
A table of contents for *The Expositor* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expositor-series-1.php

further on" the course of the present world must travel first, before the awakening, but only a little; the issue, though deferred, is still certain, and "the consequences" of human actions "will be what they will be." Sorry to have tired you, Mason.

M. Not at all, Riddell. Now good night; and thank you for being such a "painstaking controversialist."

R. As the Greek professor said of the other Greek professor, whom he had just demolished!

M. A thousand pardons! What am I saying? I must be asleep. I meant to say that you have really worked hard at your thesis, and you make me think.

R. Thanks, old man. That is a higher compliment than to say I persuade you. Good night!

E. C. SELWYN.

HENRY DRUMMOND.[1]

IN venturing to address you upon Henry Drummond, I propose mainly to consider his life as a type of modern Christianity, and to offer some reflections upon it. The world has lived too long upon its past; the Christian is still overmuch tempted to point to the sample saints of long gone days as if these latter years were barren in example of men who lived continually near to God. Why should we thus incessantly turn to the early imitators of the Lord Christ as if they, more than the noblest men and women of today, could teach and inspire us to walk worthily? It is a pagan notion that finds the Golden Age in the misty past; for the Christian it lies in the future. It is being brought nearer by the lives and labours of just such men as Henry Drummond, and it is they as nearest us whom we should study, whose work we must take up. For there is no reason apart

[1] An address delivered to the first-year students of the United Free Church College, Glasgow.

from ourselves why the Golden Age should not begin tomorrow.

The life of Henry Drummond covered the second half of last century. He was born at Stirling in 1851, and died at Tunbridge Wells in 1897. Of the 500 pages that compose Prof. Smith's account of Drummond's life, two are devoted to the matter of his parentage, and this is no unusual proportion to give to the discussion of a question that is obviously conditioned by the facilities with which the necessary information can be obtained, and by the public and private sentiment that would in certain cases, although wrongly, consider even that slender number two too many. As the influence of ancestry becomes more exactly known, and men understand better the various factors that determine the nature of offspring, we may expect to find an increasing amount of attention directed to the problem of definitely ascertaining what any particular man owed in the first place to his immediate parentage, and afterwards to the environment in which he passed the more plastic years of his life. It is only thus that we can rightly appreciate what, so to say, a man owes to himself; without this threefold investigation any comparative study of the lives of individuals is not only unfair, but worthless. For no two men start with the same inheritance—no two men have exactly the same chance—and two lives that were apparently of equal usefulness may easily have been intrinsically disparate, the one representing a noble development from a poor beginning, the other a poor development from a noble beginning. Further, every such investigation, if properly conducted, is one more addition to the data upon which will be decided that most fundamental of questions as to whether nature is stronger than nurture, or vice versa, where the term *nurture* may stand for the environmental conditions to which reference has already been made. A very

slight acquaintance with modern literature, especially of the lighter type, is sufficient to furnish one with evidence of the widespread pessimistic belief that nature is stronger than nurture. A man, it is urged and depicted again and again, is in perpetual bondage to his immediate ancestral past; he cannot counteract the inherited bias towards specific evil. Christianity maintains the reverse position, and confidently proclaims that all such past connexions may be treated as negligible quantities, and life's handicap be counteracted by the power of the grace of God. Science, in her present tendency to rebut the suggestion of the transmission of acquired characters, may be held to be coming round to the same position. It is not my purpose to pursue these inquiries in relation to Henry Drummond at the present time; suffice it to say that his certainly was a great inheritance, a genial environment, but trading with his talents he increased and scattered, and increased again.

We may pass over his schooldays and undergraduate life with a single reference. To appreciate its significance you must recollect what you have heard or possibly known for yourselves of the singular charm that invested his every appearance upon religious and other platforms—the charm of voice, of thought, of perfect ease and naturalness. During his second session at Edinburgh University, when little more than sixteen years of age, he joined the Philomathic Society, and one evening shortly after his admission rose to address the house for the first time. "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," he began, "I think, Mr. Chairman . . . I think . . . I think, Mr. Chairman . . . I think . . . I hope you will excuse me, I am very young." "There was a deadly silence," writes my informant, who was present on the occasion in question, "during Drummond's efforts to speak, but he sat down amid a burst of derisive laughter. Students, though as a rule the most generous of critics, are never keenly sympathetic with those who plead youth as an

excuse for a maiden speech catastrophe." Yet from this we may see what he owed to himself in the matter of public speech.

