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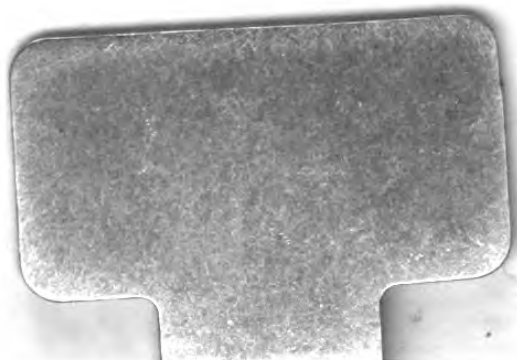


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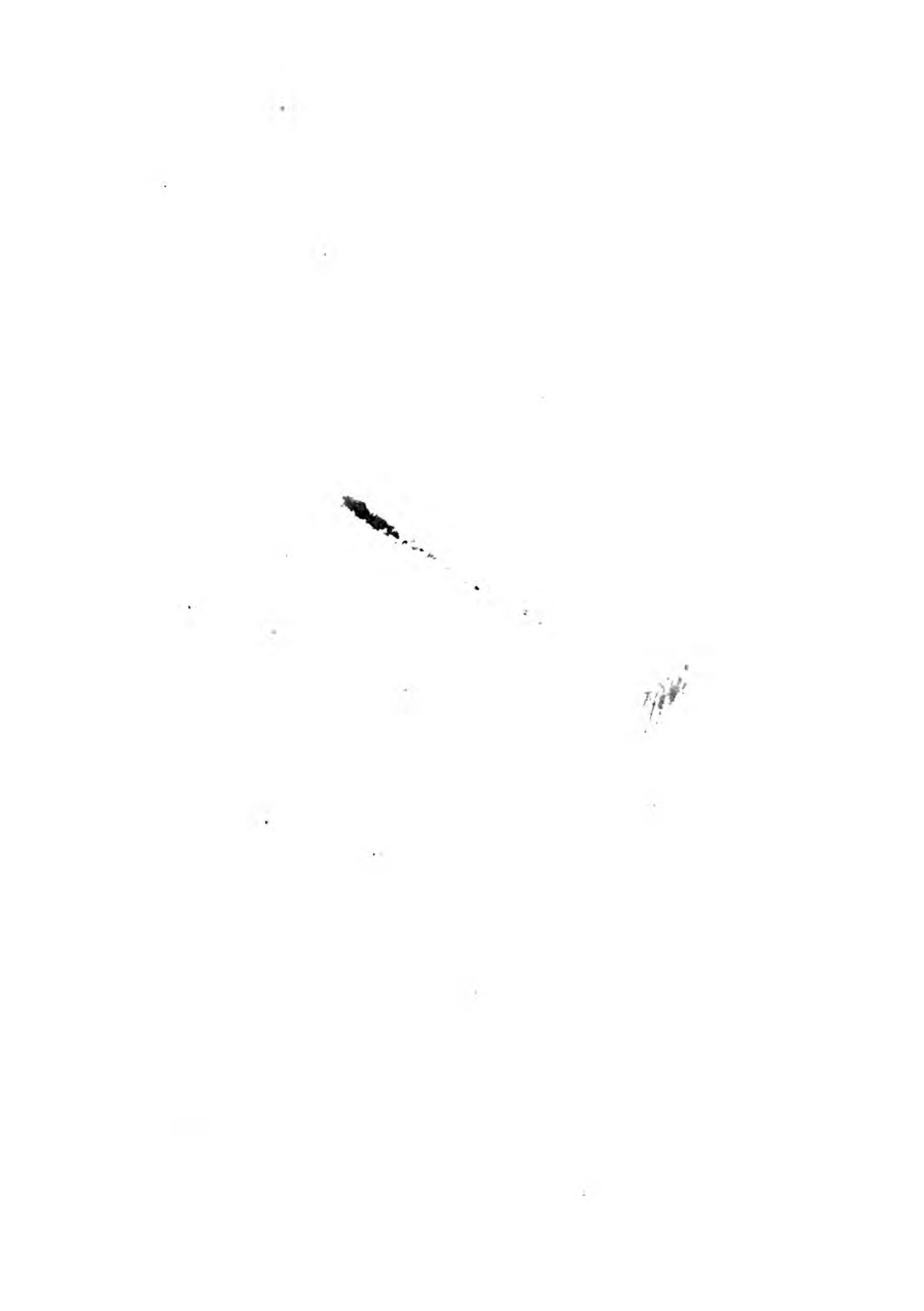
MEMOIR OF
THE REV. JAMES KENNEDY



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MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. JAMES KENNEDY,
OF
ABERFELDY AND INVERNESS.

BY HIS SON,
JOHN KENNEDY, D.D.,
STEPNEY.



LONDON:
DALDY, ISBISTER, AND CO.,
56, LUDGATE HILL.
1875.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS memoir was published originally in the *Scottish Congregational Magazine* for 1864. Many friends wished at that time to have it in a separate form, but I was possessed with the idea that in order to separate publication, it should be greatly extended. It is now published, however, as it appeared originally, with a very few additional sentences,—mainly in order to promote an object which, if my father were alive, would, I know, interest him deeply. The chapel which he built in 1820—the third meeting-house in which he ministered in Aberfeldy—is in want of substantial repairs, in fact, of partial rebuilding, which would cost a large sum of money. But from local changes, the situation in which it is placed has become so unfavourable, that it has been resolved, I think most wisely, to build a new chapel in a more

central and convenient part of the village. I have been induced to republish this memoir in the hope that the story of grace which it contains, may awaken a practical interest in the scene of my father's first ministry, and thus help the Congregational Church in Aberfeldy, which consists for the most part of the children and grandchildren of those whom he was honoured to gather into the fold of Christ, to realise the object of their most ardent wishes—the erection of a new and suitable sanctuary for their worship and fellowship.

I have thought it fitting to add to my father's memoir some notes on my mother's character, which were written for the information of a dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Scott, United Presbyterian Minister, who had kindly undertaken the duty of preaching her funeral sermon. They will interest her personal friends, and, I trust, profit many besides.

Stepney, December, 1875.

MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. JAMES KENNEDY.

CHAPTER FIRST.

HIS EARLY AND STUDENT LIFE.

TOURISTS along the southern bank of the Tay, from the point at which this noblest of Scottish rivers receives the waters of the Tummel, famed in Jacobite song, to the point of its departure from its parent lake, cannot fail to be struck with the beauty of the well-wooded and well-cultivated slopes which ascend from its northern banks. About three miles from the village of Aberfeldy the road passes the gateway of Grandtully Castle, which, if not the original of the Tully-veolan with which the readers of "Waverley" are familiar, is at least the likeliest in reality, Sir Walter Scott says, to the mansion which his imagination created for the Baron of Bradwardine. Immediately opposite to Grandtully, on the north side of the Tay, and

looking down upon it as from a proud height, is the estate of Cluny, on which James Kennedy was born in 1777. His father, John, occupied the farm of the Tom, or Hill of Cluny, as his ancestors had done for generations before him.

Thirty years before James Kennedy was born, a maternal uncle, a Macdonald, fought for Prince Charles Edward on the field of Culloden, so fatal to Highland life and to Highland pride; but survived the battle to pursue his calling as a Highland farmer in peace. The sister of this Jacobite soldier and her spouse were members of the Scottish Episcopal Church, which clung with a zeal worthy of a better cause to the fortunes of the fallen Stuarts, and which only in 1788, when the subject of this memoir was eleven years of age, resolved, by a vote of its synod, to pray for the reigning kings of England. The teaching prevalent at that time in the Scottish Episcopal Church bore a strong likeness, if it was not identical with that which is now known as Ritualistic or very High Church in England. What doctrines were taught in the Strathhtay Episcopal chapel, and how far John and Elizabeth Kennedy had any other than an hereditary attachment to their communion, I cannot say. Only their son used to say in after years, that if there was anything in baptismal regeneration he possessed it; but that, so far as his heart and life were concerned, it left him in need of another and more effectual sort of regeneration.

The Cluny Episcopal farmer, belonging as he did to a communion the nearest to Rome of all professedly reformed churches, had, notwithstanding, more signs of true godliness than his Presbyterian neighbours. "He could not bear carnal conversation upon the Lord's-day," to use his son's words. "And when people went into his house on the Sabbath to speak about the world, it was his custom to take his Gaelic Bible and begin to read, which often made them leave the house. He had family worship on the Sabbath evening, and sometimes on the Saturday." And his was the only house in the district in which his son knew at that time of anything bearing the semblance of family worship. John Kennedy was moreover held in universal esteem as an honest man and a good neighbour. His wife lived to hear the Gospel faithfully preached by her own son, and apparently to appreciate its value.

