

THE
PRINCETON REVIEW.

APRIL, 1863.

No. II.

ART. I.—*The Manner of Preaching.*

SOME years ago we offered some views to our readers in regard to the "Matter of Preaching."* Intimately associated with this, of course, is the Manner of Preaching. It was within our purpose and hope to present some thoughts to them on this latter subject when an opportune season should arrive. Various circumstances have deferred the execution of this design thus far. But we propose now to call the attention of our readers to some simple and obvious views on the subject, which, we hope, will commend themselves as neither unseasonable nor unprofitable.

We do not propose to offer any novel theories; nor to essay any formally scientific or exhaustive view of the subject; nor to bring it under the canons of formal rhetoric, the technics of art, or the methods of the schools. These are all valuable in their place. We are the last to disparage or supersede them. What we have to offer will be concentric with, and, if to any extent outside of, not in opposition to them. Or rather, it will aim to assist in more fully realizing the best principles of science and art as related to this subject. Our standpoint for remark and suggestion is simply that of a somewhat extended

* See *Princeton Review*, October 1856.

ART. IV.—*The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire*, by the Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, Dingwall. Edinburgh: John MacLaren. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1861.

THE history of the Church of Scotland during the last three centuries, includes a larger number of memorable epochs than that of any one of her Reformed sisters—epochs, which, in the eyes at least of all Scottish Presbyterians, stand out with a rare and glorious prominence. The days of John Knox and of Alexander Henderson, or, as they are commonly styled, “the first and the second Reformations”—the first signalized by the overthrow of Popery, the second by the overthrow of Prelacy—the period extending from 1640 to 1660, and designated in many a testimony as “the purest and best times of the Church of Scotland;” and then those dark and dismal years of persecution, from 1660 to 1688, during which the noble company of Scottish martyrs and confessors was mainly gathered;—these are the periods of which Presbyterians of the genuine Scottish type, Covenanters, Seceders, and Free Churchmen, never weary of reading.

And as the *history* of Scotland has its memorable epochs, so the *country* has its memorable districts and localities—spots, whose names are associated with deeds, the memory of which no one who has Scottish blood in his veins “will ever willingly let die.” Drumclog, Bothwell Bridge, Airs-moss, Bass rock, Dunnottar, and many a wild moor in Lanark, Renfrew, and Wigton, will be deemed by coming, as they have been by past generations, to be invested with all the sacredness which any place can derive from struggles for freedom and the blood of martyrs for the truth. Most of the localities identified with the heartstirring recollections of the past, with the apostolic labours of such men as Welsh and Rutherford, and the heroic sufferings of Cameron, and Cargill, and Renwick, are within the counties lying south of the Clyde and Forth. Here it was that Robert Patterson, the “Old Mortality” of Scott, found most of those graves of the martyrs, whose humble monuments he so carefully and piously repaired. And within this region

good old John Howie gathered the largest share of those precious materials and memorials of the great and the good men of the olden time, which he worked up into that unpretending volume, the *Scottish Worthies*. The southwest of Scotland was always considered to be the "very hotbed" and home of Presbyterianism. Dr. McCrie supposes that the pure and simple faith of the ancient Culdees maintained its ground in this district, down almost to the very days of the Reformation, and thus prepared the way for the victory which it so quickly won, and for its getting so firm and fast a hold of the mass of its population, that all the efforts of the Stuarts, continued, as they were, through four generations of that infamous house, were unable to weaken it. There are, indeed, counties and parishes in other parts of Scotland, whose annals hold a distinguished place in her ecclesiastical history. Many of Rutherford's incomparable Letters were penned at Aberdeen, in what he styled "Christ's palace," or, in other words, the prison in which he was confined, a building which we used in bygone times daily to pass, and never beheld without thinking of that heavenly-minded man. Dundee still religiously preserves the remnant of its ancient wall—a sort of gateway spanning one of its narrow streets, from the summit of which George Wishart was accustomed to preach the glorious gospel to "the sick and the sound," within and without the walls of the town, at a time when it was desolated by the plague. St. Andrews witnessed the martyrdom of that heroic herald of salvation—the city within whose academic cloisters, and now decaying cathedral, John Knox began his illustrious career. But all the parishes and localities, whether north or south of the Forth and the Clyde, that are so intimately associated with the memory of the battles fought for truth, and with the story of the sorrows and sufferings of its martyrs and confessors, belong to the Lowlands of Scotland.