It was after three years of New College routine that Drummond decided to make a break in his theological studies, and devote a year to mission work and the study of Natural Science, geology in particular. But this uniquely planned winter was still young when he was swept into what ultimately proved to be the greatest experience of his life, and for wellnigh twenty months he either accompanied or followed Messrs. Moody and Sankey throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. It is peculiarly interesting to trace his intellectual and spiritual development from this period onwards, for the stages are clearly marked. At this time, so far as regards theology, he was practically a Traditionalist. As a matter of fact, theology *per se* never seriously interested him, and he must have been in a (for him) strangely aberrant mood one day in February 1871, when he wrote, "I think I shall have a shy at the B.D. by and by." In the Revival meetings, however, he sounded every note in the scale of Christian truth. The effect of his speaking must have been tremendous. Opposite the words, "Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine," in the description of the day of Pentecost, he has these jottings in the interleaved pocket Testament that he used all through the campaign:

"Many people object to religion because 'there is a great deal of excitement about it': not at all. It was not because they were religious that they were excited; it was because they were not. Religion is a calming thing. Its greatest watchwords are Peace and Rest. Be still, trustful, not afraid,—that is what it ever whispers into the agitated, sinful, perplexed mind. Irreligion is an exciting thing. That causes excitement,—a terrible situation, appalling issues hanging on slight threads of conduct, upon

today's doings, feelings, resolutions. The most exciting situation in the universe is an unsaved soul. Picture it on the brink of eternity. Tomorrow you may stand there for the last time,—then Eternity. That future hangs upon the present; do not refuse today's decision upon the chance of tomorrow's reformation; what situation could be more exciting."

Or listen to this beautiful illustration of Consecration: "In a sense it is a continual process. And yet we do not need to be always consecrating ourselves. If we think we have not done it right, we do not need to do it again. We only need to add more consecrated elements to our life which has been already consecrated. There are unconsecrated parts of our life. We have only to add them as we find them. *Thus*: a child has a picture-book, tattered, many pages lost, lying all over the house. A friend calls, and sees the pictures. Being a print hunter, he wishes to possess them, offers a new book to the child instead of the old one. Next day it is given. Days after, the child stumbles on a leaf of the old book—lays it aside. Next day finds another—lays it aside. They belong to the friend. When he comes again, the child gives him the pages. *But he does not give the book again.* That is already consecrated. So we are always stumbling on stray pieces of our life which have never been given up to *Him.* Consecrate these as ye find them: but ye are Christ's."

That is the first stage; it practically covered his life from boyhood till the close of his college days. Then we may gather hints of a coming change in the following extracts from letters by one of his most intimate college friends. The date of the first is November 20, 1876: "Drummond preached in the Barclay yesterday to the thunder-striking of friends and enemies; they wanted him for assistant, but he demurs. He held forth on (rather 'off') the Ten Virgins—Christianity and Christ—question whether anybody is really

converted, etc.; but the stately figure in the gown and the melodious burr of his r's seem to have been what struck most." Drummond did eventually become assistant to Dr. Hood Wilson, and the same friend writes in April of the following year: "Drummond has been confusing the old people and rejoicing the young in the Barclay all winter, giving the Higher Evangelism to the world."

Pass over a few years, and we reach another well defined period in his life. Certain seed that had been sown in the soil of his mind during his college course, more especially perhaps in connexion with his study of the Old Testament, began to sprout after a period of seeming inactivity. The Church was racked with the case of Prof. Robertson Smith, and Drummond was not slow to perceive the peculiar vantage of the newer standpoints in relation to such subjects as the interpretation of the Creation story in Genesis in view of the accepted facts of science. And so we have *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, and then, more particularly, the well known articles on "The Contribution of Science to Christianity," and "Mr. Gladstone and Genesis," in the EXPOSITOR and *Nineteenth Century* respectively. To those who know these writings a great change in Drummond's intellectual position is at once apparent; formerly he was a Traditionalist, now he is a Protestant. How about the other side, the purely spiritual? At the beginning Drummond is as hard at work as any pastor in his mission at Possilpark. Later he speaks to hundreds of students on Sunday evenings in Edinburgh, and drawing-rooms of London society during the season. His addresses are certainly more restricted in range than those of the earlier period even as his audiences are more select; but their intensity is not a whit diminished, their object is the same, nor is their success different.