James Kennedy, who was the sixth of seven children, was eighteen years of age when his father died, and till that period spent his time alternately at school and in working the farm as circumstances might require. In character he was sometimes a pharisee, and sometimes carried away by the follies of youth, though never to the extent of indulging in any of the grosser vices either then or in scenes of far greater temptation in after years—a fact to which I heard him refer in no pharasaic spirit, but with deep gratitude to God only a few months before his death. Such

was his aptitude to learn and his proficiency at school that his father used to say that, if he had a little more money, he would make a minister of him. But he was "made a minister" in a way that his father did not dream of.

In 1795, his brother John, who was nine years his senior, succeeded to the farm from which death had removed his father. And, after hesitating for some time between farming and the choice of a trade, James resolved to cleave to the land, and left home to seek his fortune in the "low country." It was some three years after that he was brought to Christ; and this great blessing was the fruit mainly of the preaching of some of the students who were at that time being educated by the Rev. William Innes, in Dundee, at the cost of Mr. Robert Haldane, and who had a preaching-station at Whiteleigh, in the parish of Collace. The Bible, religious books, and prayer now took the place in his thoughts and regards which had hitherto been given to the merry dance and to godless mirth.

The preacher to whom he owed most spiritually was a Mr. Balfour, who afterwards went to America and became a Universalist—if he did not depart still farther from Scriptural truth. Mr. Balfour soon discerned in his Highland friend some elements of character which seemed to fit him for the Christian ministry, and urged the subject on his consideration. But James Kennedy was very slow in discovering in himself the fitness

which others saw, and for a long time resisted the wishes and counsels of his friends, who were at last almost disposed to charge him with "resisting the Holy Ghost." When his mind was satisfied as to his duty, the question had to be settled whether he should study for the ministry of the Church of Scotland or for evangelistic work in connection with the spiritual movement and revival in which Mr. Robert Haldane was the most prominent actor. He had saved some money, and whatever deficiency there might be, his brother John, who was now an elder of the parish kirk of Dull, and a very High Churchman, in the Scottish sense, offered to provide, if he would go to college and study for the ministry of the Established Church. The minister of Dull supported his elder's wishes by representations of the greater influence which the status of a parish minister would give him. But with characteristic decision and disinterestedness James Kennedy "conferred not with flesh and blood." He had received spiritual life through the preaching of Mr. Haldane's students. Whatever might be the condition of the Established Church elsewhere, he *saw* no signs of spiritual life in any portion of it with which circumstances had brought him into connection. Besides, he had now received his first lessons in what ever after appeared to him a more Scriptural form of church government and more Scriptural principles of communion; and he felt it was not his business to reckon consequences,

but to obey conscience. Accordingly he left Strathmore, which he used to speak of as the scene of his second birth, as Strathtay was of his first, in May, 1803, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where he spent two years (though not consecutively) as one of a class which was educated at the expense of Mr. Robert Haldane.

During his first session James Kennedy's studies were materially interrupted by an attack of fever, in which he enjoyed the medical attention of Dr. Anderson (whom in after life he delighted to honour as "the kindest of men and doctors"), brother of the well-known Rev. Christopher Anderson. On his recovery he was not only enfeebled in body, but despondent in mind, and ready to conclude that he was not called to the ministry, and ought to return to the plough. He asked permission to go to the country for the restoration of his health, and, had it been granted, he might never probably have returned to his studies. Mr. Haldane understood the young man's state of mind better than he did himself, and by his urgent persuasion, amounting perhaps to authority, constrained him to remain in town and persevere in the course on which he had entered. The wisdom and kindness with which Mr. Haldane dealt with him in this crisis of his life were never forgotten.

The classes to which James Kennedy belonged gave to the Church of God not a few who rose to eminence in various departments of service,

and whose names deserve to live. Of these may be mentioned Ebenezer Henderson, D.D., whose Critical Expositions of the Prophets have placed him in the foremost rank of Biblical scholars; David Russell, D.D., whose gifts as a preacher were at once peculiar and extraordinary; William Orme, whose toils as a pastor, author, and missionary secretary, exhausted his physical powers before his sun had reached its noon; John Hercus, who was an honoured and useful minister in Greenock for many years; and Alexander Dewar, who, while his days were spent in the humble capacity of a Highland missionary and village pastor, needed only more culture and other circumstances to entitle him to a foremost place among the servants of Christ. There were in the same class, alas!—(for ministerial failures are not peculiar to later times)—some men of mark and promise who made shipwreck of faith, or of a good conscience. There was one, “a good scholar and a fluent speaker,” who became a Socinian; but is said to have renounced his errors before his death. There was another, “a very clever young man and a good preacher,” who became a New Jerusalemite. There were some whose moral character became doubtful; and there were some whose future course, though morally and Christianly unblemished, scarcely justified their entering the ministry. All this after great pains had been taken by the good man by whose munificence they were being educated,

and by his coadjutors, to test and sift them. Such was the ordeal to which some classes were subjected by the frequent exercise of their gifts in the presence of one or more deputed to hear them, that one-half of their members were dismissed before their studies were completed.

Between his first and second session in Edinburgh, James Kennedy was sent out to preach in the Highlands, and was kept out for a year and a half. His qualifications for the work were, according to his own after-judgment, "shallow and superficial"; his chief qualification under God being his "fire,"—a fire, it may be added, which nothing could quench. It was, I suppose, during this interval of study that a circumstance occurred to which he used to refer with some degree of wonder at his own temerity. During a visit to the home of his boyhood, he went to the parish church of Logierait, situated at the junction of the Tay and Tummel, in whose graveyard lay his father and several generations of ancestors, to hear sermons on the Fast day, which was observed before the annual celebration of the Lord's Supper. His soul was grieved by the sermon which he heard. It had no Christ in it, or only in such a way as rendered Christ of no effect. On leaving the church he stood up on a gravestone, it may have been his father's, and announced that if the people would remain he would preach the Gospel to them. Many did remain, and from that gravestone

he declared to his old neighbours and countrymen the good news of a free salvation; and, with that mingled "fire" and tenderness which distinguished his ministry, poured forth his soul in strains of earnest entreaty to be reconciled to God. The clergyman who had preached in the church hovered for a time on the outskirts of the crowd, listened to the bold intruder's words, and afterwards condescended to distort, if not to caricature, in a church court discussion, the doctrines which he heard from this unauthorized missionary, although these doctrines were in the strictest harmony with the standards of his own church—standards from which he, and a great majority of his brethren, had miserably fallen.

The greater part of this long interval of study was spent in Callander, in the south-western extremity of Perthshire, in the immediate vicinity of the now far-famed Trosachs. And here his ministry was blessed with much fruit, some of which "remains unto this day," [1864] distant as it is by nearly sixty years from that period. Here, too, he had an earnest of the persecutions which awaited him in his native country. There was a natural amphitheatre on the banks of the Teith, which flows through the village, in which the people used to assemble on summer Sabbath evenings to hear the "missionary" preach, and which acquired and retained for some time the designation of "the preaching brae." While

assembled there, the village dogs were oftener than once set upon the people to disturb them, at the instigation of one, it was believed, whom I prefer not to designate.

Mr. Kennedy's residence in Callander has an interest to his family which it cannot have to others. It was there he formed the acquaintance of the lady who became his wife and the mother of his children, and who went before him to the better world only two years before his own departure. Jane M'Farlane was the daughter of William M'Farlane, farmer and miller, at Rednock, in the parish of Port-of-Monteith. Her ancestors had been wealthy and influential farmers in the fertile carse of Stirling for generations. Not a few near relatives, bearing the same name, were honoured ministers of the Established Church, and of the Secession Church; and she herself was brought up in the most devoted attachment to the Established Church. She was only fourteen years of age when she lost her mother; but by that mother she had been taught to love her Bible, and seek her happiness in the Saviour. And well for her that she was brought thus early to know where moral strength was to be found. She possessed, in addition to the higher endowment of a warm heart and of an intellect singularly strong and clear, the perilous endowment of personal beauty, to an extent which drew around her as many suitors almost as sought the favour of Helen. And of these

some were unscrupulous as to the means by which they sought to compass their end. A Stirling "baillie" was resolved to have her, and got some friends, including some relatives of her own, to assist in a conspiracy which he hoped would be successful. While visiting an uncle and a brother in Stirling, she was invited to a party, in the midst of the festivity of which it was resolved to attempt to inveigle her into a form of marriage which, with all the appearance of a jest, might be construed into a reality according to the old Scottish law, with which the case of *Yelverton v. Yelverton* has made the present generation so familiar. But, shortly before the hour at which the party was to assemble, Jane received a hint from which she judged that foul play was intended. Night had already come down, but she set forth on foot, and never halted all the drear dark night, till she reached her father's door, fourteen miles distant from Stirling, at four o'clock in the morning. Another of her suitors was a neighbouring "laird"; but lands and wealth failed to purchase her heart, and the laird adopted means which seem rather to belong to the romance with which Sir Walter Scott has peopled that whole region, than to the realities of common life. But he, too, was foiled and disappointed.

