PROFESSOR

HENRY

DRUMMOND

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

EDITED BY

W. GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D.

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Professor Henry Drummond.

MEMOIRS

OF

PROFESSOR

HENRY DRUMMOND,

WITH A WREATH OF TRIBUTES BY THE

LEADING WRITERS OF THE DAY.

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

IT need hardly be said that the following pages do not profess to form a continuous narrative, or anything like a complete biography, of the late Professor Drummond.

The various tributes to his memory are simply intended to show the high estimation in which he was almost universally held, both at home and abroad. Necessarily, more or less overlapping, some repetition, and not a little similarity of sentiment, must be apparent. In a number of tributes to the Professor's greatness, these characteristics—some may probably call them defects—were hard to be avoided. It is hoped that such an almost universal consensus of opinion regarding his high qualities may tend to some extent to modify, if not to disarm, any criticisms on this head.

This wreath of tributes has been gathered together by the express desire of a few friends, and is in no way meant to supplant anything that is in course of being written as to his professional career, or otherwise.

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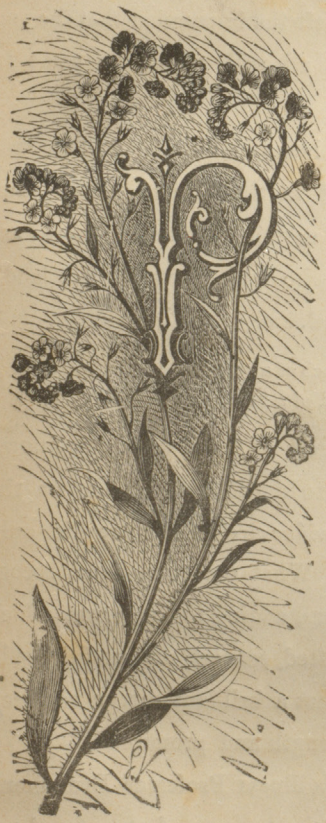


PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, F. R. S. E., F. G. S., has passed away at the early age of forty-seven. Few in Scotland to-day gave greater promise of a more useful or a more brilliant career. His commanding genius, his fascinating manner, his brilliant wit were admired and courted by all who knew him. His literary genius is displayed in all his works, his wit was original, and his charming personality was the admiration of

strangers and friends. His eye possessed a singular fascination over the person with whom he was conversing which invariably left the impression that he was intensely interested in all with whom he came in contact.

Not only here at home, where he was so well known personally, but in the United States, and in the African and Australian colonies, there are many friends of his who will grieve at Scotland's irreparable loss, and exclaim

> "O, for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

And beyond the circle of those who have known him, and have listened to him in the pulpit or on the platform, there is a far wider circle who knew him only through his writings. What everyone must recognise as a striking feature, adding to the regret which the loss of a man so gifted, earnest, and useful would cause in any case, is, that a brilliant career has been cut short in its full strength and promise.

Up to the time of his illness Professor Drummond might have been taken as a man fortunate above

most men in the circumstances of his life and in the success he had won for himself in many and various ways. With large means, a fine presence, great natural powers which he was free to cultivate and to use as he chose, he had also worthy ambitions which he was able to work out to a large extent. His love for science might have led him to devote himself to that alone. As it was, it was combined and subordinated to his love for religion and for the work of a teacher. As this latter side of his character and activity made him so prominent and so popular, it is well to emphasise the fact that in his own choice of places and people he often preferred those which were not peculiarly conspicuous or fashionable. It was a working-class congregation, a mission church in the outskirts of Glasgow which was the only ministerial charge he ever worked, if we except the charge of a mission in Malta, which he held for a short period; and much of his evangelistic work was done in very humble places and in the most unobtrusive way.

In addressing the Free Church Presbytery of

Glasgow, the Rev. William Ross said that in 1882-1883, when Cowcaddens Free Church became vacant through the death of the Rev. Gabriel Kerr, and several ministers in succession had declined to become pastor and face the difficulties of the situation, the office-bearers became depressed and ready to despair. Professor Lindsay greatly cheered them by offering to preach in the afternoon, and said Professor Drummond would preach to the young every forenoon. This work was performed nobly by both Professors—Professor Drummond continuing his work alongside of Professor Lindsay for twelve months till he (Mr. Ross) was settled. This was the kind of work he loved to do.

It is not necessary to say much of his success as an author. It is too well known, and his books themselves have been too widely read. His volume on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was one of those books whose immediate popularity makes the writer famous all at once and everywhere. The fundamental idea which he tried to establish in that work may not be accepted, and very few competent judges may think

that either here or in his later "Ascent of Man" he proved his case. But if neither the theologian on the one hand nor the scientist on the other could give full assent to his combination of science and theology, yet every reader recognised the ingenuity, the felicity of illustration, and the charming style which made these volumes so full of interest and so popular. Even a wider circulation was won by the booklets which he issued for several successive Christmases; and which it is known did good work, in the way he intended them, among people of the most varied character all over the world. Much might be said of his personal influence on young men, and especially here and in Edinburgh on University students; and of his interest in social and political questions. But it is enough to pay this simple tribute of regard and regret to a fine character and a life of high aims and large achievement. The key-note of this, and perhaps the best words to use now about the man and his work, may be found in that passage from some unknown author which Professor Drummond himself

quoted in one of his books :—"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it at once. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

An Edinburgh gentleman, who for many years was on terms of close friendship with Professor Drummond, says :—Professor Drummond was a charming personality. No one could associate with him without feeling the attraction of his manner, and no public gathering which he addressed could resist what, for want of a better phrase, must be called his magnetic influence. And that charm of person was reflected in the style of the works which made his name famous. For long Professor Drummond's idea was that something might be done by putting truth in religious form, and showing the similarity of the laws governing things material and things spiritual.

His strong masculine character also gave him great influence over his students, and he used it regularly in a most effective way for good. This, however,

was but one aspect of his many-sided personality, for no one could make himself more at home than he could with the working-men up Possilpark way.

Professor Drummond was a great figure in society. He had a fine presence, a tall, commanding figure, and he always considered it worth his while to dress well,a fact that proved his strong common-sense. He was a fine conversationalist on a very wide range of subjects, and his manner was always courtesy personified. Add to this brilliant wit, a wit that was never ill-natured, and some idea may be had of the means by which Professor Drummond's wide popularity was attained. That he was popular goes without saying. It was not only the charm of his personality that gained for him his name, but his genial temper and his communing ability as a public speaker, that was the magnetic influence which drew all hearts towards him.

It was during this time that his wonderful personal influence was evident, and his power was especially apparent in the Scottish cities and in Dublin.

Professor Drummond was always interested in

political and

Social Questions.

He was more than once called in to arbitrate on questions between workmen and employers, and at the time of the Home Rule movement he was repeatedly urged to stand for Parliament. He even received, it is stated, upon one occasion a request from Mr. Gladstone himself to become a candidate. Just before his departure from Glasgow he had organised a pleasant Sunday afternoon for men in connection with the Canal Boatmen's Institute in the North of Glasgow, of which he became president. During the college vacations Professor Drummond regularly took his students on geological excursions to the island of Arran, and these were looked forward to with the utmost eagerness by his pupils, among whom he was immensely popular. Professor Drummond was a man of strong social instincts. He was one of a coterie or club formed by a number of students in his college days, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Stalker, the Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), the Rev. D. M. Ross, Dundee

Professor G. A. Smith, D.D., the late Rev. Robert W. Barbour, of Bonskeid, the Rev. James Brown of St. Peter's, Glasgow, the late Rev. J. F. Ewing of Toorak, and Dr. Hugh F. Barbour, and during all the twenty-two years which have elapsed since the close of these college days, survivors have kept up an intimate correspondence and a series of periodical meetings. He had a cheerful, light-hearted, and playful temperament, and was the centre of life in any company in which he was present, giving himself wholly up to the entertainment of his companions.

CHAPTER II.—BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

ROFESSOR DRUMMOND was born in 1851 in Stirling, and belonged to the family so well known in connection with the tract enterprise of that town. He was educated there and at Crieff, where among his schoolmates was the Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren.) Thence he proceeded to Edinburgh University, where he was medallist in the geological class under Professor Sir Archibald Geikie, and afterwards he went to the New College, Edinburgh, where he qualified for the ministry of the Free Church. He studied also at

Tubingen in Germany, and was first appointed to a Mission station in Malta. In 1873 he came under the influence of Mr. D. L. Moody, who was then conducting his first mission in England and Scotland. He accompanied Mr. Moody in his tours, and delivered addresses to young men, which, from his command of picturesque language, were very effective. The future professor presided at the meetings for young men in all the large towns, and in Liverpool and Dublin especially marked results were obtained.

On religious matters in after life he was never dogmatic, and above everything he was never a controversialist; some have said that he had no definite views on theology—he certainly had none of the tincture of sectarianism in him. Yet, he was an eminently religious man. Mr. Moody's work enjoyed the sympathy of the whole of his after life. He visited the famous American Evangelist more than once in order to attend his mammoth religious meetings, where his presence and teaching were always acceptable.

After College.

He left college in 1876, and in the following year

he was appointed to the lectureship on Natural Science in Glasgow Free Church College. He conducted with great success a mission to working men in Possilpark. It was while engaged in these spheres, and from the thoughts engendered by the contrast which they afforded—as he indicates in the preface—that he wrote his well-known work. Here he sets himself to the problem, "Is there not reason to believe that many of the laws of the spiritual world, hitherto regarded as occupying an entirely separate province, are simply the laws of the natural world?"

In 1879 he accompanied Professor Geikie upon a scientific expedition to the Rocky Mountains and Colorado. Three years later he was sent out by Mr. James Stevenson, of Largs (Ayrshire), to

East Central Africa

for the purpose of reporting upon the natural resources of Nyassaland and surrounding countries. Just before going upon this journey he published his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which, he explained in the preface, was "the outcome of his lectures to the students in the Glasgow Free Church

College, and of weekly addresses which he gave to working-men at Possilpark Mission, in the north of Glasgow, of which he had charge." On returning from his African expedition, he found his book had made him famous. It was selling by tens of thousands. In 1884, the lectureship in the Free Church College being endowed by his friend Mr. Stevenson, he became its first occupant. Professor Drummond's influence as a religious teacher (in consequence of the publication of his book) increased to an enormous extent in the following two or three years. He addressed everywhere large meetings of students with extraordinary results, but the most remarkable of his meetings were those which he was invited to address by a requisition from

leading men in London,

including, among others, the present leader of the House of Commons, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Aberdeen. The meetings took place on Sunday afternoons in Grosvenor House, London, and were attended by leading gentlemen in politics, society, and literature. In one of these years

he published "Tropical Africa," a record of his travels in the Dark Continent, which has also reached a circulation of many thousands. During the spring of 1890 he went out to

Australia

upon an invitation to address meetings of young men throughout the various colonies there, and it was while he was at the Antipodes that one of his greatest friends, the Rev. Mr. Ewing of Toorak, died. Professor Drummond wrote his life as a preface to a volume of Mr. Ewing's sermons. In the course of the Professor's visit to Australia he was pressed to give numerous addresses to young men. From Australia he crossed in the summer to the South Sea Islands, through which he made a voyage, partly on a British man-of-war. When leaving Australia he visited the South Sea Islands for scientific purposes, and on his return home made a short stay at Java, the MalayPeninsula, and passed through Japan and North America. He returned from his travels to find himself popular. In 1884 his lectureship became a full chair, having

been endowed by Mr. James Stevenson, of Largs, and the young lecturer was appointed to the professoriate. At this period the *World* published a sketch of him under "Celebrities of the Day."

He never wrote anything that showed an ambition to earn

literary fame,

but for all that his writings have attracted great attention; they enjoyed, and still enjoy, great popularity, and are likely to carry his name down for many years to come.

His best known book is "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which first appeared in a journal called the "Clerical World." The "Clerical World" died, but Professor Drummond's contributions to it have, in book form, had a great popularity. At first, like many another young author, the publishers would have nothing to do with him and his book, and the sheets were put away in a forgotten pigeon-hole. Mr. M. H. Hodder, of Messrs Hodder and Stoughton, had come across the "Clerical World" somewhere and proposed to publish them. The

request came at the time we have mentioned when Professor Drummond was preparing for a trip to Africa. The "copy" in the pigeon-hole was hastily revised and corrected and the proofs put through as speedily as possible, and the professor went off on his journey and forgot all about them.

One night five months later on the bank of Lake Nyassa three black messengers came into camp with a small package of letters and papers tied up in a tiger-cat skin. On unfolding them Professor Drummond found that his book had made his name world-wide. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was published in 1883. It is now in its 29th edition, and has been translated into French, Dutch, and Norwegian, and is widely recognised as a text-book. Its originality of thought and the directness of its diction are its great charms. Professor Drummond also wrote some interesting accounts of his travels, one of the most notable of which was "Tropical Africa," 1888, third edition, twentieth thousand,

1890. One of his later works was "The Greatest Thing in the World—Love;" a sermon based on the text "The Greatest of These is Charity." This was followed by "Pax Vobiscum"—(Peace be with you)—the second of the series, of which "The Greatest Thing in the World" is the first. The other books of the series are "The Programme of Christianity," "The City without a Church," "Changed Life," and "The Study of the Bible." He always took a great interest in the Boys' Brigade, and was a conspicuous figure at the reviews at Yorkhill. About the time of the inception of the movement he wrote a fine article for *Good Words* dealing with it, and 1892 he published "Baxter's Second Innings," specially for the Boys' Brigade. From 1887 onwards till 1893, while busy in his lecture work, he conducted meetings for young men, and more particularly for the medical students of Edinburgh University. In the spring of 1893 he went to America for the purpose of delivering the Lowell Institute lectures at Boston, which formed the ground work for his last important work "The Ascent of

Man." This did not pass into the hands of the public without trouble resulting, as it brought him into collision with certain parties in his church, and caused him much personal anxiety. The effect of its production and the amount of criticism it elicited are still fresh in the public memory.

In that volume he developed and laid emphasis upon the ethical elements in human nature as well as in animals, which appear in the process of evolution and struggle for existence. A marked feature of all his literary work was his use of beautiful English, his style being almost unrivalled. Whilst he was in America he delivered lectures at a number of the Universities, notably Amherst, Chicago, and Yale. His labours, in fact, were of a wide and varied description, and all had one great and noble end—the benefit of his fellow-men. Through the medium of his books and lectures he wielded a great influence, both in this country and in America. As a small example of his work in Glasgow, it may be mentioned that he was one of the originators of the P.S.A. for men in connection with the Canal

Boatmen's Institute, and acted as its president.

As a

speaker or lecturer,

Professor Drummond had a wonderful fascination. He spoke with great composure and felicity of expression, and with a simple, quiet manner, but with a tone that riveted enduring attention, and invariably made an impression. In his religious addresses he had the somewhat uncommon combination of evangelistic fervour and refined presentation of Christianity, a type that the time greatly needed. As a writer he was possessed of great power. His little books especially were masterpieces of felicitous presentation of some important phases of Christianity—in fact prose poems.

His last work was not favourably received. It met with a doubtful reception both from scientific people and the religious community. Others, however looked upon it as a contribution of real value, and as putting a good many of the points which had been raised in science in connection with various parts of the subject in a very simple and popular way, so as to make them level to the general comprehension. The tendency of the book was regarded as showing that

the character of God as presented in Jesus, and the character of God as exhibited in Nature were the same. The general scope of the book was excellent, and went a considerable way towards the reconciliation of the scientific view of the world with the religious view. In his book "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" the incoming of life into the world was represented as being the result of absolute Divine causality, but there are some who assert that latterly Professor Drummond was not prepared to abide by this position. The views expressed in the "Ascent of Man" excited considerable discussion in the ecclesiastical courts, and were the subject of a debate in the General Assembly of 1895. Twelve overtures, all from Presbyteries in the north of Scotland, had been transmitted contending that the views expressed in the book were at variance with the Biblical account of the origin of man, and calling on the Assembly to take steps to vindicate the truth, and restore confidence in the Church and the teaching of the Professor. Principal Rainy moved a resolution, which was eventually carried, finding in the book's teachings no

ground for judicial investigation. He voiced the opinion of the majority of the House when he stated that with respect to its scientific doctrines the members were not competent to pronounce a judgement, and that if the Assembly were to launch into the question of how their Christian faith was related to the present discussions of science, it should not be upon that book. Throughout the discussion the highest esteem of Professor Drummond's life and work was expressed. Dr. Stalker, as a lifelong friend declared that he was strongly prejudiced in the Professor's favour. He was prejudiced by his prayers, he was prejudiced by his Christ-like character, by his unselfish and holy life. He did not agree with him in all his opinions, nor approve of all he had done or left undone; but he would say that Professor Drummond had done for his country and his Master a work so uniqne that there was not another among them that could have done it. Principal Rainy alluded to his remarkable literary qualities, his attractive character, and the readiness and insight with which he devoted his gifts to bringing men, and

especially young men, to the service of Christ. On that occasion fervent hopes were expressed on every hand that Professor Drummond would soon be restored to health in order that he might defend and elucidate his position. His attainments as a scientist and a traveller were recognised by his being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Geological Society. Whilst taking an interest in out-door recreations generally, Professor Drummond's special hobby was angling.

Professor Drummond was a

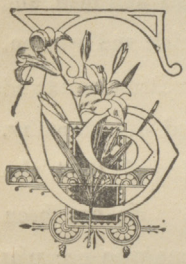
Liberal in Politics,

and followed Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule departure. He was on many occasions pressed to enter the political arena as a candidate, but he steadily declined. At some of the first Home Rule meetings he took a prominent part, and his views on the question had remained unaltered. Professor Drummond possessed a magnetic personality, and a marvellous charm of manner. All classes felt the spell of his influence, and he endeared himself greatly to a large circle of friends, who feel his loss as

irreparable. For many years a close friendship subsisted between him and Lord and Lady Aberdeen. It is well known that the latter, since her marriage, has put forth herculean efforts towards the social improvement of the agricultural population in Aberdeenshire, establishing classes for the improvement of the education of the youths and men, and sewing and cookery classes for the girls and women. In that philanthropic work Professor Drummond and Lady Aberdeen found a close bond of sympathy.

Up till the beginning of the spring of 1894 the Professor enjoyed splendid health. He has been characterised by a close friend, and one who occupies a high position in the city, as "one of the purest souls I ever knew."

CHAPTER III.—PUBLIC ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER AND WORK.



THE followiug racy sketch of Professor Drummond was written by a correspondent to the *News* :—

"Is it true that Professor Drummond does not begin his daily lecture by prayer, and close it with the benediction?" "Quite true." And at this corroboration of her worst fears the lady of the Manse lay back in her chair, and looked with mingled pity and horror at the poor student whose cruel lot brought him under the influence of such an example. Whether worthy of pity or not, the fact could not be denied. Professor Drummond is unconventional, or he is nothing. At the beginning of his course he offers up prayer, and at the end of

the session he pronounces the benediction. He has great justification for his example. There can be no reverence displayed, or edification received, when men come straggling in, sharpening pencils and hunting out pens, or when they are wiping off the ink from their fingers and stretching out their cramped limbs after an hour's hard note-taking. One Professor can't refrain from gathering up his papers when pronouncing the benediction, while another utters his "Amen" at the door, only to turn his head and exclaim, "by-the-bye, gentlemen, we will have an examination to-morrow." The most conventional man in Society, Professor Drummond is the most unconventional man in his thinking. He refuses to be classed in any school of thought, either of science or theology. He is *sui generis*—a distinct type by himself. In fact he has no theology at all, and some specialists have been bold enough to say he has no science either. This is a libel for he teaches three sciences in one session of four months, and is he not the author of "Natural Law in the spiritual world?"

"A professor of science has hard lines in a theological hall. He cannot get rid of the feeling that he is a fish out of water. He is not allowed time or facilities for the exhaustive prosecution of one science, and the students who are scientifically inclined are hurried on to subjects which are supposed to be more in the line of their future work. Of course, too, there are at college some of the *perfervidum theologicum* type, who revel in, and grovel in, abstruse doctrines, historical heresies and orthodoxies, and the many systems which have "had their day," and now have "ceased to be." They look with scorn upon anything so materialistic as science, and naturally the teacher of this obnoxious subject comes in for a share of mild sarcasm. Professor Drummond however, does his part well. He expounds the great principles which underlie all science; he teaches the methods, and gives a glimpse of some of the acknowledged facts, of the various sciences he treats. All this is bound to widen the minds and broaden the sympathies of men who are too apt to devote themselves exclusively to one line of thought. But, besides this

useful capacity, Professor Drummond has one equally important. He is pre-eminently the ornament of the Hall. Visitors from all quarters—Americans, English, Frenchmen, and Germans—come to Glasgow Free Church College, and immediately ask for Professor Drummond's class-room. The sight of his tall stately figure, with trousers of the chess-board pattern and elegant little velvet jacket, satisfies them utterly. If also he condescends to speak to them—and few men are so affable—their enchantment is complete. He has a charm of manner and an electricity of eye which fascinates. When conversing with you he gives you the impression that he is intensely interested in *you* of all men. This power, carried into his public speaking, gives him the wonderful hold over his audience which he possesses. He revels in adjectives, and if possible in superlatives. To him there are a host of "Greatest Things in the World." He wants always to tell you of them, and you are expected to open your eyes in wonder, and feel duly astounded. With all the gusto of a rabid Ruskinite he will inform an audience in choice

language that a newly-ploughed field is the most beautiful thing in the world. It is invigorating to hear him discourse on a pet subject in his own peculiar manner, which combines the freshness of youth with the wisdom of age. Readers of his books will remember how he delights in antithesis of style and thought. He is himself the greatest antithesis he has ever produced. Now living in a University settlement in the slums of Edinburgh—then the occupant of a mansion in Park Circus in Glasgow. Now working a mission among the working men of Possilpark—then teaching science to divinity students. Now a solitary traveller in the midst of an African forest—then the "lion" of London drawing-rooms. Now the helper of Moody and Sankey among the anxious enquirers of their revivalist meetings—then giving Bible readings to a select company of lords and duchesses. In all of these things he was sincere, and in none of them is there any contradiction. It merely illustrates his style of doing things, and represents a little of his versatility. As far as his intercourse with the students of the Free Church College is concerned, the

most enjoyable is the Annual Excursion of his Class to Arran. At the end of March he takes his students to Brodick ostensibly for geological purposes, though the amount of geology done will certainly not revolutionize the science. Not that nothing is learnt—men could hardly go to such a fruitful geological field as Arran, with such a man as Professor Drummond, without adding something to their stock of scientific knowledge. One trip is organised for fossil hunting at Corrie, another for climbing Goatfell, another to inspect glacial action at Glen Cloy. And what with contagion of company, concerts in the evenings, and the usual larks of students, a highly festive, as well as a highly instructive, time is spent.

Professor Drummond is now on the way to Australia, at the urgent invitation of a host of Australian students and magnates. He will "take" there as everywhere. He is a man who cannot but be popular wherever he goes. The charm of his *grand* manner can't be withstood. His books, too, have had a wonderful popularity. His little booklet on "The Greatest Thing in the World," published three or four

months ago, has already had the most abnormal sale of nearly a hundred thousand copies. He thus belongs to a much wider circle than the Glasgow College, or even the Free Church itself. Professor Drummond has a great gift of description, hitting off a person or thing in a sentence. He describes a common kind of sermon as "ten minutes introduction, ten minutes illustration, ten minutes application—and '*Lord Ullin's Daughter.*'" This last startling part of the programme refers to the inevitable peroration tagged on with or without connection, and as likely as not hauling in some such poem as an appropriate finish to anything or nothing. The gift is a valuable one for a public speaker, but, unfortunately with Professor Drummond's recorded speeches, his good things become public property, to be used again all over the land. This must mean a heavy task to keep up to the record, and makes it desirable that he should startle another continent with his *bon mots*, and gather new ones for another crusade.

