

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



BIOGRAPHY **by his son.**

Sir Robert Anderson and Lady Agnes Anderson
by A.P.Moore-Anderson

FOREWORD TO AN EARLIER MEMOIR
by THE LATE REV. J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A., D.D.

(See below for Contents)

I ESTEEM it no small privilege to be asked for a brief word of introduction to this Memoir of Sir Robert Anderson, to whom I have long been indebted, not only for illumination and inspiration in common with thousands the world over, but for the more intimate and richer gifts also of a true and loyal friendship. For he was a man whose genius for comradeship was by no means the least of his many endowments. To many it was inevitable he should be known only as the stalwart defender of the Faith, the clear expositor, the zealous champion of Christian causes, the keen controversialist, the distinguished public servant. Those who saw merely the externals of a singularly busy and many-sided life seldom came to a true appreciation of the man as he was. In his consuming passion for what he regarded as vital to the Christian Faith, he was often compelled to appear dogmatic to the point of unsympathy, and narrow-minded to the point of sheer unaccommodation. When, as sometimes happened, in controversies (not always of his seeking) regarding modern critical methods of handling the Word of God, or the promulgation of doctrines subversive of the Gospel of Christ, he stood out as a champion of the unpopular view of things, he both received and gave hard blows. No one, indeed, could give harder. But this was a role thrust upon him, and was far from being a spontaneous expression of the "hidden man of the heart." He disliked intensely the necessity of combat inseparable from his downright consecration to Christ, and suffered not a little under its consequences to himself. And never, for a single moment, did he betray the slightest bitterness of spirit toward an opponent. If he must fight, he fought as a knight of God and a very perfect gentleman; so that those who opposed him, and finally gave him up as "hopeless," rode off with a fine appreciation of the character of their opponent. Sincerely convinced, with a strong belief in his beliefs, and withal an unflinching courtesy and an utter indifference to all personal considerations, he commended himself to every man's conscience even when he failed to carry their judgment. It is true to say that no

man ever lived who had so many opponents and so few enemies.

But those who were privileged to know him at closer quarters will ever think of him, in yet warmer terms, as one of the most devoted, humble, and kindly of men, and one of the staunchest of friends. For he never hid himself from those of whose sympathy and affection he was assured, and they at all times found him true to friendship's every demand. Loving hands have chronicled and compiled the following short sketch, but in no single line has love outrun sober judgment or been betrayed into exaggeration. That he taught and proclaimed Christ all men know. That he very consistently lived Christ and carried about into all the relationships of life a sweet savour of Him, his family and friends know. And they are glad to share their knowledge of him, and the inspiration to follow the Lord as he followed Him which was its fruit, with the larger circle who honour him for his works' sake.

For myself, life will always be richer for the generous and condescending friendship (from which all evidence of condescension was strikingly absent) of an old and distinguished servant of Christ toward a younger and altogether undistinguished one. In the happy enjoyment of our frequent intercourse I learned, I trust, at least to desire and strive after something of that loyalty to the Lord Jesus which was the well-spring of his strength and service. And there is no man whose obedience I would more earnestly endeavour to emulate in its purity and constancy. From his writings I came to know something of the unfathomable content of the Gospel. From his life I came to know far more concerning the possibility and glory of its ministry. And until my own course is finished, I shall be grateful to him who has gone from us, and still more to Him Whose best gifts to His people are men such as he was - "an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

J. STUART HOLDEN.

ST. PAUL'S,

PORTMAN SQUARE, W. October 1919.

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BIOGRAPHY - Chapter One

DUBLIN. THE BEGINNING AND THE CALL

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the sky.
- - Irish Song.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. -Psalm xxiii. 6.

I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love not mine the resting place,
His truth not mine the tie.
HORATIUS BONAR.

"AN anglicised Irishman of Scottish extraction". My father's description of himself. Born in Dublin of Ulster stock, his youth was spent in the part of Ireland now known as Eire. Called to the Irish Bar he was early side-tracked into Secret Service work in connection with the Fenian movement of those times. When this led to his crossing the Channel to England it was, as he afterwards expressed it, with a return ticket in his pocket. But from that day his native land knew him only as a visitor. First in the Home Office, then at Scotland Yard, and finally in retirement, he remained a Londoner for the rest of his life. Duty made him a relentless tracker of criminals. But the dynamiters would have been more than a little surprised had they known that the man behind the scenes who hunted them down was author of many books on the Bible and the Christian life. No less amazed would have been many a professional burglar could he have come upon the C.I.D. Chief giving a Gospel address in some London mission hall. His life of seventy- seven years was a many-sided one, in some respects unique.

Robert Anderson was born in 1841 at his parents' home in Mountjoy Square, Dublin, whither his father, Matthew Anderson, had come from Londonderry as a young man. The appointment of Crown Solicitor for the city was given to my grandfather by the government of Lord Beaconsfield. An elder of the Irish Presbyterian Church, he served first in the old Mary's Abbey congregation, of which my father was a member in his youth, and afterwards at Kingstown, now called Dun Laoghaire. When living in Dublin one of his duties was that of Seneschal of the Manor of Mary's Abbey, where he used to hold a Manor

Court; an appointment which he owed to Lady Harriet Cowper, for whom he acted in legal matters. Her first husband had been the famous Count D'Orsay, who made several gifts to my grandfather, including a bronze equestrian statuette of the Iron Duke, now in my possession, modelled by himself in 1848.

D'Orsay was born in Paris in 1801. Known as the last of the "Dandies," unusually handsome and well-dressed, he was looked upon as "the mirror of of fashion and the mould of form." An accomplished painter and sculptor, he was an intimate friend and supporter of Louis Napoleon. By a coincidence the St. Mary's Abbey estate had belonged to my mother's family for about a hundred years from the time of King James the Second. Drogheda House, their Dublin residence until 1822, was on the property.

A family friend, Professor Pierce Simpson, gave his impression of Matthew Anderson in these words : "I used to regard him as the Lord Chancellor and Primate of Ireland rolled into one, and to hear him say prayers was enough to make a saint out of a sinner." My grandmother, before her marriage Mary Lee, also came from Derry, where an ancestor, Samuel Lee, won fame as a leader of the freemen of the city, the 'Prentice Boys, in the siege of 1689.

"Five generations have since passed away," wrote Macaulay, "and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians." And H. V. Morton says: "I suppose that no other city except perhaps Limerick has such a single-minded memory of its history. You cannot live even for a few hours in this city without hearing the story of the Closing of the Gates of Derry. They tell it all over again with just pride; how the thirteen 'prentice boys shut the gates in the face of a Catholic army sent to win the town for James II; how Derry declared for William of Orange; how the town endured the worst horrors of starvation and disease for one hundred and five days. . It was one of the most gallant defences in the history of siege warfare."

And now in 1945 one reads of our own King George VI and Queen Elizabeth being taken on a tour of the walls. No doubt they heard once again the great story of "No Surrender," and of how at last the relief ships bringing food broke the boom across the Foyle.

"It is never possible," writes Morton, "to feel that Derry is an ordinary city. Look where you will and you see the wall and a peeping cannon. The memory of 1688—89 is as vivid as though the smoke of Roaring Meg was still blowing from the walls."

Assuredly, as I listened to my grandmother's tale and gazed at the portrait of the Rev. George Walker, the heroic acting Governor, my childish impression was that she had been through the siege herself. Another coincidence is that an ancestor of my maternal grandmother, William Gardner of Coleraine, was killed when in command of a company of the defenders; another of my mother's forbears, Henry, third Earl of Drogheda, commanded a regiment of Foot in the Battle of the Boyne shortly afterwards. My father was educated privately in Dublin and later in Paris and Boulogne. On leaving school he began a business career in one of the Dublin breweries, its owner being a rich and sonless friend of his father's. But after eighteen months he turned from this and at the age of eighteen entered Trinity College, familiarly known as T.C.D. In 1862 he graduated B.A. with Moderatorship and Medal, being awarded the LL.D. in 1875. The earliest diary I have found is for the year 1861, the brief entries in which often include items such as : "Read for five hours; cricket." He was keen on Rugby football too, playing half-back, I think.

The College Historical Society at T.C.D. corresponds to the Union Societies at Oxford and Cambridge, the membership being reciprocal. My father became Auditor (President), and it was one of the chief interests of his 'Varsity life. A number of his contemporaries became prominent in after years, some of them famous. A close friend, David Plunket (Lord Rathmore), wrote a few months before my fathers'

death:

"Your references to the past helped me, like Clarence Mangan's poor old battered Barmecide, to 'call up many a gorgeous show which the pall of oblivion hides' of the gay days when you and Tom Snagge and Ashbourne and FitzGibbon and Freeman Wills and Lecky, and many another more or less famous Argonaut, sailed out with me from the old T.C.D. harbour on life's journey. You and I now alone remain. And you carry on still with all your remaining canvas set. More power to your elbow and to your brave heart!" [Those mentioned in this letter all became well-known personages: Sir Thomas W. Snagge, D.L., LL.D., Judge of County Courts; Edward Gibson, 1st Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Rt. Hon. Gerald FitzGibbon, P.C., Lord Justice of Appeal; Rev. Freeman Wills, M.A., author and dramatist; Rt. Hon. W. E. H. Lecky, O.M., LL.D., D.C.L., historian and philosopher.]

And my father himself said: "I cherish pleasant memories of those years. Religion and politics are the bane of Ireland, but the politicians and priests had not yet poisoned the life of the country. In Trinity, Orangemen and Romanists, 'ferocious Radicals' and high Tories, mixed together and discussed their differences with the courtesy and kindness of Irish gentlemen." In the light of this, it is interesting to find his diary for 1898 recording a "T.C.D. Dinner" in London at which there were present Mr. John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, and Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster Unionist. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky was in the chair, and others in the company were Lord Rathmore, Sir Robert Ball (the astronomer), Sir Thomas Snagge and Canon Teignmouth Shore. The 1900 diary also mentions the dinner, when those present included Lords Morris, Iveagh and Londonderry, Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick and Dr. J. B. Crozier, Bishop of Ossory and Ferns.

But to return to the early years, the 1861 diary records a short time spent in London as a law student at the Temple. An entry for 5th February reads: "Went to the House of Commons and met Williams; got into the Lords' to hear the Queen. Dinner with W., then down to the House where heard Disraeli, Russell and Bright." In his reminiscences he related how he came to hear the Queen's Speech that day, the last occasion on which Queen Victoria read her Speech herself for after the Prince Consort's death in that year she never again did so. The future Assistant Commissioner used to make friends with the police on duty in the House and through them obtain members' orders admitting to the Gallery. A police officer, a fellow Irishman, put him up to the adventure of getting into the House of Lords along with the "faithful Commons." However, "if we catch you," said he, "it's not in the House of Lords ye'll find yourself; but we'll not catch you if ye do what I tell you." Admitted to the Lobby my father found himself in the middle of a group of M.P.s waiting there. When the Speaker's procession, followed by some of the leading members of the Lower House, had passed, the waiting group closed in with a rush. "Had I been as anxious to keep out as I was to get in," the story proceeds, "nothing could have stopped me. I was almost carried off my feet, and it was not until I found myself inside the Lords' that I was able to raise my hand to take off my hat."

The next day the diary records: "Went to House of Commons by boat. Heard FitzGerald and Russell." And later in that year: "Drove down to Moville tandem to see the Fleet. Went on board Revenge, where the Admiral was receiving the Corporation: good feed." Does this diary entry forty-two years later (1903) show that there was some reward for his having been a law student in London, for he never practised at the English Bar? "The King's Dinner in Middle Temple. A great function; Sir R. Finlay, Choate, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne. The King present."