At the period when those mighty struggles, to which we have alluded, were going on, if a traveller had gone from the Lowlands into the Highlands, though the journey would have been very inconsiderable in point of distance, he would have found himself in a region differing so entirely from that which he had left behind, that he might readily have fancied himself

transported, as if by magic, into a distant land, between which and Scotland wide oceans rolled. The form and features of the country, the language and habits of the people, and the structure and condition of society, combined to create the strongest possible contrast between it and the other great division of the kingdom. Here, Romanism held an almost undisputed sway, long after the Reformation had triumphed so completely in the Lowlands, that not even a solitary masshouse, much less a monastery, could be found in any part of them. The causes of this state of things are not difficult of discovery. In the first place, the language of the Highlander was a huge obstacle in the way of the progress of the gospel, and of that friendly intercourse between the two populations, which might have opened the door for the entrance of whatever Christianizing and civilizing influences and agencies existed in the Lowlands. Between the Celtic and the Saxon Scot there could be no free communion, no friendly fellowship worthy of the name. Never were they brought face to face in any considerable numbers, except when some Highland clan, with the fierce impetuosity of one of their own mountain torrents, rushed down from their wild fastnesses amid their heathery hills, into the inviting plains and valleys of the "Sothron" on a "cattle-lifting," or perhaps a yet more savage raid. In the next place, though the royal authority was nominally recognised as paramount over Highlands and Lowlands, the actual power of the monarch in the former district was vastly inferior to that of the chief or head of the clan. The command of a Stuart was practically impotent when opposed to that of a Macdonald or Macintosh; and the only way in which the former could wield any influence or give effect to his behests, was by stimulating the rivalry of chieftains, and exciting one clan to visit its vengeance upon another. Hence a missionary, however zealous, however familiar with the language of the region, however fortified by royal patronage, could have made little headway in the conversion of a Highland clan, unless he had first secured the favour of its chief. This point gained, his work would be comparatively easy.

We have said that Popery retained its dominion in the Highlands long after the great body of the Scottish people had

thrown off its yoke. The poor Highlander, profoundly ignorant of all matters outside of his own little world, and, withal, intensely superstitious, was a perfectly manageable subject in the hands of the Romish priesthood, because they kept him as really a heathen as when they found him. He had an implicit faith in the power of the ghostly father, but he was at the same time as firm a believer in the existence and power of the fairies. He brought his venison to the priest, and rigidly observed the practices and penances imposed by the church; but he expected, in return, that whatever wild license he was pleased to indulge in would be duly tolerated, if not formally sanctified. With all his devotion to holy church, he retained not a few notions and ceremonies inherited from his Druid ancestors, which would have scandalized an English or a French Catholic. From the early records of the Presbytery of Dingwall, (in 1656,) it appears that the people of Applecross were accustomed to observe the "abominable and heathenish practice of sacrificing a bull on the 25th August—a day, as they conceive, dedicated to St. Mourie;" but whether he belonged to the Pagan or the Popish calendar they could not determine. In a word, eager as Rome has ever been to secure for herself a monopoly of power, she seems to have early learned that the attempt to gain it would involve a serious struggle with the lord of each Highland clan. The priest and the chieftain, therefore, came to terms, each finding it his interest to acknowledge and advance the influence of the other. The chief sent his clansman with blood on his hands to the priest for peace and pardon; and the priest sent back his penitent with the old score of sins wiped out, and all the more ready to obey the behests of his chief. The priest himself must be a Celt, and thus shared in the loves and hatreds of his clan. Hence, it was not difficult to persuade priest Mackenzie to gather the Macnabs, or Munros, ostensibly to celebrate mass, but really to afford his own chieftain a convenient opportunity to butcher or to burn them.

Such was the religious condition of the Scottish Highlander at this period. In other respects, his character presented a singular mixture of good and evil qualities. On the one hand, it was distinguished by an almost patriarchal simplicity, romantic courage, and high-minded independence; while on the other,