Again pass over a few years, and we find a third distinctly marked stage into which he has glided almost

imperceptibly from the previous one. His chief work, *The Ascent of Man*, belongs here, the most superficial reading of which discloses the fact that the story there narrated leads up to the conclusion of the final chapter in which it is sought to show that Evolution and Christianity are one in their object of making more perfect living beings, and one in that through which they work, even Love. Drummond has passed from Protestant to Humanitarian. You see this in every one of his Christmas Addresses; it is obvious in their very titles. In the first period he had laid strong emphasis on the individual; the "Kingdom of God" meant little to him in those days. But now it is charged with meaning as he changed the accent of his teaching by reason of his growth in knowledge and experience, and laid it more on the social aspects of Christianity. Yet this does not mean that his interest in the individual had lessened. He certainly restricted his platform work almost entirely to the University man; but this species is cosmopolitan, and Drummond sought him in every clime. His message was as in the previous period, his object still the same, his enthusiasm in no way abated.

Allow me to show you this Humanitarian at work in Australia as he appeared to an eyewitness in the summer of 1890. The letter from which I quote was written by a young Australian mining engineer to his friend the Rev. Graham H. Balfour, of Melbourne. I have reproduced exactly his conversational but very expressive English. "Of course," he says, "as you know, I can have seen but little of him during his brief and busy visit to our country, but there was no mistaking him; even the average eye could not mistake the spiritual meteor. Like yourself and hundreds of others, I heard all he had to say to the students, and met him on four different occasions, once by arrangement, and twice, I might almost say, by accident. You who were on his committee know quite well the

various addresses he gave, and upon these I need scarcely touch. It seems to me the best thing I can do is to put down simply what I can remember of our meetings. It was after I heard him deliver his address on "The Kingdom of God" in the Athenaeum Hall or the Coffee Palace Hall (which was it?)—an address which was a revelation to me as it was to hundreds of others—and after he had concluded it that I heard him say that he had come from the other side of the world for *us*, that he was prepared and anxious to meet any one of us who wished to speak with him *any time, anywhere*. How well do I remember the sudden flash of something beautiful when he said this! 'Here,' thought I, 'is a man who has crossed the world for us, for any one of us, who asks us individually to meet him and talk with him if we feel the need, at a time which we might decide for ourselves, at a place which we might fix for ourselves. And he at this very time pressed with the burden of address after address, and nursing his dying friend John Ewing.' Verily something beautiful had come our way, and to me at least he seemed a new species of humanity. To have seen him, I have felt ever since, was to have had a vision of his Master Christ.

"Well, I met him. You introduced me to him, you'll remember, after his address, and I told him I had received a card of introduction (not that any were needed) to him from a friend who was studying in Edinburgh and had often heard him; and when I mentioned his name, he called him to mind at once. I simply mention this to illustrate his marvellous memory for faces and names, for you know quite well the thousands of students he came into contact with in Edinburgh.

"Well, he fixed the time and the place of our meeting. Shall I ever forget it? A moonlight night, the Toorak manse, where his friend and yours, Balfour, lay dying. I protested against dragging him away, but he insisted, and

we walked for three hours around these secluded and half-country roads beyond and about Toorak. I knew exactly what I wanted to ask him and lost no time. I do not intend to drag myself into this more than is necessary to reveal, though but in shadow of a shade, the man himself, so I will only give the first question chiefly for his answer. 'Is it possible, Professor, bearing in mind your address on the Kingdom of God, for one to become a member and yet doubt or disbelieve the divinity of Christ?' At once his quiet, eager, intense, sweet voice replied, 'Did the first disciples believe in it when they were first called?' How Scotch to answer by asking another question!

"'No! How could they?' and at once the vision flashed on me. 'Quite right, it grew on them by degrees.'

"Well, from that moment on for two hours he had me talking, and you know such a thing at that time was strange for me to do. He made me talk, drew me out—I couldn't help it—and now I can see how in his own words he had buttonholed my soul. But suddenly I came to my old self, and protested that I had never done such a thing before, and had not come to hear myself talk but him. And then he did speak on many things on our way back to the manse, where he gave me his little book on *The Greatest Thing in the World*, and wrote his name in it. It was that evening he told me that he was bringing out a new book in the near future, which was to be more mature than his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Well do I remember how he avoided in his wisdom all theological issues, and steered away from them as from a shoal.

