

course they are, 'unto Me'; they are also 'Mine.' They belong to Him to whom they testify. They testify because they belong. They belong that they may testify.—H. C. G. MOULE.

I SHALL never forget seeing some four hundred men and boys, some of them very little boys, turn out of a mine, each, every one, with a candle stuck in the front of his cap—all light-bearers. This is our need—for all the church to witness for Christ.—R. H. LOVELL.

ONCE I had a series of meetings for any who wished to see me for individual counsel, which of course could not be given in the usual service of the church. Many remained spontaneously, and requested to be talked with. We had twelve church-officers, as good and true Christian men as ever church had: they sympathized with and helped the meetings, but when I asked them to go and speak to the anxious, and pointed out that they might give their own testimony if nothing else, the reply was the same from all: 'We will do anything else, but this we do not like to do.' I repeat that not preaching, but personal testimony, is our great need. And I urge you, if Christ has done anything for you, to tell it! Tell it! Oh, tell it!—R. H. LOVELL.

I SAW the other day a numerical calculation in which I was greatly interested, and which is fitted to affect us deeply. Assuming the unevangelized population of the globe to be one billion and a seventh, and the number of true followers of Jesus Christ to be ten millions, allowing that each Christian were from this time forward to make one convert each year, within eight years from the present time the whole population of the globe would be at the foot of the Cross!—C. H. PARKHURST.

As Dr. Dale once pointed out, 'preaching about Christ is not preaching Christ.' When Leonardo took some one

to see his great work of the 'Last Supper,' the first remark of the visitor was, 'What a beautiful communion cup it was in front of Christ!' The artist at once took his brush and painted out the cup. 'Nothing,' said he, 'should ever divert attention from Christ.' When I have seen a mother holding her child for its likeness to be photographed, I have often been delighted to notice her ingenuity in getting behind the child and concealing herself, giving up the whole picture for her loved one. Oh, that we could all live and so preach that men never saw, never heard, never thought about us, but only saw and heard and admired Christ—'witnesses for Him!'—R. H. LOVELL.

FOR REFERENCE.

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Patrick Walker.

BY THE REV. ADAM PHILIP, M.A., LONGFORGAN.

WE admire the enterprise and the national spirit that have led to the publication of this work.¹ Little can Patrick Walker, in his humble shop in Bristo Port, have dreamt that well on to twenty editions of some or of all his writings would be issued, and that the latest, published in 1901,

¹ The title-page of the two volumes of which we propose to speak reads: *Six Saints of the Covenant: Peden, Semple, Welwood, Cameron, Cargill, Smith, by Patrick Walker. Edited, with Illustrative Documents, Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary, by D. Hay Fleming, and a Foreword by S. R. Crockett.* London: Hodder & Stoughton.

would be the most sumptuous and appreciative of all.

It was in 1724 that his first brochure, *Some Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of Mr. Alexander Peden*, appeared. This has been reprinted again and again. In 1727 he issued *Some Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of Mr. John Semple, Mr. John Welwood, Mr. Richard Cameron*, and five years later appeared the sketches of Cargill and Smith. In 1827 the Edinburgh firm of Stevenson put out a collected edition of Walker's writings, with some additional

matter, under the rather pretentious title *Biographia Presbyteriana*. Ten years later it was re-issued in almost identical form. These have been superseded by the appearance recently of Dr. Fleming's edition. It is a pleasure to handle the volumes, which are similar in appearance to the Edinburgh edition of R. L. Stevenson's works.

Dr. Fleming is *facile princeps* our authority on 'Covenanting lore,' and it is scant praise to say that his workmanship is masterly. Within the compass of about twenty pages he has given us an Introduction crowded with facts and ripe judgments. The index is a model in fulness; the glossary is good; his remarks on the various editions of Walker, and other bibliographical matters, erudite; and his notes, covering more than a hundred pages, are a mine of curious and helpful information about books and pamphlets, about men and movements. Compare, for example, his succinct sketch of the progress of the Marrow Controversy (ii. 121), and his delightful note on the origin of the word 'cant' as a term of reproach (ii. 156-157). Dr. Fleming hazards the suggestion that it perhaps owes its present use to the signature of some of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Parker, for instance, signs himself sometimes as 'Matth. Cant.' What could be more natural, Dr. Fleming asks, than that the disaffected should irreverently appropriate the most abbreviated title of the head of the English hierarchy as a suitable synonym for hypocritical or affected talk?