Mention has been made of my grandfather being Seneschal of the Manor of Mary's Abbey. A Manor Court exercised a civil jurisdiction such as County Courts used to have. The judge was nominated by the

lord of the manor. The idea of holding a mock court occurred to my father, his elder brother, and some of their college friends, a typically Irish performance resulting. The court-keeper was notified of a special session to be held on the chosen evening; and all was found ready, not excepting the presence of a police-constable at the door. One of the actors, who attained fame at the Bar and in Parliament, later a peer, took his place on the bench in borrowed wig and gown; a divinity student, afterwards an archdeacon, was put upon his trial for an assault. The combination of lying and cunning in the evidence seemed true to life, and the speeches were eloquent if not altogether relevant.

The seats allotted to the public were fairly well filled, for an evening sitting and a criminal trial were unprecedented. But when the proceedings resulted in a conviction, and the "judge" announced that before dealing with the prisoner he really must have a smoke, there was a roar of laughter, "in which the accused heartily joined." The public, suddenly realising that they had been fooled, stampeded from the court. It was characteristic of life in Ireland then, said my father, that they were not taken to task for the escapade, which was never reported nor noticed in any way. And the Seneschal first heard of it many years later as he sat by the fireside with his grandchildren playing around him.

Another incident which could hardly have occurred except in Ireland was related by my father long afterwards in his plea for more common sense and imagination in the treatment of youthful criminals. A boy had been brought before a Dublin magistrate who was a man of great force of character and quite unconventional. Although the charge was a petty one the police gave a bad account of the lad, declaring that he had a chance of doing well if he wished, but that he was going wrong and was likely to become a regular criminal.

To the amazement of a friend who was sitting with him on the Bench the magistrate, in blood-curdling language, sentenced the youth to be flogged in the adjoining yard. The friend was then taken to the magistrate's private room from which they could see the prisoner, looking half-dead with fright, while two burly constables were inspecting instruments of flagellation borrowed, presumably, from some police museum. The yard gate, however, had judiciously been left open - for the dramatis persona were Irish and understood their parts - and, seeing his chance, the lad made a dash for it and escaped. "Now," said the magistrate, "we've saved that boy; we'll never see him here again!"

My father's long life of Christian witness and service really began with a deep spiritual experience a few months after his nineteenth birthday. The Story must be given in his own words, written fifty years later, near the close of that life:

"Until I get to Heaven, I shall never know whether I was not a child of God in infancy. My mother regarded me as God-given to take the place of a son who died shortly before I was born, and who was evidently a veritable Timothy (2 Tim. iii. 15, R.V.). She loved to talk to me about him, and his story had a great influence upon me. Even in early years prayer was no mere form with me, and I delighted in reading the Gospel of John and some favourite Psalms. But in due course I was taught that no one who has not been 'converted' can be a child of God, and I had never experienced any crisis of that kind.

"As time went by my conviction deepened that I had not been 'converted.' But owing doubtless to my early experience and to the restraints of a Christian home I continued to lead 'a religious life.' And I had occasional fits of penitence and anxiety. But they were transient; and their after-effect was to make me increasingly callous, the hardening process being intensified by the influence of that other doctrine that my eternal destiny depended entirely on whether I was 'elect,' and therefore nothing I could do would affect the issue.

"Such was my condition in 1860. But in that memorable year of Revival new spiritual longings were

awakened in me by the conversion of one of my sisters through attending services which J. Denham Smith was holding in Dublin. Owing, however, to my experience of such periods of anxiety I refused even to acknowledge a desire to go to a meeting. But on a certain evening when my sister very specially wished to be present her promised escort failed, and I got credit for unselfish kindness by offering to accompany her. The meeting only disappointed and vexed me. The sermon brought no comfort or help and some of the hymns offended me: for, owing possibly to my being ecclesiastically Scottish, certain popular hymns do not suit my spiritual digestion.

"The fact of my sister's conversion still held me, however, and I cherished the thought that the next Sunday services in the Kirk might bring me blessing. But the morning service left me more discouraged than ever; and I made up my mind that if the evening one brought no relief I would give up the quest, and seek to enjoy life again as best I could.

"The evening preacher was Dr. John Hall, afterwards of New York. His sermon was of a type to which we are now accustomed, for he boldly proclaimed forgiveness of sins and eternal life as God's gift in grace, unreserved and unconditional, to be received as we sat in the pews. His sermon thrilled me. Yet I deemed his doctrine unscriptural, so I waylaid him as he left the vestry and on our homeward walk tackled him about his 'heresies.'

"My first point was that he had no warrant for saying that there was forgiveness for sinners without first ascertaining whether they had repented. This he met by quoting Scripture to prove that repentance was not contrition; nor was it a work preparatory to coming to Christ, but a change produced by believing the Gospel as the Word of God. . At last he let go my arm, and facing me as we stood upon the pavement he repeated with great solemnity his message and appeal: 'I tell you as a minister of Christ and in His name that there is life for you here and now if you will accept Him. Will you accept Christ or will you reject Him?' After a pause - how prolonged I know not - I exclaimed, 'In God's name I will accept Christ.' Not another word passed between us, but after another pause he wrung my hand and left me. And I turned homeward with the peace of God filling my heart."

A letter dated 9th October 1860 gives the date of the great decision. Writing to one of my father's sisters, a friend - Henry Neilson - said: "Our walk home was indeed a happy one, for Bob told me that last Sabbath evening God the Spirit had opened his eyes to see Jesus as his Saviour. Glory be to Him Who ever is faithful to answer prayer." That other influences had been preparing him for the crisis is indicated by a letter to his mother some time later.

"I was very sorry not to have been at home when Mr. Parke was there. He was one of the few clergymen I knew in old times who seemed to care for souls. When he was with us before I was greatly struck by his speaking about the Lord Jesus constantly while at table. And I remember well the last words he said to you before leaving, 'Somehow I am sure that I shall hear of a blessing in your family.' We were then all unconverted."

It was not long before my father entered upon his lifelong ministry as a lay-preacher of the Gospel. He thus describes the occasion

"One day soon after my conversion I received a letter from a friend telling me that he was unable to keep an engagement to address a Gospel meeting, and asking me to take his place. The messenger waited for an answer and I promptly replied that I could not take such a position. But then I fell a-thinking. I had been praying that God would give me work to do for Him; might not this be the answer? So I hurried after the messenger to tell of my change of mind. And the next day I preached my first Gospel sermon." He was certainly not unacquainted with sermons. Forty-five years afterwards, writing on " Preaching:

Past and Present" in the Nottinghamshire Guardian he said "The days of great preachers are past. In all the churches the men are but few who could rivet the attention of a congregation for an hour. Is there a preacher who could hold an audience for two? Yet a sermon that lasted three full hours is one of the memories of my childhood. The preacher, I need not say, was a Scotsman, the great Dr. Duff, the Church of Scotland's first missionary to India. Child though I was, I remember how his hearers hung upon his words."

The effect of the revival was deepened by a series of annual conventions in Dublin, the "Believers' Meetings." Members of all denominations met simply as Christians. Amongst the leaders were the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, Rector of Dundalk and later incumbent of Belgrave Chapel, London, and the Rev. J. Denham Smith of Kingstown. Many years later Marcus Rainsford wrote to my father: "It quite warmed my old heart to read your kind letter and your affectionate remembrance of myself. I have also long since made up my mind that it is full time we children of the Most High God gave up our 'fads' and were determined to know nothing, nothing, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, risen, ascended, and sitting at God's right hand, 'and we in him'"

When sixty years had gone by, Mr. J. W. C. Fegan wrote: "With the passing on before of Sir Robert Anderson we have lost the last surviving link with the notable group of Irish evangelists and teachers associated with the Revival of 1859 and the abounding spiritual activities of the 'sixties."

Nearly all the names mentioned by Mr. Fegan appear in my father's diaries and letters of that period or in later reminiscences: Henry Bewley, Denham Smith, George F. Trench, F. C. Bland, C. H. Macintosh, J. Butler Stoney, R. J. Mahony, T. Shuidham Henry; also Reginald Radcliffe, Richard Weaver and Harry Moorhouse, visitors from England. Others to whom the diaries for 1860 to 1865 refer as preaching in Dublin or visiting the family are the Revs. H. Grattan Guinness, William Haslam and Horatius Bonar. The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., was the well-known Scottish Divine and hymn writer who wrote "Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face" ; "I heard the voice of Jesus say"; "A few more years shall roll." He preached both in Mary's Abbey Church and in Merrion Hall (the meeting-place of the brethren), and was a welcome guest at the Anderson home, then in Fitzwilliam Square. In a letter to my father from Kelso, dated 27th November 1864; Dr. Bonar wrote:

"My DEAR FRIEND, - Thanks for your letter and for those which accompanied it. They are deeply interesting and I should greatly like to have further accounts of God's work in those parts. . . . You use an expression which I do not fully understand, 'failed in communion.' I think I see your meaning, but I do not find the words in Scripture, and I am afraid of using expressions - or at least of admitting them to constant use - which are not exactly Scriptural. According to the meaning of the original word, a believer cannot be out of communion any more than he can be out of salvation, but he may be out of a sense of communion. However this may be, I still question whether the phrase be a Scriptural one; if not, its frequent use may imprint a wrong idea in the soul, even though there may be some truth wrapped up in it. With my kind remembrances to your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, I am, my dear friend, yours faithfully, Horatius BONAR."

We still have a copy of Dr. Bonar's book, God's Way of Holiness, with the inscription: "Robert Anderson, Esq., with brotherly regards from H. B., Kelso, Nov. 28, 1864."

One of the leaders mentioned above, Mr. F. C. Bland, who was himself led to Christ by his friend Richard Mahony and C. H. Macintosh, became a man mighty in the Scriptures and a teacher of teachers. During Mr. D. L. Moody's great evangelistic meetings in the Opera House in London, it is said that scarcely a day passed without his spending an hour over the Bible with Mr. Bland.

A reference to the Dublin home came long afterwards when Professor Alexander Macalister of Cambridge University wrote to my mother after my father's death: "Let me with sincere sorrow write a note of sympathy. . . . It is to me the breaking of the last tie with an early period of my life when we were members of the same Church and associates in our earliest intellectual and religious work. He was just two years my senior, and I remember looking up to him as an example of what I should wish to be. I owe the greatest debt of gratitude possible to the Anderson family, for it was in their home I first met my dear wife, to whose wisdom and saintly piety I am indebted for far more than I can express."

Professor and Mrs. Macalister and their family proved exceedingly kind and helpful friends to my brothers and myself in our Cambridge days, and my father was often a guest in their home.

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BIOGRAPHY

Chapter Two

GOSPEL COMMANDO OPERATIONS IN IRELAND

Oh, send me forth, my Saviour;
Oh, send me for Thy glory, Thy glory.
Let not myself; my carnal self; self-seeking self,
Come 'twixt me and Thy glory.
Oh, mortify it, mortify it; put it down, my Saviour;
Exalt Thyself alone.
Lift high the banner of the Cross, and in its folds
Conceal Thy standard-bearer.

(A letter from Robert Anderson to his home in 1863 ends with this verse.)

If you give up your personality to Him, He will not conform it to your neighbour's. He prefers that it should be your own, for He has a niche for you which nobody else can fill.

ALEXANDER SMELLIE.

IN the aftermath of the revival which spread through many parts of Ireland in the years 1859 and 1860 lay-preaching became a regular practice. No one had heard of commando raids eighty years ago, but the term seems a not inapt one for the sudden incursions of teams of two or three laymen into towns and country districts with the one object of preaching the Gospel, attacking strongholds of evil or of apathy and indifference, and leading men and women into new life, light and liberty.

This sometimes entailed going where they were quite unknown and unheralded. They might receive the blessing and cooperation of the local clergy and ministers; but not infrequently open or veiled hostility had to be faced. When the use of Church buildings was not granted, meetings were held in schoolrooms, court-houses or jury-rooms, in private houses, cottages or barns, once at least in a ballroom, at times in the open air.