The Ascent of Man.

It is a very curious and interesting fact that Mr Drummond's "Ascent of Man" met with a much less cordial reception than did his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." It is probably true that the latter got as much less than its deserts as the former got more. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" enabled men to "hold on"; "The Ascent of Man" invited them to "go ahead." And then, again, a certain impatience existed in orthodox scientific circles with these attempts to reconcile old and new; and the criticism of the later work was more thorough than that of the earlier. Nevertheless, it will probably be the case that the later work will be of more enduring nature than the earlier, because its role is ethical. The author attempted "to tell in a plain way a few of the things that science is now saying with regard to 'The Ascent of Man,'" but his great object was to show that love had been the greatest factor in evolution. Against the pure scientist's "struggle for life" Professor Drummond placed "the struggle for the life of others," and declared that this was the

greatest factor in evolution, and that it had been rather overlooked by recent scientific writers. The end is not yet. If the God of this universe is anything other than a great scientific Being, He is a God of love, and in that event it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that He might make love an important factor in the practical working-out of His ideas. The Anointed Souls who have lived and died that man might have a more abundant life have not yet been reduced to the category of scientific phenomena, but there they are, and they have had to do with the "Ascent of Man." Love has done much for us, and can do more, and the day may yet dawn when the theory of evolution will be duly developed a little further, and Professor Drummond's labours will then be remembered. He has left us all too soon, but it is well that, before he passed, he should say of the "science and exploring" of this our day, "The greatest of these is love;" and that he should add, as a last word to his brothers, "Peace be with you." It is a beautiful rendering, for where love is there is peace.

His Magnum Opus.

Very few works have had such a wide sale as Prof. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." It was a book which, in some quarters usually considered competent, was described as being characterised by two very important features—"scientific calmness" and "religious earnestness." It was an attempt to show that the same laws that dominated the physical realm prevailed also in the spiritual sphere. The author stated some of the great "laws of nature" in terms of the evolutionary hypothesis. Under Professsor Drummond's treatment "Biogenesis," for example, became, when stated in terms ef religion, "regeneration." In like manner spiritual death became "want of correspondence,' and eternal life was transformed into perfect correspondence with the spiritual environment of God; and again, "conformity to type" resolved itself into "conformity to the image" of Christ. The book created an immense sensation, but it never quite escaped from the suspicion that it was a very able bit of special pleading. There were at the time

of its appearance many men in the religious world who were greatly in need of guidance. They did not quite know how to reconcile the new with the old. To all such the book was a godsend. And yet, quite apart from this circumstance, the work had a value of its own. After all, the great ideas that have dominated the minds of men through many generations have an element of truth in them which is infinitely superior to what may be called the characteristic moulds in which they may be cast by the passing generations, and Prof. Drummond's work has been of value to many minds because it has suggested thought in this direction rather than carried conviction that identity, or even correspondences, may be established between physical laws and spiritual laws. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is not and never will be a great authoritative work, but it did a great service. It made men think, and it has therefore had much to do with that development of liberal religious thought in the Evangelical churches which is giving some people much anxiety, but which for all that is likely to lead

to a great religious revival in the not distant future.

The estimate of his worth is thus referred to by *The New Age*—

"A notable and winning personality has been removed by the lamented death of Professor Henry Drummond. He is a product of the larger evangelicalism of the Free Church of Scotland, and has come under the influences of the last twenty five years, which have all tended to breadth and not to narrowness. Henry Drummond was born in one of the homes of Scotland where the traditions were distinctively evangelical and somewhat narrow. His father was a notable man in his day, an earnest Sabbath-school teacher, a capital business man, and a large-hearted giver to all good causes. His uncle, Peter Drummond, founded the Stirling Tract enterprise, and was a burning evangelical of the straitest sect.

Young Henry Drummond, from all accounts, was fonder of out-door sports than books in his early days. He passed through the Stirling High School and Crieff Academy, and went to Edinburgh University,

and achieved one solitary success. He was medallist in the class of geology under Dr. Geikie. That was prophetic of what came in after years. He entered New College, Edinburgh, and had for his friends and contemporaries some famous men, like Dr. James Stalker, and Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), and the Rev. R. W. Barbour, of Bonskeid, a poet of no mean repute. All these men and others of lesser degree came under the spell of Drummond's personality, and clung to him to the very last.

The most interesting part of his life is his connection with the great American evangelist, D.L.Moody. Drummond got caught in the fervour of the Moody and Sankey movement which woke up Scotland and left its mark on the religious life of the country. To the very last the American evangelist believed in Drummond, and the affection of the Professor for the hero of his early days was undimmed to the very end.

By-and-by Henry Drummond settled down in Glasgow as missionary in Possilpark and science lecturer in Glasgow College. And he came under the spell of another strong man, Dr. Marcus Dods,

and began to think of publishing a book half mission addresses and the other half science lectures. We are by this time tolerably familiar with the story of his plunging into the Dark Continent, and returning to find himself famous. And one remembers yet the shoal of pamphlets against the book, how the men of science raged, and the theologians imagined vain things, while the philosophers wrung their hands helplessly at a writer who ignored personal volition, and calmly reasoned from man to the lower animals. But the book "caught on" and was a phenomenal success, and its author became famous. And then the lectureship at Glasgow blossomed into a professorship, and Drummond had to be ordained. But he never took kindly to the role of professor. He was a layman at heart and a literary man, and not a professor. No man ever saw him with a white tie. It may be questioned if he ever entered a regular pulpit. The Presbytery of Glasgow did not know him as a member. He only took an interest in one Assembly, and it was to put his friend, Dr. Marcus Dods, into his chair.

Professor Drummond was in the Free Church, but not of the Free Church, and he had the force and courage to take his own way. But he took a keen interest in social questions and in politics. He became an evangelist to the students of Edinburgh, and must have done them great good. Not, however, on the old lines of Moody. He had drifted away from these early days, but he had a gospel which he believed and taught, and he did a good deal of his thinking in public and was always greater as a talker than a thinker. And his life wore on. He was a lion in society, the friend of the upper classes, but he loved the working men in his old mission district. He could address drawing-rooms and do slumming, and he had a great interest in the Boys' Brigade. And he published booklets which caused deep searchings of heart, but sold by the thousand. He was a great traveller and went over a large part of the world, and became broader and more unconventional as he went on. He was unconventional in his beliefs, and only opened his class with prayer at the

beginning of a session and closed with the benediction at the end! No wonder that the ordinary Free Church people shook their heads when his name was mentioned.

Was Drummond a religious teacher? is the question that will be asked, and it must be answered in the negative. He never was an accurate student or a clear thinker, but he was the master of a splendid style of writing, and everything he wrote has a wonderful charm. The closing days of his career are sad enough. The Lowell Lectures were delivered, the "Ascent of Man" was published. It met with a doubtful reception; it even reached the General Assembly. But there was no heresy hunt; the Free Church had got beyond that. Besides, he had been seized with illness, and for two years he has been out of public view. But his friends have all been true to the end. They gathered round him and cheered him, and he leaned on them in his time of waiting and weakness. And now the end has come, and the man who could be the friend of D. L. Moody and Dr Marcus Dods, and

many others besides, has gone away, leaving a great blank. He was a winning personality, a pure soul, a gifted son of the Free Church, who has died in mid-time of his days, and his place cannot easily be filled.

CHAPTER IV.—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

IS particular malady up to the last defied medical diagnosis. It first made its effect felt upon his vitality after his return from America, now nearly two years ago, where he had delivered a series of lectures afterwards to become famous when published under the title of "The Ascent of Man." Shortly after his return from America he had to give up his professional duties never to take them up again. The exact nature of his illness was a mystery to his medical attendants at Bath. This was the second winter in which he was absent from the Free Church College. He went about from one English spa to another, a confirmed invalid, with the hope that a course of the different waters and complete

cessation from work would restore him to his wonted vigour. But all without avail. He finally became quite helpless, and had to be taken about in a Bath chair. It was a great comfort and joy to him in this condition when one or other of his old friends and colleagues visited him. Dr. F. H. Barbour, Professor G. A Smith, and Dr. Stalker were very assdiuous in their attentions, and on those occasions flashes of the old buoyant disposition and brilliant wit would break out. He could even find spirit sufficient to cast the shadow of his well-remembered humour over his sad lot. When Dr. Smith visited him at Tunbridge Wells early in the present winter, and spent a few days with him he gave him at parting a message of thanks to take to the students at the Free Church College for their sympathy, and to the Doctor he gave a photograph of himself seated in a Bath chair, under which he had written "The Descent of Man." There is a pathos in this last instance of Professor Drummond's mercurial and sanguine temperament that is very touching in view of his death.

In the autumn of 1894 he was seized with a chil. which developed into persistent rheumatic pains and catarrh of the stomach, from which he suffered all the subsequent session, doing his work with great difficulty, till in March 1895 he left Scotland, on the advice of his doctor, for the South of France. There he underwent treatment at the baths, and from medical specialists till July, when he returned to this country rather worse than he left. Under somewhat changed treatment at Tunbridge Wells, where he was attended by Dr. Claude Wilson, and visited periodically by Professor Greenfield and Dr. Hugh F. Barbour, his Scottish medical attendants, his state of health improved, but the following winter he become unable even to sit up. In addition to the rheumatism from which he suffered, it is presumed there was some affection of the spine, but by midsummer 1896 his health had begun to improve, and in October it was publicly announced that he had made considerable progress, visible to his friends, and certified by his doctors. This continued till the middle of January, when he appeared to have caught cold. It was known to

private friends that the end was rapidly drawing near, and a telegram was received by Professor G. A. Smith to the effect that the fatal termination was approaching. Drs. Barbour and Greenfield were immediately summoned, but their services were unavailing, and he became weaker and more fevered till the following morning, when he became unconscious, and passed away between 12 and 1 o'clock in the afternoon. During the last eighteen months he had been physically incapacitated, but throughout all his illness his mind was absolutely unaffected. He took the keenest interest in all public and scientific questions, discussing them with marked ability with all his friends, and his spirit was seldom anything but cheerful.

The sad news was made known in Glasgow in quite touching circumstances. Free Church Professors and ministers, and many clergymen of the other Presbyterian denominations, as well as a large body of the leading laymen had gathered in large numbers within the Free College Church to pay their last tribute of respect to the late Professor Candlish,

and there, when the coffin had just been placed and the funeral service was about to begin, a telegram was handed to Dr. Bruce who presided. He at once opened it and announced to a sorrowing assembly that another and even more widely known member of the senatus of the Free Church College had passed away. Feeling references were made in the subsequent prayers to the fresh calamity which had thus fallen on the Free Church. The sense of Professor Drummond's loss will radiate over a much wider area than the denomination with which his work as a Professor connected him. Wherever he was known, either personally or by reason of his writings, he will be mourned as a man of outstanding intellect and of charming personality cut off in his prime. Not that he has been suddenly stricken down, for the obscure trouble which ultimately caused his death has for the past two years put him aside from all active work.

Professor Drummond was

a man that could ill be spared.

His place in the intellectual and social life, not only of Glasgow, but of the whole United Kingdom, will be

difficult to fill. The loss will indeed be felt over the seas, for his name has gone out wherever the English tongue is spoken and men take an intelligent interest in the great problems of life. There were still apparently many years of valuable work in him when he was stricken down only in his prime birth, and he gave promise of exercising a very wide influence had he been spared to riper years.

In his

tribute

to Professor Drummond, Dr. Marcus Dodds remarks:—"Death has removed one of the most widely known, best beloved, and most influential of our contemporaries. Probably there is no man of our time, be he statesman, philosopher, poet, or novelist, whose words have been more widely read or read with intenser eagerness and with greater spiritual profit. Perhaps no man of this generation was endowed with so distinctive an individuality, and exercised so unique an influence as Henry Drummond. The blank he leaves it is impossible to fill. So singular a combination of gifts as he possessed will

not be found twice in a century. And happily there went along with these exceptional gifts an instinct which forbade him to tie himself to the ordinary methods, or profession, or labours of this world. Not more original were his qualities than his mode of using them. He lived out his own—a natural human life, untrammelled by all conventionalism and professionalism. He recognised with remarkable precision the work he could do, and never suffered himself even by the ill-advised entreaties of friendship to be drawn aside into any labour or sphere to which his own qualities did not call him. In nothing was his strength of character more habitually or more convincingly exhibited. The detachment from the ordinary methods and engagements of our professional and social life, the independence with which he broke out a path for himself, largely contributed to his influence. To this boldness in following his own instincts, and refusal to be merged in a professional class, were due both his characteristic reading of religion through the terms of science and his unprecedented influence with young men, aad especially

with the students of Edinburgh University. Probably this is the part of his work which will have the most abiding results. For several years before he was laid aside he addressed the students of Edinburgh University on the Sunday evenings during the winter session. It was through these addresses that he directly brought himself into touch with the class of men he was uniquely qualified to influence. Face to face with hundreds of well educated and inquiring young men, the charm of his personality, the purity of his character, and the pellucid clearness of his thinking at once made themselves felt. There was a fascination in his quiet, unimpassioned, but earnest and sincere utterance, in the extraordinary felicity of his style, and in the convincing reasonableness of his appeal, which held men enchained. To very many these evenings were the turning point of life, to many the private talk that followed on the street or in the lodgings left seeds which will bear fruit to life eternal. It was in these talks that the acuteness of his perception, and the unlimited sympathy he had with all conditions of spirit and of life, served him so well.

With no apparent effort, certainly with no shade of ostentation he won the confidence of those who sought his help. The novel type of religious character he manifested, unlocked the reserve of men who had been accustomed to shrink from the sanctimonious and professional guise in which religion had previously appeared to them. The sense, the breath, the quick humour, the sincerity, the eagerness to be of service, which were apparent to all who were even slightly acquainted with him, lent a new attraction to religion. The help thus afforded to individuals, the strengthening and deepening of religious convictions throughout our own and other lands, the fresh impulse given to Christian faith by this one man's work and character, the good he has left behind him—these things are simply incalculable. Not only as teacher but as friend was Professor Drummond unusually widely known, and to those who enjoyed his friendship it was one of the richest elements in their life. To any one who had need of him he seemed to have no concerns of his own to attend to. He was wholly at the disposal of those whom he could help. It was

this active and self-forgetting sympathy, this sensitiveness to the condition of everyone he met, which won the heart of peer and peasant, which made him the most delightful of companions and the most serviceable of friends. His presence was bright and exhilarating as sunshine. An even happiness and disengagement from all selfish care were his characteristics. Sometimes one thought that with his brilliant gifts, his great opportunities, his rare success, it was easy for him to be happy, but his prolonged and painful illness has shown us that his happiness was far more surely founded. Penetrate as deeply as you might into his nature, and scrutinise it as keenly, you never met anything to disappoint, anything to incline you to suspend your judgment or modify your verdict that here you had a man as nearly perfect as you had ever known any to be. To see him in unguarded moments was only to see new evidence of the absolute purity and nobility of his nature; to see him in trying circumstances was only to have his serenity and soundness of spirit thrown into stronger relief, and at the heart of all lay his profound religious

reverence, his unreserved acceptance of Christ and Christ's ideal and law of life. Little concerned about the formalities of religion, ashamed of some of the popular travesties of Christianity, he was through and through, first of all and last of all, a follower and a subject of Christ. This congregation and town (he was speaking in Stirling) may well be congratulated on having given to Scotland and to the world a man whose name may possibly not be as familiar to posterity as some others, but who unquestionably has left his mark as deeply as any in his generation, and who has as effectually poured his life and personality into the lives of his fellow-men, and permanently enriched the stream of human experience, and all of us who have either profited by his character and his writings, or who have rejoiced in his friendship, feel, now that he is gone from among us, that nothing would pain him more than that we should fail to be faithful to his teachings and to his example. To many of us he interpreted Christ, and now he interprets Heaven, and if it may be said with reverence, lends a richer reality and attractive-

ness to the life beyond. This life is very sensibly impoverished to many of us by his removal, but the unseen life is proportionally enriched. We are apt to question the providence which removes so much needed an influence from our midst, and smites down in mid career one who might have done untold service that no other can so well render; but as it was expedient that our Lord himself should discontinue his presence on earth that his spirit might more powerfully move the hearts of men, so it is hard for us to part with our friend. Yet even already one can discern that his influence has in it a new element of sacredness, and that with more than his old charm he beckons us now not merely to the hours of pure and memorable enjoyment he gave us on earth, but to eternal fellowship with Himself and those glorified followers of Him who died for us that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with Him."

CHAPTER V—BURIAL.

ON Monday, 15th March, the body of Henry Drummond was laid to rest, beside his father's, upon the Castle slope in Stirling, by a very large company of friends and disciples from all parts of the kingdom, and some from America, writes a correspondent of the *British Weekly*. It was a wild March day of sleet and rain; the Castle Rock and the steep town black with wet, under heavy clouds; the surrounding hills white with snow.

At a quarter-past two Professor Drummond's relatives and nearer friends gathered in his mother's house; and there two of his closest companions, the Rev. D. M. Ross and the Rev. James Brown, conducted a short service. At three o'clock the public

service took place in the North Free Church. It was a wonderful congregation that filled the dark Gothic building, the one white spot the coffin beneath its wreaths of lilies in the choir. Round the coffin were a number of ministers and professors, and in the body of the church his relations and oldest friends, his doctors, the Provost and magistrates of Stirling, the church choir, the students and Janitor of his College, officials of the Boy's Brigade, representatives of the Canal Boatmen's Institute, and a crowd of old pupils and disciples. The public filled the galleries. Dr. Stalker, who presided, opened the service with prayer. The hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was sung; and Dr. G. A. Smith read the Old Testament lesson, being the following words from David's elegy—

> The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places:
> How are the mighty fallen!
> How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
> O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places
> I am distressed for thee my Brother Jonathan;
> Very pleasant hast thou been unto me;
> Thy love to me was wonderful,
> Passing the love of women—

and the Twenty-Third Psalm. Professor Charteris

of Edinburgh University, then prayed. Before giving out the second hymn Dr. Stalker read three telegrams from America. One was from the students of PrincetonUniversity; "Princeton, with all American students, sympathises with students of Scotland in the death of Henry Drummond." Another was from the Honourable W. E. Dodge and friends in New York. The third was from Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada: "Corda levemus ad Dominum, gratias etiam agamus nostro Deo, dignum et justum est." Dr. Stalker said that the two hymns chosen for the service had been chosen because they were the two for which Professor Drummond had asked most frequently during his last days. On the Sunday evening before his death Dr. Barbour was sitting with him playing over hymn tunes. He seemed to be lying taking little notice, till Dr. Barbour played the tune "Martyrdom," and he observed Drummond's hands beating time upon the couch. Dr. Barbour began to sing the hymn, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," and Drummond joined in, singing it clearly to the very end. When it was finished he said, "Ah, Hugh,

there's nothing to beat that." Dr. Stalker asked the congregation to sing the hymn, the four verses of which are these :—

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honour all His laws.

Jesus, my Lord! I know His name;
His name is all my boast:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

I know that safe with Him remains
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

After this the New Testament lesson was read from the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and Dr. Alexander Whyte led the congregation in prayer. The Benediction was pronounced by Professor Bruce.

The procession to the cemetery was formed outside in the following order :—Fifty boys from the St. Ninians and Bannockburn Battalions of the Boys

Brigade, with their officers; thirty students of the Free Church College, Glasgow, with the professors, the treasurers, and the janitor of the College; the hearse; the chief mourners, including Professor Drummond's brothers, sisters, nephews, and other relatives; the Provost and magistrates, and the large number of Professor Drummond's other friends and the representatives of the various movements with which he was connected.

The rain had ceased as the procession wound into and up the long, steep street that leads past the High School to the Greyfriars Church beside the Castle. At the gate of the churchyard the coffin was taken from the hearse and carried on the shoulder of students to the grave. As the coffin was lowered into the grave the students sang the last verse of "O God, our help in ages past," and then the Burial Prayer was offered up by the Rev. D. M. Ross. The great company remained till the earth was filled in and the wreaths laid upon the top of it. He rests under the shadow of the old Greyfriars Church, and not far from the Martyrs' Monument.

Tributes

to the

Memory

and

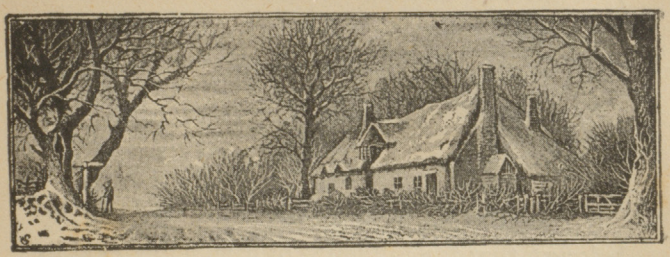
Personal Qualities

of

Professor Henry Drummond,

by

Eminent Writers.

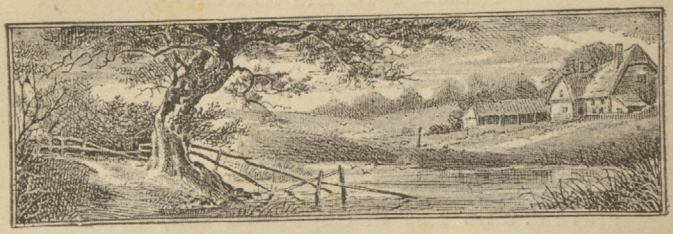


Rev. Dr. Frew's Tribute.

AT the conclusion of the service in St. Ninian's U.P. Church, Dr. Frew spoke as follows :— A dark cloud has passed over the town of Stirling and neighbourhood, and the whole English - speaking world, by the sad event of Thursday You will see at once that I refer to the death of Professor Henry Drummond. He has died at the comparatively early age of 46, but "He lives long

who lives well." It isn't for me to pronounce any eulogium on him—this will be done by more competent hands, and in many places—but I wish only to say, as minister of this church and as associated with the family to which he belongs, that the influence of him whom God in His wisdom has taken away extended to a wide sphere. His influence extended not only to the poorest and humblest classes of society, but to the titled, and the great, and the learned. He has been useful as a teacher from the Professor's Chair, and from the platform, and through the press, and in reference to this last I would only say in a word that, in the opinion of the most competent judges, he commanded as pure and classic an English style as has been known from the days of Addison downwards, and the circulation of his numerous works rivals that of Scott, and Macaulay, and even "Ian Maclaren," the author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush." I can only say that I wish to seize the opportunity of expressing profound sym-

pathy with the Free Church in the loss of so distinguished a son. The grave had scarcely closed over the distinguished Professor Candlish when they are called on again to weep over the grave of a no less distinguished son, Professor Henry Drummond. We sympathise with the Free Church—it is our duty as a sister Church so to do—and I embrace the opportunity of claiming your sympathy with the bereaved family, with the aged mother, and with the family of the Drummonds, who have been so long and so favourably known amongst us. May God grant them the consolation of His word and spirit in this dark and trying hour, and carry them through, especially the trying scenes of to-morrow. Amen.



Stirling Y.M.C.A. and the Professor.