One of the Rednock servants was in the habit of going to Callander to hear Mr. Kennedy, and of reporting at home, with deep interest, what she heard. Jane M'Farlane was strongly opposed to

the whole "Haldanite" movement, but yielded to the entreaty of her servant to go to hear the "missionary," when he came to preach in the kitchen of a neighbouring farm-house. By the time the sermon was finished, her interest in what she heard was so deep, that she and her brother invited the preacher to hold a similar service at Rednock. Even now her prejudice against everything not Presbyterian and according to the Established order, was so great, that she carefully studied the "Confession of Faith," that she might be the better able to refute the opinions of the "irregulars" who were invading the country. The result of her study was not, however, what she anticipated. The "proof texts" failed, she thought, to establish the thing to be proved. And the young champion of the church of her fathers became, through further study, an intelligent adherent of Independency.



CHAPTER SECOND.

HIS ABERFELDY MINISTRY.

ON the completion of his second session at Mr. Haldane's class, in Edinburgh, Mr. Kennedy was sent to labour in Aberfeldy and its neighbourhood. Aberfeldy, though on a different side of the Tay, was only three miles distant from his birthplace; so that he was now subject to all the disadvantage of the prophet who prophesies in his own country and to his own house. His brother, the occupier of what might be called the ancestral farm, was a zealous defender of the church of which he was an elder, and had already fought many word-battles with the young missionaries who had preceded James Kennedy in Aberfeldy. Nor was he won to any approval of the new order of things by James's persuasion. Circumstances which forced on his attention the corruption of his church *as it then was*, produced an effect which no argument could produce. It was the custom, if not the law of the church, that members of the church (and almost all the people were members) becoming the parents of illegitimate children, should do penance before the congregation, by taking their stand on what was known as "the cutty stool," and receiving rebuke and admonition from the pulpit. A respectable

farmer, whose sin had become notorious, sent a keg of whisky to the minister, as a bribe to buy himself off from the disgrace of the cutty stool. The matter was reported to the session (consisting of the minister and elders), when John Kennedy boldly objected to the minister's acceptance of the whisky, and demanded the enforcement of the usual discipline. "Weil, John," was the minister's reply, "it was done afore ye were born, and it will be done when ye are rotting in the grave." "Then I shall not stay to see it done," was the prompt decision of the elder, who forthwith left the session, and in after years became a deacon of his brother's church in Aberfeldy. This good man lived to the ripe age of 91, and died in 1860, having "held fast the beginning of his confidence unto the end."

Mr. Kennedy had been preceded in Aberfeldy for a short time by a Mr. Reed, who went to America, and for a longer period by Mr. Daniel Dewar, who entered the ministry of the Established Church in early life, and who, afterwards, occupied some of the highest posts in that church, both ministerial and professorial. Dr. Dewar kindly favoured me with the following statement after my father's death:—"I went to Aberfeldy early in the year 1802, being at the time between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and continued there till early in the year 1804, when I went to Homerton College to be under the tuition of the distinguished Dr. John Pye Smith.

As to Aberfeldy, when I went to it there were not a few living Christians brought to the knowledge of the truth by the instrumentality of the most wonderful man I have ever known, Mr. Farquharson. Both sides of Loch Tay were Mr. F.'s mission " (the Loch being sixteen miles long). "He preached almost every day. He was remarkable in this respect, that he seldom preached without some one being awakened. He sometimes came to Aberfeldy, (distant six miles from the eastern extremity of the Loch,) but he did not consider it to be included in his mission after I came to it. I think I see him still on his black pony, riding round Loch Tay, and from farm to farm, carrying the message of salvation to the people. Divine power accompanied his ministry. There was an awakening all round the Loch. Many were brought to Christ, and continued steadfast and immovable in the faith of the gospel. It was while this work was going on I went to Aberfeldy. I myself was young in every sense of the word, but I was helped greatly by the life, spirituality, and zeal of the young converts ; and I left them with a heavy heart. I rejoiced to hear that your father became the pastor of the Christians at Aberfeldy ; for though I had not the opportunity to know him personally very intimately, I knew that he was pre-eminently a godly man, and devoted to the work of the Lord. I heard of his zeal, usefulness, and missionary labours, and rejoiced that the lively converts at

Aberfeldy were favoured with his ministry." Speaking of his later acquaintance with him, Dr. Dewar says, "I never knew any one who united a sounder understanding with warmer piety and spirituality of mind."

The Aberfeldy of 1806, when Mr. Kennedy was ordained, was very different from the Aberfeldy of to-day. Robert Burns had already sung of its "Birks," and time has added nothing to the beauty of the cascades of which these "birks" are but the fringe, or to the beauty of the almost incomparable valley in which it lies. But the village itself is much changed; the western part of it, now almost a town of good houses and attractive villas, consisted of one long row of low, miserable, thatched cottages. The greater part of the "square" in the eastern portion of the village had recently been built. Though containing a population of about 800 persons, it had no place of worship. It belonged to two parishes, the church of one of which was eight miles distant, and of the other three, while there was a parish church, though not its own, one mile distant.

The moral and spiritual state of the Highlands and of Scotland generally, at the beginning of this century, has often been discussed. But the judgment which would be true, if pronounced concerning some parts of the country, would be untrue if pronounced of others. While in some districts evangelical preaching was unknown, and

the morals which formed the staple of pulpit ministrations were almost as rare in common life as the gospel was in the pulpit, there were other districts in which the gospel had never been lost from the pulpit, and its practical power was still felt in the family. Making every admission, however, which truth or charity can require, the state of Scotland, and especially of those parts into which the Burghers and Antiburghers of those days had not penetrated, was one which cannot be truthfully described without humiliation and shame. The Highlands of Perthshire were dark indeed; but I scarcely feel at liberty to give those details which would alone convey a correct impression of their condition. Suffice it that in a large district around Aberfeldy, there was not a parish minister who preached anything which, in our days, would be accepted as having even a semblance of gospel truth. The doctrines of salvation by grace and of the second birth were as great novelties to the people, when preached by Mr. Kennedy and his fellow-labourers, as if they had never read their Bibles, and as if their church had been Popish, and not Protestant and Calvinistic. As novelties, these doctrines were the objects of popular ridicule and pulpit denunciation, and were met on all sides by the old question, "How can these things be?" It is painful to add that the ministers generally could not even claim credit for purer morals than their ignorant flocks. The memory cleaves to me, as

of a scene of yesterday, of a great sacramental gathering on a bright summer day, around a certain parish church, when the people of several parishes were assembled in their newest and gayest attire. Between the churchyard in which the services were held, and the village public-house, there was a constant stream of people to and fro. The scene in the public-house (whose windows were open, allowing one to see the crowd within enjoying their whisky and oaten cakes) was strange enough, but not so strange or sad as the scene in the preacher's tent. There was something too singular in the preacher's manner to escape general attention and remark; and the popular explanation of it was that the minister was drunk! In my boyish innocence, I should not have divined the cause of the copious tears which the preacher shed; but I was prepared to believe it, for my own eyes had once seen that man in the gutter!

A solitary instance of this sort would be no proof of general corruption; it might have occurred in any communion and under any circumstances. But this man, and others like him, whose habits were notorious, grew old in their parishes, unchallenged by any church court; and the people were content to listen to their sermons, to join in their Sabbath worship, to receive baptism and the Lord's Supper at their hands, and to see them drunk at baptisms, and weddings, and fairs, and to sit with them drunk.

at their own tables! A high Calvinism may be nearly allied to Antinomianism; but in these Scottish parishes the Calvinism of the Confession of Faith was a dead letter, and there was a gross practical Antinomianism, with no Calvinism. And what was needed for its correction was a style of preaching which, if it had ever existed there, was now obsolete — the preaching of “grace bringing salvation,” and of “*grace* teaching men to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts.” This preaching, when it came, was the novelty which excited so much alarm, and produced so salutary an effect, in many parts of Scotland in the beginning of this century.