it was tarnished by the ferocity and cunning of the savage, and an invincible love of plunder, and even of low theft. It appears almost incredible, that the same men who gave up their bed to the weary, and their food to the hungry stranger; who tended him in sickness with all of woman's gentleness and care, could rush forth from their fastnesses on a barbarous raid, committing cot and castle to the flames, mingle their wild music with the screams of the widow and the orphan, and listen unmoved to the dying agonies and curses of a brave and hereditary foe. But Highland history abounds with incidents illustrative of these strangely antagonistic and coincident traits. In one of his earliest public sermons,—for the Gaelic Schools,—Dr. Chalmers makes a most striking and eloquent use of the contrast between the home of the Celt as it was, and as it is. “O, ye soft and sentimental travellers,” says he, “who wander so securely over this romantic land, you are right to choose the season when the angry elements of nature are asleep. But what is it that has charmed to their long repose the more dreadful elements of human passion, and human injustice? What is it that has quelled the boisterous spirit of her natives, and while her mountain brows look as grimly, and her torrents roar as fiercely as ever, what is it that has thrown so softening an influence over the minds and manners of her living population?” Yes, nature wears the same look now as in the days of old; the physical characteristics of the people are as marked as ever, and the tongue they speak is the same that was heard three centuries ago; but in other respects, how immense the change that has been wrought through the simple agency of the gospel of Christ! In many a Highland parish, scenes have been enacted as pentecostal as any ever witnessed in Scotland. Pastors have laboured there whose names are not unworthy to be placed by the side of those of Welsh and Rutherford. And now the very region, which was the last one that Popery yielded up, is the stronghold of the olden Presbyterianism of Scotland.

While the spiritual condition of the Highlands was, in the main, such as we have described, for many years after the overthrow of Popery in Scotland, there were a few districts on the outskirts of that division of the kingdom, districts in which

some great Protestant noble, like Mar, or Argyle, had a dominant influence, that were more or less perfectly illumined by that Divine Light which had quickened the Scottish Lowlands into newness of life. One of these was *Ross-shire*, which ultimately became, in a spiritual point of view, one of the most favoured spots in Scotland; a fair garden, abounding with trees of righteousness, whose fragrance was like that of a field which the Lord hath blessed. Many of the churches in this county enjoyed, during the eighteenth century, very precious revivals of religion, which were marked by not a few most striking illustrations of the transforming power of the gospel. Of course, the fruits of these revivals were essentially the same as those produced by similar religious movements in our own country, but the former possessed some traits peculiar to themselves, and yielded results that have not, so visibly at least, followed from the latter. The nature of these revivals, their special features, and spiritual products, will be best exhibited by giving a brief sketch of some of the Fathers of *Ross-shire*, as they are called by the author of the charming volume, whose title is placed at the head of this article.

With one exception, their names were never known outside of Scotland. Probably the fame of most of them never extended beyond the Highlands amid which they lived and laboured. Yet they appear to have been remarkable as Christian men and as Christian ministers. Each of them had his own peculiar experience, his own favourite department of truth, his own special gift or grace; they differed just as men everywhere differ from one another, but there were certain characteristics common to them all. As preachers, says the author, in a passage well worthy of being quoted, they were all remarkable. "There are some who preach *before* their people, like actors on the stage, to display themselves and to please the audience. Not such were the *self-denied* preachers of *Ross-shire*. There are others who preach *over* their people. Studying for the highest instead of the lowest in intelligence, they elaborate learned treatises, which float like mist over the heads of their hearers. Not such were the *earnest* preachers of *Ross-shire*. There are some who preach *past* their people. Directing their praise or their censures to intangible abstractions,

they never take aim at the views and the conduct of the individuals before them. They step carefully aside, lest their hearers should be struck by their shafts, and aim them at phantoms beyond them. Not such were the *faithful* preachers of Ross-shire. There are others who preach *at* their people, serving out in a sermon the gossip of the week, and seemingly possessed with the idea that the transgressors can be scolded out of the ways of iniquity. Not such were the *wise* preachers of Ross-shire. There are some who preach *towards* their people. They aim well, but they are weak. Their eye is along the arrow towards the hearts of their hearers, but their arm is too feeble to send it on to the mark. Superficial in their experience and in their knowledge, they reach not the cases of God's people by their doctrine, and they strike with no vigour at the consciences of the ungodly. Not such were the *powerful* preachers of Ross-shire. There are others still who preach *along* their congregations. Instead of standing with their bow in front of the rank, these archers take them in line, and reducing their mark to an individual, never change the direction of their aim. Not such were the *discriminating* preachers of Ross-shire. But there are a few who preach *to* the people, directly and seasonably, the mind of God in his word, with authority, unction, wisdom, fervour, and love. Such as these last were the eminent preachers of Ross-shire."