"After he had diagnosed me—for that is what he did that night—he recommended me to read the works of John Fiske. I did, and found his spiritual diagnosis correct. I must tell you how I arrived at the first address, for it is an illustration of the grip he got on all sorts and conditions of minds. I was dining in the home of an orthodox Jewish

family, when the eldest son said he was going to hear Drummond, and his brother and myself said we would like to join him. I remember asking him what attracted him in Drummond, since I thought it strange the Christian evangelist should draw the child of Israel thus. 'It is very simple,' he said: 'my brother was ill at Ormond College, last Friday, and felt anything but good tempered,—was lying up in his bedroom alone when a knock came at the door. 'Oh, come in!' he said in a longsuffering sort of a way, when in stepped a perfect stranger, so neatly dressed and with such a soft kind voice. 'Could you tell me where Balfour's room is? I have lost my way; but are you unwell?' And there and then he sat down, for a long time kept him company, and cheered him up considerably (you know what the influenza is?). So impressed was my young brother with him that I am going to hear him with a great deal of curiosity and pleasure.' Well, we went that night, and every other night, and used to withdraw to a coffee-house together and turn the address over and over, and over again. It was the freshness of the early world to all of us. I recollect, too, the orthodox Jewish parent himself coming one night to see and hear for himself if by any chance his family were hearing what they should not hear. But all was well. I am wandering on and on through the gallery of memory, quite forgetting that you have yours and all have theirs of this glorious saint. I will refer to one other meeting. He had gone to Adelaide, I knew. I was at a great football match, in the middle of the crowd, quite thirty thousand, and could see little of the game. At about half time I turned round, and found Professor Drummond standing behind me. It was the very thing he wanted—some one who could explain the points of our game. I asked him in that case to come to another football ground where he could see the game better. He was quite eager, and became quite wrapt up in the game. There, too, he

began to speak about his work, and indicating the athletes he saw all round him said, 'These are the men I want to get hold of. Do introduce me to some of your wild beasts!'

"There was no mistaking what he meant. 'The men I have around me are all right—they won't do any harm—but I would like to get hold of the wild beasts.' Sure enough we had not passed along very far before I saw several of the species he wished to grapple with, and introduced him, and he was very pleased. How open his soul was to all his surroundings, how ready for suggestion from everything, and how quick at detecting anything fresh! I remember on this occasion saying, 'There, Professor, is one of the men you want, a wild one, but a regular nugget (a common word out here, as you know).' 'Nugget,' he said—'a beautiful word; I never heard it so applied before,' and so on and so on. To follow him any further upon these brief occasions is impossible—he came at me from all points. I feel he was all that a man ought to be, and give up in despair trying to follow the elusive influence that always won my love and wonder.

"As you know, little practical social work has resulted from his visit to our shores. Such work needed his fostering care a little longer; but his personal influence, particularly in private interviews, when his soul touched another soul—as it did in hundreds of cases—into a clearer and a higher life, is an abiding source of spiritual wealth in our native land."

And the engineer concludes with these strange lines:

> His heart was just four pieces joined,
> A man, a woman, and a child,
> And a kind of a sort of a Holy Ghost.

Perhaps you will bear with this short sequel from the pen of Principal Andrew Harper, who knew nothing of the previous account. "When I was going to England,

in 1891 or 1892, there were several Jews on board the ship, but, as is usual, they were not very popular with the other passengers. There was one, however, who, though not more popular than the others, was very much quieter and seemed to have literary tastes of a more elevated kind. I got to know him slightly, but had no particular interest in him till we reached Brindisi. There he went ashore before I did, and returned to the ship with several volumes of Tauchnitz's English series in his hand. Meeting me, he showed me the Tauchnitz edition of Drummond's booklets, which he had just bought. I was a little surprised, and later, when we were again at sea, I asked him how he came to be interested in Drummond. He said that his younger brother was a student at Ormond, and when Drummond was in Melbourne fell ill in the college. One day Drummond was at Ormond looking for another man when by mistake he went into this young man's room. Seeing a man he did not know evidently ill, Drummond did not, as most of us would have done, apologize and stumble out as he had stumbled in; he went up and kindly asked after his health and spoke a few cheery words, and every time he was in the college again he always called in to see how the sick man was. This so touched the hearts of his brother and himself that they both attended all his meetings, and after he had left diligently read his books. Hence the joy of this elder one at finding so good and cheap an edition of the booklets. 'But,' I said to him, 'you do not accept the assumptions which underlie all his teaching, do you?' 'No,' he replied, 'but I find it appeals to me, and I try to follow it in my own way.' This is an instance," concludes the Principal, "of how Drummond gathered influence everywhere he went by the depth and breadth of his human sympathy."