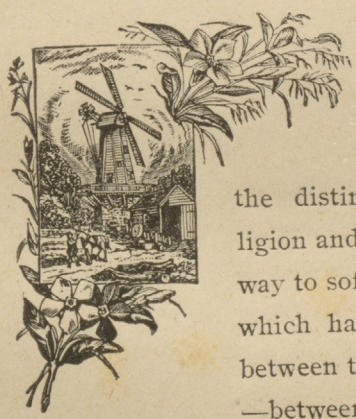
AN "In Memoriam" meeting was held in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms on Monday evening —Mr. Wm. Mackay presiding. An apology for absence was read from Mr. D. Crystal, solicitor. Referring to Professor Drummond's unselfishness, he wrote—"To help others he forgot himself and his own concerns. Of him, as of St. Francis, a true description would be—'Servus

servorum Domini.'" Mr. Hugh Gavin was the first speaker, and he gave some statistics of the visits of the Edinburgh University Students to Stirling about ten or twelve years ago, as arranged by Professor Drummond and the Y.M.C.A., and at several of the meetings then carried on the Professor himself spoke, the principal one being a Sabbath evening, when the Arcade Hall was filled with men only. The work inaugurated by Professor Drummond was carried on by the Stirling Y.M.C.A., and Meetings were held in numerous centres round Stirling, with large audiences and good results, but of the benefit received in Stirling itself it was most effectual and far-reaching, all sections of the community being brought under the influence of the work. Mr. Paterson, in his remarks, told of finding one of the Professor's works on the table of a friend of his in Germany, and gave instances of the work of the Professor which had come under his own observation. After "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord' had been sung,

and a prayer, Mr. James Gray spoke. Perhaps his most important contribution was the story of the children's service in Erskine Church many years ago, at which he was present. The service was being conducted by Robertson of Newington, a famous preacher to young people, and the church was so crowded that children were sitting right up the pulpit stairs into the pulpit itself. Henry Drummond was then a fair-haired lad of twelve to fourteen summers. When Robertson gave out the passage of Scripture to be read, he turned to Henry Drummond at his side and putting his hand on his head, said, "Now, my lad, you'll read the chapter," which Henry at once did in a clear and distinct tone of voice, Mr. David Kinross reminded the meeting that Professor Drummond had opened the present Y.M.C.A. Rooms in Stirling, but the work by which he would live in the memories of those present who had known him was the Students Missions in Stirling, to which reference had been made by previous speakers. Mr. James Gavin

followed in a similar strain; while Mr. Thomas Elder and the Chairman spoke to the benefits received by them from the Professor's writings, and especially from "The Greatest Thing in the World," extracts from which were read by the latter. The meeting was afterwards brought to a close.

Tribute by "Illustrated Family Newspaper."



THE tendency of religion in later years has been to minimize the distinction between religion and science, and in this way to soften the antagonisms which have been manifested between theology and science—between nature and the supernatural. In this work the Duke of Argyll was a pioneer, and in later times he has been

succeeded by a class of scientific students, of whom Professor Henry Drummond was easily chief. It may be that some of his views have seemed to consist more of word-phrasing than of clear, intelligible statement of scientific truth, as, for example, when he thought to project gravity into the world of spirit. Be that, however, as it may, neither Professor Drummond's sincerity nor his service to Christian thought can be for a moment questioned by any familiar with his strongest and most enduring work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." With an eloquent earnestness peculiar to the man, he has declared—"I can scarcely now say whether I was more overcome with thankfulness that nature was so like revelation, or more filled with wonder that revelation was so like nature." And again he affirms that "science may be called upon to arbitrate at some points between conflicting creeds, and while there are some departments of theology where its jurisdiction cannot be sought, there are others in which nature may yet have

to define the contents as well as the limits of belief." However this may be, it is certain that Professor Drummond's "Natural Law" has left an abiding impress upon the thought of the day. His thought, to some extent, is new: it goes beyond the suggestions of Argyll. To what further thought along and beyond his lines Professor Drummond's writings shall furnish the motive, and what will be the characteristics of the newer thought, it is, of course, impossible to predict—that can be disclosed only by time. We cannot better close this brief notice than by quoting his own summing-up of his philosophy, which he presents in these clear sentences:—"After all," says Professor Drummond, "the true greatness of law lies in its vision of the unseen. Law in the visible is the invisible in the visible. To magnify the laws of nature as laws of this small world of ours is to take a provincial view of the universe."

Tribute by the Rev. D. M. Ross, Free St John's, Dundee.

WITH the death of Professor Henry Drummond there has passed away a unique figure in the religious life of Scotland, if, indeed, it can be said that one who has left so deep a mark on the life of his time has passed away. The life and work of Henry Drummond have been a great gift to our country, and indeed to the whole of Protestant Christendom. He was cast in no recognised mould. He was no orator

like Principal Caird or Dr. Whyte, though he had a power of impressive speech which any orator might envy. He was no scholar like Professor Robertson Smith; he was no theological thinker like Principal Rainy or Professor Flint; he was no poet like Dr. Walter Smith; he was no ecclesiastical leader such as our Presbyterian Church has never failed to produce. He was a man by himself, with an individuality as remarkable for its strength as for its wealth—an individuality that marked out for him the unique work he accomplished for his generation. Though neither a pulpit orator, nor theological scholar, nor theological thinker, nor ecclesiastical statesman, he was the best known and most widely influential man in any of the Scottish Churches. He had the ear not only of the English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic, but of Protestant Christians in Germany, France, Scandinavia, and other lands; and he had the ear not only of the Churches, but of thousands of earnest men and women who were disposed

to reckon themselves "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel." No preacher of our day has had a larger congregation, and one may safely say that no preacher of our day has touched his congregation to finer issues.

Behind this extraordinary influence lay the unique personality of the man. All who knew him in the sweet sanctities of personal friendship confess that he was the man of all their acquaintance who was most free not only of any unlovliness of character, but of any of those little personal weaknesses by which even saints and heroes are often spotted. The rounded perfection of his character was the perpetual admiration of his friends. But beyond this singular flawlessness of character there was a strange magnetic force in his personality that laid a kind of spell upon those who came in contact with him. Those who have heard him address an evangelistic meeting, and recall the power with which he fascinated and subdued his audience, will understand what I mean. It was spiritual magnetism

of the finest sort. One does not wonder at the influence he wielded for many years as the unofficial preacher to the students of Edinburgh University. It was not merely the teaching which attracted the academic youth to his meetings—though that was indeed striking enough in its freshness and breadth and beauty—but the charm of a personality that was in itself an inspiration for higher thoughts and worthier lives. Apart altogether from what Professor Drummond has achieved by his writings, the spiritual life of our country, and of many a country beyond Scotland, is the richer to-day for the outgoiug of his strong personality into the lives of so many thousands of our young men. Even had he never published a single booklet he would still have been one of the great formative influences for the moral and religious life of his day.

Outside the wide circle of those whom Professor Drummond influenced by the spoken word there is a still wider circle of those who have been reached by his writings. Controversy

has raged round almost everything that he has written—controversy, it may be noted in passing, that never drew from him one bitter word in reply, even to the most unfair and ungenerous of his critics. This is not the time nor place to revive these old controversies or to pronounce upon the questions in debate between Professor Drummond and his critics. It is as a spiritual teacher, and not as a speculative thinker, that he has done his work, and it is as such that his writings have been eagerly welcomed by hundreds of thousands of readers. It is difficult to analyse the secret of the extraordinary influence he has exercised as a practical teacher by his writings: in work of such fine quality as his there are subtle elements which elude analysis—subtle elements which may count for more in the explanation of his influence than elements that are more obtrusive. I venture to indicate three of the more obvious characteristics of his teaching:—

First, if one may be forgiven the use of a common expression, there is "atmosphere" in Professor Drummond's work. Much is said, and too much cannot be said, of the lucidity and beauty of his style. His style is the reflection of a lucid and beautiful spirit. His readers are made to feel that they are in the company of a man who breathes the pure air of that spiritual world which is the home of fair visions and noble thoughts. They are apt to say to themselves: "It is good for us to be here." And there is one quality which is specially attractive —the restfulness of his spiritual aspiration. One can hear the panting of St. Augustine and can see the strained muscle of John Henry Newman, but in Professor Drummond one is reminded rather of the spiritual calm of the Early Ministry by the Sea of Galilee. It is an atmosphere which men who are wearied with the strain and stress of struggle love to breathe.

Second, Professor Drummond's work has the

"note" of originality. This quality is reflected in his style: there is scarcely a hackneyed phrase in his pages. He never says a thing because it is "what he ought to say." His readers may wish that he would look at his subjects in more aspects than he does, but then his readers may be sure of this—that he has himself *seen* whatever aspect of his subject he handles. He reports what of the spiritual world he knows—not what other people have reported or what his critics would like him to report. Religious critics who can show you exactly the place which any spiritual truth occupies in a completed system are abundant; the *seers* are few who have real insight, even into corners of the realm of truth, and tell us only what they have themselves seen. Professor Drummond is a *seer*, and his teaching is all the more valuable because he has resolutely refused to go beyond his own visions of truth. The one-sidedness of his teaching—of which, not altogether without ground, complaint is often made—is but the shadow cast

by that originality which is a hundredfold more effective for spiritual teaching than the torpor which is sometimes associated with balanced views and rounded systems.

A third characteristic of his teaching is its catholicity—its singular freedom from theological provincialism. He uses the language, not of the sects or schools, but of Christendom. In this sense he is one of the broadest of religious teachers. He is as readily understood by High Churchmen as by Broad Churchmen, by Baptists as by Episcopalians, and as readily understood in Sweden and Germany as in Scotland and America. He had a wide experience of human life. He had travelled in nearly every country on the globe, and been in contact with all grades of civilization and culture. He had been a lecturer on science and a city missionary; he had been an African explorer and an itinerant evangelist; he had preached to the denizens of the slums and to the flower of the aristocracy of Britain; he had been the friend of working-men

and the companion of statesmen. A "citizen of the world," with so varied a knowledge of life, could not well be provincial, but the catholicity of his teaching had its deepest root in a profound understanding of the spirit of Him in whom there is "neither Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free."

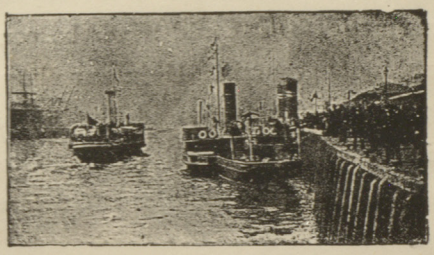
Henry Drummond was a rich gift to Christendom — a priceless gift to those who were honoured with his friendship. The friend of my student days and of all these later years has passed into the Unseen, bequeathing to us the memory of one of the sunniest and most lovable of souls which have gladdened men.

> And doubtless unto thee is given
> A life that bears immortal fruit,
> In such great offices as suit
> The full-grown energies of Heaven.

Tribute by the "British Weekly."

WHEN we think of the friend we have lost, and of the prodigious influence he exercised over his fellow-men, it is his personality that always comes to the forefront. Born in a Christian home, ever under the influence of the most earnest and loving Christianity, he was himself not only naturally good but naturally virtuous, to use the subtle French distinction. His tall, athletic form, his beautiful face, his rare union of strength and gentleness, of courage and tenderness, of boldness and sanity, gave him a charm which can be partly accounted

for, but which in the end of the day we must call magnetic, for it could never be completely reduced to its grounds. He never showed that he had himself experienced the agonies and travails of religious conflict, but no man was more familiar with the battles and defeats of his fellows.



Tribute by Rev. Joseph Agnew, Free Church, Dunbar, in "The Christian Commonwealth."

BY the deaths of Professors James Candlish and Henry Drummond, of Glasgow College, the Free Church of Scotland has sustained great and serious loss. But not this Church only is poorer for their absence to-day, for the English-speaking Christian world claimed them also. It was the latter of these two, however—though the former was, indeed, a

true scholar and saint—who, by the singular charm of his writings and the magnetic influence of his personality, stood most clearly before the sight of the earnest-hearted And, therefore, there was a strong thrill of sorrow felt over all the land when the news came suddenly upon us that Henry Drummond was dead.

Professor Drummond has died at a comparatively early age, being but forty-six years old. But he has lived much—lived so well and worked so purely and strongly that his record is one of those which endure. His work, too, will have the added and priceless influence of being associated with the memory of one whose personality possessed the irresistible attractiveness of an unique charm, and who wore all unconsciously, as few do, the white flower of a blameless life.

This notice of him is not meant to be biographical, but is rather intended as an attempt, by one who had the privilege of slight acquain-

tance and occasional contact with him, to describe a few of the characteristics of the man, and in a manner to essay a partial description of the estimate in which his work is held by some of his fellow-countrymen.

Taking, then, Professor Drummond as he appeared on personal acquaintance, one was struck at first sight by the singular refinement of his appearance and manner. He was one who had the bearing and the nameless grace of the high-born. It is not more than literal truth that Henry Drummond was at home in kings' houses. It is well known that he was on familiar and friendly terms of perfect equality with some of the noblest of the noble families, and he was as much himself and as much at home in their society as he was when doing some kindly and gracious ministry among working men in their homes, or amongst those who needed his help and cheer in the city slums. When near him, you felt yourself in the presence of the perfect gentleman. It is perhaps a small detail to

mention, but it was characteristic of the man that his dress and demeanour corresponded to his natural grace of manner. He was always perfectly dressed, and it is no exaggeration to say that had he appeared in Piccadilly in the height of the season as he stood in his class-room in Glasgow, he would have been as correctly attired as the most correct in that fashionable promenade. For, though in the status of a fully-ordained Presbyterian minister, he never affected anything approaching to clericalism in his dress. He scorned anything like dandyism, but he was in every detail a gentleman. Nor was this trait of Professor Drummond without real and practical use. His students had in him a living lesson in that true courtesy and refinement which one cannot afford either to undervalue or neglect.

One was also struck by the unaffected geniality and kindliness of the man. Though one felt that he was every inch a gentleman, yet one felt also that he was not only absolutely

without hauteur, but rather full of that genuine and interested human sympathy which lessens distance at once. You could not take liberties with Professor Drummond, but you could feel at home with him, and ask his advice, or give him your confidence as you wished, unrestrainedly.

One could not see him—as the writer has—at the College dinner-table without perceiving by the freedom of intercourse between the students and their Professor that he had their affection and their trust. The kindly interest that he showed as they consulted him, or asked for information, was as beautiful as it was remarkable. So in society he was the most charming of companions, refined geniality, pure humour, and clear wisdom blending in his manner and in his memorable conversation.

Winningly attractive also in Professor Drummond was a bright buoyancy of manner and temperament. Alert, vigorous, handsome, he suggested a very noticeable *camaraderie* and *elan*. At times his high spirits made him the

veriest boy. An instance or two may be interesting. At the end of the session the students of the Natural Science class at Glasgow were wont to go on a geological and botanical excursion for a week. to the island of Arran, headed by their Professor. Old students tell with delight tales of the Professor's gleesome humour and unprofessorial performances. In the course of one of their rambles, for example, Professor Drummond began to describe to the students a certain wonderful animal, found, he alleged, in the Rocky Mountains, and called the Gyroscutus. This singular beast, he declared, was specially designed for running along hillsides, and was, in consequence, adapted for this sort of life by having the two legs next the hill shorter than the others. It could only be caught if one went round the opposite side of the hill and took it in front. So gravely was the incredible story told that for a time not a few of the party failed to realise that they were being hoaxed. On the same occasion the writer's in-

formant and Professor Drummond got ahead of their companions. Suddenly a hovering spirit of mischief seemed to settle upon the Professor, and calling into requisition the services of his pupil, the two set to work to construct a trap for the others by carefully covering a ditch with heather and fern, thereafter lying in wait to watch for the result. Unluckily for the plan, the party made a slight detour and so avoided the pitfall. The unaffected disgust and disappointment of the Professor at the failure of his scheme was described as amusing in the extreme. Yet withal, his lightsomeness played about Henry Drummond so purely that it only gave his Christian character the added charm of that gladness which makes the truly religious man's life suggestive of sunshine.

In contact with Professor Drummond one was further impressed by his great earnestness and enthusiasm. One felt that there was a living, zealous identification of the man as he was with every good and worthy cause which claimed his

attention. All his exquisite culture, graceful accomplishment, and refined scholarship went with his heart into whatever he touched. And to come within the influence of his optimistic enthusiasm was an inspiration beyond words, and a priceless good to those whose lives held any seriousness of purpose or definiteness of philanthropic aims.

There may be noted also about Professor Drummond what may be called a certain unconventionality of method and spirit. He was the perfect Christian scholar and gentleman, with a dash of Bohemianism sufficiently strong to affect his methods, though not such as to affect the refinement of his ways. He did not care for ordinary lines of work, and, as was said before, though in the status of an ordained minister, would neither wear clerical garb nor conduct a regular Sunday service. He used, indeed, to say humorously that he was a "lapsed mass," because he belonged to no church. It suited him better to work in his own ways, and he was more

at home when addressing a mission meeting of working men in their week-day clothes than he would have been had he chosen to address some respectable congregations from a city pulpit. Work among students, non-churchgoers, and the lapsed, which he could do as he pleased, and without restraint, was that which suited him and which he did best. And very soon one felt that he was a man who must be left to take ways of his own. No one who knew him ever so little could fail to see that no conventional prescribed lines of work could be laid down for Henry Drummond.

But coming now to deeper matters, there was supremely evident about Professor Drummond the aroma of intense spirituality. With all his breeziness and humour, with all his polish and culture, this element was invariably associated. There was never anything at any time in any of his conduct which lessened in the least the profound impression of spirituality which he always produced. He was every way human, but al-

ways heavenly, and as one left him after a time during which his versatility had touched many points of thought and life, one felt that in his case at least this was true, "To the pure all things are pure."

It may be interesting to note in this connection that the religious element in Henry Drummond was, perhaps, an example of heredity, for he came of a deeply religious parentage. All in Scotland, and many beyond it, know of the Drummonds of Stirling and of the wonderful organisation which bears the name, and which rose from beginnings so small. And it would seem as if the warm evangelicalism of his ancestry reappeared in him in the form of a natural religiousness, which, when kindled into actuality, made him all the more warmly and intensely a vitally religious man and an evangelical power.

These are but a few scattered memories of personal impressions which may not be without interest to some. If one would speak of his work as an evangelical labourer and as an author,

the task is not quite easy. One feels that in this connection the beautiful words in which Philip Hamerton speaks of Emerson's work seem best to express the thoughts of many hearts:—"'Although it is clear to us that he has left an immortal name, the exact nature of the rank he will occupy among great men does not seem to be evident as yet. The embarrassment of premature criticism is a testimony to his originality. But, although it may be too soon for us to know what his name may mean to posterity, we may tell posterity what he has done for ourselves." For some of us Professor Drummond has done much. If, in his evangelical addresses and small religious booklets, some missed the ordinary references to sin, atonement, and retribution, others felt that he had succeeded in making the pure ethical side of Christianity an appealing evangelical power.

It is with hesitation one speaks of his greater books, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "The Ascent of Man." We may tell, how-

ever, what these have done for us. If the first failed to prove its thesis right through, and if it repelled some by its uncompromising advocacy of religious doctrines from which many have recoiled, yet it had a strong stimulus on religious thought. For it showed us that the truth is somewhere in the lines which he tried to follow, and awakened the hope that one day someone will show us that the truth as to both worlds lies in the words of Emerson, which were a motto to one of the chapters in the book—"Other world! There is no other world. God is One and Omnipresent. Here or nowhere is the whole fact." As to "The Ascent of Man," if this is neither theology nor science—as some say—or if it is not the final word on either, as is surely the case, yet one thing the book has done for not a few: It has shown us—that is, by a living example—that it is possible to hold the positions of advanced science and of pure Christianity at the same time. Professor Drummond was a thorough evolutionist and a sincere Christian

alike. And to see by this book that it is possible for a man to be both to the satisfaction of his own intellect and conscience, is much.

This is sure, that Professor Drummond, as a devoted follower of Jesus Christ, sought to lay his scientific knowledge and all that he had at the feet of his Lord. The spiritual world was very real and very close to him, and he lived as in the presence of the Unseen and Eternal. To die, for him, was but to go into a land that is not strange. And so, though we are sad because we shall see the bright personality no more about the world, yet there is no other sadness in our hearts, though one day last week the veil between the seen and the Unseen quivered lightly for a moment as Henry Drummond passed beyond our mortal sight behind the shadowy folds.

Tribute by the "Christian Herald."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, the well-known Christian philosopher, died on Thursday, March 11, at the early age of forty-six. He had been suffering for some time with a brain malady, due to a fall, and about two years ago he took up his residence at Tunbridge Wells, in the hope of recovering from an enfeebled condition and occasionally seemed to have so far

benefited that he contemplated returning to the North. But his hopes were not realised; his weakness returned and increased, with fatal results. He was buried at Stirling, on Monday, March 15. A special memorial service was held in the chapel of Government House, Ottawa, simultaneously with the funeral at Stirling. The music was the same as at the burial at Stirling. The Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, and the Countess of Aberdeen were present.

Henry Drummond was the son of Mr. Henry Drummond, of the well-known Stirling Tract Depot, and magistrate of that town, and was born in 1851. He studied at Edinburgh University, having as contemporaries Robert Louis Stevenson and John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"). It has been said of him that at this time he was fonder of excursions with his geological hammer than of attending lectures. Next he went to Tubingen, and having also studied at the Free Church Divinity Hall, he

was ordained a minister of the Free Church. His first charge was over a mission station in Malta, but soon he returned to Scotland, and at the age of twenty-six he received the appointment of Lecturer in Science to the Free Church College, Glasgow, and Professor in 1884. His brotherly spirit soon set him to work in connection with a mission for working men in that busy city. His love of science and travel made him accept an offer to accompany Professor (now Sir Archibald) Geikie to the Rocky Mountains. This expedition was full of fruit as regards illustrations and ideas, which found expression later in his books.

Professor Drummond first attracted the attention of the public by his publication, in 1883, of his book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Criticisms by theologians and others forced it upon public attention; translations into French, German, Dutch, and Norwegian followed; its vogue in America was immense, and it has gone through its twenty-nine or thirty editions, its

circulation by this time being reckoned at about 200,000. "Tropical Africa" was the title of his next work, published in 1888, which has also had a large sale. This is an account of his travels in Africa, and of books of this class he says: "Great books of travel have had their day; but small books, with the larger features lightly sketched, and just enough of narrative to make you feel that you are really there, have a function in helping the imagination of those who have not breath enough to keep up with the great explorers." To those who revere the name of Livingstone, the following extract from this work will be acceptable.

Mrs. Livingstone's Grave.—"Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low, ruined hut, a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad verandah shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Turning to the right we entered a small room, the walls bare and stained

and two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at the same hour, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife and witnessed the great sunset of his life."

Having seen "Tropical Africa" reach its twentieth thousand the author set out for Australia, and extended his trip to the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Java, Japan and China. His speeches as well as his books were the richer for this experience.

His next work was a booklet entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World—Love," a sermon based on the text, "The greatest of these is charity" (love, R.V.)—1 Cor. xiii. 13. Of his reason for publishing it he gave the following to a correspondent of a contemporary paper: "The Americans have made me shy of journalists. In whatever privacy I might think I was delivering

an address, it was sure to be reported—and, alas! reported in a way which made it altogether unrecognisable to me—the next day. It was like this with 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' I had given the address at a small and quiet meeting, never thinking any more about it. After a while, at a Swiss hotel, a booklet was handed to me by a lady across the dinner-table, and lo and behold, it was my address. I had not intended it for publication, so in self-defence I revised it. It has been translated into sixteen different languages."

This was shortly followed by another booklet "Pax Vobiscum" (Peace be with you), and in 1894 appeared his last work, "The Ascent of Man," a work which met with severe criticisms.

