his companion, remembers how soon he became familiar with every turn and aspect of the beautiful country around Rotherham. He used to say that he could not preach without communion with nature, and this meant for him communion with God. Those who knew him best knew that he lived in an inner world of prayer. He seldom spoke of such experiences, but he has said, "I cannot always pray when I would, but some days I seem to pray all day long." He used to think out his sermons during solitary walks, and his freshest thoughts came to him under the open sky.

He sometimes sought in manual work a relief from study, and while at Rotherham volunteered to chop all the wood for the household. It was a more useful exercise, he thought, than that of the good minister who had a load of sand deposited, and employed himself daily in removing it by spadefuls from one end of the cellar to the other. Once, at Christmas time, he cut and carried home on his shoulder, a distance of miles, a heavy branching load of holly and laurel with which to adorn the house. All labour, "the grittiest,"

¹ *Way to the City*, page 110.

to use his own expression, was good in his eyes; and he spoke half enviously of the compensations that come with physical toil,—sound sleep and wholesome hunger. Sleeplessness after mental work was his continual experience. A friend telling him that Dr. Candlish, after one of his great speeches at the time of the Disruption, retired to a bench behind the platform, and there was found fast asleep, his remark was, “If I could sleep like that, I could do anything.”

He now became equal to undertake occasionally some public work. He preached frequently in the neighbouring towns and villages, and once or twice he visited London, and learned to love the great city in which so many years of his life were to be spent. He had not then acquired the art of a platform speaker, and once at Bradford, when he attempted to address the Yorkshire Congregational Union, he confessed that his ideas fled from him, and that the effort was a comparative failure.

The connection of Masborough Chapel with the college brought him work of another kind. He delivered more than one course of lectures on homiletics and pastoral theology, and he was even persuaded, pending the appointment of a mathematical tutor, to undertake the duties of that chair,—duties for which he had no special aptitude, but which he humorously claimed to have performed to “his own and everybody’s satisfaction for a short time.”

On returning from a visit to London he writes:—

To Mrs. MACLEAN, 24th May 1852.

Rotherham.

“ . . . It is extremely pleasant to meet with old friends, and to find the old feeling of friendship continuing. These occasional meetings and communions are like a foretaste of the eternal fellowship. . . . I have many encouragements here, but one of my trials is that a number of the young people, and even in the families of members of the church, seem strongly to incline to the world. May all *your* children be given you as a comfort and help on earth, and a joy in heaven ! ”

Two daughters were born in Rotherham. On the birth of the elder, her parents became aware of a primitive custom which still survives in that part of Yorkshire. When a child is carried for the first time into a friend's house, a morsel of bread, some salt, and an egg are given, and a small coin is put into its hand, in token of the kindly wish that the little one may never be in want.

To James Watts, then seven years old, one of his child-friends, he writes :—

Rotherham, 5th July 1853.

“ I was very much delighted to receive your letter, and I am ashamed that I have been so long in replying to it. The first letter you have ever written to me ! I ought to have answered it sooner. It seemed so strange when I opened it to see your name written with your own hand. I thought of the little boy to whom I used to write at Heaton Villa, and who could not then form a letter. I hope you will come to write well not only in letter but in spirit ; not only in manner, but in matter. . . .

“ I am living by myself at present, and I find it very

lonely. Mrs. Raleigh and baby are in Edinburgh, and I am going in about a fortnight. . . . She is such a nice little thing! She is shining now in the far north; a little star by the side of the bright one that used to shine long ago, when I went all the way from Heaton Villa to see the light thereof. . . .”

The years of his ministry in Rotherham flowed smoothly. They were marked by few incidents of importance, and, like the best parts of life, they have no history; but a true work was done in them, the memory of which is still fresh.

The Rev. S. M'All of Finchley, who was at this time a student in the college, gives the following recollections of Mr. Raleigh's influence and work:—

“I look back to those days at Masboro' with the deepest and most tender interest. . . . There was during his early manhood a thrilling power, a force and incisiveness in his preaching of the Gospel, as an appeal to men's hearts and consciences, that none who felt it could ever forget. The word of God in his lips was ‘quick and powerful.’ He made men feel that this Gospel was a living reality, coming right home to the heart, and making relentless war upon the sinful passions of the soul; yet clothed with tenderness and gentleness, and inspired with a divine sympathy for human sorrow. One sermon of his I can never forget. It was, I think, on the text, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’ Sitting in the choir pew that night, I could not take my eyes from him. If one might say so, the whole man seemed radiant with the light of the truth he had to tell. To say that he was heard with breathless silence is to say little; the very power of God was in that service.

It has often been so since,—in Glasgow, in Hare Court, and in Kensington. Yes, but somehow there was a freshness and a force and a directness of appeal about these earlier days, that I have sometimes ventured to think was sacrificed in the more finished productions of later years. . . . Myself only a young man, and a comparative stranger—although no one was a stranger that Mr. Raleigh welcomed to his table, or even recognised in his fellowship—I knew little of his home-life; but whenever I did enter his house I was made to feel that the charm of the pulpit was the charm of the fireside too. Some men are so different (alas!) in the pulpit, and at home, that you could scarce know them to be the same. Not so Alexander Raleigh.”

To Mr. and Mrs. S. RALEIGH (on the death of a child),
11th February 1854.

Rotherham.

“MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER—We were very ill-prepared for the sad intelligence of this morning; our hopes followed our wishes and prayers, which were all for recovery. Last night we prayed earnestly for her, and it now appears that she was far beyond the need of it.

“She is taken to the heavenly fold, and the Shepherd Himself has taken her. ‘He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.’

‘We know, for God hath told us this,
That she is now at rest;
Where other blessed children are
On the Saviour’s loving breast.’

“I heard lately a simple but significant story. A gardener had a rare and beautiful flower in his charge. He had bestowed great care on it, and it was approaching perfection. One day it was missing: some hand had cut it from its stem. He was troubled and anxious, but was

calmed, and satisfied at once, when *the Master* came round and said ‘*I took it.*’

“Dear Katy, I remember her well, and many of her little ways. Her mortal journey has been a very short one; scarce had she begun to realise her life as a pilgrimage, when lo! it is ended, and the little traveller is at rest, and *at home*—to ‘go no more out.’ She is there to *welcome you*. She is among ‘the things above,’ and it will, I hope, be more natural and pleasant for you now to ‘set your affection’ on these things.

“I pray that the comfort of *His* presence may assuage the bitterness of this your first grief, and discover to you ‘the treasures of darkness, and the hidden riches of secret places;’ but it is far from well to think of such an event only *as a loss* requiring *resignation* on our part. A stronger faith would show us that we lose nothing in such a case, and that there is no real separation even. Your little darling is not lost. She is removed from the only place where she *could* be lost, to the place where she is as safe as the throne of God—where there is ‘quietness and assurance for ever.’ May she be a part of your ‘treasure laid up in Heaven,’ and where your treasure is there may ‘your hearts be also.’

“I am afraid I cannot comfort you as I could wish; the heart will have its way. If the little sleeping one were less near and dear to me I could more calmly and thoughtfully suggest topics of consolation. But I always feel that many words are not suitable for deep sorrow. . . . you will have much of our thought and prayer every day. . . . ‘Whom *the Lord loveth* He chasteneth.’ Mercy is not the only proof of love, although by far the most prevailing one; and you have no reason to doubt that ‘goodness and mercy’ shall follow you still, and even to the end. Amen, so let it be!”

A minister who lives among a people keenly interested in politics is naturally led to think and speak of the events of the time. He followed the course of the Crimean war with eager attention, and with a clearer conviction of the justice and necessity of it than he was able to retain in after years. He took part readily in any movement for the promotion of religious equality; and during a severe church-rate contest in the town, carried on with more bitterness than he could approve, he went, rather to the surprise of some, and recorded his vote against the rate. Liberal opinions were then being formed in his mind, and these strengthened as years passed. He believed in the possible nobleness of all men; he saw even the most uninteresting persons, not as they were, but as they might be, and could detect some trace of the divine even in the lowest types of humanity. These ideas lay at the foundation of his political opinions, and were a part of his religion. He anticipated the time when there shall be no unenlightened masses of men, no class-legislation, no ecclesiastical domination; when all men shall "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free." Yet, in spite of his democratic sympathies, he had always a certain affection for the more ancient and dignified of our institutions; in so much that, once at least, he has written himself down a Tory, as will appear from the following letter:—

To M. G., 12th February, 1850.

Rotherham.

“ . . . I know not how it is, but I am quite mournful about Lord Jeffrey.¹ Do you think it can be made out that *all* souls are equally precious—I mean even intrinsically so? . . . Are the men we call great but specimens of what all men might become by culture and favouring influences? The same amount of culture, and the same kind of influence, would not make all men great, perhaps; but it does not therefore follow that no kind of influence would develop the clodhopper. There lies the ‘fine gold’ beneath all the dimness and the rust of the humblest and rudest life; and all the powers, passions, possibilities of *a soul* may be found in each. It is therefore a great thing to toil for human redemption. ‘He that winneth souls is wise.’ Let us try to see this subject in its true light. Jesus did not make any special effort for the salvation of the ‘wise.’ He did preach the Gospel to the poor. But one ought to write with deliberation on a subject of this kind, and I am in haste this morning. . . .

“13th.—We drove yesterday to Wentworth House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam. It is a truly noble mansion, embosomed in a rich landscape, and finely wooded all around. . . . The Earl keeps open house; there is bread and beer to all comers, even beggars not being excluded. When I see such a place—where the memories of centuries are gathered, where all natural beauty is heightened by long cultivation, where the graces of architecture, sculpture, painting, may be seen, and where a good old English hospitality is exercised, especially to the poor and needy—I forthwith become a Tory, and hate the Radicalism that

¹ Lord Jeffrey died at Edinburgh, January 26, 1850.

would enter, with rude and destroying footstep, upon so much beauty and goodness and ancestral glory !

“ But then, when I come away and think of it all alone, I cannot help exclaiming, in a more deliberate mood, ‘ All is vanity and vexation of spirit.’ ”

Besides the public interests which have been mentioned, there was much in Rotherham which made the place dear to Mr. Raleigh. His work prospered ; in it he had the co-operation of men of earnest faith ; pleasant friendships, some of them to be for life, had been formed, and there was, in some of the older members of the community, a quaint old-world simplicity and godly sincerity which refreshed his heart. Surroundings such as these, and the great blessing of leisure, rarer in true lives, perhaps, than ever before, made Rotherham a place of preparation for the twenty-five years of busy service which were to come. But neither Mr. Raleigh nor his people ever regarded his ministry in Masborough as a permanent settlement, and several attempts were made in 1853-54 to attract him to other fields of labour. He did not desire a change ; but when in April 1855 an invitation came to him from Glasgow, he thought it was his duty to accept it.

It is a sorrowful process in any circumstances to uproot the tender associations that gather round a true home ; but when the tie that binds a pastor to his people is broken, there are in the severance elements of peculiar sadness. If his work has been real, he has entered into some regions of life that are not trodden in everyday friendships, and when he goes away the blank is wide.

In Independent churches, which are free, not only from State control, but from confederated rule of any kind, the pastor must with his own hand sever the bond that unites him to his people. He can take shelter under no decree of Presbytery, no Episcopal order or resolution of Conference; and many a man experiences, as he did, the pain of looking in the faces of the people that love him, and meeting the half reproach that mingles with their affection, when they know that he has chosen to be their teacher and guide no longer.

The sorrow was great of having, as he expressed it, "the tent taken down," and of seeing endeared places and still more dear friends wear the farewell look. The dismantling of the homely rooms, and the unlovely litter that accompanies a "flitting," were in this case the outward tokens of feelings that were desolate enough. Distance, we are told, does not end friendship; but it does end the many joys of constant intercourse, the pleasant goings out and comings in that make so much of the bliss of life; and the compensation for all this loss, "the far-off interest" of such tears, is not to be found here.

He never forgot the sorrowful faces of the group that stood on the platform of the railway station on the showery April morning when he and his family left Masborough; and he always said that the *last* sight he had was the round child-face of a girl who had been nursemaid to the children, and who, when the last moment came, gave up all attempt at self-control, and "lifted up her voice and wept."

Subsequent years proved, if proof were needed, that his decision to go to Glasgow was a right one. Rotherham was to him like Laleham to Dr. Arnold—"too much and too early a rest." He had harder work and wider, although not truer, influence waiting for him elsewhere. The morning and its dewy radiance must give place, in human lives as in nature, to the hotter and busier noon.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLASGOW.

“ Free men freely work,
Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease.”

E. B. BROWNING.

MR. RALEIGH preached his first sermon in Glasgow on Sabbath afternoon, July 1, 1855, Dr. Falding having introduced the new pastor in the morning. The chapel in West George Street was a large building, not very cheerful in aspect, and the services on the Sabbath were held, as is usual in Scotland, morning and afternoon. Dr. Wardlaw had been minister of the congregation for nearly fifty years, and his gifts as a preacher and writer had won for him a high position and a wide influence in the religious world.

West George Street Chapel was built for Dr. Wardlaw in 1823. During his long ministry Glasgow quadrupled its population. The chapel, built near what were then the western suburbs, found itself after a time in almost the heart of busy Glasgow, and shortly before this time had been sold to enlarge a railway station, the congregation continuing to worship in it only until their

new church should be built. Mr. Porter, the same who had attracted Raleigh as a student, became Dr. Wardlaw's colleague some time before the death of the latter, and misunderstandings which unfortunately arose between the two pastors led to the secession of Mr. Porter, and with him a section of the congregation. The relations between the churches, the old and the new, were far from amicable; and so bitter was this alienation that in spite of indications and advice from many quarters, pointing to Mr. Raleigh as a fitting successor to Dr. Wardlaw, the West George Street people refused to think of him; knowing his early admiration for Mr. Porter, and fearing difficulties in consequence. When at last the call was sent, the church secretary in the letter which accompanied it expresses the "perfect unanimity of the people," and says, "All were animated by a feeling of gratitude to God for having led us, not only by 'a way which we knew not,' but by one which, as formerly explained, we were almost *determined* not to know."

The interval of eighteen months between Dr. Wardlaw's death and the choice of his successor had further weakened the congregation, and the aspect of the large gloomy church, with its empty spaces, was depressing. The sense of loss, too, was upon the minister, and there dwelt in his mind regretful memories of dear friends, and of the country in Yorkshire—dearer than ever now that he had left it, and had in exchange the streets and squares of a busy city. But the welcome from his new people was cordial; many true hearts were there, and

others gathered to his ministry. Before the new church in Elgin Place was ready for occupation, the older building was nearly full. The following extracts from letters, written to friends in Rotherham about this time, will give some idea of the hopes and regrets with which he began his Glasgow ministry.

Edinburgh, 8th May 1855.

“Many times every day do I remember my going out and coming in among you. . . . The sadness of parting is over everything yet, and visions of the past, like gleams of softened sunshine, rise before me in all places where I go. In a while I hope, and shall strive, that it may be otherwise; but at present the future does not at all possess me. I live among recollections, and a sorrow that only grace and time can cure is diffused through all my inward life.”

Edinburgh, 23d May 1855.

“ . . . The last fortnight in Rotherham, and the coming away, were almost unmingled sorrow; we have felt for a week or two as if we were still mourning some great bereavement. . . .”

To Mr. YATES, 22d May 1855.

Edinburgh.

“ . . . I can manage to keep away the future, and to make it *wait for me*, but the past rises up unbidden, and I keep company again with those who are far away. Many a time have I looked from your front door since I left, and every object was so distinct that had I been a painter I could have taken the scene as correctly, as if on the spot, and often have I renewed the worship of the dear old sanctuary.

“Perhaps I may spend a night with you before I go to be swallowed up in the great ocean of Glasgow life.”

To Mrs. TAYLOR, 15th July 1853.

Glasgow.

“I have now been three Sabbaths in my own pulpit, and the preaching does not fatigue me more than it used to do in Masbro’. . . . I have begun to visit and make acquaintance with my flock. Some of them seem to regard me as a young man on trial, who may, or may not, succeed after Dr. Wardlaw, which contrasts rather strikingly with the open door I had in Yorkshire. However, the great majority of them are kind and cordial, and do me all the honour, and give me all the trust I deserve. The work is great, and my health but feeble. However, I shall never regret coming;—God may strengthen me more than I expect, and if not, His will be done! . . .”

To the Same, 15th December 1855.

Glasgow.

“Need I say that you do quite right in trusting to an *unchanged* feeling of friendship and affection in my heart. In so far as I see, nothing can change it; it is ‘a treasure that waxeth not old.’ Time and distance make it quiet and silent; but it is deep and strong as in the happiest days of my ministry amongst you. . . .

“And surely the dearest things of earth will not be forgotten or rejected things in heaven. I have sometimes thought that in some respects we sublimate and spiritualise heaven in our ideas too much. No doubt it will be purer than our best conceptions; but may it not also be homelier and humbler than we suppose? . . .

“Things are all prospering with us. The congregation has greatly increased, and is now as large as I wish it to

be. I think we shall fill the new chapel at once. I see only increasing reason to believe that I did right in regarding myself as called here by the Master. I preach to far greater numbers of people, and am, I hope, far more generally useful. . . . The people are all kind and cordial, but they *revere* me so much that I am afraid they will never think of loving me! . . . What shall I say of the picture? It will be seven times welcome when it comes, and it shall go down to my children's children, if I can arrange it so, with the story of the donors, and of my Yorkshire life. . . ."

When the autumn of 1855 brought back his people from the long summer absence, which is a feature of Glasgow life, he began his work in earnest. He arranged a system of visitation from house to house, taking a small district every week. His church-officer announced to each family some days before, by a printed notice, the day and hour of the visit, and this generally ensured the presence of the whole family. A short service was conducted, and some time spent in conversation. These somewhat formal visits were usual then in Scotland, and were a relief of the "catechisings" of an older date, when ministers were bound to examine all their congregations, young and old alike, in their knowledge of the leading truths of the Bible and Shorter Catechism.

His Bible class for young men and women numbered upwards of a hundred members. "It was an engagement nothing was allowed to interrupt," writes one who remembers these lessons, "and not the least delightful part of the evening, to some of us, was the walk home with the minister afterwards."

A mission in the east end of Glasgow, begun previously, was carried on by his help with renewed vigour and success, and the people who met in the little church—a people gathered out of the wynds and closes of the district—were by his desire formed into a separate church. They chose Mr. M'Allum, the young missionary who had laboured amongst them, to be their pastor. Mr. M'Allum died in 1871, leaving a saintly memory, cherished by none more lovingly than by Mr. Raleigh, who thus writes of him from London in a letter to his friend Mr. George Thomson:—

“We had been much lightened by the message that he was better, and that, as he himself phrased it, he was ‘getting some grip of life again.’ A grip of life he has in the high eternal sense, such as few in this world obtain, and it may be that this world is too cold to give nourishment any longer to what you so truly call his gentle, Godlike spirit, which, unknown fully to himself, is panting for the full summer of heaven.

“On the earthly side, however, the dispensation is dark; it seems so strange to us in some moods of mind that Bismarck and Napoleon are spared to us, while Christlike souls who live for peace and truth, and all divine things among men, are taken early away. But the Master knows best. . . .”

In December 1855, when the new home was beginning to look less strange, his little daughter Mary, born about two years before, died after a few days' illness. She died in Edinburgh, in her grandfather's house, where the family had gone to spend Christmas, and in giving her up her father passed through deep sorrow. She

had a baby-word and caress for him till the very last, and the solemn shadow that touched and stilled her little face, lay softly ever after on all his life. Her death broke up once and for ever that happy whole-hearted security with which, in spite of all our theories, in youth we hold our treasures, and believe them to be absolutely our own. The bitterness of the trial passed away, but her image lived in his heart, and a word or a passing allusion sometimes revealed its presence. In sermons even of recent date we find passages like the following:—

“God writes in the hearts of father and mother sometimes, the ‘goodness and the acts’—first and last—of a little infant long long after it is dead. The flickering smile on the little face, the stretching out of the hand, and the patience of the last suffering days, these things are carried in some parents’ hearts on to the grave and up into heaven.”

In a letter to his wife in 1870 he says—

“Little Mary has never gone out of my heart, although length of time inevitably makes her less in thought than just when she went away. Hundreds of times I have recalled her creeping on the green, and pulling daisies at the door of our Rotherham house, and on her last bed in Dublin Street. We shall in no long time go to her, which will be better, grace granting it, than her returning to us.”

To a friend he wrote at this time—

“. . . She is gone into better keeping. . . . And now I hope earth is sensibly less to our affections, and heaven dearer and homelier to our faith. It seemed as if the little

thing knew she was going; her patience was wonderful and the growth of her intelligence was like a sudden ripening of her powers for the higher life. She was sensible to the last minute, and fell asleep as sweetly as if 'to-morrow morning' would put everything right. And then unearthly beauty settled on all her countenance—and so we gave her, with smitten hearts, but *thankfully* to our God."

To the Rev. ROBERT BALGARNIE, 18th March 1856.

"What shall I say to you? but stay, why should I distress myself? I *have* written to you many a time. Every week I have flashed some message of love and sympathy along the intellectual telegraph, and if you will only think, you will recollect most of them coming to heart. . . . You have thought of me standing in the sacred place, and in very truth, my friend, I *have* thought of you on Sabbaths, looking forward like myself to the most blessed of all earthly labours. Your letter was a beam of the light of other days; it would have been answered immediately but for a sad reason, which I suppose you know. . . . The shadow of the event has been upon us ever since, and will, I think, never pass wholly away from our mortal pathway. We do not murmur, we are not unhappy, but somehow life is changed—everything is touched with pensiveness, and recollections of her presence are scattered through all the experiences of our life. Her place was unnoticed by any but ourselves, but we feel it now that it was a large place in the estimate of the heart. . . ."

A year later he writes—

To Sir JAMES WATTS, 4th July 1857.

Dowan Hill, Glasgow.

"MY DEAR SIR JAMES—I congratulate you on your honours. Long may you live to wear and adorn your new

title! And ever may you feel that the honour, the frankness, the manhood which have won it are infinitely better than the title itself! I do hope for you all that you will not be spoiled by recent events. I sometimes feel as if you were passing away from my friendship, although certainly not from my continued affection and respect. But I daresay this is *my* infirmity, not yours, and that I shall find you all the same as of old when I drop in some afternoon, only a little more anxious, with manifold responsibilities and cares, which I know always attend very closely upon honours.

“I must not forget Lady Watts. My most cordial congratulations to her also! She has been a lady ever since I knew her, and did not need a prince’s visit or a queen’s word to make her that. May she be as simple, sincere, and kind with the title as without it! and may none of us forget that ‘the fashion of this world passeth away!’ How swiftly we are getting through its toils, and exhausting its honours, and drinking its pleasures dry. May we have a firm grasp of the incorruptible inheritance, and the endless life!

“Of course I am coming to the Exhibition in Manchester, but I am not coming to stay with you at the Hall, because I am quite sure you will be overdone with visitors, but I will come to see you if I am within fifty miles. I am to preach at the opening of Mellor’s new church in Halifax, then in Sheffield, and then in London for Henry Allon; and either going or returning I shall be in Manchester. My old love to Emma and Susan and James. . . .”

The new church in Elgin Place was opened in August 1856, but Mr. Raleigh was not able to be present. In July he was prostrated by a severe attack of

inflammation, and for two days it seemed as if his earthly work was done. At the crisis of the illness his medical attendant, Dr. Drummond, remained with him all night, and at early dawn in the silent house, as we moved with hushed step, and waited, trembling and fearing, what music was ever like the whispered words, "*He is out of danger.*" The incident was remembered in sad contrast, on that other morning when his hour was indeed come, and no hope on the earthward side was possible.

To complete his recovery he spent August and part of September in the island of Arran, and he writes thence to a friend—

“. . . I am slowly recovering from a very serious illness, the most serious I have ever had. I was hovering between life and death, and at last the balance turned on the side of life. . . . Now I am recovering, and enjoying the sea-breezes of this delightful place. . . . I had given up all hope myself, and, like Hezekiah, turned my face to the wall; and although now I greatly rejoice in the prospect of living and labouring for God, it would have been no disappointment to me *then* to pass away. If only I have the peace and the deep sense of the love of God when I come actually to die, which I had when I thought I was dying, I shall be abundantly thankful. . . ."

His new church pleased him much; he says of it, "It is quite beautiful, a perfect picture;" and higher pleasures came to him, for he mentions having "had a greater number of instances of direct usefulness than ever before;" and again, "I do not know that I have

been making any progress, except it be in the attainment of a more absolute faith in the Love of God. Human life and the Gospel are still full of mysteries; which I never now attempt to solve, but I think I can see something of the light of love around them all. All kinds of experience lead me more directly to this, that 'He that spared not His own Son' will with Him 'freely give us all things'!"

After his first year in Glasgow new demands were made upon his time and strength; he took part in many Christian and philanthropic movements, but nothing was ever permitted to draw away his best energies from the pulpit. People of all shades of religious thought, and some who had never had much religious thought at all, came to Elgin Place Church on Sabbath afternoons. In the solemn stillness, and the breathlessness of eager interest that sometimes fell upon the listeners, many felt that "God was in that place." It was a rare triumph, and one worth winning in our secular age, that the young people of his congregation, the youths and maidens of the families attending his ministry, looked forward to the Sabbath as the great day of their week, and came to its services as to a holy festival. The best and highest possibilities of their being seemed there to be touched into life, and the truest memorial of his work in Glasgow was the heavenward impulse that came to human lives by his instrumentality.

It is difficult, out of the mists which time gathers, to reproduce with anything like vividness a picture of

Mr. Raleigh's ministry in Glasgow. Let us listen to some voices which come to us across the years.

One writes—

“That time in Glasgow is set apart in my memory never to be forgotten; we had been long without a minister, and disturbing elements had arisen, so that when we welcomed Mr. Raleigh it was with thankfulness as well as with hope. His heavenly look and smile I remember well the first Sunday at communion; and as we went out one said, ‘I have seen his face as it were the face of an angel;’ another (long now in heaven) replied, ‘Yes, now will the church have rest, for we have got a man who has seen God.’ This was a conviction that never left us: ‘we felt that God was his close companion and friend, with whom he took counsel and walked in fellowship.’”

Another wrote, many years ago—

“Some, like myself, thought they were running well enough, till by his teaching they saw how far back they were on the heavenly road, and with quickened step began to press on to a higher mark.”

Another—

“I am conjuring up the past of many a day gone by; its body a ghost now—its spirit, I trust, to live for ever. If I could realise the joy of heaven as I used to do the ‘joy of the Lord’ in that Elgin Place Church, I do not think I could hesitate to choose to be ‘with Him, which is far better,’ except for the few who would miss me.”

Another friend gives the following reminiscences:—

“It was not till the spring of 1857, after Mr. Raleigh had been nearly two years in Glasgow, that I was induced

by a friend to go to his church one Sunday afternoon. Never again, while he remained in Glasgow, did I miss a sermon of his which I could possibly hear.

“I do not know that I can better describe his preaching than by speaking of it as a strong spiritual force—a living power under which all former religious ideas received a vitality which gave them an aspect absolutely new and fresh. The spiritual life within him seemed to glow with a white yet silent heat, illuminating all his thoughts and words. He kindled the lukewarm convictions of others by bringing his own glowing faith into direct contact with theirs. In Vinet’s words, ‘His manner of preaching did more than confute doubts, it absorbed them.’ I speak first of this characteristic of Mr. Raleigh’s influence because, without any conscious knowledge of its power, it was in truth the greatest and most effective of all the instruments wherewith he wrought his Master’s work.

“Besides this, there was the impressive and dignified presence, the deep, resonant, often quite pathetic tones of his voice, to which the northern accent, which he never lost, gave a singularly great though no uncultured strength; words which expressed his meaning with perfect clearness, and an imaginative power which brought from nature and from human life illustrations so unforced that they seemed rather living flowers naturally blossoming on his theme than dead embellishments which he had fastened to it.

“The liberality of his views was refreshing at a time when comparatively few men of evangelical sympathies so true ventured to leave the old lines of thought and expression; but his freedom was that of a son within his Father’s house, who knew of nothing that could be gained by leaving its sacred precincts.

“The scope of his teaching was very wide. During the eighteen months in which I heard him preach, almost

every point of Christian faith was touched upon. No one could enforce more resolutely than he the duty and blessedness of obedience. He could look almost stern as he spoke of the inflexible majesty of God's righteous law; but his words were instinct with wonderful tenderness and most delicate sympathy when he called upon wanderers to return, or spoke of comfort to the sorrowful spirit. There was a unique beauty and force in his voice and manner, a restrained energy, and an entirely controlled emotion, which seem to me more characteristic of his ministry in Glasgow than at any later time.

"It was his custom to give a quiet lecture in the morning, and the more spirit-stirring discourse in the afternoon. We used to say that the materials for the fire of the Christian life were gathered together and laid down in the morning and kindled in the afternoon.

"His prayers were a most remarkable part of the service: full of rich thought and expression, yet essentially and entirely prayers. It is impossible to convey any idea of the effect produced by the first words of his prayer. I think I hear again the solemn, fervent 'O God!' which seemed to bring us at once into the Holy Presence.

"Into the congregation at Elgin Place naturally gathered many to whom the ecclesiastical position was immaterial, but who gladly welcomed him as a teacher sent from God. Among his frequent afternoon hearers were men of all denominations, and some who could hear from the lips of few others the truth to which he gave so singular and powerful an attraction. While listening to his teaching, I can truly say that it seemed easy and delightful to surmount the difficulties of life. When unexpectedly it was announced that he was to be no longer with us, clouds and darkness seemed to overspread the spiritual heavens."

It soon became evident that the great difficulty to be contended with in Glasgow was the trying nature of the climate. The illness already mentioned was followed by other illnesses in his family; and one little child, born in Glasgow, was brought to the very gates of death. Yet two months of every summer were spent in the country, generally in the Island of Arran, where he had rest and continual joy in the beauty of mountain and sea. It was delightful to pass in an hour from the smoke of the city to the lovely hills and valleys among which the Clyde flows; but this did not make amends for lowered vitality during the rest of the year. It was this consideration chiefly which induced him to give a hearing to the invitation from London when it came. Other causes, it must be allowed, had some weight. The conservatism of a long-established congregation, with ways and ideas fixed for fifty years, hampered his action, and without any blame being attachable to individuals, fettered his freedom in a way that he felt was a hindrance to his work. This of itself, however, would have been overcome in time had no other conditions of difficulty existed.

The first hint of his removal from Glasgow called forth strong opposition even from distant friends, but most of them came to see ultimately that he did right in going to London. To his people the trial was severe, and not less so to himself. He had not intended to leave Glasgow. All his first thoughts had been that he had there found a permanent home, and it was only necessity of health that led him to

think of a change to another field as even possible.

During the weeks when his decision was still doubtful, all persuasives and arguments were tried by his people to secure his continuance with them. One writes :—

“If you could see the affections of your people I am confident you would say, ‘I will not leave a flock whose life is so bound up with my own.’ . . . Where shall we go to find a three years’ ministry which the Lord has blessed like yours? He whom God has chosen to do such work may well afford to endure some trials. . . . As to the fact that your health threatens to give way, this is not surprising. It is the back-stroke of a broken law. No mind could stand the strain you have put upon yours to gratify our intellectual hunger. We are greatly to blame, and you are more so. . . . Whatever you say to the church, be assured we shall meet your every wish.”

Deputations waited upon him from the members of the church, from the general congregation, from the young; and efforts were made outside of all these by the religious public of Glasgow to retain him. It was a serious thing to set aside all these claims, and still more all the urgencies of affection, and as he fought his way to a decision, and at last reached it, it was at great cost to himself. Some of his reasons, stated in letters and elsewhere, shall be given in his own words.

“My work here is going beyond my strength. It grows unexpectedly fast. I fear there will always be a struggle between outward claims and my limited capacity to meet them. The climate of London is greatly better

than that of Glasgow. The work, at first at least, will be a little less. Outside claims I shall resist; and I shall be able to continue without interruption in the ministry, which great object I do not think can be reached in Glasgow without seriously lessening my service. . . . I do not expect to be richer in material things, and I certainly believe I shall never have a more attached people."

Again we find him writing:—

"I have had to observe the leadings of Divine Providence, and, like the blind, I have been led by a way which I knew not. I was settled over a large congregation, in a position of real importance. God had blessed my ministry, and opened a 'great door and effectual.' It was my purpose to 'occupy' there until the Master should come. . . . But the providential indications remained steady, the same aspects of the case always came back upon me, and I at last assuredly gathered that the Lord had called me. . . .

"I go to London to avert a complete failure of strength. . . . Everything just now is touched with sorrow, and we have only the consolation of believing that the pillar of cloud and fire is moving on before us, but this consolation is the strongest we can have."

His last sermon in Glasgow was preached on 12th December 1858, from the words, "He led them by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitations." It was published at the time in a separate form, and he says in the few prefatory words, "I felt like a reaper, belated on the harvest-field, who, seeing that 'the night cometh,' endeavours to embrace more sheaves than he can carry, and they drop away from him in the darkness." Of these parting words, "written," he says,

“during the last days of my stay in Glasgow, amid many interruptions, and under the constant influence of that sorrow which is incident to ‘him that goeth away,’” we quote a few sentences:—

“The Way is narrow, but it leads on to the ‘large and wealthy place.’ It is rugged, but it opens at last into the green pastures, and winds beside the still waters, over which no blight or blast can come. It is long—at least in our days of suffering and dreariness we think so; but seen in retrospect, and when it has been all trodden, it will look but like the journey of a day. Fears of death and of its issues will sometimes arise in our hearts, but when we actually come to the darkness of the valley and the crossing of the river, will it not be with us, think you, as it has been with the myriad multitude who have already passed over to the other side? A few steady steps, with our hand in His, will take us through all the gloom of the valley,—a momentary chill in the waters, and our feet shall stand upon the shore of immortality. . . . Let us comfort and strengthen ourselves with the assurance that there is a safe and happy end to all who are in the way. . . . Everything presages this; the mystic company has not been gathered and redeemed with such cost and toil, only to be scattered and lost. . . . The way has not been opened and consecrated for short distances only, with gulfs and deserts left in it that cannot be crossed; it stretches away beyond earthly territory and mortal sight, and ends at the open gate of heaven. Pilgrim! grasp thy staff again, and address thyself with good cheer to the way. Soldier! take unto thee the whole armour of God, and stand to the battle! Son of the Highest! verify thy adoption, and seek thy settled home. Heir of God, and joint heir with Christ! claim thy inheritance and vindicate

thy title to it by a holy life. Every fresh discovery we make in divine truth is like ascending another mount nearer to the City than we have yet been. Every duty done is another foot planted in the onward way."

The preacher closes with no reference to the peculiar circumstances in which he stood; personal and passing interests were for the time lost in the one desire that he might succeed in his great mission, even at the last.

Thus ended the short ministry in Glasgow, amid tears of sorrow, and yet with thanksgivings for all it had brought. It ended to outward appearance; but who shall say that the spiritual force contained in it ended there? Who shall tell what far-off harvests may yet be reaped from that short but diligent sowing?

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON—HARE COURT.

“There are in this loud-stunning tide,
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime.
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Who ply their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.’

KEBLE.

HARE COURT CHAPEL owes its origin to a congregation of Independents, founded by the Rev. George Cockayn, minister of the Church of England in the parish of St. Pancras, and one of the ejected of 1662. Those of his people who adhered to him met for worship till his death in a room in Redcross Street. In 1672 a chapel was built in Hare Court, Aldersgate Street, where the congregation continued to worship for nearly 200 years. Many stories of the struggle for religious liberty are connected with the old Hare Court Meeting-house. Bunyan, Baxter, and Milton were friends of George Cockayn, and the two former have, almost certainly, worshipped sometimes in his church. Bunyan died in the house of a deacon of Hare Court, a grocer on Snow Hill, lingering there, during a ten days' illness, till he

was sent for to go in at the gate of the Celestial City. The service of Communion Plate, still in use at Hare Court Chapel, has come down from these old days, and of it Mr. Marsh, in his graphic *Story of Hare Court*, says: "We know that hands have handled these plates that grasped swords in battles fought for the civil and religious liberty of England, and lips have kissed these cups that moved in prayer at the deaths of Cromwell, Milton, and Bunyan."

In course of time, when the old Hare Court Chapel had become surrounded by warehouses, and the population of central London had much diminished, the trustees, Mr. James Spicer and others, obtained power to remove the endowments of the place and the old name to a situation in the suburbs of London. This was effected in 1858. The new chapel was in the Canonbury district; to it were transferred the few members still attached to the old church, and it was opened under the name of Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury.

It was to become minister of this transferred church that Mr. Raleigh left Glasgow. Mr. James Spicer of Woodford and Mr. F. Fitch were sent to place the matter before him; and, when he came to London with his family, they made every effort to smooth the transition to his London home. The congregation was quite unformed when he came, and it was to him one of the charms of the place that he must himself gather a people around him, and that he was not asked to enter "into another man's line of things made ready to his hand."

On Sunday, the 2d January 1859, he preached his first sermon in Hare Court Chapel. It took nearly a year's work to fill the place, and afterwards alterations and enlargements were made, from time to time, to meet the demand for seats, until no more space could be obtained by any arrangement or compression. The church-membership, which, when Mr. Raleigh came, numbered 34, stands in the report of 1861 at 414, and in 1867 at 840. Of these 540 were received as members for the first time, many of them having been brought to Christian decision by his instrumentality. This success was gratefully acknowledged, but his own ideas of what it is to succeed in spiritual work were wider and higher than could be contained within any prescribed limits even of Church life. He says, in a letter to a friend: "I have too deep a conviction of the great truth that 'God giveth the increase' in His own time and way, to permit me to say that such and such results *must* follow from my poor labours, or else God is not blessing me. Christ, in one sense, makes us His friends; He opens His heart to us, tells us some of His purposes, and reveals to us the secrets of His love; but, in another sense, I think we are still *servants*, 'and the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth'—he simply obeys the gracious command, 'Go, work to-day in My vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give thee.' The settlement of what *is* the right reward, both here and hereafter, is left with Him, and not with us. It is God's work, and God must do it."