I have gone into these details because Drummond offers

such a clear example of the evolution hinted at above. Every man begins as a Traditionalist, i.e. practically is first a Roman Catholic in the broadest sense of that term, and some remain such all their lives. Others move on and become Protestants, i.e. unable to accept in their entirety the views of the past, they give their strength to extending that new light which they have received; in this stage likewise some spend their lives, and some do die protesting. Others again move on, and seeing that the life is not only more than food and raiment but even than acquiescence or protestation, resolve that Christ-like they will spend themselves and be spent in the interests of humanity. It is not suggested that these three stages are exclusive of one another; rather are they taken as types of the predominant tendencies of men. Nor is it necessary to suppose that these transitions are always upwards, for evolution is not synonymous with progress, and there is much so-called humanitarianism with which the most of us can have but little or no sympathy. I would rather ask you this, What after all does it matter whether a man is Traditionalist, Protestant, or Humanitarian so long as he has the true life and follows "the true light"?

But these extracts will have done something more for you in touching upon features of Drummond's character. This man, with something of the cavalier about him, with his fine distinction of physical appearance, literary phrasing, and manner of thought, all that about him which made him appear to many as an ideal of sweet reasonableness, together with his extreme lovableness,—how is it possible to put down on paper that in him which drew men, held them, transformed them? Of one of his friends Drummond wrote, "Some natures are so transparent that they cannot hide even a finger joint." Himself, on the contrary, no man ever fathomed, and there was continually about him that overpowering sense of solitariness which Ravignan

knew when he said, "Solitude is the mother country of the strong; silence is their speech."

Drummond's exalted view of life naturally gives us a certain interest in his attitude towards public criticism. Very few of his critics knew the man, and he certainly gave them scant encouragement to continue their attacks. He never assailed an adversary; he never defended himself. It was not worth life's little while to bicker. Criticism never had any effect upon him; he took no colour from his environment. There was about him something of the intangibleness of Christ,—"All they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong, *but He passing through the midst of them went His way*," only to reappear elsewhere. And so Drummond would make his statement and then retire; later he followed it up with another.

A reminiscence by an American friend helps to elucidate this point. "In June 1893, when he came to this country to visit the Chicago Exposition, I spent ten days with him at Lake Nepigon, Canada. I can recall one remark he made about his speeches and writings which explains many of the criticisms passed upon them by those willing to misunderstand him. He had brought with him the proof sheets of a book soon to appear, written by one of our leading American clergymen. On Sunday morning we read together the introductory chapter. In this chapter the writer carefully protected himself against any possible misunderstanding regarding what he said and what he did not say. In discussing the introduction, Drummond remarked to me that he thought one lost force and impressiveness by such defensive apologetics. He said he tried to state what he thought as clearly and forcibly as possible, but did not bother himself by declaring what he

did not think. He realized that he might strengthen the criticism of his enemies, but he thought he made himself more acceptable to those who would come to him for help —that he wrote for them and not for his critics, and that he was confident that he was not misunderstood by his friendly readers."

One of the very few criticisms of his work—within my recollection the only one—that he discussed with his friends was a characteristic tirade by Mrs. Lynn Linton in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* for September 1894. Concerning it he said very simply and very truly that "it wasn't fair." In her Life, published last year, two letters are reproduced from Herbert Spencer disclosing the secret history of that article. In the first of them he complains: "I am in the mood of mind of the weather-beaten old tar whose nephew proposes to teach him how to box the compass, and who is prompted to tweak his nose. The nephew in this case is Professor Drummond, who, in his recently published work, *The Ascent of Man*, with the airs of a discoverer and with a tone of supreme authority, sets out to instruct me and other evolutionists respecting the factor of social evolution which we have ignored—altruism." After detailing his fancied grievance, Herbert Spencer continues, "To return to the tweaking of the nose above indicated, I do not, of course, like to undertake it myself, but I should be very glad if somebody would undertake it for me, and, on looking round for a proxy, I thought of you. With your vigorous style and picturesque way of presenting things you would do it in an interesting and effective way, at the same time that you would be able to illustrate and enforce the doctrine yourself. Doubtless in an article entitled, say, Altruism, you would have many ideas of your own to enunciate at the same time that you took occasion to rectify this misrepresentation. An interesting essay in