The specimens of their sermons that have fallen in our way show that their preaching combined careful exposition of Scripture, exact doctrinal statement, minute description of the varying experiences of the Christian life, and close application of the truth to the conscience. They preferred to expound texts rather than to discourse on subjects; they never use the former simply as mottoes to their sermons; but with the reverential pains-taking which God's word rightly claims, they searched to ascertain what the mind of the Lord is in any passage which they happened to handle. They were very zealous for a sound creed, but their form of sound doctrine was as far as possible removed from a cold and lifeless orthodoxy. But the most distinguishing feature of their preaching was the singular minuteness with which they spoke to the varied cases and circumstances of their hearers—the hopes,

enjoyments, fears, temptations, and difficulties of inquirers and of Christians. Some may think that they carried these processes of spiritual anatomy too far; but if ever men sought with intense earnestness the constant guidance of their Divine Master, they did, and many truly marvellous instances might be adduced to show their fervent prayers for light were not unheard.

James Fraser, of Alness, was one of the most eminent of these "Fathers." He was ordained minister of Alness in 1725. When first presented to the charge, he was very acceptable to the people, but before his induction some of the lairds conceived an antipathy to him, and stirred up such a factious opposition, that although the session and the great body of communicants warmly adhered to him, when the day for his ordination came, the Presbytery found the doors of the church barred against them. His opposers carried the case up to the Assembly, where they were, of course, defeated; but these bitter enemies were ultimately converted into his most attached friends.

During a considerable part of his ministry, Mr. Fraser's preaching was of an awakening kind, being mainly directed to the conversion of sinners. He did indeed proclaim Christ crucified, and comforted the broken in heart, but the predominant strain of his discourses was such as we have stated. Multitudes were aroused to deep concern for their souls, but not a few of those who had been thus awakened under his ministry went elsewhere to find healing for their wounds. The pastor of the adjacent parish of Kilmuir was Mr. Porteous, another of the "Fathers." Each Sabbath many of Mr. Fraser's people went to hear Mr. Porteous. The number at last grew to be so great, that the Kilmuir congregation complained of the crowded condition of their church, and though very willing to endure the inconvenience for the sake of strangers who had no gospel at home, they had no patience with the fugitives from Alness. The elders at length begged Mr. Porteous to confer with Mr. Fraser on the subject, for, said they, "the Alness people tell us that their minister preaches the law almost so exclusively, that they who seek the bread of life must starve, or else come hither for food and

healing." Accordingly, meeting Mr. Fraser soon afterwards at a funeral, Mr. Porteous said to him—"It gives me, my dear brother, grief of heart to see some of your people in the church of Kilmuir every Sabbath. My elders tell me that those who come to us complain of your preaching almost entirely to the unconverted, and that the poor in spirit can get no food for their souls. Now, dear brother, if the Lord gives it to you, I pray you not to withhold their portion from the Lord's people, *which you can dispense to them as I never could.*" "My dear brother," was Mr. Fraser's striking reply, "when my Master sent me forth to my work, he gave me a quiver full of arrows, and he ordered me to cast them at the hearts of his enemies till the quiver was empty. I have been endeavouring to do this, but the quiver is not empty yet. When the Lord sent you forth he gave you a cruise of oil, and his orders to you were, to pour the oil on the wounds of broken-hearted sinners till the cruise was empty. Your cruise is no more empty than my quiver. Let us both, then, continue to act on our respective orders, and as the blessing from on high shall rest upon our labours, I will be sending my hearers with wounded hearts to Kilmuir, and you will be sending them back to Alness rejoicing in the Lord." After this beautiful reply, it is hardly necessary to add, that no more complaints came from Kilmuir.

Mr. Fraser had a life-long "thorn in the flesh," in the shape of a heartless, worldly, termagant of a wife. Never did her husband enjoy a comfortable meal in his own house, and often would he have half perished from hunger, but for the considerate kindness of his people. His wife was so shameless, that she made no effort to conceal her treatment of him. Light and fire were denied him in his study—his only refuge from her dreadful tongue—even during the long, cold winter evenings, compelled to walk in order to keep himself warm, while preparing for his pulpit, he kept his hands before him as feelers in the dark, and thus actually wore a hole through the plaster at each end of his seat. Being once at a dinner where he happened to be the only evangelical in the midst of a large group of moderates, who were aware of his domestic trials, one of them proposed as a toast the health of their wives, and then

winking to his companions, with singular cruelty as well as bad taste, said to Mr. Fraser, "You, of course, will cordially join in the toast." "So I will, and so I ought," was the instant and admirable answer; "for mine has been a better wife to me than any one of yours has been to you—she has sent me seven times a day to my knees, when I would not otherwise have gone, and that is more than any of you can say of yours." These incidents reveal the man and the minister; and the fact is not wonderful, though well attested, that in many a Highland parish, besides that one which was his own special field, the precious seed sown by him continued to yield rich harvests long after he had gone to his rest.