It always gave him more pain than pleasure when

members of other churches came asking fellowship at Hare Court. On one occasion a gentleman, who afterwards became a personal friend and deacon of the church, came to him to ask admission to membership. He was leaving, with his family, a chapel at a considerable distance, and himself describes the incident. "When I first saw Mr. Raleigh (it was in the vestry at Hare Court), and told him all the circumstances, he said, 'I am sorry to hear this, I don't want to take away members from other churches, and I would much rather you would not come.' I said in reply, 'Well, sir, you can, of course, refuse to admit me, but, nevertheless, I shall attend Hare Court, whether I become a member of the church or not.' 'No,' he answered, 'I cannot refuse to admit you, if you persist in your wish to be transferred, but I would much prefer you remaining where you are.' This reluctance was continually repeated; the fulness of joyful welcome was reserved for those who came for the first time to sit down at the Table of the Lord."

Of these first years in London an office-bearer of Hare Court writes:—"A career of prosperity commenced then perhaps unexampled in the history of one church. Able men flocked to the minister, and lent their strength and means to the works which were set on foot. A sister chapel was built at Milton Road, Stoke Newington, and in rapid succession followed the missions of Elder Walk, Macclesfield Street, and Hoxton." Bermondsey and Chequer Alley were mission stations already in existence, and these were affiliated

to Hare Court. For such Christian objects money flowed in as it was needed, and more and better far than money, men and women came and ‘offered willingly’ to the Lord time, talents, and strength, to serve in these and other enterprises.

We have his own sketch of this period :—

“When I came to Hare Court the little flock, hardly numbering twelve effective members, was recruited by large accessions at our first church meetings, and the process of increase was steadily and happily maintained for years. It cannot be all in my memory, it must be also in yours, that these first years of our communion in worship and work and love were very pleasant: The light of the morning was on everything, and it was ‘a morning without clouds.’ There were saintly souls with us then, many of whom are in heaven now, who in character and spirit were very beautiful, and who contributed largely to leave in my memory that nameless but deathless charm which attaches itself to these first years. But, indeed, every year of my life here has been a happy year. . . . I remember your willingness to work, in some cases amounting to eagerness; the promptitude with which some things have been done; the long years of labour, week by week, and sometimes night after night, which some of you have undergone for instruction of the ignorant and the finding of the lost—wearied often in the flesh, but unconquerable in the spirit—and I thank God that it has been my privilege to refresh and help you somewhat during all these years.

“Of what I myself have done in the ministry of the truth, in the watch for souls, I have little or nothing to say, because I do not know how much the work has been. I sometimes think it has been considerable. I believe that not a few have been brought to the Saviour, and

have here found the grace of full consecration to God. I believe that not a few have been instructed more or less, and refreshed and strengthened, by the services here. Some have been sustained, and kept going on and on, amid weariness and difficulty and suffering and heart-pain. And many — oh! how many — have died; some in triumph, some in hopefulness, some in peace. My success might have been far more if I had been more wise and more consecrated; but I am thankful that it has been so much. Thankful, too, that so much of it has been unseen. I have gathered my harvest as much as possible quietly, and as from fields of silence. It has been enough for me to know that I was really helping many of you, and many no longer here, in this hard life-struggle, making the day now and again a little brighter over your head, sorrow not quite so sad, cross and burden not quite so heavy, and the inevitable end of life here a thing far more to be desired than feared.”

It was true that the many Christian enterprises of the Hare Court congregation drew their inspiration largely from the pulpit, although Mr. Raleigh had not a great gift of organisation, and it was not easy for him to arrange work for others. He used to say; “If I had the administrative faculty of Dr. Allon I should get double the amount of work out of the Hare Court people.” He never, or very rarely, told them in so many words to do any special duty; he simply, by a spiritual influence, lifted them from the common level of the world into a region where they met with God. He touched their daily life, and brought to bear on it the powers of the world to come—the tender memories of Calvary filled their hearts, the light of heaven

shone on many a scene of domestic drudgery or city toil, and almost before they knew it, life became a service.

The wise and watchful guidance of the work of the church involved much labour, and to this were added his own special pastoral cares — Bible classes for the young, and evening services during the week. He saw all inquirers himself, and alone. Many came at his invitation to ask counsel in perplexity; and none came who did not find a patient hearing and well-considered help. He visited methodically all the families of his congregation, because he valued the personal influence that such an effort brings. An entire round of visits was completed during his second year at Hare Court; and once again after an interval of a year or two. Subsequently, pressure of engagements made the practice less thorough, although it was always attempted in a greater or less degree. On these occasions he was careful to lead the conversation to spiritual subjects, fearing lest such visits should become mere calls of courtesy. He saw that if Christian people were in earnest they might do a true work in the field of ordinary social intercourse; and his own experience led him to believe that there are in all circles of life some who are longing, half unconsciously it may be, for a word of sympathy and counsel from Christian lips, and that too often they wait and long in vain.

Once in conversation with two of his hearers, who were not members of the church, he reminded them of the duty of uniting themselves openly to the Lord's

people. His way of speaking, perhaps the more effective that it cost him an effort, touched the springs of feeling, and the reply came, "Oh, Mr. Raleigh, we have had Christian friends, and we have worshipped with Christian people for many years, and we have wondered that no one ever spoke so to us before."

Besides ordinary pastoral visits, there were, of course, others paid to homes to which sickness or death had come. This claim was considered imperative, and not even the work of the study was ever allowed to interfere with it. He carried no officialism into the house of mourning. Whatever the sorrow or the care was, it became in a sense his own; the sufferers knew instinctively that he was bearing the burden with them; and then on the wings of faith and prayer he sought to lift both it and them into the presence of the Comforter. Throughout his ministry it was given to him to help many a one to die, to put trembling hands into the hand of the Good Shepherd, and almost to *see* the home-going pilgrim safe through the dark valley. Even in his early ministerial life he was sought for in circumstances where a touch of peculiar tenderness was wanted. At Greenock, among his seafaring people, when a ship came into port with her flag half-mast high, the task was often his to break to the sailor's wife the tidings that her husband had died at sea or in a foreign land. Later, in London, when an accident or a sudden sorrow brought him to some family, who till then had known him chiefly as a preacher, they were surprised to find how his reserve vanished, and how

tender and brotherly his nature was. Or if a young life was smitten, he sometimes had to tell the sufferer the message, "There is no hope;" and even with his words a better hope arose, and God's angel Death stood transfigured. Many hold his name in their hearts along with other names, consecrated for ever by death, and remembered with thoughts "too deep for tears." And some who had hoped that when the time of departure should come to them he would hold their hands as they went down to the river, are touched with a strange sense of disappointment to think that he has gone over before them, and that in that supreme hour he cannot minister to them.

To his sensitive nature such sympathy was literally "suffering together," and involved some wasting of the life-forces. But lessons learnt in the death-chamber, or in homes of sorrow, gave him power to reach the hearts of men and women when he spoke from the pulpit. Sometimes he would say, "I am writing a sermon for ——, or ——," and the message meant for individuals went home to the hearts of others unknown to him.

After his first year in London, public claims, both within and without his denomination, increased, and in spite of his desire to reduce these to a minimum, they multiplied as the years went by.

One of his earliest public efforts was the annual sermon of the London Missionary Society, which he preached in Surrey Chapel in May 1861. "God's purpose and man's opportunity" was his subject; his

text Esther iv. 14, "*Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?*" The audience, filling every corner of the building, was held in almost breathless silence as the preacher spoke of the high counsel of God, and the co-operation God expects from men and from nations. Strong men were visibly touched, and the hearts of many burned within them as he described how swiftly opportunities for service pass, never to return :

"Like the opening of a massive gate, which admits to a place where it imports us most urgently to be. That gate swings open on its hinges, and we can enter easily, if we do so at once—not at all, if we delay ; for in a moment or two it swings itself back again, and in the clang of its close we hear the knell of our opportunity. Or it is like the lifting of a drawbridge at the height of the highest tide, that the stately vessel, freighted and stored, may get out to sea. At the height of that tide she will float easily away ; in a few minutes it is too late ; the tide is ebbing, the bridge is down, and perhaps for weeks her prow will not part the waters, her sails will not whiten the sea. Such are our moral opportunities, our seasonable times for action and usefulness. They are very precious ; they are very brief ; and when they are gone they cannot be renewed. God's great purposes will travel on ; but our co-operation there is impossible for ever."

His closing passage comes like a trumpet-call to all the army of God to go on with the great warfare :—

"No doubt speculative opposition to Christianity, or to any of its parts, must be met and overcome in a calm argumentative way. But there is another demonstration

of the truth and excellence of the Christian religion,—more striking and more convincing to the popular understanding,—that which every Christian can give by a steadfast adherence to its holy principles, and by an unflagging zeal in its diffusion amongst men. You say, ‘Strange! perplexing! that the scholar should be doubting.’ Yes; but that is not all. How reassuring to see that ordinary Christians go on believing; nay, grip the truth with faster hold because they have heard of the scholar’s doubts. You say, ‘See, the thinker is pausing!’ I say, ‘See, the worker is going on with his work!’ You say, ‘Some of the very leaders of the Christian army are drawing back!’ But behold how the great embattled host goes calmly, bravely up the steep, and these leaders must fall into the ranks, or be trodden in the mire, if they seek to oppose the victorious march. To our work, brethren! This missionary day calls us anew to our work. . . .”

Soon after this time Mr. Raleigh became one of six ministers who hold the office of “Merchants’ Lecturers in the City of London.” The Lecture was instituted in 1672, when the Declaration of Indulgence gave a temporary liberty to Nonconformists to teach or preach. Amongst those who held the office in early times were John Owen, Richard Baxter, Thomas Manton, and John Howe. The Lecture was intended to give a weekly opportunity for a short interval of worship and thought, in their busy day, to the merchants of the City. It was an hour he much enjoyed; and by contrast, in the stir of London, the deep calm truths of God seemed to have peculiar fitness.

Once, coming home after his lecture, he said, “I have

reason to be very thankful to-day." On his way to the Poultry Chapel, where the service was then held, he was crossing Cheapside when a hansom cab came upon him from an unexpected quarter. Remembering in a moment the danger from the shaft, he threw himself down, the horse passed over him, and being suddenly checked by the driver, stepped back over him a second time. Mercifully he escaped almost without injury, and as he rose, covered with mud from head to foot, a friend met him on the pavement, and accompanied him to the chapel, where, with a gown to conceal the effects of the disaster, he preached as usual.

In August 1861, in company with his brother-in-law Mr. Adam Gifford, Mr. Raleigh spent several weeks in Norway. Extracts from notes of his journey may be of interest.

"I left Edinburgh on Friday, August 5th, for Hull, and we took our passage, as soon as we arrived, for Christiania in the 'fine screw steamer' *Ganger Rolf*.

"Some scenes and hours of life are not easily forgotten, and I remember that night as the scene of a very considerable mental struggle. . . . The night was dismal, the dock lights shed a melancholy gleam through the darkness, the jargon of the foreign sailors sounded almost inhuman, and even when I went on board and wandered about the vessel, and looked at the cabin and the berths, I could not find, in sight or sound or smell, anything that met me with a touch of sympathy. The whole black hulk of the vessel seemed to say, 'I don't want *you* to come with me. If you come to roll by my help across the great ocean, which is my home, you do it at your own proper peril.' And so I did, at last."

Describing the Sabbath at sea, with rough weather and sickness, he writes :—

“By the law of resemblance one might have remembered the storm on the Sea of Galilee, or some verses of the 107th Psalm—‘They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble.’ But by the law of contrast, I suppose, it was the 23d Psalm that I tried to summon to my help, as I sat for some hours towards evening, within a dim border-land between hope and misery. One note from that ‘nightingale among the Psalms’ fell sweetly, said over from memory (reading was out of the question), ‘He leadeth them beside *the still waters.*’ The contrast was strange and assuaging. . . .

“In the middle of the German Ocean there is a bank called the ‘Dogger Bank,’ which the captain sought diligently with his lead. It is so near the surface that it can be felt, and yet not so near that any vessel ever touches it. When the captain succeeded in ‘gripping’ it, as he said, the old Norse sailor smiled and held on his way. He was in the right track. In the longer voyage we are all making—there are deep things of God, hidden from sense and sight—which we do well to ‘grip,’ now and again, with the plummet of our faith, sailing on through storm and shade to the fair havens of promise.”

(*Near Christiansand.*)—“There was a strange enchantment in gliding in by narrow passages, close by rocky shores, into the quiet bay where our vessel cast anchor for the night. The twilight was long and beautiful, the silence deep—intense. Some notes of a bugle-like instrument broke the intensity of the silence, and added a new thrill of delight—some thoughts which cannot be recorded, relating to the close of the greater voyage; some askings, and not for myself alone, from Him who can give charge

to its winds and waves, and make it end in peace, and then—sleep.”

(*In Christiansand.*)—“There is no display of workmanship in the different trades, or of wares in the different branches of merchandise. No shop windows there; no ‘tremendous bargains;’ no ‘ruinous sacrifices;’ no ‘selling off without reserve.’ That simple, unpretending city on the banks of the Torresdal lives on from year to year without all that. I doubt not it has its sins, its sorrows, its secret struggles, its rivalries; but it tells no public lies, it makes no fretful strife and stir. It deals gently with God’s silence. Blessings on its quietness! It soothes a weary man but to think of it.

“My next impression was that of a constant universal industry. Every one I met seemed to be doing something. I saw no loungers; I met no beggars. I do not remember being asked for an alms even once during my whole journey. It is a poor country, where the land that is under culture seems to have been fought for inch by inch, and is still held as in the presence of an enemy, rocks frowning around the little patches of cultivation, the great hills casting threatening shadows into the valleys; summer shining briefly, and winter staying long. And yet the people stand in great strength and independence. In London we are rolling in wealth, and swarming with beggars; bright with civilisation, and dark with crime. I make no hasty generalisation; I simply note the difference.”

10th August. (*On Lake Miosen.*)—“Farmers have come on board—and some ministers. I almost envied these last,—for this reason, that they are nearly all farmers. They have land from the State, glebe land, which they cultivate. And their manses did look so sweet, and their lot so desirable, that I thought, oh! to be a minister in Norway; but without the least intention of resigning my charge at

Canonbury. . . . *The Light* here makes everything fair. Such light we never have in England at any season. It gives a new sense to some passages of Scripture—'We are all the children of the light and of the day,' 'O, House of Israel, come ye ; let us walk in the light of the Lord.' . . . Went out at night and sat by the river-side. Saw in the deepening twilight the cones of the hills, and nearer, the spire of the village church ; and listened to the murmurings and talkings of the river as it went on its way. The same murmurings and talkings which have been breaking gently on the ear of silence there, for thousands and thousands of years, telling to the same vast solitude, and now and again to a listener like myself, that all things are 'full of labour,' and all hastening on to rest."

12th August.—"I do not always remember my birthday, but many times on the road I have thought of to-day as the anniversary of my marriage, the happiest event of my life."

Saturday.—"Up at half-past six, and on the road by eight. For three or four days we have been ascending, and now come to the watershed of the country, and begin to descend by the banks of streams that fall into the Atlantic on the western side of Norway. . . . Look at this fosse in passing down, at the rush of the foamy river between those narrow rocks, at the break of the waters over the edge in absolute delirium. Look into those abysmal depths where darkness and horror dwell, and the boiling waters go round and round for evermore, and then, shivering, draw back—lest the balance of the brain be lost, and the great forces of nature fascinate the wavering eye, and crush you in their destroying arms ! . . .

"The road bends perilously over the gulf. I would not drive down here with an English mettled horse for all the wealth of Norway.

“Safety with the Norwegian ponies is to let them gallop at their own sweet will—they never stumble, they are never at fault. . . . Soon we enter the valley of Romsdalen, which is overwhelmingly grand and beautiful. The effect on my mind was that of oppression by excess of admiration, weakness by too much delight. One sought relief and rest in devotion. ‘In His hands are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also.’”

Sabbath. — “Rested according to the commandment. Walked to the river-side and worshipped in the great temple—the ‘house not made with hands.’ We meant to go to a little church not far from the station, but we found, much to our disappointment, that there was no service that day. It was one of four in the same parish, and is vocal with praise and prayer only once a month. I thought that while they had too little, perhaps we have too much of the Gospel,—for, indeed, that is possible; and I thought that a few months’ residence in that valley would operate as a spiritual corrective to some fastidious tastes, and impart a more healthful moral tone to some appetites, made too dainty by the abundance and variety of their spiritual provision. . . .”

CHAPTER X.

LONDON—HARE COURT—*Continued.*

“ Where in life’s common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.”

PALGRAVE.

IN these early years of Mr. Raleigh’s Hare Court ministry he lived in a very joyful atmosphere. He was well—his life was full of varied interest—success of the kind he cared for most was given him—he had devoted friends, and he had what he always enjoyed, the impulse and the inspiration of living in London. For twenty years from this time he was able, through the goodness of God, to go on in a course of steady service, with hardly a serious interruption.

He owed his ability to meet victoriously the mass of work which came to his hand, in no small degree to his punctuality, or, as it might be called, his time-instinct, which kept him calm and self-possessed in the midst of claims pressed so closely as to need careful adjustment. Even as a boy he was noted for punctuality. His

mother used to say that she had never had an anxious moment on his account; "when he went out he said when he would be back, and *he always kept to the time.*" In his busy days in London he was never known to miss a train, or to be late for an engagement—indeed, he was generally much too soon. Once only in his life, so far as is known, was he late for a public service. He had gone from Rotherham to preach for Dr. Campbell at the Tabernacle in London. Not having been told that the Sunday evening service there began half-an-hour earlier than in other churches, he arrived a few minutes after six o'clock, and found Dr. Campbell in the pulpit and the service going on. It was in those days considered an honour, and it was somewhat of an ordeal, for a young minister to preach for Dr. Campbell, and Mr. Raleigh was filled with dismay. In the vestry after the service, Dr. Campbell, with the authority of a father in the Gospel, said somewhat severely—"Young man, let me give you a word of advice, *always be in time.*" Mr. Raleigh, touched on his one unassailable point, replied with a warmth seldom evoked in his own defence—"Dr. Campbell, let me give *you* a 'word of advice.' When you begin your service half-an-hour earlier than any one else, *always make known the fact.*" The doctor smiled at the retort, and gracefully acknowledged that the mistake was his own.

The root of his punctuality lay deeper than mere habit. He could do nothing by halves, his whole soul went into his work, and he sprang forward, so to speak, to meet it at the earliest point. Once, to a friend, he

said—"We ought to be able reverently to apply the words to our own life, '*Lo! I come*'—*I*, my whole self, my undivided being, to the duty of the hour." He gave the impression of one whose life flowed with no feeble meandering current, but full and deep, open to receive influences on every side. He seemed to be always nerved and armed, whether for work or for warfare.

In his many homecomings, from longer or shorter absences, he almost invariably arrived before the expected time, and his step in the hall, whether he came or went, with purpose and good cheer in it, had inspiration in its very sound.

His regard to time was very characteristic, and his own words describe exactly his manner of life.

"Time must be managed like any other property; it must be anticipated, it must be taken by the forelock. It must be harnessed like a steed, ploughed like a field, fenced like a garden, defended like a castle, walked with like a friend. The plain English of this is—that you are to put a little more arrangement and purpose into your day, and then stand by what you arrange and do what you propose. . . .

"In every well-ruled life there will be strict homage paid to certain hours of the day, which form points of engagement with fellow-creatures. . . . Be true to the engagement in the letter of it, and to the moment as far as you possibly can. No man can be omnipotent in life; every man must bend and sway as the great tide of circumstance carries him on its breast; many a word truly spoken, many a promise truly made, cannot be kept in the letter of it. Well, keep those that *can* be kept. Let your soul have in this way daily drill and discipline; let it, as

a soldier, present arms to the hours, and march as under command of a general, to the keeping of a promise, to the doing of a duty."

He told his Canonbury people soon after he came amongst them how much he desired a little leisure—that "as a call has arisen for the strength of the Puritan theology, it might be well, as a means to that end, to give us ministers a little more of the Puritan leisure; to let us have our quiet untroubled days, that we may read our books, and think our thoughts maturely, and refresh and solemnise our spirits with divine and eternal things, and *then* speak to our people that which we *do know*, and testify that which *we have seen*."

That cool and shady picture of quiet days—with books and time to read them, is idyllic in its beauty; but it is almost an unconscious satire on the life of a London minister in full work. God gave him grace to go through it all with a quiet heart, although, as good old John Newton says, "A person had need to have a good constitution of grace to preserve a tolerable share of spiritual health in London."

On the other hand, London developed all his powers, and rounded while it strengthened his character. The "multitude of business" never soured his nature, but, by the discipline of its continual demands on patience and self-control, his life in the great city helped to make him the man he was.

Some extracts from letters written about this time will, better than any description, tell something of the tone and history of his life.

To Miss M'KEAND (a Friend in Glasgow), 18th July 1859.

London.

“It was kind of you to write me in my solitude. I continue to hear good accounts of my ‘company,’ which, like Jacob’s, has ‘gone on before’ me. This day week I hope to follow; I shall be glad to escape from the sweltering heat. Yesterday I had a service of not much above an hour, both morning and evening. My evening text was ‘*Quiet resting-places.*’ Isn’t it beautiful? The sermon is, I think, one of my best. It was written, as you may suppose, amid a quietness which grew sometimes almost *too* still. I would have been glad to have been interrupted now and again by pattering feet and shrill little voices. . . . I hope your Sabbaths are passing pleasantly. I don’t know how it is, but there is always a feeling of strangeness, with a kind of *pang* in it, when I make any allusion to Elgin Place; it seems sometimes as if I were only here for a time, and were coming back. I have a dreamy yet tenacious lingering of heart about the place. I suppose the feeling is the stronger, because I *know so well* that I can never return; that all my goings out and comings in there are over for ever.”

To the Same (on her Mother’s death), 2d March 1860.

Gloucester Villas.

“I have been thinking of you very often since we received the melancholy intimation of that event which has so altered all your earthly life, and left you so much more alone than you have ever been. I would have written sooner, but felt, as indeed I do still, that I could not hope to say anything that would increase your comfort or lessen your grief, or open any unknown spring of consolation.

“ I have sometimes felt, indeed, that in cases of the deepest mourning, comfort to the mourner is only postponed by too hasty and too much presentation of the very truths which *in a little while*, will be wells of salvation, out of which the soul will draw water with joy. I have been sitting down with you, at times, ‘ upon the ground,’ sharing somewhat the grief I could not hope much to alleviate. I pray that it may be assuaged by the Comforter Himself—that you may have strength to go through these first weeks of sorrow and separation without fainting—that, as time wears on, the event may lie less and less in shadow, more and more in light, and that all your recollections of the calm and beautiful life which is now lived through, and sealed for ever with the seal of heaven, may help you to live, so that you shall not fear nor long to die. . . .

“ Welcome all that brings the perfect day nearer! . . . The thorn—the cloud—the night—the closed fellowship—the bitter loss—the heart-heaviness—*for a season!* All will work together for good, and hereafter will be the theme of song. . . .”

To Mr. J. B. WILLIAMS, 12th March 1861.

London.

“ When I received the newspaper this morning, under your writing and with the black seal, a quick fear entered my heart, for I remembered that as a family you now present many marks for the arrows of death. But how was I grieved to find, on looking to the obituary, that the fear was too well founded, and that the selected one is your eldest — . . . your first-born on earth — your first-born also into heaven. . . . Seldom have I seen any one so thoughtful, so ready, so full of loving and helpful ways while so young. And now the Good Shep-

herd, apparently by a quick and unexpected call, has drawn her nearer to Himself, quite into safety and eternal rest. . . .

“You know it is all right, like all God’s laws and doings—holy and just and good! But yet I know you will *feel* bereaved, and her dear face, calm now in the stillness of death, will be more to you than all this world’s hopes and joys. May the ‘God of all comfort’ stay and succour you, as He only can do, while you pass through the dark days of grief! May your sorrow soon give place to thankfulness, and may heaven be the dearer to you because you have so much more precious treasure there! I write in haste, but with fulness of sympathy, and with a tender personal sorrow for my young friend, whom I loved very much. . . .”

To a FRIEND, 4th July 1861.

Lower Joppa.

“I ought to have written many days since. . . . In vacation-time an invincible indolence seems to reign supreme. . . . My Highland trip was very pleasant on the whole. On Sabbath, at —, instead of being ‘edified,’ at least to my own knowledge, it seemed as if the preacher were *taking away* the stones from the walls of the inner temple. The subject was the taking of Jericho; he had three heads, and five or six subdivisions under each, and, as the process went on, with great vigour on his part, a strange subjugated and strengthless feeling crept over me; and at last—in despair concerning the preacher, myself, and the universe—I fell ‘flat down’ in spirit, as the walls of Jericho after the trumpets had sounded.

“In the afternoon I went to the Temple which is walled with hills and roofed with sky, and drew in some new strength and hope. . . .”

The above letter recalls an incident which occurred during one of his Highland journeys. He happened to travel for some hours in the company of the late Mr. Campbell of Monzie. A party of Oxford men, with High Church proclivities, joined them, and the conversation turning upon Church matters, grew somewhat warm. Mr. Raleigh took a middle position in the discussion, and expressed broader views than a staunch Tory and a Free Church Presbyterian could approve. As the party was about to separate, Mr. Campbell looked with a little disappointment at his countryman in the tweed suit and broad felt hat, and asked, "What minister do *you* sit under in London?" The reply, "I don't sit under anybody," brought the vehement rejoinder, "Oh, I *thought* you were one of these lost Scotchmen!" Mr. Raleigh enjoyed the mistake too much to offer any explanation.

To his MOTHER, 31st December 1861.

London.

"All the good wishes of the season are hereby wafted on the very last wing of the year to you and yours! To yourself there will not be many returns of the season, but may they all be 'happy,' and the happiest of all that which comes after the last. 'The Lord will give grace and glory' — 'Ebenezer, hitherto the Lord hath helped us!'"

"I am as busy as a summer bee, and sometimes it seems wonderful that my strength holds out. We admitted to church-fellowship last night fifty-six. It took nearly two hours to read the reports. None of our friends had ever attended a church meeting like it. . . ."

To his WIFE (then watching by the death-bed of her father), 21st July 1862.

London.

“I am very glad to see from your notes that your father is on the whole much better than you hoped to find him. . . . Little A. went to chapel yesterday. She was a little tired with the heated place, and I carried her down Newington Turning. We had dinner as usual, with various references to your absence from little tongues; and a feeling of it, unuttered, in a certain heart. Dinner was to me the more grateful because, by a noble collection, we had provided dinners for the poor in Lancashire: in the morning £100; in the evening, £55. . . . Tell your father to be of good courage, and patiently to ‘wait for the salvation of God.’ Sometimes, when I am very weary, I could almost envy your mother and him that place of nearness to the everlasting kingdom which they occupy.”

Mr. Gifford died on Sabbath morning, 27th July 1862. On receiving the tidings, Mr. Raleigh wrote to his wife:—

“I got the telegram last night, and sorrowed with you through its sleepless hours; but joy comes in the morning, for surely we cannot but rejoice in dear grandpapa’s elevation. He seems to have gone up in the dewy freshness of the blessed day, entering into the Temple on high before our ‘hour of prayer,’ and finding it the hour of praise in heaven. . . . How grateful should we be that all was so peaceful at the end, and that after only so much suffering as would make the true Rest ‘all his desire,’ he entered it in peace. . . .

“I could have liked that he had seen the children once more; but God has seen fit to postpone the meeting. . . .

I read this morning, 'Let not your heart be troubled;' and I pray this prayer for you now, and all day long, that you may have no heart-trouble that is not assuaged and ended in deep heart-peace. . . ."

To his WIFE, 12th August 1862.

". . . We have completed eleven years of joint pilgrimage in love and happiness. . . . And God has made our way musical with the patter of little feet; and heaven is dearer since one of ours has been taken to perfect His praise; and now your father has made it dearer still by his preoccupation. May we and ours travel with steadfast feet after the forerunners. . . ."

In March 1863 he was called to mourn the loss of his mother, to whom he owed so much, and whose devout faith and enthusiastic love of all truth had given him his first impulse in life. On the Sabbath after her death he said to his people, after referring to bereavements which had taken place amongst them:—

"I too have my sorrow to-day; and it may be forgiven me if I put myself in the little company of mourners. Yesterday there passed into the heavens, in a ripe old age, and with full preparations of grace, one endeared to me by all the tender memories that gather round a mother's name, and to-day I could have wished to worship, or sit in silence, thinking of things long gone by, the Sabbaths of my youth, and the days and the years of my pilgrimage since."

He was impressed with the fresh beauty, as of youth, imprinted on his mother's face after death. All traces of the long pain and weariness gone, as if, when the

spirit rose to the better life, a ray of its glory had fallen on the poor empty tenement—a parting benediction from the companion of so many years.

About this time Mr. Raleigh's first book, *Quiet Resting-Places*, was published; and it would have been a pleasure to him had he been permitted to put into his mother's hand this first-fruit of his pen.

He was persuaded to publish the volume chiefly for the sake of the congregations who could no longer hear his voice, but who held so large a place in his affection; and, having no expectation of gaining an audience much beyond this immediate circle, he was pleased and surprised at the welcome given to it. He often spoke of other possible works which he wished to prepare, but the demands of daily duty left him no time or strength for literary work. The *Story of Jonah*, however, followed in 1866; and in 1872 the *Little Sanctuary*. His latest work, on *Esther*, was published only a week before his death.

Much that was especially his own is of necessity lost in the printed page—the thrill of certain tones, the look, the gathering up of the whole man in intense agreement with the uttered words, the spell that held himself as well as his hearers when together they stood under the shadow of some great truth—these things can never be reproduced. As he says himself in his preface, speaking of a “true sermon”—“The grace of the fashion of it perisheth.” But everything about it does not perish; there remains the tenderness and freshness of spiritual thinking, the clear vision of God and of heaven, breathed

into sentences often delicately sweet in their rhythm, and which carry home the thought "as on music's outspread wings." He was glad and thankful to know that many who never heard his voice were helped and comforted by his books.

It may be remembered that the bicentenary commemoration in 1862 of the expulsion of two thousand ministers from the Church of England led to considerable controversy on points in dispute between Church and Dissent. In answer to certain statements put forth by Church writers, Mr. Joshua Wilson, Tunbridge Wells, published a pamphlet entitled *Calumnies Confuted*. A copy of this pamphlet was forwarded by the author to the Rev. Charles Kingsley. In acknowledging the gift, Mr. Kingsley wrote:—

Eversley Rectory, 20th May 1863.—"I think that you make out clearly the iniquity of the Act of Uniformity of 1662. . . . One point I wish to mention in connection with the present movement for abolishing subscription to the Articles, to which I do *not* object, and 'reformation' of the Liturgy, to which I do. It seems to me that the silencing of the Calvinistic party in 1662, by however base men and means it was effected, was a boon to liberality and to the expansion of the human mind. The Church of England platform, I hold, is wider in every way than that of any Calvinistic denomination. An egregious instance is the fact that *the* point on which Baxter felt most scruple was the rubric asserting the salvation of all baptized infants. I can only regard the insertion of that statement as a boon to the Church and mankind; as a move in the liberal direction to be fought for at all risks. I revere the piety of Baxter. I would not have turned him out myself; but I

cannot grieve over his leaving the Church if that was the main ground on which he left."

Mr. Kingsley went on to argue that the omission of the clause of "regeneration" would be contraction, not expansion of the Liturgy, and that the Church should resist most strenuously the concession of a "liberty of prophesying, which is but a liberty of cursing." He declared that there were hundreds of Nonconformists, especially among the Independents, whom he would willingly see in the Church. But his impression was that the liberal Nonconformists were in the minority. In conclusion, Mr. Kingsley wrote:—

"I entreat you to think over my words. If you like to show them to any leading Nonconformists you are most welcome."

Mr. Wilson took advantage of this permission to show the letter to Mr. Raleigh. After some hesitation Mr. Raleigh wrote to Mr. Kingsley a letter dealing with the points raised in the letter to Mr. Wilson. After acknowledging the fairness and catholic spirit of that letter he went on to accept Mr. Kingsley's admission in regard to the Act of Uniformity. He suggested that Evangelical Churchmen would have done well to admit the "iniquity" of the Act at the beginning of the bicentenary agitation, but he felt bound to confess that such admission had been rendered "almost supernaturally difficult" by the conduct of certain Nonconformists. On the question of subscription Mr. Raleigh wrote:—

“I am glad that you do not object to the proposal to abolish subscription to the Articles. After reading Canon Stanley’s recent letter I am more than ever convinced that such a change is in the most profound degree necessary, and also (I speak as an Englishman with sincere and reverent interest in the English Church) that it will be perfectly safe.”

Coming to the question of reforming the Liturgy, he undertook to show that the Independent ground is more liberal, both in the case of baptism and in the case of burial, than the Church ground. After pointing out that Mr. Kingsley’s use of the term “Calvinistic” was somewhat misleading, and that few Independents are in point of fact Calvinists, he proceeds:—

“Your words are these—‘If I have a right to say that every baptized child is a child of God, and that right is taken from me, are my rights narrowed or expanded?’ My answer is that, in so far as you found that right on baptism, I think it is entirely imaginary and fallacious; but if, as I hope and almost believe, you found it ultimately on the Fatherly character of God and on His gracious dispensation to this world through Jesus Christ, then I think it is a right ‘to be fought for at all risks.’ We believe that the Father loves *all* the little children, that the Saviour takes them *all* up into His arms, and that all of them who die are saved, for happily ‘none is able to pluck them out of His hands.’ . . . There can be no doubt that multitudes believe that the outward rite is the vital thing, that it is not merely a beautiful sign but a living power, translating the child out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God’s dear Son. Now we complain of this and protest against it. I hold that your

theory is narrower than ours, while in some of its practical results it is cruel—as when parents mourn over the sweet faces of the unbaptized dead, with the shadows of awful fears deepening the shadow of death. . . . In regard to the burial of the dead, I confess that you seem to hold the more liberal ground in contending for the retention of the present form of your touching and beautiful Service. Here, however, I hold that liberality should wait reverently on truth. I do not forget that the Service contains only the expression of a *hope* that the departed is in rest with Christ. But in too many cases what foundation is there for such a hope? If a man has never believed in Christ—never even professed to believe in Him, nor lived according to His laws; if he has led an immoral and hurtful life, what foundation is there in that man's character, what reason in any of the moral and providential laws of God, for the hope of his immediate entrance, by the mere act of dying, into the 'rest which remaineth for the people of God'?

“I hope you will not suppose that even in a case of that kind I would contend for a 'liberty of cursing.' I fail indeed to see in theory when and how, exactly, even cursing ought to be stopped. It seems to me that true liberty will and must, to a certain extent, tolerate even intolerance. To hinder men by law from saying and doing what is in them may be necessary, but it hardly seems the fit work of a Christian Church. This, however, by the way. I recoil, like yourself, with the most sensitive aversion from the very thought of 'cursing' over a fellow-creature's grave. I would not utter a word which would even seem to any sorrowing survivor like the shadow of a curse over the finished life, however poor, broken, blotted, it might be. Nay more, I would not allow myself to think that I know the judgment that has been passed on

the departed. 'Judgment is mine,' saith the Lord, 'whose tender mercies are over all His works.' All that I would claim is the liberty of silence, that in such cases no hope shall be expressed, and of course no curse pronounced. Is not silence in such a case a duty as well? We have no right to injure the living by our charity to the dead. Simple persons, men of little thought, men of low endeavour, are consoled and encouraged to continue in their ignoble condition by the thought that all will be well with them in the end. I have heard some of the country people say, 'The parson will make it all right at last.' . . . While I say all this I frankly acknowledge that there must be great difficulty in making any alteration. . . . I am inclined to think that it would be better—if that is the only alternative—to omit all personal reference than to compel thousands of devout and conscientious men to express a judgment which they do not hold, a hope which they do not feel. . . . Let me thank you for the much pleasure of the best kind I have had in reading many of your books, and also for the only sermon I ever heard you preach—from the text, 'They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.'

To this letter Mr. Kingsley promptly replied:—

"The views you express are in the main my own. What you say about baptism is what I have long seen we shall all come to. It is wider than the formulæ of the Church of England, and I have never made a secret that it is the doctrine which I hold in contradistinction to the Puseyite and Papist one, which I regard with astonishment."

Mr. Kingsley then explained that he opposed the alteration of the Liturgy, because he knew that, if any

change were made, it would probably be a change in the wrong direction. Of the burial service he says that in his own twenty-one years' experience, with fifty years of his father's ministerial experience to consult, he had never known a case in which a single conscience was burdened by that service.

“Neither have I found among the poor the notion that the parson *in the burial service* would ‘make all right.’ The notion that the parson will make all right by reading and praying a little with the dying man is too common, but it is common to every creed and denomination; you must find it too often in your own experience. It is bred in the fallen nature of man, and no alteration of formula, no purity of doctrine, will ever prevent miserable sinners believing that their minister can, by some mumbling of formulæ, or making them mumble formulæ, deliver them from the just reward of their deeds. If you can cure men of that you shall be Archbishop of Canterbury if I can make you.”