In 1862, the year in which he took his degree at Trinity, my father first went on one of these preaching tours in the south of Ireland. George F. Trench, the friend who led him into the work, was a cousin of Townsend Trench, estate agent to the Marquess of Lansdowne. "Towny," himself one of the best-known

men in the south, had recently been converted and was preaching with all the energy and originality of a striking personality. Incidentally, the Trenches were related to my mother, whom in those days my father did not yet know. George Trench was her cousin; in after years he married as his second wife, Edith Lee Anderson, my father's niece, a fresh link between the families being thus formed.

An unusual feature of the revival movement in County Kerry was that amongst the first to be influenced were some of the landed gentry. Trench and Anderson were welcomed by them, and life-long friendships were formed by my father with Richard Mahony of Dromore Castle, Lindsay Talbot-Crosbie of Ardfert Abbey, and F. C. Bland of Derryquin Castle. Later on, through the preaching of Thomas Weldon Trench, the revival spread to Sligo, and George Trench went there to carry on the work, again asking my father to join him. The clergy and ministers were unsympathetic. Not only so, but the evangelists were treated to a crusade of abuse and ridicule in a local newspaper which accused them of being impostors preaching for filthy lucre's sake and getting their salaries from a committee in London. One issue published a letter, said to have been picked up on the road, in which they were taken to task for embezzling the contents of their money-boxes ! Worse still, there appeared a seemingly genuine account of their getting drunk at a picnic

When Trench had to return home owing to ill-health, some doggerel verses described the quarrel which led "the Trencher" to desert his pal "Handy Andy." This is all mentioned to show how unbefriended they were. However, when my father returned to Sligo later in a professional capacity to conduct an election, that editor made an abject apology. But at the time no notice was taken of the attacks. They only served to advertise the meetings, so that not a few attended out of curiosity or looking for amusement. But no interruption or annoyance came from the people, and spiritual power was continually manifested in conversions.

"I confess, however," wrote my father long afterwards, "that I had some misgivings when my friend left me; for he had a charming presence, a 'gift of song' and a 'gift of prayer,' whereas I had none of these advantages." The meetings, indeed, were then almost entirely lacking in the attractions now deemed essential in an evangelistic mission. But the Gospel proved indeed "the power of God unto salvation." Everywhere in Sligo and later in Mayo the meetings were crowded, conversions and changed lives resulting. "It is grand the matter-of-fact way the people take it all," he wrote at the time ; "there is no excitement, but when asked, do they know the Lord, they say: 'No, I'm afraid not, but I want to.' They take the truth on the authority of the Word; and the next thing is: 'Would you speak to this person?' Some of them are working for the Lord before they have known Him an hour." He wrote later from the north of Ireland,

"I think nowhere is there so much to rejoice over as in Sligo and Mayo. It is astonishing when I think of the people who have been saved, among them some of the most influential men in the county. Sir Richard O'Donnell told me this about Colonel X, who is well known as one of the hardest, cleverest men of the world that could be found. At the last Assizes in Castlebar he said to my friend in the Grand Jury Room: 'O'Donnell, what a happy thing it is to know Christ!' Sir Richard was amazed and asked him how he knew anything about that, and Colonel X told him it was from the preaching of 'those gentlemen' as they call us. I have just got a letter from one of that circle in which he says : 'Do you remember the 9th October, 1864? It was the evening you first preached in Ballina; what a time of blessing it was! You were the first to bring us the message of a full and free salvation, and the way you preached that glorious truth we can never forget.'

A notable feature of the work is shown by a letter from one who, after telling of his own conversion, goes

on to say:

"My four sisters and brother, four cousins, and a number of my acquaintances are now rejoicing in the Lord. It does not seem so strange that persons who have made themselves infamous by a life of immorality should awaken to a consciousness of their lost state. But it is passing strange that those who are looked upon by their friends and perhaps by themselves as religious should be brought to thorough conviction that, with all their amiability, morality and religion, they were sinners in the sight of God, being without Christ."

A sidelight on the experiences met with at times is given in this Sligo story told by my father:

"Though we had good lodgings our comfort was neglected, for the landlady, who was English and the widow of a Frenchman had no Irish heartiness in her composition; and she objected to serving meals at irregular hours. On the Saturday evening after my friend had left I had a meeting in a village 2 miles out; and on my return after a cold drive on an outside car I found an empty grate, and no supper save some bread and butter and a jug of cold water. I went to bed hungry and shivering, feeling that in a humble way I was entitled to be reckoned among the martyrs ! " (Now for the sequel.) "The following Saturday night, when I got back from that same drive, great was my surprise and delight at finding a cheerful fire and a hot supper. And the stern 'landlady' face was softened by blushes and a pleasing smile! Madame Leger had been at my meeting the previous evening and had heard and received the Gospel."

The account thus far given relates to work which continued at intervals during the years 1862 to 1865, when my father was between twenty-one and twenty-four years of age. A few extracts from his diaries are of interest. In 1862 one finds

"Went to Athy with George Trench. Dinner at 3.30. Croquet, tea and meeting in Corn Exchange. Spoke on i John iv. 17 as to position of a Christian. Caused great row among the Methodists! A lot of the young fellows came in for a grind on the Risen Life."

It appears, however, from his diary for that year that a few days later he "preached in Methodist House at Portarlinton," and that during nine and a half weeks of the summer he held fifty-one meetings alone or with other speakers. Irish readers may like to know some of the places visited. These include Athy, Portarlinton, Tullamore, Frankfort, Carlow, Mallow, Tralee, Tarbert, Kilkee, Kilrush, Mountmellick, Carbery, Edenderry, and a dozen others. The diary for 1863 has this note:

(June 20.) "At Court 11 to 3. About 40 of us dined at the Bewleys, Willow Park. Conference in the evening on the Lord's Supper."

He was called to the Irish Bar in 1863 on his twenty-second birthday, and went on the North-West Circuit. The diary has such notes as: "Dined with Judges . . . Dined with Bar . . . Judges dined with us." But there are also reports of meetings at some of the places already mentioned as well as at Moate, Ferbane, Ballinagore, Mullingar, Maryboro', Clonaslee, Clara and Mount Lucas. At Cookstown he addressed a large meeting on the lawn - about 500 present - and there was one in the Chapel at Stuart Hall at which the Earl of Castlestuart was present.

The 1864 diary, referring to the College Historical Society, notes

"C.H.S. Swell debate; emigration question. FitzGibbon, Plunket, Snagge and Chadwick; Lawson in Chair. . . . Went to C.H.S. Was elected Auditor. Walked home with W.; preached to him." A few weeks earlier: "Spoke timidly and unfaithfully of the Lord to . . ." However, shortly afterwards, he "went round the big shops leaving handbills for Thursday's meeting."

Soon after this he went on Circuit again, visiting Cavan, Longford, Enniskillen and Derry; and there were more meetings in the north at Armagh, Newry, Rostrevor, Banbridge, Rathfryland, Castleblaney and

Crossmaglen. Back in Dublin, the daily record is : "Court, 11 to 4" ; with notes of meetings at places like Wicklow, Dalkey and Bray. In the summer he was away again with George Trench to Sligo for another series of meetings lasting about three months. Brief records in the diary are

"To Boyle. Meeting in Court House. About 100; no singing and not much power. A success, but not a triumph. . . . The Devil was at me all day, but the Lord gave me grace and strength. . . . Not much power; feared that I went beyond my message. . . . Meeting crammed. Great power of God and wonderful blessing. About 40 stayed; could not speak to them all, but many received the truth."

Back to Dublin again in October; at court every day. Then in December he was off to Boyle, Skreen, Ballina and other old haunts preaching and encouraging converts. Having to go to Sligo professionally the following year, he found opportunity for further meetings there, and afterwards in the north. One entry is: "Much power; people clung to me; sad at leaving them." More than sixty meetings are recorded during three months of that year.

A few more of my father's letters to his home now take up the story. This from Sligo:

"I never saw such continued uninterrupted blessing. Last evening at Ballymote I gave the people an opportunity of going, but all sat down for an after-meeting. Nothing outwardly remarkable, but a calm power with the truth that I never saw in Dublin meetings."

Again, at Collooney:

"Last night we had about 250 people, nearly the entire Protestant population, and many R.C.s. Many come from five miles around. This in a place where the Sunday evening congregation at Church is from 6 to 20. . . . A gentleman said that a week ago he was the vilest wretch in the county, but now saved. . . . Rochfort considers this the most remarkable work in Ireland. If the Lord-Lieutenant got converted and preached in Merrion Hall it would be nothing to Captain O. being converted and preaching in this county."

Another letter tells of a meeting at Cork held at a few hours' notice with 500 people who seemed unwilling to leave although they were "dismissed" several times. A week-end at Ballina in 1864 is described thus

"Saturday, we started after breakfast for a country meeting at 11 a.m.; drove on to another at 2 back to dinner at 6 and a meeting in the Glen at 7. Sunday, I preached in the Glen at 11; then drove to Mullafany for a meeting at 3; back to dinner at 7, late for the evening meeting. Monday, we had two meetings in the Glen."

It is not surprising that the entry "very tired" occurs now and then in the diaries. There was, too, the inevitable reaction at times

"I have recently been rather inclined to become weary and faint in my mind, and the Lord has reproved me by letting me hear of hitherto unknown blessing. Really one gets used to this and forgets what it is to be in a dry, cold place." The way in which converts were watched and shepherded is shown in a letter to George Trench from Sligo:

"BELOVED GEORGE . . . I met Dr. M. and spoke to him, not knowing who he was; he has been attending the meetings and found peace the other evening. W. is steady; J. is doing well, reading his Bible, I think. N. I do believe is converted; On Sunday last he dined at A.'s and refused to touch the whisky though on the table; he has not tasted any for some days and has been very steady. Will you make it a matter of special prayer that I may be guided, that I may not let anything induce me to leave till the Lord says, 'Go'; and that I may hear Him at once and obey when he does say 'Go'"

There had been much to encourage. Mr. Alfred Trench, another fellow-worker, in a kind and gracious

letter to the mother in Dublin, told her of the way her son was being used and owned of God. He added: "Perhaps it will be a relief to you to know that he does not think of giving up the 'tent-making,'" this, of course, a reference to Acts xviii. 3, and xx. 34.

That the thought of whole-time Christian service had come into his mind is shown by a letter more than thirty years later when my brother Alan told him he was thinking of entering the ministry of the Presbyterian Church of England. My father then wrote:

"Your news about your life-work thoughts is startling. On such a grave matter I would certainly not intervene save by putting the pros and cons fairly before you. The question is one to be settled with God, and I would not think of vetoing any purpose of the kind. Had I not had scruples about taking ordination in either the Presbyterian or Anglican Church, I myself would now be a Minister instead of a Peeler." It is hardly to be wondered at that there had been some anxiety about his apparent disregard of both his health and his professional prospects. "You need not fret about me," he wrote to his mother; "I am sure of mutton chops and beef steaks. What I said was contrasting this fare with that at Newport House, where there was fresh salmon daily, puddings, pies, melons, etc." And again: "Alfred and I have just returned from a walk and a bathe in the sea, and are going to have dinner before we start for Collooney; so you see we are taking care of ourselves." To his sister he said, however: "I am all square, but getting very thin, as if I had been going up gas pipes!" Another letter reported: "We are living in pilgrim fashion. Tom Law brought down a fine ham which was a valuable acquisition. But plenty of open air keeps one all right."