Mr. Kennedy was ordained in Aberfeldy in 1806, and in 1808 he was married. For a few years his chapel was but an apartment in a private house; and when application was made to the factor of the Earl of Breadalbane for a site whereon to build a place of worship, it was declined. A private house was then built in a corner of “the square,” and its ground-floor was converted into a chapel, while its upper floor was made the minister’s dwelling-house. The ten or twelve years of this chapel’s existence was a period of mingled difficulty and success. The difficulty of narrow means, which would have been greater but for a little property possessed by Mrs. Kennedy, was met in a truly apostolic spirit. The minister taught a boys’ school for some time, till he found it incompatible with the demands of

his ministry. The minister's wife taught a sewing school; and in visiting cottages and farmhouses in the district around, many years after, it was no small pleasure to me to hear many a "gudewife" tell how much she owed to my mother's instructions. The minister's wife, moreover, became the common counsellor of the village women, and their most trusted doctor. It seemed to her children, when they were old enough to observe, that not a sore finger or a sore foot could be cured in the village without consultation with their mother. The sorrows of all around seemed to flow as by common consent to her kitchen, and doubtless many a heart went thence, if not relieved of its burden, at least strengthened to bear it.

Such persecution as the law allowed, and even more, was the lot of the infant church in Aberfeldy. On several estates, farmers were deprived of their farms for daring to connect themselves with it. This took place—in one instance, at least—even on the property of the liberal and kind-hearted Earl of Breadalbane. But the Earl was on the Continent at the time, and on his return undid, as far as possible, the wrong done by his agent, and offered to the dispossessed farmer the first farm there was to let. Sir Neil Menzies of Menzies, Baronet, was the most influential and wealthy of the old representatives of pure Toryism in the neighbourhood. Castle Menzies was little more than a mile distant from

Aberfeldy, but on the other side of the Tay. One summer Sabbath evening, there was a large gathering of lairds and other friends, enjoying the hospitalities of the castle. Within a mile of the castle, in a field on the banks of the Tay and on Sir Neil's property, there was an assembly of another order. The Aberfeldy minister had crossed the river, and was there quietly addressing a large number of country people on the concerns of their souls. A Strathtay laird passed on horseback, and on reaching Castle Menzies upbraided Sir Neil with allowing that fellow Kennedy to preach on his estate. The Baronet's pride and anger got the better of his reason, and in a state of great excitement he hurried off to the scene of the preaching. The preacher was all unconscious of his danger till he found himself collared by Sir Neil. A staff which Sir Neil held up in his right hand was pulled out of his hand by a man who stood behind him, and was preserved for many years as a memorial of the event. The preacher was dragged across the field to the highway, but there he stood, and would be dragged no farther. "I am now on the king's highway, Sir Neil," he said; "you had better take care what you do." "What will you do now, Sir?" said Sir Neil. "Oh, I will just go over there" (pointing to the other side of a burn which separated the Castle Menzies estate from the Killiechassie), "and preach there." "I'll roar, Sir, that the people can't hear you." "Oh, Sir

Neil, you'll soon tire of that."* The Baronet then released his grasp ; and on recounting his adventure to his guests, one of them said, " Ah ! if Kennedy were what I knew him, you would not have found it so easy."

I do not hesitate to mention the name of this then persecutor, because I can add that not many years after he could treat Mr. Kennedy not only with respect, but with kindness. When some of Mr. Kennedy's children were dangerously ill, I remember Sir Neil's groom riding up to our door with a kind message of inquiry from his master. Some years after this occurrence on the banks of the Tay, Sir Neil met Mr. Kennedy in a distant part of his estate, on the banks of Loch Rannoch, and well knowing the alone business which took the Aberfeldy minister from 'place to place, he stopped his carriage, accosted him, and asked if he was preaching, and where. Mr. Kennedy had been strongly recommended to prosecute the Lord of Castle Menzies for assault. But he had no desire for notoriety, and he believed he could effect the end of a prosecution—freedom and security—in another way. Nor was he mistaken. Within a few years his freedom was perfect, and his person as sacred as that of a " saint " in other days.

* The latter part of this colloquy was related to me in 1873 by my first schoolmaster, Mr. John McLean, who was present and heard it, and who still survives in a green old age.

The church in Aberfeldy had other difficulties to contend with in the days of its infancy and weakness—the difficulties which beset almost all the churches of the same order in connection with the adoption of Baptist opinions by the Messrs. Haldane. My father never wavered in his conviction of the Scriptural authority of infant baptism, and never gave way to the innovations with which the young Independent churches were then flooded and almost desolated. He was slow in the formation of his opinions, but almost immovable in maintaining them when once formed. As to Mr. R. Haldane personally, he never forgot how much he owed to him, and never ceased to regard him with respect and affection. Even after what may be called the “disruption” of 1808 and 1809, Mr. Kennedy never visited Edinburgh without calling on his old friend, and always received a cordial welcome.

Amidst all difficulties the church in Aberfeldy prospered and increased, until their place of meeting became too strait for them. In summer it was no unusual thing for the congregation to adjourn to the village square. And I can remember my father rising from a bed of sickness to address them there, and forgetting his pains in the hallowed joy of preaching the glorious Gospel to many hundreds who had come from the hills and valleys around, athirst for the water of life.

It was during this period of his ministry that

Mr. Kennedy was the means of a most blessed work of revival in Glenlyon. The entrance to this glen is about twelve miles from Aberfeldy, and the glen extends along the banks of the River Lyon for some thirty miles. So narrow is it in some parts, and so steep and high the hills which bound it, that there are spots on which no sunshine rests for three months in winter. And for spiritual ignorance it was at that time the very valley of the shadow of death. In 1816 some of its people crossed Benlawers to hear the Rev. John MacDonald (afterwards D.D.), of Ferintosh, preach at a communion service at Loch Tay side. This was in the heart of the region in which Mr. Farquharson's labours were so much blessed. Mr. MacDonald was invited there by the Rev. R. Findlater, who was not a *parish* minister, but minister of a district extending five or six miles on both sides of the lake, with a church partly endowed by the well-known Lady Glenorchy, on the north side, and a tent on the south side, in connection with the Established Church. In an interesting description of his mission district when entering on his work in 1810, Mr. Findlater says, the people committed to his care were 1,500. Of these, he says, at least five or six hundred were communicants—adding with evident sorrow, “indeed all come of age are admitted, unless under scandal.” And from among the five or six hundred members of his flock, he “had cause to fear that he could not make up so many as would

form a society for prayer and Christian converse.” He found “not a few Independents and Baptists” in his district, but felt that his intimacy with them and with the good Mr. M’Killican, “the missionary minister,” whose centre of work was some six miles distant, “must be guarded.”

Mr. Findlater’s first sermon in Breadalbane was the means of a young woman’s conversion, and in after years other instances of spiritual fruit gladdened his heart ; but nothing remarkable occurred till his communion service in September, 1816. Some deep impressions were produced by the sermons preached on the “preparation” days. “But the Sabbath was the great day.” A vast congregation, supposed to amount to 4,000 or 5,000 persons, from all the hills and glens around, assembled. Mr. MacDonald preached for two hours and twenty minutes from Isaiah liv. 5—“For thy Maker is thy husband.” “During the whole sermon,” Mr. Findlater wrote at the time, “there was hardly a dry eye. The most hardened in the congregation seemed to bend as one man ; and I believe if ever the Holy Ghost was present in a solemn assembly, it was there.” The Glenlyon people, who were present, were moved like the rest, and carried their impressions across Benlawers to their home. Mr. Kennedy went to the Glen soon after, not knowing how the way of the Lord had been prepared, and the effects produced by the proclamation of divine love were such as led all to exclaim, “This is the finger of

days and a more efficient ministry. But with these few exceptions, the people in general, within the range of my acquaintance, were in the greatest ignorance of the gospel. In the neighbourhood of the place where I was born and brought up, there was a most pious and devoted man of God, who was brought to the knowledge of the truth under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Moulin, and deeply impressed by the low state of religion and morals among his neighbours, he opened a Sabbath-class for adults, where he read and expounded the Scriptures to those who attended. That, in conjunction with Mr. Kennedy's occasional visits, resulted in producing, by the blessing of God, the most remarkable change in the life and character of many."