Some further correspondence passed between Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Raleigh; but the above extracts will give a sufficiently clear notion of the points on which, with much sympathy and mutual respect, they agreed to differ. In Mr. Kingsley's last letter he utterly repudiates the title of Broad Churchman:—

“I *am* an Evangelical. I can't see how any one, believing his Bible, can be anything else. But I revolted from their narrowness, and cruel judgments, and contradiction of plain facts, and sad ignorance. . . . I then, at ordination, threw myself into Newman's party, into which all the young men of scholarship, life, and power, were

rushing. I soon found that that meant, honestly, *Rome*, and to that place I would not go. Anything might be true, but Rome was *the Lie*. Then I turned, and ever since have been hewing out for myself painfully, in fear and trembling, a standing-place which shall reach down to the Rock of Ages. Whether I have got down to it or not I shall know at the last day."

At the close of the letter Mr. Kingsley expresses warm admiration for the first English Independents, "the assertors of English liberty, who fought side by side with my ancestors at Marston Moor," and his pleasure at finding so much truth and liberality among their descendants.

In February 1865 Mr. Raleigh received from the University of Glasgow the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

To the Rev. R. BALGARNIE, 4th April 1865.

(On the opening of the Bar Church, Scarborough.)

London.

". . . I can sympathise with you most keenly in the felt need of soul nourishment and heart-quiet. The continued clang of outside work is sometimes distressing, and one longs for the wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest; or, better still, for the 'desert place' to rest awhile with Christ, and to return to work with more of His strength.

"As soon as you know your opening day secure your men. By all means get Norman M'Leod, if you can. I met him in Glasgow when I was dubbed D.D. I had a long talk with him, and felt quite to love him. Jones is a glorious fellow. . . . As for thy servant, he will fulfil his promise and give out a hymn on the day, if he can be in

those parts. Seriously, I don't want any place *near the front*. . . . My wife and children are all 'famous.' You know the Northern signification ; I think it is better than the Southern one. To use another Scotticism, they are 'fine' ! . . ."

The accompanying letter refers to the controversy on the Sabbath question which arose in Scotland, when the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company first proposed to run trains on Sunday.

To Miss ———, 22d December 1865.

Arran House, London.

"I write a line to thank you for the newspaper and for Dr. McLeod's speech. . . . I had seen distorted fragments of it, which I felt quite sure had passed through the hands of the father of lies before being presented to the public. I have been with him in spirit, although I hardly think I shall accept his arguments or his views in the forms in which he presents them. His idea of *complete abrogation* cannot, I think, be maintained. It is not like God's procedure in other things to make a sharp severance and a wide gulf. The idea of *development* is the true one, the one which best agrees with, and will most firmly secure, the expansion and liberty which belong to the Lord's day.

"But how happy one is to be out of such a strife, and under no obligation to 'bear a testimony,' or lift up one's voice like a trumpet ! When so many trumpets are sounding, it is a great blessing to have the liberty of silence. Especially when if one spoke at all it would be in reprehension of so much that has been said and done. Perhaps, indeed, it might give a new turn to the battle, if some one would stand up and, in genial good temper, yet heartily,

expose and denounce all parties in the strife, or rather the actuating spirit of each party—the greedy recklessness of the railway companies, the irreverence of the scribes, the unchristian intolerance of the presbyteries, the abjectness of the congregations, and the half-conscious hypocrisy of society. Any one doing *that*, unless he were sheathed in some kind of supernatural defence, would be stung to death.

“So far as I have read Dr. M’Leod’s real utterances, his spirit is the one clear good thing in the controversy. . . . a spirit manly and fearless, and yet gentle and charitable. I pray that he may not lose it. . . .”

CHAPTER XI.

AMERICA—CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE UNION.

“ I love to draw
Even here on earth, on towards the future law,
And heaven’s fine etiquette ; when Who? and Whence?
May not be asked ; and at the wedding-feast
North shall sit down with South and West with East.”

BURRIDGE.

IN May 1865 Dr. Vaughan (formerly Principal of Lancashire College), Dr. Raleigh, and Dr. George Smith, were chosen to represent the Congregational Union of England and Wales at the National Council of American Congregational Churches, appointed to be held at Boston in June. On the 27th May the delegates sailed from Liverpool in the *Africa*.¹ To Dr. Raleigh the voyage was notable as the longest he had ever undertaken. The weather was wintry and unpleasant. He writes: “ All my fine fancies about summer weather and glittering seas and the lazy enjoyment of life on ship-board have been put to rout. Anything more miserable than some of the days and nights it would be difficult to imagine. The ship pitching and rolling her vast bulk through the stormy waves, catching seas sometimes

¹ Dr. Smith went first to Canada. He was detained there, and did not attend the Council.

that flooded the deck like a little lake. The rain coming in torrents, the air cold and bitter, the passengers gruesome and resigned." In the brief gleams of sunshine, however, there were always flights of birds and schools of (?) porpoises to watch, and the ship herself, with her crew and her various crowd of passengers, was an inexhaustible study. The ninth day out was a Sunday, and some of the passengers would have liked to hear one of the Doctors of Divinity; but the ship was too unsteady to permit of preaching. There was service in the cabin, and then the passengers "came out to a grander service." An iceberg was passing "with a strange gleaming whiteness on it, most spiritual, with shadows dropping now and then like the folds of a garment. It looked like one of God's ships sailing out of eternity, carrying a message some whither. All the company, including the sailors, stood gazing in silence till it sailed past." Next day they made Cape Race, and in no long time were lying in Halifax Harbour, not far from a fleet of small steamers, sharp in build, neutral gray in colour, "gipsy-like and wicked in appearance as ships could be," blockade-runners, whose occupation was gone with the close of the war.

"We left Halifax in a breeze," Dr. Raleigh writes, "and sailed into a foaming sea. The pilot having guided the vessel out ceased to have a function, and came quietly among the passengers. He was an old man, weather-worn, feeble, and, as I learned from the captain, suffering from an incurable disease. For more than forty years he has guided vessels safely amid the dangers of that coast. He will need, very soon, a clearer eye and a better skill than

his own to guide him through the dangers of that voyage which can be made by each person only once. In talking with him, I found by degrees that he had engaged the Pilot long ago ; and I think that old man, when the last breezes begin to blow, will come as quietly down from the watch - tower of his own life as now he does from the mastery of our good ship, leaving the Captain to rule the seas. I thought I could read in his face and in the calm, far look of his eye, ‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.’”

The *Africa* held on her way in the midst of a dense fog — “of all dismal things at sea the dismallest” — happily without accident, till at last the fog lifted, and Boston was almost in sight. To this stage of the voyage belongs an incident which Dr. Raleigh was fond of relating :—

“ While yet fifty miles from land, I scented the clover growing in the fields of New England. Some of my fellow-passengers were incredulous, because *they* could not smell it — a very common way of reaching conclusions in matters of infinitely greater importance—when all at once a highly competent witness appeared in the box. She was, literally, in a box at the side of the ship. This was the cow which had given us milk all the way. She put her head out of the box, and snuffed the gale with great enjoyment. And in an hour more their own senses bore witness that she and I were right.”

On their arrival in Boston the delegates were constrained by a kind friend, the Hon. Mr. Toby, to leave their hotel and make his house their home during their

stay. Under his hospitable guidance they mastered some of the intricacies of the city—the only town he ever visited in which Dr. Raleigh was quite unable to find his way—attended the “Commencement” at Harvard, and enjoyed a brief interview with the poet Longfellow.

When the Council assembled on the 14th June it soon became evident that the task of the English delegates would be peculiarly difficult. It was certain that some expression would be given to the bitter resentment which had been roused in the Northern States by the scrupulous neutrality of England during the Civil War, by the free criticisms of Northern men and measures which had appeared in the English press, and by the eagerness of a large section of our politicians to treat the presentation of the *Alabama* claims as a *casus belli*. Any demonstration of hostility was sure to take the form of a personal attack on Dr. Vaughan. Though perfectly sound on the slavery question, Dr. Vaughan had doubted the wisdom and the possibility of saving the Union; and the *British Quarterly Review*, of which he was then editor, had been unsparing in its examination of the professions and motives of Northern statesmen. The unexpectedly complete collapse of the slave power convinced him that the event of the war had been prepared by a higher wisdom than his own. With his usual candour, he at once made full acknowledgment of his change of mind; but it was too late to undo the effect which the *British Quarterly* articles had produced. When the American newspapers announced that Dr.

Vaughan was chosen as a delegate to Boston, some were ready to exclaim that the choice was an intentional insult. The editor of a Presbyterian journal published a careful selection of extracts from the *British Quarterly*, and copies of the reprint were laid on the table of the Council, and distributed among the members.

On the 15th June the delegates were received. Dr. Vaughan spoke at length, and was heard with respectful attention. Dr. Raleigh followed with a brief speech, in which he ventured to dwell lightly, with an occasional touch of humour, on some of the difficulties of the situation. He proposed that they should deal with the subject of dispute as the Scottish minister dealt with an obscure passage at which he arrived in the course of his exposition. "This," he said, "is a much controverted text. No two commentators appear to agree in their interpretation of it. My brethren, *let us look this difficulty boldly in the face—and pass on.*"

The air was somewhat cleared by these two speeches, but there was still a storm on the horizon. When the formal reply to the Union address was brought up for approval, a member, whose name need not be recorded, rose and launched into unmeasured denunciation of England and the English delegates. But the violence of his invective disgusted the majority of the Council, and disposed them to listen to the generous appeal made by Dr. Thompson of New York on behalf of the English brethren. After Dr. Thompson, Dr. Vaughan spoke for himself, and then Mr. Beecher decided the event of the day by a magnificent speech, full of common

sense and brotherly love. Boldly taking on himself authority to speak for the Council, the orator of American Independency held out a hand to each of the English délégates in token of complete mutual understanding. The Americans are not a demonstrative people ; but the greatness of the occasion broke down the reserve of the Council. Only once or twice in his long experience of public meetings had Dr. Vaughan beheld such a display of feeling.

Dr. Raleigh's personal influence had done much to bring about this happy issue out of the dangers which had threatened the English mission. Through the whole war he had been in full sympathy with the North. He had always held that the cause of the Union was also the cause of humanity and right. His reception was therefore assured ; and he took every advantage of the confidence which his name inspired to remove misunderstandings, and to lead his American friends to take a calmer view of the workings of English opinion. He was especially careful to avoid making any distinction between his own position and that of his friend. They stood together with the most loyal confidence in each other ; and when the "sharp corner of Providence had been handsomely turned," Dr. Vaughan was the first to say to Dr. Raleigh, "But for you, our mission would have been a failure."

Before separating, the Council spent a day in visiting New Plymouth, the landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers. After viewing the famous rock—which, to the disappointment of some, turned out to be a stone of no

great size—a meeting was held in an orchard near the burying-ground of the Fathers. A paper had been prepared, setting forth the chief points of Puritan doctrine; and this document was solemnly ratified and adopted by the 1100 persons present. The speeches delivered were few; but special care was taken to keep a place for the English delegates. Another open-air meeting of Council was held on Bunker Hill, on the anniversary of the battle. But of this celebration Dr. Raleigh writes: "I did not go; I did not feel as if I could enjoy it."

On leaving Boston the delegates went on to New York, by way of Newport. Dr. Raleigh preached in Mr. Beecher's chapel at Brooklyn, and an immense congregation came to hear the Englishman who had stood their friend in the war. From New York they went on to Washington. They had hoped to see something of the South, and to visit the great battlefields of the war; but the intense heat and the still unsettled state of the country compelled them to limit the scope of their journey. In Washington the thermometer stood at 86° in the shade; but they could not turn northward again without having seen the work in progress among the freed negroes. Under the guidance of General Howard—"the Havelock of the Federal army"—they visited the Freedmen's Training Farm, established on the estate which had once belonged to General Lee, and the schools in which New England ladies were engaged in teaching black children to read. One of the children was put up to display its elocution, but the passage chosen for the purpose was a philippic against England from some

orator of American independence. General Howard with a smile stopped the reading. Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Raleigh were both inclined to approve the principles on which the Government was proceeding in its treatment of the freedmen. They had hoped to offer some expression of their sympathy to the President; but he was ill, and could not receive them. Dr. Raleigh explained by letter the objects of their mission; and Mr. Johnson sent a very kind reply. From other members of the Government they received many kindnesses. By special favour they were permitted to visit Ford's Theatre, which had been closed to the public since the night of President Lincoln's murder.

The first Sunday after their departure from Washington was spent at Wheeling, Ohio. This was the only silent Sunday of Dr. Raleigh's American visit, and he enjoyed the rest. In the afternoon of that day he wrote to his wife:—

Wheeling, Ohio, 1st July 1865.—"We worshipped in the Presbyterian Chapel here this morning. Good and refreshing. But—let this be a secret—I have seen nothing like *Hare Court*; not even Beecher's. Truly the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places."

It was too hot to think of the Mississippi Valley, and from Ohio the travellers turned northward by way of Cleveland to Buffalo, where they embarked on Lake Erie. Three quiet days were given to Niagara, and then more work awaited them at Toronto, where Dr. Raleigh preached twice, and baptized a young British subject by the name of "Henry Allon," in affectionate

remembrance of Union Chapel, where its parents had been members. . At Toronto, and throughout their Canadian journey, they were struck by the number of tourists from the States. Dr. Raleigh wrote: "All the Yankees that ever were born seem to be travelling, now that the war is over; and they take with them all the trunks and boxes that ever were made." This passage was penned with some feeling, for the St. Lawrence steamer was so crowded that he had to lie down for the night on a bare board, and was consequently too sleepy the next day to appreciate fully the beauty of the Thousand Islands.

At Montreal, and again at Quebec, they had an opportunity of observing the difficulties of religious work, where Protestants and Roman Catholics are both active and well organised. Dr. Wilkes, who had represented the Canadian Churches at the Boston Council, was their host at Montreal. He writes of their visit to that city:—

"[Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Raleigh] came to us down the St. Lawrence after running the rapids. I met them at the wharf. Dr. Raleigh was the right hand of the venerable man with whom he journeyed, who had reached his seventy-first year. It was a beautiful picture in Christian life which was presented by the two men. They both preached for me—Dr. Vaughan in the forenoon. I remember well Dr. Raleigh's remark after the morning service: 'I cannot preach after that. I must not spoil the effect of such a sermon.' He did preach in the evening an exquisitely beautiful sermon, fitted to stimulate and encourage, as well as to guide, the Christian in running the race set before him.

“I drove them along the principal streets of our city, and other friends took them drives in the neighbourhood. We were greatly amused by the respectful recognition accorded to Dr. Vaughan by the members of the Roman Catholic priesthood who occasionally met us. The hat he wore, his clean-shaven face, his black cravat, and his general aspect led them to mistake him for a foreign ecclesiastic of their own Church. He was surprised by the numerous bows he received from these gentlemen, who in this part of Canada wear the *soutane* in the streets. When the explanation was given, he and Dr. Raleigh enjoyed a hearty laugh.”

It is not necessary to dwell on the rapid return journey through the States. The voyage home, in the *Persia*, was as smooth as the outward voyage had been rough. Among the passengers it was pleasant to encounter a deputation of Spanish planters from Cuba, proceeding to the Court of Queen Isabella to make arrangements for the gradual abolition of slavery in that island. The old señor who led the deputation wrote a complimentary poem in honour of the *Persia*, her captain and passengers, which Dr. Vaughan, with some assistance from his colleague, turned into English rhymes. It was a pleasant journey, and it was pleasanter still to be at home again. Dr. Raleigh joined his wife and children at Starley Burn in Fifeshire, where they had spent the summer. “I received,” he said, “in fresh gift from God all I had left, with a thankfulness which only the power of absence could evoke.” A few weeks of rest, a short breathing time after his wanderings, and he was once more ready and eager to be at work.

The members of the delegation to America were expected to give an account of their journey at the autumn meeting of the Congregational Union, which was to be held at Bristol. A special evening meeting was held for the purpose at Castle Green Chapel, on the 25th October—Mr. Henry Wright in the chair. Dr. Raleigh, who was to speak first, had given much thought to the preparation of his address, and he was profoundly stirred and excited as the time drew near to deliver it. The state of feeling between England and America was still critical, and he wished to put forth all his strength on the side of peace and goodwill. He began by reminding his hearers that the roots of American life and society lie more than two centuries deep in the history of English Puritanism. He described the dangers and anxieties of the persecuted Church of Brewster and Bradford. He told of their first attempt to find safety in exile, of the treachery which delivered them over to King James's officers, and of the indomitable spirit with which they renewed the attempt, until the remnant of them escaped to Holland. But "they made as though they would go farther." The Atlantic voyage is planned, and at last "the little ship is bought—who knows not her name?—the world-famed *Mayflower*, more famous, perhaps, than any ship that ever ploughed the seas, except the fishing-boats of Galilee that bore the Saviour of the world." It was the *Mayflower* that made New England; and the conflict which had just come to a close had been a conflict between New England Puritanism and the wickedness of slavery.

“The great recent struggle was just this in its principle. Shall the ‘good foundation,’ as they called it, which the forefathers laid for civil order and for religious life and liberty, be preserved and extended under such modifications as circumstances might require; or shall we yield to the encroachments, and permit the so-called independence, but virtual supremacy, of the blackest tyranny and wickedness that has ever reared its head among mankind? The answer from the St. Lawrence to the Potomac, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was, ‘No! we cannot permit this; we can fight, we can die.’ And die they did on every field of battle—the very flower and chivalry, the culture and virtue of New England—her noblest sons going thus willingly to death, and her daughters weeping for the slain, but never grudging the sacrifice. I believe the answer they gave was right, and that the sacrifice by which they have sealed it has been accepted by the God of Nations. . . . I never had a doubt, but now I am more than sure that slavery was the cause of the whole war. It was to preserve *that*, it was to extend *that*, that the South drew the sword. They had no grievance, no shadow of excuse, besides. The offence was that civilisation was lighting her lamps too near them; that Christianity, with its Ten Commandments, and its spirit of impartial and universal love, would not sanction their ‘peculiar institution,’ would not become a ‘lying spirit,’ and connive at their rank injustice and cruelty; and if I cannot in conscience say that it was expressly to uproot and destroy slavery that the North so vigorously resisted, I can say this, as it was expressed to me by an honourable citizen of Boston, that they felt slavery beneath the whole conflict, and that they struck at the vile system as soon as constitutional honour would allow them to do so. While the constitution existed, legal rights prevented the North from

making any direct attack on slavery ; but as soon as they saw the fair chance of striking it down, they did not pity ; they did not withhold the blow—it came with crushing force. And, as the vile system—wounded, bleeding, staggering blindly on through its last dishonoured days, without one penitential tear or pang as long as it lived, holding its blood-stained whips and muttering its sullen curses to the last—fell to rise no more, the darkest and most gigantic criminal the world had ever seen, there was a sigh of relief from sea to sea through those vast Northern States, and from many lips came the thankful exclamation, ‘Thank God, it is gone !’”

Touching on the division of English opinion in regard to the war, Dr. Raleigh took occasion to approve the wisdom of the choice which included Dr. Vaughan and himself in the same “mission of fraternity.”

“It was well that *we* went. A deputation differently constituted might have been more welcome, might have escaped the little breezes that blew upon us ; but, after all, that would have been a one-sided deputation. It would have pleased *them* better, but it would have represented *us* less faithfully.”

After speaking of the Council meetings, and acknowledging the friendly aid of Dr. Thompson, Dr. Bacon, and Mr. Beecher, he went on to speak of the memorable day at New Plymouth :—

“The day at Plymouth was a day never to be forgotten. To see the shores that first saw the *Mayflower* ; to gaze on the little island—Clark’s Island—on which the Pilgrim Fathers first landed, and rested the Sabbath-day according to the Commandment ; where the voice of psalms first

broke the silence, with prayers, and prophesyings, and preachings of the Gospel ; to stand on the rock where next day they landed, on a cold and sleety day, the shortest in the year, and took possession in the name of the Lord ; to see some of the first buildings that were reared, expressive in their very form of the simplicity and strength of the men who reared them ; to see the Pilgrims' meeting-house on the hill—a strong little building with a flat roof, where Miles Standish stood by the cannon while the Pilgrims worshipped below ; to stand among the graves of the forefathers on Burying Hill, to join in solemn prayer with their sons and successors, and to hold up the hand on that hill-top, in the light of that summer day, in solemn attestation of the faith for which they lived and died—all this one holds in life-long memory as a precious secret ; but *I can never describe it*. I can see at this moment the gleams of light on the sea and the soft clouds sailing on overhead. I can hear the whisper of the breeze among the pines, and feel its balmy touch on my cheek. I can see the bending of the grass above the graves—many of them without epitaph—on that hill-top ; and I can see that reverent assembly of men and women, old men and children, who found it that day to be a hill of life, the mountain of the Lord's house established on the top of the mountains and exalted above the hills."

Among other illustrations of the place which Puritan Independency still occupies in the United States, Dr. Raleigh gave the following :—

"I stood one day on a hill-top near Northampton, commanding a vast and various view—one of the finest of the kind in the whole world. We had crept up slowly through the leafy woods, and all at once we emerged from the umbrage and stood upon the hill-top. There came to

my lips in a moment some lines of Thomson's *Seasons*, which had been in my memory since boyhood :—

'Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns and gilded streams—till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.'

“Thirty church spires are visible from that hill-top—every one of them the spire of a parish church—every church Independent. Is not that like the land of Goshen, think you ? I have never for myself been able to hold the Divine right of Independency to the exclusion of other systems, although I am just as sound an Independent as many a man who does ; but I frankly confess that since that day I have been a little more of an Independent than I ever was before. I was proud of and thankful for what our free principles can do in Church and State when they have a clear stage and no favour.”

Passing again from Church matters to politics, Dr. Raleigh bore strong testimony to the “law-abiding, peace-loving character of the American people.” Nowhere had he seen “a state of society on the whole so good. Their best may not be equal to our best, but their common is better than ours, and their worst less ominous than our worst.” The admirable conduct of the disbanded Federal soldiers was a strong proof of the American love of peace and order.

“I saw the poor fellows returning by the ten thousand to their homes. I saw them in every part of the country, north and west—worn, wearied, many of them wounded. They were all glad to get back to peaceful pursuits and to their homes. I found that in returning to their native town or village they did not care about entering it in the

soldier's uniform. They preferred to doff the military blue, and to return in the citizen's dress in which they left.

“Such a people must command the sympathy of England in fullest measure. They look to England to encourage them in their great task—the reconciliation of the conquered South, and the education of the freed negroes.

“I saw the ladies of New England teaching in the black schools of Virginia; I saw Christian soldiers busy in the Master's work. I daresay they will blunder sometimes, soldiers and civilians alike. They will pause and be at fault. I only hope that they will have our sympathy and not our carping criticism. We are throwing upon them continually our surplus population—a good deal of the least manageable and least reputable portions of it—our poverty, our discontent, and crime, as well as some of our energy and virtue. They have a right to our most brotherly confidence and help as they try to educate these various peoples for this world and for the next, as they spread them abroad over their virgin soil and teach them to make homes in the wilds, as they stretch over them all the broad shield of their common law and breathe about them the airs of freedom, which carried the *Mayflower* to their shores, and have been blowing as they listed ever since. . . . I have tried to speak and act everywhere with a view to an end for which more than for almost anything else just now statesmen should strive, and journalists should write, and ministers should preach, and even merchants should buy and sell—a cordial understanding—nay, more, a loyal loving league of inseparable friendship between England and America.”

In the descriptive article which accompanies the report from which these passages are extracted, it is

recorded that the meeting was roused by Dr. Raleigh's speech "to an enthusiasm rarely equalled." He felt himself that his object was attained; he had done what he could to draw closer the bonds of friendship between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. Dr. Smith followed with an account of his Canadian journey. Dr. Vaughan's speech was worthy of the occasion and of the man. So profound was the impression produced by the words of the "old man eloquent" that when he came forward to speak at another meeting the next day, the whole audience started to their feet and cheered him again and again.

In May 1868 Dr. Raleigh presided as chairman at the meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and delivered an address on "Christianity and Modern Progress." His object was to show that revealed religion, resting on a firm basis of fact, embodying the highest expression of law, and providing the fullest exercise for man's higher energies and aspirations, has nothing to fear and everything to hope from the advance of science and the spread of liberty. In the course of his argument he was naturally led to speak of the place assigned to the Bible by science and religion respectively.

"In itself," he said, "the case is simple. It is not, *e.g.* (to mention but one misleading form into which the question between science and religion is often put), that we come before the world with a book—a Bible, which is the binding together of more than sixty little books, tractates, letters, written at sundry times, in different countries, in successive ages of the world, claiming for the book, just as we have

it now, divine infallibility in every letter and line. We need not wonder—we may rejoice that such a pretension is decisively rejected by thinking men, as a pretension which *can* in fact only be justified by the co-ordinate supposition of a constantly inspired and infallible authority somewhere in the Church. No. It is just as certain that there are errors and mistakes in the Bible—considered as a human book—as it is certain that fallible men wrote the several parts of it, distinguished and selected them, one by one, from other contemporary writings, copied them from manuscripts, translated them from one language into another. But here is our case. That out of this book, as history, and out of other histories, contemporary and subsequent, there rise up to our view, first dimly in type and shadow, then clearly in personal life, the great facts which stand at the centre of Christianity—the birth, the labours, the miracles, the sufferings, the death, the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. These, by emphasis, are our facts. These proved, we consider that, substantially, all is proved. These disproved, all is lost.”

This statement of the case, and the use of the phrase “errors and mistakes,” as applied to the Bible, gave rise to considerable controversy. Dr. Lindsay Alexander took objection to the doctrine of the address; various newspapers, religious and secular, took part in the discussion, and Dr. Raleigh was compelled to justify and explain his words. In doing so he wrote:—

“I accept the whole Bible, as we have it, as the Book of God. Further, I regard the inspiration of the Scriptures, although I cannot define it—and do not believe that any one else can—as a thing different, not only in degree but in kind, from the highest inspiration of human genius,

such as the Epics of Homer or the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. . . .

“ If I am asked whether I hold the close verbal theory of inspiration and consequent immunity from any shadow of error or mistake in the original Scriptures, if they could be found, I answer distinctly I do not. That opinion can only be a *theory* to those who hold it. I acknowledge it is a reverent theory, but it never can be of much practical benefit. If God originally composed a book, giving the writing, down to the last line and letter, that book has been lost, not substantially, but in its original completeness, and cannot now, without a new miracle, be found. . . .

“ Then, too, it is to me undeniable that there are discrepancies (which is but another name for mistakes) in the Gospel narratives, which no skill can explain away. Dr. Alexander of Edinburgh, in his friendly controversy with me in the newspapers, acknowledged that ‘ these discrepancies are apparent and probably real.’ He supposes that they were intended by God to show the independence of the witnesses, and the absence of collusion. Precisely ; although that is a stronger way of putting it than I should adopt. The meaning, however, is in the main correct. . . . I acknowledge with thankfulness that these things do not touch the grand substance of the Book. The great facts and doctrines stand like the Alps to our sight, and our practical certainty and faith are unshaken.”

At the autumn meeting of the Union Dr. Raleigh gave, in connection with the disestablishment of the Irish Church, some of his views on the general question of Church Establishments. We quote a few paragraphs from his address :—

“ . . . We confess to an instantaneous sympathy with

good men, wherever they stand ecclesiastically, whose hearts ‘tremble for the Ark of God,’ or who have stirring in them any rational, godly concern for their native country. If it could be shown that serious harm is ever likely to come to England by the disestablishment of the Church, I am sure we should be the first to say ‘Hasten slowly.’ We are first Christians—then Englishmen—then Dissenters. To be the first is to stand in that inexpressible state and privilege of which no man on earth is worthy. To be the second is the highest earthly distinction we can bear. To be the third is little else than pain and grief to us. . . . If it could be shown that disestablishment would lessen the piety of the country, or impair the hope of its continuance and increase in the generations to come, I question if there is a religious dissenter in the land who would vote for the measure.”

After conceding that some disadvantages might follow at first from the change, he continues:—

“Would it not be a gain to the piety of the nation to be relieved of the Parliamentary discussion of religious and evangelical questions? . . . This Parliamentary wrangling over their settlement, which proves to be no settlement at all; these repeated judicial decisions, which decide nothing to the point—as devout Churchmen acknowledge and painfully feel—do not make for the meet presentation of the Saviour and His claims to the people, and for the glory of the kingdom of God among men.

“Another advantage which will probably accrue from the expected severance will be unchallenged liberty and necessity of speech, to clergymen and all Christian ministers on every social and political question. . . . No subject is proscribed to a Christian minister, or to Christian people.

We strive for the life of a nation. Great courage and plainness of speech are needed . . . to teach men to be honest and true and pure and generous. And my hope is, that when we have a free Church in a free State, the action of the Church and of her clergy and ministers will be far more direct and effective than it is now.

“Again, the disestablishment of the English Church would be a great step towards brotherly concert and agreement among Christians in the practical work of evangelisation. . . . I think it is unquestionable that the supremacy of the State system has a tendency to engender division and animate rivalries. . . . True indeed, the theory is that it ought to prevent such things, dividing the land into parishes, and gathering alike its most crowded cities and its farthest solitudes under the motherly care of the one undivided Church. Whatever may be the abstract worth of that theory, whatever its historic value—and I am far from saying it has not shed innumerable blessings into English life in past ages—it has no application to the facts and needs of to-day. The truth is, the Free Christian Churches of England have arisen, and they claim their God-given right to live and to do good as they have opportunity. But here stands the old system, which professes still to cover the whole ground, which does not welcome any such allies. I do not blame the men so much as the system. The system cannot bend—it cannot be brotherly. And therefore, for the sake of all the latent brotherhood that is within it, for the sake of the wider charity that is yearning for expression, and for the sake of the dark multitudes, even of our own land, who know not yet what the Gospel is, we welcome the speedy advent of the time when the State shall cease to grant peculiar privileges to one form of the Christian religion, and set us all on a level before men, even as we are all on a level before God.

“It is perhaps unreasonable to expect devout churchmen yet to believe in, or indeed to understand and perceive the manifold blessedness of their own accomplished liberty. In that one word ‘freedom’ lie great powers and gifts. Streams of life and healing will come out of it. Those who fear it now will thank God when it comes, and they will say, as they gather about the gates of the old Church of England, ‘The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.’

“On the 18th of May 1843, a quarter of a century ago, 474 ministers of the Church of Scotland left it in order to have unfettered liberty in spiritual things. They filed out of St. Andrew’s Church, Edinburgh—the grandest procession, in some respects, Scotland has ever seen—headed by the great Chalmers and others; and when, amid the plaudits and tears of the great multitudes who crowded the streets and hung in every window, they made their way to Canonmills, the place chosen for their Free Assembly, the first word in prayer was thanksgiving for ‘enlargement’—the first words spoken in Council were, ‘Now, we breathe freely.’ Whatever happens to the Church of England will probably come quietly, without scenic effect; but, if the severance be complete, surely the grateful emotion will be no less in the South than it was in the North. . . .

“We await the issues with, I trust, no selfish expectations. I see no likelihood that even the liberated Christianity of England will ever, in any large degree, take the organised form of the Independent Church. The Episcopal Church, in the ardour of its new-born liberty and zeal, may possibly far outstrip us in the race, even when the conditions of the friendly rivalry have ceased to be what they now are, unequal and unfair. But we shall rejoice in their pre-eminence, and feel that their success is our own. Perish these miserable envyings and strifes,

which are bred simply of ecclesiastical systems and denominational rivalries ! ”

In 1879 Dr. Raleigh was again appointed Chairman of the Union. In March 1880, during his last illness, he resigned the office, on which he would have entered in May.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS OF COUNSEL AND CONSOLATION.

“Is ever a lament begun
By any mourner under sun,
Which, ere it endeth, suits but *one?*”

E. B. BROWNING.

DR. RALEIGH'S interest was called forth in the summer of 1866 by the illness and death of a young friend in Scotland. A selection from his letters to her sisters and herself, with some others kindred in tone and subject, is inserted here, in the hope that they may give comfort to some who have to pass through similar experiences.

To Miss A——, 9th July 1866.

Southwold.

“MY DEAR A——, I am glad to hear that you have been strong enough to travel to ——, and very sorry to hear that you are yet so much of an invalid. I fear you will not have much enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, at least for a while. The view, I remember, from the top of the hill is very wide and grand—commanding within the circle not a little of the wealth and beauty of England. May you see it and enjoy it before you leave. Meantime, dear A——, may God give you the still richer and fairer pros-

pects which faith beholds—especially the sight of His own fulness and love in Christ Jesus. Your trouble has been so severe, and has continued so long, that I am sure you peculiarly need in it that consolation which can come only from God. I pray daily that He may give you that ‘strong consolation’ which has been promised to us all, when we ‘flee for refuge to the hope set before us in the Gospel.’ And oh, how good is it that we have not far to flee, ‘The word is nigh.’ It is but a penitential thought—an unfeigned confession of our sinfulness—and we are beside the cleansing fountain, or in it. It is but a ‘look,’ and we shall be ‘lightened.’ Or even less than this; for when I read some of the Psalms, I find that David sometimes had nothing but groans and tears wherewith to seek and serve God, and God delivered him and set his feet on the Rock. May He deliver you also—from fear and sin and unbelief, and, if it be His will, heal you of your sickness too. What a precious fruit of the illness it will be to you, if by its means you reach that state of mind which leaves *everything*—friends and fortune, health and sickness, life and death—to God! That would be beautiful. It would make you a greater conqueror than the most successful general. And if you live and grow well again, that state of mind would remain with you as a life-property. ‘Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.’ ‘Not my will but Thine be done.’ So the Master teaches us to pray. So the Saviour brings us unto God.

“Now I have written enough at one time. Your sister will read these lines to you when you can hear them. They very poorly express the interest I have in your well-being, and far more poorly do they express the rich, free grace of God. But my hope is that He will make that known to you in His own gracious ways, and through all this trouble will lead you into His own rest.”

To Miss ——, 18th July 1866.

Southwold.

“I am very sorry you have no better tidings of dear A——. I wish so much that I could help you and her. But what can I do, and this I do constantly, but pray to the great Helper? I am sure He will not fail you, and the old promise of His ‘very present help’ will surely now be fulfilled in your trouble. I daresay in some dark moments it will seem to be *all* trouble and sorrow, with no *felt* consolation. But God’s mercy is always infinitely beyond our thoughts and needs, and always much nearer than we know. . . . Will you let me say that I incline strongly to think that you ought to make your sister aware of her danger. I think you are wrong in supposing that the intelligence would certainly or even probably have any distressing or injurious effects. On the contrary, I think it may possibly help her through some internal conflicts into a more peaceful condition of mind. I am much mistaken if some shadows of the truth have not often crossed her mind already. But, in any case, I cannot help thinking that she ought to know her own condition. The truth, even when it is so sad, will work safely—will probably be a very means of grace. You know that I would be the last to attempt to force on any particular state of mind, and you know how much I trust in God’s illimitable mercy, and how hopefully I look to the future life; but still I come back to this—that we ought not to hide from ourselves and those dearest to us the knowledge of His way, although it may be dark and bitter for a little while. . . .

“If this is her call from the great Father to come home-wards, she ought to be thinking of it sometimes as such. In a little while thinking may be more of a toil to her. I pray God to direct you in this and in all things. . . .

“I feel how difficult it is to write. I quite hope to see you soon. Even if I cannot help dear A—— much, or at all (and there are some minds which God keeps peculiarly in His own hands), it will be a pleasure to me to talk with you, and hear what you have suffered and what you fear. . . .”

To Miss A——, 29th July 1866.

Southwold.

“MY VERY DEAR A——, I am so glad I have seen you, because now I know what your life is from day to day—how weary you are sometimes, and how much you have to suffer—and therefore I can the more easily sympathise with you, and help you, if it should be but a little, in bearing your burden. All your friends think of you far more now, in your illness, than they would if you were well. You have their tenderest thoughts, and their best. They would be like the angels to you if they could; they would ‘bear you up in their hands,’ and lift you above all pain and harm. But, indeed, this reminds me that if we could have all our way concerning one another we should soon do each other sad harm without meaning it. We should put away some of the very things which the loving God chooses and brings as His selectest and best things for bringing His children to Himself. What are all the loves of men, compared with the infinite tenderness and pity of God? And yet *this* God—who pitieth them that fear Him, like as a father pitieth His children, and is gentler and softer than a mother in His ways; who, in His essential nature, is love—sends suffering all through the world, and sometimes a great deal of it to particular persons. Then, I think—I am sure—that there are great and blessed ends to be attained by it. And not to the suffering person alone, but to others also. We give and take continually;

and if, as I said, your friends give you their best thoughts of their best moments, they get from you in return almost more than they give. By your suffering you give them increase of sympathy—many tender and Godlike thoughts; and you help them to feel the need of the great presence as they would not otherwise do. And, my dear A——, will you let me say that you can make *this* gift less or more according to your own spirit and state. By striving after patience, by faith in Christ the great sufferer, whose cross sanctifies the crosses of all His people, by a ‘dear child’s’ submission to the good Father’s will, you may make this trouble a fountain, not of sorrow alone, but also of many glad and gracious things. For myself, if I could just see you beginning to have the unspeakable comfort of the Christian rest—rest in God through Christ Jesus, it would make me happier than all the bright, shallow things in the world could do, and so you would be my benefactor.

“But that is nothing. For Christ’s own sake, and for yours, dear A——, whom ‘He is calling by name and leading out,’ although, haply, the day being dark, you do not yet see His form very clearly—I wish and pray that you may soon consciously know something of the ‘peace which passeth all understanding.’

“And now I have written enough, almost too much for you to read at one time. A—— is delighted with the pretty little things you sent her. She goes chattering about them through the house, now and again mentioning your name as the donor.—Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

“ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

To Miss ——, 4th August 1866.

Southwold.

“. . . I hope A—— is nearer rest than once. ‘The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth,

and hath *long patience* for it.' I hope you will not weary 'waiting,' and hoping and trying gently. I can but encourage you and myself too, by looking to the great certainties of grace. God is merciful. The love of Christ 'passeth knowledge.' He is 'able to save to the uttermost.' 'He will not break the bruised reed.' He will 'in no wise cast out.' How well we know all this, but how much we need to know it better!" . . .