Regarding the future he said to his mother:

"I am not surprised that Papa is disappointed at my going about as I am doing. I suppose he was expecting me to take a position at the Bar. No one knows as well as I do what I am losing for the sake of the Lord; but it is not my will in the matter. I would stop preaching if I could, for it is not pleasing to the flesh. I should be extremely unwilling to have to decide upon giving up the Bar. But if it came to the point of giving up the Lord's work or the Bar, I trust I should not hesitate." Again:

"Surely you don't mean that you would have me return home before the Lord has done with me here? My desire would be to have grace to be willing never to return if He should want me elsewhere. It is perfectly idle my thinking of leaving for any consideration or tie of the flesh. Thank the Lord that it is Sligo I am in, five and a half hours from Dublin, and that He does not want me in Spain or Timbuctoo or the backwoods of America!"

My father evidently had the clearest conviction that he must await the moving of the pillar of cloud and fire as did the Israelites of old. "I can't see my movements ahead at all," he wrote; "I don't see that I can leave this just yet. The Lord has kept us hanging upon Him day by day. . . . He knows whether I want rest, and will give it when I need it." And to George Trench he said: "It is all humbug staying at home from natural love and affection when there are so few to preach the Gospel and souls are longing for it." A contemporary account said that no written statement could make people realise the character of the work who had not actually seen such things as a meeting, remarkable at first only for levity and unconcern, awed and broken down by the manifested power of the Holy Spirit; the very persons upon whose lips had curled the smile of ridicule or contempt remaining at the close in deep anxiety: "Many have witnessed such scenes in recent years. Many know what it is to enter a parish or town which seems a spiritual sepulchre and in a few short weeks to be surrounded by a little church of saved ones exulting in their new-found joy."

That the evangelists were not concerned with mere numbers is shown by a letter from Sligo in which my

father said:

"These places are quite outside the town and can't be taken care of from here. Besides it is new ground, and I would rather have a little schoolhouse full of people in 'the regions beyond' than the Merrion Hall full. It is glorious to bring the Gospel into dark places where it is unknown."

And to his mother he wrote from Lurgan: "Tom Law is here now. We have constant work in visiting among the cottages besides meetings daily." And again: "In visiting among the poor I have heard of much blessing. Many have told me they were converted in '59 but had fallen back greatly, and that these meetings had been the means of restoring them."

In spite of his intense earnestness and sense of responsibility and vocation there are many humorous touches in his letters. That he was not too easily taken in by outward profession is shown in a letter to a sister: "I have come on two old buffers on this Circuit who say they're saved. They ought to say it on every opportunity, for no one would ever find it out!" One of his favourite Irish stories may not be out of place here. Father Healy, parish priest of Bray and (the Protestant) Archbishop Plunket were on their way together to the railway station. The priest urged that they should hurry, but the prelate's appeal to his watch convinced him that they had ample time. They arrived to see the Dublin train disappearing. The Archbishop's apologies were lavish; he pleaded that he had always had unbounded faith in his watch. "My.. dear Lord Plunket," was Father Healy's rejoinder, "faith won't do without the good works."

From the diary for 1866, the year before he left Ireland for London, it seems that there was only one visit to the west, with meetings in some of the old spots. There are a few entries on the lighter side, such as: "Riding party . . . drove to Enniscrone with Captain and Miss Jackson and Mrs. Pery. Great fun. . . Row on Carramore Lake. . . Picnic to Woodpark. Great romping." Writing to a sister who was paying a visit in the south of Ireland about this time, he said: "Why don't you go home? The - s will be heartily sick of you. Are you aware that people don't wait to be turned out even in Kerry, where the fellow was asked to spend the night and stayed twenty years?"

Opposition to the work on the part of clergy and ministers has already been mentioned. In a letter home in 1864 he tells of this : "Boyle is all in a stir. The Rector put his veto on lay-preaching in general, and my preaching in particular, last Sunday. Captain R. has been at it for forty years and feels very much hurt. It has made him more interested in our work. Most of the people are very fond of him and take his side."

On the other hand a letter from Castlerea records: "The Rector has acted with amazing grace. He is helping us in arranging meetings. He sees we have a way of working of our own, and leaves the meetings entirely to us." Again, from Kilbaha: "The Rev. W. Soresby, Presbyterian, is giving us his church; I believe he is a regular brick." And from Cork: "The independent minister who has been hindering rather than helping hitherto and the second Presbyterian, Mr. Hunter, came and offered me their pulpits."

A curate, the Rev. Sidney Smith, was a warm supporter. Writing from Ballysokeery Vicarage, Ballina, he says:

"My DEAR BOBBEE, - My rector has departed for a tour of five weeks. I am lord of all I survey, with powers to issue letters of marque to any pirate friend to sojourn with me. I can collect a meeting for you of my own people, & I will ask the Presbyterian minister of Ballina to lend his schoolhouse. Also I could ride over & ask the next rector to allow a meeting in Crossmalina."

A few days later Mr. Smith wrote: "I am going in to Ballina to try and arrange about getting the disused Baptist Chapel. As I am a stranger there it will be hard, but if the Lord wills, difficulties vanish." The following letter from my father tells of the result

"I felt very low about the meeting in Ballina on Sunday. But after a time alone with the Lord I was quite calm about it. I was posted through the town to preach in the Baptist Chapel. I didn't know anyone in the place, much less any Christian: and as Sidney couldn't come I was alone absolutely. Besides all this, summons had been issued to all the clergy to attend a convention, the Dean in the chair, to drive me out of the place. Well, I found the chapel crowded, and some could not get seats. I had no singing of course. But when the time came I rose and looked at the people; they had an air that seemed to say, We are not going to be humbugged. I said a few words to any Christians present to say I was one of them, and why I had come, and asked them to join me in prayer for the meeting. I then preached the Gospel. The Lord gave great power and clearness, and I had breathless attention. Not one even of those who were standing left, though I spoke for an hour and a quarter.

After the meeting several came to ask for another. I had asked the Lord that if this were His will it should come from them."

Three days later he wrote: "The Rector is coming back, so I must clear out. Pray earnestly for Ballina. It is far harder to break down a meeting of the better-class than of poor people." That a great change came over the scene is shown by a letter two years later. Writing from Carramore House, Ballina, he said: "I expected to be home before this, but every day makes me more unwilling to leave. It is not only that kindness could not do more to make my visit a happy one, but the meetings are most important just now. A set of people are beginning to come in who were never reached before, and there is great life in the Ballina meetings. I had a Bible Reading at Belleek Manor on Tuesday, and Col. Knox Gore, his wife and daughter, were in again at the Gospel meeting. . . . Do you remember Captain Jackson, with whom I am staying? I think he dined with us. The General [General Sir James Jackson, Colonel 6th Dragoon Guards] is away, and I have great exercise riding his chargers."

Sir Richard O'Donnell said that as a result of meetings at Newport there had been ten remarkable conversions; but he added that owing to opposition from all the priests and parsons it was hard to reach the people. In this connection my father wrote in 1863 from Tullamore:

"I suppose Alfred has told you that there is most determined opposition. . . . The meetings have been stopped in the Barony of - ' and Tom Trench now refuses to speak in the neighbourhood at all. He infers that from the etiquette of grouse shooting he is in honour prohibited. At Portarlington I found Mr. Stewart Trench at work. I spoke first and then he gave a pastoral. He said that he expected he would not again address them, as he wished to leave the work to younger men. But he had come to assert their right to meet in that way, as a large and influential body in the county were endeavouring to put an end to such gatherings. He took up all the objections and demolished them. The meeting was crammed, and the people seemed dying to cheer him, for they were determined to show that they won't stand priestcraft of this kind."

To this attitude of clergy and ministers in many places the most notable exception was the Rev. Edward Nangle, Rector of Skreen. Of the work in his parish my father wrote at the time:

"We had the school-house crammed with people who never went to Church. Mr. Nangle spoke first; told them they were good, kind, everything he could wish, but most of them he feared had not Christ. That his efforts appeared to have failed, and so he had asked me to come. 'Dear, dear friends,' he said, 'I must see some of you converted.' . . . [Later] Mr. Nangle says that some weeks ago he was praying that God would take him out of the place, but now he would not leave for the fattest living in Ireland. . . . [And again] Mr. Nangle writes that last Sunday the communicants were three times the previous average number, and the parish filled with anxious or rejoicing souls. His joy is refreshing to see; he says it is

new life to him. Formerly his visiting was drudgery; now it is his greatest pleasure. It is delightful to see how he owns the Lord's work and sets himself aside."

Another letter said that Mr. Nangle had been trying to get the evangelist into several other parishes, but in two cases, although the rectors were personal friends, he had met with peremptory refusals. About that time Dr. Horatius Bonar wrote to my father:

"I rejoice to see that some of the clergymen have thrown themselves into the work. I have observed that in such cases there is more of progress and stability. While God is showing that He can work through any instruments He does not set aside the Ministry, but continues to honour it. When the Minister is a faithful one I always exhort converts to gather round and uphold him. We have amongst us faithful and unfaithful Ministers."

There can be little doubt that in our own day one of the chief reasons for what is called failure and lack of results after evangelistic campaigns is the fact that those who have professed conversion may have to go back to churches where the atmosphere is cold and unsympathetic to the Gospel, and where the new-found joy and zeal of converts meet with discouragement.

Looking back on this story now after eighty years, it would seem that, on the human side, there were certain definite factors making for permanence, and distinguishing the work from much of the evangelistic effort to which we are accustomed.

Amongst them were probably the entirely undenominational nature of it; the fact that the financial element was not merely secondary but non-existent; the absence of hard and fast arrangements as to the length of missions, so that the preachers were free to remain in one town or district as long as they felt led to do so. Then there was the way in which the friends were able to relieve one another when converts seemed in need of further teaching to establish them in the Faith. There were also the return visits time after time to scenes of blessing, just as the Apostles of old "went through Syria and Cilicia confirming the Churches."

Two notes may form an epilogue. The first was sent me by my aunt, Miss F. Lee Anderson, to whom so many of the letters which have been quoted were written: "At the New Alliance Club last week I met a lady whom I had never seen before. On hearing her name I asked if she was related to a man whom I had known long ago in Ireland. She said he was her husband's uncle and knew Sir Robert Anderson well, and that her husband's father and her own father had both been converted through him."

And this is from my father's diary for 1917 (near the close of his life) "Reading my old letters to Fanny from Sligo; was amazed and greatly humbled by the record of the work there."

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



CHAPTER III

LONDON. THE HOME OFFICE AND SECRET SERVICE

Sir Robert Anderson, son of the late Crown Solicitor for Dublin, is one of those men to whom the country, without knowing it, owes a great deal. Silently and efficiently he and his family have worked for years in high Government positions. And they have worked with a sweet reasonableness and an absence of hide-bound, red-tape-tied officialism which is as delightful as it is exceptional. His brother, Sir Samuel Lee Anderson, was a singular instance of the level head and the sympathising mind. It is a rare combination and an exceedingly fine one. Hard heads, soft hearts.

R. BLATHWAYT in Great Thoughts.

ROBERT ANDERSON may almost be said to have drifted into Secret Service work. He belonged to the fortunate class of barristers who become self-supporting from the start. In 1865 a number of persons were charged at State trials in Dublin with treason-felony. My grandfather, the Crown Solicitor, had deputed his duties to his eldest son, afterwards Sir Samuel Lee Anderson. Between the brothers there was unrestricted confidence ; so it came about that the Crown briefs were placed at my father's disposal, and all the confidential reports and secret information which led to the arrest of the leaders of the conspiracy. There was then at Dublin Castle no Secret Service organisation or Intelligence Department, and all kinds of secret documents lay in an undigested mass in an office cupboard. The new Chief Secretary, Lord Naas, later Earl of Mayo, entrusted my father with the duty of preparing a précis of these and other official papers relating to Fenianism. The task completed, he wrote a history of the Fenian conspiracy up to date which proved of value to the government. This again led to his services being requisitioned by the Attorney-General when a Fenian outbreak occurred in 1867. The Irish Republican Brotherhood was popularly known as the Fenian Society, or simply the Fenians. It was a political association of Irish or Irish-Americans for the overthrow of British authority in Ireland and the establishment of a republic. Centres were formed in the United States with the object of raising funds, especially 'for the purchase of arms and munitions of war. "Fenian Bonds" were issued for the purpose. I have one of these, beautifully engraved, which reads:

"The Irish Republic is indebted unto the bearer in the sum of ten dollars, redeemable six months after the acknowledgment of the Independence of the Irish Nation with interest from the date hereof at six per cent. per annum." The "date hereof" is 30th March 1866, and it is signed by John O'Mahony, Agent for the Irish Republic.