Of the same period Mr. M'Laren wrote to me in 1856—"It was about the year 1820 that I first heard of your dear father, and some of the circumstances connected with the many visits he paid to Strathardle are as green and as fresh on the pages of my memory as when they happened. By many of my own friends and countrymen he was then regarded as the Whitefield of the Highlands. Many of those who received benefit to their souls under his ministry, and who along with myself came all the way from Strathardle to Aberfeldy (twenty miles) to attend divine ordinances, and enjoy Christian intercourse, have long since entered into their eternal rest. When 'the great Kennedy,' as we used to call him, came the

way, bands of us followed him to every place where he preached, between Moulin and the head of Glenisla, Glenshee, Blackwater, Blairgowrie, Kirkmichael, and Glenbriarachan. It used to be a very common saying with us, 'How well, as one of Christ's generals, he lays siege to the conscience, and drives men from every refuge of lies.' I delight to say that there is not a time I visit my native place, but some of my old acquaintances refer with heartfelt gratitude to the times I have referred to."

The Rev. Archibald Farquharson, of Tiree, another of the Strathardle converts, speaking of the first time he saw and heard Mr. Kennedy, says—"Once he commenced preaching, he so completely arrested my attention, that before he was more than half through, I thought that every person present would be converted except a woman I noticed asleep. He concluded his discourse by opening up the only way of salvation. I then lost him, followed him no longer, he seemed to enter a dense haze. I can only account for this from my state of mind at the time, thinking that I had something to do myself, and that what he said was quite contrary to my views. For, although I was under very serious impressions previous to that time, I did not know that the only way of salvation to a guilty sinner was by believing, and not by doing and feeling. From that time forward, he became my favourite preacher. I heard none like him.

“At that time he went down Strathardle, which was the commencement of the revival in that strath and in Blackwater. Next winter and spring, I heard him frequently in these two places, and neither rain, nor snow, nor cold prevented me from going great distances to hear him and to associate with the young converts. It was generally his custom at the time to address those anxious about their souls after the congregation was dismissed. That address was called the ‘little sermon,’ and those who attended it became the objects of ridicule and mockery.

“What struck me particularly about your father, was his earnestness and great compassion for souls. Oh, how often did I hear him address poor sinners with tears. From the commencement to the conclusion of his discourses he never lost sight of the poor sinner—he had him constantly in his eye. It was not by any stratagem that he attempted to gain the citadel, but by a regular bombardment of shot and shell.

“He was the most extraordinary preacher ever I heard for reaching the conscience, so that that man would be stupid indeed who could sit with ease under his searching discourses. His friend, Peter Maclaren, of Callander, said to him on one occasion when going on a preaching tour, ‘We’ll go, James, in the name of the Lord, and you will strike the conscience, and I will enlighten the understanding.’ In the time of the great revival in Breadalbane, Peter was asked what was

doing in that quarter. 'Oh,' he replied, 'the great Macdonald is going about like thunder, and Kennedy after him like lightning.'

"After I joined his church I did not remain long in Perthshire, and being at a distance of twenty miles from Aberfeldy, it was not often I could attend; but when I did attend, it was a regular feast to my soul. His addresses at the ordinance of the Supper were most affecting. The labours he went through, most men could not accomplish. He was decidedly the most successful preacher in the Highlands of Perthshire at that time, in winning souls to Christ. Many of those he was instrumental in converting have gone before him to glory, and a few remain behind who shall be to him a crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. May his mantle fall on many a young man!"

Judging by the success which has attended Mr. Farquharson's own ministry in the distant Hebrides, we may judge that the mantle of his old friend and pastor has long rested on himself. In his preachings in Strathardle, Mr. K., according to Mr. F., "used pretty freely the threatenings of God's word, but," he adds, "the most awful of his threatenings were brought from the Cross of Christ." This is exactly true. Mr. K. used to remark that the style of preaching which was most effective in Strathardle and Blackwater, in awakening thoughtfulness and producing conviction, was very different from that which had pro-

duced the same results in Glenlyon. In the latter everything but the love of the cross fell powerless on the hearers. In the former the waters were powerfully stirred by the terrors of the Lord. But even here these terrors were associated with the cross. And his severest utterances breathed the very tenderest compassionateness of Christ. This, in fact, was a characteristic of his preaching. Few who heard him ever failed to feel or to observe his *compassion* for souls. And "while holding with a tenacious grasp," to use my brother's* words, "the doctrine of the sovereignty of Divine grace, he was not hampered in the slightest degree in preaching the Gospel to sinners. He pressed on sinners the invitations, entreaties, exhortations, warnings, and commands of God's word. He urged on all the acceptance of the great salvation. The free and full provision made for man's redemption was a theme on which he dwelt with unflagging and untiring interest."

Mr. Kennedy's labours were, it will be judged, manifold and exhausting. In some years he travelled a thousand miles on the back of his brown pony "Tommy." And this faithful companion of his many journeys acquired, if not a human, a doglike sympathy with his master. When on Sabbath afternoons, after his Aberfeldy

* The Rev. James Kennedy, M.A., now of Rancee Khet, Northern India.

work was over, and a hurried dinner eaten, Mr Kennedy mounted his little charger, Tommy seemed quite conscious of his own importance and the urgency of his task, and trotted off and maintained his speed for four, six, or eight miles, without the stimulus of whip or spur. But on his homeward journey, he knew well there was no haste, and regardless of whip or spur he took his own wilful way, and traversed the road as best suited his own convenience.

Mr. Kennedy's health was often injured by his excessive labours. Many a time was he ordered by his medical attendant to keep out of the pulpit for a season, but if he had physical strength to carry him thither he was sure to be found there at the appointed time. "One of my earliest recollections," says my brother, "is seeing him for a few Sabbaths (I believe many), getting on his horse to go to his chapel, less than five minutes' walk distant, so unable was he, through illness brought on by his evangelistic labours, to walk that distance, and yet he would not even then keep out of his pulpit. I believe it was at that time his doctor said to him, 'Mr. Kennedy, if you do not give up preaching, you cannot get well.' To this he replied, 'It is evident, then, I am not to get well, for I cannot give up preaching.'"

Mr. M'Laren and Mr. Farquharson refer to their Sabbath-day visits to Aberfeldy. Well do I remember the scenes which the village and my

father's house presented on summer Sabbath days. Large numbers of persons used to come "from the east and from the west," from Lochtay-side, Glenlyon, and Strathardle, a distance in some instances of from fifteen to twenty miles. Leaving home sometimes at four o'clock in the morning, some on foot, some on horseback, some in carts, they would reach Aberfeldy long before the hour of service, and enjoy the humble but hearty hospitality of the village disciples. After two sermons—one in English and one in Gaelic—which were preached without an interval, followed by the Lord's Supper (which was observed weekly), these travellers were supplied with food before they began their homeward journey. Chief of all the houses open for their entertainment was my father's. We children were pushed out of the way into any corner. Every table in the house was surrounded by strangers. My mother never sat down. She flitted from place to place, working with her own hands, and making herself literally the servant of all. It was often midnight before the most distant travellers reached their homes; but the way was lightened by the songs of Zion, and the joy of the Lord which filled their hearts.

So far as I can trust the recollections of boyhood, I would say that love and joy pre-eminently characterised the church in Aberfeldy. I can recall one and another from the nearer parts of the country who were not occasional but habitual

in their Lord's-day attendance, and who never entered the chapel without first paying their loving respects to the minister's family. They were not without peculiarities which amused our childhood; but their cheerfulness and goodness produced the deepest impression. "They remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," says my brother; "they had strong views of the sanctity of the Lord's-day, and had the seriousness of those who had come to worship God. Light worldly talk was opposed at once to their principles and habits; but there was no moroseness, no gloom among them. They felt the joy of their Lord to be their strength. They differed widely in natural temperament, and the joy of some was much more manifest than that of others; but, so far as I can remember, a heavenly cheerfulness was more or less characteristic of them all."

Of one of them my brother says: "I remember William MacLagan, from Grandtully, with peculiar distinctness. He to the last kept to the dress of the Scottish peasant. He wore clothes of coarse homespun make, and of the most primitive shape. He always wore a Highland bonnet. I suppose he never had an English hat on his head. His face was large and coarse, and much pitted with the small-pox. Yet that face so beamed with goodness and with kindness, there was such a perpetual smile playing on it, from his mouth came such gentle and holy words, that one felt in

his presence almost as in the presence of an angel. Such was my childish impression of him, and I am sure there was no ordinary worth there to tell so strongly on my young heart. My father preached the gospel so fully and so freely, he habitually gave such clear views of the change effected in state and character where it is savingly received, that his converts were taught to rejoice in God their Saviour."