Professor Drummond seldom preached; but a hearer has said, "Will Haddo House Chapel ever see such Sunday evening services again as when Lord Aberdeen read the lessons and Professor Drummond preached the sermon?" The same person remarks: "His life was one of restless

activity at Glasgow and Edinburgh—restless, but so quiet that his own townsfolk did not know much of his unselfish work among the poor, the struggling, and the desolate. The world at large will miss him, but where Professor Drummond will be missed most and mourned with bitter grief, is among those who are far removed from the great world, to whom, in their loneliness and darkness, he came with his large sympathy, his tender help, his never-failing courage."

He was highly successful on the platform, particularly with young men. His Working Men's Mission and Boy's Brigade work in Scotland did wonders in that form of ministration. He was well known in London, and on one of his visits he delivered a series of addresses on Christianity, at Grosvenor House, to most distinguished audiences.

Mr. D. L. Moody and Professor Drummond

A STRONG friendship existed between the late Professor Henry Drummond and Mr. D. L. Moody, the American evangelist. Some years ago, when the Professor was on a visit to Northfield, some of Mr. Moody's associates were greatly exercised as to Mr. Drummond's soundness in the faith, and after much cogitation they resolved to approach Mr. Moody on the subject. A deputation was appointed Mr. Moody was asked to interrogate his visitor. To this the evangelist agreed, saying that he would take an opportunity the following morning. The morning came, and with it the inter-

view. In the afternoon of the same day the deputation again saw Mr. Moody, and asked him if he had seen Mr. Drummond. "Yes," said Mr. Moody. "And did you speak to him about his theological views?" "No," said Mr. Moody, "I did not. Within half-an-hour of his coming down this morning he gave me such proof of his being possessed of a higher Christian life than either you or I have that I could not say anything to him. You can talk to him yourselves if you like." Whereat the baffled theologians withdrew.

ACROSTIC.

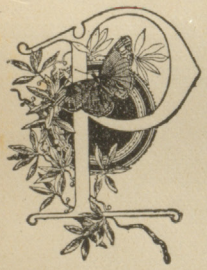
LINES ON THE LATE PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

H e chose to bless the race of man
E ach moment of his shorten'd span,
N o earthly goal markèd his aim
R ight through a life of far-spread fame,
Y es, until death, an honoured name.

D ear as a son, a brother, friend,
R ich in the stores that grace the mind ;
U ntiring in his zeal to wed
M an to the Lord, by true love led ;
M oving where'er his pathway lay,
O 'er land, o'er sea, his part to play ;
N ow he's at rest ; his soul on high,
D elighted in eternity.

W. J. CLARKE.

Tribute by the "Southern Cross" in 1888.



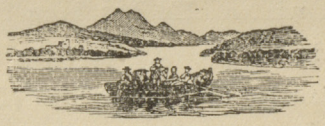
ROFESSOR DRUMMOND is widely known not only by his literary gifts and scientific attainments, but for the great religious work he has accomplished among the students of the Scottish universities. If a suitable invitation is sent, Professor Drummond, we believe, is willing to conduct religious services, similar to those which attracted such attention in Edinburgh and Glasgow, among the students of our own university. This is emphatically a bit of good news, for Professor Drummond is quite a unique character—a combination

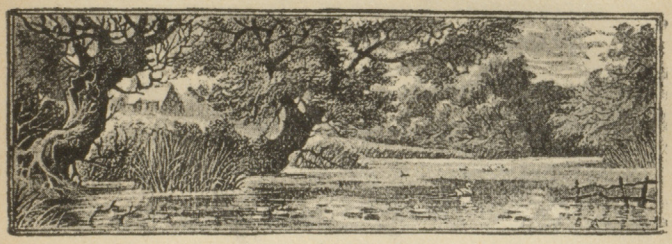
of the science of Huxley and the evangelistic fervour and power of Moody. If he visits Victoria, and does amongst the more thoughtful and intellectual young men of the community the work he has done in Scotland, the highest results might be expected to follow, not only among the churches themselves, but in the political and social life of the colony. We sincerely hope that an invitation of the warmest sort will be despatched to Professor Drummond with the least possible delay."

Tribute by the "Sydney Presbyterian."

IN 1890 the *Sydney Presbyterian* said:— "Professor Drummond, author of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' a book which has had a most unprecedented circulation, is likely to visit Australia during the winter. He has been remarkably successful in evangelistic services for young men. Students at the Universities of Scotland have been stirred to decision for Christ by his earnest addresses. Rev. Principal Rainy has written to Principal Kinross in reference to the visit of Professor Drummond. Several leading ministers, including the Dean of Sydney, Rev.

Dr. Steel, Rev. Messrs. Langley, W. G. Taylor, J. Hill, A. Gardiner, T. B. Tress, and J. Walker have expressed their desire that he should be invited to Sydney. The Hon. James Balfour and others are doing the same for Melbourne. Mr. Balfour was to send a cablegram at once to Professor Drummond, inviting him to come. We anticipate much good from the visit of so accomplished a man of science and so earnest an evangelist as Professor Drummond."





References to his Life and Work.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S friends are not confined to any district. They are in all parts of the world, and it will be of interest to learn how he who so patently influenced others was himself impressed. Speaking at the semi-jubilee of Dr. Marcus Dods in April, 1889, Professor Drummond said:—"Whatever the discovery was worth, Dr. Dods

discovered me. I came to Glasgow a waif and a stray, living alone in rooms, knowing not a man in the place. I did not know Dr. Dods. One day he asked me to dinner, the first time I had been asked to dinner in Glasgow. I need not say I went. From that time I can claim him not only as a friend and elder brother, but as the greatest influence in many directions that has ever come across my life, and that if I have done anything in my poor way to help anybody else, it has been largely owing to what he has done, and mainly by his own grand character, to help me."

At the P.S.A. meeting of the Canal Boatmen's Institution in Glasgow on Sunday, March 14, Ex-Bailie Bilsland, vice-president, made sympathetic reference to the death of Professor Drummond, first president of the P.S.A. Society. Mr. Bilsland alluded to the Professor's good and noble qualities as a man and a Christian, his great readiness to serve others, his enthralling power as a speaker,

and his ability as a writer. He had manifested great interest in the P.S.A. Society. A vain hope had been cherished during his long and painful illness that he might be spared to come amongst them once more, but God had willed it otherwise. A brilliant life had been cut short, and a noble and pure spirit had been stilled. Mr. W. H. Gilbert followed in the same strain, the service being purely obituary.

A writer in the "Westminster Gazette" says: Only those who knew him well will know how much poorer the world is for the death of Professor Henry Drummond. All the deep thought, the strength, the tenderness, and the unworldliness that characterised his writings characterised also the man; and though you felt at once on meeting him, and felt it more and more as he threw off his habitual reserve, that Professor Drummond was naturally a very saddened man, there was at the same time a quick, bright humour about him which flashed out again and again, whatever the subject might

be. But what impressed you above all was that Professor Drummond's life was ruled by a firm and glorious faith in God which is very rare in these days of ours.

Many good stories are told of the late Professor Drummond. In the early days of his professorial career he did a good deal of social "elevation" work among the masses, and was very popular as a lecturer. Once he undertook to appear in a very poor and rough locality. The only meeting-place suitable for the occasion was a "general utility" hall that was used frequently as a cheap music-hall entertainment. The rumour got about that "Professor Drummond was to appear on a certain evening." Now the people had never heard of him, and they associated the title professor with various accomplishments quite foreign to the distinguished Church scholar. They went to the hall expecting to see a highly exciting exhibition of "scrapping" or a display of juggling. Their disgust was immeasurable when they realised the true nature

of the entertainment, and the evening was not a happy one for the Professor. When Professor Drummond wrote "Baxter's Innings"—an evangelical booklet for boys—the editor of a daily paper sent it to his sporting man for review under the impression that it had something to do with cricket.

Professor Drummond, it is interesting to note, laboured for some time as a missionary in the Shieldhall district, near Falkirk. He was quite a young man then, and full of enthusiasm for his work. Many of the old residenters at Shieldhall have pleasant recollections of the ministry of the famous writer and teacher.

Professor Drummond's favourite recreation, and, in point of fact, about the only one he could indulge in, in his enfeebled condition, was chess. He learnt the game in the course of a voyage to Australia some years ago, and became fond of it. During his last days he had a board constructed, on which men could be fixed by pegs, and played by himself, in bed or in his

bath-chair, the published games of the old and new masters of the pastime.

As an instance of the warm interest which the late Professor Drummond always took in young men, I remember a friend of mine (says a writer in the "Evening Times") was asked to deliver an address at a young men's guild meeting, and chose for his subject "Japan." Hearing that Professor Drummond had spent some time in that country he wrote and asked him for any information he cared to give bearing on the subject. Almost by return of post my friend received a very kindly note from the professor saying he would be delighted to assist him in any way he could, and offered to lend him such books as he had if he would call out for them.

Reminiscences from "The British Weekly".

F course a man like Drummond was not content with the routine of the classes. He was busily engaged reading and thinking. A fragment of autobiography given in one of his addresses may be here appropriately quoted:

"When I was a student in lodgings I began to form a library, which I arranged along the mantelshelf of my room. It did not contain many books; but it held as many as some students

could afford to purchase, and, if wisely chosen, as many as one could well use. My first purchase was a volume of extracts from Ruskin's works, which then in their complete form were very costly. Ruskin taught me to use my eyes. Men are born blind as bats or kittens, and it is long before men's eyes are opened; some men never learn to see as long as they live. I often wondered, if there was a Creator, why He had not made the world more beautiful. Would not crimson and scarlet colours have been far richer than green and browns? But Ruskin taught me to see the world as it is, and it soon became a new world to me, full of charm and loveliness. Now I can linger beside a plowed field and revel in the affluence of colour and shade which are to be seen in the newly turned furrows, and I gaze in wonder at the liquid amber of the two feet of air above the brown earth. Now the colours and shades of the woods are a delight, and at every turn my eyes are surprised at fresh charms. The rock which I had supposed to be naked I

saw clothed with lichens—patches of colour—marvellous organisms, frail as the ash of a cigar, thin as brown paper, yet growing and fructifying in spite of wind and rain, of scorching sun and biting frost. I owe much to Ruskin for teaching me to see.

"Next on my mantelshelf was Emerson. I discovered Emerson for myself. When I asked what Emerson was, one authority pronounced him a great man; another as confidently wrote him down a humbug. So I silently stuck to Emerson. Carlyle I could not read. After wading through a page of Carlyle I felt as if I had been whipped. Carlyle scolded too much for my taste, and he seemed to me a great man gone delirious. But in Emerson I found what I would fain have sought in Carlyle; and moreover, I was soothed and helped. Emerson taught me to see with the mind.

"Next on my shelf came two or three volumes of George Eliot's works, from which I gained some knowledge and a further insight into many

philosophical and social questions. But my chief debt to George Eliot at that time was that she introduced me to pleasant characters—nice people—and especially to one imaginary young lady whom I was in love with one whole winter, and it diverted my mind in solitude. A good novel is a valuable acquisition, and supplies companionship of a pleasant kind.

"Amongst my small residue of books I must name Channing's works. Before I read Channing I doubted whether there was a God; at least I would rather have believed that there were no God. After becoming acquainted with Channing I could believe there was a God, and I was glad to believe in Him, for I felt drawn to the good and gracious Sovereign of all things. Still, I needed further what I found in F. W. Robertson, the British officer in the pulpit—bravest, truest of men—who dared to speak what he believed at all hazards. From Robertson I learned that God is human; that we may have fellowship with Him, because He sympathizes with us.

"One day as I was looking over my mantle-shelf library, it suddenly struck me that all these authors of mine were heretics—these were dangerous books. Undesignedly I had found stimulus and help from teachers who were not credited by orthodoxy. And I have since found that much of the good to be got from books is to be gained from authors often classed as dangerous, for these provoke inquiry, and exercise one's powers. Towards the end of my shelf I had one or two humorous works; chief amongst them all being Mark Twain. His humour is peculiar; broad exaggeration, a sly simplicity, comical situations, and surprising turns of expressions; but to me it has been a genuine fund of humour. The humorous side of a student's nature needs to be considered, and where it is undeveloped, it should be cultivated. I have known many instances of good students who seemed to have no sense of humour.

"I will not recommend any of my favourite books to another; they have done me good. but

they might not suit another man. Every man must discover his own books, but when he has found what fits in with his tastes, what stimulates him to thought, what supplies a want in his nature, and exalts him in conception and feeling, that is the book for the student, be what it may."

While he was working for the degree of Doctor of Science, the first visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey turned his thoughts into a different direction. Of the genuiness of their movement it is not possible to have any doubts, for some of the most prominent leaders of the Churches, as well as multitudes among the laity, are living to own its influence. Mr. Drummond threw himself into the work with ardour; he helped in the enquiry-room and organised deputations to carry the news of the work in Ediuburgh to every part of the country. Between him and Mr. Moody a deep attachment speedily sprang up, and this attachment was never abated on either side. Mr. Moody said to Professor George

Adam Smith two years ago that he had never seen a statement of Drummond's that he disagreed with. Moody persuaded Drummond to accompany him on an evangelistic tour through the three kingdoms. They were together for two years in England, in Ireland, and in Scotland, and the results of the work were very great. As has been said, "at this time Mr. Drummond was under five-and-twenty years of age, but he acquired an amount of experience which few are able to collect in the course of a lifetime. From the confidences of the enquiry room he learned to know human life on every side and the human heart to the bottom. He became mature also as a speaker, for he had every day to handle large and difficult audiences. His style of speaking is quiet, and cultivated with an air of simplicity, beneath which, however, is concealed the skill of the artist. There runs through all his addresses a strain of poetry, and more than most other speakers we have ever listened to, he had the power of arresting attention and holding the

audience spell-bound from the first word to the last. This, however, is accomplished altogether without noise or trick of rhetoric, by the fascination of the man and the freshness of his message." Although this work had inevitably to cease, he co-operated with Mr. Moody on many occasions, and very recently, in reply to a message of love from the American evangelist, he responded: "Tell him I answer it back a million times." One of the last pieces of literary work he was able to accomplish was an elaborate article on Mr. Moody for "M'Clure's Magazine." part of which was published in "The British Weekly." Mr. M'Clure, the generous. sanguine, enterprising journalist, who stood for Jim Pinkerton in Stevenson's story, "The Wrecker," was a particular favourite of Drummond's. When it seemed as if "M'Clure's Magazine," now so great a success, must succumb to the formidable difficulties of a beginner, Drummond came to the rescue with pen and purse. It is needless to say that the kindness was fully returned on

the other side. M'Clure was deeply depressed by Drummond's illness, but came back from his first visit to him in high spirits. When questioned about details he could not say very much. One thing, however, he said and stuck to: "Drummond winked at me when I asked him how he was." This was taken as an assurance of returning health.

Ministerial Career.

When Mr. Drummond left Mr. Moody he had not completed his studies at Edinburgh. He returned for this purpose, and acted for a few months as assistant to Rev. Dr. Hood Wilson, of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, whose earnest and noble character has profoundly influenced many, especially among those who have helped him. The list includes the conspicuous names of Drummond, Stalker, and John Watson. In 1877 he was appointed lecturer on Natural Science at the Free Church College, Glasgow. The natural science class soon became one of most popular in the College. The lectures were

fresh, lively, and up to date. The Darwinian theories which had been cautiously kept in the background by his predecessor, Mr. Keddie, were frankly discussed. Prizes were given and the absence of compulsory examinations made the class more attractive still. The men who knew him best and liked him most were those who at the end of the session went down and lived a week with him in Arran, geologising, botanising, and keeping holiday, Men often speak to this day of those weeks with the livliest appeciation of Drummond's goodness and geniality, and one can easly imagine how charming his informal hospitality must have been. All things, grave and gay, had their turn, prayers in which the members took part, and demonstrations of mesmerism and hypnotism, in which Drummond had much skill and great interest. At the same time he connected himself with Renfield Free Church, and became a close friend of the minister, Dr. Marcus Dods. Of the influence which Dr. Dods exercised over him it is

impossible to speak in exaggerated terms. One of his nearest relatives writes: "Henry's admiration and affection for Dr. Dods were *intense*. More than once I have heard him say he owed more to Dr. Dods than any other man living. It was Dr. Dods who encouraged him to publish "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and thus begin his brief literary career. Much of the joy and inspiration of his life came from Saturday afternoon walks with Dr. Dods, which, when both were in Glasgow, were seldom during years allowed to be interfered with by any arrangement of his. In the early months of his illness he looked forward to a holiday in Switzerland with Dr. Dods, and one of his keenest disappointments in life was when it became manifest to him that it must be abandoned.

Nothing too strong can be said as to his regard for Dr. Dods. This regard was variously expressed by Professor Drummond himself.

In the "Expositor" for January, 1889, Prof. Drummond contributed a remarkable article on Dr. Dods. He had been one of the strongest supporters of Dr. Dods for the chair of New Testament Exegesis in Edinburgh.

Mr. Drummond induced the Renfield congregation to begin a mission in a working-class suburb—Possilpark—and undertook to be missionary himself. In his preaching he not unnaturally clothed his thoughts in scientific language. He tells us in the preface to his first book how he found the partition between his science and his religion gradually dissolving until he became aware of the reign of natural law in the spiritual world. He devoted much time to visiting, and never a week passed without his finding out and relieving some cases of distress. It should be mentioned at this point that, through the munificence of Mr. Jas. Stevenson, his lectureship was elevated into a professorship. There was considerable hesitation in the Free Church as to this, many being

of opinion that it was not the business of theological colleges to endeavour to effect reconciliations between science and religion. They complained of the inefficiency of previous appointments, and they argued that while these chairs were originally founded to oppose Darwinianism they bade fair to be used for its advocacy. Prof. Drummond's great personal popularity, however, made these objections nugatory, and he was thus elected to a place which suited him well. It left him much freedom; he had seven or eight months of the year at his disposal, and was comparatively free during the rest. Of course, what he was as a lecturer he continued to be as a professor—an attractive, commanding personality to the end of his career.

As has been mentioned, he was busy during his first years in Glasgow both with science and with religion, and the result was the publication of a series of papers entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." They appeared in a two-penny paper called the "Clerical World," which

was projected by that industrious editor, the Rev. J. S. Exell. In the columns of "The British Weekly" long ago Professor Drummond told the story of the publication of this volume. The "Clerical World" was not exactly successful. It was devoted mainly to the reporting of sermons and lectures, and was printed in a singularly unattractive form. The first numbers, however, sold well, and Drummond's papers attracted great attention. The main point of the papers was that a mysterious thread bound nature and grace. Drummond used to tell with great glee that he read part of it at a theological club—one pleasantry he remembered as especially disastrous, for its source compelled him to treat it with respect. These essays, said this candid friend (was it Dr. Bruce?), reminded him of a pamphlet he had once picked up, "Fourteen Reasons for the Identification of the English People with the Lost Ten Tribes." There was one dissenting voice, however, to this verdict—the voice of Dr. Dods. Drummond says: "But

for its encouragement at the outset my book never had been begun, and without its ceaseless assistance afterwards it never would have been carried through. I dare not dwell upon this benefaction, though my pen lingers over it. But to say more plainly would be to requite a favour which can never be returned by an acknowledgement which would give only pain." He further consoled himself by remembering that the club consists almost exclusively of men who worked from the philosophical rather than from the scientific standpoint. In the end he addressed the introduction, along with some of the papers, to two leading London publishers in sucession, and had them returned. After some time, passing through London on returning from a Continental tour, he happened along Paternoster Row, and by accident he encountered Mr. M. H. Hodder, of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. "In the course of conversation he made sudden reference to my ill-starred papers. My guilty secret, alas, was known. By the

treachery of the other publishers I was already the laughing stock of the whole Row. The whole trade had been warned against me. But I was wrong. This most guileless and indulgent of publishers knew nothing. He had seen the papers in their earlier form, and was merely sounding their abashed author with a view to a possible reprint. I was honest enough in the light of previous tragedies to commit neither him nor myself, but promised to exhume the manuscript for his further consideration." The result was the publication of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," a book which has had a world-wide circulation, and which continues to sell. When the book was on the eve of publication, Drummond was not immoderately sanguine as to its success. He wrote a letter which we have before us: "I think there would be no difficulty in getting an edition of 1000 disposed of. I have held meetings in all the large towns in Scotland, and could be sure of a considerable sale, as I have many friends in them all. I have

a letter only this week from London, asking if I would allow the set to be printed in a penny form—one which has already appeared in this form having had a large sale. As I told you, the editor has offered me £40 for the copyright, so on the whole I am encouraged to think that the thing might not at least be any loss to you." It is not necessary to say much as to the reception of the book. By the public it was enthusiastically received. Reviewers differed greatly. While many Evangelicals received the book as an evangel, many, including Mr. B. W. Newton and Dr. Horatius Bonar, denounced it furiously. The author, however, did not reply. It was at first physically impossible, as he said in our columns.

"A few days after the publication of 'Natural Law,' and before it had reached the booksellers' shelves, I was steaming down the Red Sea *en route* for the heart of Africa. Turning into the Indian Ocean at Aden, I landed, after a lengthened voyage, at the mouth of the Zambesi,

wandered through the Shire highlands to Lake Nyassa, and on pitching my solitary tent among the great forests of the Tanganyika plateau, found myself a thousand miles from the nearest post office. For five months I never saw a letter nor a newspaper, and in my new work—I had gone to make a geological and botanical survey of this region—the book and its fate were alike forgotten. When at last communication did reach me from the distant coast, my letters were dated a fortnight after I left England, and my second mail, which reached me some time later, brought me almost no nearer current events at home. Even had I known what was going on, to reply would have been useless. I had no copy of the beleagured volume with me for reference. The only munitions of war I possessed were a repeating rifle and a geological hammer, and my sole counsellors were a troop of chattering savages, who knew no language but their own. If in these circumstances I had attempted a reply, nearly another half-year must have elapsed

before my anathemas could fulminate in England, and by that time the evil or the good had been done beyond recall.

"I well remember when the first thunderbolt from the English critics penetrated my fastnesses. One night, an hour after midnight, my camp was suddenly roused by the apparition of three black messengers—despatched from the north end of Lake Nyassa by a friendly white—with the hollow skin of a tiger cat containing a small package of letters and papers. Lighting the lamp in my tent, I read the letters and then turned over the newspapers—the first I had seen for many months. Among them was a copy of the "Spectator" containing a review of "Natural Law"—a review with criticism enough in it certainly to make one serious, but written with that marvellous generosity and indulgence to an unknown author for which the "Spectator" stands supreme in journalism. I shall perhaps the less regret being betrayed into these personal reminiscenses that I have the opportunity before I

close of acknowledging a favour which I cannot forget. Why any critic should have risked his own reputation by speaking with such emphasis of the work of a new and unpractised hand, remains to me among the mysteries of literary unselfishness and charity. I am sure it was largely owing to this anonymous benefaction that when I returned to England I found the book had been given a hearing before many others which deserved it more."

The only reply in which Professor Drummond can be said to have any hand, if indeed he had any hand, was that which appeared anonymously in the "Expositor" for 1885, Volume 1. There is no harm now in stating that it was by Dr. Stalker, and that Professor Drummond expressed to Dr. Stalker his entire concurrence with it. Latterly, however, Professor Drummond came to doubt the validity of the argument, and was not much interested in the further circulation of the book. Nevertheless, it has gone on selling, and bids fair to continue. It was translated into

many languages, and had an enormous sale in America.