Mr. Fraser's name became somewhat widely known as an author, by means of his excellent work on Sanctification. It consists mainly of a very elaborate exposition of the sixth and seventh chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, and has long been a sort of household book among Scots people whose piety was of the olden stamp. Few works excel it for exact analysis, lucid statement of doctrine, polemical skill, and wise practical application of the truth; and though its style wants the rhetorical polish which the issues of the press now receive, the student or the pastor who should give it a careful perusal, will be amply rewarded for his pains.

Mr. *John Porteous*, of Kilmuir, has already been mentioned as one of these "Fathers." Soon after his licensure he received a presentation to the parish of Daviot, but strange to say, the people would not accept him, and as he would not consent to be "intruded" upon a "reclaiming congregation," the call was given up. In 1732, he was ordained pastor of Kilmuir, and here, from the very outset of his ministry, an abundant blessing rested upon his labours, which extended over the long period of forty years. He was, in fact, one of the most famous of the Highland preachers of his time, and he seems to have been not less eminent for his gifts and graces as a pastor. The incident already mentioned in our notice of Mr. Fraser, shows that his discourses were distinguished for their evangelical unction, and were specially adapted to guide inquiring souls burdened with the consciousness of guilt, into the way of peace. He was a son of consolation. But he knew how to "use the

law lawfully," and he exhibited a rare wisdom in dealing with those who had been alarmed by its terrors.

He was very fond of flowers, and being endowed with a lively imagination, he loved to trace analogies between the flowers in his garden and the varieties of character among his people. An humble and timid Christian once found Mr. Porteous in his garden by the side of a bed of violets. "There *you* are," said Mr. Porteous, pointing to one of them. His visitor replied, "Truly, that dark, uncomely thing, without flower or fruit, is like me." "Yes," rejoined his pastor, "it is, indeed, like you, for it is a lowly, fragrant plant, that usually hides its beauty, and whose sweetness is most felt when it is most closely searched and pressed." On another occasion, a young man, recently awakened, called upon him as he was walking among his flowers. He described his feelings, and the pastor listened in silence; but he had no *flower* to which to point the inquirer, and did not speak a word to him until he saw a toad hopping across the path. "Do you see that?" asked the minister, pointing to the toad. "I do," said the young man, and without another word they parted. A second and third interview occurred, at each of which this symbolic converse was repeated. But when, for the fourth time, the inquirer's attention was directed to the toad, he exclaimed, with deep and evident distress, "Well would it be for me, were I that toad, without a soul that can be lost for ever!" "I can speak to you," rejoined his pastor. He had judged that his wound was not deep enough before, but now he entered into close dealing with him about the way of healing, and soon afterwards found among the products of his garden a type of his young disciple.

A few specimens of his style of address have been preserved, and we wish that the limits of this article would allow us one of those allegories which he often, and with admirable art, employed to illustrate and enforce the truths of doctrine and experience, which were the staple of his pulpit instructions. He was a man of noble presence, and like many other apostolic men of those days, he was scrupulously neat and exact in matters of dress. He never married, and unburdened with secular cares, sought only "how he might please the Lord." He

quietly fell "on sleep," all alone with his Lord, in the attitude of prayer, in 1775, and in his eighty-fourth year.