Two abortive raids into Canada were staged in 1866 and 1871. Later developments (about 1883—85) were the formation of a "Skirmishing Fund," raised to promote the free use of dynamite for the destruction of English public buildings and English commerce; and the rise of an extreme party called the Clan-na-Gael. Members known as the "Invincibles" were to make history by the removal of "tyrants." But to return to my father's experiences in 1867. In order to secure the necessary evidence he obtained a permit to see all the prisoners without any restrictions. Going one morning to Kilmainham gaol, he took the Governor into his confidence. After visiting a number of the men he left the prison as openly as he had entered it. But, returning by way of the Governor's house during the officials' dinner hour, he was smuggled unobserved into the cell of the man he indicated. Determined that not even the police should get an inkling of his mission, he enjoined the Governor not to release him until after locking-up time, refusing to listen to the warning that he little realised the ordeal before him.

Long afterwards, when engaged in his campaign for prison reform, he described this experience. When his object had been attained he found that three hours remained before his release was due. The only thing distinguishing that cell from any other barely furnished closet-room was that the aperture which passed for a window was, as in every prison cell, placed high up near the ceiling, obscured glass preventing the sight of even a few square yards of sky.

Although his mission had been successful beyond expectation, the prisoner having told all he knew of the Fenian leaders in America in addition to giving all the evidence required for the coming trials, my father said he felt a depression which would in time have become almost unbearable. And so, in after years, he made use of this never-forgotten ordeal in his plea for more humane methods in the treatment of prisoners. There lies before me as I write a permit given by the Home Office in 1867. It reads
To THE GOVERNORS, respective Prisons. Allow Mr. Robert Anderson to have an interview in private, and without the presence of any officer of the Prison or other person, with any prisoner whom he may desire to see.

(Signed) JAMES FERGUSON, Bart., Under-Secretary of State.

To continue the story of those early years I quote the words of an obituary notice in The Times fifty years later

It was in this almost accidental way that he was enlisted in the public service. His special knowledge of the ways of Irish political conspiracy became known in high official circles not only in Dublin but in London. After the famous Clerkenwell explosion in 1867 - a warning of which he was able to transmit beforehand to the London police, although they failed to make use of the information - one of the results of what he himself termed the unreasoning panic that followed was the organisation of a Secret Service department of the police, and he was invited to take charge of it. But it only remained in existence for three months, and he was about to return to the Irish Bar when he was requested to take charge of Irish business at the Home Office. In this capacity he had a good deal to do with the surveillance of the Fenian conspirators - Irish and American-Irish - whose plots gave some anxiety to the Government in the years 1869 and 1870.

My father had what he called an intelligent aversion to the Civil Service. And he did not entertain a high opinion of the Home Office of those days. When he first took up work there in 1877 it was impressed on him that the way to get on was to do as little as possible and do it as quietly as possible. The ordinary work was light, and it was left to an industrious minority. The hours were from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., a nominal 11 a.m. and a punctual 5 p.m. ; much of that time was given to luncheon, gossip and the newspapers ; and there was plenty left for games and ragging. However, about that time, with the advent

of a new Under-Secretary, a new era of efficiency set in.

Looking upon his work in the Civil Service as temporary, he had no intention of abandoning his profession and was duly called to the English Bar, but never engaged in court practice in England. In the meantime, Sir Richard Mayne, Commissioner of the London police, had given him access to the detective department and, soon gaining the confidence and goodwill of the officers, he got to know all that was worth knowing about their work.

And the London life had great attractions for him, especially the House of Commons, where his friendship with Captain Gosset, then Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, gave him access to "Gosset's Room," which was in reality a sort of social club, invitations to which were extended (with the exception of two or three relatives) only to M.P.s. In this way my father was brought into touch with all the by-play of the House, and met the elite of its members.

An instance of the sang-froid which stood him in good stead when dealing with informers and people of that kidney in the course of secret service and police duties is given in one of his stories of those days "On the last evening of the historic debate on the Irish Church an old friend of my father's whom I met at dinner spoke of his fruitless efforts to get an order for the Peers' Gallery, and declared that he would give £100 for a seat. When we rose from dinner I asked him to come with me to Westminster. I passed with him through the lobbies and up to the gallery door. There, with the lordliest manner I could assume, I told the doorkeeper that I would be extremely obliged if he could find a seat for my friend. Whom he took me for I never knew, but he responded effusively, and begged me to bring him in. Later on I noticed that the official and a colleague were evidently discussing me, trying no doubt to make out who I was. So I thought it better to 'skip' as the Yankees say; but my friend kept his seat till the House rose. In passing out I thanked the doorkeeper for his courtesy and expressed regret that I could not stay longer myself. I should add that I never got the £100!"

The way in which my father became acquainted with Charles Reade, author of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, is worth telling again. In order to avoid an unwished-for visit from some relatives, the novelist told his housekeeper, Mrs. Seymour, to put the rooms on a house-agent's books, and to write the relatives that they must not come; he himself then went off to Oxford, where he had a Fellowship at Magdalen. Within a few hours my father had taken the rooms in Reade's beautiful house at Albert Gate overlooking Hyde Park, without having any idea to whom they belonged. Finding him there on his return set Reade fuming more than the proposed visit of his relatives had done; he wouldn't have lodgers in his house, he declared. But Mrs. Seymour knew how to manage him, and the lodger was left in possession, although for a time ignored by the "landlord." The way in which they made friends must be told in my father's own words:

"Although I couldn't write *Never too Late to Mend*, I could make buttered eggs, and as Reade watched the operation in my room one night, his looks and words suggested that he thought the cooking more wonderful than the writing. We had met at the hall door on his return home very hungry from a theatrical supper at which, he explained, there was a division of labour, he doing the talking and the others the eating. In his handkerchief he had some baked potatoes purchased at a stall which stood in the street opposite his house; and his apology for not offering to share them with me was that in his room he had neither knife, fork nor plate. So I begged him to come upstairs with me, and I disclosed the contents of my cupboard, which included all needed for an impromptu supper, not excepting a loaf and butter, eggs, a saucepan and an etna. As already intimated, the process of making buttered eggs excited his admiration, and from that hour I believe he regarded his lodger as a personage."

My father received many kindnesses from Reade, who even used to lend him his own pet room, built in the garden, when friends came to dinner, sometimes joining the party himself. In that same room, looking out on "the trees of the nation," is laid one of the chief scenes in *A Terrible Temptation*. Charles Reade's house was, as far as I know, the first and last one that the future C.I.D. Chief broke into.

"I never realised," he wrote, "what an amount of determination and nerve it takes to break into a dwelling-house at night until I discovered my own deficiencies in these respects. Arriving home late one night I found I had forgotten my latch-key, and being unable to rouse the inmates I decided to enter burglariously. My experience of criminal courts had given me a theoretical knowledge of the business, and it was with a light heart that I dropped into the area and attacked the kitchen window. Of course I had no fear of the police. Neither had I any cause to dread a pistol shot on entering the house. Yet such was the effect on my nerves of spending twenty minutes in that area that the sound of a constable's tread in the garden made me retreat into the coal-cellar. I felt then that my case was desperate. As there were no steps to the area, escape was impracticable, and a new bolt on the window baffled me. So I was driven to break the glass. The passers-by were attracted by the noise; but they had no bull's-eye lantern to flash into the area, and as I had again taken refuge in the coal-cellar they could see nothing. As soon as they had gone it was an easy task to scramble in. . . . The police were sent for next morning. The broken glass and the marks inside and outside gave proof of a felonious entry; but nothing had been stolen, nothing even disturbed. The case was most mysterious, and passed into the statistics as an undetected burglary. Charles Reade's delight was great when I told him the facts."

The moral of the story was that burglaries are usually committed by men who are burglars in the sense that other men are doctors, lawyers, architects, etc., the only difference being that in the burglar's trade success gives proof of greater proficiency than seems necessary in some other lines

During the early years in London, in addition to his ordinary work, he was secretary to several government Commissions; in this way, as related elsewhere in these pages, he gained the friendship of Lord Aberdeen, the 7th Earl, who became Viceroy of Ireland, 1886 and 1906 -15, and Governor-General of Canada, 1893 - 98. It was in connection with a Royal Commission on Railway Accidents that the first of three attacks was made upon him in Parliament, in replying to which Mr. W. H. Smith stated that he had discharged his duties with great ability and perfect faithfulness. When serving on the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh Commission he made the acquaintance of Sir George Airy, the Astronomer Royal, whose help proved valuable when *The Coming Prince* was being written, one of his books referred to in Chapter X.

He also acted as secretary to the Royal Commission on Loss of Life at Sea. Lord Aberdeen, who was again the chairman, tells in his reminiscences (*We Twa*) that this Commission was appointed as the result of a vehement controversy arising from certain statements by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain regarding the excessive mortality amongst the crews of merchant ships, attributed largely to the overloading of vessels. Shipping interests as a whole strenuously challenged this inference. The controversial element was quickly manifested when the Commission met, and it was frequently the chairman's duty to throw oil on the troubled waters. On such occasions he often found it advisable to discover that it was just time to adjourn for luncheon, which usually had a soothing effect. This, however, would certainly not have been the case had not a private arrangement- been entered into with the caterers whereby the Treasury allowance of 1s. 6d. per head was augmented. "Of course," wrote Lord Aberdeen, "this was kept a profound secret, known only to myself and our secretary - the late Sir Robert Anderson, K.G.B., a very able and high-minded public servant." In this connection my father mentions that the Duke of Edinburgh

did not approve of hurrying over the cigar stage of the luncheon recess, and when his colleagues rose, usually kept the secretary with him. On H.R.H.'s leaving to take up a command in the Mediterranean he desired my father to write to him regularly about the work of the Commission, and afterwards, after the well-known manner of our Royal Family, gave many proofs that he had not forgotten him.

Lord Aberdeen, by the way, seems to have shared my father's poor opinion of Treasury ways. He gave his support in a tussle over salary and pension rights, and wrote:

"If the object can be secured without making the Treasury feel they have been defeated it will be much better; otherwise they will try to punish us all through the enquiry."

Another letter from him throws light on the almost incredible pettiness of some officials. "My dear Anderson," it reads, "I do now remember that I carried out (by stealth for fear of hurting the feelings of the Department) a private arrangement about a clock!" In the same letter Lord Aberdeen said: "I am very sorry you have to cross again to that tiresome old island of yours in this weather." The following year however he became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and he then wrote from Dublin: "I think the Irish are still amenable to marks of sympathy." He was, of course, a strong supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

It was as secretary to the Prison Commission, which, unlike the others, was a branch of the permanent Civil Service, that my father gained experience which was to prove of great value in after years in his campaign for reforms in the treatment of criminals and in the nature of prisons.

Eighteen-eighty was an epoch-making year in Ireland, for it was then that "boycotting" was introduced - a crime which, according to an Irish judge, made the life of the victim a living death. At the same time a revival of Fenian activity in Ireland excited the conspirators in England to follow suit. It was in these circumstances that Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, re-enlisted my father in Secret Service.