In 1884, Mr. Drummond undertook a journey to Africa, the result of which, as we have said, was his book, "Tropical Africa," which was published some time afterwards. "Tropical Africa" was a small book, but a better story of travel was never written. The criticisms were universally favourable, with the single exception of a somewhat contemptuous reference by Mr. Stanley, to which, in the preface to a cheap edition, Professor Drummond made the following neat retort:—"I am asked by my publishers if I mean to 'reply to Mr. Stanley.' This is an appalling prospect to a retired traveller, but on investigating the *casus belli* I find it not so alarming. It seems the great explorer demurs to my description of the Forest Country of East Central Africa, and pronounces it not the Africa he saw. Now, as Mr. Stanley has never been in *my* Africa, I do not wonder at this. What I do wonder at is that he should have conceived it pos-

sible I was describing *his* Forest Country—the Pigmies' Forest. But as I did not penetrate that cheerful jungle I could not, of course, describe it—especially as it was not discovered till after my book was written."

He also visited America three times, first on a visit to the Rocky Mountains, second when he went to lecture at Chautaqua and Northfield, and last when he went to Boston to deliver the Lowell lectures. At Chautauqua he gave his lecture on Mount Etna, first delivered in Stirling. At Northfield he gave the address on "Love, the Supreme Gift," which appeared at the time in "The British Weekly," and afterwards became universally known under the title of "The Greatest Thing in the World." An American who was present at Chautauqua wrote:—"Drummond seems to have won all hearts. For a world-wide celebrity his modesty was phenomenal. He is unmarried. Africa was his most engaging theme. The unfortunate impression prevails that many English lights have been envious of

American gold. Drummond plainly was indifferent to this. It is said that when offered a hundred dollars at Clifton Springs for his services, he would only take enough of it as would pay his expenses to the next station.

When in America he visited Amherst, Chautauqua, and Yale Universities. When he left Australia he visited the South Sea Islands for scientific purposes, and on his return home made a short stay at Java and passed through Japan and North America. During his visit to Australia he saw his friend, the Rev. John F. Ewing, at Toorak, formerly of Glasgow, at whose death he was present. He did not preach the funeral sermon, but after it was concluded he went into the pulpit and delivered a memorable address, some parts of which are sadly appropriate now.

"Sometimes, to such troubles as these, the land recedes with painful slowness, amid farewells and regrets, and a waste of storm and tumult lies between the traveller and the further shore. But it was not so here. The symptoms

ripened with a rush, and after he was withdrawn from you at the last prayer meeting he was ushered almost at once into the presence of the Final Friend.

There was no breakdown of the machinery, nothing that snapped with a noise or gave warning of what might come. It was the unseen wearing out of a part, the quiet abating of a natural strength, the painless going out of powers which could not kindle further the fuel they fed. If this be so, without asking whether it is better to live a long and easy life or a brief and intense one, we must try to think that he had run his appointed course and spent his talent in the way and with the degree of intensity which his Maker willed.

"There are two ways in which a workman regards his work—as his own, or his Master's. If it be his own, then to leave it in his prime is a catastrophe, if not a cruel and unfathomable wrong. But if it be his Master's, one looks not backward, but before, putting by the well-worn

tools without a sigh and expecting elsewhere better work to do."

At Grosvenor House.

In May, 1888, Professor Drummond was presented with a requisition signed by Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Curzon, and others, to deliver lectures on four Sunday afternoons in June, at Grosvenor House, to be lent for the purpose by the Duke of Westminster. These lectures were duly given in June, but Professor Drummond earnestly requested the press not to insert even a brief sketch of them, as a brief sketch would be misleading. The addresses were mostly printed afterwards as Christmas booklets. They were delivered with much impressiveness, and produced a very deep impression. Through the kindness of a correspondent, we are able to print the prayer with which he closed them.

Prayer.

"Lord Jesus, we have been talking to one another about Thee, and now we talk face to face with Thee. Thou art not far away from any

of us. Thou art nearer than we are to one another, and Thou art saying to us, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' So we come just as we are. We pray Thee to remember us in Thy mercy and love. Take not Thy Spirit away from us, but enable us more and more to enter into the fellowship with Thyself. Bless all here who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Help those who love Thee not, and who miss Thee every day they live, here and now to begin their attachment and devotion to Thy service, for Thy name's sake. Amen."

His Mission for Edinburgh Students.

Perhaps in some ways the most important part of his work was the mission he conducted for years amongst the students of the University of Edinburgh. There he had a very great ascendency. The meetings were strictly limited to students. They were quite informal, though the Principal and some of the most distinguished professors were accustomed to attend them. He spoke straight to the young men, and was especi-

ally welcomed by medical students. Winter after winter he returned, and to many students there was no more welcome sight in the week than the yellow placards put up at the College gates on Thursday mornings, announcing that Professor Drummond would address the meeting in the Oddfellows' Hall on Sunday evening. Admission was restricted to students. who had to present their matriculation tickets on entering. Reporters were strictly excluded, as Professor Drummond wished the meetings to be, as far as possible, private. He asked the students, as a special favour, not to take notes. The Oddfellows' Hall, in the Forrest-road, is one of the most convenient positions in Edinburgh, especially for students, many of whom lodge south of the Meadows. No pains were spared to make the meetings attractive. A sheet of hymns, specially arranged for the evening, was handed to each student as he entered. Such old favourites as "Rock of Ages" and "Just as I am" were most frequently selected. Some of the

professors usually accompanied the speaker to the platform. Sir William Muir, Principal of the University, was often seen at the meetings, and on several occasions the chair was taken by Lord Aberdeen. The opening hymn, prayer, and reading occupied only a quarter of an hour, and the address about three-quarters. Professor Drummond used no notes, yet every address was elaborately prepared. No man was less likely to trust to the casual inspiration of the moment. He had a horror of sinking into platitudes or common-places. The reason he gave for not coming to Edinburgh one winter was that he had taught the students all he could, and that now they should hear a fresh voice.

Nothing was more remarkable about Professor Drummond than his perfect naturalness. One of his students says:—"His whole soul is so absorbed in what he is saying that he has no time to think on how he is saying it." In whatever company he appeared, he was always himself. When he spoke on Sunday afternoons a

Grosvenor House, before as distinguished and fashionable an audience as London could gather, he was as simple and unaffected as if he had been talking to the students in his Glasgow class-room. There was nothing cut and dried about his style. He took a text sometimes, but could get on very well without one. Often his address was simply a conversation in which one thing led to another. After the address there was a conversational meeting lasting ten minutes or so, in which students were encouraged to state their difficulties. When in Edinburgh, he used to invite students in difficulty to call at Dr. Barbour's house in George Square on Monday mornings, and take a walk with him. This invitation was regularly taken advantage of.

"The commonest phrase in his addresses to young men," said one of his friends. "is—*your life*. He is always speaking to them about their life, when other preachers speak to people about their souls. He makes yonng men feel that their life (that is, the time they are to live through and

what it is) is a great thing—in fact, the one precious and priceless thing they have to deal with. They may squander it, or they may make it a great gift to God and to the world, and according as they do the one or the other, it will be either a hurtful or a beneficent influence added to the whole of human history. Christ and the devil (or Christ and the world, Christ and self) are each competing which is to get this gift from every one; and Drummond says, "Give it to Christ.' Instead of saying to men 'You have sinned,' he gets advantage of fresh phraseology by speaking of their 'bad past' or telling themthey are losing their *life*. Instead of speaking of sanctification, he bids them look to a big, satisfying, influential life. The means by which this change from the old to the new life takes place is by contact with Christ, who cleanses, rehabilitates, and sustains the life. Drummond is very strong on the necessity of regeneration, and preaches Christ with great warmth and power as the Friend in whose fellowship moral and

spiritual strength is obtained. No one, I should imagine, has read as much as I have of the criticisms that have been poured against his book, and this I venture to say with perfect certainty, the reproach he has had to bear from all his really able opponents is simply the reproach of believing fully in the evangelical doctrine of the new birth. The reading of these criticisms has been quite a revelation to me as to the extent to which this doctrine is disbelieved and despised by able men in the Churches supposed to be evangelical."

When in Edinburgh, Professor Drummond regularly attended Dr. Whyte's Sunday morning services. The influence of Dr. Whyte was latterly very apparent in his addresses to students, especially in his references to sin.

Professor Drummond in the Slums.

As far back as 1887 Professor Drummond had done work among the slums of Edinburgh. On a piece of vacant ground at the foot of Blackfriars Street an enterprising play-actor had

erected a variety theatre or "Penny Gaff." On week-day evenings, it was filled by the lowest denizens of the Cowgate. Mr. James Fairbairn, a brother of Principal Fairbairn, took the "Gaff" for Sunday evenings, and there Professor Drummond gave many addresses. The little theatre was attended by the very class who frequented it on other nights. The stage was a drawing-room scene, not badly painted. A little boy of eight one evening led the singing of the 23rd Psalm. At Professor Greenfield's request the boy precentor tried a solo, but on too high a key. "Too high, Jamie; try again," said Mr. Drummond, which the little singer did, and succeeded. On the way to these meetings Professor Drummond used to speak to groups of men standing at the street corners and induce them to come with him. When they asked, "What for?" he said, to hear something that would raise them. Many of the lowest characters in Edinburgh first heard the Gospel through his persuasion.

Referring to his work in Edinburgh, he said in Australia that he knew no movement which had shown greater signs of permanence than the religious movements in the Universities of the Old World. Many revivals had indeed been like a flash in the pan. The old method of prayer meetings and constant preaching and singing of hymns was unsuitable to the circumstances of the students, because it only appealed to one part of human nature. This new departure, however, was practical, and filled up their lives and gave them different ways of improving their own condition and that of others. Its practical nature would make it permanent, and spread it over Universities. He explained the method as follows :—

Religious Movement in Edinburgh University.

This movement began in Edinburgh among the students themselves in 1874, and has since spread to some of the best academic institutions in America. The students have a hall, and there they meet on Sundays, or occasionally on week-

days, to hear addresses from their professors, or from outside eminent men, on Christian topics. There is no committee; there are no rules; there are no reports. Every meeting is held strictly in private, and any attempt to pose before the world is sternly discouraged. No paragraphs are put into the journals; no addresses are reported. The meetings are private, quiet, earnest, and whatsoever student likes may attend them. That is all. It is not an organisation in the ordinary sense, the professor remarks; it is a "leaven." In all the schools it is the best men who take most part in the movement, and among the schools it is the medical side which furnishes the greatest number of students to the meetings. Some of the most zealous have taken high honours in their examinations, and some have been in the first class of University athletes. It is not a movement, as Professor Drummond declares, that has laid hold of weak or worthless students whom nobody respects, but one that is maintained by the best

men in every department. The first benefit is to the students themselves. Take Edinburgh, with about 4000 students—drawn from all parts of the world and living in rooms, with no one caring for them. Taken away from the moral support of their previous surroundings, they went to the bad in hundreds. It is now found that through this movement they work better, and that a greater percentage pass honourably through the University portals into life. The religious meetings, it is to be observed, are never allowed to interfere with the work of the students. The second result is to be seen in what are called University settlements. A few men will band themselves together and rent a house in the lower parts of the city, and live there. They do no preaching—no formal evangelistic work, but they help the sick, and they arrange smoking concerts and contribute to the amusement of their neighbours. They simply live with the people, and trust that their example will produce a good effect.

On his return from Australia, Professor Drummond commenced to publish as Christmas booklets the chief addresses he had delivered. He was not anxious to do this, but was compelled to do so in self-defence, these addresses being imperfectly reported. He devised himself, if we mistake not, the attractive form in which the addresses appeared. The first was "The Greatest Thing in the World," which had a circulation in this country considerably over 300,000, and in America nearly as many. It was translated into nearly every Continental language, and was widely distributed. In Norway, in particular, Professor Drummond was popular. One tourist says that when there he was assailed on every side by the question—"Do you know Drummond?" There was much criticism of the addresses from a theological point of view, but everyone acknowledged their felicitous style and their charm of illustration. As examples we may give one or two which do not appear in the books.

"A few days ago I was wandering among the hills in the North of England in company with a friend, who pointed out to me a hole in the side of the hill where was hid a great quantity of money. A man had been convinced that the hill contained silver, so he bought the ground and set men to work. But, after working for a long time, he began to despair of ever finding the silver. He tried three months more, but with the same result; other three months, and no silver; he would yet give other three months, but still no silver. So, having spent all his money, he gave up the work in despair. Another man saw the hill, and was sure it contained silver, so he bought it from the man who had given it up, and began to work where the other man had left off, and after working only one yard further, struck one of the richest veins of silver in England, and made a great fortune out of it. So is it the case with many people in regard to matters of religion; they seem to despair just when they are nearest attaining the end they have in view."

At a young women's gathering in Melbourne he told this story:—"A sculptor lived in Paris. He was very poor and a great genius. He dwelt in a miserable attic in a lonely street, where he had only one room for dining-room, sleeping room, and studio. At the time I tell of he was working at a statue. He was very anxious that it should be a success, and as he went on working he saw it growing in beauty day by day. At last he had moulded it in the clay in which all statues have to be moulded at first, when one night a heavy frost fell over Paris. The poor sculptor woke out of his sleep with the cold, and as he woke his first thought was of his statue. As he lay there the idea suddenly came to him that the moisture in the clay would freeze, and so undo all the months of anxious thought which had been devoted to his work. At once he rose, and, taking the clothes from off his bed, he wrapped them round his statue. Next morning the sculptor lay dead from the same cold from which he had so eagerly saved

his work. But he will live for ever in his unfinished statue, which stands to this day in the Gallery des Beaux Arts in Paris. Let the poor sculptor teach you your lesson, and let your chief thought be to live for your work, and not for yourself, but for the image of Christ. Give thought, time, duty, ambition, to have that thought more perfect. Then, in years to come, the future of these colonies will be the greater through the greatness and goodness of its women."

There were many foreign imitators of the booklets. German writers especially aspired to fame by imitating Professor Drummond. Some merely wrote commentaries on his various works. "We Ourselves," and "The Greatest Thing in the World," and "Peace be With You," were specimens of this class. The commentaries, like the original works, were bound in white and gold. The sharpest critics tried to make their books look as like the original as possible. There was a German "Vobiscum Pax," by an

anonymous Munich writer, and a booklet called "Mary and Martha," in which Professor Drummond and his followers were represented as being Marthas, who refuse to let the peaceful Marys rest.

As is well known, Professor Drummond was long and closely intimate with Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their family. Amongst the children he was known as Uncle Henn. At their house he had many opportunities of meeting Mr. Gladstone. He was all his life a very strong Liberal in politics, and he took up Home Rule with such fervour that he was even induced to go on the platform and speak in its favour. He was urged by many—by Mr. Gladstone among the rest—to stand for a seat in Parliament, but wisely declined to subject himself to the bondage.

In 1893 he delivered the Lowell lectures in Boston on the "Ascent of Man." He had some difficulty in getting a title. Miss Mathilde Blind had published a poem under the same name, and

was rather unwilling to give up her right. He prevailed, however, ultimately. The book, though its circulation was large, did not circulate in anything like the same numbers as "Natural Law." This has been partly due to the fact that Professor Drummond insisted upon the price being 7s. 6d. net. He disapproved of the discount system, which he thought did harm to booksellers. The discount booksellers, who sell a very large number of books, refused to touch his volume, and it lost in consequence. The price was also somewhat high. No doubt, besides, the work was technical to some extent, and not suited to the ordinary religious public. And it accepted evolution in too thorough-going a fashion to please sectarians of any description. Nevertheless it was, as he thought himself, by far the most serious of his books. It was a real contribution to the greatest problem of the time—the discovery of the morality written in the early stages of the world's existence. Every book of the kind, and certainly not excluding

Balfour's and Kidd's, must be inevitably temporary, but it may none the less fulfil a great work. Our readers will remember the trenchant criticism published by Dr. Dallinger in *The British Weekly*, and the keen controversy that went on.

We have already said something of his last illness. It has been remarked that he was intellectually weak these two years. This was very far from being the case. A friend who was with him seven times, staying several days each visit, never saw even depression but once. Sometimes he was languid, but it needed very little to brighten him when friends were present, and he was always ready for discussion, even on abtruse questions, though of course much talking wearied him. In October last he had great delight in taking in a number of his friends by drawing them eagerly into the ethical discussion of a piece of conduct which turned out to be a physical impossibility. He played chess most days, and he played it as well as when in health.

He had always been fond of difficult puzzles, and was grateful for any new ones to worry out. He read the papers and some of the magazines regularly, and was abreast of all political movements. He had friends all over the world, and to the last he would tell you of all their latest doings. He knew where each of his closest friends was to be, and surprised them by telegrams on birthdays and their arrival from abroad, or when they were about to begin some important piece of work. In most of these telegrams there was either a bit of humour or a loving phrase that went home to the heart—nothing conventional about one of them. So, too, were his thankfulness and provision for such friends as came to see him. Amidst the suffering, to the last he was alive. The mind and heart his friends had known in the old days of his health were all unchanged. One of his virtues was especially manifest during his illness—his courtesy to servants, his thoughtfulness for them. He was able to win the love of his servants al-

most beyond any man, and this not by a relaxation of order,—for he was the most punctual and methodical of men—and he was able to secure the same in those about him, dealing faithfully with defaulters. As will be seen from the report of his funeral, he died sustained by the comforts of the Gospel which few men have done more to make known, and in the unrivalled influence of his blameless life his friends may take comfort.

Characteristics.

Much might be said about his characteristics, but we have now space only for a few words. He was always a patient listener. In his intercourse with young men he never sought any kind of influence over them. He loved all physical sports, and excelled in many, though perhaps he was more graceful than strong in them. He never went in for violent exercise, and used to speak strongly against any of his friends lifting a heavy weight who was not accustomed to do so. He was very skilful in con-

juring, in inventing new games, and in weaving the outline of a plot for a story. We have heard him describe for an hour to a fascinated audience the outline of a novel which he thought of writing, based on an experience of his own. But however much we wrote, we should never be able to convey the full truth about his humour, playfulness, imperturbability, serenity, consideration for others, eagerness to be of service, capacity for taking pains, along with quick apprehension, clear discernment of what he was able to do, extraordinary patience and cheerfulness in his illness, and the absence of all that was sour, irritable, bitter, vindictive, malicious.

Tribute by the "Young Men's Christian Magazine."

THE death in his prime of this eminent servant of God has touched many hearts. Men who never saw him, but who derived comfort and direction from his written words, feel they have lost a friend and sympathiser. Still more, young men whom he had met at the dividing of

the ways and directed to the straight gate, or whom he had found in sullen dissatisfaction with themselves and the world, and whom he had been enabled to lead to the feet of their Redeemer and Master, will realise there is a blank in their lives. There are missionaries in Central Africa and China, doctors who to the poor of our cities and villages carry healing both for body and soul, ministers whose joy it is to break the Word of Life to their people, and many Christian workers, who will know they have lost their spiritual father. God used Henry Drummond's earnest, lucid, straightforward, unconventional words to reach men who had turned a deaf ear to other faithful preaching of the Word. What Evangelist did for Christian, Drummond did for many of the students of Scotland.

Mr. Drummond, one of a devoted Christian family, whose great aim was the bringing in of the Kingdom of Christ, was converted at an early age, and ever afterwards made it his life-

work to try and make others see his Saviour as he saw Him. When Mr. Moody first visited Scotland in 1874, young Drummond threw himself heart and soul into the work. Having tasted the joys of soul-winning, he found it never lost its zest. He did not care for place or popularity. He would walk miles to speak to a few of the horny-handed sons of toil or a small meeting of young men. He could not be induced to address mass meetings in our large halls. He founded a congregation at Keppoch-hill, one of the poorest districts of Glasgow. The addresses he had prepared for them, when published (almost against his own wish) under the title, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," won him a wide fame and a first place among religious writers. His other works widened his sphere of influence to Christendom.

He was not a pioneer thinker. He did not claim to have made any discovery either in science or religion. He had no new Gospel, no new message to men, young or old; but to say

this is to detract nothing from his claim to our gratitude—rather it adds to it. He stands high among those who have translated the never-changing truths of Christianity into the vernacular of the day—brought them into line with the best thoughts of men. He saw clearly and wrote simply. His style charms by its lucidity and persuasiveness. He thought continually of the great truths of the Bible, and, as far as any man can, he lived out in his life the lessons of the Bible. His speeches and books contain no single bitter word. All who knew him loved him. To much harsh, acrimonious, ill-instructed criticism he answered not one word.

His influence upon young men was great, and was altogether for good. Some good people whose religious vocabulary was fixed before they were born did not understand the new statements of the old Gospel, and were full of fears and tremblings. One often found they not only did not know Drummond, but had not read his works. If they had, they would have thanked

God that He had raised up a man like Drummond to interpret afresh His truth for the English-speaking youth of to-day.

Drummond was a member and friend of the Young Men's Christian Association. He believed it was a great instrument for bringing young men to Christ, and training them in the practice of Christian conduct and work We remember hearing him say, after his last voyage round the world, that one of the things that impressed him most was the high position held in every country and colony by young Scotsmen. He stated he was convinced there was no greater work for a Christian than that of influencing the young men within one's own reach in any town or parish in Scotland. It was a field of work with untold possibilities.

He has left us an example of the sweetness and reasonableness of the life that is in Jesus Christ. He was ever a worker, and he calls to us that remain that we should not be laggards in the field—that we should not give way to moody dis-

content, to barren indifference, or to self-seeking worldliness; but, in gladness of heart for God's great gift of Jesus Christ to sinful men, should show that we are sharers in the blessings He brings. For to him to live was Christ and to die was gain. We can greet the victor in the message of the Viceroy of Canada to his funeral service :—"*Corda levemus ad Dominum gratias etiam agemus Deo nostro dignum et justum est.*"

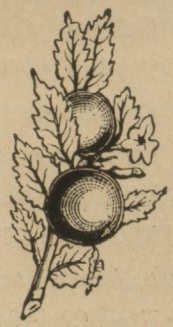
Tribute by Dr. W. Ross Taylor before the Free Presbytery of Glasgow.

DR. W. ROSS TAYLOR said that last month, in the course of one brief week, the college, the Church, and the cause of truth and progress received a twofold sorrowful blow—first in the death of Professor Candlish and then in the death of Professor Drummond. What the loss of these two men was to most of

them no words could utter, nor was it easy to offer any estimate of their services without seeming to exaggerate, and he was certain it would be the desire of the Presbytery to place on record a sense of their profound sorrow at their loss and transmit their sympathy to the sorrowing relatives. Dr. Candlish was a man of rare mental attainments, and when he was called to a professorship he entered a sphere for which his powers especially qualified him. He was a man of singular accuracy and acumen and breadth of vision. He was characterised, moreover, by an absolute truthfulness of spirit, and the students found in him a guide equally experienced and trusted. No difficulties were evaded, no argument was unduly pressed, nor was any light refused, from whatever quarter it might come. He was candour personified, and fearless also, in spite of his sensitiveness, when occasion required. He had a wealth of learning, but that never encumbered or impaired his lucid thinking. In the business of the Church Courts he

took a lively interest, and his clear and practical judgment imparted great weight to his opinions. The humility and devoutness of his spirit and his intellectnal strength were beautifully linked in his actions with tenderness and feeling. Then in Professor Drummond singular attractiveness was joined to signal gifts. All ranks and classes alike felt the fascinating style of his unique personality. He was equally at home and equally welcome in ducal palaces, college halls, and mission slums; and everywhere his presence and words brought buoyancy and brightness. In 1879 he was appointed to the lectureship on Natural Science in the Free College, Glasgow, and in 1884, when the lectureship was raised to a professorship, he was unanimously chosen as the first occupant of the chair. Professor Drummond also threw himself into evangelistic work, and carried on each winter a series of very remarkable Sabbath evening meetings among the students in Edinburgh. Those meetings produced profound impressions on hundreds of the

students and youth of Scotland, who gathered round him with devoted appreciation. Now that the voice that stirred them was stilled, the influence exerted through those years still lived and worked through multiplied thousands. By his facile and graceful pen Professor Drummond reached countless readers who never knew the charm of his spoken words. He begged to move that copies of these notices should be sent to the relatives of Dr. Candlish and Professor Drummond.