CHAPTER THIRD.

HIS INVERNESS MINISTRY.

BUT these days of great usefulness and of great happiness came to an end. After nineteen years in Aberfeldy, my father was invited by a few persons who wished to form an Independent Church in Inverness to become their pastor; and after long and painful hesitation, he considered it his duty to accept the invitation. It was on a dark November morning in 1825 that we bade adieu to our old home. The whole village seemed astir. Railways were then unknown. Even stage coaches were unknown in these parts. Our cavalcade consisted of three carts, two to carry furniture, and one covered *à la gipsey* (or like a tent) to carry "the mother and the children." Our road was illumined for miles by torches in the hands of the many friends who accompanied us. But gradually — symbol of man's life on earth — our friends dropped off from the procession, and we were alone on the highway which leads westward to the Lyon, through the parishes of Weem and Dull, and northward to the Grampians. To us youngsters the excitement was delightful, and the prospect of going to reside in a town partook of the pleasure of the marvellous. Little did we know of or sympathise with the sad hearts of some of our company.

But their sadness found its fitting counterpart in the dreary scenes in which the day closed. We were on the side of the highest ridge of the Grampians, approaching the water-shed which parts the streams that flow southward into the Frith of Tay from those which flow northward into the Moray Frith, when wind and rain so impeded our progress that our wearied horses and their wearied drivers could scarcely move; and we had no alternative but to seek shelter in the first turf cabin we reached. No highland welcome did we receive there; but the door was opened, and its owners submitted to an invasion which they could scarcely resist. With thankfulness did we submit to peat reek, and the crowding of five in a bed, till the approach of morning, and the partial cessation of the storm, allowed us to pursue our dreary way. It was on the third night after we left our village home in Perthshire that we reached the capital of the north, and there we were welcomed by friends who seemed to feel that they could not do too much for our comfort.

How to write the history of my father's ministry in Inverness I know not. It would require a volume to discuss and explain the various causes which operated against it, and which gave it, as a whole, a complexion very different from that of his ministry in Perthshire. And some of these could not be explained without statements, the painfulness of which would scarcely be compen-

sated by the honour which I believe *the whole truth* would redound on the character of my dear father, both as a man and as a minister.

For several years the new chapel, which was opened in 1826, was crowded morning, afternoon, and evening—the afternoon sermon being in Gaelic. But those who entered it did so entirely for the sake of the preaching; and it needed little more than the Voluntary controversy, which arose in the south in 1832, and which waxed hotter and hotter for some years till it attained furnace heat, to alarm their Presbyterianism and send them elsewhere. There were not wanting those who could fan the flame of prejudice and hostility against all who were, or were supposed to be, of one mind with those who were labouring to prove that the connection between Church and State was unscriptural and evil. The people were taught that there was something mysteriously bad about the Independents, and they believed it. How Mr. Kennedy could be in league with the Papists, as was asserted, they did not understand, for he always prayed for the downfall of Antichrist. But it must be so. The mystery could not be fathomed; but there was no denying that the Voluntaries had formed a most wicked and godless alliance with Papists and Infidels.

The damage which was thus done to the Independent congregation was never repaired. Again and again the pastor was encouraged by hopes of material recovery and improvement, sometimes

by accessions from churches in other parts, sometimes by the conversion of young men, and their zealous labours among children and others. And often had he occasion to rejoice that he was not labouring in vain. But his hopes were often disappointed, sometimes by declension, sometimes by death, and oftener by the removal of active and useful young men to the metropolis and other large cities in search of employment.

During his Inverness ministry, Mr. Kennedy was accustomed for many years to take long, preaching excursions through northern counties, sometimes alone, and sometimes with his much-loved brethren, Alexander Dewar of Avoch and James Dewar of Nairn. Some of the places which they visited were in almost heathenish darkness, and many of the parishes in which the gospel was preached were so large that the people of remote glens and mountain sides seldom heard the joyful sound. Of the more ignorant and destitute parts, Lochaber in Inverness-shire may be mentioned; and there, with Fort William as a centre, Mr. Kennedy laboured with great zeal and earnestness for many years. I have heard him often describe with deep feeling the "low estate" of Lochaber. On one occasion he met a large crowd of Highlanders following a neighbour to the grave, and they became so drunk in the churchyard, that they left the coffin unburied by the open grave!

The largest assemblies which Mr. Kennedy had

the opportunity of addressing were in Sutherlandshire. On a Sabbath-day, the people would come from immense distances, sometimes twenty miles, and gather at a central spot, 3,000 in number, to spend the whole day in hearing the word of God. In some well-chosen natural amphitheatre, the multitude gathered themselves around the preacher, as the people of Galilee often did around his Lord and Saviour. Sometimes it was at the head of one of those beautiful mountain-girt lochs through which the western Atlantic penetrates into Ross and Sutherland. Looking around him of a Sabbath morning, the preacher often wondered where his congregation was to come from. Not a hamlet was to be seen, scarcely a cabin. By and by a white sail would make its appearance on a distant part of the loch. Down a bleak mountain side the Highland plaid would be seen variegating the heather or the scant herbage. Through a gorge or narrow valley others would be observed wending their way to the appointed place. And there, with a large congregation around him, the preacher might well take for his text—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Sermons were never too long on these occasions. The people seemed as if they could not get enough. And it was with a full heart and solemn feeling the preacher saw the loch again studded with sails, and the people going their various ways to their distant homes, expecting to

meet many of them no more till they should all assemble before the great white throne.

Mr. Kennedy continued to undertake these long journeys for many years after his brethren, the Dewars, had gone to their rest, and long after his own increasing infirmities rendered it unfit that he should be away from the comforts and protection of home. But toil, and even danger, were nothing to him in the service of the Saviour whom he loved.

Mr. Kennedy had his own share of domestic vicissitudes and trial. In 1834 he lost his eldest son, William, just as he was entering on the practice of the medical profession in Inverness—a youth “greatly beloved” by all who knew him, who fell a victim to his over-zeal on behalf of his patients in a time of cholera. And this stroke, although accompanied with the good hope that his loved one was not lost but gone before, was never referred to all the nearly thirty years that he survived him, but with a moved heart and faltering voice. It was his happiness to see his other two sons consecrating themselves to the ministry of the gospel—and to deliver the ordination charge to each, to the elder when he became pastor of the church in Blackfriars Street Chapel, Aberdeen, in 1836, and to the younger in the same place two years later, before his departure to India as a missionary. On the removal of the former to Stepney, in 1846, he offered prayer at the recognition service, and that prayer is remem-

bered by many to this day. Such a mingling of profound reverence and earnest wrestling—the man seemed as if wrapt up into the very presence of God. And without a semblance of undue familiarity, or an approach to irreverence, it was as if he was unconscious of the presence of any but God and himself, and was inspired with the one thought—“I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless my son.”

In 1856, all Protestant denominations in Inverness combined to celebrate the jubilee of the man who had now become a patriarch in their midst. A more catholic Christian never breathed than he was himself. With strong and clearly-defined convictions on all ecclesiastical questions, it was not from constraint, but willingly, that he recognised the image of Christ in those who differed from him. It was a real joy to him to meet, and honour, and commune with those who loved his Saviour. He took them to his heart as one who hoped to spend his eternity with them. And this was well-known, and had long been observed. Mr. Kennedy's position was now, and had been for many years, not a little singular. His own congregation had never recovered the injury it received from the intense violence of ecclesiastical prejudice, and was the smallest of the tribes of Israel in the capital of the North. But himself had outlived all personal prejudice, and become the object of universal veneration; and, I may add, affection. He was welcome in

almost every pulpit of every denomination in "the region round about," except so far as ecclesiastical law forbade; and not only welcome, but always heard with acceptance and thankfulness. He had become, in a sense, the property of all; and all seemed to feel it a common duty and pleasure to render him honour.