Mr. *Hector McPhail*, of Resolis, was another of these "Fathers." When he entered the ministry, he was a stranger to the renewing grace of God, though a man of excellent character. His wife was the daughter of a godly minister, and previous to her marriage, had been a hearer of Mr. Porteous, whose preaching she greatly relished. Painfully sensible of the difference between her husband's doctrine and that to which she had been accustomed, she told him, a few weeks after their union, that her soul was starving, and as its welfare was her first concern, she had resolved that day to go to Kilmuir. Her husband made no opposition; but it was a sad journey to the pious wife. She reached the manse about an hour before public service, very much to the amazement of good Mr. Porteous, to whom she at once explained the reason of her coming. He retired to his study, where he spent most of the hour in prayer, and on rejoining her said: "If I am not greatly deceived, you will not long have the same reason for leaving Resolis, for I expect that the Lord will give you, by the hand of your husband, the very finest of the wheat." Nor was he disappointed. Mr. McPhail's mind was aroused, not to anger, but to solemn thought, by his wife's desertion of his ministry. It began a process of conviction which lasted for several years, and he finally resolved to demit his charge, as being wholly unfit for the sacred office. He asked Mr. Fraser of Alness to preach on a week-day, and make known his purpose to his people. Mr. Fraser came, and preached a sermon which was the means of loosing his brother from the bonds in which he had so long been held, and before the service was over, Mr. McPhail was in no mood to cease from preaching the gospel of Christ. He was full of hope and gladness, and calling at the house of an elder, who had spent many an hour in wrestling with God for his minister, he was asked, "What news to-day?" "Good news," replied Mr. McPhail; "Hector McPhail is to preach to you no more." "Oh!" said the pious elder, "I expected other news than that, for I don't reckon that good news." "Hector McPhail," explained the minister, "is not to preach any more, but the Spirit of the Lord is to

preach to you through him." "Ah, that is good news, indeed," cried the elder, in an ecstasy of joy. And from that day until his death, a more faithful, fervent, prayerful, and successful minister could not be found.

While, like his contemporary fathers, he was the instrument of the conversion of a great multitude of souls, his preaching was in a singular degree edifying to Christians. He could deal with them, in reference to their varying "cases," more closely, and with a more tender tact, than almost any other of his brethren. His own experience, doubtless, furnished him for this sort of work. Once he was engaged to preach in Petty. While a vast congregation was gathering to hear him, he was in a wood near to the church, having neither text nor sermon, wrestling with the Lord. The hour for service had long passed, before Mr. McPhail was seen approaching the place. He ascended the pulpit; but though he had preached many a memorable sermon, his discourse on this day surpassed them all, both in its comforting and converting power. Some of his own people, who chanced to be present, begged him to preach the sermon at Resolis, counting on a renewal of their former enjoyment. He complied with the request, but those who had made it were disappointed. He accounted for the difference in their impressions by saying, "When in Petty, you were looking to the Lord; but in Resolis, you were looking to me. There, you got the manna fresh from heaven; here, you got it after it had mouldered in my memory." Mr. McPhail died in January 1779, aged fifty-eight years. But among all these eminent Highland ministers, none was more famous than the last one whom our limits will permit us to notice, viz.

Mr. *Lachlan Mackenzie*, of Lochcarron. He was a man of real genius, as well as profound Christian experience; and the memory of his ministry is still fresh in many parts of the Highlands, though nearly half a century has elapsed since he went to his grave. The parish of Lochcarron had been, in a good measure, made ready to his hand by the labours of a man, belonging to a class which, we apprehend, is at the present day without a representative in the ministry of Christendom, Mr. *Æneas Sage*, who is described as a man of undaunted spirit, who did not know what the fear of man was. He had, how-

ever, the fear of God in its highest perfection. He was a determined enemy of vice, and a true friend of the gospel. When he became minister of the parish, its condition was absolutely barbarous. There were no elders in it; every form of wickedness was rampant, and in the church there was found "one formal stool of repentance, but no pulpit nor desks." On the first night of Mr. Sage's arrival an attempt was made to burn the house in which he lodged, and repeatedly afterwards his life was in danger. But, though he could not gain the popular esteem as a minister, he soon secured it by his great physical strength. The most renowned athlete of Lochcarron, in those days, was a man known as Big Rory, and Mr. Sage knew that if he could put him upon his back, his ascendancy in the parish would be established. Confident in his prodigious strength, he took the earliest opportunity of joining the people at their games, challenged the field, won an easy victory, and established his fame at once. Taking Rory aside, he said to him, "Now, Rory, I am minister, and you must be my elder, and we must, together, see that the people attend the church, observe the Sabbath, and conduct properly." The simple Rory agreed at once to the proposal, and on the Lord's day, when the people would gather to their games, the minister and his "elder" joined them, and each taking a couple by the hand, led them to the church, locked the door, and came back for more. This they did until the field was cleared, and the church was filled. The "elder," armed with a formidable club, then stationed himself at the door to prevent escape, while the minister ascended the pulpit and preached to them. One of the earliest of these sermons was blessed to the conversion of the "elder," who henceforth became, in very deed, a fellow-worker with his pastor in the gospel, and before the close of his career, it is recorded of the parish, that there was "a great appearance of religion" in it.