Tribute from the "Daily Graphic."

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, died at Tunbridge Wells on Thursday, March 11. He was only forty-six years of age, having been born at Stirling in 1851. He was the son of Mr. Henry Drummond, J.P., of Stirling, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh, the Free Church College, Edinburgh, and at the University of Tubingen. He was ordained a minister of the Free Church, and

appointed to a mission station in Malta, but on his return to Scotland was appointed a Lecturer in Science at the Free Church College, Glasgow, in 1877, and a Professor of Natural Science seven years later. It was while at Glasgow that he wrote the work by which his name was first brought into world-wide prominence, and by which he will be chiefly remembered. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" first appeared as a series of articles in the *Clerical World*, in whose columns it attracted no attention. In complete form it met with small favour from publishers, two leading firms refusing to take it up. Messrs Hodder and Stoughton, however, undertook publication of the book, which Prof. Drummond practically re-wrote for the purpose, and its appearance in 1883 was the immediate precursor of a signal success of which its author did not become aware until his return from the wilds of Africa. Criticisms by theologians and others forced it upon public attention; translations into French, German, Dutch, and Norwegian fol-

lowed; its vogue in America was immense, and it has gone through twenty-nine or thirty editions. Professor Drummond was an ardent geologist and a close friend of Professor Geikie, whom he accompanied on scientific expeditions to South Africa and the Rocky Mountains. The outcome of the former journey was a little book, "Tropical Africa," published in 1888, which achieved a large sale; and he wrote descriptive accounts of his other travels. Great success also attended the publication of his sermons, "The Greatest Thing in the World," "Pax Vobiscum," and others. The appearance in 1894 of "The Ascent of Man" met with severe criticism at many hands, including those of Mrs. Lynn Lynton. In this work he evoked the strictures of orthodox theologians, including many of his own countrymen, by adopting the Darwinian theory of evolution, and insisting upon the presence of certain altruistic factors in the process of natural selection. The late Professor was of a singularly modest and engaging dis-

position, and possessed a wide and powerful influence over young men. Much of the success of the Boys' Brigade has been due to his enthusiastic efforts on behalf of his hobby. For several years he had been in bad health, and had resided at Tunbridge Wells to obtain the benefit of the mild climate. His condition had been noticeably worse since the beginning of the year, since when he had been gradually sinking.

Tribute from the London "Times."

THE death occurred yesterday at Tunbridge Wells, where he had lived in weak health for some little time past, of Professor Drummond, the natural scientist and theologian whose works have during the last ten or fifteen years enjoyed a wide popularity. His endeavours to reconcile

revelation and the doctrinal teaching of Christianity with science and evolution, while they called down upon their author severe strictures from rigid theologians and scientific men, appealed to a very large class of readers. The devout spirit in which the subjects were approached and the general tendency of the arguments naturally exercised much influence; and if the reasoning was sometimes not very close, or if the position taken up by the author was not always very clear, yet his eloquence and earnestness were quite enough to account for his large following among the reading public. The first book by which he became known was "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," issued in 1883. The papers composing it had originally appeared, without attracting much notice, in a religious journal, but on their publication in book form they created a considerable sensation, especially in Scotland. The book has sold in enormous numbers, having gone through twenty-nine editions, and has been translated into several

languages. "The Ascent of Man," Professor Drummond's other large work of this nature, published in 1894, consisted of the Lowell lectures which he delivered in America, and was described as "an attempt to tell in a plain way a few of the things which science is now seeing with regard to the ascent of man," with the object of showing how the greatest factor of evolution had been overlooked in almost all contemporary scientific thought. This factor was "the struggle for love," or, in other words, "the struggle for the life of others." The book was scarcely as well received as the earlier volume, its scientific side being severely handled by the representatives of a stricter view of evolution than that presented by Professor Drummond. It was, however, and still is, widely read. These two volumes, with several little books of a devotional and non-controversial nature, such as "The Greatest Thing in the World" and "Pax Vosbiscum," which also had an exceedingly large sale, constituted practically the

whole of Professor Drummond's religious writings.

To another class belongs his "Tropical Africa," a lively and eminently readable account of his travels in the interior of that continent. This showed him to be an acute observer with a faculty for giving vivid accounts of what he saw and learnt; and perhaps it was, on the whole, the most generally popular of his works. Many of his theories—that on the subject of native labour, for instance—excited much opposition; he even went so far as to look forward to the time when the African elephant would be extinct, because he believed that the slave traffic and the trade in ivory were inseparably bound together. But the book was too graphic and too accurate to suffer much from the extreme views of its author on a few questions of this kind, and it remains one of the best and most fascinating of its class, so far as the general reader is concerned.

Professor Drummond has died in the prime of

life, having been born only in 1851. He was the son of Mr. Henry Drummond, J.P., of Stirling, and was educated first at Edinburgh University and afterwards at Tubingen. He became a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and after a short stay in a mission station at Malta, was appointed in 1877 Lecturer in Science at the Free Church College in Glasgow, being placed in charge also of a working-men's mission in that city. In 1884 he was raised to the rank of Professor at the College, He had travelled much. With Sir Archibald Geikie he went on a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains, as well as to Africa; and he had also visited more recently Australia, China, and Japan. As a teacher and evangelist he had much influence, especially amongst young men, and it may be doubted whether of recent years any theological writer has aroused so much enthusiasm.

Tribute by the Rev. P. Anton, from "The People's Friend."

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND is dead. He departed this life on Thursday, the 11th March, and his remains have been deposited in the burying-place of his kindred in Stirling graveyard. Whatever he has done or been, the hands of love have happed him close, and, so far, that is all of him.

I have his books lying beside me to-night, and I touch their leaves with a tender hand. One cannot help thinking what a true heart has ceased to beat, and how much gentleness and loving kindness he has taken away with him

into the far land whither he has gone. Will some one of our numerous philosophers not address himself to this problem—How it comes about that men should be taken away from the work which they alone can do, and which, left undone by them, can never be done at all? We have a solution of our own, but we will not press it in the meantime, although it is not without its consolatory issues. One thought, our grief being so new, stands above every other at the present time. Professor Drummond's position was unique; he is gone; and who will be able to take up his work? Herein is the saying true—One sows and another reaps. But who is to do the reaping in his case? There stands the building half completed; who is to finish it and roof it over? There is the bench empty and the tools lying upon it; but it is by no means clear, although you were to advertise in "all the papers," you would secure an applicant for the vacant post. A writer, a Professor, a naturalist you can get any day; but when a true artist dies

you can never find any one who can "take up his business." Neither the heirs of Shakespeare, nor Burns, nor the next-of-kin to Reynolds or Turner could dispose of poetic and painting businesses of these friends of theirs "as going concerns." I am not mentioning names either for the purposes of contrast or comparison. I am simply referring to a truth which, looking on Henry Drummond's books and thinking of what we have lost by his death, presses itself strongly upon me to-night.

And, my reader, taking you fully into my confidence, permit me to say I am by no means satisfied with these words—"Philosopher and Naturalist"—you notice at the top of this paper. My first thought was better and quite different. But for this, that long ago the denomination was given to "John Halifax," and may be regarded now as an integral portion of his personal property, you would see the single word "Gentleman" standing in the place they occupy. Thinking over the matter, *it* appeared to me of all the

words the most suitable to append to Drummond's name. Drummond was a philosopher, and a naturalist, and a writer, and an evangelist, and a traveller. That is, he was all these in a way. Neither singly nor doubly, nor altogether however, do they present an adequate definition of his personality. It is only the word "gentleman" that does that. Other things Drummond was casually: a gentleman he was always. Wherever you see him going, and whatever you see him doing, you always have before you a perfect gentleman. And if to be unselfish, kind, helpful, considerate, gracious, sincere, true, affectionate, modest, loving, free from pride, boastfulness, assumption, without partiality and without hypocrisy, is to be a true gentleman, then what a true gentleman Drummond was. I do not say it with the intention of belittling either his scientific or literary accomplishments, but still I must confess that the charm of his distinctively personal qualifications was his outstanding merit. And the extraordinary success

of his books, I am persuaded, was far more owing to the reflection of this charm than to any originality of thought or novelty of style which otherwise distinguished them. One time when he was lying ill in his bath chair he called on a friend to observe the "Descent of Man," and it, no doubt, must have been hard for him to go at the last. But still he never quarrelled with his lot in life: he never complained of its unending cares, or its petty environments and vexations, and he never pilloried the small and sordid souls with whom he came into contact. And the result was that, loving everybody, he became generally beloved, and the sunshine of his nature broke warmly and goldenly on the pages of his books.

If I had my choice I would much rather be the author of "The Greatest Thing in the World" than the "Ascent of Man," and just because the one is ever so much fuller of the loving heart. To me such a passage as this has autobiographical interest:—"Politeness has

been defined as love in trifles. Courtesy is said to be love in little things, and the one secret of politeness is to love. Love cannot behave itself unseemly. You can put the most untutored persons into the highest society, and if they have a reservoir of love in their hearts they will not behave themselves unseemly. They simply cannot do it. Carlyle said that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman poet. It was because he loved everything—the mouse and the daisy, and all the things, great and small, that God had made. So with this simple passport he would mingle with any society, and enter courts and palaces from his little cottage on the banks of the Ayr. You know the meaning of the word 'gentleman.' It means a gentleman—a man who does things gently, with love. And that is the whole art and mystery of it. The gentle man cannot in the nature of things do an ungentle, an ungentlemanly thing."

And so we arrive at the character of the true

gentleman. The real gentleman suffers long and is kind. The real gentleman envieth not. The real gentleman vaunteth not, neither is he puffed up, nor doth he behave unseemly. The real gentleman seeketh not his own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. The real gentleman rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. The real gentlemen beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Whiteness can be made by combining all the colours, but not light. A union of all the manners may fashion a man of society, but it is the loving heart that makes the gentleman. All this how well we realise now, and the Pharisaism which, if it touched, never stained him. He knew nothing either of the narrowness, or the bitterness, or the bigotry of the sectarian. Of the many amongst whom he moved we feel it is only with him we "have heart to be gay," I do not say he was a "lily amongst thorns," but he was certainly a rose on a fairly prickly stem. The process taken against him in

the Church Courts after the publication of the "Ascent of Man" was sisted on account of his illness. This was so far well, no doubt. But to-day his ear is alike indifferent to the language of praise or blame!

Henry Drummond was born in Stirling in 1851. His father was a merchant, and, troubled at first about the absence of directness and concentration in his son's work and abilities, his declining years were cheered by the success of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." I have impressions he was an only son. His mother is still alive. His relations are managers and proprietors of the "Tract Repository" of Stirling. The Sons of the Rock are not without many excellent educational privileges, and of these Henry was able to take full advantage. In his case there was no precocity, no early promise to flatter the parental hopes. Some appearances indeed rather calculated to damp and depress them. The energies of the boy were discursive, and he loved a wide field. There were contribu-

tions to the local press instead of those school prizes which the merchant father would have esteemed much more highly, And when he left school and went to Edinburgh University there was no change to speak of. He went through the regulation drill in the regulation manner. In its outstanding features his early education and the general trend of his abilities have a striking resemblance to those of Charles Darwin. It was only when he entered the realm of natural science that his native talent became fully manifested. In the geology class be took the first prize. The University classes went as little to the making of Henry Drummond as they did to Robert Louis Stevenson. Notwithstanding, when he entered the Divinity Hall of the Free Church he became a centre of influence, drawing the best spirits to himself as the magnet draws the needle. His power was owing to the meekness of his disposition and the manysidedness of his sympathies.

When we examine Drummond's character

we must not merely look at both sides of it, but also at both ends of it. He was a reconciler of differences, and many extremes meet in him. It seems so curious we should have in him a nature so akin to Darwin at one end and so close to Moody at the other. When the American evangelist visited this country Drummond joined him in his work, and they became fast friends. It was at those meetings he learned the art of that popular address which so greatly distinguished him. He used neither paper nor notes. His sentences were short, his thinking clear, his manner earnest, and he always made a deep impression. After receiving license, he became assistant to Dr. Hood Wilson, of Barclay Church, Edinburgh, but after his appointment to the Chair of Natural Science in the Free Church College, Glasgow, I am not aware he ever entered a pulpit again. Certainly in his later years none of his more intimate friends could ever prevail on him to conduct "a service."

The Glasgow Chair, or rather Lectureship, in

Natural Science to which Drummond was appointed in 1877 was founded by James Stevenson of Largs, the gentleman who built the road between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, and at whose suggestion Drummond visited the central districts of Africa. It was by no means a welcome gift. But this has certainly to be said, whatever the future of the endowment may be, the sphere it has provided for Professor Drummond has more than justified its institution. The Chair and the Professor suited each other so admirably, it appeared as if they had been made for each other. His popularity in his new sphere goes without saying, and his first effort was to cast into shape his "Natural Law." embodied in those addresses he had been delivering to various meetings of young men.

The aim of the work was to reconcile science and religion on a new basis. He felt the difficulty of the task before him. And it was not only difficult, it was both dangerous and uncongenial.

"He that in a fight doth interpose
Is sure to get a bloody nose."

There was a risk of angering both parties and widening instead of closing the existing breach. "The real problem," he says, "I have set myself may be stated in a sentence. Is there not a reason to believe that many of the laws of the spiritual world, hitherto regarded as occupying entirely separate provinces, are simply the laws of nature of the natural world. Can we identify the natural laws in the spiritual sphere? That vague lines everywhere run through the spiritual world is already beginning to be recognised. Is it possible to link them with these great lines running through the visible universe which we call the natural laws, or are they fundamental and distinct? In a word, is the supernatural natural or unnatural?" If he could make good his position, it was clear theology would rest on nature as well as authority. Dealing with such subjects as biogenis, degeneration, growth, death, mortification, eternal life, and such like, he was able to show various laws striking clear through the natural and spiritual territories, and

equally active in each. Hear what he says, for example, of death—death spiritual and natural: "You can dwarf a soul as you can dwarf a plant by depriving it of full environment. Such a soul may for a time have a 'name to live.' Its character may betray no sign of atrophy, but its very virtue somehow has the pallor of a flower that is grown in darkness, or as the herb which has never seen the sun, no fragrance breathes from its spirit. To morality, possibly this organisation offers the example of an irreproachable life, but to science it is an instance of arrested development, and to religion it presents the spectacle of a corpse—a living Death." In the argument there was nothing original, but the author had gathered up and concentrated a body of thought which had for a considerable time been lying undefined in men's minds. "Why," said a friend to me when the work appeared "this is the very thing I have been preaching for the last twenty years!" The book was a palpable hit—it was a stroke of genius. It gave

definite form to what many men had been thinking more or less chaotically. It had a marvellous circulation, and—for a time at least—it appeared as if the gulf between Science and Religion had been spanned.

But whilst Drummond's book was in all hands and his praises in all the Churches, papers, and Academies, he himself was far away from it all, buried in the heart of Africa, shooting ibises, hunting butterflies, and studying with much care the habits of the white ant. The account of this expedition is embodied in "Tropical Africa"—a little book of unfailing spirit and humour. Certain natives came to him nicely dressed in bows and arrows! A native brought him a pair of eggs and swore they were new-laid. They were a pair indeed—a cock and a hen. He had to terrorise some members of his caravan. He brought them into his presence. He laid down a brace of pistols. He looked daggers. He recited the Forty-Seventh Proposition of Euclid, and concluded with a blood-curdling

Quod erat demonstrandum. The ruse was successful. The blackguards trembled in every limb. And when they were gone he lay down on his pillow and wept at his own rascality!

"It is a wonderful thing," he says, "to start from the civilisation of Europe, pass up these mighty rivers, and work your way into that unknown land—work your way alone and on foot, mile after mile, month after month, among strange birds and beasts and plants and insects, meeting tribes which have no name, speaking tongues no man can interpret, till you have reached its secret heart aud stood where white man has never trod before. It is a wonderful thing to look at this weird world of human beings—half animal, half children, wholly savage and wholly heathen; and to turn and come back again to civilisation before the impressions have had time to fade, and while the myriad problems of so strange a spectacle are still seething in the mind. It is an education to see this sight—an education in the meaning and history of

man. To have been here is to have lived before Menes. It is to have watched the dawn of evolution. It is to have the great moral and social problems of life, of anthropology, of ethnology, and even of theology, brought home to the imagination in the most new and startling light."

In his brief life Drummond saw a good bit of the world. Altogether he was three times in America. The first time was on a visit to the Rocky Mountains. The two other occasions were to fulfil lecturing engagements. Six years ago he also visited Australia. After leaving that Continent he made a scientific exploration of the South Sea Islands, and stayed for some time both in Java and Japan.

The success of "Natural Law"—which, by the way, he was on the point of disposing of to a bookseller for a fifty-pound note—secured him a most distinguished position in the world of letters. At the instance of the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen—one of his warmest friends

and admirers—Mr. Balfour, and some others, he was requested to deliver a series of addresses to the *elite* of London in Grosvenor House, the residence of the Duke of Westminster. Like the true gentleman Drummond was, he was as much at home when addressing these great folks as he was when holding forth in the Penny Gaff at the foot of Blackfriars Street, Edinburgh. If it is a far cry from Moody to Darwin it is certainly no further than from the Grassmarket to Grosvenor House. These addresses were gathered up in those popular Christmas booklets with which we have since been so familiar. They were eminently serviceable in bringing into popular view a style approximating to that of Stevenson. After all, it is neither Drummond's thought nor originality which either keeps his literature before the public at present or will preserve it in the future, but his style—a style sometimes flexible and pointed like a rapier, and again coiling about its subject like a finely-fitting robe. Everything belongs to the man who says it best, and Drum-

mond has said various things which no author hitherto has said so well. Such a passage as this from one of these booklets shows his favour for the epigram and the antithesis:—"The Kingdom of God is a Commonwealth, yet it honours a king; it is a social brotherhood, but it owns the Fatherhood of God. Though not a Philosophy, the world turns to it for light; though not political, it is the incubator of all laws. It is more human than the State, for it deals with greater needs; more catholic than the Church, for it includes whom the Church rejects. It is a Propaganda, yet it works not by agitation, but by ideals. It is a religion, yet it holds the worship of God to be mainly the service of man. Though not a Scientific Society, its watchword is evolution; though not an Ethic, it possesses the Sermon on the Mount. This mysterious Society owns no wealth, but distributes fortunes. It has no minutes, for history keeps them; no members' roll, for no one could make it. Its entry money is nothing,

its subscription all you have. The Society never meets and it never adjourns. Its law is one word—loyalty; its gospel one message—love."

"The Ascent of Man" was published three years ago. It was the Lowell lectures at Boston. It is needless to say that it has been the occasion of much angry debate and not a little pain to Drummond's sincerest friends. These things are well known. And whilst the book was before the Courts of his Church still *sub judice*, there was a praiseworthy reluctance to say anything that would either be to its prejudice or to the prejudice of its author. Death terminates all trials, and men will be able to speak now with greater freedom. Reading it in the light of Drummond's life, he will read it very carelessly indeed who will not fail to notice how the disciple of Moody is wholly lost, wholly untraceable, wholly eliminated, in the scholar of Darwin. Whatever it may achieve in the world of thought, I would not be the least surprised if

in the world of modern ecclesiastical history it secured, if not the abolition, at least the reformation of the Natural Science Lectureship. But it will be in this as in many things else: we shall see what we shall see.

Professor Drummond was an excellent companion. He could talk and he could listen. He was something both of an angler and prestidigitarian. It is now more than two years since it was apparent both to himself and his friends that his health was breaking down. Everything was done that skill and love could suggest. But it was all in vain, and at Tunbridge Wells, in the very heyday of his life and fame, he passed to his honoured rest, having earned in no stinted manner the esteem of the wise and the approbation of the good.

Tribute from the "Australian Christian World."

IT is good to read of the cheerfulness, the large and sympathetic outlook upon life, and the keen interest in men and things manifested by Drummond. Everybody thought of him as one of the brightest and most hopeful of men in life, a man who saw it whole, and who could sympathise with all sides of life. But disease and suffering are stern teachers, and under their influence men are not always able to take hopeful views of things.

Drummond has all his life been strong and hopeful, but then he had health, wealth, a sphere in life, success in his work, honour, and troops of friends. Easy for him to be cheerful, some will say. No, it is not always easy to be cheerful under any kind of outward conditions, for the "pathetic minor" enters in the music of even the brightest human lives—yea, sometimes enters most deeply into the music of lives that seem to others wonderfully bright. But Drummond was true to his better self and to his Master in death as well as in life. He had the old welcome, with plenty of humour, for his friends, and he kept up the old interest in all that was going on. And when he was obliged to give up writing to every other friend, he still wrote to his aged mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who survives him. Like a true child, he found rest and peace in the simple things of the Gospel. It is very cheering to think of his friend, himself one of the leading scientists of the day, playing and singing old Scottish para-

phrases to Drummond, and the dying man joining with delight in these old and hallowed songs. And so he died as he lived, believing in his Saviour and knowing that, however mysteries there may be in life, the old Gospel is enough to live by and die by. Drummond's was but a short life, as measured by years; and yet it was a life full of true happiness, and also of truest service. And he was able to help many just because he himself had found the secret of strong, unselfish, and happy living—the secret learned only at the Cross. Who will venture to say that his life was not worth living? And who will venture to say that a life like his, so pure, so unselfish, so truly noble, ended in a grave? No, it is easy to believe in immortality, hard indeed to believe in anything else, when we are thinking of a life like that of Henry Drummond. Using Lowell's words, we may say, "Who doubts it of such as he?" His books may be forgotten, for it is the nature of all such work to be only temporary; but the man himself, the life he lived, the

influence he exerted, the lives he inspired, and the noble death he died—these are better than all books. We thank God for such a life, and we also take courage.

Tribute by Dr. Marcus Dods.

R DODS preached the funeral sermon in the Free North Church, Stirling. His text was the 28th chapter of Isaiah and the words in Phillipians i., 21:—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." At the close of his address, which had reference to the great realities of life and death, he said:—"It is inevitable that our thoughts to-day should run on such lines as these. Death has removed one of the most widely known, best beloved, and most influential of our contemporaries. Probably

there is no man of our time, be he statesman, philosopher, poet, or novelist, whose words have been more widely read, or read with intenser eagerness and with greater spiritual profit. Perhaps no man of this generation was endowed with so distinctive an individuality or exercised so unique an influence as Henry Drummond. The blank he leaves is impossible to fill. So singular a combination of gifts as he possessed will not be found twice in a century. And happily there went along with these exceptional gifts an instinct which forbade him to tie himself to the ordinary methods, or professions, or labours of this world. Not more original were his qualities than his mode of using them. He lived out his own—a natural human life, untrammelled by all conventionalism and professionalism. He recognised with remarkable precision the work he could do, and never suffered himself, even by the ill-advised entreaties of his friends, to be drawn aside into any labour or sphere to which his qualities did not call him.