"Such work was never to my taste," he wrote afterwards, "and I had definitely turned away from it. I was still in touch with le Caron and some prominent Fenians in America, but not with the leaders of the organisation at home. To ascertain who were the London leaders was an easy task, but how to get hold of them was the problem. They solved it by forming a plot to discover who their enemy was at Whitehall. A letter came from a man whom I knew by repute as one of the most dangerous of the London Fenians. He wished to give information to the government - that was the bait - but he would deal only with 'the gentleman at the head of the Intelligence Department' he would hold no communication with the police." The sequel gives an idea of what Secret Service sometimes entails

"I met the fellow by appointment one night. He lied to me for an hour whilst I listened as though I believed all he was telling me. This as I expected led him to ask for money. I then pretended to lose my temper. I said I had come prepared to pay him handsomely for information, but I was not to be fooled by the yarns he had been telling me. Taking a handful of sovereigns from my pocket I jingled them before him. The greedy look on his face told its own tale. He pleaded that if I would give him time he would tell me all I wished to know, and meekly asked for his expenses. I saw that the bait had taken, so I gave him a couple of pounds. Within a few weeks I had two of the most influential London Fenians in my pay. . . . I will only add that the hold thus obtained upon the organisation prevented the commission of outrages at a critical time, and further that the information received from these men was never used to bring a criminal charge against any member of the conspiracy."

In such work, however, kudos is not gained by preventing crimes, but by detecting them and successfully prosecuting the offenders. My father had again decided to turn from this branch of service, partly because he had received offers of more congenial work, when what he called a hateful and fateful murder drew

him back into the toils. On 6th May 1882 Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had just been appointed Chief Secretary, and Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, were done to death within sight of the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Although creating such a sensation it was only the last of a series - one more added to the terrible list of Land League murders. And as my father pointed out it was in one respect of less significance than many of those which had preceded it. For the assassination of government officials could give no such indication of the state of Ireland as the murder of a lady returning home from church or of humble peasants whose only offence was obedience to the law. In many districts terror reigned in every cottage-home refusing allegiance to what was fitly called the defacto government.

The Phoenix Park murder, however, galvanised the British Government into action; a new Coercion Act was passed, and special measures adopted to administer it, an Under-Secretaryship for Police and Crime being established in Dublin; and under pressure from Sir William Harcourt my father agreed to represent this department in London.

At that time his work at Whitehall was many-sided. Whilst still Secretary to the Prison Commission, he was retained by the Irish government to look after their interests in London, and was also responsible to the Secretary of State in relation to political crime in general. When the dynamite campaign began he was in daily touch with Dublin Castle, and kept up a private correspondence with the British Consuls in America as well as with le Caron and other informants there. And never a week passed without his having to meet informants in London at his own home or sometimes in out-of-the-way places, for they never went to Whitehall.

But to return to the Dublin murders - my uncle, Sir Samuel Lee Anderson, was another of the officials marked down to be "put out of the way," his life being saved by what is commonly called a chance. His regular daily route to the Castle was known to anyone who cared to watch him. But once when within a stone's throw of where the murder gang were waiting for him, suddenly remembering some commissions he had promised to execute for his wife, he turned back and went round another way.

Having to keep a secret for twenty-one years for the sake of another's safety can hardly be a usual experience. In Major le Caron's life story (*Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service*) he pays this tribute to my father

"He never wavered or grew lax in his care. He proved indeed to me not the ordinary official superior, but a kind, trusty friend and adviser, ever watchful in my interests, ever sympathising with my dangers and difficulties. To him and to him alone was I known as a Secret Service agent during the whole of the 21 years of which I speak. Therein lay the secret of my safety. If others less worthy of the trust had been charged with the knowledge of my identity, then I fear I should not be here on English soil quietly penning these lines."

Can the spy stories of fiction produce anything equal to the true narrative of this man's adventurous career? His real name was Thomas Beach, son of a respected citizen of Colchester. A thirst for excitement led him to leave home again and again in early life; and while still a boy he found himself in Paris without money or friends or knowledge of the language. Having been a choir-boy at home his singing gained the friendship of a member of the English church he attended in the French capital, and this led to his obtaining a good berth. But when the American Civil War broke out in 1861 he was on the move again; crossing the Atlantic he enlisted in the Northern army, with the name of Henri le Caron. In due course he obtained a commission and rose to the rank of major. During his service he made the acquaintance of John O'Neill, who later became head of the American Fenians. It was from him that le Caron first heard of the Fenian schemes, including those for raids into Canada; and this led to his

becoming a spy in their ranks. The accusation that he undertook this hazardous task for the sake of financial gain is utterly false. He had become a qualified medical man, was happily married, and could have settled down to a quiet, comfortable life.

Le Caron joined the Fenian movement with the definite object of serving his country, and it was in letters to his father that he first reported all their doings and plans. These were shown to the local Member of Parliament, who passed on the information to the Home Office, no payment being given or asked for. But at a later date, the M.P., Mr. Rebow, urged that le Caron should be put into direct touch with a representative of the government, and my father was then asked to deal with him. Thus began a correspondence lasting for over twenty years until le Caron came into the open at the time of the Parnell Commission in 1889.

Morley's Life of Gladstone states that for more than twenty years le Caron was in the pay of Scotland Yard. "Scotland Yard," replied my father, "was not aware of the man's existence until he appeared as a witness at the Parnell Commission." As a matter of fact the correspondence was carried on through his wife in America and a relative of my father's in England, and was always treated as private. On his visits to London, le Caron used to see my father at our own house; I have a clear recollection of seeing him there and wondering who he was.

At the Special Commission he was denounced by Sir Charles Russell (afterwards Lord Russell of Kilowen) as a "common informer who wormed himself into the confidence of men presumably honest, however mistaken their views, only to make money and betray them." "Actually," wrote my father, "the assassins and dynamiters whose plots were exposed by him were justly described by Sir Henry James, for The Times, as 'enemies of the human race, the lowest and most degraded of beings.'" Sir Henry went on to point out that the exertions of a man who apprehends a criminal after the crime are rightly praised, "but here you have a man who, running risks such as probably no one ever ran before, set himself to defeat crime before it was carried out, and thus to save the lives of those who had no other protection." Further, it was stated by my father that in no single instance was a criminal charge brought upon le Caron's testimony. As regards financial gain, he was as indifferent to money as to danger; anything he received was not enough to compensate him for having to employ a qualified locum tenens during his absence. The only really important payment he ever received was his reward for thwarting the 1870 Fenian raid on Canada. From the first he considered his role to be that of a military spy in his country's service.

As illustrating the need for keeping their names secret, my father tells that his first Fenian informant was shot as the result of his name having been given to Lord Mayo, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, who passed it on to the Lord-Lieutenant during dinner at the Viceregal Lodge. A servant behind a screen repeated the information in the servants' hall. My father learned this from a detective officer at Dublin Castle, and states that from that time no informant of his was ever betrayed. His refusal to give their names and his insistence on treating their letters as private was objected to at one time by Sir William Harcourt, who remarked that "Anderson's idea of secrecy is not to tell the Secretary of State"

Another incident shows how easily secret information can become known. On the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Haddo House mentioned in another chapter, my father tells how the Premier, sitting beside him at a writing table, was busy with a file of Foreign Office papers when another guest brought a passage in the Odyssey to his notice. Mr. Gladstone discussed this as though the Foreign Office did not exist, but directly afterwards took up his pen and wrote a Minute of grave importance about Egypt. It was the time when excitement over the Sudan and General Gordon's position in Khartoum was at its height. "How do I know the purport of the Minute?" said my father; "it was perfectly legible on the blotting pad

he had used! Is it any wonder I refused to trust the lives of informants to ministers of state?

As another example of Mr. Gladstone's versatility Sir Robert mentions a long letter (a closely written four-page one which I have in my autograph album) about a book of his, written on the day which, according to Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, was devoted to the reconsideration of the whole Irish question in view of Mr. Parnell's visit to Hawarden.

And Lady Aberdeen tells, in *We Twa*, how, on returning from church one morning, he asked for a hymn-book, which he took to his room, and in the afternoon produced a translation into Italian of the hymn, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord." This was on a Sunday when he was in much anxiety over affairs in Egypt, with messengers from Downing Street coming and going, and he was conferring about a statement to be made next day in Parliament.

But to return to le Caron. My father paid this tribute to him:

"During the four-and-thirty years of my official life I came to entertain a sincere regard for not a few of the Police Officers who assisted me in campaigns against criminals, but none of them did I esteem more highly than le Caron. And it is with them that I have always classed him, not with secret agents and informers. No bad man could win as he did the unbounded respect of wife and children.

And to personal charm he added sterling integrity. He was one of the most truthfully accurate men I have known . . . Though he deserves well of his country he will never get a statue. But if he is to be pilloried I will take my place by his side." After le Caron's appearance at the Commission his life was in constant danger. There were many rumours as to his whereabouts in various parts of the world. Actually he lived under an assumed name not far from Hyde Park. I remember more than once, when walking there with my father, his saying that he had to go and see a sick friend, never giving the slightest hint of his identity even to us. Afterwards he wrote

"Though I had been in communication with him for so long, and seen him on his visits to England, I never really knew him until the illness which ended fatally on April 1st, 1894. With all his cynicism and coldness of manner he was a remarkably attractive man. . . . At first we used to talk over his adventures, but later on we often spoke on subjects of which I will make no mention here."

What these subjects were may be gathered from the following letter

"I fully appreciate and will always endeavour to keep in my mind the pith, the main principle of what you have impressed upon me in reference to God's goodness and my duty to Him; and if I live to get well again my earnest desire is that I may ever keep uppermost in my mind what I owe to Him and what He is willing to do for me.

Believe me to be, Yours sincerely,

H. LE CARON."

I have the original letter in my possession; also his commission as Major and Military Organiser in the service of the Irish Republic, dated 5th August 1868. This is signed by John O'Neill, President, Fenian Brotherhood, Patrick J. Meehan, Acting Secretary of War, and John Byron, Assistant Adjutant-General F. B. It was on account of his relationship with le Caron that my father was the subject of two violent attacks in Parliament. At this length of time the story would not be of sufficient interest to relate in detail. On the first occasion he was accused of handing over, in his capacity as head of the C.I.D., confidential documents to an informer. As already mentioned, le Caron's letters had always been deemed private, and he claimed accordingly that he should have access to them in preparing the evidence he was to give at the Parnell Commission. The letters had never been on record in any government office; they had indeed been kept in our own home. My father was vigorously defended by the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry

Matthews, afterwards Viscount Llandaff; and his chief assailant, Sir William Harcourt, gave kindly proof afterwards that he bore no ill-will in spite of his violent political invective. In 1905 his son, later Viscount Harcourt, wrote to my father:

"I am most grateful to you for your kind words about him, which show a real appreciation of his character in spite of his hard-hitting propensities which showed themselves on the surface."

The second attack was made in 1910 in consequence of Sir Robert having mentioned in Blackwood that he was author of certain articles on the American Fenians published anonymously in The Times as far back as 1887. They were entitled "Behind the Scenes in America." In this case he was accused of having acted in a way contrary to the rules and traditions of the Civil Service. The fact that one of the articles exposed a plot to bring about a dynamite explosion in Westminster Abbey at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee might, one would think, have excused any breach of official propriety had such been indeed committed. But naturally the wild Irishmen in the House were out for his scalp and demanded the withdrawal of his pension. Unfortunately, on this occasion the responsible Minister, instead of defending him, contented himself with appeasing his opponents by making light of the whole matter and minimising the services he had rendered to the State. Of the many letters of sympathy and encouragement received at that time, only one will be quoted here. The writer was a Scottish lawyer, Mr. R. B. Stewart, a valued friend, who was well-known in connection with the Keswick Convention and many other branches of Christian activity

"To speak of a faithful and able servant of his country, who unsparingly gave himself to her service in work most trying and involving danger to his own life, during a perturbed time which it is difficult for any one who did not live through it to understand or even to credit, - in the way in which you have been spoken of, is a lasting disgrace to British statesmanship. And it was in order that those might be kept sweet who are the representatives of the spirit and work condemned by the Parnell Commission!