This was a great triumph of *character*. The formation and growth of the Free Church, while it still further diminished his own congregation, had, no doubt, removed hindrances to a right appreciation of the man. But it was the purity and unselfishness of his character which had won the hearts of the people. There was a singleness and directness of aim about him—so unvarying, so transparent—that even those who had watched him at first with no friendly eye could not fail to see what manner of man he was. The well-known Captain Turner, of "The Edinburgh Castle," so long the guide of tourists along the Caledonian Canal, as to be almost an institution of the North, once said to me, "I tell you what—I often say it, and in earnest, too—I know where you can find one Christian and that's old Mr. Kennedy, of Inverness. Many's the time he has sailed with me," he added, "and I have never found him but the same. If there's a Christian in the world, he's one." And in this the honest captain only expressed the general feeling. And it was this feeling that gave itself a voice when Mr. Kennedy completed the fiftieth year of his ministry in July,

1856. Episcopalians and Presbyterians vied to do honour to the old man, whose venerable form was one of the best known sights on the streets of their town, and whose venerable character was one of its truest ornaments.

For two years after this period Mr. Kennedy still clung to his pulpit, and it was but slowly that he admitted the conviction that his day of labour was at an end. Even after resigning his pastorate, he delighted in every opportunity of preaching the word which providence gave him. And until he had attained his eighty-third year, it was very rarely that a Sabbath passed without such opportunity. The last time he appeared in public was in connection with special services for the revival of religion, which were held in the open air, in Bell's Park, by the Rev. D. Fraser, of the Free High Church (now Dr. Fraser, of Marylebone), and other zealous brethren. When the crowd was assembled in front of Bell's School the old man was seen urging his way as fast as his now tottering limbs could carry him to the platform on which the ministers and other friends were seated. A place was immediately provided for him, and there he sat in solemn silence, for he was too deaf to hear aught that was said, but gazing on the crowd with the deepest interest, and sending up earnest prayer to the throne of the Heavenly grace that the word which he knew was being spoken, might be blessed to the salvation of many. His presence attracted

much attention, and greatly encouraged, I am told, those who were taking an active part in the work. So far as he was himself concerned, it was the ruling passion strong in death. The veteran could no longer fight, but the old fire still burned within, and it was a real joy to him to go and see the battle fought by others.

In the beginning of 1862, the loved one of whom he had so much reason to say, and of whom he often did say—"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Her children also rise up and call her blessed"—was taken to her rest. The old man, already so enfeebled that he could scarcely walk across the floor of his chamber without help, felt the stroke keenly, but knew that the period of their separation must be brief. His thoughts had long dwelt much on death, and now more than ever. But to some his chamber might present a strange appearance. From his table one seldom missed his Bible, his hymn-book, his *newspaper*, and some book of solid reading which might be occupying him for the time. His seasons of devotion were observed as carefully as during any earlier period of his life. And after his morning's devotions he would proceed to the perusal of the newspaper without feeling that he was attempting to unite incompatible things. "This living in the events of his day resulted," to use my brother's words, "from different causes. He was naturally sociable and inquisitive.

Then he firmly believed in God as the Governor of the world, and that all things were made subservient to the advancement of God's cause. The affairs of this world, which are viewed by worldly men in their earthly aspect only, were regarded by him in their bearings on the kingdom which shall last for ever. Then he had a keen sense of what was right and just, and longed for its triumph. He hated injustice and wrong in every form, and longed for its downfall." To the very last day of his life his interest in the outer world continued unabated. Even when the voice which once thrilled thousands on the hill side was reduced to a whisper, so low and indistinct as to be often inaudible, there was no end to his questions about ministers, and churches, and the progress of religion in every part of the world. What he was to his family, I forbear to say. How he loved them, how he taught them and prayed for them; what sacrifices he made for their education; how he rejoiced in seeing them all walking in the ways of God; and what true gladness of heart it gave him that his sons were devoted to the ministry of the Gospel, I can only thus incidentally mention. Nor can I dwell on his habits as a man of prayer. These were unknown to the world till he had left the world, except as they might be inferred from the singular unction which inspired his public devotions. Almost from the period of his removal to Inverness, till the utter prostration of old age rendered it impossible, he devoted the earliest

part of Saturday to fasting and prayer. No urgency of circumstances, no entreaty of friends, was allowed to interfere with these consecrated hours.

As to his habitual views of death, they partook more of the grave and solemn than of the bright and joyous. "It is a solemn thing to die," he often said with deep emotion. "Oh! that I had been more faithful to my Master," he often said to me during the last years of his life; "but I have a good hope through grace. I know whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." To friends who asked how he was, "Not far from home" was a favourite answer. Hearing him express his deep sense of humiliation in the retrospect of his ministry, when on a visit to him a few months before his death, I called his attention to words uttered by Dr. John Brown on his deathbed, when a friend quoted the doxology, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory!" Dr. Brown said—"All our hope began there long ago; but we are going to end just where we began. We want nothing new, nothing additional. Our first hope is our last hope. The beginning of our confidence is the end of our confidence." And on another occasion—"If I am to be dealt with on the ground of my faithfulness in the discharge of my ministerial work, I may well tremble; I have nothing to plead, nothing to trust to but mere mercy, the mercy of God in Christ Jesus unto eternal life."

“My feeling—just my feeling,” my dear father replied, pronouncing the words with deep and solemn emotion.

He read with eagerness the accounts that were published, from time to time, of the deathbed experience of aged ministers, and was often cheered and encouraged by them. The last which he thus read was the newspaper report of the death of Dr. Raffles, which engrossed him nearly the whole of the 8th December, 1863. He was then, although he knew it not, within a few hours of his arrival in the home which he had so long anticipated. During the following night he was more restless than usual, but gave no sign of any consciousness that death was near. On the morning of the 9th, his daughter, who had been his faithful guardian and nurse during all the long season of his infirmity, and a friend long resident in the house, were standing by his bedside preparing to assist him to rise as usual, when a sudden upturning of the eye told them that he was dying. And before they could move or speak, he was not only dying but dead. But a few minutes before, he had spoken to them in his usual whisper. Now he was beyond the reach of all mortal recognition.

“The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life’s long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ well done ;
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

On Sabbath, the 20th, funeral sermons were preached in two Presbyterian pulpits, by the Rev. D. Fraser and the Rev. D. Sutherland, who in kind and generous terms bore testimony to the worth and usefulness of the father in Christ who had just been taken to his rest, at the ripe old age of 86. On the 15th of the same month, the Committee of the Congregational Union of Scotland entered these words in its minutes respecting him :—" In looking back upon the history of the Union, no one stands out more prominently as an assiduous, energetic, and successful evangelist. He itinerated through extensive districts of our native land, and proclaimed with great power and unction the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and was highly honoured of his Lord in being made the instrument of leading many to embrace the salvation concerning which he spake to them. Amid much self-denial and self-sacrifice, he steadfastly adhered to the principles of Congregationalism, and not until his strength gave way did he cease to attend the annual meetings of the Union, at which his presence was ever hailed with delight. While the memory of other days is pensively called up by the mention of his death, the Com-

mittee cannot but rejoice that in a good old age with his hoary head as a crown of glory to him he has been gathered to his fathers.”

“The memory of the just is blessed.”



BRIEF NOTICE OF MRS. KENNEDY.

My dear mother's life was eminently domestic. How far this arose from choice, and how far from necessity, I cannot say ; that there was a necessity for it I know, and most honestly and happily did she adapt herself to her circumstances. What her hands found to do, she did with a constancy and zeal which could be understood only by those who were daily witnesses of her life. Her self-denial and unselfishness were, if that be possible, carried to an extreme. It seems to me now, in the retrospect of the past, as if her own frame needed no care and no sustenance, and as if she moved among us as an angel of service and of blessing to others.

Our village life in Aberfeldy, gave my mother peculiar opportunities of usefulness. The poor women of the village, as already stated, looked up to her as an oracle, consulted her in all their difficulties, and seemed to feel themselves safe in following her counsel. In many a cottage did I hear, years after our removal to Inverness, from the lips of poor women, what my mother had taught them, and what good she had done them. They found no small pleasure in telling the tale, and I no less in listening to it.

On coming to Inverness in 1825, my dear mother's life became, if I can trust my own youth-

ful impressions, more domestic than ever. Home duties were numerous, required constant attention and great labour; and in the discharge of these my mother's light shone with a clear but softened radiance which seemed to impart a holy calm to our family circle. Never, I believe, have the poet's words been more thoroughly verified—

“ We need not bid for cloistered cell,
 Our neighbour and our work farewell;
 Each trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask.
 Room to deny ourselves; a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.”