In nothing was his strength of character more habitually or more convincingly exhibited. The detachment from the ordinary methods and engagements of our professional and social life, the independence with which he broke out a path for himself, largely contributed to his influence, To this boldness in following his own instincts and refusal to be merged in a professional class, were due both his characteristic reading of religion through the terms of science and his influence with young men, and especially with the young students of Edinburgh University. Probably this is the part of his work which will have the most abiding results. For several years before he was laid aside he addressed the students of Edinburgh University on the Sunday evenings during the winter session. It was through these addresses that he directly brought himself into touch with the class of men he was uniquely qualified to influence. Face to face with hundreds of well-educated and enquiring young men, the charm of his personality, the

purity of his character, and the pellucid clearness of his thinking at once made themselves felt. There was a fascination in his quiet, unimpassioned, but earnest and sincere utterance, in the extraordinary felicity of his style, and in the convincing reasonableness of his appeal, which held men enchained. To very many these evenings were the turning-point of life; to many the private talk that followed on the street or in the lodgings left seeds which will bear fruit to life eternal. It was in these talks that the acuteness of his perception and the unlimited sympathy he had with all conditions of spirit and of life served him so well. With no apparent effort, certainly with no shade of ostentation, he won the confidence of those who sought his help. The novel type of religious character he manifested unlocked the reserve of men who had been accustomed to shrink from the sanctimonious and professional guise in which religion had previously appeared to them. The sense, the breadth, the quick humour, the

sincerity, the eagerness to be of service, which were apparent to all who were even slightly acquainted with him, lent a new attraction to religion. The help thus afforded to individuals, the strengthening and deepening of religious conviction throughout our own and other lands, the fresh impulse given to Christian faith by this one man's work and character, the good he has left behind him—these things are simply incalculable. Not only as a teacher but as a friend Professor Drummond was unusually widely known, and to those who enjoyed his friendship it was one of the richest elements in their life. To any one who had need of him, he seemed to have no concerns of his own to attend to. He was wholly at the disposal of those whom he could help. It was this active and self-forgetting sympathy, this sensitiveness to the condition of every one he met, which won the heart of peer and peasant, which made him the most delightful of companions and the most serviceable of friends. His presence was bright and

exhilarating as sunshine. An even happiness and disengagement from all selfish care were his characteristics. Sometimes one thought that with his brilliant gifts, his great opportunities, his rare success, it was easy for him to be happy, but his prolonged and painful illness has shown us that his happiness was far more surely founded. Penetrate as deeply as you might into his nature, and scrutinise it as keenly, you never met anything to disappoint, anything to incline you to suspend your judgment or modify your verdict that here you had a man as nearly perfect as you had ever known any to be. To see him in unguarded moments was only to see new evidence of the absolute purity and nobility of his nature; to see him in trying circumstances was only to have his serenity and soundness of spirit thrown into stronger relief. And at the heart of all lay his profound religious reverence, his unreserved acceptance of Christ and of Christ's idea and law of life. Little concerned about the formalities of religion,

ashamed of some of the popular travesties of Christianity, he was through and through, first of all and last of all, a follower and subject of Christ. This congregation and this town may well be congratulated on having given to Scotland and to the world a man whose name may possibly not be as familiar to posterity as some others, but who unquestionably has left his mark as deeply as any in his generation, and who has as effectually poured his life and personality into the lives of his fellow-men, and permanently enriched the stream of human experience, and all of us who have either profited by his character and his writings, or who have rejoiced in his friendship, feel, now that he has gone from among us, that nothing would pain him more than that we should fail to be faithful to his teaching and to his example. To many of us he interpreted Christ, and now he interprets heaven, and, if it may be said with reverence lends a richer attractiveness and reality to the life beyond. This life is very sensibly im-

poverished to many of us by his removal, but the unseen life is proportionately enriched. We are apt to question the Providence which removes so much needed an influence from our midst, and smites down in mid-career one who might have done untold service that no other can so well render; but as it was expedient that our Lord Himself should discontinue His presence on earth that His spirit might more powerfully move the hearts of men; so if it is hard for us to part with our friend, yet even now one can discern that his influence has in it a new element of sacredness, and that with more than his old charm he beckons us now not merely to the hours of pure and memorable enjoyment he gave us on earth, but to eternal friendship with himself and those glorified followers of Him who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.

Personal Reminiscences by Friends and Fellow Students.

NOT the least tribute to his master-mind and his wonderful fascination over men are the remarks by A. W. Roby Fletcher, Esq.

"It has been my privilege to continue into a fair intimacy an acquaintance that began when he was in Adelaide in May, 1890. I became ex-

tremely fond of him, and found him most helpful and anything but standoffish as a friend and adviser. His death has come as a great shock and personal loss to me, only second to that of my own good father nearly three years ago.

"When I was in Glasgow two years ago last February, adding to his geological collections some specimens I had brought from Australia, he was suffering from what was then called lumbago. He would take a few minutes to get up out of his easy chair, leaning on my shoulder just like father used to do. When we went down to lunch he gave me strict injunctions not to let on to the others that he was ill. I promised, but during lunch he dropped his serviette, and I said, "Let me spare your back," leaning over to pick it up. A sudden stamp of his heel on my toes and a swift glance told me I had broken my promise, so I had to let him get it in spite of the pain I knew he was suffering. Fortunately his mother and sister did not hear me. But I often wish he had been discovered before, for he fought

against the insidious disease with his manly resolution until he had to give up from pain and weakness. A few months later I saw him again at Professor Simpson's, in Edinburgh. He was much worse, and I sat and talked for a long time and read a manuscript of mine to him. He criticised it so kindly, but so severely. After this he went to the Continent, and it was eighteen months before I saw him again. His book, "The Ascent of Man," had been published—I remember him correcting the proof-sheets once when I was in Glasgow. A heresy-hunt was begun in May, 1895, while he himself was lying an invalid at Tunbridge Wells, and could not answer for himself. His friends spoke up for him, and the hunt proved abortive. Last September I was in London for Lance's marriage, and I ran down to see him one afternoon at Tunbridge Wells. What a change there was! But I will never forget that picture. In a tastefully-furnished drawing room, with a French window opening on to a lawn and garden, there I saw him, lying on a

water-bed on a suitable bedstead. He could move his arms and legs a little, but that was all. For a year he had been like this, lying flat on his back and never able to sit up once. His hair was long and wavy, and most of the auburn had given place to grey; his beard had grown spare and reddish, rather obscuring his expressive mouth; his face was pale and wan; but the old smile was there and all the fire still in his deep dark eyes. His faculties for conversing and joking and story-telling were as fresh as ever, and then I realised how much accent can be put into a soft, clear, modulating voice, for he could not move even his head. I had been warned, so did not shake hands, but sat there at the foot where he could see me, and we talked and chatted as we used to do in Glasgow. I never referred to his illness except to say that when he was better we could promise him some big thumping audiences in Edinburgh, for a new generation of schoolboys and students had arisen which knew not Drummond, and who ought to know him.

He smiled and said something about a time for everything. I am afraid my patience did not come up to that of the keener sufferer. This was the last time I saw him. Last month I was there again. but Dr. Hugh Barbour, who was there with him, said he was not quite fit, so, whatever my disappointment, I did not persist. Four weeks afterwards he had gone for ever.

"On Monday, in company with many others, I attended the funeral service at Stirling. It was largely attended and very impressive. There was first a service in the church. It began with the sturdy old Scotch hymn, 'Oh God, our help in ages past.' Dr. Stalker officiated. Then came the genial and hearty Professor George Adam Smith, one of Drummond's best friends and a fellow Professor. With a voice of tender emotion he read:—

> 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan;
> Very pleasant hast thou been unto me;
> Thy love to me was wonderful,
> Passing the love of woman.'

And the last time I had seen them together was

in Drummond's study in Glasgow, cracking jokes and chatting like a couple of schoolboys. Smith had offered to spare his friend by taking his lectures, but Drummond said he would keep on in spite of his illness. Then Smith made him promise that at least he would let him take his turn at the Free College dinner, to save his digestion, and to this Drummond agreed.

"After this he read 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and later again the chapter beginning, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.' And what more appropriate than to read this selection at the last service for the memory of him who turned that wonderful chapter into such beautiful prose-poetry, and who by his own life translated it back into such poetic every-day prose. Professor Charteris and Dr. Whyte offered up the prayers, but I cannot remember the words, only the sentiment. Poor Dr. Whyte could scarcely finish. How earnestly I used to hear him, when I was

staying with his family in the Highlands last summer, plead at family prayers for Henry Drummond; and then we would go off to gather some fresh heather to send him every other day. The service ended with another simple hymn, a favourite of Drummond's—'I'm not ashamed to own my Lord'—rare enough as a favourite for scientists and philosophers, but in full keeping with the memory of him we were mourning over. From the church a long funeral procession wound up the narrow street towards the Stirling Castle, and there the historic old kirkyard, the old resting-place of the Drummonds, received the remains of the most gifted and brilliant of the descendants of that clan. There is a handsome Ionian cross in pink granite to mark the spot. The service was short and simple. After the grave had been filled in, according to the old Presbyterian custom, while everyone waited with bowed uncovered heads, the wreaths and crosses, mostly of lilies and a few of heather, were spread over the replaced turf, then all took

a last look and departed. Not many words were spoken, but there were torn hearts and tear-stained eyes even among old professors as well as students. I came away full of my own loss, for I had so much to talk over with him some day, and I was amazed how widespread was the love that made him a potent factor in many other hearts and the most diverse natures.

And now he is gone, and all the hopes of his giving the world more from his mighty pen are vanished. We had all hoped that another booklet would be forthcoming, giving his rich experience on the mystery of suffering, but it was not to be. Yet the sight of that quiet, peaceful deathbed was the most magnificent solution of the mystery I have ever seen.

'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.
These are they which have come through great tribulation;
Therefore are they before the throne of God,
And they serve Him day and night in His temple.'

"But let me advise my Australian friends to make much of his books. It is very hard to get rid of the idea that clings to one, and which is

still alive all about us, that Natural Science and Philosophy and Rationalism are forbidden fruit, and if taken, must be balanced with a curative corrective from religion. A false view this, from start to finish. There is no reconcilement needed between religion and science. Drummond is not one of the "reconcilers." He simply showed that Science was a deeply religious thing, and Religion a strictly scientific thing. What thousands of other scientists have found rise up between them and their God was to him the very means to reach Him, and he did not keep the secret to himself. Devotional literature of the ordinary sort is entirely out of relation with a scientific aspiration for communion with the Great Personal Unseen. It is so one-sided, and seems so trite and circumscribed; its writers as a rule know no science and are half-ashamed of what they do know—at least, it is far from being regarded by them as a sacred charge or a talent to be put to use. I am ready to admit that most of my devotional literature has gone to the

second-hand bookstall, simply because it is inefficient. Drummond's booklets form a nucleus for a new and small library that is always growing, as more writers are found worthy of a hearing and a following because they hear the Word of God in Science as well as in Revelation. What we want is a Gospel of Optimism, and anyone, poet or prose writer, who attains and arrives himself, and who holds out the hope to anyone who aspires, that they too attain and ultimately shall arrive, is always sure of a following.

Such another of the unending apostolic succession of the Reflectors of the Character of Jesus, following close after Robert Browning, was Henry Drummond.

Personal Reminiscenses by Ian Maclaren.

ALTHOUGH Drummond has departed from our midst for several months, his unique influence is still pulsating the thoughts and the master-minds of our countrymen. The best article that has yet appeared on Professor Drummond is that which Ian Maclaren, the distinguished writer and author of the most pathetic story of the nineteenth century, contri-

buted to the *North American Review* for May. It is no biography, but a tribute from a fellow-student to a fellow-student. Ian Maclaren says :

"It is understood that Drummond's life is to be written by a friend, in whose capable and wise hands it will receive full justice, but in the meantime it may not be unbecoming that one should pay his tribute who has his own qualifications for this work of love."

THE PERSONALITY OF A PRINCE.

His own acquaintance with Drummond dates from the time when they were boys together, when Drummond appears to have been very much the same in the cricket-field as he was in the lecture-room. His personal appearance was also commanding and his influence magnetic :—

"Upon a platform of evangelists, or sitting among divinity students in a dingy class-room, or cabined in the wooden respectability of an

ecclesiastical court, or standing in a crowd of passengers at a railway station, he suggested golden embroidery upon hodden gray. It was as if the prince of one's imagination had dropped in among common folk. He reduced us all to the peasantry. Drummond was a handsome man, such as you could not match in ten days' journey, with delicately cut features, rich auburn hair, and a certain carriage of nobility, but the distinctive and commanding feature of his face was his eye. He was the Evangelist to thoughtful men—over women he had far less power—and his strength lay in his personality. Without anecdotes or jokes, or sensationalism or doctrine, without eloquence or passion, he moved young men at his will because his message was life, and he was its illustration. His words fell one by one with an indescribable awe and solemnity, in the style of the Gospels, and reached the secret place of the soul."

HIS SEXLESSNESS.

Upon one side of Drummond's character Ian Maclaren says :—

"Towards women, who are the test and revelation of men, he was ever chivalrous, but he left the impression on your mind that neither they nor their company—there may have been exceptions—attracted or satisfied him. He was too courteous a gentlemen to give any sign, but one guessed that a woman's departure from the room meant to him no loss and was rather a relief. One was certain that he was loved; one was quite certain that he would never marry, so sexless was he towards women."

WHAT HE DID FOR EDINBURGH STUDENTS.

In regard to Drummond's remarkable life in Edinburgh, Ian Maclaren eloquently describes it :—

"Were one asked to select Drummond's finest achievement, he might safely mention the cleansing of student life at Edinburgh University. When he was an art student, life in all the faculties, but especially the medical, was reckless, coarse, boisterous, and no one was doing

anything to raise its tone. The only visible sign of religion in my remembrance was a prayer meeting attended by a dozen men—one of whom was a canting rascal—and countenance from a professor would have given a shock to the University. Twenty years afterwards six hundred men, largely medicals, met every Sunday evening for worship and conference under Drummond's presidency, and every evening the meeting was addressed by tutors and fellows and other dignitaries. There was a new breath in academical life—men were now reverent, earnest, clean living and clean thinking, and the reformer who wrought this work was Drummond. This land, and for that matter the United States, has hardly a town where men are not doing good work for God and man to-day who have owed their lives to the Evangel and influence of Henry Drummond.'

HIS VIEW OF RELIGION.

As Ian Maclaren was himself recently accused of heresy, it is natural that he should speak very

sympathetically of Drummond's deviations from the strait and narrow path of Presbyterian orthodoxy :—

"Christianity in Drummond was not so much a way of escape from the grip of sin, with its burden of guilt and loathsome contact, as a way of ethical and spiritual attainment. The question he was ever answering in his writing and speaking was not how can a man save his soul, but how can a man save his life. His idea of salvation was rising to the stature of Christ."

A MAN TOO PURE.

The only defect that Drummond seemed to have had in his friend's eyes was that he was a man without sin !

"This was the defect of his qualities, for of him more than any man known to me it could be affirmed that he did not know sin. As Fra Angelico could paint the holy angels because he had seen them, but made poor work of the devils

because to him they were strange creatures, so this man could make holiness so lovely that all men wished to become Christians; but his hand lost its cunning at the mention of sin, for he had never played the fool. From his youth up he had kept the commandments, and was such a man as the Master would have loved. One takes for granted that each man has his besetting sin, and we could name that of our friends, but Drummond was an exception to this rule. After a lifetime's intimacy I do not remember my friend's failing. Without pride, without envy, without selfishness, without vanity, moved only by goodwill and spiritual ambitions, responsive ever to the touch of God and every noble impulse, faithful, fearless, magnanimous, Henry Drummond was the most perfect Christian I have known or expect to see this side of the grave."

DRUMMOND, says W. T. Stead, led a strangely

unique life, as different as possible from that of the ordinary probationer. There was in him a fine fund of humour, and he delighted in saying and doing amusing things, of which the neatest specimen is that quoted by Ian Maclaren, in a sentence written in a letter from Tropical Africa, in which Drummond mentioned incidentally that his only raiment for the moment consisted of a helmet and three mosquitoes!

A STUDENT, writing reminiscences of Professor Drummond in the *Young Man*, refers with grateful appreciation to the days when he used to take his class down to the sea-side in the island of Arran :—

"It was his generous habit to take his class down every year to Brodick, and there at his own expense keep them for three days. Never

were days more pleasant! At the end of the winter session we were longing for the country, and with the Arran hills for that country and Drummond for our guide, we had a combination almost as near Paradise as this earth can supply."

IN the *Woman at Home* another student, writing on him, says :—

"If any man possessed charm, that something which you cannot define, but which takes hold of you in spite of yourself, it was Drummond. It was almost uncanny, but to some it was at first disability. His influence with young men, especially students, was unique. There has been nothing like it in our time. He just swept men off their feet in a passionate attachment to himself. And yet there was always a class whom he never touched—men who hardened themselves against him through a vague distrust. Some of the hard-working Scotch students, to whom life was a struggle, who had to fight every inch of

their way in knowledge and in faith, were inclined to look upon Drummond with a little scorn. Life seemed to come so easy to him—religion itself seemed instinct rather than conquest."

IN submitting to the General Assembly the report of the College Committee, Dr. Stalker spoke as follows in reference to Professor Drummond:—

"In his latest writings Professor Drummond's position was similar to that of any of us who, seeing a keen young intellect about to commence the study of theology at the present time, might consider it wise to acquaint him beforehand with the views of the Higher Criticism, lest these should come upon him too suddenly or be heard for the first time from those who use them to undermine the authority of the Bible. Such an inoculation may render the attack of doubt, when it comes, slight and harmless.

Professor Drummond believed that the church must accept evolution, but he wished to learn the facts from one who, while accepting them, had an enthusiastic faith in the Son of God. This I know to have been his deliberate intention, and it is well worth thinking of. We have not done with evolution yet—we have scarcely begun. Apologetic science approaches it with timid tread, but it must come to much closer quarters, and theology has no more important work in the present generation. Professor Drummond never reached the heart of the difficulty, which is—how to reconcile with evolution the Christian doctrines of sin and redemption. He was approaching this great question, but he did not live to reach it. Some may think that he lacked the philosophical and theological equipment necessary for such a task; but, on the other hand, he had in an unusual degree the gifts of philosophical imagination and intuition, which, in such a case, may far outrun mere knowledge. At all events, it is certain he never

would have believed that he had solved the difficulty by merely explaining away the testimony to sin of the conscience of the individual and the conscience of the race.

"As for his evangelistic work, we shall chiefly miss his rare power of obtaining access to inaccessible classes. Christianity has a debt to pay to the Greek and to the barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise. It may be thought that it is easier to pay the debt to the Greek than to the barbarian, to the wise than to the unwise; but this is not the case. At present we have a hundred men who can deliver the message of the Gospel to the barbarian and the unwise for one who can win for it the attention of the Greek and the wise. Yet the noble and the scholar need salvation quite as much as the peasant or even the Magdalene. To make the life of a great university reverent and pure is not everyone's work, and it may be long before it is done again in the way in which Professor Drummond did it in Edinburgh.

"I am not forgetting that there may be differences of opinion among us as to the value of his work, but at all events there is no difference of opinion as to his character. On the evening of the funeral I wrote to America to Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, to describe the last scenes, and I should like to read a few sentences of his reply:—

"'When the news was brought to me, I was in Cincinatti, and I said publicly that of all the men I had ever met, Henry Drummond was the most Christlike, and that, outside of my own two sons, I have never loved a man as I have him. No man has ever been with me for any length of time but I could see some things in him that were unlike Christ, and I often see them in myself; but I never saw them in Henry Drummond. All the time we worked together he was a Christlike man, and often a rebuke to me. I am looking forward to meet him in a land where there will be no misunderstanding, but all will be joy and love, and my prayer is that God may make us more like him in our private life.'"

Tribute by T. Cannan Newall, B.A.

AFTER Professor Drummond returned from his visit to Australia in 1894, he gave to the world "The Ascent of Man." In this work the professor insisted on the existence of certain altruistic factors in the process of natural selection.

We may regard this work of Professor Drummond's from three separate standpoints, and just according to the standpoint from which we view it will our appreciation of its merits take shape.

If we regard it as a kind of popularised history and exposition of the facts and laws of Evolution, we ought to award it high praise. Still, in this connection it only suits the tastes of a special audience. It is not Science pure and simple, but a teleological preparation of it—Evolution with a purpose. The author is ingenious, eloquent, and often felicitous, in the ornate style and figures of speech with which he delights in illustrating his pages—often with more than a touch of pulpit fervour and unction, and not a little of the platform address, in his style. Many, no doubt, would prefer having their science neat rather than diluted with this sort of sugar and hot water posset. But others, again, can only be induced to swallow it in this form, and to those Professor Drummond's work can be cordially commended.

It is also deserving of notice from another point of view—that is, it may be looked on as a specimen of the advanced views concerning the ancestry of man, and the process, course, and

period of creation, which in these later days it is permitted even to Church professors to indulge in.

Professor Drummond is more evolutionary than the evolutionists themselves. He treats as among demonstrated verities many things which the more cautious men of science are content to put forward as hypothesis and speculation. He rushes boldly into regions which they have just begun to invade and tentatively map out. He leaps, and even flies, where they are able only to creep and grope. Verily, he rushes in where angels fear to tread.

Evolution is a revelation embracing other revelations, and this is perhaps how it is that, setting out with it as a working theory of the method of creation, Professor Drummond ends by treating it after the spirit and style of an article of faith. As may be supposed, the older theology and its adherents and expositors fare badly in the hands of this apostle of the new doctrine. It is with pitying condescension, not

far removed from contempt, that he speaks of those who still believe in miraculous interference with the order of nature :—

"There are reverent minds who ceaselessly scan the fields of Nature and the books of Science in search of gaps—gaps which they would fill up with God. As if God lived in gaps! What view of Nature or of Truth is theirs whose interest in Science is not in what it can explain, but in what it cannot, whose quest is ignorance, not knowledge, whose daily bread is that the cloud may lift, and who, as the darkness melts from this field or from that, begin to tremble for the place of his new abode? What needs altering in such finely jealous souls is at once *their* view of Nature and of God."

Again, in answer to those poor human creatures who are perfectly horrified to acknowledge that they are second or even thirty-second cousins to the monkey, blood relations to the worm, he says :—

"The descent of man from the animal king-

dom is sometimes spoken of as a degradation. It is an unspeakable exaltation. Recall the vast antiquity of that primal cell from which the human embryo first sets forth. Compare the nature of the potentialities stored up in its plastic substance. Watch all the busy processes, the multiplying energies, the mystifying transitions, the inexplicable chemistry of this living laboratory. Observe the variety and intricacy of its metamorphosis, the exquisite gradations of its ascent, the unerring aim with which the one type unfolds—never pausing, never uncertain of its direction, refusing arrest at the intermediate forms, passing on to its flawless maturity, without waste, or effort, or fatigue. See the sense of motion at every turn, of purpose and of aspiration. Discover how, with identity of process and loyalty to the type, a hair breadth of deviation is yet secured to each, so that no two forms come out the same, but each arising an original creation, with features, characteristics, and individuality of its own.

Remember, finally, that even to make the first cell possible, stellar space required to be swept of matter, suns must needs be broken up and planets cool, the agents of geology labour millenium after millenium at the unfinished earth to prepare a material resting-place for the coming guest. Consider all this, and judge if Creation could have a sublimer meaning or the human race possess a more splendid genesis.

"From the lips of the prophet another version, an old and beautiful story, was told to the children of the earth, of how God made man—how with His own hands He gathered the Bactrian dust, re-modelled it, breathed upon it, and it became a living soul. Later, the insight of the Hebrew poet taught man a deeper lesson. He saw there was more in creation than mechanical production. He saw that the Creator had different kinds of hands and different ways of modelling. How it was done he knew not, but it was not the surface thing his forefathers taught him. The higher divinity and mystery

of the process broke upon him. Man was a fearful and wonderful thing. He was modelled in secret. He was curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. When science came, it was not to contradict the older versions. It but gave them content and a still richer meaning. What the prophet said, and the poet saw, and science proved, all and equally will abide for ever. For all alike are voices of the Unseen, commissioned to different peoples and for different ends to declare the mystery of the Ascent of Man."