What man can be zealous in his work if he feels that one day for party purposes he may be sacrificed to an opposing faction whom, in the line of his duty, he has offended, and that the sacrifice may be made for the sake of getting votes?

Politics are corrupt. Let us hope that the officials of the country may notwithstanding remain true, little as is the encouragement they sometimes get."

The next chapter goes back to the year 1888, when the period of service at Scotland Yard began. Incidentally it was the date of the appointment of the Parnell Commission to which reference has been made. The Times had published a series of articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime" which were a tremendous indictment of the chief Nationalist leaders. A Special Commission was appointed to inquire into the whole matter, the trial lasting for 28 days. Mr. Parnell was formally cleared of the charge of having been personally guilty of organising outrages; but his Party was declared to have been guilty of incitement to intimidation, out of which had grown crimes that it had failed to denounce.

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



CHAPTER IV

SCOTLAND YARD

The period 1860 to 1900 proved to be one during which there was almost continuous decrease in crime. . . . By signal successes in sensational cases, and by steady achievement in the less advertised everyday business of dealing with rogues in general, the C.I.D. built up in the 'nineties a world-wide reputation for efficiency in crime detection.

"Scotland yard and the Metropolitan Police", by Sir John MOYLAN.

SIR HARRY FURNISS, the famous artist, devotes a chapter of his book *Some Victorian Men* to the London Police, in which he says "One of the hardest-working and most brilliant heads of the Criminal Investigation Department for many years was that eminent Victorian, Sir Robert Anderson, K.G.B." The "Jack the Ripper" scare, resulting from the Whitechapel murders of the year 1888, synchronised with my father's appointment as Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police and Chief of the C.I.D. For reasons of health he was ordered two months' complete rest before entering upon his duties, and after a week at the Yard he left for the Continent. The second of the murders was committed the night before he took office and the third occurred during the night of the day on which he left London. The newspapers soon began to comment on his absence, and when two more victims had fallen to the knife of the murderer-fiend, an urgent appeal from the Home Secretary brought the new Chief back to duty. "We hold you responsible for finding the murderer" were the words which greeted him.

Thus he entered upon an office which was far from being a bed of roses. Apart from the state of alarm produced by the murders, there had been a good deal to make conditions in the Police Force difficult at that period. Two years previously the Chief Commissioner, Sir Edmund Henderson, had resigned when called to account over a West End riot. There were constant bickerings between his successor, Sir Charles Warren, and Mr. James Monro, then in charge of the detective department. Further, the rank and file objected to the military discipline introduced by Sir Charles, who was a distinguished soldier. His popularity was established however by his defence of the Force against what were considered unjust strictures by the Home Office on the occasion of further riots.

Anderson had been warned that he would "never get on with Warren." But he found the Commissioner frank and open; he was treated as a colleague and left quite unfettered in the control of his department. It was therefore a matter of regret to him when Sir Charles became so annoyed by the ways of the Home Office that he in turn threw up his appointment. To my father's great satisfaction, however, the new Chief Commissioner was Mr. Monro, the former Head of the C.I.D., a personal friend. All seemed set

fair for a time of happy and fruitful co-operation between them; but once again friction between the Home Office and the Commissioner led to the latter's resignation.

His successor was Colonel Sir Edward Bradford of the Indian Army. Shortly after his appointment he wrote:

"19th August, 1890.

"My DEAR ANDERSON, - It was a pleasure to have your kind letter. . . . I had a most delightful morning with your people in the C.I.D., and look forward to many more of a similar nature after your return. Nothing I like so much as men who are enthusiastic in regard to their work; and I am delighted to find you are so about C.I.D. matters.

"Yours very sincerely,

"E. R. C. Bradford."

Going back to the time when my father entered upon his new duties, he found that the officers of the C.I.D. had become demoralised by the treatment accorded to Mr. Monro - a strong esprit de corps always existing in the department. They believed too that they were regarded with jealousy in the Force. The feeling of discouragement had affected their work, the Commissioner's report for 1888 recording that crime had shown a decided tendency to increase. So strong was the feeling about Mr. Monro that the new Chief had some difficulty in persuading Chief-Superintendent Williamson not to resign. My father only learned afterwards that he himself had been protected by Sir Charles Warren when the Home Office wanted to call him to account because there was not an immediate change for the better.

Warren had not only to suffer the nagging ways of the Home Office, but to face considerable public criticism on account of failure to find "Jack the Ripper." A cartoon of the period in the Pall Mall Budget shows an East End deputation in the Commissioner's office. Upon walls and desk and lying on the floor are regulations and instructions about drill. A police officer stands stiffly at attention. The deputation protests: "Another murder, Sir Charles, the fourth in . . ." The Commissioner in uniform with sword and medals replies: "Why bother me over such a trifle? Still, if something must be done, what do you say, Inspector, to another hour's battalion drill?" The Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, was also attacked in the Press. Innumerable letters with theories and suggestions were sent to the police and the papers. One theory propounded was that the murderer was a Malay serving in a ship, who committed the crimes during brief shore leave.

The facts were that the locality in which the crimes occurred was full of narrow streets with small shops over almost every one of which was a foreign name. The victims belonged to a small class of degraded women frequenting the East End at night. However the fact be accounted for, no further murder in the series took place after a warning had been given that the police would not protect them if found on the prowl after midnight. The criminal was a sexual maniac of a virulent kind living in the immediate vicinity. The police reached the conclusion that he and his people were aliens of a certain low type, that the latter knew of the crimes but would not give him up. Two clues which might have led to an arrest were destroyed before the C.I.D. had a chance of seeing them, one a clay pipe, the other some writing with chalk on a wall. Scotland Yard, however, had no doubt that the criminal was eventually found. The only person who ever had a good view of the murderer identified the suspect without hesitation the instant he was confronted with him; but he refused to give evidence. Sir Robert stated as a fact that the man was an alien from Eastern Europe, and believed that he died in an asylum.

Probably few people know how the name Scotland Yard originated. From the time of the Norman Conquest there had been a place in Whitehall known as "Scotland," where Scottish kings and queens

stayed when on visits to the English court. In Stuart days the Palace of Whitehall included a court or yard named Scotland Yard because it was part of the original "Scotland" or adjacent to it. The detective department of the police used to have its office there, and when the new headquarters on the Thames Embankment were built they were given the name of New Scotland Yard.

The Metropolitan Police district extended over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, covering an area of 700 square miles, with a population in 1900 of over seven and a half millions. The problem which daily faced the C.I.D. was to find criminals hidden in such a crowd. Like a spider in the midst of a monster web, the Chief was in touch with inspectors attached to each of the twenty-one divisions into which Greater London was subdivided.

"When I took charge," wrote my father, "I was no novice in matters relating to criminals and crime. I was not a little surprised therefore to find occasion for suspecting that one of my principal subordinates was trying to impose on me as though I were an ignoramus. For when any important crime of a certain kind occurred, and I set myself to investigate it in Sherlock Holmes fashion, he used to listen to me in the way so many people listen to sermons in church; and when I was done he would stolidly announce that the crime was the work of A, B, C, or naming one of his stock heroes. It was Old Carr, or Wirth, or Sausage, or Shrimps, or Quiet Joe, or Red Bob, etc., etc., one name or another being put forward according to the nature of the crime."

However, on putting the subordinate's statements to the test, it appeared that he was generally right, for "great crimes are the work of great criminals, and great criminals are very few," that is, skilled and resourceful criminals capable of certain types of crime. The problem, then, is not to find the offender in a population of many millions, but to pick him out from a few definitely known "specialists."

In his reminiscences my father mentions a few cases in illustration. One was a "ladder larceny" at a country house in Cheshire. The Chief Constable of the county called next day to invoke the aid of the C.I.D. He gave a vague description of two strangers who had been seen near the house the day before the burglary. He was shown three photographs, and at once identified two of them as the men in question. One was "Quiet Joe," and the other his special pal. Arrest and conviction followed.

A man named Benson was the son of an English clergyman. He was a man of real ability, of rare charm of manner and an accomplished linguist. Upon the occasion of one of Madame Patti's visits to America, he ingratiated himself with the customs officers at New York, and thus got on board the liner before the arrival of the reception committee. He was a stranger to the great singer, but she was charmed by his bearing and appearance and the perfection of his Italian, and had no reason to doubt that he had been commissioned for the part he was playing. And when the members of the Committee arrived they assumed that he was a friend of hers, with the result that she took his arm when disembarking. All this was done with a view to the carrying out of a huge fraud, the detection of which brought him to ruin. The man was capable of filling any position; but the life of adventure and ease provided by a criminal career had a fascination for him.

Another great criminal was Raymond, who like Benson had a respectable parentage. His schemes were Napoleonic. His most famous coup was a great diamond robbery. His cupidity was excited by the accounts of the Kimberley mines, and he sailed for South Africa to investigate. He found that the arrival of the diamonds at the coast was timed to catch the mail steamer for England, but if accidentally delayed on the way they had to lie in the post office till the next mail left. He had no difficulty in obtaining wax impressions of the postmaster's keys; in fact, the postmaster was one of a group of admiring friends whom he entertained at dinner the evening before he sailed.

Some months later he returned to South Africa under an assumed name and cleverly disguised. The diamond convoys had to cross a river ferry on their way to the coast. Making his way up-country to the place, he unshipped the chain of the ferry and let the boat drift down stream, and the next convoy missed the mail. £90,000 worth of diamonds had to be deposited in the post office strong-room. They reached England in Raymond's possession, and he afterwards boasted that he sold them to their rightful owners in Hatton Garden!

Raymond loved his "work" for its own sake; and though he lived in luxury and style, he kept at it to the last, organising and financing many an important crime. It was he who stole the famous Gainsborough picture for which the record price of £10,000 had recently been paid.

A doctor friend told my father of having an extraordinary patient. The man was wealthy and lived sumptuously, but was extremely hypochondriacal. Every now and then an urgent summons would bring the doctor to the house to find the patient in bed with nothing whatever the matter. He always insisted on having a prescription however, which was promptly sent to the chemist. The last summons had been exceptionally urgent; and when the doctor entered the room with unusual abruptness, the patient sprang up in bed and covered him with a revolver! Raymond (for it was he) knew that his movements were of interest to the police; and if he had reason to fear that he had been seen in dangerous company, he bolted home and sent for the doctor, whose evidence, confirmed by the chemist's books, would prove that he was ill in bed until after the hour at which the police supposed they had seen him miles away.

My father put Dr. Max Nordau's "type" theory to a test when the latter called on him at Scotland Yard. Dr. Nordau was shown two photos covered so that only the faces could be seen, and told that the one was an eminent public man, the other a notorious criminal. He was challenged to say which was the criminal "type." He shirked the challenge; for as a matter of fact the criminal's face looked more benevolent than the other and certainly as "strong." "The one was Raymond alias Wirth - the most eminent of the criminal fraternity of my time - and the other was Archbishop Temple. Need I add that my story is intended to discredit, not his Grace of Canterbury, but the Lombroso 'type' theory?"

At the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 there was a hellish plan to bring about a dynamite explosion in Westminster Abbey during the ceremony. The Irish Fenians in America had issued a circular announcing the early renewal of active operations, "a pyrotechnic display in honour of the Jubilee" being specially indicated. The scheme was discovered and thwarted by Mr. James Monro, then Chief of the C.I.D., with whom my father was in close touch in connection with his Secret Service work. Ten years later there occurred the last in the series of these plots. A gang of dynamiters crossed from America in August 1896. The leader, a man called Ivory alias Bell, landed at Antwerp and made his way to Glasgow, where he was arrested. His chief confederate, Tynan by name, the "No. 1" of the Phoenix Park murders - was arrested by the local police at Boulogne, the others at Rotterdam. Ivory was put on trial, but the Law Officers of the Crown on learning that one of the gang had given information decided to withdraw from the prosecution. Just before this occurred, Ivory's counsel had told my father in strict confidence that he would withdraw his plea of not guilty if he would promise to get him a light sentence. The C.I.D. Chief said he was confident he could obtain an early remission if Ivory would openly express regret for his share in the conspiracy. Ivory was just about to make such a statement when the Solicitor-General interposed to announce the decision at which the Law Officers had arrived.