The way had thus been prepared for giving Mr. Mackenzie a cordial welcome by the people, to whom the high reputation of their new pastor, as a Christian and a preacher, was well known. He was of a singularly sensitive temperament, and but for a powerful intellect, under the control of deep piety, he might have become an impracticable enthusiast, or a fierce

fanatic. "Seldom," says one who knew him well, "do we find so much mind and so much heart combined in one man. From his very childhood he had been taught to know the Lord, and while a mere youth, was noted for his exemplary Christian character; and it might, therefore, have been inferred, that in his maturer years his joy and peace would have flowed like a river." The reverse of this was the case. Few Christians were ever subjected to greater vicissitudes of feeling; at one time he would be on the brink of despair, under the power of temptation, and at another, his rapturous enjoyment would bring him quite to the verge of heaven. Prayerfulness was the leading feature of his piety, and many a sleepless night did he spend wrestling for himself and his people, or rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Indeed, the nearness to the mercy-seat, to which he was sometimes admitted, was quite extraordinary, and the result of it was, that among the simple people of the North, he acquired the fame and influence of a prophet. If the half that is told of him be true,—and the statements are corroborated by the testimony of many unimpeachable witnesses,—it is not wonderful that he gained such a reputation. For example, it is recorded of him, that never did a sudden death occur in the parish, without some intimation of it being given on the previous Sabbath, accompanied occasionally by warnings so strikingly verified as naturally to beget in the minds of his people the idea, that he must have been favoured with a prophetic afflatus.

The most famous sermon of Mr. Mackenzie was one entitled, "The Babe of Bethlehem." From the profound impression which it is reported to have made, and the vivid memories of it long after its author had gone to his grave, we may fairly infer that it must have borne the stamp of real genius. It was founded on the visit of the wise men from the East, and their inquiry, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews." Matt. ii. 2. The preacher, attended by an inquirer, proposed to go in search of Jesus, and the sermon consisted of a graphic description of their travels. Soon after they had started, the inquirer observes a fine mansion at a little distance from them, and says to his guide, "Surely this is the place where we shall find him." "Come and let us see," answered the guide.

They go to it, and passing through the window, perceive a company seated around a gaming table. "Come away, come away," cries the astonished inquirer, "Jesus cannot be here." "I knew that," was his guide's reply. And thus they visit many a fair looking house, only to experience the same disappointment, until the inquirer begins to despair of ever finding Jesus. The guide now takes the matter into his own hands, and conducting his disciple to the back court of an inn, and pointing to the door of the stable, says, "There you will find Jesus." "There!" exclaims he, "behind that mass of filth! Oh, surely he cannot be in such a place as this!" The guide then applies himself to meet and remove the various difficulties which an earnest inquirer encounters in the way of his coming to Christ, such as the remembrance of past sins, his sense of guilt, of unworthiness, of inward corruption, and his fears arising from the wiles of the tempter. It is to be regretted that only the skeleton of the sermon was written, though its author was in the habit of very careful preparation for the pulpit; if he could have been induced to publish it in full, we have no doubt that it would have ranked among the finest specimens of the sacred eloquence of Scotland. Mr. Mackenzie died in 1819, in the thirty-seventh year of his ministry.

We wish that we had room to notice others of these "Fathers"—Calder, Macadam, Macintosh, and especially one who may be said to have closed the illustrious series, who earned for himself the glorious title of the "Apostle of the Highlands," and whom it was our privilege to have heard when near the end of his career. We refer to the late Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh. The few brief and imperfect sketches which we have given, however, will suffice to show what manner of men these "Fathers" were. Should any one undertake (as we heartily wish that some one would) to extend Dr. John Gillies' Historical Collections in regard to the success of the Gospel, or to write a complete account of the revivals of religion during the last century, we are very confident that the historian will meet with no more interesting field of inquiry, than that which these "Fathers" were enabled through grace to cultivate so thoroughly and so well, that it became like the garden of Eden, and is still renowned for its fragrance and its fruitfulness. In

no part of Scotland, prior to 1843, was the love of her ancient kirk so universal and so intense as in the Highlands. Dissent in no form has ever been able to make much headway there. But when the Non-intrusion controversy reached its crisis, and the cry was raised "for Christ's crown and covenant," the hearts of the Highlanders were profoundly stirred, and almost to a man they joined in the so-styled "Exodus out of Egypt." And now the Highlands form one of the strongholds of the Free Church.