To Miss A——, -5th August 1866.

Southwold.

"I am sorry to hear that you are no better, and that you have still so much to suffer. . . . But, dear A——, it is *your* portion measured out by Him who knows all, and who loves you infinitely more than those who are nearest you, and who love you most. '*Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son (or daughter) whom He receiveth.*' This is your 'reception,' if you will only consent to be received. When men receive each other they do it with smiles; they prepare flowers and music, and all manner of delights. When God 'receives' his children into closer and dearer fellowship, they are brought sometimes into the blessed state through floods and flames. Not always; for God has *many* ways. But very very often I have seen it so. Many a time I have seen the furnace heated seven times, and its searching fires burning to the quick, until the suffering spirit has thought that everything precious was being burnt up—patience, faith, goodness, all gone—and yet I have heard that spirit, in a little while, sing of mercy, and say, 'He hath done all things well.' No affliction, for the present, 'seemeth to be joyous,' how can it? It would be mere pretence to say that we like it. 'Nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' . . .

“Don't be discouraged if sometimes you feel as though none of those fruits of righteousness were growing in you at all. I daresay sometimes you will see nothing in yourself but the dark fruits of unbelief and impatience. It is impossible to have so much bodily weakness and trouble as you have without depressing and irritating effects on the spirit. Our God is not on the watch to catch us in our weakness and rebellion. ‘He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust.’ Yes, if it is only and literally *fear*—if to our own consciousness there be neither faith nor love, or so little of them as hardly to be felt—His fatherly pity still remains. *‘His mercy endureth for ever.’*

“But oh, my dear A——, you will surely rely on that mercy. In your calmer times, when comparatively free from pain, you ‘will arise and go to your Father’—you will try to commit all to Him, body and spirit, time and eternity. ‘Looking unto Jesus,’ who loved us, and died and rose again for us, and ever liveth to make intercession for us, you will come to God, to the Father through the Son, reconciled and believing. If you do this fully and without reserve, ‘casting *all* your care on Him who careth for you,’ I *think* you will feel a great difference in your own mind. You will begin to enter into ‘rest.’ But I should not like to promise and hold out this as a certainty—that there shall be a conscious peace and blessedness given you, *equal* to the strength of your faith. God only knows. And there are great differences in this respect between one and another. I do not know how to be thankful enough that there may be a real, and even a strong faith *without* much comfort. With some the ‘billows and waves’ roll on to the last. The storms of time seem to chase them into the haven of eternal safety. What a bright surprise will be theirs when they go up on the happy shore, and begin to live indeed!

‘When the shore is won at last,
Who would count the billows past?’

“Life here is but a dawning—a dawning, as you know, often early overcast. But life yonder, where reigns the Lord of all—oh, how beautiful! And if, through God’s mercy, we win it, as I hope we shall, I am sure we shall be sorry that we did not think more about it, and desire it more, and lay up our hearts’ treasure there, where it cannot be lost.

“But I am writing more than you can read at one time. Good-bye for this day. I think of you every day, and very often I pray God to help you through, and to give you such a sense of His own love as will comfort you in all your trouble.”

To Miss ——, 10th August 1866.

London.

“I am thankful that A—— is suffering less, although perhaps substantially no better. Her invincible hopefulness and passionate clinging to life are so far natural, and very touching. I cannot help thinking there is religion in it, and that ‘the living God’ will interpret the feeling graciously, and use it for the nourishment of the deeper and longer life.

“Yet, I still doubt whether you ought not to speak much more plainly to her. . . . It seems to me that she ought to be trusted with all you know yourselves. When the truth comes to her at length, she may blame you for the earlier silence—and this, although it has really been owing to her resolute unwillingness to entertain the idea, that she has not been possessed with it long ago. It is impossible, of course, to foresee the effect of such a communication to her. From all my experience, the probability seems to me that it would not affect her state of

health, except transiently. It would be distressing, but not injurious. Perhaps that knowledge might (I have known it so) operate as a strong medicine, helping the healing and ultimate quiet of the mind. At any rate it is a serious question, whether we have *the right*, beyond a certain point, to keep knowledge so serious in its character from the one whom it chiefly concerns. I dare not judge,—and I feel distressed in your distress, when I think of all the delicate and difficult considerations which enter into the case. I am only speaking plainly that you may have all the elements of decision, and I am so sure of your desire to do right on the whole—to discharge the duty of the whole case, that whatever you do I shall believe to *be* right. I enclose a short prayer for you to read, as you asked me to do.—
Ever truly yours, ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

“O God,—the helper of the weak, and the rest of the weary, let me (us) find rest with Thee. We seek mercy to pardon, and grace to help us in this our time of need. Our sin is very great, but Thy mercy is far greater. Our wanderings have been many and far; and amid the fever and turmoil of these present things we have sadly forgotten Thee; but Thou hast ever been mindful of us, Thou hast ever been near and close on us with the followings of Thy grace. And *now*, Thou art waiting to be gracious. At this moment, in this place, Thou art ‘very pitiful and of tender mercy.’ Here is opened Thy fountain of cleansing for sinful souls—O may we see it. Here Thou art speaking peace—O may our inmost hearing listen to the word of forgiveness. Pardon us. Purify us. Give us the spirit of adoption, whereby we may now cry ‘Abba, Father;’ and as we lift up our face to Thee, may the light of Thy countenance fall on us as the morning, and put joy into our hearts.

“O help us to be ‘children’ through all our trouble and affliction. Thou ever-blessed God, Thou knowest how dark the night sometimes becomes to us, and how heavy and irksome the cross is after we have borne it many days. Thou knowest how deep calleth unto deep, and how Thy billows and waves go over us. Remember us. Lead us to the rock that is higher than we. Set our feet on it firmly, and put a new song into our mouth, even praise unto our God. Help us to bear pain without murmuring, to lean all our weakness on Thy strength. Help us, even in the darkness, to wait for the dawn, not doubting that it will come at length. Help us to cast *all* our care on Thee, for Thou carest for us. Day and night keep us in safety ; and when the discipline of life is complete, bring us, through the grace of Thy dear Son, into His everlasting kingdom. Amen.”

To Miss —, 16th August 1866.

Southwold.

“. . . I shall be very anxious to hear what you decide on doing. I wish I knew what to say or do for the best, and how to help you all, but above all the dear and troubled pilgrim who is apparently nearing the end of her journey. I still feel the help would be so much more easily given if the full truth, as nearly as language can express it, were set before her. . . .

“I am aware of the difficulties, and how *in her presence*, and in contact with her delicate peculiarities, these difficulties are magnified and multiplied. Still to me the duty seems clear and paramount. A little, or indeed a good deal of distress in her own mind, is as nothing compared with the possible and probable results. If after the first shock of fear there should come ‘quietness and confidence’ in God her Saviour, how good would it be for her and for

you all! If you do not tell her before, you must let me tell her when I come. May God direct and sustain you! And may He draw the dear child soon, and fully to her own consciousness, under the shadow of His wings! . . .”

To Miss ——, 27th August 1866.

Arran House.

“Your letters have been very welcome, and I am, on the whole, very thankful for the tidings they have brought. I could indeed have wished that you had been spared the little troubles that have come to you by the descending of the cloud at times upon your dear sister, and the return for a little of something like the old moods of mind. But it would have been very wonderful if this had not been.

“You should comfort and strengthen yourselves with the *better* things which have also been. They are the *truest* things. And they are the pledge and promise of other things like themselves, which will come in due time—when they are needed and sought. . . .

“I am in the beginning of a very busy week, or I would come to you for a day or two; but indeed I feel that now this is not needed.”

To Miss A——, 28th August 1866.

Arran House.

“MY DEAR A——, I will not trouble you with a letter; but I cannot refrain from sending you a few words of earnest and loving sympathy. I often bear you company in spirit, as you go on your way from this life to another. We are *all* travelling in the same direction. You are only going a little more rapidly; but we shall soon overtake you. I hope we shall soon all be together again. Nor are you nearly so much alone as appears, even now. A great multitude is going with you. And how quietly they

go! There is no difficulty. The great 'passing away' from this world, which never ceases, is all as quiet as the movements of the stars. Death is terrible only to our fears. 'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but *thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*' That victory I do hope and believe you have begun to win. You are winning it in your weakness, and making it more and more certain by every day and night of weariness and struggle through which you pass. Rather, *He* is winning it for you—He who has loved you, and given Himself for you. Dearest A——, it seems to me the most unlikely of all the things I can imagine that He should cast you off, or leave you to perish. 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Your sin, which you sometimes feel to be so great, and which I would not for the world teach you to think of as little—He will take it all away. In your most troubled, anxious times doubt not this. To doubt this would be to add one sin more to the long list, and that a sin which, while it continues, grieves him more, in some respects, than all the rest. 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins.' He will perfect His own strength in your weakness. He will not leave you. He will take care that you get through. You are, in fact, partly through already. 'Having given up life, at His will, although you love it dearly, you may be said, in a sense, to have died. How much I hope and pray that the *bitterness* of death may be already past. The rest will be only falling asleep. Fear it not. It is *sleeping in Him*. And those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Accepted with Him here, and now, there is, and can be no more to fear; but all the beauty, and goodness, and joy of eternity to hope for. 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' After all failures, begin each day

anew. And although, after your best endeavours, your obedience will seem so little—at best a poor, stained, worthless thing, and your sin still so great—love Him and trust Him only the more, and in a little while all will be well; you will be away beyond sin and sorrow, waiting for us on the hills of light and glory.

‘Till the short night wears past,
Weeping and prayer must last;
But joy approaches with the dawning day.’

‘There end the longings of the weary breast;
The good sought after here is there possest.
Ride o’er the stormy sea,
Poor bark! soon shalt thou be
In the calm haven of eternal rest.’

“‘The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace.’—Most affectionately yours,

“ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

To Miss A——, 12th September 1866.

Arran House.

“MY DEAREST A——, When I got home this afternoon I found the book you had so kindly sent me. I think if you had had all the books that are published beside you to choose from, you could not have found one that would give me greater pleasure to keep and use for your dear sake. We shall keep it carefully, and yet use it often. When we sing the hymns it will be impossible not to think, sometimes, how much better the donor would have sung had she continued with us; but, dear A——, as you know, that is not much—I mean the beauty of your singing here—a far, far sweeter thought will be the ‘good hope through grace’ left with us, that you will be singing still, having your part in the higher strains of the heavenly

world ; for I am sure that all that most delights us here will have refined and beautiful fulfilment in the life to which we go.

“I look back with a great deal of interest and thankfulness to the little conversations we have had during the different times I have seen you ; and I think especially *the last* will live in my memory ; and I shall keep the memory of it as a pledge and token that we are to talk again—I mean in the happy world, to which I feel sure you are going. I feel sure of this, because I am so confident that your Guide will not lose you. Darkness may fall, for a little, now and again, but He will soon lead you into the light once more. His own words now are specially true to you—‘A little while!’ ‘Be thou faithful unto death’—that is all—‘and I will give thee a crown of life.’ The less you feel to have of your own (and I know you can have nothing), the more glory you can give to Him. Angels can worship and serve the Son of God for His moral excellency, but only the sinner can glorify the Saviour. I commend you to Him, and to His boundless love. As often as I come to Him myself, weak and sinful as I am, I shall remember you and your—not *greater*—but . . . more *immediate* needs. I long and pray that you may be upheld and strengthened to the end. If you continue for a little while, I think I shall not be able to help coming to see you again. If you are called soon it will be well, and I shall hope to meet you in ‘a little while.’—I am, dearest A——, ever truly yours,

“ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

To Miss ——, Monday Morning, 17th September 1866.

Arran House.

“MY DEAR ——, And the end has come at length ;

and your sainted sister has gone—at His own call, to be for ever with the Lord. I have not been able to restrain my tears as I read your account of the going away. But I think the tears have sprung far more from a fountain of joy than grief. I do indeed sorrow with you all most truly; but in my deepest heart I can find cause only for joy. I am sure she is home, and happy and pure now, as the ransomed ones among whom her place has been prepared.

“Although I am much accustomed to God’s gracious ways, yet to me it seems wonderful, in looking back, to see how, during these few weeks, swiftly, yet surely, she has been ‘hasting on from grace to glory.’ And lest any doubts should linger with you, God gave to her and you that calm, peaceful, parting—your farewells spoken as at the gate, and within hearing of the ‘harpers harping with their harps.’ This last gift of God I am sure you will all cherish in grateful memory. It is according to the tender mercy of our God. May His comforts be with you now, and through the coming time. The loneliness and the aching of the sorrow are yet to come, I fear, after all is over. But oh, it is such a mercy that you will be able to soothe it with these happy recollections and with the glorious hope of reunion!

“I shall travel with you in spirit to-morrow in your sorrowful journey. May He who has redeemed body and soul be with you! May the Lord of resurrection give you the victory over death.

“I write in haste to be in time before you leave.

“In the most affectionate sympathy with you all, ever yours most truly,

“ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

To Miss —, 18th September 1866.

Arran House.

“You will be travelling home to-day, with joy and sorrow in your hearts, and I write this line to meet you to-morrow amid the old familiar scenes, which will all be somewhat altered to you now. Nothing will be the same. Not only the house, but the whole circle of life will now be full of touching memories and relics. You spoke of ‘shrinking’ from them, or from the duty that will keep you for a little in the midst of them. No doubt there will be something of this. A very little thing will have power for a while to open the fountain of tears, and gleams will shine on you out of the dear past. But you will find also a strange and sweet attraction, which will purify and soothe your spirits, even amid and coming from the things which most keenly touch your grief. Be assured that our sorrow will mingle with yours, even as also we ‘joy and rejoice with you all.’ One word of Scripture is always occurring to me—‘Victory.’ ‘Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory.’ ‘More than conquerors.’

“Nor will this triumph grow dim. In a little while I quite expect you will not, perhaps, be able to realise it so fully. For a season you will be in heaviness through the inevitable recoil, and the impossibility of living *always* on the heights, in the course of a pilgrimage which has so many hollows as well. But ‘again a little while’ and the victory will come back to you, and dwell more calmly with you as a long life-blessing. . . .”

To Miss —, 22d September 1866.

Arran House.

“I feel as if I ought not to have been keeping silence through several days. *Such* days as these last have been

with you. And yet, as one of them came after another, I felt, somehow, as if silence for the time was best.

“You were in the cloud, darkness and glory strangely mingling, and I did not like to send a message until ‘the hour’ was over. Now I am sorry that I did not at least send you a few words from the great Book for the morning of the funeral.

“I hope you had the *great presence*—the Lord of life Himself with you, and that, not on the second parting day, any more than on the first, did either of you feel disposed to say, ‘Lord, if Thou hadst been here my sister had not died.’ The second parting—that with the body, is often harder than the first—that with the ripened and heaven-desiring spirit. On that early Sabbath morning, at —, you were glad when the Master came, almost lighting the room with His presence, and took your sister as out of your hand into His. But yesterday—when the dear form, which had been silent for days, was carried from sight and earthly home for ever, I fear you may have had some darkness and sorrow. It was my prayer yesterday, and it is my hope to-day, that God would wipe away the tears as they came, and that He would take you safely, and in chastened trustfulness, through the day. . . .

“In sorrowing sympathy with you all, I remain, very affectionately yours,

“ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

The following three letters were written to a very dear and highly-gifted friend, who had come to know suddenly that she had only a few months to live.

ARRAN HOUSE, LONDON, 14th May 1869.

“I am very very much grieved by your letter, indeed I may say quite discomfited. It brings to me one of those dark-

enings which, for the moment, make my heart stand still—and life is all covered to me with mystery and filled with pain. Yet I am familiar enough with such tidings as you tell, and perhaps I ought not to be so surprised and stunned by *any* such intelligence. But you know how dear you and yours have been and are to me, both the living and the dead; and you can imagine and believe somewhat, how much I am with you in spirit ‘under the cloud’ and ‘passing through the sea,’ and how deeply I drink with you all of the cup of sorrow. But ‘be of good cheer.’ It is, it must be right. ‘It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth unto Him good.’”

17th May.—“So far I wrote just a few minutes after receiving your first letter. But I was called off; then came the inevitable preparations for Sunday; and now I have your second. I am sorry you have had the trouble of writing it; and yet if you are not injured by the effort, I am glad to have it also. But I quite understood your first letter. I see quite well how dark and bitter the case must seem to you in some of its aspects. Indeed, it is dark to me, and I *cannot explain it*. I can only remind you of other things which are true, and which, when you *feel them to be true*, will help you to pass through this great trouble with the ‘patience of hope.’

“You ask me to tell you what I think and believe and hope quite plainly. Well, I believe that ‘God is love.’ Now you will not think that an off-hand evangelical sentence, adapted to the occasion on my part. I assure you that when I go to the root of all my thinking, to the secret source and inspiration of all my believing, as far as I can understand it, *that* is the pure residual element and outcome of the whole—‘God is love.’ If I did not believe that, I could not believe anything. That being true, in my thinking rules everything else, and will at length explain every-

thing else. Then why all this pain and grief and evil, of which life is so full? That I cannot tell—but at least these things do not make it *less* but *more* desirable to believe it. If it were a thing so self-evident as to admit of no question, if it were shed through all our sensations and experiences, there would, in that case, be no need for that stupendous and most wonderful assertion and proof of it which we have in Christ Jesus and the Cross. ‘Herein is love’—that God gave His Son to die for us. And now there is nothing better that we can do, than set that grand fact over against all that is painful and distressing in our lot, and against all that is dark and unsatisfactory in ourselves. ‘God is love.’ God hath loved us—every one of us, as I believe—with a personal affection. God hath given His Son to die for us; and how shall he not, with Him, freely give us all things?

“You charge me to be frank and honest, and I must therefore say that I do not see how you can hope for ‘peace’ in the deep full sense until you believe this. If you impute to Him in your thoughts, it may be not directly but by implication, anything malign or cruel; or if you think of Him as in a large degree indifferent to what you are suffering, and to what you are and to what you may become, you will do Him grievous injustice, and, of course, the rest that lies in ‘Abba Father’ will not be yours.

“It grieves me to think that possibly, for a while, your pain and suffering may lack those merciful assuagements which simple trust in Christ and filial love to the Father would throw into them. Yet I feel sure you do believe in Jesus, and that you come to the Father by Him; and I feel far more sure that He will not leave you nor forsake you in this sore trouble. He is choosing you in the furnace of affliction. I fancy one of your constant temptations is to try everything by reason. Everything must be tried by

reason, of course, in a measure. But, after all, reason is an instrument that goes but a short way towards a full and accurate measurement of things. 'I feel! I yearn! I fear! I love!' These are just as divine as 'I think and reason.' These are just as divine as 'I think and learn.' And, therefore, I would you could try not to reason always, but just go right on into trust and love.

"But may I say—because I have the suggestion now—that I don't think you reason very well; *e.g.* what a conclusion that is, that 'no flowers are so fair and no breezes so soft' as those of earth! I reason rather in this way—that if the flowers are so beautiful here and so plentiful, in this sorrowful and sinful world, *we shall be sure to find them again*, or those better things of which they are the types, when we go away. Oh yes, the summer is yonder, not here! 'There shall be no night there,' 'neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' God grant you grace to 'endure' now, so as to win that great felicity in due time!

"Now I am called, and I must not risk losing the post to-day by waiting to finish. But I will write again, and I will come and see you, and meanwhile have you often in my thoughts when I think of God and come to Him.—Believe me, with profound sympathy in this great trial, yours ever truly,

"ALEXANDER RALEIGH."

To the Same, 27th July 1869.

Lower Joppa.

". . . I am glad to have seen you, and to have had so much talk in little time. It is difficult to say what one feels concerning a friend in your condition. It seems so solemn, and yet sometimes so attractive! God is so

sure to come near to you in your need now that you are a 'stranger in the earth,' and to supply that need, in one way or other, and by more or less pleasant consciousness. At least so I feel, and nothing could deprive me of this assurance. But I pray that it may be verified to yourself in a happy consciousness, and that the burden of pain and physical endurance may be the heaviest you bear. Yet if He sees meet to lay more upon you, and to give you still, at times, mental 'tossings to and fro' before bright calm day comes to stay with you, may He uphold you through them all! The journey to the feet of Jesus or to God, seems by our religious language short and simple and easily made. And so it really is to some. But to others it is nothing less than the circumnavigation of the whole world of thought and feeling. As often as you are out in the night and in the storm, may He who once walked on the waters near His disciples find you and guide you to the land! . . ."

To the Same, 14th November 1869.

Arran House.

"I often think of you, and wonder how you are getting on through the days; and now and again some word has arisen in my heart, which I wished at the time to speak to you, but which did not seem worth writing. I think I never now in prayer mention those in affliction without casting my sympathies 'more abundantly to youwards.' The thought that you may have to suffer much, that you may have to wait long, that sometimes for a season 'you may be in heaviness,' and that amid all changes there is still but the one end in your sight—these things make my remembrance of you sometimes full of tenderness and pity. I know this is not a thing to speak about; but to-night I

somehow feel that to know even this much might help you, if only for a short half-hour. Indeed, if your help comes to you in this way—by the hour, and according to the measure of the present need, you will, I am sure, try to be thankful for it, and to take it just as and when it comes. And if at times it should be no more than negative in its character—‘not distressed,’ ‘not in despair,’ ‘not forsaken,’ ‘not destroyed’—that will be enough. ‘He that endureth to the end shall be saved.’

“Not that I fear you will be stinted of positive helps and comforts by the ‘God of all comfort.’ He has a thousand channels by which to send it to His children, and all forms, measures, and degrees for its administration; and I thank His name that He has made you, more than most, receptive of His grace in many ways—by nature, by friendship, by literature, by the faces of those who love you so well, as well as more directly and powerfully by the great sorrow and victory of Calvary. Sometimes we feel hardly able or not worthy to go to the very fountains of grace, and yet we are thankful enough to have it in little streamlets by the way, or in cups of cold water brought from them by our friends. May God give you grace and its help by means of flowers, and the beautiful sea, and the mountains beyond, and by what you hear every day of your friends, and by the dear faces you see! Yet the moments will be when all this will not be enough, and you will thirst for still deeper communion, and for a still holier comfort. Oh, then may God guide you to Himself by His new and living way—up to the fountain of His mercy and the fulness of His eternal love in Christ Jesus! And then may you be so purified and filled, that you will be able to wait in quietness and hope till your change come!

“This is enough for your reading at one time, although there is so little in it. But, in truth, I don’t write so much

to *say* anything, as simply to tell you that you are held in our continual remembrance.

“We are all well except myself, and I am struggling on to health—‘if the Lord will.’ I am preaching only once a week, and in the spring I hope to get away for a long vacation.—I remain, very affectionately yours,

“ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

CHAPTER XIII.

SWITZERLAND.

“O all wide places, far from feverous towns !
Great shining seas, pine forests, mountains wild !
Room ! give me room ! give loneliness and air !
Free things and plenteous in your regions fair.”

GEORGE MACDONALD.

FOR a year from the spring of 1868 Dr. Raleigh enjoyed the assistance in his ministerial work of the Rev. J. W. Atkinson (now of Latimer Church), who, with much kindness, did all that was possible to lighten the burden, now becoming excessive, both of the pulpit and the pastorate. Notwithstanding this opportune help, Dr. Raleigh's health gave way so far in the summer of 1869, that with the concurrence of his people, he began to make arrangements for an absence of some months in the following year.

A somewhat alarming attack of illness in July confirmed this intention. Suddenly, while preaching one Sunday morning, his mind became a blank, and he was obliged to finish abruptly and leave the pulpit. All through the rest of the day he was unable to remember

anything of what he had said; even his text, when quoted, was not recognised, and it was not until the next day that his memory returned. Such a warning was too plain to be disregarded, and in April 1870 he, with all his family, left England to spend six months in Switzerland. The plan followed was to enter the country from the north, spending the spring months in Basle and the Jura mountains, till the higher mountain retreats should be open—and without much further fatigue of travel, to pass the summer and autumn there. Accordingly, early in June, the party went from Basle, and the Jura, to Villars, a village on the northern slope above the Rhone valley, where the Aiguilles and the Dent du Midi rise in full view. The ascent of a neighbouring height, near the Chalet Villars, brings Mont Blanc into the prospect, and during a quiet sojourn of five weeks there, with the solemn stillness of the pine-woods about him, Dr. Raleigh began to throw off his weariness.

From Villars the travellers went on to Zweisimmen, a lovely village some sixteen miles from Thun, lying at the centre of the branching valleys of the Simmen Thal. There the longest and best part of the holiday was spent. The beauty of the little village, not much frequented by strangers, the simple ways of the people, and the kind courtesy of the host and hostess of the hotel, made the place for the time like a home. Thence Dr. Raleigh, alone, went to spend a fortnight in San Moritz, and returned to his family just after the Franco-German war had burst over France.

During his absence from England he wrote several simple letters to his people at Hare Court. Extracts taken from these will give his impressions and thoughts as he moved among unfamiliar scenes.

BASLE, 12th May 1870.

“. . . I do not intend to make this a letter of pastoral instruction or counsel, but rather a homely record of observations and impressions made as one passes along. . . .”

After some description of a week in Paris, he goes on :—

“ We leave Paris early in the morning, and if you care to keep us company you must be up betimes. . . . Rattling in our little omnibus, through the quiet streets in the early morning—to a distant railway station, there to begin an unknown journey, towards a destination equally unknown, all our six children with us—we did feel a little like Abraham when he went out, ‘not knowing whither he went.’ . . . The trees were all quite bare, more naked of leaf and bud than even in England, the winter has been so long. But the people were very busy in the fields and on the hillsides where the vines grow. Full half of these hard workers are women. They seem to do everything that men do—they dig the soil, bear the heavy weight, drive the oxen, even guide the plough sometimes. These things they do often, while ‘my lord’ is refreshing his weariness with a pipe, or toasting himself at full length in the sun. France is extremely polite to her women—and just a little cruel. Sisters ! we, your brothers, are not what we should be ; but I believe you may go round the world and not find a nobler creature of the sex than a good

Englishman! In the long journey of the day (to Basle) we passed many a farm-steading snug and comfortable, many a country-house and old château, and many a village and town, with the never-failing church and house for the priest hard by. . . . From external appearance one would say that France is as well supplied with the Gospel as England or Scotland. The difference, however, in the substance of that which *is* supplied is very great, and one cannot help a feeling of deep pain and sorrow that the actual distribution should be so defective and so corrupted. Yet, too, on the other hand, I found that for myself I could not but have a feeling of thankfulness in the thought of what really *is* done by Roman Christianity. The system, in some of its doctrinal aspects, and in what may be called its genius and spirit, is detestable, and must be opposed by all who love light and freedom, and the full salvation of God. . . . But in many of its private and personal influences I cannot doubt that it is for good. Through its dimness earnest souls see the heavenly light, and although hindered by its superstitions, they find Him who makes His people free.

“Here, for instance, by the wayside, stands a representation of the scene of the Crucifixion. The three crosses are here. On *my* sensibilities the thing has no effect, my faith is not helped by it. But see! a youth is kneeling there and looking up wistfully to the central Figure. If he is really ‘looking to Jesus,’ I am apt to think that the dear Lord will not reckon hardly with him about the means through which he has approached Him, seeing these are the only means he has been taught to use. Now do not suppose I am growing heretic or latitudinarian. I would remove all the crucifixes if I safely could, and all the altars from the churches, and give all the good priests quite other and nobler occupation than kneeling and

mumbling and sacrificing there. But since I have no power to do these things, I am glad in my journeyings to look for the good in the evil, to keep full half the day at least on the bright side of things, and wait in the hope of the morning.

“So, as it is now nightfall—and yonder are the German hills, and the Rhine; and as the lights of the city, where we mean to stay for some weeks, are beginning to appear, I take leave of France with the reflection that she is, for the present, and until times and things are more ripe, better *with* her churches and altars and crucifixes than she would be without them. . . .”

BASLE, 26th May 1870.

“ . . . This city, although it is really Swiss, and the capital of its canton, is yet situated so as almost to touch three kingdoms, and may be said, practically, to belong to them all. Out of my window while I write I can see the Vosges Mountains, which are the eastern ramparts of France. I can see yet more clearly the mountains of the Black Forest in Germany; and from a little height behind the house I can see the first slopes of the Jura, which stretch away to the lake of Geneva. . . .

“Mountains are like human friends—you get to know them only by degrees. They are shy, and disclose their secrets slowly. The hurrying traveller—with his Continental Bradshaw in his hand, doing his hundred miles a day—sees little of them. They have no fixed days or hours for their best appearances. We never know when the gates may open, and the great Cathedral service begin; but it is worth waiting for.

“In the guide-books the city has little or no recommendation, yet it has many points of interest. It is ancient, and was once well fortified with wall and fosse and tower. Several of the old gateways are still left, one

in a state of much completeness. You could fancy Jewish elders seated in it, or the husband of the wise woman of the Proverbs.

“To us English folks one of the most curious and interesting sights in Basle is that of the storks’ nests. They are mostly on the tops of the highest churches, on the very ridge or pinnacle, where to the eye looking from below there seems a precarious and insufficient basis for so large a structure; yet they are well built and they never fall. A great mass of matter, chiefly branch and twig, with softer material inside, is carried up by the creatures, and woven into such a texture, and so laid on and in the church, that it can defy the storms. The great birds may be seen standing on their nests against the sky, or sailing in circles high in air. They are much regarded by the people, who never shoot or annoy them. Even birds and pigeons are much tamer than with us, showing kindlier treatment on the part of the young citizens. Surely it is very desirable that young England should be taught, if it be possible, not to dash and tear and shoot at everything that comes within reach or sight.

“The canton is Catholic, but the city has a separate Government, and is highly Protestant. There is a cathedral more than 500 years old, connected with which is a famous Council Hall, which remains as it was when 500 Romish ecclesiastics, in Œcumenical Council assembled, asserted the inferiority of Popes to Councils. A most pestilent place surely!

“The first time I attended morning service was in the cathedral. It was Easter Sunday morning, and the service begins at nine o’clock. And the place was full more than a quarter of an hour before that time, for I could not get a seat, except behind a pillar like a wall. I did indeed get a seat at first, for, more Protestant than the Protestant

Baselers, I entered by the central door with my eldest child, and sat down in the middle of the building among the ladies. I soon began to feel a painful lack of male society, and glancing to the right and left, I soon saw how great the mistake was ; for there, filling the side aisles, in dense long rows, sat the inferior part of the human race, all looking, as I thought, at me. I was half afraid that some official might come and *take* me out. I therefore made my way out as quietly and gracefully as I could, and stood behind the pillar, like one doing penance. Afterwards I was sorry I had moved, for I learned that old gentlemen, and middle-aged gentlemen *with white heads*, are allowed to sit in the centre.

“I was present at the Lord’s Supper last Sunday, and was impressed with its simplicity and solemnity. . . . I liked it on the whole. ‘But I don’t like the separation of the sexes ; I don’t like the black dresses ; I don’t like the minister keeping hold of the cup. There is a touch of the old mistress of abominations in the service, a flavour of superstition, a suggestion of *the dead Christ* without a sufficient admixture of the cheerfulness and joy which should fill our hearts in the thought of Christ ‘risen from the dead to die no more.’

“But I am told that many of the people are good and live consecrated lives, and give much of their substance to the Master ; and if this is their way of keeping the feast, I have no business to be censorious, as, indeed, I have no disposition. . . .

“I purpose sending you another letter, but not until I am really among the snow-mountains. Meantime, may you all be in peace. May you have Divine strength for your work, and consolation in all your sorrow, and God Himself to guide your way. May that way in no case take a downward turning ; but, however hard or rough it may

be at times, may the footmarks always slope upwards ; and at length, when the little journeys of earth are over, may we all meet in the paths of a yet grander pilgrimage that shall be encompassed with no shadows or dangers, and amid the joys of yet nobler work ! . . .”

CHALET VILLARS, SUR OLLON AIGLE,
28th June 1870.

“ . . . Our first stage was only up among the lower mountains of the Jura range. By the term *only* I do not mean any disparagement to those mountains, for anything more lovely of their kind I suppose the earth does not contain. There are no craggy heights piled up among the clouds, no long sweeps of unstained snow. The mountains are high, but so clothed with beauty that you do not realise the height ; and so steeped in fragrance of flower and grass and breathing pine, that you lose the sense of grandeur and sublimity, and feel yourself walking in a garden of delights. And somehow there is among them a constant suggestion of something better and more magnificent beyond ; as if God were saying, ‘ I have up yonder, among the everlasting hills, a throne, a temple, and this is the approach to it.’ . . .

“ I have sometimes wondered what would be the effect if some of the hottest and most feverish spirits of the city were suddenly transported thither, and left for a season in the dewy coolness, and amid all the beauty. If a higher influence were sought, the natural effect would be refreshing and purifying in a great degree. Of one and another it might be written, ‘ And immediately the fever left him ;’ or one might write in his own diary, ‘ And the evening and the morning were the first day’—‘ I have never lived until now.’ But alas ! the city-fever is an intermittent one, and would, I fear, return, by breathing again

the city air. Therefore, our thankfulness ought to be unbounded that we have *in* the city that which is the only effectual cure for its heats and chills, its taints and sorrows. . . .

“Now we have left the Jura behind us; we have passed through the green vestibule; we have, as it were, gone up the great stairs that lead to the vast mountain temple; we are within this pile, in one of the side aisles at last; by just looking round a pillar, or bend of the great mountain (it takes us an hour to do it), we can see the high altar—Mont Blanc himself, in snowy whiteness; and the scene is wonderful—far too wonderful, and too much wrapt in celestial beauty to be described. It is a beauty which enters at once into the soul, but which I find, for my own part, does not easily flow thence in any forms of language. There are moments of appreciation and receptivity so high, and moods of natural rapture so all-absorbing, that language, even from friend or companion, will be a disturbance—almost an offence. The prattle of a little child gathering flowers is endurable at such a time, perhaps, but no remarks from the wise, no sentences from guide-books, no moral ‘improvements’—I prefer the hush, the whiteness, the celestial calm, which no mortal speech, however cunning and reverent, can interpret. It is but sober truth and no poetic strain to say, that sometimes it would hardly be a surprise to see, on yonder mountain-top, in waking reality, what Jacob saw in his dream—‘the angels of God ascending and descending.’ Yonder, if anywhere in this material world, is the ‘gate of heaven.’ . . . I can only say this, that I wish you were all here to see. Not that you would all see if you *were* here, for some are greatly more impressionable than others, sentimentally, and by means of the imagination. . . .”

After speaking of the characteristics of the Swiss

people, and of their reputation for courage and patriotism, he says :—

“ An immense number of the people, relatively, live by the soil—not only live by it, but possess it. . . .

“ These little wooden chalets which dot the green hillside—and I can number them literally by the hundred—on all the mountain slopes round about, have nearly all separate proprietors. Two or three fields, perhaps, well fenced with a wooden paling, constitute the patrimonial estate. Perhaps they slope so steeply that you need the alpenstock to ascend with comfort, but they are green with grass, which will in a few days be hay, stored in due time for winter fodder. . . .

“ Now, at midsummer, the real mountains become fit for pasture, and the cows and goats are driven up to the higher altitudes—six, seven, almost eight thousand feet above the sea, and left there until the autumn. . . . There are little wooden villages, tenanted only during the short summer, desolate and silent all the year besides. The population go up in force to bring their stock down for the winter, and the cheese is brought down with them by means of sledges over the rough stony roads.

“ These are simple annals, but they cannot be called ‘ the annals of the poor.’ Poor the people are not, in any proper sense, although they might be written down so in the estimate and category of overblown wealth and pride. There are no poor-rates here, and not one in fifty of the native Swiss is in any way dependent upon the alms of the community. In England the proportion is *one in eight*, with a constant pressure towards increase of that number. . . .

“ Switzerland is ‘ blessed,’ as some would say, with an established Church. Here it is Protestantism. Yonder it is Popery. In this parish there is for Gospel ‘ Jesus Christ and Him crucified ;’ in one not far away, nothing but

science and law. It is precisely this state of things which is making the good people of Switzerland who hold the evangelical faith, restive under the yoke, which they feel to be both galling and humiliating. . . . I believe they are coming rapidly to the conviction that the only true and sufficient relief for them will be found in asking the State *to disestablish them all*, and give them liberty to establish themselves as they can in the hearts of the people, by 'manifestation of the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' . . .

"It is said that the people in the mountains are far more conservative than those in the plains. Living amid the eternal stabilities of nature, they seem not to relish the sudden changes and manifold movements which come by the variable winds of human opinion.

"How far does the magnificent scenery affect the mind and character of the resident population? There can be no doubt it does affect them, but I apprehend not consciously to themselves very much. . . . Many an exclamation of wonder and delight, of reverence and awe, is uttered in these parts during the summer months, but they nearly all come from the lips of strangers. The workers in the fields are too busy and sometimes too tired to watch the play of light and shade over height and hollow, or to listen to the ocean-sighings of the wind among the pines. Not often, if ever, do they render, even to the white-robed mountains—blushing in the sunrise, or fading away like dying creatures in the last light of day—the homage of one long admiring look. The truth is that Switzerland belongs to Europe—to the world! The higher and grander the mountains are, the more they become common property. No plough can pass over them, the cattle find no pasture there, hardly a bird will wing its flight over the undriven snow. If any greedy human creature, emperor or million-

aire, were personally or by representatives to go with the measuring-line and the fence, saying, 'I will go up, I will take possession, this now is mine,' he would find ere long—not an estate but a grave. Literally, yonder heights, draped in cloud or clear in sunshine, are possessed *only* by the imagination, only by faith. Like the heaven which is higher still than they, they are for all who will. They are mine while I stay among them; they are yours if you will come and behold them; they are yours, in a measure, if you can shape them, in your fancy, where you sit. May you learn, dear brethren; thus to inherit the earth and enjoy it; and still more, may you learn to look beyond the bounds of the everlasting hills of earth! For in truth they are *not* everlasting. 'The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed;'—look narrowly and you will see them in the very process of disruption and waste—washed by the rains, riven by the frosts, flowing down in the glaciers. But there is a 'better country, an heavenly,' and a grand metropolitan City, in a peculiar manner built by the very hands of God, where we may have, if we will, not passing entertainment but settled residence and home.