Of one other note we must make mention, that referring to the parentage of Donald Cargill (ii. 199-203). As an example of patient investigation, skillfully grouped facts, and sifted evidence, nothing could be finer. The result is that Dr. Fleming has made a real contribution to the elucidation of the matter.

Of Patrick Walker little need be said. According to the *Biographia Presbyteriana*, he was born between 1650 and 1660. This, however, is a mistake. For, in 1684, he is described in the *Register of the Privy Council* as 'but a boy of eighteene years of age.' So that, probably, he was born in 1666, the year of the Pentland Rising. He seems to give us a glimpse of his parents when he writes: 'I have had the happiness to be a hearer of the gospel from my infancy, in fields and houses.' He was possibly present at Bothwell Bridge in 1679. Three years later he was

denounced as a rebel at Edinburgh. In 1684 he was brought before the Privy Council, and received sentence of banishment to America. The sentence was not carried through, but other cruelties met him. In all, he was examined eighteen times. If not the first, he was one of the first to be tortured in 'the thumbekins' described by the lords of council as 'a new inventione and ingyne' which was likely to be very effectual 'for expiscateing of matters relateing to the Governement.' For a time he was a prisoner in Dunnottar Castle, shut up in a vault with eight score persons, 'without air, without ease, without place either to lie or walk, and without any comfort save what they had from heaven.' Still later he was brought back to Leith, whence he was to be shipped to New Jersey. But he escaped, and finally joined Renwick. He hailed the Prince of Orange as a deliverer, but was far from being satisfied with the Revolution, and he was displeased with the Union.

Walker is commonly described as a pedlar; 'a Cameronian pedlar,' the 'half crazy,' 'murderous pedlar,' Mark Napier politely calls him. Dr. Fleming doubts the accuracy of the 'pedlar theory,' which, in spite of his interesting comment, will probably continue to live. The point, however, is of little importance.

Walker lived a good deal in Edinburgh, at one time within Bristo Port, at another in Candlemaker Row, where doubtless his window overlooked the churchyard of Greyfriars, in which so many of his comrades had been laid. He seems to have died in 1745, at the age of seventy-nine.

Of the value of his work the most contradictory opinions have been expressed. Between Walker and Wodrow there was no love lost; and Wodrow's references to him in his *Correspondence* are no more flattering than are Walker's allusions to Wodrow.

The younger M'Crie speaks of his rude ungainly style, observing that it is hardly possible to read his vulgar and gloomy pages without an occasional feeling of disgust.

To these and such judgments the present edition of Walker is answer. And throughout it, notably in Mr. S. R. Crockett's Foreword, there is evidence of the persistent power that Walker's pages have been exerting. Mr. Crockett tells us how they were the delight of his childhood. He carried them about in his blouse, he took them to bed

with him, he stored his mind with them; and wherever he goes he takes them with him still. 'I can see, of course,' he says, 'all the narrowness and occasional bitterness of the creed he expressed so admirably in the most vivid and distinctive Scots (of the biblical sort) ever written.' Again: 'Any gift of understandable writing which I may have attained since has been first of all owing to this rugged, vehement, discursive Patrick.' 'About much of the writing of this unlettered packman there seems a natural melody and fervour—like that of a linnet singing on a twig, a moment's burst and no more.'

Once again he writes: 'I have always thought that a great deal of the incision and directness of the late Mr. Stevenson's style in narration could be traced to his familiarity with Patrick Walker's account of the death of John Brown.'

R. L. Stevenson himself tells us that when he was a child, indeed until he was nearly a man, he consistently read Covenanting books. 'Now that I am a grey-beard,' he writes in one of his letters, 'I have returned, and for weeks back have read little else but Wodrow, Walker, Shields, etc. . . . My style is from the Covenanting writers.'

The Pentland Rising and *Thrawn Janet* are steeped in the spirit of Walker's pages, and elsewhere in Stevenson are words and turns of expression that recall the Cameronian.

Of this influence too much may be made, and also too little. It is not claimed that Stevenson formed his style on the model of Walker. Walker was an uneducated man. His spelling was bad, albeit better than the spelling of Claverhouse. Some, he tells us, quarrelled with his life of Peden for its want of grammar, although others who knew Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, had fathered it upon him. He sometimes commences sentences and does not finish them, leaving them standing, as it were, on one leg. But a writer is to be judged by his best, rather than by his worst. And Walker at his best can scarcely be matched. A competent critic asserts that the most moving passage in Homer—the speech of Priam to Achilles—is not more moving than Walker's account of the death of John Brown.