We cannot close without saying a word in regard to a class of lay evangelists which was the offspring of the class of ministers we have noticed. They were known as "the men," and their history deserves to be studied by all who are pondering the problem of the extent to which, and the methods in which lay agency may be employed in the edification of the church. When a Highland pastor discerned in a converted man a promise of usefulness, he brought him gradually forward into a public position, by calling him first to pray, and then to "speak to the question," at the ordinary congregational meetings. If he approved himself in this service, he was enrolled among the "Friday speakers" on communion occasions. Thus the order of "the men" was established and formed. Some of them were engaged as catechists, but most of them were occupied with their ordinary secular business, and a few became truly "burning and shining lights."

To understand the special services of "the men," it will be necessary briefly to advert to the features of a Highland communion, which is a much more imposing occasion than is the observance of the Lord's Supper with us. The Thursday preceding the Sabbath is the fast-day, and it is kept with a strictness which American Christians might find to be somewhat irksome. Friday is the day of self-examination, and the only public service is, if possible, in the open air. A large crowd has gathered. In "the tent" are the ministers who are to aid in dispensing the sacrament. The services on the Friday are, in the main, those of an ordinary fellowship meeting, but with a special reference to the solemn work of the coming Sabbath. Two questions are proposed successively, so as to secure variety, but both have reference to the evidences of saintship.

Only "the men" from other parishes are called upon to speak, and of these only "the flower," there are so many. Before the service of the day is over, not fewer than thirty will have spoken. Saturday is the "day of preparation," and the Monday following the Sabbath, the day of thanksgiving.

At an ordinary fellowship meeting, the great object was the mutual comfort and edification of believers, and specially of those exercised with fears as to their interest in Christ. For this reason, none but communicants at first attended, but in process of time the meeting was open to all who chose to be present. The minister presided, and after prayer, praise, and reading a portion of Scripture, he would call upon some one burdened by anxiety or doubt, to propose a question. In response to this invitation, some man would rise, mention a passage of Scripture describing a feature of Christian character, and then express his desire to ascertain the marks of those to whom the text refers, and the various points in which they were to be distinguished from merely nominal Christians. The pastor would next open up the scope of the passage, and explain the exact import of the question founded upon it. He then called by name on those whose piety, experience, and gifts, best qualified them for the service, "to speak to the question." This they did briefly and in succession, and finally, the minister summed up what had been said by the several speakers, connecting, confirming, and expanding, as he judged needful, in order to a practical improvement of the whole subject. The person who had proposed the question, usually led in prayer, and with a song of praise and the benediction of the pastor, the exercises were ended. Such was (and, we presume, still is) a Highland fellowship meeting.

Such were "the Fathers" and "the men" who became the honoured instruments of one of the most fruitful and enduring revivals of religion of these latter days. What we have been able to gather from various sources respecting their personal character, manner of life, preaching, and pastoral labours, awakens our profound regret that an ampler record of their career had not been preserved. As we have already stated, it would form one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the history of revivals. We have never read of revivals in

any country more free of unhealthy excitement, of "wild fire," than were those in the Highlands of Scotland, and yet the latter have not escaped criticism. It has been said, for example, that the type of piety resulting from them was gloomy, exclusive, and over-much subjective,—that the Christian Highlander was employed in trying to determine whether he was a truly regenerate man or not, by searching into his own experience, when he should have been actively occupied in the service of his Lord. Though some of the traits objected to may have been owing to the peculiar temperament and circumstances of the Highland people, we still think it probable that there was ground for the above criticism. From the class of topics discussed at the fellowship meetings, these societies must have had a decidedly subjective tendency, and in many minds, they may have generated more doubt and fear than they removed. This tendency revealed itself in the dread which kept from the Lord's table not a few persons of whose Christian character none who knew them had the shadow of a doubt. It is unquestionable, that at one period many Highlanders appear to have regarded the table of the Lord with a terror, which could be explained only by supposing them to believe that "eating unworthily" is the unpardonable sin. So deep and unconquerable was this terror, that in some parishes—we have seen it stated—the Lord's Supper was not dispensed for years; and yet, in these very parishes, an ordinary visitor would have met, on every hand, indubitable evidences of a true and vigorous spiritual life. But these morbid tendencies have been checked and corrected by the manifold activities which the Non-intrusion and other "questions" originated, and by the warm and living sympathy for the Jew, the Gentile, and the heathen at home, which has stirred the hearts of Scottish Christians for more than twenty years.

We will only add, that Mr. Kennedy's charming volume is well worthy of the attention of our religious publishers.