"There are certainly some of you—perhaps not a few—who never will see these mountains, nor any at all like them. To you there is a dispensation of lifelong work, and sometimes you are weary, and sometimes a little sad, as you think of what you are missing, and as you look along the road by which you must go to the end.

"My dear fellow-travellers, I often think of *you*—of you who are task-bound, of you who are toil-worn, of you who are weary. And if among my thoughts about my dear people there are better and worse, be assured that you have my *best* thoughts, and that one of the fondest hopes I cherish regarding my own unknown future is that this rest I am having now may fit me to animate and help you

in the life-struggle in days to come. But, as I have said, look up and away and see what is coming soon. The little inequalities of earth will soon be well redressed, and for those who have had much labour and little relief and yet have been faithful,—there will be over-measure of delight when the bright reckoning days are come. To them surely will come the privilege of making the *first* excursions to some of the great new realms of heaven! May we all live now so as to find ‘entrance’! If *anywhere* within its great bounds it will be enough. Anywhere within sight of the Saviour’s glory! Anywhere under the smile of God, and in the company of His dear children for ever!—I remain, ever affectionately yours,

“ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

During his stay at San Moritz Dr. Raleigh wrote to his wife, then at Zweisimmen.

HOTEL STEINBACH, 18th July 1870.

“. . . Here to-night there is nothing but wars and rumours of wars, and much excitement. It seems that it is really almost certain to come—the most causeless, wanton, unprincipled war of modern times. If it breaks out it will undoubtedly be fierce and sanguinary. Tremendous is the responsibility of those who bring it on. In its suddenness it is not unlike one of the quick diabolical strokes of the first Napoleon. The scene of it will be the Rhine. Of course we must take the homeward way by some other route. Several German families have arrived here to-night, hasting home before the storm breaks—the King of Wurtemberg among them. He has just dined here, and is away by the evening mail. The Lord will ‘make us to dwell in safety.’ Let us pray for peace, and that ‘the people may be scattered that delight in war.’

“My love to all the little soldiers. May each one be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and wage the bloodless conflict and win the great victory!”

To the Same, 22d July 1870.

San Moritz.

“I got yours yesterday, and am thankful to learn that you were preserved in ‘lightning and tempest.’ I am well also, or as near it as I have been for a long time, although, I still fear, some way from the full meaning of the term ‘well,’ as I once knew it. This certainly is a most reviving air. Even when the heat is great, as it is sometimes, there are touches of coolness in the air, and many minutes never elapse without a wafting of something like a cool breeze. It is one of the prettiest places I have seen, and the grandeur lies all around the beauty. The air is so clear as to make you feel sometimes that there is not barrier enough between you and infinite space. . . .

“The place is still very full. If the war had not come, I am sure the visitors must have been sleeping by this time in haylofts, or on the mountain side. I got a very nice room in the hotel, but they would not promise to let me keep it. It looked out on the little green lake and on the mountains beyond, and I paid only four francs a day for it, which for San Moritz is very reasonable indeed. But here I am now, writing in a different place, although still living in the hotel. The great drawback is that here I smell the hay, and hear the horses, either below me or in the next room! The Prince and Princess of Italy arrived one night with their suite, and I was turned out unceremoniously after dark. Of course there was nothing for it but submission. Shall common clay usurp any place that is needed for the finer material? The prince and princess are nice little people enough. . . .”

After some anxious consideration as to whether he ought not to return with his family to England at once, out of possible trouble and danger, he writes:—

To his WIFE, 2d August 1870.

San Moritz.

“. . . At present, all things considered, I think our strength is to sit still. ‘He that believeth shall not make haste.’ But I must confess the duty is not quite *so clear* as I could like it to be for comfort. It seems to me very probable that England may come into the war. This secret treaty is a most uncomfortable and ominous business. It shows so much slipperiness and scoundrelism on the part of Napoleon and Bismarck, such a perfect readiness, and even desire, to aggrandise themselves and advance their ambitious schemes at Belgium’s and England’s cost, that there will be no sense of security now like that which has been. . . . I confess I wish we were all at Braemar, or Southwold, or even Joppa. The danger is that the flame may break out *suddenly*, and then English people will find it extremely uncomfortable—to say the least—if not difficult and dangerous to get through France. My being three days’ journey away makes it worse. I will think over the matter to-day, and let you know to-morrow when I shall come *home*. To be away alone does me good in this way, that it shows me how much, how entirely, how *only*, my home is with you. . . .”

The decision not to hasten home before the arranged time was the one ultimately arrived at.

The following letters to his children are selected out of many written to them from time to time:—

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, 4th August 1870.

San Moritz.

“MY DEAR A——, This is a letter to you, all to your own self, and it is from Papa. I hope you are well, and that you always behave like a queen. A real queen is good and kind to everybody. If you were here I think you would be very happy, for there are plenty of green hillsides to play on, and plenty of water-brooks to dabble in; but I daresay you are very happy where you are. I am coming home soon now, and I will bring you something if I can find it. But there are no nice shops here, only *little* shops, full of queer things. There are many nice dogs here, great big dogs with white woolly hair, and they are so quiet, you might ride on them. I would bring one of them home with me, only Mamma would not like it. But perhaps, sometime when Mamma goes from home, we may get a nice big dog into the house, and then when she comes back it will wag its tail at her, and she will just say, ‘Oh how nice!’ and then it will stay on for ever. Give my love to Mamma and everybody.—I am your loving Papa.”

To his SON, 5th August 1870.

San Moritz.

“MY DEAR W——, I must write a short letter to you, as I have to prepare for leaving this to-morrow. . . . What did I promise to tell you about? Oh, it was about a dear animal that lives in this neighbourhood. It is an animal not often seen, and, strange to say, although it is such a lovely creature, people don’t want *ever* to see it, and would be very glad if it would go away altogether; but it won’t. It has four legs and rough shaggy hair, a handsome swing or roll in its walk, and if it meets any one it likes very much, it can’t help hugging him.

“Now you know the darling creature. It is the bear. There are two of them here just now, roaming in the pine woods beyond the little lake. I have never seen them, but the landlord has, and he says he knows them personally, for they have been down before. Some people here don't believe it, but I believe it is quite true. Dr. Berry, in the village, has a stuffed bear that was shot in the same place not very long ago. Those two that the landlord saw, I think, must belong to the family of *Good Bears*, as they have come down several times, and have never eaten anybody *yet*.—I am your affectionate Papa.”

After Dr. Raleigh's return to Zweisimmen he and his family remained there for some weeks; the tranquillity of the place, and the happy freedom from care there enjoyed, contrasted strangely with the tidings brought by every newspaper of the first battles of the war, when the autumn fields of France were trampled down by the German hosts. Cherished memories remain of these last weeks in Switzerland. The mornings he now spent in study, preparing for his return to London, and the afternoons and evenings were given to his family. His health was re-established, and he began to desire to be at work once more. It was on 1st September, the day of Napoleon's final defeat, that the party set out on the homeward journey. A farewell pensiveness touched even the sunshine of that lovely autumn morning as the carriage slowly wound round the shoulder of the wooded hill, that shut out at last “the happy valley” from sight,—closing gently, as with a reluctant hand, the strong and silent door between us and the past.

It was necessary to travel home through Germany, by Basle, Freiburg, Cologne, avoiding France, where the war was raging; but on reaching Basle it was found that the trains on the German side of the Rhine had ceased to run, having been fired at by French guns planted on the other bank. The journey had therefore to be made for some twenty miles to Schliengen by the road, which lies in a safer position, and farther from the river. Dr. Raleigh was concerned as to the safety of the way. But except for the German soldiers on march, who were met in large numbers, the journey was peaceful enough. To travel by railway through a country in time of war, when every means of locomotion is in use to convey troops and war materials, was, however, a slow and difficult process. There were many sad sights—trains filled with wounded men, and, sadder yet, fresh young fellows on their way to the front. One sight was especially memorable, seen from the train as it stood in the deepening twilight at Kehl, near Strasbourg—the track in the air made by the rockets and shells as they fell into the city.

Through all difficulties and delays the little party were kept in perfect safety, and before the end of September Dr. Raleigh was again in his place at Hare Court. We find him writing to a friend in January—“We have just had our annual meeting; in labour and liberality the people have gone beyond any former year, and this although I was absent the whole summer.”

CHAPTER XIV.

LECTURES ON PREACHING.

“ God did anoint thee with His odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil,
To wear as amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer.”

E. B. BROWNING.

AT the invitation of the Council of New College, London, Dr. Raleigh undertook in 1869 to deliver to the students a course of lectures on preaching. It was Mr. Binney who suggested that the chair of homiletics should be occupied in turn by the leading ministers of the denomination in London. He had himself for a time performed the duties of the chair, and the following note expresses the cordial satisfaction with which he handed on his office to his friend :—

No date.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND—If you would like to go with me on Friday morning next, when I hope to get to New College to take leave of the class, I will call for you at eleven, as I shall have a fly, and shall be passing through the Park. If you can spare from eleven till two, it would interest the

class to see you ; and I should be glad to drop my gown, and put it on you. The king is dead : *long live the king !*

“ T. B.”

Dr. Raleigh's lectures at New College were redelivered in a subsequent year to the students of the Lancashire Independent College, and those who heard them give abundant testimony to the eager interest and close attention with which the course was followed. The composition of these lectures led their author to put on record some valuable results of his own pastoral experiences ; and the following extracts are given at considerable length, because they contain an unconscious commentary on his own preaching, more complete and satisfactory than any other hand could supply. In laying down rules for the guidance of others he was describing the methods by which his own success was attained.

From the first lecture, which treats of the divine origin, the dignity, and the perpetuity of the preacher's office, we extract the following :—

“ *We cannot but speak.*”

“ The truth is that the divine authority and perpetuity of personal religious ministry rest ultimately, not on divine enactment (although we have that), not even on divine example (although that also we have), but on the very nature of the case. There is no way of spreading the Gospel so good as this. The living voice, the glowing, melting features, the kindling eye, the senses all in vivid and rapid action, to deliver and meetly to express the meaning of the indwelling soul—what possible instrumentality can ever supersede or in any way rival this? What

possible intellectual culture, or state of social perfection, can ever render it unsuitable or unnecessary? 'We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard.' You are not taking up a discredited and waning profession; you are not connecting yourselves with an order of things which 'waxeth old and is ready to vanish away.' That the scope of the ministry may be somewhat enlarged in the coming time is likely enough. That the number of things on which a Christian minister must touch is being silently multiplied, is evident to every thoughtful person. Humanity is growing; human life is greater—has more need, more restlessness, more capacity, more desire. The old simple, peaceful times (although perhaps they never were so simple or so peaceful as they are feigned to be) have gone for ever. . . . All this, surely, sounds not to any of us in our youth and untried strength, like the home bells of the evening calling us to rest, but rather as the morning trumpet calling us to the march and to the battle.

"You are students for the Christian ministry, and you stand in a singular position. You are doubly separated; as Christians from the world, and as Christian ministers—already so in purpose—from your brethren. *They* may pursue their worldly avocations in a religious spirit, *your* avocation is religion itself. You are never more to entangle yourselves with the affairs of this life, that you may please Him who hath chosen you to be not only soldiers, but leaders of His militant hosts. You have already in spirit 'bid them farewell who are at home in your house,' and in all your intercourse with others now you will remember that you have been selected for special service. You are now to look onwards with the gaze of every faculty, and to press onwards with the force of every spiritual principle and sense, until (if God shall spare you) you reach the arena of conflict, the field of toil, where the trial of your

spirit will take place, and the sufficiency of your preparation will be put to the proof, and where you may either win immortal renown, or sink under ignominious failure and defeat.

“ ‘*A bishop must be blameless as the steward of God.*’

“ ‘*Be instant in season, out of season.*’

“ ‘*Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*’

“ And three times did our Lord’s solemn question thrill the soul of Peter—‘*Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?*’

“ Such requirements are severe, and they are intended to operate as a barrier against the admission into the sacred office, of insincere or half-hearted men. The world seems, in our day, to be unfolding its utmost capacities, to have reserved its most splendid prizes until now, and the Christian youth of our land are taking their full and fair share in the competition for wealth and influence. But *you* are debarred from all this secular strife. You have chosen another, a severer path, which never can bring you into what men call ‘a large and wealthy place’ in this life. You will witness your friends, and perchance some of your youthful companions—not superior to yourself either in capacity or worth—ascending the steps of a visible elevation, while you toil on below, known and appreciated by none but the humble and the good. They will multiply the comforts and conveniences of life, and some of them will be charioted amid its splendours, while you may not always quite be ‘without carefulness.’ . . .

“ The question is, Have you fully counted the cost of this sacrifice? Can you endure all this? Can you endure it to the end?

“ Let it be conceded that the world is increasingly, although very slowly, yielding to Christian influences; that the Christian minister now has opportunity for the statement of his message and a fair field for the prosecution of

his work, and that he may secure respect and moral power among his flock, and in general society where he is known. But to insinuate that the offence of the Cross has altogether ceased, the experience of every earnest minister will emphatically contradict. . . . To be faithful amid the amenities of modern life, requires—not less but more firmness and self-sacrifice than are needed to protest against open error or flagrant vice. And to be yourself ‘an ensample to the flock,’ practising what you preach, so that the sound of your voice shall thrill them like a psalm, and the sight of your countenance be like a sermon or a prayer—all this is not easy, is hard to flesh and blood. This is taking up the cross, and I see not how any one can do it without a peculiar consecration, without a fulness, almost a redundancy of spiritual gift and grace.”

In a lecture entitled “Unconscious and Indirect Preparations for the Ministry,” he impressed upon his students the necessity of keeping up vital connection between the various interests of their lives, and so making their business, their books, their enjoyment of natural beauty, their social converse, contribute to enrich and give reality to their teaching.

Converse with Nature.

“There are two ways of conversing with nature. First, there is the outside second-hand way. In composition and public speaking nothing is easier than to talk of rising and falling tides, waxing and waning moons, light and shade, cloud and storm, mountain and valley, and forest and shore and sea. There are certain analogies in these things, and certain uses made of them continually; every one can fall into the method, and may easily do so without thinking that he has not *himself* gone into the

thing. As grace at second-hand would be no man's salvation, so nature at second-hand will be no man's help. . . . Have you read the life of Jonathan Edwards? You will find a marvellously beautiful part of it, about the time of his full consecration to God, described by himself. He walked into the fields. He gazed long on the clouds. The lightning had no terror for him. The thunder, he says, was 'exceedingly entertaining.' There was perfect peace in his soul, and perfect unison between his soul and nature. I don't know that he was the man to see the full beauty and variety of nature. But what he saw was in complete harmony with all he knew (and how much was that!) of the God of salvation. . . . The love of nature must be deep and without fear in us, and we must yield ourselves to her moods and motions and changes. We must watch the clouds till we feel as if sailing away on them, as in a celestial ship, towards scenes celestial. We must sink into the calm of the evening, until the very soul is filled and held as in the tranquillity of God. . . ."

Converse with Books.

"I abstain from anything like minute direction. You are not boys. You will make your personal choice, guided by your own sense of duty, in your reading. But I plead with you again to keep open all the ways between what we call the different spheres of life. Let there be open and untaxed communication. It is easy enough to make the pulpit too literary, and no mistake could be greater than that. No one can draw any line beforehand; your own seriousness, your own sense of propriety, must preserve you from anything like pedantry or literary vanity, anything which would bring *yourself* too much to the front, or hide the glory of the Master whom you preach. . . .

"Lay it down as a certainty, admitting very few, if any,

exceptions, that fresh, instructive, interesting preaching for continuance, in our time, is impossible without constant and careful reading. The human mind is a limited thing: it can hold so much, which no doubt, by intellectual chemistry, may be put into a good many combinations, but if fresh substances are not added to the stock in the form of new ideas, truths, theories and views of other men, there will soon come the felt limit of the chemic power; and then turn, and stir, and shake, and partly disguise the old things in the treasures as you will, they will not even *look* new. We shall feel them to be old, even as we bring them forth, and our hearers will be apt to remark that for us to say 'the same things' to them does not seem to be 'grievous' to ourselves; while for them, if not very interesting, it may perhaps be 'safe.'

"Put plenty of matter into the mind, and leave it there trustfully. Never be anxious about the assimilation, further than this, that you maintain the great life-purpose of consecrated service to the Lord, clear and high, as the chief purpose of your life. From that life-purpose, reanimated continually by divine grace, will go forth a commanding, assimilating power over all that comes into the mind."

Converse with Men.

"Even a small flock becomes practically smaller to the pastor in the matter of free human intercourse, by reason of a kind of formality which is apt, unknown perhaps to themselves, to preside over their meetings and communications. They are, so to say, on their good behaviour. We see them at their best—what they *think* is their best, though it may not really be so. With years acquaintance deepens, and friendship ripens, and love comes. But we want to know man as man, all kinds of men, and of all characters. We can't preach and minister in the most

efficient manner, even to a little company of saintly souls, unless we can sometimes surprise them with knowledge of themselves, which they themselves would never give us if they could help it. We must get it from other sources—out of our own breast, and from intercourse with other men. . . . Many a one preaches about people who have no existence, and about things, both good and bad, which are never done. It is deplorable to hear from the pulpit descriptions of human character which the describer has never verified ; and, on the other hand, nothing enables a preacher more completely to quell an audience, and at the same time to enlist their regard and interest, than a measure of the Shakespearian power of observing and describing them as they are.

“Then, further, our communications with men, personal and social, are to be more or less close and continuous, in proportion as we find our edification promoted. We may be quite certain that when association with particular men begins to cool our inner fervour, or to touch the simplicity of our faith, or to indispose us to prayer, that we then know all about such men that we need to know. Knowledge of men is dearly won at the sacrifice of one particle of love to Christ. It is noticeable that He mingled quite freely and without any reserve with men of all kinds. People trusted Him, and heard Him gladly ; and in a sense He also trusted them, and moved among them as freely as the wind bloweth where it listeth. It is also noticeable that He never hesitated a moment to separate himself from men when the parting time came. His partings, even with His disciples, were quick and silent. Now He is speaking to them, now He is away ! Now thronged by the multitude, and now alone in the mountain-dell. Loving men ! leaving men ! If we can glide into society, and then glide out of it, in any wise like Him—gently, freely, firmly—we

shall be likely to get the best knowledge of men, and to turn it to the best account."

The main thesis of the next lecture, "What to Preach," is an emphatic contradiction of the common saying that "Religion is not dogma but life." Religion, he says, is both dogma and life; and the two must be placed before the people in true and just proportion.

"A word of great importance to a preacher, and especially to a beginner, is the word *proportion*. The message we have to give is very express and definite, but it is also very large and various; and it is no small part of ministerial wisdom so to 'divide the word of truth' that every one may 'receive his portion in due season.' The central truth, the essential Gospel, is the most important thing. But a centre supposes a circumference, and in this case the circumference is wide; indeed it is like the horizon—it moves on as we approach it. If we are always on our way to the outlying fields, our ministry will become vague and thin. If we are always at the centre, it will almost inevitably become the centre of less and less. A particular truth may be preached and preached until it becomes untrue. No truths stand alone, and least of all the central truths. They grow, they stretch out on every hand, they fructify. Let us distinctly understand it—we may preach the very Cross until it is not the Cross any longer—the mysterious, glorious, all-related Cross on which the Son of God reconciled earth and heaven—but just a wooden crucifix.

"The Church of England secures, or attempts to secure, the various and well-proportioned presentation of divine truth in her round of service, her ecclesiastical year, her Lessons, her Saints' days, her Festivals. But it is all done

in a formal manner—not freely and naturally. All circumstances, all providences, the minds of the clergy, the needs of the people, the thoughts of the time—are made to bend to the inevitable day and the authoritative prescription. A more rational and wholesome, probably a more effectual way, is to take constant note of the needs of the people and the thoughts of the time. . . .”

Having thus exhibited the range of the preacher's themes, he passes in the next lecture to the “Art of Preaching.” The art of speaking is not to be acquired by any man without thought and practice. And when a man devotes himself to the study of this art, he learns not to disguise his real nature, but rather to develop and reveal his best self.

Nature and Art.

“In every student for the Christian ministry there are two preachers—one soon found and easily developed ; another lying deeper down, as in a grave, from which, alas ! in too many cases there is no resurrection. It is far away, and you must follow hard and fast and far in order to find. Do not then say that ‘nature is enough.’ Nature teaches one man to drone until the hearers fall asleep ; teaches another to envelop his meaning in hazy sentences which even clear heads cannot unravel ; teaches another to say the best things in a manner, not perhaps to spoil them to the really thoughtful, but to make it all one to a large proportion of the hearers whether they are good, bad, or indifferent. But nature, rightly understood, does *not* teach slovenliness, or vagueness, or violence, or any imperfection. We malign the fair preceptress when we say so. She teaches exactness, force, tenderness, brightness—everything that will make for the end or ends in view, and for the

purpose of attaining these ends she employs art—which is only perfected nature—nature in the use of her highest discipline, with her best instrument in hand, with all possible preparations and equipments. . . .

“Begin with the body, especially with those members which are most concerned in the production of effective public speech. ‘All members have not the same office;’ and we have no right to interchange functions—to make the nose do half the speaking, or the throat usurp the work of the lips, or the arms to be literally the ‘keepers of the house,’ as though the house were in process of being assaulted. Take an easy and proper position in the pulpit. Avoid grotesque, ungainly attitudes. Don’t catch at the cushion as if you were drowning. You are among friends all predisposed to judge you kindly. You want not to be seen, but the way to be seen is to be over-conscious of your physical self. . . . The devotional part of the service, in which you are one of many looking up to God, will naturally require a different attitude and aspect from those which you afterwards assume when you address your fellow-men. Even here, indeed, some godly care will be well spent, and will be no way inconsistent with the profoundest reverence. When we *are* reverent it is worth while taking means not to *seem* the opposite—worth while making the body pray with the soul, by putting it and keeping it in these worshipful attitudes which have been adopted, we may say consecrated, in the holy usages of devout souls in every age.

“Remember it is to those who labour conscientiously and continuously that God gives success. The art of preaching is the art of winning souls. It is casting the Gospel net on the *right* side of the ship. If, indeed, we sacrifice to our net, or burn incense to our drag—if we become very conscious of our supposed expertness, and

begin to think that labour such as ours must inherit a blessing, we spoil all—we lose our labour. But if we keep in good remembrance that with all our care and pains, we are only falling in with the great laws of nature and life ; that there is always an excellence indefinitely high above any we have yet reached ; that it never is ‘ by might or power,’ of any human kind, but always by the Divine Spirit that the results of salvation are achieved ; then we shall be at once diligent and humble, resolute in our purpose, and self-renouncing in our reliance on God.”

The following lecture dealt with “Expository Preaching,” which is explained to mean, not mere grammatical analysis, or verse-by-verse commentary, but full and vivid explanation of some passage as a whole, which must be given by methods different from those of the “topical sermon,” which takes a verse without regard to context, and perhaps treats it simply as a motto :—

“The first sermon I ever ventured to preach was an exposition of the 1st Psalm. It was in a cottage a mile or two above Blackburn, on a Sunday evening. The cottage was filled to the door with simple people—sharp enough, too, some of them were. And I got through in some kind of way. It was a poor thing, of course, but it was the beginning of what has been to me a very pleasant and advantageous habit of my ministry, which I now most honestly and earnestly commend to you for yours. . . . To take a book of Holy Scripture, not to skim over the surface of it, saying good things more or less pertinent, not to perch here and there on a conspicuous text on which prelection is easy, but honestly and resolutely to study it from beginning to end, with a view to know all about it that

can be known. This is of very great advantage to the expositor himself. It occurs here to say that *books* are absolutely indispensable to you. Not many, necessarily. Of buying, as of making, many books there is no end. But books with much in them, and adapted to the needs of the duty or the time. Save in anything rather than in necessary books—wear a threadbare coat ; live in a smaller house ; go third-class on the railway ; postpone the marriage day—anything rather than a famine in necessary books. . . .

“The expository method lessens the trouble and anxiety connected with the finding of texts. This method alone brings out the full meaning of the Divine Word. And it is not a small advantage of this method that it gives the preacher an opportunity of giving, it may be, much-needed teaching, on special, on delicate, on difficult subjects. Take such a subject by selection—the sermon is open to the immediate suspicion that there is some special cause for it. ‘What has happened? Who can be meant? Ah! I know, or at least I have a suspicion.’ This danger of possible malign application has a deterrent effect on a high-minded man in the pulpit. The expository method gives the opportunity to do naturally and in the usual course what could not otherwise be done without exciting unprofitable curiosity, and leading to gossiping remark, perhaps even awaking passion and prejudice in violent degree. . . .”

The verses chosen to illustrate this passage are 3 John 9, “Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence,” and Phil. iv. 2, “I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of one mind in the Lord.”

“In this way better than in any other, the interest of freshness and variety may be maintained in the congrega-

tion. These will not listen unless they are interested, and the maintenance of a real interest is made difficult by the enormous and ever-growing competition, as we may call it, with the pulpit ; not designed by those who exercise it, but quite as effective as if it were. . . .”

The next lecture of the course deals with the “topical sermon,” before alluded to. It is entitled “On Finding and Choosing a Text,” and the practice of preaching from texts is supported by arguments drawn from the practice of preachers of old — Ezra, the Apostles, and our Lord Himself—and from the nature of the case.

“When they send the sheep and cattle out to pasture on the uplands of Norway, a bell is hung round the neck of each lest they should be lost in the pine-woods or among the rocks and snows. When you go with or send your sermon forth, take a good ringing text, hang the bell round the neck of it. If it be lost, or if you lose yourself in it, they will find you by the bell ; and kindly people will be able at least to say, ‘He had a beautiful text.’

“I would earnestly advise you to begin your ministry with the use of a book of texts. As you live and preach, it will get filled ; and, in the course of years, will not only yield you many needed and seasonable helps, but will recall some outlines of your own mental and spiritual history. There are texts from which I preached twenty or even thirty years ago which, as often as I read them, bring back some of the glow of my youth, and some of the hopes and tremors of my early ministry,—while faces, long since vanished from these mortal scenes, seem for the moment to look upon me again.”

The disquisition on texts leads naturally to the next

lecture, "The Plan and Growth of a Sermon." Following the familiar order of books on rhetoric, Dr. Raleigh speaks first of the Exordium, which should be brief, and then of the Proposition, which should be as clear as language can make it.

"We ought to be very stern with ourselves at the propositional point; and if our own purpose is not definite enough, we ought to make it so. If to our view there lies a haze on the meaning, we ought by all means to try to clarify the air. I believe in a haze (although it is the special aversion of some), a rich, mellow haze, in which the subject lies indistinctly, but perhaps the more grandly and impressively. But there is place for everything, as well as time; and a haze is out of place within the statement of a subject for discourse.

"After the Proposition comes the Proof, which should be very intelligible, perfectly fair, and based as far as possible on unchallengeable truths of general experience. Last comes the conclusion, which should be personal and practical. All speculation and eloquence not bearing on the end should be carefully avoided, and when the end is reached the preacher should gather up his strength for the final effort.

"He should feel like the soldier who comes at last to the very citadel of the enemy's strength. Do not start at the figure. For, indeed, our hearers are in a sense our enemies in every discourse, even when they are our loving friends. We wish to produce certain beliefs, convictions, resolutions which they have not, or have not in full measure and strength. Ah, how often do we come up to the strongholds, without pulling them down? How often do we survey and reconnoitre, and challenge in high enough language, yet fail to make the actual assault, or, making it,

fail to succeed? We need our whole strength at the close of a sermon; all our godliness, and all our manliness, and all our wisdom, and all our courage, and all our love."

Besides giving these counsels on the subject of preaching, Dr. Raleigh took occasion to speak of other pastoral duties—the conduct of church meetings, supervision of classes, etc.—He strongly advised the students not to be over-anxious about a settlement, and not to abridge their course of study. Speaking of the conditions in which pastoral work may be most happily begun he says:—

"*Some* settlement holds all your future in it, and it would be most unnatural, and in no way gracious, to be able to say that you care nothing whatever about it. You do care, and you ought to care—in a measure. And then, when the line of that measure is touched, to quench all the anxieties that remain in this, 'He careth for me.' Have patience. The call will come—one or more. Direction will be given you. The little home of your young manhood will open its doors to you soon enough; and its chief grace—often too in the early years of ministry—its chief Care-taker, will come to you in due time.

"If you begin your ministry where you may see the blossoming hedgerows and the waving corn, and the birds building, and the cattle browsing; where you may walk through the solemn gloom of a neighbouring wood, or go up to some hill-top and survey earth and sky, and take draughts of saving health along with the purer air, think yourself happy. The congregation may be small, but the interests concerned are never small. The people may be simple and easily satisfied; our own conscience ought never to be easily satisfied. Feed well the few sheep in

the wilderness, if they are only a few at first, and the Chief Shepherd will think you worthy of a larger care.

“For all this you must have *time*, and in order to have it you must resolutely take it and keep it and use it for this high and holy purpose. . . . We live now in the heart of a multitudinous and distracting sociality. Keeping even within the sphere of meetings understood to be religious—‘their name is legion.’ Now it would be neither possible nor proper for a young man, in the first years of his ministry, to live outside of all this and to alternate (as some of the Puritan ministers did) between study and pulpit—coming out from the study as from a hermit’s cell, and standing in the pulpit as on a prophet’s watch-tower. Our people will have us among them, and we ought to go ; but with reserve—and fixed determination that adequate time shall be left to enable us to feed them with knowledge and understanding.

“The feeding of the flock, however, is not all accomplished in the pulpit. The young especially should be met in class. The power of personal presence is perhaps never greater than when it is felt by open, simple-hearted young people and impressionable little children. In this, as in so much else, the Master Himself shows us the way. ‘They brought young children to Jesus.’

“The minister who sees the young of the flock passing out of the congregation and into life undeclared and undecided, or, if remaining, careless in spirit and useless in life, ought to feel that within that sphere his ministry is a failure. There may be usefulness in other spheres ; but here, along the main line of his work, is barrenness. For this he ought to mourn like Rachel, when she wept for her children, refusing to be comforted. When the ministry is a blessing to the young of the flock, as I trust your ministries will be, they will consecrate themselves unto the Lord. And they

should be encouraged to do so in all simplicity; and without requiring from them anything beyond the assurance which, in some way, can be easily enough reached, that they do consecrate themselves, sincerely and heartily, to God, through Jesus Christ. I am persuaded that the word 'conversion' plays too large a part in the ministry of some men. The silent assumption, or perhaps the ostentatious and continual declaration, that every one must be converted, and must know when and how he was converted, and be able to tell it to others—all this is not a little perplexing and discouraging to some of the young. And it ought to be very puzzling to the minister himself if he would look beyond his theory and consider the real facts. Many good young people have never been consciously converted, in the technical sense of the word, but they are in the converted state. To be in the state—that is the vital thing—to trust, to love, to obey the Lord Jesus Christ, to be children of God through Jesus Christ, to have begun the endeavour to live an unselfish, useful life—what more can we ask for than this—what more have we a right to demand?"

The lessons of these lectures were enforced by arguments and suggestions communicated in a less formal way. Dr. Raleigh would hear one of the students read a sermon, and would criticise it candidly, but with due regard for the feelings of the author. Once he invited all the students to send him MS. sermons, which were returned after a few weeks with a written criticism on each one. The duties of the class were thus a considerable addition to the labour of a minister in full work.

CHAPTER XV.

METHODS OF THE PREACHER.

“ How sure it is
That, if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on,
Like bread at sacrament we taste and pass,
Nor handle for a moment.”

E. B. BROWNING.

IN the preceding chapter some of the lines which Dr. Raleigh followed in doing his work have been indicated by himself. Some further account of his methods and of the impression made upon others by his teaching naturally finds a place here.

He was one of those who are ‘ given of God prophets and teachers;’ but his power came to him, so to speak, in the rough, and was fashioned for use by long and patient toil. He was always working up to an ideal far in advance of his actual attainment. “What a glorious thing it is to preach Christ,” he said within a few days of his death, “I have only just found out how to do it.” He had chosen his life-work, and his passionate desire to do it worthily became the “master-light of all his seeing.” Yet, with all this endeavour, none felt more than he the powerlessness of human

effort without the effectual energy of the Spirit of God. This it was which led him to say that he "*never* felt ready for the pulpit," and explains his constant care to secure moments of solitude and silence before entering it.

None who knew Dr. Raleigh will be surprised to find him laying stress on the love of Nature; and on knowledge of Humanity, as characteristics of the ideal preacher. He was himself a close and sympathetic observer of both. Even in London he found enough of Nature to keep his interest alive, and in his holidays he was continually laying up stores for future use. Special inspiration seemed to come to him from the mountains. He climbed hills with the eager pleasure of a boy, rejoiced in the exhilaration of the pure upper air; and in the loneliness of the wind-swept uplands, he walked as in the very presence of God. Heaven itself, to his imagination, was a glorious hill-country. "In heaven's pure air they run and are not weary; on heaven's grand hills they walk and do not faint."

The knowledge of human nature which Dr. Raleigh commends to his students enabled him to enter into the daily life and ways of thinking of those with whom he had to deal. He never spoke as from a height above them; he could put himself side by side with any poor pilgrim on the world's highway, stoop down and help him to lift his dusty burden, and show him that even on his lowly road some gleams lighten and quiver from the far-off city of God. The unbelieving and the sinful were startled to find that he could make his way in on

some open side of their nature, to remind them of the better selves they had almost forgotten, and his hearers recognised their own likeness in his graphic pictures, and wondered to see what manner of men and women they were.

He had a reverent tenderness for all living things. He did not even like to see a flower rudely plucked. Once, when a boy, he threw a stone at a bird ; but his feeling, when the little creature fell dead to the ground, was not one of satisfaction but of bitter remorse. In telling the incident he said, "That was the last stone I ever threw at a bird." It was his sympathy with all nature that gave their peculiar charm to many of his illustrations. His friends remember the broad yellow leaf which he had picked up by the way, and which he brought into the pulpit to illustrate his text, "We all do fade as a leaf." And some of his Kensington people still speak of "Dr. Raleigh's bird," whose broken song, heard in Holland Lane as he passed to chapel one mild Christmas morning, seemed to him like the promise we have here, in our wintry life, of the Eternal Spring.

He drew on his own experience when he spoke to his students of the use of books. Besides his studies in divinity, he read biography, poetry, the best novels and periodical literature ; nor did he confine himself to what was written on his own side of any question. Some one expressing in his presence the opinion that it is dangerous for a Christian to read books opposed to revealed religion, he said that "the propriety of such reading depended on the character of the person, and on

the circumstances in which he was placed ;” adding, “ I read many books that I do not agree with, because, as a minister, I feel bound to do so. How could I preach if I did not ?”

The honesty of his nature led him to look at all sides of truth, and to hide or disguise nothing which he saw to be an actual element in any question. The “ stern faithfulness in the soul of the man,” which distinguished his father Thomas Raleigh, seems to have come down to him—a nobler inheritance than broad acres would have been.

On this subject his friend, Mr. James Anstie, of Lincoln’s Inn, writes :—

“ His sincerity always seemed to me a leading characteristic in Dr. Raleigh’s preaching. Honesty and earnestness may present in a rude mould rich and genuine thought and feeling ; but vigorous thinking and subtle discernment seem needed to give to their lines and features that clearness, fulness, and truth that inspire us with the idea of sincerity. And it was in this way that Dr. Raleigh differed from many honest and earnest men. He seemed less content than any preacher I ever listened to, to accept for truth either a half-truth or a vague uncertainty, to ignore a difficulty because he could not solve it, or to *make* a truth where he only recognised a difficulty, or indeed to take anything for anything else but just what it was. Yet his love of clearness never seemed to be a reason for stiffening the outline that he drew, or exaggerating the precision or exactness of its features. He seemed ever trying to widen and clear his horizon ; his sound and strong judgment meanwhile not suffering him to lose sight of his direct practical aims ; and thus he often seemed to skirt the coasts of the unknown

and the infinite, conscious of their presence, but still holding on his course amidst the ascertained realities of divine and human life and action.

“It was the same sincerity and candour that made him so exact and discriminating, and where not exact, so kindly a judge of human act and character, and at the same time so resolute and undeceivable a maintainer of the principles of right and justice. It seemed to me also that the same quality, working through a rich poetic vein, gave its felicitous truth and exactness to the more purely imaginative element of his style. He did not send his thoughts out into the fields to pull flowers, even natural flowers, for the purpose of rhetorical embellishment; but his soul went out to dwell there, and enlarging itself with the parabolic significance of Nature, learned to express itself in that language.

“I cannot express more clearly what I think and feel about the simple sincerity of Dr. Raleigh than by saying that if we could suppose him present, while those who knew and loved him were trying to convey to others their sense of what he was, I could imagine him to say, ‘Well, if it is in any way profitable to study my life and method, it must be because they are true; I strove to make them so; and if you think it useful to describe them, so be it; but let it be as *true*, and not as *mine*.’ But I think in George Herbert’s poem *Constancy* a great artist has already drawn his portrait, more than 200 years ago, true not only in general description, but in some singularly minute touches.”

In regard to the subject-matter of his preaching his own words may be quoted once more.

“I hold tenaciously to the old faith—I desire to possess as much as possible of the new culture. I turn, or wish at least to turn, with entireness of trust to God’s

unchanging Gospel, centred and summed up in the Cross ; and I determine to know nothing among men, and nothing among books and theories, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

“ I look out on God’s ever-changing world, and teeming providence, and feel the need of *new* lights, gifts, and graces from above, to make perception delicate and true, and to secure a just and profitable application of the unchanging Gospel to the ever-changing hearts and circumstances of men. I distrust all philosophical explanations of Scripture mysteries, and thankfully accept them in their mysteriousness, as the divinely-declared ground and means of salvation, and as but parts of a vaster system, into the largeness and glory of which we shall enter hereafter.