But there are many passages which for force, directness, simplicity, and pathos will not easily be surpassed. Amongst these we would name his account of the death of Peden (i. 97); of Peden's interview with Renwick (i. 108); of

Cargill rebuking Sir George Mackenzie (ii. 55); of Samuel Rutherford and the Parliament (i. 359). And we take it from Stevenson's lips as true that it was through Walker and his comrades that he was impelled, perhaps unconsciously, to seek the qualities of style that have given him his supremacy.

In the preface to the *Biographia Presbyteriana*, the writer refers to three grounds on which Walker's writings may be reckoned of value.

1. They are valuable to the writer of fiction as containing much outline of character, and innumerable incidents illustrative of the manners of the time. That this is so, is evidenced by the extent to which our two foremost Scottish novelists have been influenced by them. We have referred to R. L. Stevenson's indebtedness to them. Not less, perhaps, was Sir Walter Scott's. According to Mr. Andrew Lang, Patrick Walker is the original of Davie Deans, and some of the best-known passages in the *Heart of Midlothian* are founded on Walker, while Scott has reproduced some of his phrases. John Glas of Tealing, for example, is described by Walker as 'a gazing glancing glass who loves to hear himself speak and the world to notice him.' Scott makes Davie Deans speak of 'gazing glancing-glasses,' and he took part of Davie's tirade against dancing from Walker. One of the fine bits in the *Heart of Midlothian* is where Deans speaks to Reuben Butler of his wife's death, and in it he attributes the saying about the banks of Ulai to Carsphairn John (Semple), instead of, as should be, to James Welwood of Tundergarth, the father of John Welwood. In his notes Scott repeats the error, which double inaccuracy is to be noted in view of charges that are flung at Walker. In John Welwood's life we are told how Welwood said of a person: 'He's a round-spun Presbyterian.' Scott makes Saddletree recommend Mr. Crossmyloof the advocate to Deans as 'weel ken'd for a round-spun Presbyterian.'

But let these instances suffice.

2. They are valuable to the historian, containing many minute facts for which, though huddled together without method and order, we may elsewhere search in vain.

One of the services which Dr. Fleming has rendered, has been to trace to their source many of Walker's statements, with the result that while some have been disproved, others have been

notably confirmed. He has found his quotations 'fairly accurate' and his dates 'on the whole amazingly correct.' About the encounter at Ayrsmoss, Sheilds and Walker are more accurate than Wodrow, Thomson, and Herkless.

'When he records,' writes Dr. Fleming, 'what he had personally seen or heard, his statements may, I think, be taken as absolutely truthful, subject of course to some allowance in details for lapse of memory.' If this be a just judgment, it is remarkable, and has a close bearing on the truthfulness of his description of the death of John Brown.

But accurate or not, Walker both has and gives us his views of the leaders of the day, on the side of the Covenant and against it, and there are also in these volumes many curious glimpses into the religious life of Scotland during the earlier part of the eighteenth century. One such is Walker's own appearance at Kinross in 1737, to lodge objections at the Associate Presbytery against their first two divinity students. (Cf. Andrew Clarkson and Patrick Walker, 1737. Vol. ii. 235. The *Illustrative Documents*, published for the first time, are full of interest.)

3. They are valuable to the lexicographer as containing words and phrases peculiar to the country at the period in which he wrote.

We pick the following, almost at random, from the glossary:—Bauchle, brat, coldrife, deaved, dissle, feelless, fell, ferly, gollerings, grat, hag and hash, letten, shoot the shower, wersh, wisned, to vaige.

With words like these leaping from his pen it need not be said that his style is strong; and while some of his descriptions are rude, unreasonable, and harsh, others are quaint, pithy, and forceful. He describes Sharp as 'that compend of wickedness' (i. 157); he speaks of 'wisned, wersh, coldrife, formal sermons,' of 'liths and narcks of the gospel,' of 'feeble, feelless fingers,' etc.

There is often a quaint humour in what we find. To restrain vanity, we should remember that 'the sheep's old clothes are our new' (i. 161). 'When we were poor and had wooden cups at our sacraments, we had golden ministers; but since we have turned rich and have gotten golden cups, we have wooden ministers,' etc. (i. 184).