the *Nineteenth Century* might be the result, and, not improbably, you might find occasion for dealing from the same point of view with Mr. Kidd's book on *Social Evolution*, now very much talked about." There is surely something, to say the least, pathetic in this picture of our premier philosopher concerned to flout an imaginary adversary, and condescending to employ the "vitriolic vocabulary" of a woman who, as one well known critic has remarked, was no more qualified for the task in question than her parlour-maid. "Habet! I exclaim, in the language of the arena," opens the second Spencerian letter, in acknowledgement of the essay. Exactly; the whole in the manner and language of an arena into which it would have been impossible for Henry Drummond to descend.

Every one knows Buffon's epigram, "The style is the man himself," but few can point to a more perfect example of its felicity than is to be found in Henry Drummond. From an early period he had practised writing, and although at the age of nineteen sundry articles which he had offered to a monthly magazine were returned, it would appear that he had more success with the local press. Thus, in a letter written to his brother in August 1871, there occurs this passage: "You would be thoroughly disgusted at getting a paper with a miserable penny-a-liner about the *Raploch*. ——— imagines everything in print to be little short of immortal." He was extremely careful, almost fastidious, about his phrasing and expression. The original introduction to *The Ascent of Man*, after being set up in type, was rewritten and reduced in length, as the result of friendly criticism. An entire edition of one of the booklets was destroyed because he discovered a "knot" in a paragraph at the last moment. He was especially particular in the selection of adjectives, and enforced this provision upon those in whose literary efforts he took an

interest. You recall his saying, "A *Nineteenth Century* article should be written at least three times—once in simplicity, once in profundity, and once to make the profundity appear simplicity." Even more sternly he wrote to another friend, "For your humility read Frederic Harrison's article in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* (the year was 1895) on Ruskin as a Master of English Prose. After reading it you will wonder, as I did, however any of us have the face to print a line." Accordingly we have from him page upon page of polished, limpid English; there is not a heavy sentence in one of his books. His pages are beautiful to read because they express the secret thoughts of a beautiful mind. Love was the light of his life; not only his style but his message were like himself. All through his life-warp was woven a broad band of altruism that gave the dominant tone to the pattern; in others it is a mere thread. Hence many have thought that *The Greatest Thing in the World* was his most characteristic message. But as Graham A. Balfour has observed in an Australian appreciation of the man, "*men* were always more interesting to him than *things*." "Gentlemen," said Drummond, on his first meeting with the Edinburgh University students after his return from Australia, "Gentlemen, since addressing you here, I have circumnavigated the globe, and the greatest thing I saw in my travels was a Christian man." It is now a commonplace to remark upon his boundless sympathy, and the singular way he had of making people feel that they could tell him anything. He naturally believed tremendously in the power of the influence of one soul upon another. "Many people exaggerate talent, no one influence," he wrote in his pocket Testament. And this, elevated into the region of the Divine, may possibly be said to be the centre of his theology. A man becomes like his gods; Christ's definition of treasure is, "That which draws the heart after it."

Take Christ into your life, make Him your treasure, and unconsciously you become like Him. Such was the burden of his message, and it was sealed to his hearers, because they recognized in him a true example.

I have read, and men still talk of "Drummondism," and by that phrase, according to their temperament and turn of mind, they appear to designate some point of view, some theory, some attitude of soul that they consider to be his secret. But surely the only Drummondism was Drummond, for even as he invited men not to a system but to a Person, and sought to give them not a phrase but a life, so was he greater than all his teaching. And it is for him that I would recommend you to seek in his writings, and, having found, to imitate. For as James Martineau has it, "The noblest workers of the world leave behind them nothing so great as the image of themselves."

J. Y. SIMPSON.

RUTH: A HEBREW IDYL.

THE STORY: ITS SETTING AND SPIRIT.

CHAPTER I. 1.

THE short book, which thus begins, has a very close relation to the Book of Judges. Not only is its period contemporary with the rule of judges in Israel, but its object is to make us acquainted with the private and domestic life of the land while men of iron and blood were directing its public policy. So sweet a companion never attended so stormy a record as here in this tale attends that Book. The transition from one to the other is like that from war to peace. The temper and feeling change in a moment, and we pass into a new atmosphere. After the rage and fury of storm the air becomes soft and calm; the bristling of spears is changed to the rustling of the ripe barley; and