“ But while thus holding and defending the old truth, which modern innovation and temerity would explain or steal away, I am persuaded that it may be held and preached so as to be consonant and congenial with every element and aspect of a true human progress. Without compromise and without fear, we must declare the doctrines of the Cross, for they *alone* are the power of God unto salvation. But with a kindly hand we must touch all human relations, and with sympathies caught from the Elder Brother we must carry this healing Gospel into the joyous and the suffering experiences of this mortal life.”

This passage indicates the essential features of Dr. Raleigh’s teaching, and gives some idea of the extent and variety of the subjects over which it ranged. He always refused to admit that any region of life and thought lay wholly outside the preacher’s domain. He was not afraid to enter even the field of political controversy when he believed that principles of justice or humanity were at stake. He never assumed the sacer-

dotal right of dictating his people's opinions, but he thought it his duty to apply the lessons of the Word of God to the current politics of the day, as well as to other subjects. He spoke out, as has been seen, boldly, what he thought of the issues involved in the American civil war. In reference to the agitation for the enfranchisement of the working classes, and to the struggle between capital and labour, we find him saying, "If one peril glooms more darkly than another just now, it is the peril of having great gulfs, visible to every eye, in English society—the peril of having a sharp and bitter separation of classes, of having two or three nations in England instead of one." From his Kensington pulpit more than once or twice he protested against what he felt to be the unrighteous policy of the day, the policy which led to the annexation of Cyprus and the invasion of Afghanistan.

While public events claimed from him some characteristic utterance, the changing times and seasons of human life often suggested subjects for his teaching. Christmas or Easter—"a time of much rain," or the first fall of the snow—led his thoughts into familiar channels; and even circumstances in his people's history—joys of marriage, or sorrows of death or separation—were touched with delicate sympathy.

We quote the words of Sir Risdon Bennett, his friend during many years:—

"The hopeful and encouraging strain of his preaching contributed largely to his success. This, while it never impaired his fidelity in declaring the whole counsel of God,

and apart from the literary beauty of his style, gave him a hold on his hearers such as few preachers have ever acquired.

“But probably no feature of his pulpit oratory has left a deeper impression on the memory of those who were privileged regularly to attend his ministry than his use of his exquisite power of Pathos. By the choice of a word, a brief parenthetical sentence, an unexpected pause, an alteration of tone, or even by a gesture, he would thrill the whole audience. And as such pathetic touches frequently had reference to the special circumstances of some of his flock, they were sometimes overpowering to those whose hearts most quickly responded. No traveller—whether youth in the bloom of promise, or aged pilgrim—crossed the river, no little spirit joined the angel-choir, who was not followed by some tender allusion, some word of comfort or thanksgiving, uttered as prayer or praise.”

The element of ever-springing hopefulness was, indeed, one of the best things in his teaching. People went away feeling glad and strong, braced for work and nerved for conflict. They felt as if they had breathed inspiring air on the hill-tops he loved so much, and as if they had got, for one blessed hour, above the mists of doubt and the fogs of circumstance. To be good seemed easy, and oh! how grand and satisfying the salvation of God!

It remains to speak of the methods by which the results of study and observation were made available in the work of composition. Dr. Raleigh liked to have his subject chosen some days before he began to write. As soon as supper was over on Sunday evening—the time

of all others when he was brightest and most at ease—he would say, “Now a text for next Sunday!” When that point was settled, he could read up to his subject and gather in for it from all quarters. He was always working for the pulpit—“always,” as a brother minister said of him, “either fishing or mending his nets.” On Wednesday afternoon, or even sooner, he would begin to write, and the work went on as swiftly and steadily as interruptions would permit. In the Hare Court days attempts were made to keep Friday and Saturday free of visitors, but these endeavours were not, on the whole, successful. Once it was Mr. Binney, who put aside the servant with an irresistible “Oh, I know all about your Fridays;” and very often people of less consequence than Mr. Binney would petition to be admitted—a petition which Dr. Raleigh could never refuse, although he has said, “My chain of thought gets broken, and the spell of it is gone, so that a ten minutes’ interruption means sometimes a loss of hours.” He could not write unless he was in quietness and alone—the only interruption he could hear without annoyance was the sound of little feet overhead or on the stairs.

For many years he wrote two sermons every week, and he continued to do so after he had piles of MSS. beside him which he might have used. Indeed, he could not preach an old sermon in the ordinary sense of the words. If he availed himself, as he often did latterly, of a former manuscript, he recast and altered it to bring it into harmony with his present thinking, so that the labour was almost as great as if it had been

new. His sermons of the last ten years of his life were generally dashed off with a very rapid pen, and cost him less time than his earlier ones. No doubt his working power would have been greater in some ways if his ideal had been less high. Mr. Binney once said to him, "Raleigh, you will ruin your health because you have not the moral courage to preach a poor sermon." But it would be equally true to say that his inability to do less than his best was the secret of his success.

Most of his finished sermons are distinguished by a carefully-written title, and some of these are striking and suggestive. Turning over the fading MSS. we read such as these—"The Right-on Look," "Great by Service," "That which concerneth us," "Forthwith," "Child Victors," "He knoweth not how to go to the city." The subjects are as various as the paths over which his mind travelled for thirty years.

On Saturday afternoon, if his work was finished, Dr. Raleigh generally took a long walk. In earlier and less busy days he used to read the manuscript to his wife on Saturday evenings, and would talk the subject over. On Sunday mornings he was very silent—he was too absorbed and sometimes too oppressed by the weight of his work to enter into conversation. He set off for Chapel nearly an hour before the time of service, alone, or accompanied by one of his children. He was always robed for the pulpit some few minutes before it was time to enter it, and then the deacon in attendance left him.

Mr. Forsaith, his friend and one of the deacons of

Hare Court, says, "Occasionally I have had to go to him again, and have found him pacing backwards and forwards, his whole soul absorbed in what he was about to engage in. At such times there was a look on his face which it is very difficult to describe. It seemed like a gleam from the other world. I used, when I saw it, to be almost awed by it, and having once left him, never went back again without great reluctance, lest the intrusion should dispel the communion he was having." Such experiences recall the words of a recent writer:¹ "At some rare moments of the Divine Spirit's supremacy in our souls, we all put on the heavenly face that will be ours hereafter, and for a brief lightning space our friends behold us as we shall look when 'this mortal' shall have put on immortality."

To Dr. Raleigh's prayers some reference has already been made. The solemnity and spiritual beauty that pervaded them cannot easily be described. He never prepared them beforehand, but sought time for meditation that thought and feeling might be ready to rise to God when he led the devotions of others. "His prayers," in the words of one of his Kensington people (Mr. Thomas Walker, late of the *Daily News*), "were so profoundly spiritual, and at the same time so human, keeping fast hold of heaven by faith, and of earth by sympathy, that I have thought, uniting as they did the depth and richness of some of the best prayers that have come down to us consecrated by time, and the spontaneousness and freedom which we wisely prize,

¹ Miss F. Kemble.

his prayers solved a problem which is sometimes presented to us by the developing tastes of our own days."

When his text was given out, and the sermon begun, he went to work with a genuine perception of the means by which the attention and confidence of a large audience may be won. His subject was stated with great simplicity and directness; there were no technical phrases—no long monotonous sentences. He used plain speech, and if any point had to be argued, it was discussed without unfairness or exaggeration. He was always clear in stating his opinions, and confident in the strength of the cause which he defended, but he never irritated his opponents by assuming that his own opinion was the only reasonable one. He made great allowance for the views and circumstances of others, and some of his more eager hearers used sometimes even to feel a little impatience at his absolute, judicial impartiality. In the words of his early friend Dr. Mellor, "He had his strong beliefs, but he knew that others, equally candid with himself, had their strong beliefs also; and they never heard him sound one note of suspicion or intolerance. . . . Hence he had great sympathy with all honest doubters; not the men who make a parade of their doubts as if they were proud of finding no rest in anything, nor the men who seek for reasons for unbelief that they may avoid the obligations of duty and self-denial—but the men who passionately long for solid ground for the structure of their immortal hopes. For these he had nothing but the tenderest and most sympathetic words. He had known struggle and

doubt, and defeat and victory, and he gave them a brother's hand and heart. He did not tell them that truth was of no moment, that it mattered little whether they ever found it or not if they only sought it. No; his was no such indifference. These," continues Dr. Mellor, "are his own words, 'So long as you simply reason you are looking westwards—where light only fades away and dies before the gazing eye. When you put all your mind and heart into *the truth you know*, and resolve in the strength of the grace you already believe in, to be true to that truth and all its requirements, and to seek the higher and further truth until you find it, then you turn eastwards, and ere long the morning you look for will be on your face.'"

His bearing in the pulpit was that of a man assured of his position; he stood erect, using but little gesture, and he was always sufficiently independent of the manuscript before him to look his people in the face. As the sermon reached its culminating point, his whole frame seemed to be dominated by his spirit, and he spoke by his attitude and his countenance as well as by his words. His utterance was deliberate, his voice had a thrill of conviction in it, and sometimes, as if to give himself and his hearers time to realise their position, he would pause, and stand some moments in a very impressive silence.

But perhaps the most characteristic qualities of his preaching were perceived only when he had laid down and secured his doctrinal position, and sought to carry the truth home by personal appeal. With tact and

skill he drew out and encouraged the better impulses of those whom he addressed ; with keen penetration he set a mark on the untrue and worthless, and with sometimes a touch of irony he taught us to know the evil under all its disguises. The force of these appeals was due in no small measure to the moderation and reserve of the preacher. It was apparent that he knew and felt much more than he expressed. He never assumed to exhaust his subject ; he was always conscious of aspects and modifications of the truth to which he could not do justice within the compass of his sermon. He anticipated questions in the minds of his hearers which he might not be able to answer, and therefore he would not hurry them to a decision, and stake the interests of the truth on the success of his own appeal. And even when he spoke the words of sympathy and consolation which go straight to the heart of our humanity, he recognised that there is in each man's soul a region which is not to be taken by assault ; he would not press forward even to console ; rather, like his Master, he "stood at the door and knocked."

Towards the close of the year his preaching became more direct and personal in its aim. He longed to see some fruit of his labour before another stage of it was concluded, and to begin the new year with some new faces among those who gathered round the Lord's Table. His earnestness seemed to deepen with the deepening darkness of winter, and he has said that then, more than at any other time, God gave him the "joy of harvest."

The Monthly Communion Sunday was always begun with a service and sermon specially chosen as suitable to the day. The Communion service itself was short; often no word of exhortation was spoken beyond the Scriptural sentences which record the institution of the Feast. Of his sacramental prayers, of the brooding silence that seemed to wait for the Master, of the hushed emotion that pervaded the company of worshippers, it is impossible to speak without a sense of inadequacy. At such times his countenance was kindled and lighted with a radiance born of love and faith; he wore his "far look," as one of his people called it, and seemed, even with mortal sight, to see the things that are invisible.

We add some recollections of his ministry, again from the pen of Mr. Forsaith.

"Although, as a general rule, he felt an intense delight in his work, there were times when he trembled to enter the pulpit. He has told me that often when he had got into the pulpit he felt as if he must rush down again and hide himself. On one occasion the feeling manifested itself in a remarkable manner. I was in attendance upon him, and was about to leave him when he said, somewhat suddenly, 'I wish you would speak to the people this morning.' I suppose my look expressed astonishment, for he immediately added, 'I mean it would be a good thing if the people would at times listen to the heart-utterances of a Christian brother. I will give way to you directly if you will speak.' On my replying 'No; it is impossible,' he acquiesced, and I left him. That morning we had an unusually brilliant sermon.

“This strange request was the result, doubtless, of one of those passing hesitations which all earnest and highly-wrought natures have in connection with their work.

“Dr. Raleigh’s passion for preaching was, I should say, the ruling influence of his life, and I believe coloured his imaginings of the joys and occupations of heaven. After his return from America there was a great meeting at Hare Court to welcome him. In the course of the observations I had to make I referred to possible gatherings of a somewhat similar kind in heaven—when some glorified spirit might come back from a distant part of God’s dominions to recount what he had seen or done, and to give in stirring discourse some fresh revelation of God. When the meeting was over Dr. Raleigh referred to what I had said, and remarked to me, ‘I have often thought that; I believe I shall preach in heaven, it would not be heaven to me if I did not.’

“During the whole time of my intercourse with him I never knew him but once to labour under anything like religious depression, and that was when he was in the full tide of his popularity at Hare Court. Several of the deacons were in his vestry with myself, and some one of us said, I think, that he did not seem quite well. He replied, ‘Yes, I am well in body, but not in soul. God is not withholding from me some gleams of comfort and support, but I am very low and dark, and I fear my work will fail.’ We were all silent for a moment—it seemed so strange that *he* should be in darkness—and then one of the elder of the deacons tried to comfort him. We all loved him so that I verily believe we would have given our own souls to ransom his.”

CHAPTER XVI.

HARE COURT AND STAMFORD HILL—PRESSURE OF WORK.

“ When my heart beats too quick I think of Thee,
And of the leisure of Thy long eternity.”

FABER.

SOON after Dr. Raleigh's return from Switzerland in 1870 it was proposed to found a second church in fellowship with Hare Court—of equal strength—and sharing with it the services of two pastors. A body of friends, who were about to build a chapel at Stamford Hill gladly agreed to make the experiment of a double church, and it was hoped that by sharing the labour of preaching with a co-pastor, more real work might be done at less cost of strength. It was proposed that each minister should preach once on Sunday in each chapel, repeating the same sermon in both places, and dividing the pastoral work as might seem best. Dr. Raleigh had often wished that congregational churches could have preachers and pastors—a preacher to devote his whole energy to the pulpit, and a second minister whose gifts might lie more in a pastoral direction. The scheme now proposed, although not exactly in the line of his ideal, promised well. His people at

Hare Court seconded him with liberality and goodwill—and this was much for them to do, for the new church was to deprive them, to some extent, of their minister's presence and service.

“This effort,” he said to his people afterwards, “of raising a Christian church on Stamford Hill has been our last and best. It would have been done without us; good men there had designed to do it, but our adhesion gave the movement shape and impetus and enlargement, and thus far good success. It was undertaken, first and chiefly, for the extension of the kingdom of Christ. It was on this ground alone that I could take service in the matter, and any relief to me had legitimately only a secondary place. And I think there is no more honourable page in the records of Hare Court than that which shows that it gave its money, and for years a good part of its minister, to form and build up another church.”

He attended many preliminary meetings, in which the plan was matured to its ultimate issue. There were many interests to be considered, many wishes and opinions to be combined in united action, and one who was present at these meetings records “the patience, gentleness, and uniform fairness which marked everything he did.”

The beautiful church on Stamford Hill began to rise in the spring of 1871, and while it was building his favourite afternoon walk was generally in that direction. He loved it from the first; it was essentially the material embodiment of his own thought, and he

used to say that he "took pleasure in the very stones thereof."

In October 1871 the new church was opened, Mr. Binney preaching on the occasion. Dr. Raleigh's first sermon on the Sunday morning following was from the text, "And Jacob's well was there."

We give some of its leading thoughts :—

"*All deep and great influence is the result of labour—personal labour. Jacob dug this well himself, not with his own hands, although, no doubt, his own hands were busy about it many a time as the work went on. But it was his thought—it was done by his direction—went on to completion under his sight. And it was a great work for one man to do. The well is hewn in the solid rock, and is 105 feet deep and 9 feet in diameter. Think of that—for the time, the place, and the person. The thing was done, depend upon it, with great labour and difficulty; but it was the more valuable and the more lasting when done. For the foundation of a house, or the bottom of a well, there is nothing equal to the Rock. . . . Jacob's well was dug by Jacob—and yours must be dug by you if you are to have one called after your name. If you are to have a wholesome, personal influence while you live, and after you die; if you are to confer anything in the shape of a great benefit upon others, you yourself must do it. . . . You must know the brunt of difficulty, and pant hard at the spell of work, and dig in the rock deep and deeper still, until the answer to some happy stroke shall be the gushing stream. . . .*

"God makes new times for each generation of men, sets new tasks to be done, and asks from each person new toils of head and heart and hand—asks that each shall, himself, in passing over the solemn stage of this human

life, do his own generation-work, and thus prove himself to be a true son of the Eternal Father, a true brother and follower of the 'Elder Brother,' who tells us that the everlasting law of the universe, embodied in the continuous habit of God, and to be embodied in the life and habit of all His true children, is this—'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' . . .

“*A good thing done lives on and on,*' like a well to which successive generations come to draw. 'Jacob's well was there'—long after Jacob himself had been gathered to his fathers. In every age it had been useful, and now at last it is turned to its sublimest use, and is literally immortalised, however soon in itself it may be filled with the drifting sand or go to ruin. Ah! if the old patriarch could have foreseen—when he was toiling hard on the rock, deep down, and looking daily for the springing water—that the Saviour of the world would one day sit on the well's mouth and talk, not merely to a woman who came to draw, but to the whole world and to all ages, of the water of life, and of Himself as the 'gift of God'—his heart would have leaped within him for joy, and with a feeling like that which possessed him when he awoke from sleep and dream, he would have cried, 'How dreadful!' how solemn and sacred, yet how blessed, is this place; this is none other but a rock of God—this is a well of heaven! . . .

“There is a kind of sadness in thinking how long, measured by years, our work will outlast ourselves. This house will probably stand long after we have passed away—and our children, and our children's children. Baptism and marriage and funeral-rite will go on through the years, and still the house will stand—the Sabbath home of pilgrim people, the centre of a living influence from age to age. There is a kind of sadness in the contrast: the human life so fleeting—the house so firm and abiding! But in truth

this is only a fresh testimony to the greatness of man. We pass away, leaving our earthly temples behind us, but it is because we are going to heavenly palaces. . . . We go, but our influence stays. Our work prolongs itself. Nothing good can be lost. Nothing good can die. It may fade away in one place, but it has gone some whither. It may die out of one form, but it will find or make another. The continuities of nature have their counterparts in the higher continuities of grace. The seed we cast on the waters we shall find—or others shall find for us—‘after many days.’ . . .”

It was a bitterly cold night in December when the meeting was held to enrol members in the new church. Mr. Binney presided, and as he came in from the snow outside, he replied (somewhat gruffly) to Dr. Raleigh’s cordial welcome with “You should not have brought me out in such a night.” But, under the influence of the glowing fire in the vestry and the still more glowing hearts of the little company, Mr. Binney forgot the cold, and spoke with the energy of younger days. Seventy-four members, many of them from Hare Court, were enrolled that evening in the church books of Stamford Hill. The Rev. Henry Simon, now of Westminster, accepted the invitation to become co-pastor of the united churches, and such a union seemed to many peculiarly fit and harmonious. The spiritual insight of the younger pastor—the moments almost of inspiration which came to him, were in perfect accord with Dr. Raleigh’s more definite teaching, and his thoughts fell on many hearts with a power which is still thankfully remembered.

Dr. Raleigh rejoiced in the growth of the church, and seemed to get new energy as its strength and usefulness increased. Christian work of many kinds was undertaken by the people, and carried on with zeal and some good measure of success. And for a time the plan worked well. But the claims of the double pastorate were many and various, and the labour seemed to grow heavier in spite of the relief secured in respect of preparation for the pulpit. To every one it might not have been so, but to Dr. Raleigh, who could not keep up to his own ideal of preaching without some quiet and some leisure, and who would reach it at any cost, the burden of external claims pressed very heavily. It was found also that the practical difficulties in arranging the pastoral work of the ministers in connection with both churches were greater than had originally been anticipated. But he never would allow that the experiment was a failure, or even a "serious mistake;" on the contrary, he thought that the success, on the whole, of Stamford Hill proved that a double pastorate might be worked with great advantage both to ministers and churches. No period of his ministerial work was more delightful to him than the four years spent as pastor of the united congregations, and we find him referring to "the abounding love" of his people at Stamford Hill and the "happy Sabbaths spent in their pleasant sanctuary."

In 1872 an unhappy dispute arose in connection with the mission work of Hare Court. Dr. Raleigh was in no way responsible for the origin of this differ-

ence, although, as minister, he was compelled to deal with it, and to choose a line of action in regard to it. It must be mentioned here, for it was one of the hardest trials of his life. He had hitherto been able to overcome all such difficulties by straightforward simplicity of purpose and genial wisdom ; but this difficulty was not to be so vanquished. The people, as a body, never wavered in their loyalty, but a very limited section persistently misinterpreted his course of conduct, and at last made a sustained attack on his ministerial character. Accusations were laid before the public in pamphlets which were well adapted to cause him pain and annoyance. To these he made no public reply, and he abstained from judging uncharitably the motives which led to the attack. He was charged with indifference to the Christian work in which his people were engaged, with arbitrary and unfair conduct of church business, even with intentional dishonesty and discourtesy. And there can be no doubt that these statements produced some effect among that numerous class of persons who think "there must be something" in bold assertions which are not contradicted. The experience was new to him, who all his life had made no enemies. "You have at last," said one of his people to him, meeting him on the street, "escaped one of the woes of Scripture, '*Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.*'" But he resolved to suffer in silence, because he knew that the only possible answer to such imputations was the answer of his own life and the record of his ministry. He never gave full expression to the

sharp pain which his accusers were for some years able to cause him, but the following letter may serve to show how this sorrow took the sunshine out of those later days at Hare Court :¹ —

To Mrs. S. RALEIGH, 28th June 1876.

London.

“. . . I suppose I must rejoice in deliverance from the periodically ‘overflowing scourge,’ although I must say I get a little tired of pursuing the policy of discreet silence and masterly inaction. A little dust and a few dints would perhaps do no harm. . . . ‘All things work together for good to them that love God.’

“I have much observed of late how the afternoon of life is apt to be a little sombre and clouded ; how the best work of life seems to lose part of its natural well-deserved recompense. I know and have heard of a good many personal experiences of this kind, both in Church and State. The real spirit and character of the persons affected are brought out by such trials. It is a great thing not to lose faith in God or man—nor charity—nor sweetness—nor invincible hopefulness : a great thing to go on tasting life’s simplest pleasures, with something of the old relish, and hoping for a continuance of them as they may be needed, and for the joys at God’s right hand at length.

“My ‘company is gone before.’ I saw them off this morning, and I hope the shades of Granton will cover them to-night.”

¹ In reference to this subject, one who knew fully the whole history and all its details writes : “The self-restraint exercised by Dr. Raleigh served greatly to strengthen the forbearance of his friends. In this instance Wisdom was signally ‘justified’ of her child, by the ultimate silencing of the faintest whisper of slander.”

His was "the wisdom that is from above," which "is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy." Only from above could he have drawn the patience which bore this unaccustomed trial without being betrayed, even in private, into any expressions of bitterness. He has left behind him an accumulation of letters and papers, but there is no harsh word in them all about any one whom he ever knew. Dr. Allon, his trusted friend and neighbour, says of him: "Through the quarter of a century that I have known him, in many close and delicate relations, I never knew him to say a word that I could have wished unsaid, or to do a thing that I could have wished undone."

The following recollections are from the hand of Mr. E. W. Tait, who was his medical adviser and intimate friend during all his life in London:—

"I think of Dr. Raleigh as of a dear friend, the companion of my life through more than twenty years, of whom I came in the course of these years to know enough to bring him closer to me than any man has come but he. He still lives to me in the same dear confidence of friendship, but my thoughts and memories of him are little capable of being expressed; I can only try to remember how we came to know his gentle, loving, steadfast nature.

"I first came close to him in the middle of one February night, when a daughter was born, soon after his removal to London. I remember, as if it had happened yesterday, the kind thoughtfulness shown in little expressions and attentions, the evident though carefully-controlled anxiety, manifested in gentle undemonstrative ways. I was struck then by what I afterwards recognised among

his chief characteristics—his power of self-detachment and of apprehending and considering others. This power, used with singular delicacy of perception, was one of the secrets of his extraordinary influence. He constantly desired to give to every man and woman their due—what, in his estimation, was their appropriate portion of his consideration and loving-kindness. He was not usually impulsive or lavish, though he could be both. But with all the simplicity and tenacity of his nature, he held himself to be a steward of the Divine mystery of eternal love, revealed in Jesus Christ; and so he became literally an ‘epistle of Christ, known and read of all men.’ The motive-powers of his life were of the highest and yet simplest sort; his passive energy and staying power were great, and his steadfastness unassailable. These qualities were, however, manifested through a nervous system of unusual susceptibility, quick to all painful impressions as well as to those of joy, and liable to states of extreme exhaustion.

“There was this inestimable quality in Dr. Raleigh, that one always knew where to find him. If months had passed without seeing him, and we met again—after a little preliminary shyness and beating about the bush, and my perception that the months had not passed over him without producing some slight change of mental level or some richer spiritual colouring—one came directly and surely back upon the constant nature, the mind and heart essentially unchanged and unchangeable. He was verily ‘a strong habitation’ to which one might continually resort, sure of shelter and welcome, and whatever help one man may give to another.

“I recall also the ‘infinite humour,’ which was combined with his Christian wisdom, in the shrewd yet kindly estimates which he formed of the people with whom he had to do; his overflowing geniality when he was able to feel at

his ease ; his untiring curiosity and keen desire for all honest knowledge about all things in heaven above and in the earth beneath, by which, to the end, his interest in life was kept fresh and vigorous ; his ungrudging permission of and loyalty to free thought ; and his unfailing charity, which never really thought evil of person or thing.

“ His capacity of self-detachment has been spoken of. The power and gain of it were especially evident during his last illness. He was able to throw himself into the political events then occurring, and to forget himself in the larger interests of his fellow-countrymen, and of the world, trusting all-implicitly to that *‘ Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness. ’* The phrase suggests a passing word as to his favourite aversions, some of which were strong like his predilections. The definition I have just quoted may serve for an example. He was never tired of inveighing against its insufficiency, its cumbrousness, its ugliness, though no man lived more entirely in its meaning. The fact that I, in my way, was satisfied with some views of things which did not satisfy him only made our intercourse more delightful.

“ But it was necessary to be in sore trouble to know him thoroughly, and to feel the comfort of him. Then, by the perfect simplicity of his nature, by the absence of every sort of pretence and unreality, by the humanity which entered with you into the depths of your sorrow, and yet led you to feel that no ‘ strange thing ’ had happened to you, that you were still in the fellowship of your suffering brethren, still within the Divine Fatherhood—he became of inexpressible help. He is still to me a prefigurement (incomplete, but in its incompleteness containing prophecy and pledge) of that perfected body of Christ and satisfaction of the Eternal Father, towards which the Church strives slowly, but to which she looks with yearning hope.

“ ‘He lives among the dearest and most sacred figures of my past and of my future. It is their purity of soul, their constancy in duty, their tenderness of affection, their life in God, that joins them to the train of Christ, and mingles them with the lengthening procession of the saints. Their work is in our hands, may the grace and power of their spirit be continued in our hearts’ !”

To his WIFE (then at Dover during the illness of some of the children), 13th October 1870.

Arran House, London.

“ Yesterday was wet and windy, and we did not go to the inaugural lecture, but K—— is off to College this morning. . . . I said good-bye to Uncle A—— last night, before I went to the meeting. He has gone on his way rejoicing. He came to England by way of Antwerp and Harwich, and did not pass through Dover. . . .

“ As regards deeper things, I quite approve your purpose to seek, and if possible to *make* more still spaces in life. To me it is less possible, and I must try to breathe in the inward tranquillity while bustling about in the affairs of the kingdom. To you it is both possible and obligatory. For a little while now those children will demand *all* your strength and time. At least what you can save should be given to higher thoughts and interests, not snatched away by even Christian violences. Begin your rest of mind *now*, where you are, as far as you can. Of course you have a great care daily, but if it grows less through Divine goodness, then take the benefit of it. Think it religious to enjoy yourself. Get every good thing in moderation, and don't trouble about present expense. . . . God bless you ever. My love to my lambs.”

To a little NIECE, 3d June 1874.

London.

“DEAR ‘WEE MARY’—I am told you have grown quite big now. So has our Agnes; . . . and I think you must not let people call you ‘wee’ any longer.

“I thank you very much for the pen-wiper which you have sent to me by Papa. When I wipe my pen with it I shall sometimes think of you, and try to write only wise and good things! But it is very difficult to write well and wisely always. You will find this out in a while, when you begin to try. And it is still more difficult to live wisely and well. But everything can be done with God’s help. There is a verse in the Bible that I often think about; it says, ‘I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.’ That verse is good for little as well as for big people. But oh, I forgot, I must not call you ‘little’ any more! May you grow in grace. May you be very wise and very kind, and very helpful to others, and very like the Good Shepherd who will lead you.

“All the Marys I can remember are good—both those that lived long ago, and those now living. Except Mary Queen of Scots, she was not *very* good. So I hope you will be far better than Mary Queen of Scots, and almost as good as Aunt Mary and your Mamma. Give my love and Aunt Mary’s to your Mamma and to your sister and brothers. —Your affectionate Uncle, ALEXANDER RALEIGH.”

In March 1874 Thomas Binney died. Dr. Raleigh was visiting his early friend Sir James Watts when tidings of the event came, and he was profoundly moved.

An affection, strong and tender as the character of each, had grown up between the older minister and the

younger. "The world is a little colder without him, at least it is to me. His going even in old age, and when we knew that it must be, makes a very sensible, and in some ways, a very painful loss."

We give in the following paragraphs some descriptive touches by the same hand :—

"He was a great Englishman, who sought England's good. He was a great preacher of Jesus Christ, and for fifty years spent his strength by day, and burnt his oil by night, that he might be *that*. . . .

"As a pastor he was much trusted and loved, because he trusted much and loved much. . . . How many did he help in all those years, down to the river-brink and almost across! And there are not a few yet alive who never can express all he has been to them in joy and sorrow; who will find it easier to die because he has died before them, and to whom heaven will be dearer now because he is there.

". . . He was a great man, not only by the force of his thinking, or the eloquence of his speaking, but by simple-heartedness like that of the little children that loved him. And now he has gone from us, amid tokens of regard and affection which can fall to the lot of few men in their death. It was well that he could not in the flesh see his own funeral. He might survey it from the heights without injury; and it did us good to carry him—our father and friend most dear—to the grave as they carry kings.

"On the evening of the day when our friend was buried, I went again to the place where he was laid. It was well on in the evening; few people were in the street. I looked in through the iron gates and saw the place where the clustering thousands had stood not many hours before. The moonlight fell quietly on the scene. The clouds floated far

above. The white monuments gleamed weirdly, and *there* was the silent grave with its new occupant asleep—sleeping in Jesus, but so soundly that none but He can wake the sleeper. And the thought came to me, *This* is death! ‘I shall see him no more, neither shall his place any more behold him.’ . . .

“But all this only enhances the value of the great truth, ‘God is the God of the living.’ What is death to us is life to Him, and life to him too whom we mourn as dead.

“It must be so, not alone because Jesus declares it, but also because we feel instinctively that so much life of the highest and noblest kind cannot, in a moment, have ceased to be. Thought, knowledge, love, sympathy, courage, patience, heavenward aspirations and hopes, continuing and growing for sixty or seventy years, never brighter than at the last, and then—‘Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,’—and the universe has seen and heard the last of Thomas Binney! *Believe it who can!*”

When Dr. Raleigh returned home on the evening referred to, after his visit to the grave in Abney Park Cemetery, he said to his wife, “I have been almost tempted to-night to buy the grave next Binney’s—the spot looks so calm and beautiful;” adding, “I will not buy it now, but I should like to lie there.”

Six years afterwards, when “a possession of a burying-place” was sought, the wish was fulfilled, and he sleeps beside his friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY TO EGYPT.

‘ Awful memorials, but of whom we know not :
 theirs a voice
For ever speaking to the heart of man ! ’

SAMUEL ROGERS.

IN the beginning of 1875 the Hare Court congregation proposed that Dr. Raleigh should be set free for some months in order to visit Egypt and Palestine, and they generously presented him with a purse of £300 to meet the expense of the journey. For many years it had been his desire to look with his own eyes on the scenes of sacred history, and he prepared for the tour with pleasant expectation. He left London towards the end of January, sailed up the Nile as far as the First Cataract, and then beginning at Jaffa, made the usual circuit of Palestine. A few days were spent in Constantinople and Athens, and the journey home was by way of Venice. The party of which he made one was well-assorted and not too large. It comprised an inner circle of friends, known and beloved, and was remarkable for its general harmony. The journey, although new to Dr. Raleigh, brought nothing very unusual in

its external experiences, but some of his thoughts and feelings as he passed through memorable scenes may not be without interest.

To his WIFE, 29th January 1875.

Brindisi.

“We leave for Corfu to-night at twelve. The wind is from the north “Euroclydon.” It is bitterly cold, and we shall probably have a night of it. But it is only a ten hours’ sail; the vessel is strong, and there is One above all. To Him I commend you. May you sleep and wake in Him, and have more rest and joy *in Him* than when we are all about you—and do Him more perfect service than when ‘careful and troubled’ about all our wants, and desires, and impatiences. . . .”

To the Same, 5th February 1875.

Alexandria.

“Here I am on African ground, and never was a ship’s company more grateful to touch land in safety. We had a *very* stormy passage from Corfu, the worst weather I have ever encountered at sea. The rolling of the vessel at times was perfectly frightful, chairs and tables as well as crockery joining in the fray. Worse than the terrors of the storm in itself, was the fact that as we approached the shore it became increasingly evident that a miscalculation had been made as to the ship’s course from Crete. Long after Alexandria was due we were still at sea with no land in sight; and at length, to make a long, and to us miserable story short, we sighted the light house or tower at Port Said (Mr. Greenhorne will tell you how far that is from Alexandria), and had hard work battling against a fierce north wind to get into Alexandria safely—which we did at last—in moderated weather and in bright sunshine.

There were laughing girls in the company who never knew the danger, and a few rollicking spirits who would not be subdued. But on the great majority the impression was more profound than any now-a-days produced by a sermon. I think the gratitude is sincere, and I know, in one or two instances, will be practical to the benefit of others.

“What increased the trial to me was, that all the while we were sailing amid scenes made for ever memorable by the imaginary fortunes and voyages of Ulysses, and by the real voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul. I did see Ithaca and Cephalonia, for we sailed between them, and we were sheltered by Crete, and were able to look towards the ‘Fair Havens.’ Once or twice I saw into them, but the scene made by glooming mountain and angry sea and disturbed air was anything but ‘fair.’ So ‘we were driven up and down in Adria.’ . . . One lady, who was prostrated in her cabin by sickness, sent a message to me by her husband ‘that the prayers which she knew followed me were a great comfort to her.’

“The mail from England is late, no doubt kept back by the storm; but it will be here to-day, and either here or at Cairo I shall hope to hear from home. I carry home in my heart wherever I go, and shall do if spared to pass through yet holier scenes.”

To the Same, 6th February 1875.

Cairo.

“The first thing that struck me on coming ashore at Alexandria, and it is still more observable here, was the dress of the people. You feel at once on seeing them that you are in a strange land, and that land is the East. The turban, the flowing robe, the rich shawl, the fine linen, the sandals, the bare feet, the dark skin—all are so wholly different from English or Western European life that you

feel almost as if you had gone into another world. And it is by no means a *silent* world into which you have gone, for the next thing that struck me was the immense and constant noise. Boatmen, coachmen, porters, any one who offers to serve you in any way, shout like town-criers and gesticulate like Dominie Sampson. Yet there is a kind of music in the noise, as there is certainly impressiveness, and sometimes great grace in the movements. . . . As the people move about in the streets in dresses of all colours and shapes, and composed of all materials, you are dazzled and delighted by the sight. You feel as if you were attending some great public spectacle—as if the procession would soon pass—but it never ends. . . .”

To the Same, 10th February 1875.

On the Nile.

“ . . . We sail to-day at three o'clock. I have been very busy at the Pyramids, at the Mosques, at the Bazaars, at Heliopolis, which is so much a ruin that there is but a single obelisk left standing. . . . It was the Oxford of Egypt. Plato studied in it, Joseph married his wife there, and there Jacob had a house. I looked around on the same land of Goshen which his eyes must have seen so often, watered from the Nile just as now. The far-stretching desert lay spread out before me, just as Jacob saw it, the Lybian hills shutting in the prospect on the left bank of the Nile, and little sand hillocks closing the view on the right. ‘One generation passeth away and another cometh, but the earth endureth for ever.’ . . .”

To the Same, 23d February 1875.

First Cataract.

“ . . . This Egypt is more and more a wonder to me. It is no exaggeration to say that it has given me some new

revelations, both of God and man—I mean, of course, the Egypt that is dead and gone, but which yet speaketh so wonderfully by its rocks and temples, of the long, long ago time. . . .

“Our company is, on the whole, a pleasant one. We had two sermons on Sunday, I preaching one; and we spent the day as religiously as at home. I often wonder how things are going on at *home*, in the larger and the smaller sense. . . .”

25th.—“We have finished Thebes and nearly ourselves. Toiling up the hot limestone valleys, climbing the hills, and moving everywhere amid continual dust, and indescribable noise of Arabs and donkeys, and miserable creatures begging for backsheesh, is a heavy price to pay for our privilege; which, however, in its worth, and as a life memory, greatly outweighs them all. . . . The two colossal figures, called ‘The Pair,’ are, I think, the most impressive things I have seen, or that can be seen anywhere in the world. They reach the soul even more than the Pyramids, and express more of the thought and life of the ancient people who set them where they yet stand. . . . Turning homewards, I think more of home, if that be possible, and feel more vividly what I have felt a hundred times before—that a fixed place is better for living in than continual movement, and loving hearts than all the charms of nature. . . .”