But the most valuable service which Walker has rendered, is to give us what, quite apart from the

accuracy of particular incidents, is a living picture of great and, in the main, noble men and stirring movements. We have an atmosphere. We have what was talked of and thought of in the moss-hags. We have the speech and the thoughts of the people by one of the people. And if it is true, in any sense, that the local paper reveals the inner life of the country better than the larger journal, it is equally true that we get from the pamphlets and broadsheets and minor poetry of a people, glimpses of men which the stately historian may fail to catch. We should say that a good deal of insight into sides of Scottish life in the eighteenth century is to be got in *Scotland's Glory and her Shame*, doggerel though the verses be. And in Walker we have what none but one who had been hunted and tortured, who had passed through the tribulation of those days, could do more than suggest. 'I for one,' says Dr. Fleming truly, 'would rather forego whole volumes of commonplace histories written or revised "by men of sound judgment," than give up Patrick's lifelike sketches of the weird Peden, the resolute Cameron, the devoted Cargill, and the lovable Renwick—the hunted leaders of what seemed to all but themselves and their followers, a forlorn hope and a lost cause.'

Lives seem often narrow on account of their surroundings. And we all share to some extent the prejudice and superstition of our time. But the test of a life is its persistence, its fidelity, its aspirations, its flights. And what is certain is that few men have stood more bravely in Scotland for what they judged to be the will of God, or ruled their lives in view of loftier truths. What if it be that there is not in their lives the culture, the quiet, the beauty, the richness that themselves are an adorning? Were they not saints? We trow they, were; and perhaps among the noblest. They had the strenuousness of the saints, the patience of the saints, their passion for Christ and their invincible faith in His triumph: 'They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.'

'Pray meikle,' said Peden; 'it is praying folk that will win through the storm.' When Vilant was told of Cargill's courage in preaching at every hazard, he said, 'What needs all this ado? We will get heaven, and they will get no more.' On this being repeated to Cargill, he answered

superbly, 'Yes, we will get more; we will get God glorified on earth, which is more than heaven.' Take this from his last testimony: 'I have followed holiness, I have taught truth, *I have been most in the main things*; not that I thought the things concerning our time little,' etc (ii. 9). Elsewhere he says that he 'never durst undertake to preach Christ and salvation to others until he was sure of his own' (ii. 56).

Renwick would say that he was never satisfied with himself unless his forenoon sermon 'was upon the doctrine of the gospel,' and his afternoon 'upon the way of bearing the cross' (i. 168). And listen to John Welwood: 'I have no more doubt of my interest in Christ than if I were in heaven already,' and almost his last words were: 'Now, eternal light, no more night or darkness to me' (i. 216).

Let any one read Peden's prayers or his letters to the prisoners at Dunnottar and he will know what kingly men they were. 'It is easy for Christ to be holden busy in dividing the fulness of His Father's house to His poor friends; He delights not to keep mercy o'er night.' And so on in this strain. Or take this from Cargill, Tennysonian in its figure: 'Fear not, and the God of mercies grant a full gale and a fair entrie into His kingdom, that may carrie sweetly and swiftly over the bar that you find not the rub of death' (ii. 20).

There are questions that occur to any one reading those sketches which can scarcely be answered. What are we to make of their prophecies? It was just as if they had second sight—such was their prevision of the future. We do not need to credit everything that is attributed to Peden and Semple and Cameron and Welwood, and yet much remains unexplained. Something may be put down to superstition; something to imagination; something to clear-sighted judgment on the issue of events. But there is an element beyond, as if in those stormy days the grace that seized them acted like a new sense.

In certain quarters, it is held that Dr. Fleming, though erudite as a historian, is biassed in favour of the men of the Covenant. In so far as enthusiasm for heroic character and deeds may bias, he stands condemned. Yet it can hardly be gainsaid that he always brings a stern array of facts to sanction his judgments, whether of praise or blame. As one illustration we would refer to

his capable analysis of Mr. J. Drummond's argument about *The Bloody Banner*, said to have been used at Drumclog, and his well-marshalled facts to explain the story of the banner. Another illustration is his note on the death of John Brown. Writing in the *Athenæum*, Mr. Lang contests his position, adding, however, that on this point alone, his note is inadequate. It is possible that the final word has not been spoken on this incident. But in a couple of pages (ii. 135-137), Dr. Fleming has carried the story up to its earliest reliable sources, he has exposed the sorry blunders of Aytoun, discovered the taint in Mark Napier, and indicated why the statement of Claverhouse, written on the back of the event, is open to suspicion.