Not that my dear mother could not and did not sympathize with the labours of others who, from choice or from circumstances, occupied a more public position and engaged in more active efforts to do good beyond their own family circle. No heart could be more sensitive than was hers to the sin, and ignorance, and misery which prevail in the world, and none could beat with a warmer affection towards those of her own sex who engaged in what I may call out-of-door efforts to instruct the ignorant and reclaim the sinful. So far was she from being lacking in sympathy with such efforts, that in advanced life, when home work was less pressing than it had been, she engaged in them personally, without the aid or stimulus of any society. In comparative old age she became a tract distributor, and for years

regularly visited the poor in "the Abbey" and some adjoining streets near her residence. In her visits she would sit down with the poor at their firesides, hear their tales of sorrow, comfort them, counsel them, instruct them, and render them practical help to an extent which may well be declared to have been beyond her means—help which she was able to render only by what most would feel to be severe self-denial. In all this she did not let her left hand know what her right hand was doing; and at the time, not even those who were most intimate with her, had any idea of the extent to which she was the practical friend of the poor around her. In earlier life, as I have said, her sphere of well-doing was especially within her own doors: and her children can never cease to thank God, that she found sufficient interest in her home work to make it her happiness to watch over them as a Christian mother ought. She felt that this was the work which God had given her to do, and she did it with all her might.

Were it fitting that I should enter on a history of my dear mother's religion, or on a full description of its character, I should have to tell of early impressions received from a mother's instructions, impressions ripened by the preaching of him who became her husband, and in union with whom she travelled through the wilderness for three-and-fifty years; I should have to tell how thoroughly biblical her religion was, its elements and its

influences being altogether scriptural. The doctrines of grace were held by her with no feeble grasp, and were the objects of a most intelligent faith ; and for this very reason they were held and felt in their practical bearings. There was nothing more abhorrent to her mind than the holding of the truth in unrighteousness ; and if ever she was severe — unduly severe — in her judgments, it was in reference to the practical inconsistencies of professors of religion. Of hypocrites and hypocrisy she could scarcely speak with patience.

There was one characteristic of my mother's piety which was eminently beautiful, and that was its cheerfulness. There was an entire absence of gloom and moroseness. She had a profoundly humble opinion of herself before God. Her views of the corruption of human nature, and of the depravity of her own heart, were clear and strong ; but, notwithstanding, her religion made her happy. She *enjoyed* her religion ; and through the power of religion she enjoyed life. Fields, woods, rivers, mountains, were all a happiness to her. She saw the hand of God in them, and enjoyed them all as His works, and, in a sense, His gifts to her.

This state of mind may be connected with her universally thankful and cheerful spirit. The command, "In everything give thanks," was no hard command to her. The language of thanksgiving was ever on her lips, because the spirit of

thankfulness was ever in her heart. Even her sick-chamber was a scene of constant gratitude. How God had provided for her, how God had watched over her, how God was surrounding her with loving friends and with innumerable mercies, was almost her hourly theme; and this spirit made her chamber peaceful and happy.

My dear mother's life was not without its own share of trials. The chief domestic affliction which befel her was the sudden death of her eldest son in 1834. This affliction, which moved a large circle of friends and neighbours with the profoundest grief, fell on her with peculiar severity, and was doubly painful, because, in her usual spirit of self-sacrifice, she repressed her own feelings, and almost did herself violence for the sake of others. Those around her were so overwhelmed, that she felt she had to care for the living rather than mourn for the dead; and while her heart was burning, and almost bursting with grief, she studiously avoided the expression of her sorrows, that she might be the better able to minister to the comfort of others.

In all her trials my dear mother had one refuge, and that was God Himself. It was only a few months before her death that she told me that, amidst her maternal anxieties, these words had often ministered great comfort to her heart:—

“ Jesus, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.

Saviour, O my Saviour! hide me
Till the storms of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide me,
O ! receive my soul at last."

My dear mother's deathbed experience was in most respects what might be expected. For nine months she was but little out of her sick chamber. And during the greater part of that period her mind was kept in perfect peace. She often remarked with wonder how easy and peaceful her dying was, for she regarded herself as dying all that time. Last summer (1861) it was a great satisfaction to me to witness her quiet enjoyment, her perfect repose in the Saviour. I had many precious conversations with her, and I found her experience everything that heart could desire. She was calmly and humbly resting on the promises of God's Word, and drawing from them all the consolation and strength that she needed.

This state of peace and trust was severely tried about two months before her death. How much of the trial was the direct result of nervous depression, and how much there may have been in it of Satanic agency, it is impossible for us to say. Her own impression was that the great adversary had much to do with it, and she was equally sensible that extreme weakness and suffering were affecting her mind. On one occasion she summed up what she had passed through by saying—
"The enemy has tried me sorely, and I have overcome. I have been tried by unbelief, and

have overcome; and now I am wrestling with Jesus Himself." What she meant exactly by wrestling with Jesus, I don't feel quite sure. Judging by my conversations with her, I think she meant that she was wrestling with Him both to manifest Himself to her, and to take her to be with Him where He is. The desire to depart became too strong, and she became impatient to go. "The Lord does not hear my petition," she said, with evident pain. To her daughter she said, "It is you that is keeping me here. You are pleading with Christ to spare me to you longer. It is your importunity that is keeping me here. Christ does not hear me now." Her mind had become morbid through suffering. But when she was reminded of Christ's own experience in Gethsemane, when, after praying "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me," yet said, "Not My will, but Thine be done," she felt the lesson which the Saviour's example teaches, and in my hearing said oftener than once, "The Lord's will, the Lord's will be done." Three days before her death, when I quoted to her the words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," she added with deep feeling, "His work is perfect—not my will, but Thine be done." On the same day, having quoted to her the words, "I am the Lord, I change not," she said, "His name is love."

As connected with some of her mental sufferings, and, at the same time, as evidence of the genuine-

ness of her faith, I may mention her great tenderness of conscience. This was a beautiful trait in her character, and was never more strikingly shown than on her deathbed. It is impossible for conscience to be too tender—but a tender conscience can enjoy peace only so long as it is associated with a constant reference to the peace-speaking blood of Jesus Christ. My dear mother never lost sight of the efficacy of that blood, but sometimes the thought of her own sinfulness was uppermost in her mind, and her peace was consequently disturbed. When she was enabled to turn away from herself to Christ, her peace was restored. I shall never forget the sweet smile that beamed on her face the day after my arrival in Inverness, when summoned to her deathbed, as I repeated some verses of Cowper's well-known hymn—

“ There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.”

Another most marked feature in her last

experience was her desire to be made perfectly holy. This desire was intense and burning. She told me she could say, "Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." But oh! she desired, she said, to love Him more, to love Him perfectly, and to be made perfectly like Him. And she was overheard praying, "Whatever fires I have to pass through, oh! refine me, cleanse me wholly." And at another time: "Blessed Spirit, hold me; I cannot do without Thee." She had no idea of a heaven without holiness, and there was no stronger desire in my dear mother's bosom than to be refined and purged from everything that was offensive to her Divine Lord and Saviour.

Almost the last words that she uttered intelligibly were on the day before her death, when a friend entered the room: "Look to the Saviour—He is all in all." Again and again she had said to me, "He is all in all." This, in fact, was a summary of her religion; and, after sixty years' knowledge of Christ, she still found Him all in all. Her end was emphatically peace. It was literally like falling asleep, and it was falling asleep in Jesus!

February, 1862.

My father, mother, aunt, and brother, all lie beside each other in what is called "The Chapel Yard," the principal burying-place of Inverness. On the spot stands a small granite pillar, bearing, on its four sides, the following inscriptions:—

TO

The Memory of

THE REV. JAMES KENNEDY,

CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER,

In Aberfeldy and in Inverness.

BORN IN STRATHTAY, JULY, 1777.

DIED IN INVERNESS, DECEMBER, 9, 1863,

In the 58th year of his Ministry.

"Well done, good and faithful servant."

TO

The Memory of

JANE MACFARLANE,

Wife of

THE REV. JAMES KENNEDY.

BORN AT REDNOCK, NEAR CALLANDER,

OCTOBER, 1777.

DIED IN INVERNESS, FEBRUARY, 16TH, 1862.

"Her children call her blessed!"

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TO

The Memory of
MARGARET MACFARLANE,

Sister-in-law of
REV. JAMES KENNEDY.

BORN AT REDNOCK, 1782.
DIED IN INVERNESS, JUNE 21, 1862.

“A succourer of many.”

TO

The Memory of
MR. WILLIAM KENNEDY,
SURGEON,

Eldest Son of
THE REV. JAMES KENNEDY.

BORN IN ABERFELDY, AUGUST 3, 1811.
DIED IN INVERNESS, OCTOBER 13, 1834.

“Greatly beloved.”