In his letters home and in lectures delivered after his return Dr. Raleigh noted, in characteristic detail, the aspects of natural and social life in Egypt—the marvellous purity of the air, the excellent qualities of the Nile water, and the historic apparatus by means of which the extent of its annual rise is made known beforehand to the populous villages. He entered into

the anxieties of the dwellers on those unpicturesque mounds, where mud-huts cling together for protection against the waters. "Blessed waters! when they come in measure; waters of destruction and death, if that measure be far exceeded. So many feet only—*starvation!* So many more—*bare existence!* So many more—*abundance!* So many more—*destruction!*"

His indignation was roused to find that the Nilometer itself had come under the corrupting influence of the Turkish Government at Cairo—a favourable state of the river being sometimes announced falsely, when the condition of the Khedive's exchequer made it desirable to extort more taxes from the people. The idea interested him that some possible connection might exist between the unusual turbulency of the river in late years, and the tumultuous movements of the empire of which Egypt forms a part, and which have been often observed to synchronise. "What can be the reasons of the coincidence? Are we sure they are all physical? Proximately, of course, they are. But back of all physical causes there is always *the unknown Force*—the great, mysterious, perfect Will. Our great Teacher has told us to connect the physical and the spiritual in our thought:—

‘As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere; so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events—
And in to-day, already walks to-morrow.’”

The ancient monuments of Egypt, its buildings and

obelisks and stone figures, were full of suggestion to his mind. He saw in them the record of a civilisation far beyond the date usually received as that of the beginning of human history. "It is, I fear, utterly impossible to get the history of this world into 6000 years. The chronology of Egypt confutes the idea. But who says 6000 years? Not the book of Genesis. Archbishop Usher says so, and Bishop Lloyd has put Usher's chronology into the margin of our Bibles; and English people have so much reverence for bishops that they straightway and without gainsaying, accept it as from heaven. It will not do. We must go a long way beyond the 6000 years—how far no one can tell." And he was specially moved to wonder by the clear record left by the men of those remote ages of a faith not altogether alien from our own.

"There is a strange solemn beauty about the temples of Egypt. However much you may have prepared yourself beforehand by reading books on Egypt the impression is different from anything you anticipated, and in some ways it is more and deeper. The strength of the walls, the enormous dimensions of the temples (at Carnak, for instance), the stony silence of the majestic figures—all seen in the calm still air, and with the unmoving eternal desert stretching away on every side—produce an effect on the mind which it is impossible to convey. . . ."

"Among all points of interest presented to me, none were so profoundly fascinating as the religious faith and life of old Egypt. Of course there is a large measure of obscurity, but through the obscure I see the belief—that behind the *manifestation* of physical nature which meets our senses, there are fountains of energy—eternal, self-

renewing, resistless ; and that men upon the earth have to do with these. I think this is a good deal to find. Some of *our* wisest men will not allow us anything beyond the circle of the senses—what we can measure and weigh, or eat and drink, or put on and put off, or see through a telescope, or feel in any way by nerve or sensibility—so much we have and no more.

“What ! nothing behind ! Nothing above ! Nothing within ! No Spirit or spirits to direct these visible things, and with whom our invisible spirits may converse ? We may well ask to be taken away from those who have only *this* to say to us, and to be set down amid the ruins of some old Egyptian temple—to gaze on the hieroglyphics on walls or pillars—or to stand within a rock-tomb on the mountain-side, where lie the mummies of the great men, surrounded by the signs of that faith in which they were laid to sleep. . . . There was among them a strong development of the ethical faculty. They felt themselves *under law* ; and the Judgment occupies a large place in their religious faith. ‘After death the Judgment.’

“Immediately after death it began. Before the body, embalmed, could be buried, it must be brought down to the sacred lake ; no one could be laid to rest in the tomb without passing over. The boat was always in waiting, the boatman always ready, and around the lake sat the judges to pass judgment on the dead. Hence, probably, have come the poetic conception and descriptions of the River of Death. But for this old Egyptian faith concerning death and judgment, and the figurative form in which they put it, perhaps we should not have had the more elaborated, but, I hardly think, more refined fable of the Greeks—Jordan might not have been so much used as a symbol of death—we might not have had the ‘River of Life’ in Revelations (for Revelation generally takes existing forms and figures)—

we might not have had Bunyan's allegory of the crossing of the river, and we might not be singing now in our religious meetings, 'Shall we gather at the River?' These old Egyptians did undoubtedly hold, in whatever way they got it, a life-and-death grasp of this idea of immortality, and a future life. By the strength of their faith in this great article they have made the world eternally their debtors. Standing amid these tombs, the thoughtful among them would feel perhaps, as much as we do to-day, what a shadow life is—on what a narrow valley its toils are prosecuted, and how near they lie to the great realms of silence and spirit-life. Realms of silence *to us*, but not to the dwellers there; for it is touching to see how all the best and most interesting occupations of this mortal life are represented as renewed on these happier fields; (some of the worse as well, alas! and is it to be wondered at?) they sow, they reap, they build, they press the grapes; they have great assemblages—we see the harpers harping with their harps of seven strings, and all this beyond death—and subject to death no more! . . .

“If I were asked to name the one thing in Egypt which attracted and won my deepest interest, I should not name the great Pyramid, or the Sphinx, or even that wonderful Silent ‘Pair’—the gigantic statues which sit in the old palace of Thebes, just as they sat thousands of years ago—silent, awful, as though looking into Éternity: but I should ask you to go up with me into a little chamber among the vast ruins of Philæ. It is called the ‘Resurrection Chamber.’ It has not long been discovered, and here you see on the walls a vivid representation of the death, burial, and resurrection of Osiris. It looks almost like a designed rehearsal of the greatest of all historic events—the resurrection of our Lord. . . . Coming down out of that chamber I could not but exclaim, ‘I have seen strange

things to-day.' Was it not the Spirit of Christ which, working in them, 'did testify beforehand' of His death and resurrection, and of the glory that should follow?

"We are not able to say exactly what the relationship is between the old natural religions of the world and the religion revealed; we are not, therefore, to allow ourselves to be in the least degree unjust or unfair to either. The great function of science and of honest men is, and must be for many a long day, to find out what is true, and declare the finding—leaving the grand conciliations to come by-and-by. . . .

"It is a singular fact that Abraham must often have seen the great Pyramid. And he must have known the use and meaning of it, and the grandeur of it, and that there was nothing else like it in all the world—and yet *he does not say one single word to us about it!* True, we have not the annals of his life from his own hand; what records he kept passed into the hands of another; but the silence is still remarkable to our thought. . . . Jacob lived in Egypt during the last period of his life, and died there; but, similarly, we hear nothing of his Egyptian impressions. He must have seen much—what Abraham saw and more; he was an old man, but he was wise, observant, thoughtful, poetical, sympathetic, travelled, devout; yet nothing is told us in the record of his life of what he thought and felt about Egypt and her great works and her wise men. A more striking instance still is that of Moses, who was born in Egypt. I saw the place where Moses lay in his little ark of bulrushes—among the flags of the river (there are no flags there now); Moses was a child of Egypt, and not until he was forty years old, apparently, did it come 'into his heart' even to visit his brethren. Yet even *he* has not told us much. . . . I see in this silence and apparent indifference something of the

divine dignity that belongs to great men of God, and to revealed religion. A dignity sometimes with almost, one would say, a touch of *disdain* in it. God seems to say by this silence, 'The pyramids, the temples, the cities of Egypt! My one man of faith—my Abraham—a pilgrim living in tents, but with his eye on the celestial city—the father of innumerable multitudes of believing and heaven-seeking and heaven-drawn souls, is greater than them all! Shall Abraham go into raptures over *these*, and write his admiration in a book? No. Let him look indeed, but be silent and pass on. Higher than a thousand pyramids, if they could be piled one upon another, stands the character of this one man; and the host of which he is father and head shall yet fill heavenly cities.' . . ."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PALESTINE.

“ It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palms in thy soft air ;
But that Sharon’s fair and bleeding rose
Once shed its fragrance there.”

M’CHEYNE.

ON the 6th of March the travellers embarked at Port Said for Jaffa. Dr. Raleigh thus describes the company on board :—

To his WIFE, 6th March 1875.

Port Said.

“ We have between seventy and eighty cabin passengers and more than five hundred pilgrims, some returning from Mecca and some going to Jerusalem for Holy Week. To see them laid out in families and groups on the deck is a very interesting sight. It is said that there are as many nationalities represented as there are letters of the alphabet—twenty-six ; and there are some nice-looking people amongst them. They are not of the poorest sort, although some, pilgrim-like, are poorly clad. There are some pretty women with motherly faces, and bright well-kept children. This is refreshing after Egypt, where we saw nothing but what J—— would call ‘ horrors,’ all the young and good-

looking women being kept in durance vile. The men were all disarmed as they came on board—swords, daggers, cutlasses, guns, pistols—all laid up to be given to them when they land. This is said to be necessary for *our* safety, although any concert of a piratical kind, in such a diverse multitude, must be exceedingly improbable.”

The voyage from Port Said was easy and rapid, and before daybreak the vessel lay off Joppa.

“I was up a good while before the light began to appear. I stood on the deck looking eastwards; it was dull and somewhat hazy, but at last the morning *is* faintly breaking! Yonder, distinguishable from cloud and leaden sky, is a faint but firm outline, growing clearer as the minutes pass. *It is the Holy Land!* That is enough to kindle the imagination into fervour, to suffuse the heart with tenderness, to fill the eyes with tears! . . .”

We quote from Notes :—

“At Joppa we visited the house of Simon the tanner, close to the sea-shore. Standing on the roof I thought, ‘This might well enough have been the very place where Peter, lulled by the sea-breeze, and touched by the Divine Spirit, fell into a trance.’ . . .

“But we must mount and away. What is the plain of Sharon to-day, as we ride across it? It has something both of the wilderness and the garden of the Lord. It is under a kind of cultivation, the soil is scratched, and here and there is a field of corn. But what an outburst of fertility and abundance there would be if Scotch farmers had their ploughs in it; if the security of English law were stretched over it; and if there were free markets in the sea-board towns! In regard to the flowers it is the garden of the Lord to-day. The wild rose, the anemone, the lupin,

tulips, lilies—‘Behold the lilies how they grow!’ And there are patches of thyme spread over the earth, and hung to the rock, over which the bees hover and hum, for we are now in ‘the land which floweth with milk and honey.’

“A Scotch minister who preceded me by a good many years in the journey, says that experience considerably toned down in him the feelings produced by the first sight of the Holy Land and its flowers. I do not think it did with me. I can quote the words of Byron, and feel them true all through my journey :—

‘Thy very weeds are beautiful. Thy waste
More rich than other climes’ fertility.’ . . .”

8th March.—“We camped at Ramleh, and there for the first time in my life I slept in a tent. The tents immediately after sundown were dripping with heavy dews, and after a hot day the night is very cold. I thought that night of Jacob’s experience, as told by himself to Laban, in his indignant defence,—‘Thus I was; in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes.’ . . .

“Now we begin to go in among the mountains, and literally to ‘go up to Jerusalem.’ We need to take but a few hundred feet from the top of Goatfell, in the island of Arran, to get the height at which Jerusalem sits enthroned ‘on the sides of the north, the City of the Great King!’ How often have I spoken of going up to Jerusalem, both in the literal and in the higher metaphysical sense! How often wondered whether I should ever see it with my eyes. And now I am on the way to it; and to-night, if all be well, before the sun shall set, I shall be at least before its gates. The road is very rugged, but a great deal better than many of the Palestine roads. It is just *possible* to take a wheeled carriage from Jaffa to Jerusalem, although I must say I should not like to ride in it. . . .

“We got to Jerusalem with yet an hour or two of daylight left, by which to look around us on the wondrous scene. I think I was the first of the company to arrive. Our tents went on before us, and there they are outside the walls, not far from the Jaffa gate. In a short time all our party came up, and we had our evening meal. Some one suggested that before we rose from our tent-table we should sing two or three verses of a hymn appropriate to the place where we were—close to the walls of Jerusalem, and looking on the city from our tent-door. The suggestion was at once adopted, and we stood up and sang

‘Jerusalem, my happy home!’

“It might be difficult to distinguish and analyse the sources and the quality of our emotion. But about the feeling itself there can be no doubt. There we were—of different nationalities, of various religious persuasions, the young, the old, the lively and severe, all moved very deeply by these simple words. A thoughtful but very unobtrusive member of the company was so touched that he spoke out and said, ‘I hope none of us will ever forget the singing of this hymn;’ and I don’t think any of us ever will. . . .

“Entering Jerusalem as we did, you see nothing of the form or size or proportions of the place, and you are disappointed. Entering from Bethany, and looking at the city from the Mount of Olives, you see everything, and you are so delighted as to be ready almost to break forth into song. ‘Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion!’ Imagination and memory are—how busy!—picturing the long historic drama that was enacted in the city on which we are looking, culminating in the life and death of our Lord.

“We see Mount Moriah, where the Temple stood, and

where now stand the Mosque of Omar and other mosques. It was a splendid position for Solomon's temple ; and somewhere not far off, in his palace, 'Solomon in all his glory' reigned. There he planned his pools up the mountainsides, away beyond Bethlehem, which remain until this day, as distinctly cut, and in as good preservation, as if the Metropolitan Board of Works had them in keeping. . . .

"We were a Sabbath in Jerusalem. I spent two hours on Saturday evening in the house of the good Bishop, and next morning, for the first time in my life, I took the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the Church of England. I was thankful that it happened to be in Jerusalem, and if the services for the day had not been previously arranged, the Bishop would have asked me to preach in the evening. . . ."

Dr. Raleigh notes the visit to Gethsemane "with no superstitious feeling, yet with reverence and thankfulness."

His Journal continues :—

"We come to Siloam. Standing by the fountain I thought of the beautiful lines, written by one of the saintliest men whose feet ever trod these sacred scenes :—

'Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs ;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

'The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave ;
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save !

'Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means '*One sent from God* ;'
And thus the holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad.

‘ Oh grant that I, like this sweet well,
 May Jesus’ image bear !
 And spend my life, my all, to tell
 How full His mercies are ! ’ ”

The above hymn, by R. M. M’Cheyne, was a special favourite with him, and he has repeated it so many times to his children that it must always to them be associated with his memory. To recite selected pieces of poetry was not unusual with him in any social circle where he felt quite at home. Those who have been present remember especially the unforced humour and pathos with which he could render some pieces in Scottish and Lancashire dialect.

To return to the Notes :—

“ We must see Bethlehem. It takes a day to do this from Jerusalem. The road is rough, but in one or two places it is soft and level enough for a gallop. We pass Rachel’s tomb by the way. There it has stood—although not in its present state—for 4000 years : a touching record of a calamity that has been often repeated since—a memento of tenderest affection and profoundest grief—bearing the name of a simple-hearted woman, whose chief distinction is that Jacob loved her, and that she was the mother of Joseph. . . .

“ In Bethlehem itself we forget everything that has happened except the grand event. We hardly think of David, the ruddy shepherd youth, or of him in later years, although the water proffered to us is from the well ‘ at the gate.’ Nor do we much remember Ruth, the gleaner. For yonder are the plains on which the shepherds were keeping their flocks by night when, suddenly, rock and field were lighted with a heavenly glory, and for once the blessed angels sang among men. . . .

“On our way to Jericho we pass Bethany—a small town—simple-looking, common, poor. I thought of quiet Mary and of busy Martha, of the Master coming round the hillside into the village at night, and of the marvellous words spoken there in the stillness of an evening long ago. . . .

“Soon after leaving Bethany, we are on the old road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and some of the old rough habits of the road stick to it still. ‘We take the thieves with us to-day,’ quoth our dragoman, facetiously but truly. He pointed as he spoke to the sheik of the district, who was riding gaily in front of our little company, and who had received a fee of a few guineas to see us in safety down to the Dead Sea and then up to Jericho. Of course, it is very wrong of him and his poor people to tax travellers in this way, and far worse to use violence. When we get the ‘unspeakable Turk’ out of the way (I mean as a ruling Power) we shall get this and many other things put right. Meantime, to keep my indignation within bounds, I remember that there are a few things at home among ourselves—the getting up of bubble companies, the buying and selling of shares that have nothing real behind them, and many such like things there are, at which a not very scrupulous sheik might shrug his shoulders. . . .”

The next recollection of travel noted is the journey through the plain of Samaria. Of Jacob’s Well, Dr. Raleigh writes:—

“Thanks to my incorrigible habit of being in good time for everything in the general march through life, I was there for a little time quite alone—where our Lord must have sat, resting after his journey, while he talked with the woman of Samaria. No doubt about the identity of site here. As far as any *place* can be holy, here is one holy

place on the earth. I reached down as far as I could, and pulled some of the simple but very pretty flowers that grew on the shelving brink. I did not get any of the water, for we had 'nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' But I tried to think of the 'Living Water,' which springeth up to everlasting life. . . .

"Olive-trees cover all the hills around the ruins of the town of Samaria. Each olive-tree is a property, and each olive-tree is taxed. Our Turk, supported through thick and thin by our miraculous Premier, will not let out even a rough mountain to a man for so much, and let him make the best of it. He will come and *see* what he makes of it, and if there be some over-plus beyond expectation, the lusty, lazy fellow will say, 'That is for me!' . . .

"From Nain, we cross the great plain to Nazareth. We spent a Sunday there—a calm, beautiful day it was. We had service in the morning, and in the afternoon some of us climbed the hill behind the town, from which there is one of the most extensive and magnificent prospects anywhere to be obtained in Palestine. There we stood, where no doubt hundreds of times Jesus, in youth and opening manhood, had gazed as we did over the scene, having his own share of the natural and human joy that we felt in such a sight, but with thoughts deeper, and how different! . . .

"One point of my Palestinian journey will be ever memorable to me—the green hill-top, not far from the Mount of Beatitudes, whence I got the first view, complete in a moment, of the Lake of Galilee. It lies deep below us, but is very clearly seen in the rich light and pure air. The lake is a glass—the mountains are the frame—the opening dales on either side are the tracery. Considered simply in itself, I have seldom, if ever, looked on a more

witching scene. But oh, the memories that spring up! Each particular recollection rushing, as it were, to some specific place on the strand or on the sea. The very air seems haunted and holy. Thrills of the Great Presence are left behind, and are felt and welcomed by sensitive souls. If the mood of elevation into which one is caught were to last, it would be no surprise to meet the Master on the shore, or Peter coming up from his net, or John, or Mary of Magdala. . . .

“That evening, about the hour of sunset, in warm summer temperature, some of our company were reclining on the shingly beach. After a little talk about the probable site of this place and the other, mentioned in the Gospels, there fell a silence—each seemed satisfied to look and think. Remembering some verses descriptive of the scene, written by a saintly soul, Robert M’Cheyne, I repeated:—

‘How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

‘Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where the pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What Nature can bestow.’

“‘Go on,’ my companions said, and I repeated them all.”

The following thoughts, suggested to Dr. Raleigh while he journeyed in the heart of Palestine, come in at this point in his own notes and letters, and are therefore inserted here, although they break somewhat the continuity of the narrative:—

“What has Palestine given to the world? What specific and distinctive thing? What, as the result of all her tempestuous struggles and pathetic misfortunes, has she bequeathed as an intellectual and moral inheritance? A comprehensive and true enough answer would be, *She has given a revealed religion.* The infinite and eternal One chose this spot of earth in preference to any other (although, no doubt, there were divine manifestations in other lands as well) for the publication of His will, and for the accomplishment of His redeeming purposes. A truly grand distinction to be borne by any country! But looking at the matter simply on the naturalistic side—supposing the supernatural denied and all miracle in Jewish history explained away by what is called the ‘higher criticism,’ is there yet anything left which cannot be denied by any whose opinion is worth considering? Yes. Palestine has given to the world the great inheritance of *righteousness*, inculcated in legislature and exemplified in life. Righteousness in all its relations, divine and human. No matter how grievously short of a full realisation of all this the people often came, for this they existed—to witness for that eternal and unchangeable something which lies ethically at the heart of this world’s providence, indeed we may say at the heart of the universe; and to which there is an echo and an answer in every unsophisticated conscience and in every true human heart. A splendid bequest surely to the world this bequest of righteousness! Greece gave to the world the love of wisdom and the passion for beauty. Rome gave the finest and fullest idea of visible power and of law. But Palestine went deeper far. A moral inheritance is nobler than an intellectual one. The Palestinian righteousness is a richer and better thing than the Hellenic culture; the Galilean bread is better than the Attic salt. There is moral simplicity, grandeur, and robustness in the

doctrine of the universal righteousness and of the real truth of life that is attainable under it by men.

“It must be sadly confessed that even the nations professedly Christian, who have received this inheritance wrapt up in the heart of a Gospel of peace and love, give it but a stingy welcome and do it but scanty honour. We see how society may please itself with what it knows to be hypocrisies ; how commerce may lose its honest lustre, and become mere slipperiness and deceit ; and how shameful politics may become in the hands of unprincipled men. But these are not the permanent foundations of our life. If the world is so bad *with* the Hebrew Scriptures and the Gospels, what would it have been without them ? Honour to the people who have made the great bequest, and to the very rocks and plains and hills that are so closely associated with the giving of it !

“It seems strange that events so great should transpire on a geographical area so small. Palestine is not much larger than Wales, to which, in some parts, it is not unlike, and not only is it small but rugged, even what men call ‘common.’ Some travellers come back almost oppressed with the ‘commonness’ of what they have seen. God does not need much earthly space, nor that the little should be of what men esteem the best, on which to prepare the scenes of the great drama, historical and celestial, which has been there unfolded. He does not want a continent with far-stretching plains and ship-bearing rivers. He wants only a strip of land running along the sea-shore ; a confused mass of mountain and high land and plain ; a single river of moderate size, a lake, and a Dead Sea. Only so much—and the great drama may go on which has already culminated in a tragedy, and which is destined, on some future day, to end in a world-wide triumph.

“God has repeated that type and method of action

often. Egypt is a river-bed. Greece is little else than rock and sea. Montenegro is an eagle's nest. Grandly the Divine action shows against a background of plainness! Beautifully the Divine idea is worked out in scenes of common life! The fisherman in his boat on the sea; the shepherd leading his flock along the hillside; sisters dwelling in a brother's house in a village—these, and such as these, are the characters illuminated for ever for the instruction of all the world.

“What can we do better than construct our life, and seek to have it inspired after the model of God's own action? Do our souls begin to hanker after the fat pastures, the broad acres, the rich estate, the ample well-furnished house? And do we dislike the commonness, the ruggedness through which we *must* work our way? We are wrong, we need much less than we are apt to imagine, we must correct our ideal. We need only foothold—room to begin. We do not need selected and auspicious circumstances—we need just such as come. We may take the commonness and glorify it by our temper and spirit. We may vanquish the hardships of life by courage and industry, and fill all its scenes with a gentle and noble simplicity. We may put righteousness into it, strong as the bars of the mountains round about Jerusalem, and love in the heart of it, rising evermore like the waters of Shiloah, and so all *our life* will be a Holy Land. . . .”

The rest of his journey is described in letters home.

To his WIFE, 31st March 1875.

Damascus.

“On Monday last we encamped by the waters of Merom—otherwise Lake Huleh—really a part of the Jordan. Next day we rounded the marshes of the lake

which stretch up to the north, some of them treacherous and difficult. For miles the horses sank at every step. On Good Friday we were to cross the side of Snowy Hermon—the difficulty of the journey, should the weather be unfavourable. The glass was falling rapidly; rain set in and gave our tents and our chests (I mean the vital apparatus) that peculiar clammy feeling which must be experienced to be known. Our dragoman, a splendid fellow, told us honestly that his fear was that there would be several days of the very worst weather, everything portending it; and he took our opinion whether to attempt the mountain, rest in our tents, or turn back the way we had come; which last, however, he explained, would be a movement of difficulty owing to the deepening of the marshes by rain. In fact we were, as he said, ‘in a trap,’ with only two or three days’ food, and no means of supply in such a place. There was a unanimous vote to go on, a good many, however, especially those who knew most about it, voting neither way.”

Good Friday.—“We were up at five and started before seven, in a pouring rain, which grew colder as we ascended, and then became snow, and then deeper snow, blowing hard and bitterly. We had a village guide, without whom even our dragoman would have been at fault, the snow blotting out the landmarks. It was a terrible time, and for once I was thankful you were not with me. At length we ascended the highest point of our passage, the snow still falling fast and constantly. Some of the party were failing in strength and could hardly sit on their horses. We tried a shorter descent, to reach, if possible, the first village sooner, and came down the most break-neck place I ever saw horses attempt. We could not even *lead* them, but had to drive them before us down a place where we had difficulty in following. We all got down at last, not

without falls and bruises, which, however, were not serious. The really dangerous thing was the constant exposure and the terrible chill. One lady, when we were near the village, fainted away with fatigue and cold (she had come with her husband expressly for the benefit of her health), and seemed to all appearance dying. A doctor of the company said she must have died had we not got her into shelter. She lay there, against a stone wall, cold and speechless. Rooms were got in the village, and she was taken into the shelter and warmth of an Arab hut. . . .

“The snow still fell with terrible persistency all through the night, and next morning we were fairly snowed up. Tents were impossible; it was so cold, and we were still 4000 feet above the level of the sea. We got three rooms in the village to hold thirty-one people; the largest was given to the ladies, and the two smaller to the gentlemen. They were miserable places, swarming with vermin. Here we stayed over Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday. Our bread ran short, and for two days we had only Arab bread, and even that was about to fail. On Monday morning we rose at four; when daylight came the sun came, the wind fell, the snow ceased, it lay on the ground white and beautiful. . . .

“A few hours more took us over the difficulty, and we got into Damascus in the evening. We have been thirteen hours on horseback, and got under tents at half-past ten at night. What thoughts I have had of you and of home amid these troubles and privations! . . .”

To his WIFE, 20th April 1875.

Athens.

“We left Constantinople on Saturday and got at Syros into the little vessel that bore us hither. I had no berth, and therefore saw a good deal of the Grecian isles by

moonlight. At daybreak we entered the Piræus, passing Salamis and her glorious gulf as we did so, and old Ægina's rock, lighting itself with the first beams of the god of day. We saw the Acropolis standing out in such light as I have never seen anywhere but in Athens and in Norway. We have seen all the *great* things—the hill of Lycabettus, the remaining pillars of the Temple of Olympian Jove, the theatres, where the audience could sit under the open sky, in view of the blue sea, and witness the grandest representations of the drama; where, too, under Roman rule, the Christian martyrs fought, or rather were slain by wild beasts. To-morrow we go to Eleusis, the bay of Salamis, the Acadème, and next day some of our party are going to Marathon. It is a long way, a very bad road, and when you are there the brigands *may* object to your return. . . . I shall content myself with the distant view. I am beginning to think much of home now, and of duty. One of these days I must fix on a text for my first sermon; it is too late to ask you for one. I shall stay a day or two in Venice, an hour or two in Turin, and then *Home!* . . .”

Mr. Viney of Highgate, who accompanied Dr. Raleigh all through the Egyptian and Palestinian journeys, writes of “the influence which in our pleasant company Dr. Raleigh unconsciously possessed.”

“We were a considerable party, English and Americans, but by common consent, and without the slightest assumption on his part, Dr. Raleigh was from first to last ‘*primus inter pares.*’ Often when the journey was tedious, its monotony was relieved by his powers of conversation, his ready wit and repartee, and his unfailing store of anecdote.

“I remember his thoughtful remarks, always to the

point, at the morning Bible readings (chiefly on Egyptian history), which I and some others ventured to initiate on the steamer during our Nile voyages; and his welcome contributions to our social enjoyment, when in the evenings we assembled on the upper deck, and talked, sang, recited, or told anecdotes, before turning in for the night.

“The walk with him on one Sabbath over Olivet, to Bethany and to Gethsemane, are seasons too sacred to describe. He generally preferred solitude, yet two or three amongst us sometimes ‘communed together and reasoned.’

“Dr. Raleigh was usually bright and cheerful, although he often seemed to be longing for home and work; and this, or some kindred feeling, cast a slight shadow over him during the journey, producing occasional reticence and a yearning to return. I look back with mournful satisfaction on a journey never to be forgotten in itself, and made doubly interesting and impressive by his presence.”

CHAPTER XIX.

KENSINGTON.

“ And care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.”

WHITTIER.

DR. RALEIGH had not long returned from the Holy Land when an invitation was conveyed to him to become pastor of Kensington Chapel, vacant by the resignation, after a memorable ministry of thirty years, of the Rev. Dr. Stoughton.

After his retirement in 1874 some time elapsed before it was resolved to invite Dr. Raleigh to be his successor. The call came in July 1875, at a time when the old difficulty of his life, encountered so often before, was making itself felt. New claims continued to arise at Hare Court and Stamford Hill, and his nervous power was overtaxed. Some abatement of labour was imperative, but all plans by which this could be obtained were beset with difficulty. To become sole pastor of one of the united churches did not seem desirable, because this solution of the diffi-

culty would inevitably raise questions of peculiar delicacy, which could not possibly be settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. On the other hand, he was most unwilling to leave the two churches at a critical moment in their history. Anxious days and sleepless nights were given to the consideration of the matter, and decision seemed as far off as ever. "I linger shivering on the brink" (he wrote to a friend), "not because I fear to launch away so much, as from a desire not to injure other persons and interests which are quite as much entitled as myself, or more, to sail prosperously." And again :—"When shall I be out of trouble! and when shall I cease to be the cause of trouble to others! Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Suggestions and appeals poured in from Hare Court and Stamford Hill. Personal friends spoke in impassioned words, or by looks and actions pled in silence that he would stay with them. "If only Binney were here," Dr. Raleigh said, "*he* could help me." But Binney was gone, and he must decide for himself. The more he pondered the position the clearer it seemed to him that the only way of escape from excessive labour, which threatened a premature end of his ministry, lay in acceptance of the call to Kensington. Those who knew him will not refuse to believe that he was guided to this decision chiefly by consideration of what was best for his work. It seemed plain to him that if he went he could bring the claims of duty at once within the compass of his

strength, and that it would be possible to him to do more and better service in the new position than he could hope to do in the old.

The sorrow of his people of both churches, when his decision was made known, can scarcely be told. The experience of that time seems still near, and its sadness is still fresh in memory. It will be best that Dr. Raleigh should himself speak in the words he addressed to his Hare Court people:—

“Many of you will meet me now with what you still think the unanswered question—‘Why cannot I go on to speak to you as I have done? Why do I make this break, so painful both to you and to me?’ If I were to speak till midnight—as Paul once did—I do not think I could answer that question to your satisfaction. I will not attempt it. I will only say this. I am not leaving because I am not trusted; because I am not loved, or because of difficulties past, present, or to come. Where are there *not* difficulties? Nor for any worldly advancement, for I shall lose and not gain by the exchange. I am leaving you (if I dare venture to the positive side of the question for a moment) because—every true minister of Christ, being bound *to Him* in service first and chiefly, and to any church, however beloved, only under Him—I see in the change of sphere the probability that I can serve Him longer, and with more comfort to myself, than if I were to continue here. I am far from taking the view of my own position as a preacher that some do who are swayed by the partiality of love, but I do feel that it is a great thing to be able to speak to men for Him, and that I have not the right to run the risk of disabling myself before the time.

“And I think it will be for *your* good. A ministry may

be too long as well as too short. And I think you ought not to grudge to others for a few years what you have valued so highly. A fellowship like ours cannot be thrown into a gulf of forgetfulness. You *will* remember me, and I must remember you as long as memory holds her seat. As long as the Sabbath comes to me I shall remember the sacred and happy Sabbaths of this house. As long as I enter human homes I shall remember the welcomes I have had in yours. And when I pass into that world of which I have spoken so much I shall hope, through the mercy of God, to find acceptance in my Saviour, and to claim some of you as my joy and crown. And very pleasant will be rest after toil, and joy after sorrow."

On Sunday, 10th October 1875, Dr. Raleigh began his ministry in Kensington.

At the meeting for his reception he said :—

"I come, understand it, not to take my ease after giving all my best to others. I come to you in the full hope of being able, if God will, to give you some few years at least of as good work as any I have ever given. And my hope is that I may be able to do this without feeling the strain of it, or without feeling it unduly."

The hope thus expressed was realised. The change to Kensington greatly lightened his pastoral work, while it left his public position as a London minister unimpaired. To make a fresh start in any field was always a pleasure to him, and when the first sorrows of the transition were over, he entered with almost youthful eagerness on his new duties, setting himself to gain some personal knowledge of the work his people were doing, and of the people themselves. He found them

at all points of the social scale. Some of the old and the poor still speak tenderly of his kindness to them. And it was stimulating to him as a preacher to find among his congregation not a few who were influencing by speech or pen the political and religious thought of the time.

In Kensington, more than at any former period in his ministry, Dr. Raleigh met his people socially, because he could meet many of them in no other way. When he could spare the time he enjoyed the conversation of men in other spheres of life than his own. He was himself everywhere, wearing a simple yet gracious dignity. His sincerity in the pulpit has been referred to, and not less in social life was it characteristic of him. The apostolic expression "simplicity and godly sincerity" describes well the manner of man he was in society. And in singular combination with his transparent honesty there was an intuitive insight into the differing tastes and needs of those around him, —a self-adjustment to these, rapid and unerring, and a power of meeting each person with a sympathy which made itself felt because it was there, but which was seldom directly expressed. A friend has said of him :— "I never met him that he was not the same—genial, gentle, half-playful in bearing, yet always grandly in earnest over grave things." And another :—"I never knew the man who had such a power of creating around him a spiritual atmosphere."

There is little to record of the years at Kensington. Like those of his first ministry at Rotherham, they

flowed evenly and sweetly, but many hearts hold them as a sacred memory, and to himself they were years of much happiness. He was able to work with vigour, and his people came around him with growing affection. To none was his ministry more dear than to those engaged in direct Christian work. He clasped hands with them as fellow-labourers; the fervour of his zeal kindled theirs, and as he spoke of the great harvest to come, earthly honours seemed to grow poor compared with the honour of bearing and sowing the precious seed of God. "By kindness, by love unfeigned," he won his way to the affections of his people. And he gave them, as he had promised, "good work;" work which cost him laborious days, and to which he brought all the treasures of his long experience. His sermons were less ornate, perhaps, than those of an earlier time, but they were more definite in aim, more unencumbered in utterance, as if, knowing that his time was short, he had laid "aside every weight," that the simple truth might have free course. His teaching began to be regarded with quiet appreciation; and some of his hearers, men in busy life, acknowledged that "the whole week was different and better because of the thoughts with which it was begun."

"These Sundays at Kensington," writes one of his people, "were 'times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' The sound of his fervid utterances of heavenly truth seem still to linger on the ear: We bless God that He sent him to us, and for all the messages of love He enabled him to deliver, and for

the glimpses of heaven he seemed to open to our sight."

Throughout his teaching, and in his own heart, the mystic attraction of heaven was always strong. But especially was this a very pronounced feature of his latest ministry. He hardly preached a sermon in which he did not lift up his eyes to the "everlasting hills." It is a blessed thing that sin has never effaced the deep home-longings of human hearts; and no words were more welcome than those in which he told of that world, "where prayer is answered, and toil is recompensed, and love claims her own." Or of "the open pathway, stretching upward and afar, for home-going saints and holy angels." Or of "the banquet" where, "in its earthly beginning, we may wet our bread with tears as we eat it, but whence we shall go to the higher and better God has in reserve, as we pass along to meet all the good of every age, and to see Him in his glory at the banquet and in the fellowships of heaven."¹

He had himself got to the heavenward side of life. He was as busy as he had ever been, entering fully into his work, thinking and planning about it as if he were still young and life all before him; and his interest in public and passing events continued unquenched. Yet, and this is no fancy, a deep peace seemed to have come down upon him—with silent expectancy in it—as if he stood at the meeting-place of the two worlds and took both into his field of vision. The depressions of former years were gone, and but that our "eyes were holden"

¹ From MS. sermons preached in Kensington.

by a merciful blindness, we might have known that the Master's coming was at hand.

To Mrs. HENRY WRIGHT, 30th December 1876.

“ You do not need my written words to assure you of my sincerest sympathy with yourself and Lady Salt and your sisters in the scene of sorrowful separation through which you have been passing. . . . Long as the preparation has been for the parting hour, it will have come upon you with all that solemnity which is inseparable from death. . . . You will be thankful that release has come at last to the dear sufferer, and yet you will mourn with a sorrow not the less deep because it is quiet for your irreparable loss. But the thankfulness will in a little be more than the grief, and you will be happy if all your experiences help you to be followers of them who ‘ through faith and patience inherit the promises.’ It is a great thing when the head of a house like yours is called to ‘ the house eternal in the heavens.’ I hope and pray that consolation may come to you in its very best form—the form of increased usefulness and consecration—the gentle and generous spirit of him who is gone still living in sons and daughters, whose honour and joy it will be to spread happiness among the people, and to help every good cause as he did. . . . That he has gone ‘ home ’ in the high sense I cannot doubt. Our Father’s love is more than ours. He has room in His great heaven for all : and a welcome for every one who arrives. What a day will to-morrow be to those whose first Sabbath it is in heaven ! May God spare to us also some of the riches of His glory in the form of ‘ grace ’ !

To Mrs. GREENHORNE, 5th February 1877.

London.

“The telegram of Saturday brought *us* also into the house of mourning. We were in a measure prepared, and could not be greatly surprised; yet it seemed to come upon us suddenly, as I suppose it must have done also upon you.