It will be remembered that after testing Patrick Walker in every conceivable way, Dr. Fleming came to the conclusion that when he recorded what he had personally seen or heard, Walker's statements might be taken as absolutely truthful, subject of course to some allowance in details for lapse of memory. Patrick, it is clear, asserts that he got the story from John Brown's widow 'sitting upon her husband's gravestone.' It is not to be expected that Claverhouse should have detailed the story of Brown's death. He simply writes to Queensberry, that having 'found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly.' But how much even seems to be covered by those words, 'which he suffered very unconcernedly.'

Beyond this the Drumlanrig papers show that, especially in 1684, the atmosphere was one of falsehood and suspicion. At times Claverhouse was only too anxious to vindicate his fidelity. We find him, for example, writing in that year that those who thought to misrepresent him would find themselves mistaken, 'for both in the King and churches interest, dryve as fast as they think fit, they will never see me behynd.' In December he was in a state of irritation. He had declared that he would never again plead for any one. There is coarser speech than this in his correspondence. So far as we see, there is nothing in his letters to discredit the story of Brown's death, while there is much in the treatment of his nephew to discredit himself.

Mr. Lang thinks that John Binning (i. 297), who was hanged by Drummond at Mauchline on

the 6th of May 1685, was Brown's nephew. Dr. Fleming, notwithstanding the *Despot's Champion*, leaves Binning unidentified. He calls attention to him, but commits himself to no precarious ground.

It is in this spirit, with care for facts and accuracy, that the volumes have been prepared.

The reference in the note, vol. i. p. xx, should be i. 363, not i. 163.

And who is correct about Marion Kinloch? Dr. Fleming or Walker? Cf. i. xxxix and i. 285.

We venture to express the hope that the volumes will be reissued in a less expensive form.

Recent Foreign Theology.

Herrmann's 'Ethik.'¹

It is a token of the merits of this treatise that it has, within so short a time, attained to a second edition. All the more striking this is, because it is one of a series of handbooks dealing with all the theological sciences. No doubt individual books in a series are helped by the series, but it also happens that individual books are heavily weighted by the series. But the *Ethik* of Herrmann has found its readers, and has deserved to find them, speedily. It has those characteristics which have established a lasting bond between Herrmann and his readers, and makes them feel as if they and he were on terms of personal friendship. Certainly his readers rise from the perusal of his books strengthened and refreshed from contact with a man of such simplicity of aim, fervour of character, and clearness of thought. They may differ from him in many ways, may hold that metaphysics has its share in legitimate human thought, and that epistemological problems may obtain a solution, but they cannot fail to profit by his strenuous insistence on the necessity of having regard to experience in morality and religion. Many other elements of worth in his writings might be mentioned were there time, but we need all our time to give some account of the work before us.

The Preface to the second edition contains a brief description of the attitude of the author towards the sciences and towards metaphysics. He affirms that the scientific view of nature has become part of our mental and spiritual life, and

¹ *Grundriss der Theologischen Wissenschaften: Ethik.* Von D. H. Herrmann, Professor der Theol. an der Universität, Marburg. Zweite Auflage. Tübingen und Leipzig: J. C. B. Mohr. Price M. 3.60; bound, M. 4.60.

that it is really a revelation of the eternal God. We sympathize with this attitude of mind, and are glad to meet with any vindication of science as a means of enabling us to understand the earlier revelation of God, to wit, that revelation which He has been able to put into His works. But after all, the works of God are but a very partial revelation of Him. Herrmann declares that he does not know a metaphysic that is helpful as science is helpful to man. He proceeds to his work without any metaphysical presupposition; at least, he says so, and he means what he says. We are not sure that he has succeeded in avoiding metaphysics. In fact, the resolution to avoid metaphysics implies a metaphysic, at least of a negative kind. These perennial questions about the nature of things, about God, man, and the world, that press on every generation, and which will not leave men alone, can a writer on ethics pass them by, or neglect them? Do not the sciences leave the fundamental question of their foundations to metaphysics? and must we not at one stage or other raise the ultimate questions involved in the possibility of experience and of knowledge? Our author has his metaphysic after all, as might be easily shown.

The first part of the treatise deals with ethics generally, and the second part with Christian ethics. An Introduction sets forth the problem of ethics, and describes the method of ethics. After the statement of the problem and the description of the method of ethics, we enter on the task of ethic proper. 'Natural Life and a Moral Thinking' (*Denken*) is the title of the first part. Life controlled by natural impulse and how it is transformed into a life regulated by moral considerations may be roughly indicated as the thesis of the first part. A series of sections lead us