Some have hinted, perhaps openly declared, that this is giving Moses and the Psalmist a place in revelation, but a decidedly lower place than that occupied by Professor Drummond and the other prophets and apostles of modern science. And why not? Neither Moses nor David professed to be natural philosophers or scientists, and the more the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, are studied and expounded, the fuller is the revelation. It is quite possible that many finely jealous souls will stand aghast at

any revelations of science which conflict, or seem to conflict, with Scripture views, but these people are gradually losing influence, and must content themselves with a back seat among *savants*.

For all this, one can only praise the professor's courage and his fearlessness of adverse criticisms, and of furnishing even a new field for heresy hunts.

Some have looked upon his work from another point of view and set him down as professing to be the bearer of a new message to science and philosophy—as the discoverer, or at least the promulgator, of a new and greater law of nature.

Nature, he holds, has hitherto been "misconceived; its greatest factor has been overlooked in all contemporary scientific thinking." Darwin presented evolution "out of focus," and out of focus it has remained till this hour; indeed, its basis, since first laid down, has never been re-examined.

Whether Professor Drummond has supple-

mented the matter much, or given the world "an evolutionary theory drawn to scale," is a question of grave doubt. Some give him the credit of laying claim to something of this kind. His "missing factor," which has escaped the notice of previous enquirers on the subject of evolution, is the function of reproduction. As yet, attention has been centred in that of nutri tion, interpreted in the terms of the Struggle for Life. Reproduction, with which the professor identifies his new law of the Struggle for the Life of Others, has yet to be taken into account, as an explainer and reconciler of the mysteries of the universe.

With this new law he connects altruism (*altrui, alter*), as the other has selfishness for its product and manifestation, and to it belong ethics, morals, religion, the higher progress—the increasing as distinguished from the waning element in the process of upward growth. It must be remembered, however, that Auguste Comte pointed out quite clearly in the first

volume of his *Politique Positive*, 1850, what an epoch-making event in the development of animal life "the perfect separation of the sexes was." This event gives rise to "the sexual and maternal instincts, which necessarily modify the nutritive instinct, especially in the mother," and are the fruitful seed-bed from which all the higher feelings of our nature, includiug the moral and religious, in due course spring.

We cannot then conclude that science has failed to take reproduction, or even altruism, into consideration, in the course of the great controversy of the last forty years and over, or has failed to follow up evolutionary law into and beyond the social conditions of savage man, where in the meantime the author professes to leave his subject. Further, we are not prepared to acknowledge off-hand that reproduction and maternal love are the root out of which all the altruistic virtues have sprung. Upon the whole the "Ascent of Man" may be looked upon as a

contribution to Christian apologetics from a certain point of view.

It is, as it were, a theological reading of the doctrine of evolution, though the epithet "theological" must here be taken in its most abstract and least dogmatic sense. Professor Drummond insists, with great wealth and aptitude of illustration, though perhaps with some superabundance of rhetoric, on what he calls in his introduction "The Missing Factor in Current Theories." This "missing factor," as has been already stated, is that "Struggle for the Life of Others," which is based on the primordial function of reproduction, just as the "Struggle for Life" is based on the primordial function of nutrition. The latter function is essentially self-regarding in its origin and primary implications. "On the last analyses," as Professor Drummond says, "war and industry—pursuits in which half the world is now engaged—are seen to be simply its neutral developments." On the other hand—"The implications of the

second function, reproduction, lie further from the surface. To say that reproduction is synonymous with the struggle for the life of others, conveys at first little meaning, for the physiological aspects of the functions persist in the mind and make even a glimpse of its true character difficult. . . .

"Suffice it for the moment to say that the physiological aspects of the struggle for the life of others are so overshadowed, even towards the close of the animal kingdom, by the psychical and ethical, that it is scarcely necessary to emphasize the former at all. One's first and natural association with the struggle for the life of others is with something done for posterity—in the plant, the struggle to produce seeds; in the animal, to beget young. But this is a preliminary which, compared with what directly and indirectly rises out of it, may be almost passed over. The significant note is ethical, the development of other-ism, as altruism, its immediate and inevitable outcome. Watch any

animal at that most critical of all hours, for itself and for its species—the hour when it gives birth to another creature like itself. Pass over the purely physiological processes of birth ; observe the behaviour of the animal-mother in presence of the new and helpless life which palpitates before her. There it lies, trembling in the balance between life and death. Hunger tortures it ; cold threatens it ; danger besets it ; its blind existence hangs by a thread. There is the opportunity of evolution ; there is an opening appointed in the physical order for the introduction of a moral order. If there is more in nature than the selfish struggle for life, the secret can now be told. Hitherto the world belonged to the food-seeker, the self-seeker, the struggle for life, the father. Now is the hour of the mother. And animal though she be, she rises to her task. And that hour, as she ministers to her young, becomes to the world the hour of its holiest birth."

This suggestive thesis is developed by Pro-

fessor Drummond at great length and with great ingenuity and insight in a series of lectures tracing the gradual "ascent of man" from his lowly origin to the first beginnings of a higher ethical and social existence, the conclusion being that "Christianity (it is not said any particular form of Christianity) is the "Further Evolution —the theological, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the spiritual, side of that struggle for the life of others which is as primordial and universal a factor in the process of evolution as the struggle for life itself.

The argument is a striking one, and is very forcibly presented in the work. One of the most interesting chapters in this fascinating book is that entitled "The Evolutions of a Mother." Professor Drummond points out that in the earlier stages of evolution motherhood was impossible even to the creatures which brought forth their kind. They had millions of progeny, but as they usually died before their offspring were born, they never mothered them: "The

truth is, Nature so made animals in the early days that they did not need mothers. The moment they were born they looked after themselves, and were perfectly able to look after themselves." Here we cannot expect to find any trace of altruism.

To create a mother it was necessary to alter the conditions of the birth and rearing of the child. "Four great changes at least must be introduced into her (Nature's) programme. In the first place, she must cause fewer young to be produced at birth; second, she must have these young produced in such outward form that their mothers will recognise them; third, instead of producing them in such physical perfection that they are able to go out into life the moment they are born, she must make them helpless, so that for a time they must dwell with her, if they are to live at all; fourth, it is required that she shall be made to dwell with them; that in some way they also should be made necessary—physically necessary—to her, to compel her to attend

to them. All these beautiful arrangements we find carried out to the last detail."

THE BRAIN OF THE CHILD.

In addition to these four changes, it was necessary to give affection time to grow. This was secured by the length of time necessary to develop the child's brain. Whereas animals, even the highest, reach maturity and leave their dams in a few months, man takes a quarter of a century to attain maturity. This is due to the marvellous complexity of the human brain, on which we must quote this passage :—

"The brain of man, to change the figure,—if, indeed, any figure of that marvellous molecular structure can be attempted without seriously misleading—is an elevated table-land of stratified nervous matter, furrowed by deep and sinuous canons and traversed by a vast network of highways, along which pass thoughts to and fro The old and often-repeated thoughts or mental processes pass along beaten tracks ; the newer thoughts have less marked footpaths ; the newer

still are compelled to construct fresh thought-routes for themselves. Gradually these become established thoroughfares, but, in the increasing traffic and complexity of life, new paths in endless multitudes have to be added, and bye-lanes and loops between the older highways must be thrown into the system. The stations upon these roads from which the travellers set out are cells, the roads are transit fibres, the travellers themselves, in physiological language, nervous discharges; in psychological language, mental processes . . .

"Each new thought is therefore a pioneer—a road-maker, or road-chooser, through the brain; and the exhaustless possibilities of continuous development may be judged from the endlessness of the possible combinations." Again, "When it is remembered, indeed, that the brain itself is very large, the largest mass of nerve matter in the organic world; when it is further realised that each of the cells of which it is built up measures only the ten-thousandth of an inch

in diameter; that the transit fibres which connect them are of altogether unimaginable fineness, the limitlessness of the powers of thought and the inconceivable complexity of these processes will begin to be understood."

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

The mother being evolved, and having time in the prolonged feebleness of her young to learn to love her children, she invented the home:—

While man, restless, eager, hungry, is a wanderer on the earth, woman makes a home. And though this home be but a platform of sticks and leaves, such as the gorilla builds on a tree, it becomes the first great schoolroom of the human race. For one day there appears in this roofless room that which is to teach the teachers of the world—a little child. The creation of the mammalia established two schools in the world—the two oldest and surest and best equipped schools of ethics that have ever been in it—the one for the child, who must now at least know its mother,

the other for the mother, who must as certainly attend to her child.

The Professor goes on to explain in detail how the little child taught the world all the virtues it posesses. Woman being more patient than man, has a greater gift for sitting still, and the need for nursing her child developed that gift into patience. From being at hand to hear her baby's cry, she acquired sympathy, and learned to care for it and to tend it.

Here are four virtues—patience, sympathy, carefulness, tenderness—already dawning upon mankind. But self-sacrifice has still to be begotten. A savage mother, suddenly confronted with some supreme peril, saves herself, and her child perishes. Her stock dies out :—

She cannot take any exceptional trouble, or forget herself, or do anything very heroic ; the child, unable to breast the danger alone, dies. . . Somewhere else, however, developing along similiar lines, there is another—fractionally better—mother. When the emergency occurs,

she rises to the occasion. For one hour, she transcends herself. That day a cubit is added to the moral stature of mankind; the first act of self-sacrifice in favour of the human race.—

The children of the self-sacrificing live. The children of the selfish are killed out. Thus the race progresses under penalty of death rigorously enforced, and the inheritance of the world is reserved for the offspring of those who love The human race advances towards altruism, or love of others, by the remorseless elimination of the children of the loveless. Thus exclaims Professor Drummond, "Love is the supreme factor in the evolution of the world."

Nature did not evolve mothers only. After a season the much more difficult task of evolving a father was undertaken successfully. The male cuts but a poor figure in Professor Drummond's story. He figures largely as the lean, wiry, restless, hungry, selfish savage, who at first has so little conception of the responsibility of paternity that he often eats his own offspring if

their mother cannot hide them out of his sight. Still the process of evolving a father goes on and developes. The male learns in time to protect his children instead of devouring them, and not only to protect them, but to become their food-provider, feeder (father), and so the family was born :—

For a prolonged and protective fatherhood, once introduced into the world, was immediately taken charge of by natural selection. The children who had fathers to fight for them grew up, those who had not were killed or starved.

In the family was originated the conception of duty. In due time the family became an immense source of strength. "Shoulder to shoulder has been the watchword all through the history of national development," and the children of men who dwell together in families which were self-protective, co-operative associations, soon obtained the pull over all others.

From the authority of the father, then, the notion of duty takes its origin. Feebly, but

adequately, in the early chapters of man's history, the family fulfilled its function of nursing love, the mother of all morality and righteousness, the father of all morality, so preparing a parentage for all the beautiful spiritual children which in later years should spring from them.

Professor Drummond then comes to the evolution of love. In this way the professor tries to prove his bold assertion that the law of life, as revealed by science, is the same as the law of love which Christ declared to be the secret of the world:—

Love, he says, is not a late arrival, an afterthought, with creation. It is not a novelty of a romantic civilization. It is not a pious word of religion. Its roots began to grow with the first cell of life which budded on this earth. How great it is, the history of humanity bears witness; but how old it is and how solid, how bound up with the very constitution of the world, how from the first of time an eternal part of it we are only now beginning to perceive. For the evolu-

tion of love is a piece of pure science. Love did not descend out of the clouds, like rain or snow. It was distilled on earth, and few of the romances which in after years were to cluster round this immortal word are more wonderful than the story of its birth and growth. Partly a product of crushed lives and exterminated species, and partly of the choicest blossoms and sweetest essences that ever came from the tree of life, it reached its spiritual perfection after a history the most strange and chequered that the pages of Nature have to record. What love was at first, how crude and sour and embryonic a thing, it is impossible to conceive. But from age to age, with immeasurable faith and patience, by cultivations continually repeated, by transplantings endlessly varied, the unrecognisable germ of this new fruit was husbanded to its maturity, and became the tree on which humanity, society and civilization were ultimately borne.

It might be possible to conceive of this ultimate *scientific demonstration* that "God is Love,"

but we fear it must be regarded as on a par with the "squaring of the circle."

But of all the Professor's critics, Mrs. Lynn Linton is the most relentless. The work apparently roused her ire to the boiling point. Her fulminations were aimed at it through the medium of the FORTNIGHTLY of September, 1894. "In his preface," she says, "he strikes the key-note of which the whole book is simply a variation, and the key-note is—no one before Professor Henry Drummond discovered the law of altruism as a natural condition of moral and social evolution, as a governing factor in the conduct of man to man. Where others have been content to regard it as a modifying and progressive influence, sweetening the acerbities and softening the severities of that earlier condition wherein the struggle for life was the absolute necessity, if placid and individual life were to survive at all, he has found it as the supreme motive force from the beginning. And this is

the first sound given by the tinkling cymbal he calls his philosophy,"

Her criticism, or, more appropriately, her abuse, of the professor reaches its acme when she has the effrontery to declare that his work is a plagiarism from first to last. She accuses him of borrowing and distorting—curious terms to be put in juxtaposition—the views of Herbert Spencer chiefly, and in a less degree those of Darwin, Haeckel, Romanes, and Caird.

Yet, in a strangely contradictory manner, she admits that neither Thales nor Anaxoras, nor Plato, nor Aristotle, sprang autogenetically into philosophic maturity, and that Darwin himself, though the true discoverer of a hitherto unrecognised law, and even Herbert Spencer, have not worked wholly on the lines of spontaneous generation.

When criticism degenerates into abuse, it loses all its force. Mrs. Lynn Linton's attack on the late professor was altogether unfair. From her orthodox scientific point of view she gives vent

to narrow and undignified censures (orthodoxy so called, in any connection, is usually narrow), often assuming a tone unbecoming a lady who has herself written so much, and, might we add, so well? She entirely failed to realise that the professor's trains of thought ran in independent and speculative lines, altogether untrammelled by mere conventionalism. Had she known more thoroughly his genial nature and sterling merits, it is highly probable her criticisms would have been less drastic and vituperative..

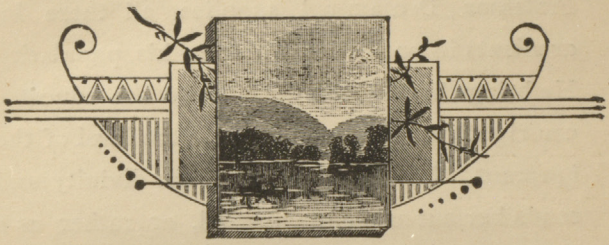
From the pen of one who had such wide experiences of the world as Professor Drummond, we could hardly expect anything other than a thoroughly readable and fascinating production. The continuation of his studies at Tubingen, in Germany, his missionary work at Malta, accompanying his friend Professor Geikie to the Rockies and thence to South Africa, and his subsequent visit to Australia, would not fail to leave indelible impressions on a refined and

cultured mind such as that of the late professor. One of the most potent antidotes to narrowness and bigotry is a wide round of travel. A Scotchman who has never been "furth of the kingdom" is not, as a rule, remarkable for his cosmopolitanism.

Mrs. Lynn Linton seems to have wearied herself, as she long ago wearied every one else, by her threadbare dissertations on the wickedness of the modern woman. She has now turned her attention to Professor Drummond. She ridicules his new book, which, in her view, among its many other sins commits the grave crime of fulfilling all the conditions which please "average people." This is her summing-up:—

"Nothing delights average people so much as picturesqueness of statement, irrespective of its truth—as sentimentality irreducible by logic or reason to anything resembling common-sense. And as the exponent of that form of pseudo-science which puts new wine into old bottles, and expects to make a good thing of the storage,

Professor Drummond supplies all these ingredients in profusion. Hence his popularity He brings his subject, which only the educated can rightly understand, down to the level of the ignorant. He strips science of her divinity and sends her out as a cottage maid, or rather as a young priest of whom no one need be afraid. But he lets slip truth in this endeavour to extract milk for babes out of the meat for men, and his rendering of synthetic philosophy is both inadequate and shallow. Whatever is true is borrowed; whatever is false, strained, and inconclusive is his own. His sin is the sin of plagiarism, with the additional offence of distortion in the lifting." Further comment is hardly necessary.



Tribute from "Scotsman."

THE death of Professor Henry Drummond at the early age of 46 was not altogether unexpected, for Mr. Drummond has been laid aside for some time by the somewhat mysterious malady which has now carried him off.

But upon the Anglo-Saxon world his death will come as a greater shock than even the loss of Professor Robertson Smith. For he had a

larger circulation, not only in this country, but in America, than any Presbyterian minister, though in these later years he must have been run pretty close by the author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush." His popularity was largely due to the personal attractiveness of the man, shown both in his work and in the bright buoyancy of his manner. He struck one as the Arthur Pendennis, the rose in the buttonhole, of Scotch Presbyterianism.. Alike in his demeanour and in his writings he suggested optimism *elan*, a cordial belief in the beauty not only of holiness, but of happinesss. There was a certain romance, too, in his achievement. It was something to have been equally at home in the slums and in "Society," to have worked all his public life with the one hand in Mr. Moody's arm and the other in Darwin's. But perhaps the fullest justice is done to Drummond by describing him as the Robert Louis Stevenson, the supreme stylist, of the Free Church. He published works of a scientific kind which are popular rather than

profound. It is not easy to say off-hand what it was in the thought expressed in "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World" that secured for it the exceptional vogue. Scientists have on the whole pronounced "The Ascent of Man" to be neither orthodox fish nor heterdox flesh, although in some quarters it has been declared to have been not ineffective as BROAD CHURCH red herring.

As for the bright-covered, brightly-written Christmas carols of the "Greatest Thing in the World" series, which are believed on good authority to have affected more minds and sold better than any contemporary literature of the same kind—can they be figured forth better than as theologies—religious afternoon tea? Undoubtedly, however, all Professor Drummond's books have the fascination which attaches in a perfectly lucid style. He can make words his servants, if not his slaves. He can manage the short sentence as well as Erasmus, or Froude, M'Aulay, or Green. He knows exactly what he

has to say, and says it brightly and pointedly. The clearness which seemed to pervade Drummond's personality and work alike were sufficient to make him, outside of his own communion, the most popular of Free Churchmen, if not of Scotch Presbyterian ecclesiastics. But those who knew him best have borne tesitmony to his simplicity of character, enthusiasm as a teacher, genuine love of truth, philanthropic zeal, and boyish *camaraderie*, and that testimony is not to be gainsaid.

The movement within the Free Church which has of late years identified it more than any other religious communion in Scotland with theological erudition, if not theological advance, has not yet spent itself. But it has suffered severe losses, and the latest—the extinction of the bright and hopeful light of Henry Drummond—is not the least,

The publication of Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was a perfect windfall to the booksellers. Fifty thou-

sand copies were sold in no time. "Do you wish to see enthusiasm?" says one writer. "You have only to start a bookseller on the subject of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' At the very mention of the name his countenance brightens, his eye sparkles, and he rubs his hands in glee. You should hear how eloquently he can expatiate upon it. This single book, he will tell you, has revolutionized our pulpits. The preaching is instantly changed; it has become interesting. Instead of the old dry-as-dust sermons droned out to sleepy congregations, we are now luxuriating in endless variety of new and beautiful illustrations. Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale have been bundled downstairs to make room for the tadpole and the hermit-crab.

"But this freshness of the theological air is not all we owe to the pen of Mr. Drummond. The old theology has been upset. Calvin and the Catechism must henceforth give place to Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. The Decalogue is deposed, and Natural Law reigns in its stead.

"A little discrimination will, however, enable you to discover that our good friend the bookseller's enthusiasm does not arise from having read the book (for probably he has not), but from the extraordinary run of popularity which, in spite of its high price, the volume has enjoyed. So keen is the struggle for existence among books in this book-producing age that the almost unparalleled success of this publication contributes a literary phenomenon for which it is not easy to account. But among the causes which have contributed to this success the following may be mentioned:—A charming literary style, exquisite comparisons, a fashionable scientific character, a fresh treatment of old themes, a certain boldness and originality, together with the religious fervour, earnestness, and prophetic air of the author, which lend a kind of unction to its composition."

Such a combination of high qualities could not fail to impart an almost irresistible fascination to the work.

In reading such a production, we seem occasionally to lose our intellectual bearings, and flounder in a maze of dreamy dizziness, wherein the Natural and Spiritual worlds get mixed up in absolute confusion ; in short, the logical faculties are for the time beguiled and caught napping, and we surrender ourselves to the author's guidance, and revel in his enthusiasm. The enjoyment of a book is often greatly enhanced by laying aside the critical spirit. Perhaps it is fortunate for authors that the great majority of their readers are not critics. Mr. Drummond tells us that in addressing a congregation on religious subjects once a week, he had been in the habit of drawing on his scientific knowledge for illustration of his theme. Struck by the readiness with which the phenomena of Nature lent themselves to the elucidation of scriptural truth, it occurred to him that some explanation of this similarity of the Natural and Spiritual worlds was demanded. Now, we are all familiar with such analogies.

Many of the parables are based on them. The sower, the mustard seed, the barren fig tree, and several others may be mentioned as illustrating the near resemblance between the Natural and Spiritual worlds. Analogies of a similar kind are also implied in such figures as the Bread of Life, Living Water, True Vine, etc., and in comparisons, for example, between the germination of the seed-corn and the resurrection between the members of the body and gifts of the Spirit, and most of all in "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Here the law is apparently the same for both worlds. Many writers have remarked upon the number of these correspondences between the phenomena of Nature and those of the Spiritual sphere, and many have expressed their conviction that they are not merely remarkable coincidences.

"Nature," says Pascal, "is an image of grace." In Nature, Mr. Ruskin finds types of the Divine attributes. For example, the infinity of Nature is a type of the Divine incomprehensibility;

unity, of Divine comprehensiveness; repose, of Divine permanence; symmetry, of Divine justice; purity, of Divine energy, &c. Archbishop Trench, in his work on the parables, considers that Natural phenomena afford more than simple illustrations of the Scriptural truths. He is inclined to regard the Natural law as in some sense furnishing a proof, or at least a corroboration, of the corresponding Spiritual law. Professor Drummond goes a long way further. For him, mere analogies do not suffice. He *identifies* Natural and Spiritual law. Take his own words: "Is there not reason to believe that many of the laws of the Spiritual world, hitherto regarded as occupying an entirely separate province, are simply the laws of the Natural world? Can we identify the Natural laws, or any one of them, in the Spiritual sphere? That vague lines everywhere run through the Spiritual sphere is already beginning to be recognised. Is it possible to link them with those great lines running through the visible universe, which we call the Natural

laws, or are they fundamentally distinct?" And here is his answer: "The position we have been led to take up is not that the Spiritual laws are analogous to the Natural laws, but that *they are the same.* It is not a question of analogy, but of *identity.* The Natural laws are not the shadows or images of the Spiritual, in the same sense that Autumn is emblematical of decay, or the falling leaf of Death. The Natural laws do not stop with the visible and then give place to a new set of laws bearing a strong similitude to them. The laws of the invisible are the same laws—projections of the Natural, not Supernatural. Analogous phenomena are not the fruit of parallel laws, but of the same laws—laws which at one end, as it were, may be dealing with Matter, at the other end with Spirit. When any two phenomena in the two spheres seem to be analogous, the parallelism must depend upon the fact that the laws governing them are not analogous, but identical. Phenomena are parallel; laws which make them so are one. The

greatest among the theological laws are the laws of Nature in disguise."

Space precludes us from further entering into the consideration of this work. If an enormous circulation affords any criterion by which to estimate the work of an author, then Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" bears off the palm.

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