“I will not venture, my dear friend, on many words touching this greatest sorrow of your life. You have been travelling towards it now almost for years; and of late you must have known, beyond all doubt, that the end could not be far away. . . . We never grow familiar with death. We never seem to be *perfectly* prepared for the parting. Our hearts cling to the loved and dear as though by clinging we could lengthen their stay; and when it is all in vain, and they pass from us into the invisible, we seem almost to die with them. If even to us here as a family it be a grief far more than common to think that we shall see his face no more, what must it be to you and to your mourning children. I do hope you enjoy all the consolation you can have in such a sorrow, and that your sorest heart-sufferings and tenderest memories may be in some sort the inlet and the preparation for the deeper and more abiding comfort of the Gospel of Christ. I commend you all three to the boundless sympathy of the Elder Brother, and to *His* love and care, who has no more tender touching title than this, ‘Husband of the widow, and Father of the fatherless.’

“I feel pretty sure you will not suffer yourself to regret leaving England for the winter. It was done for the best, and it *has* been best. ‘He hath done all things well.’ ‘There is a time to die,’ and there must also be a place of death for each. I am glad also to find that you are allow-

ing the poor wearied frame to rest just where it fell. It will sleep as sweetly and safely there as elsewhere, till the resurrection morning.

“In my sermons yesterday I could not but talk much of the great future life, and of the homegoing of God’s children. Flitting memories of past years arose in me all day long. . . .”

His public work for his own denomination was never more abundant, nor his sympathy with his brethren more cordial, than now; and when difficulties arose in any department of Christian organisation with which he had to do, he had the happy art of securing harmony without compromising truth. It was said on one occasion when a serious difference of opinion had arisen, “Dr. Raleigh, with a few gracious words, gave the whole thing burial.”

In May 1878, when the question of the terms of religious communion came, with demand for practical action, before the Congregational Union, his speech, delivered at one of the Union Meetings, was remarkable for the genial good sense which combined liberality with faithfulness. He believed that no real communion of church with church was possible unless there was mutual agreement on the vital doctrines which meet in the Cross; and he claimed the right of the Union to state these doctrines, as held by its members, that there might be no mistake and no misunderstanding.

“Why, in the name of that liberty of which we talk so much, are we to be repressed and hindered from speaking? Must we be blamed, if, standing in the main where

our fathers stood in regard to religious truth, when we are challenged to give answer to certain testing questions, we *do* say that we stand with them? We are going to set up a way-mark, to show where we are and where we are going; that we are on the old road, and that we are going to the old home. Some of you, when travelling on the moorlands of Cumberland, or the mountains of Scotland, have seen long rows of poles standing. What is the use of them? They were set up in the old coaching days to guide travellers through the snows of winter, and they are still preserved because they are still of some use. What should we think of a traveller who, coming to one of these, should look up and say, 'I do not like that pole; it ought to come down; it interferes with some one's liberty.' Yes. It is meant to interfere with the liberty of going astray! It is meant to interfere with the liberty of perishing, but with no other liberty whatever, and you had better let it stand. Especially, I should say, do not remove it if there is mist on the mountains. . . .

"We have no written creed, and have never had; although I believe that this is a statement that will have some historical modifications if we examine into the thing fully; but we are in the one faith, are we not? We are under one Lord, we have all received of the one baptism, and we are under the guardianship of the one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in you all. Is it not true that we stand in a relation to a Being whom we have never seen, as we stand in relation to no being whom we have seen? Is it not true that memories of His earthly life come crowding in upon our daily thoughts? That our best impulses, our most earnest struggles, our happiest moments, our noblest tasks, our most sanctified sorrows are all from Him? Is not our life hid with Christ in God, and do we not look forward to the time (it will

not be long hence to some of us) when through His mercy we hope to stand in His presence? Is it much, then, to say this *together*? To say that we do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in all that is distinctive in His doctrine and kingdom?

“We have been asked to say whether the facts of our evangelical history may not be all mythical, whether it matters much which way it be—whether the character of our intellectual faith is a vital matter, or whether, indeed, we might not get on without any intellectual faith at all, if so be the life is good? We are asked for an answer to these questions, and I, for one, am not prepared to evade them. . . .”

His words, marked as they were by the absence of anything like polemical bitterness, went far to lead the Union to accept the position he indicated.

During his ministry in Kensington the initial steps were taken towards the building of a church in a neighbouring newly-peopled district. A suitable site was bought, and his people voluntarily pledged themselves “to help to the best of their ability to raise such a structure as will be worthy of the neighbourhood in which it is located, and will be a fitting testimony to their gratitude for the privileges of worship enjoyed by themselves.” The prosperous beginning of this undertaking was a great satisfaction to him, although he has not lived to see laid the material foundation of the new church.

In the autumn of 1878 Dr. Raleigh and his family became tenants of the rectory of Staunton, near Mon-

mouth, above the Wye, and close to the Forest of Dean. A pause occurred in the arrangement when it was known that the aspiring tenant was a Nonconformist minister, dissent being almost unknown in the small parish. But it was found that the points of ecclesiastical difference were less than those of Christian sympathy, and non-conformist though he was, he said of Staunton, "If all the parishes of England were under such influence it would be difficult to wish the system changed."

The seclusion of the forest was charming to him, and he never tired of looking from the rectory at the expanse of wooded hills stretching away to the blue Welsh mountains. The Church service was restful to him when Sunday came, and in this case the exclusiveness of the Church of England was a blessing, as he could not be asked to preach.

An illness which laid him aside for some weeks in the spring of 1879 seemed to be so entirely surmounted that in a few weeks he returned to his duties with his wonted energy. His autumn holiday was spent in Scotland, and, contrary to his usual custom, he preached during his absence many times; first at Carlisle (on a week day) on his way north, then for two Sundays in Edinburgh, and in the Free Church at Largs, on the Clyde. At Benmore, on a Sunday evening, when the golden light touched the pines and rested on the hills, he preached in the open air (from a text which some remember still, "A man in Christ"), and once again in Forfar. He had never before taken so little rest during

a vacation, but he said it did not tire him to preach. He had pleasure in visiting the Clyde, where he had so many associations, and in pointing out to his children (from the steamer) the house on the shore in Greenock where he used to live, and the Whin Hill behind it, which he had often climbed in other days. And he enjoyed during these weeks the renewal of fellowship with dear friends, when old memories were revived, and faces long hid and voices long silent seemed to come up out of the past. These were farewell visits; "the last"—God had breathed over them, although the whisper was unheard.

He returned home in September, and his friends began to remark a change in his appearance—a look of weariness almost as of premature old age on his face. But there was no weariness apparent in his work. In November and December he gave a course of lessons on the Christian Evidences to the ladies of his congregation, and he met the children in class two or three times at the close of the year. He could speak to children so as to charm them, because he loved them. He saw "a glory in their faces," and has often remarked the wondering, far-away gaze in the eyes of very little children, as if they had not yet lost sight of heavenly visions, nor become quite at home in our grosser world. He says—"Each child is a 'new thing under the sun.' Matter is old as creation; spirits are new as the moment of Time or the creative inspiration of God, from which they were born."¹ And children instinctively gave him

¹ *Our Children about us*, page 14.

their love at once. A friend who formerly lived in Greenock still remembers how the little ones of his family used to come about him and take friendly possession of him, one little boy often falling asleep in his arms.

What he was to his own children cannot be told here. They know how he shared their joys and sorrows, and lived in their life. Everything concerning them was of value to him. Some of their early letters and papers, written in a childish hand, he carried about with him always. They were in his pocket-book at the last.

Once, when some small sums of money were given to the older children, a younger child, hardly more than a baby, was made happy by the promise of an allowance of one halfpenny a month. In the joy of her great prosperity she went immediately to her father in his study, heedless of the quiet of his Saturday morning, and said to him, "Papa, I am going to allow you a farthing a month;" adding, as she put the coin into his hand, "And this is the December farthing." Silver and gold could not have pleased him like that little donation, and he never parted with it.

He had his special friends among the children of his people. Some of these have already followed him to heaven, and more than one mother has taken comfort in the thought that perhaps *he* might be permitted to meet and care for the newly-arrived little pilgrim on the threshold of the untried way.

On 30th December 1879 Dr. Raleigh gave, by request, an address to ministers of different denominations on "The Changed Aspects of the Evangelical Faith." Some extracts will serve to show the line of his thinking on this subject.

"In the statement of my subject—'Changed Aspects of the Evangelical Faith'—there is, to my mind, a very important assumption—this, that in the Evangelical faith there is a substance of truth that never changes. We can have 'changed *aspects*' of the Evangelical faith, but we cannot have a change of its inner substance, whatever that may be, that would not involve its destruction. Just as each human being has a personal identity on the day of birth and on the day of death alike; although growths, decays, illusions, losses, gains, transmutations, of all degrees, may come between. 'There is one' Evangelical 'faith.' So far as this we may go with almost universal assent.

"It is when we come to the definition of this faith that we begin to meet our difficulties. It never has been defined with entire fulness and accuracy; and no one but a very sanguine person indeed, would propose a Council of Christendom in the year 1880, with the hope of restoring, or arriving at, a catholic agreement on the Evangelical Christian faith. 'Less of pure intellectualism—less of creed and not more,' is the present cry. . . .

"But it will manifestly never do to allow, either ourselves, through mere indolence of mind or hopelessness of temper, or others, to suppose that because we cannot define and express everything, that therefore we can define and express in no helpful degree anything whatever of that essential Christian truth which is unchangeable, and is eternally with us. . . .

"We cannot even rationally talk of the changed aspects

of a faith, of the essence of which we know nothing ; or nothing so specifically as to enable us to make any assertions. It were not difficult, in as many minutes as the number of the points we specify, to pass in review successive things which are of the very essence of the faith.

“ *We begin, like the Bible, with God.* ‘ In the beginning ’—God. In no vague pantheistic sense, but as a personal self-conscious being. . . .

“ *God manifest in the flesh.* The Christ of history, expressing God to us, representing us to God. . . .

“ *The work of Christ for our redemption.* Here, no doubt, arises a much greater diversity of opinion and belief, yet the diversity is not so great as it seems. . . .

“ We wish not to proclaim any premature Eirenicon on this central subject in revealed truth. But it is our belief that the long historic unity of it, in which Roman Catholic and Protestant alike have been held, is not broken to the extent that many fear by the advances of modern thought among Christian thinkers. If men are Evangelical Christians at all, amid many differing shades of opinion and varieties of sentiment on this central theme, they can say without a shadow of insincerity, ‘ God forbid we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto us and we unto the world.’ . . .

“ *Then comes faith* in the work of Christ. . . .

“ *Then all the virtues* of the new life. Living in the spirit. The continual sacrifice of self—the continual service of men—while *life eternal beyond death and the grave* is nourished by, and evolved from the whole.

“ In all these points, or most of them, Evangelical Christians are more agreed than is sometimes supposed, and more than they themselves always know.

“ Yet it cannot be disguised that doctrinal and other differences have been multiplying very rapidly in recent

years, and that we are confronted to-day, not only with 'new aspects of the Evangelical faith,' but with forms of opinion and systems of morality and life which have really no claim to the title 'Evangelical' at all, although the denial of the claim often—strangely enough—awakens resentment.

"For a moment or two take a general survey of the position, and see how we come to be in it. The old principle of authority for us is dead. Roman Catholics may hold it, or often only think they hold it, and Anglo-Catholics, and those who stand close to any of the creeds, and some who are slaves to the letter of Scripture. But the great body of thinking, religious people have left the principle of authority, and have begun free inquiry, and the use of private judgment, and the practice of complete toleration—claiming it for themselves, yielding it to others. We have agreed to interpret the Bible as we interpret other books, by the helps of scholarship and in the light of reason—acknowledging, no doubt, that we do not get the Divine inner sense of it except by humility and prayer—but accepting all intellectual issues that flow from the first application of the intellectual and literary laws.

"Now, what is the result? The result is, some say—giving surely a very extreme rendering of the matter—'that instead of one Evangelical reading of the Bible, we have almost as many readings as there are Evangelicals.' This is true, no doubt, if we take into account very minute differences. But so it is true that there are as many natural prospects seen in the one prospect as there are beholding eyes; as many tunes heard from one and the same musical instrument, at the same moment, as there are ears to listen.

"Still it must be granted that we stand, more than ever before, on a graduated scale of things. Some still hold the old faith for the old reasons, and put it in the old language. But others, in succession, all along the scale,

discard or ignore a greater and a greater number of points ; or they put others in the place of them, until we come to those who feel no need of intellectual points, or historical points, in the faith at all, and to those who say there is nothing to be conserved, and nothing worth conserving, except morality. Miss Bevington speaks of 'the dear bonds of righteousness,' and really there seems to be nothing else dear to her. The more's the pity.

"But our concern to-night is not with those at the other end of the scale—Rationalists and Positivists—but with those nearest to ourselves, and who still may be fairly called 'Evangelical.' They are distinguished from the older orthodox by the milder views they take of the character of God ; by the disuse of terror as an instrument of persuasion ; by a timid denial of miracles ; or, short of denial (which is a strong step), by keeping judicious silence about them ; and by a general elevation of things which have been accounted secular, towards a position of equality with things which have been accounted sacred—with other corresponding characteristics. Now, if I mistake not, we all have *some* sympathy at least with the beginnings of this so-called liberal movement in theology. But then, of course, it will cease to be really liberal at the very point where it ceases to be true ; and it will cease to be true at the point where it ceases to be Evangelical, if, as we hold, there is an unchanging substance of the Evangelical faith. . . .

"We are reminded here, and are very willing to be reminded, that we have no absolute authority, the one over the other, no right or power to dictate to others in matters of faith, or to draw the limits of liberty for them, or to say when or how these limits are by them transgressed. But the more imperative becomes the obligation resting on each to fulfil the injunction of St. Paul to Timothy, 'Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine.' Each must be his

own mentor, must clarify his own sight, 'ponder the path of his feet,' and avoid all theological or philosophical 'goings' that cannot be 'established.' . . .

"Utterly averse to censorious criticism of the preaching of some of our younger men, one, of course, cannot help hearing about it now and again. I speak of the preaching of some of the foremost of the young men of the new school. Well, it is interesting. It is, in a sense, thoughtful. It never violates the laws of good taste. It is abundantly respectful to the physical philosophers who are named in some pulpits now rather more frequently than Paul and John, and, in fine, it gives pleasure and awakens no animosity. But are these the best ends of Evangelical preaching? Who goes home with a troubled heart, or with a heart lightened of sorrow and fear through God's grace? Who sees more deeply the seriousness and the grandeur of life, and God's immeasurable greatness and pure holiness? And who feels, even to tears, the love of Christ to his own sinful soul, as the tenderest, the strongest, the manliest, the divinest passion in all the world?

"Is there not some abatement of reverence in worship, and in the thoughts of men concerning God, as the result of the begun prevalence of the milder and more human views of His character, set forth in some modern thought and preaching? . . .

"From the fatherhood of earth we rise truly and legitimately to the fatherhood of heaven; but there is something in heaven which never was on earth, something in God which is not to be found in man. And if that Divine eternal something eludes our thought, and transcends our imagination, the more will it nourish our devotion, and fill our hearts with an awful and most wholesome fear. 'O come let us worship, let us bow down before the Lord our Maker.' . . .

“Another critical point, where we see the begun flow of a stream of tendency, is the new method of treating evil. It may be described as the method which takes it in detail. Specific sins are stigmatised; hypocrisy is exposed; the spirit of money-making is branded; dishonourable commerce and reckless trading are denounced, and all the shows and all the shams. Now, all this is good as far as it goes; but this is not to win the battle against evil. A battle—or at any rate a campaign—is not won if the enemy yet holds the citadel. Say he is driven in as often as he shows himself in any of the outlying fields; he is shot at if he ventures to show himself conspicuously on the walls. Yet if he is yonder in the grim fortress, keeping his goods and his house in peace, nothing decisive or lasting has been accomplished. ‘O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?’ was the battle-cry of the earnest combatant of old, as he met and wrestled with the dim and awful forces of evil in his own heart.

“‘O progressive creature that I am, who shall help me to evolve myself!’ is *not* the same cry, and does not indicate that the same battle is going on. . . .

“And now, in closing, a word or two of encouragement and hope.

“Our first duty, and we shall find our consolation in it, is *faithfulness*.

“My honest belief, confirmed by long years of experience, is that, on the whole, faithfulness and sincerity command, as they deserve, a general and even deep respect. And if some say the faith is antiquated, we may remind them that it shares this disadvantage with the sun, moon, and stars—which will, I suppose, continue to shine in the sky, old as they are—until brighter lights take their place. The sceptical world has only one thing to do, but it *has* that one thing to do in order to succeed, and that is to

make and set before the world another Christ who shall be different from, and yet better than the Christ whom we love and serve. While they are doing this, let us fill the world with His name.

“*Charity.* Our faithfulness will be very apt to curdle into sourness, or to shrink into narrowness, or to flame out perhaps, into fierceness and bigotry, without the continual presence and influence of this heavenliest of all the graces. ‘Charity suffereth long’—and we have not been long in this trouble. ‘And is kind,’—’tis she who carries at her girdle, but mostly in her hand, that wonderful key which unlocks *every* human heart. ‘Charity envieth not,’—the superior privileges of other denominations, the standing and influence of particular men—or any gifts and possessions which are not fairly hers. ‘Charity vaunteth not itself’ by great display, or in great language of philosophical theory or theological dogmatism. ‘Is not puffed up,’ conceited and boastful, and hungry of praise. ‘Doth not behave itself unseemly,’ but rather from inbred courtesy, is forward to give to all their due, she herself continuing modest and gentle and sweet in all her ways. ‘Seeketh not her own,’ except as the happiness of all may be said to be her own. ‘Is not easily provoked,’—although many provoking people are living in these times, and many provoking things are said and done. ‘Thinketh no evil,’—does not suspiciously impute evil to others, nor devise evil against them. ‘Rejoiceth not in iniquity,’ however profitable it may seem, ‘but rejoiceth in the truth,’ in the pure truth for its own sake, more than in the exposure of falsehood. ‘Beareth all things,’—illogical reasonings, perverted religious tastes, slow apprehensions, the gibe, the sneer, and bitterness and bigotry—when she cannot cure she ‘beareth’ all such things. ‘Believeth all things,’—is the greatest believer in the world, not only crediting

what men say in their own defence, but holding deep in her heart's core the dual faith which, properly interpreted, is the sum of all theology—that God is light, and that God is love. ‘Hopeth all things,’ — even when none but she can hope. ‘Endureth all things,’ — going about the world as though she were some dull, patient drudge, when in fact she is a queen in disguise. ‘Charity never faileth.’ She never has failed, and never will, in the heart of God. Let her never fail in ours. . . .

“My last word is this—that we cannot expect really to live in the highest sense, and to do our work as it ought to be done in a time like this, except as we animate our minds by *an abounding and invincible Hopefulness*. Can we for a moment doubt whether out of present uncertainties, difficulties, scruples, doubts, darknesses, light will at length arise? I am bound to say for myself that I don't see much of that coming light at present, unless it be in this—that I hold it far better for this world that it should be agitated with doubts and even moved to stern denials, (which is, perhaps, rather a quivering in the darkness than any perceived coming of the light,) than that it should be orthodoxly contented to have religion doled out to it in ecclesiastical and official ways, or should be yet more ignobly contented while not thinking of religion at all. We who would be faithful watchmen through the night of unseen movement and subtle change may yet for a while, during all our own time, have to say in answer to the question, ‘Watchman, what of the night?’ ‘The morning cometh, *and also the night.*’ But there is a morning coming which will not be chased by an envious night. There is a daybreak coming before which the shadows of centuries will flee away. Human history is not a mistake; our fathers have not toiled in vain. The world is young, and these are the aches and pains of her growing. ‘Jesus

Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' He has gone away from us in visibility, not only into heaven, but forward into the far future of earth and time, whence, looking back upon us, and the intervening ages, He says, 'I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you and the world unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' There linger in my memory since the days of boyhood—now long past—some lines which I felt and admired then, for what reasons then I could not have told, but which I feel and believe now much more deeply. Take them, dear friends in Christ Jesus, as a last word to you in 1879, and as a New Year's greeting for 1880.

'Ye good distressed !

Ye noble few who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure ! yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more.
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.' "

CHAPTER XX.

LAST DAYS.

“ I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith ; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself.”—BUNYAN.

ON the last night of 1879 Dr. Raleigh held, as had been his custom, a midnight service with his people. The following are some of his words spoken on that occasion :—

“ It is the common feeling of our frailty, and of together being in swift passage through this life and through dark death on to another, that brings us together thus, before the face of unchanging God. It is the feeling that we are sinful, and that our misery, present or future, comes all by sin that brings us hither. At this time, by common consent, all serious people think of such things as these, and go softly and bow down beneath the darkness and the pressure of them. We are like travellers that have come at midnight to a river which they must cross ; they hear the soft lap of the water, and the moaning of the wind, and in the darkness they can see nothing of the other side. Hand in hand they go into the stream, hoping thus to get more safely over. Or we are like travellers who come to a place

where dangers are met, or where, at any rate, it has long been the habit of pilgrim people to realise dangers and provide against them ; and they close their ranks, and go silently and watchfully and in order through the forest or through the defile. So we, in our frailty, in our changefulness, in our pilgrim march—saddest of all, in our sin—have come hither. We are subdued and solemnised. Some are afraid and some are distressed, and some are footsore and very weary, and some are wounded almost to the quick ; and so, with closed ranks, with silent footfall, with hushed breath, we meet the inevitable hour. And we especially listen to hear if there be any message to us all that will help to lift us above our fears, and to carry us on our way with some increase of thankfulness and courage.

“ *Listen*—‘ I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.’ ‘ I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.’

“ *Listen*, while the voice grows more soft and tender yet, falling evidently from human lips, from some One very near to us all, as we thus keep near to each other—‘ Son, daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee ; go in peace.’ There is surely an especial preciousness in the doctrine of divine forgiveness on a night like this, when the sin of the whole year seems, if we try to reckon it, to gather into one cloud of overwhelming midnight blackness.

“ Think how many doors of opportunity have opened and shut again for ever during the year, leaving us outside ; think of the unkind words spoken ; think of the poor self-discipline ; think of the loveless hours ; think of the despoil done to the Spirit of God ; think how you have listened and

looked, while this poor world sang and spread forth her lure, and how deaf and blind you have often been to the voices and visions of Eternity ; think of what all this would entail and bring forth if left to work on to its simple and natural issues ; think how sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth *Death*—think of all this, that you may be thankful in your inmost hearts for the frank, full, free forgiveness of the Gospel. . . .

“*Life, life in Christ*—‘Eternal life, the gift of God by Him.’ Very sweet is this word also to us on such a night as this. The year is dying, and in some faint sense we may be said almost to be dying with the year. We bow the head in reverence and lift the heart in prayer, not because so much duration has been marked off from Eternal Time, but because we feel that we ourselves are going hence in no long time to be no more seen. This, indeed, is to us to-night a kind of dying. In many a breast there is more emotion through this transition hour, and a deeper sense of mortality, and of the vanity of earthly things, than there will be on the dying day. We thus antedate our death ; we know, and to-night watching at the bedside of the dying year we feel, that we spend our years as a tale that is told, and that soon this poor vapour of mortal life will have vanished away. But we ourselves hope to live again : rather we hope to live on without suspension of being. Our meeting to-night means this. We are here not merely to close the eyes of the year, but in our faith and hope to surmount and transcend all the years of earthly history—to lay hold on Eternal Life. This hope becomes the more precious, and perhaps the more real to us, as we near the time of its final and full accomplishment.”

Early in January he began to prepare his *Lectures*

on *Esther* for the press. It was a sudden thought, and once begun, he worked hard at the volume, devoting to it every spare moment, and sometimes writing on till a late hour at night. When urged to pause he would only answer—"I *must* get the book done." It was finished; the proof-sheets were corrected with his failing hand, and the publisher's parcel arrived a week before his death. He insisted on unpacking the books himself, and smiled at his own pleasure as he cut up the first copy, saying, "It is strange, but I enjoy reading my own book." He tried to put up these he had destined for friends, but his strength was not equal to the task.

He presided on 1st February 1880 at the Communion Service in Kensington Chapel. His sermon, written the week before, was upon the words of our Lord, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (Luke xxii. 15). Soon after this time the first symptoms of illness appeared, and it was with difficulty that he continued to preach as usual. A visit to Highbury, in the third week of February, brought no improvement, and on Sunday, 22d February, he preached in the morning only. His text was, "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him" (Gen. v. 24).¹

It was his last sermon, and some who heard it took away with them the impression that it was so. One on returning home said, "I have heard to-day what I never expect to hear again in this world." It

¹ This sermon is one of those included in *The Way to the City*.

was not so much an appearance of illness that caused this feeling. There was something in his countenance, and in the tones of his voice, which suggested the nearness of the better life. But although his latest utterances were thus almost prophetic, there was in his own mind no conscious premonition of his departure. He said to a friend shortly before this time, "I feel quite young whenever I get into the pulpit. I think I have ten years' work before me yet." In February he went frequently to see a youth who was dying of consumption, and tenderly sympathised with him in his unwillingness to give up life so early. "Of course you want to live," he said. "Even I do who am so much older, and I hope to live many years." When death was near to this young friend, and he was sent for, he was so ill that we hesitated to give the message. He went, however, at once, although the afternoon was cold and wet. He said afterwards that his visits there had been "a great good" to himself; and we know, in the words of one who was present, that "they were the greatest help and comfort to the dying boy. It is impossible to express how much Dr. Raleigh was to us during that time of trouble; how great was his kindness, his gentleness, his simplicity." He had often wished "to die in harness;" to be of use to the end, and God gave him his desire.

At the request of his deacons he and his wife went from home on 25th February in the expectation that, as often before, rest and pure air would restore him to health. At first the change (to Bognor) brought

cheerfulness and hope. The quiet was refreshing, and he had much enjoyment in walking by the sea or in the country lanes. Yet his strength visibly diminished, and when in a few days he returned to London the first shadows of fear began to fall.

TO MR. HENRY WRIGHT, 2d March 1880.

Bognor.

“I had your letter from Brighton this morning giving good tidings of you and yours, in which I thankfully rejoice. May it still be well with you in your goings out and in your comings in, ‘from this time forth, even for evermore.’

“As for me, I am making very little, if any, way healthwards. Weakness, almost continual pain, and one day like another, don’t make a very bright lot on the earthward side of things for one who for so many years has had almost unbroken health, and has found no happiness so great as that of active service in the Gospel. But I have not a murmuring thought. I am being led as kindly and tenderly as ever before. My anxieties are all about others, and about those great interests which for the present I cannot actively promote. But He to whom those interests are far dearer than they are to any of His servants will watch over them also in His own way. So it must be trust and confidence all round. And so it shall be, with His help. . . .”

“To my Flock and Friends in Kensington Chapel.

“27 LADBROKE GROVE, 20th March 1880.

“I must try to write a line to tell you what a great grief it is to me that I am still prevented from meeting you face to face. Pain and weariness have been my portion

during these last weeks. But God has upheld me by His great goodness, and enabled me to cast all my care on Him, and to commit all my way to Him. Indeed, I may say I have but one serious care—the care that arises in my heart when I think of you, and of your interests in the Gospel. . . . Nor can I doubt that this unexpected and undesired illness of your pastor is among the ‘all things’ which may work together for your good. With prayer and patience on your part and on mine, it will certainly be so, and our God will supply all our need, ‘according to His glorious riches in Christ Jesus.’

“I am assured by the deacons that I may go on in the use of the best means for recovery with a quiet mind, and in the confidence that you will willingly and prayerfully wait for my restoration to health, and for what, if God graciously gives it, will be certainly to me, even more than to you, a happy return to my work. Of course all waiting of this kind must have reasonable limits. But I think you may be assured that I am not likely to forget them. I thank God I have so much reason to wish it; and I hope before very long to be able to put my hand again to a work which, in some ways at least, has prospered so well. . . .”

Dr. Bennett (now Sir Risdon Bennett) and Mr. E. W. Tait of Highbury, brought to his case all the skill of their large experience, and all the assiduities of long-trying friendship; but as the weeks passed their anxiety increased, and they saw reason to think that his ailment was beyond the reach of medical skill. On the 30th of March Sir James Paget and Mr. Gowland met them in consultation, and confirmed their worst fears. On Mr. Tait, his friend for many years, de-

volved the task of telling him their joint opinion. It was very gently told. After a silence, the words came, "Then my ministry is ended." Receiving a word of assent he was again silent, but in a few minutes exclaimed, "My ministry!—it is dearer than my life!" Till that time he had not thought of his illness as probably fatal. Mercifully, the very consciousness of present life provides some defence in such a trial, and the unbelief of affection gives shelter for a time from the terrible truth. It seemed possible that there might be some unexpected relief—some unknown spring of healing which God might touch. His strength for a few days seemed to return, and he even talked hopefully of the possibility of a quiet life in the country, with his books and his pen, and leisure to use them. And he was so brave and uncomplaining, so anxious to do everything as if he were well, that it was difficult to believe that a life so full was about to end. He was all day in his study—reading, or listening while some one read to him. His children were around him, and he entered into their pursuits with even more than his usual interest. Till within three days of his death he spent the evenings with his family, enjoyed music as he always did, and even conversed with friends who happened to call. These were suffering days, but not once did he utter an impatient word, or even speak in an impatient tone.

Once only he was under depression of mind. It was the day after the consultation before mentioned. He was reclining and looking out, as he liked to do, on

the early green of the budding trees. A weight of sadness seemed to be upon him, tears stole from his eyes, and he said to his wife, "I feel as if I were forsaken; as if God had forsaken me." He appeared to see himself thrown aside,—“out of mind,”—“like a broken vessel.” The shadow did not last long, and it never returned. As the strength of the body declined the spirit's life grew more intense, and while he desired, and even hoped to live, he was willing to die. Life was dear to him, and his earthly vocation, brought under the pure light of the other world, seemed greater and more worthy than ever before. "I think I *could* preach now, if only I were well!" he would say. Again: "It is not very reasonable, perhaps, that I should wish so much to recover after having lived so long—sixty-three years—but I do wish it."

His most frequent utterances were those of submission. "I do not want my will to be done, but *His* perfect will." Thinking of the fatigue and anxiety his illness brought to his wife, he said, "I wish I did not need to give so much trouble;" then, checking himself, "I retract that. I made a resolution that I would not allow myself even to think in that way. I do *not* wish anything to be different from what it is." To a friend who said to him, "Oh, Dr. Raleigh, if only you were better!" he replied, "Better! this is *best*—this is *best*." He had decided to resign his charge, when, on 1st April, a resolution was sent to him from the church, expressing tender sympathy, and relieving him from all responsibility for three months. He was

touched by this opportune kindness, one among many acts of his people's thoughtful love. We give his reply:—

To Mr. HENRY WRIGHT, Sunday Morning, 4th April 1880.

27 Ladbrooke Grove.

“ . . . Will you kindly say to the brethren that I find no words by which I might fully express my grateful sense of their kindness and consideration.

“ My own sense of duty suggested to me another course than that which they now put before me, but I feel that it would be a poor requital of the great trust and love they are now showing to me to feel any hesitation in accepting their very kind proposal.

“ In these next months, or perhaps even as the weeks go by, light will come to us all. I can assure the church that no effort shall be wanting on my part to realise their best hopes. May the Lord Himself bless people and pastor! I am refreshed by their love, I reckon much on their prayers, and I can assure them that in my most troubled times they shall not be forgotten in mine.”

In reference to one of the meetings for prayer held on his behalf, he said, “ Yes, I was thinking of them; I was praying for them. I made to God one request after another until I came to my own case. Then I stopped, and thought, ‘ I will leave myself to them and to God.’ ”

Dr. Raleigh's beloved friend, the Rev. Joshua Harrison, has put on record some recollections which find a place here:—

“ It was on the Tuesday before his death that I saw

my dear friend Dr. Raleigh for the last time. He was lying on a sofa in his study, looking very weak and exceedingly emaciated. There was a hue on his countenance which made me fear the worst. But I spoke cheerfully to him, and though there was a tone of deep seriousness in his manner, he maintained a quiet cheerfulness all through. What he said called forth many remarks from me ; these I do not care to repeat, but his own words deserve to be remembered. 'I cannot hide from myself,' he said, 'that my case is very grave. It is not absolutely hopeless, perhaps, and therefore I feel bound to get the best helps in my power, and to concur with the physicians in whatever they recommend. I have no fear respecting the future, and therefore I am quite free to give thought to any measures that are deemed desirable. The *great* things—sin, an all-sufficient, all-gracious Saviour, His glorious work, the everlasting love, the everlasting life—these, and such things were settled long ago, they are to me unquestionable realities. This, you see, sets me at liberty from myself and all anxious forebodings, and enables me to attend to present duty, and to what the body may just now require.

" 'In any case I may well be content and thankful. I am not an old man, yet I have lived long and worked hard. I have had, on the whole, a most happy, and I think I may say successful ministry. God has blessed my work, and has always given me true friends. If I have finished my work I am ready to go. Indeed, I should have no regrets' (and here he broke down) 'but for these dear ones.'

"I reminded him of the many prayers which had been offered on his behalf. 'Yes,' he replied, 'my people's prayers make me sometimes think I may have a little more work to do ; but if not, I shall calmly march up to the Gates.'

“I prayed with him, and he seemed to join in the prayer with peculiar fervour. He was especially touched with our Lord’s words which I quoted—‘the Father *Himself* loveth you.’ As I rose to take leave of him, he said, with a pleasant, grateful smile, ‘Remember, I am by no means the most unhappy man in London to-day, in spite of pain and weakness.’”

A week before his death, when Mr. Statham, his friend and successor at Hare Court, told him of the sympathy and prayers of his friends there, he expressed grateful pleasure. “Yes, I like to hear that you remembered me. I do not wish excitement about me, but where I laboured so long it is different.” During the same conversation he said, “My thoughts do not take firm shape in the pain and weariness. Pray with me a little;” adding afterwards, “Yes, I think I have looked the great mystery in the face. It is all right. It is all well.”

His interest in passing events, and in the political movements of the day continued unabated. Dr. Allon, speaking of the last interview he had with him, says, “After a few words concerning the hope and the fear, and his desire to work a little longer if it were God’s will, he suddenly, and with kindling animation, referred to the elections then going on. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘there is comfort in dying when the nation is recovered to righteousness and a righteous Government.’”

All his affairs were arranged, and his papers put in order by his own hand. The position in which these were found spoke touchingly of his desire that

even in little things all trouble should be spared to those he was leaving.

There are memories of these last weeks too sacred for any record. Those who were permitted to see him, with the meek patience of suffering, crowning tenderly as with an aureole all his strength of thought and will, are thankful to God that the grace which he had so often commended to others was found sufficient for himself; that the anchor cast long before within the veil held—"sure and steadfast"—in the strain of the last storm.

In conversation with his friend and physician Dr. Bennett, and "trying," as he himself expressed it, "to get a thread of hope from him," he found there was absolutely none. Sir Risdon recalls his look, the characteristic movement of his hand, and the quiet words which came as from a heart at rest. "Well, the cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?"

Till a very few days before his death he was able to take frequent drives into the country, often choosing the neighbourhood of Richmond, and he looked with pathetic affection on the spring beauty of the world he was leaving, and the glory of the blossoming trees. Flowers sent daily by friends, and the love which came to him in continual acts of tenderness, touched him with a kind of happy surprise, and he would say, "It is wonderful how many people take an interest in me."

His nights, almost sleepless, were long and weary.

He was "filled with tossings to and fro," and used to exclaim, "Oh, Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest, send some sleep to me!" When the first gleam of morning broke he would say, "Draw up the blinds, let in the light—there is nothing so sweet to me as the light." Or, "Open the window and let me see my birds." Their happy movements seemed a sad contrast to his weariness and pain. One night—it was the fourth before his death—he endured very severe suffering. It was terrible to witness. In the midst of it he exclaimed, "Ye shall all drink of my cup;" and to his wife, "You would let me go if this were to last." The attack left him sorely shattered, and from that time he spoke of his desire to live as a thing of the past. "I wished it, but I am content." He continued to spend every day except the very last in his study, and even walked about from room to room.

Throughout the night of 17th April he was very restless, and said, "I have not been able for two days to think any religious thoughts, but I know that I am His." When the morning came (Sunday), his countenance wore the changed look we learn to know too well, and he spoke of his departure as at hand, as indeed we felt it was. His wife, wishing as usual to send a message to be read to his people, asked him what it should be. He hesitated, saying, "I do not want to alarm them, and it looks as if I were of such importance if I send a message." He consented, however, and dictated a few words. Many things were talked over, and last words spoken during the day.

The wrench of parting was still hard to him, and the spring sunshine seemed too glad for dying eyes. "Everything is as bright as if I were well," he said; but looked an earnest assent when reminded that in this lay the hidden promise of a better spring-time. Some food being brought to him, of which he tried in vain to partake, he put it gently aside, saying, "The Bread of Life is near." Again: "I should like to go to-day; it is *my* day." His whispered words to his children; his expressed thoughts and cares about their future; his last looks of love and welcome, are laid up in the sacred silence of the heart "till the day dawn."

As the evening drew on he became restless with the restlessness so common at the approach of death. The weary spirit, finding home no longer in the dissolving body, was struggling to break the chain and enter into the life of liberty. The eyes, always so responsive to the light, grew dim, unconsciousness fell gradually over him, and before we knew it he was away beyond reach of loving word or touch of ours. But we believe he was not beyond the reach of higher ministries. As the long night passed, and the slow dawn found him still waiting at the gate, perhaps there came to his spirit the first whispers of heavenly fellowships. Perhaps "Jesus Himself drew near and went with him."

Shortly after noon on Monday, 19th April 1880, he entered calmly into rest.

He was buried in the west corner of Abney Park

Cemetery, not in a vault, but as he desired, "under the daisies." The funeral crossed London, and passed through Highbury New Park, where his feet had trod for many years of happy service. His coffin went down to the grave covered with white flowers, in presence of a great multitude, hushed in a common sorrow.

And once more we write—

"*Fulfilled*,"—over against the Saviour's promise :

"I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU UNTO MYSELF ; THAT WHERE I AM THERE YE MAY BE ALSO."

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