"Such are our ways with dynamiters," wrote my father:

"these men were aliens who came in time of peace to perpetrate outrages which if committed by soldiers in war-time would ensure them short shrift after trial by drumhead court-martial. . . . And yet these

miscreants were treated with a quixotic leniency that would not be extended to ordinary criminals. For the measures adopted to detect quasi political crime in no way differ from these by which every competent police force deals with organised crime of any kind."

In this case the information was given, not by one who could possibly be accused of being an agent provocateur, but by one who had gone as far as he safely could in checking the schemes of his confederates. When the case was first reported to the Home Secretary he took the view which was finally adopted by the Law Officers, that there should be no prosecution. He decided, however, to put the matter before the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury. So my father went with Sir Matthew Ridley, afterwards Viscount Ridley, to Walmer Castle. The Home Secretary after stating his own view said: "Anderson differs from me entirely." When the Premier had heard both sides and asked a number of questions, he gave his decision unreservedly in favour of the latter.

Incidentally, I remember my father coming home and telling us how much he had enjoyed his visit to Walmer, where Lord Salisbury was in residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; this included a very simple and informal luncheon at which he found himself seated between his host and hostess. During lunch and afterwards on the terrace many matters were discussed, amongst them the Channel Tunnel scheme and of course Ireland and the Irish. On the return journey Sir Matthew Ridley generously expressed his gratification at the Prime Minister's having been satisfied that the Ivory case might be allowed to proceed, and he afterwards noted his full approval of the police action. But, as already stated, the Law Officers decided to throw their hand in. An additional point however must be mentioned. It appeared from the evidence that Bell had left the Antwerp house before the arrival there of the explosives; and, although his conduct gave cause for the gravest suspicion, the Solicitor-General felt unable to press for a conviction, the accused's counsel paying a tribute to Sir Robert Finlay's judicial fairness in the matter. The case received a good deal of publicity, the police being complimented on the almost simultaneous arrest of the suspects in Glasgow, Boulogne and Rotterdam. There was on the other hand - the usual attack by Irish members in the House, who asserted that the whole prosecution originated in a fraud concocted by the police and carried out by agents provocateurs, a charge which was indignantly repudiated by the Home Secretary. In the course of a leading article on the case, The Times said:

"It is greatly to be regretted that no official notice was taken of the gross attacks upon Mr. Robert Anderson, the able and energetic Assistant-Commissioner who has the control of the Criminal Investigation Department, and to whose vigilance and activity it is undoubtedly due that so many detestable terrorist conspiracies have been nipped in the bud. . . . There can be no shadow of doubt that a great crime was being prepared in the bomb factory at Antwerp and that its execution was defeated by measures adopted by the C.I.D."

In *The Lighter Side of My Official Life* Sir Robert wrote: "When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain visited America in 1896 there was a formidable plot to assassinate him at the home where he was sojourning. Facts which came to light convinced the local police of the truth of the information received, and the American authorities deemed it necessary to take very special measures for his protection." The following letter from Mr. Chamberlain refers to that time

"HIGHBURY,
"BIRMINGHAM.

"Oct. 11th, 1896.

"DEAR MR. ANDERSON, - . . . I feel that I ought to write at once to thank you for your activity on my

behalf while I was in the United States. It is not pleasant to be accompanied everywhere by policemen, but I have undergone the experience before, and have no doubt that in the present case it prevented very disagreeable consequences. I was living in an isolated house in the country to which access was perfectly easy and open, so that any ill-intentioned person would have had no difficulty in reaching me, but for the guards placed there by the U.S. Government.

"There is one paragraph in your letter which I do not understand. You say the gentleman entrusted with the duty of despatching me was 'sent to the West.' But I was all the time in the East, at a small village in Massachussets. I do not know how they found out that I was guarded, for we managed to keep the matter very quiet and there was no notice of it in any of the papers till after I had sailed. . .

"Please accept my renewed thanks. I am only sorry to have been the cause of so much trouble.

"I hope you will get Tynan! Yours very truly,

"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

The South Western Railway murder case in 1897 was of special interest for two reasons. First, it was a striking example of the difference between French and British methods of dealing with such crimes. A young woman was found dead in one of the coaches of a train arriving at the London terminus. It was obviously a case of murder. The French police would have closed the station, and no one would have been allowed to leave until they had finished their investigations. But at Waterloo, not only were all the passengers permitted to go their ways, but the body was removed and the carriage cleaned so that any possible clue was lost before the C.I.D. were informed.

The case was of particular interest also because in spite of this handicap an elaborate chain of circumstantial evidence closed round a certain person. The only apparent flaw in it was that a principal witness wavered in his identification of the suspected man. The ground of hesitation was that this man was clean-shaven, whereas the murderer had worn a moustache. The witness did not know, however, that an hour before the crime was committed the man whom he had singled out of a dozen paraded for inspection had purchased a false moustache at a barber's shop!

That fact seemed to render a case which was already strong both complete and irresistible. But it was inseparably bound up with another fact. The distance between the barber's shop and the station at which the murderer joined his victim on the train was adequate proof of an alibi which shattered the whole case against the accused. That one fact possibly saved him from the gallows.

This story was used by my father in his book *Pseudo-Criticism* to illustrate the fallacious arguments of some critics of the Bible, who thought that a seemingly complete case against the genuineness of a book was sufficient evidence to decide the issue as one of their "assured results."

Another story which he reckoned an instance of truth being stranger than fiction was that of a great City house which was victimised by a plausible swindler who had a recipe for multiplying gold! The firm actually advanced the man £20,000 in sovereigns; a house was hired in Whitechapel and a laboratory fitted up. The experiments ended in the complete disappearance of the scientist and of the £20,000. He had insisted on being searched every time he left the laboratory; so how the feat had been accomplished was a mystery until, in sheer bravado, he told his victims that on every occasion his hollow walking-stick had been packed with sovereigns! He was confident that the firm would not prosecute for fear of the ridicule which would be incurred; and he judged rightly.

Much ordinary police work has always been concerned with the prevention of crime rather than with its detection, and is of necessity performed behind the scenes. The duty of protecting royal personages visiting Britain fell to Scotland Yard, and Chief-Inspector Melville was frequently entrusted with this

task. In a private letter to my father from Windsor in November 1899, he mentioned that when out shooting the previous day the Prince of Wales [afterwards Edward VII] and the Duke of York had cordially shaken hands with him, and the Prince had said the Queen was very pleased at his being sent down. He continued:

"I thanked H.R.H. and told him that every precaution was being taken, but in as quiet a manner as possible. Subsequently the Duke had several conversations with me as to the relative merits of the Continental police. I was surprised later on when the Emperor [Kaiser Wilhelm of the 1914 - 18 war] came away from the Royal party and shook hands with me very heartily; he said: 'You have a wonderful police force in England. Our detective force in Germany is very bad; there is always a lot of fuss, but nothing done.' His Majesty spoke in this strain for several minutes, and I thanked him for his appreciation of the English police." For some time Mr. Melville was the officer personally responsible for the safety of Queen Victoria.

In his *Memoirs of a Royal Detective*, ex-Detective-Inspector H. T. Fitch writes: "It is certain that one of the Kaiser's attendants for a long period was an English ex-detective of the name of Bell." He tells also of the last Emperor of Russia saying to him: "I wish you were in my police service, Mr. Fitch. My police are much harsher than yours in England, yet how much do they achieve? Yet you seem to have the measure of these revolutionaries." The detectives deputed to guard foreign royalties received many personal gifts. Occasionally their Chief was also remembered in this way, twice by the ill-fated Nicholas II of Russia, the first time when he was Czarevitch, the gift being a Russian salt-cellar. The second present was a diamond ring of such dimensions that it might fit a super-size thumb. The diamonds with the Imperial monogram made a fine brooch for my mother. The gold ring, reduced to normal size, with the Russian N, II and crown reproduced, I am wearing to-day.

As illustrating the slight measure of precaution considered necessary in the case of our own Royal Family, my father told of an experience which greatly impressed him. It was in 1894 when the Duke and Duchess of York were away on one of their tours and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were abroad. On returning from a holiday my father received a private letter telling him of things being said in anarchist clubs about "Prince Eddy," now the Duke of Windsor, who was then at the White Lodge in Richmond Park. Riding out there next morning he found that the nurse might be seen any day walking unattended in the Park with the baby in her arms. "What a delightful picture of the peace and security of life in this favoured land!" The lady in charge at the lodge gave cordial consent to certain police measures which seemed desirable, and my father's visits passed as friendly calls. When the Duchess of Teck returned she expressed her gratitude, and a friendly discussion took place as to what might be done when the Duke and Duchess of York came back to St. James's Palace. Appeals were made to my father to withdraw his objection to the child being taken to the Green Park for his daily outing. But the presence in London of foreign anarchists had to be taken into account. "Was there another capital in all Europe," he asks, "in which the suggestion would be entertained of an infant Prince in the direct line of succession to the throne being taken daily by his nurse to a public park?"

Some readers may be interested in knowing the impression made upon Press interviewers by the C.I.D. Chief. One of them said: "Dr. Robert Anderson is essentially a reticent and retiring man. Pressmen usually despair of getting any interesting information out of him, and he is one of the most difficult men in the public service to interview. He undoubtedly knows more about the criminal classes than any other man in this country." A representative of the *Evening News* had "A Chat with the Prince of Detectives," mainly about the finger-print system of identification which was about to be adopted. "People who have

not seen him," said the interviewer, "probably expect to hear that he possesses the 'keen grey eyes' with which writers of fiction have always endowed their criminal investigators. Mr. Anderson's are like any other pair of pleasant eyes . . . He looks - this quiet gentleman who has had his finger unceasingly on the pulse of crime for so many years, and who has seen through the network of the Irish physical-force party's conspiracies - a simple unobtrusive citizen, and such in private life he undoubtedly is." An article in *Black and White* on "The Detectives who Frustrated the Dynamite Plot" (in 1896) said: "In Dr. Anderson's appearance there is more of the man of peace than of the, terror of conspirators. Yet it is certain that he has been a conspicuous success in his high office, thanks to his analytical mind, his keen reasoning powers, and his 'scent' for the right trail. He is frigid and reserved when on duty at least, and his trifling hardness of hearing becomes practical stone-deafness when embarrassing questions are asked. . . . Chief-Inspector Melville, the head of the Special Division of Scotland Yard, or the Dynamite Brigade as they are called, is a man of another type as far at least as personal appearance goes, though he is a great admirer of Dr. Anderson, whose patience, caution and discernment inspire the utmost confidence in all associated with him." Another impression, given two years later, was: "Dr. Anderson has been described and fitly as the ideal detective of real life, yet he bears but little resemblance to those of the novelists' creation. . . His power of close and rapid reasoning from facts and his marvellous quickness in seizing on the essential points in difficult cases are at once the wonder and admiration of the men under his control. Naturally he is a discreet, silent and reserved man; his training has made him even more so, but no officer who has yet presided over the affairs of the C.I.D. can boast of being more popular or more genuinely respected by his subordinates."

In a report of a lecture on Professional Criminals before the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society in 1903, the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* said "After many years' service in the responsible position of spider in the centre of a web which reaches almost to the end of the earth, he is now a gray, elderly man, somewhat stern and searching, cool and calculating, as befits an official of Scotland Yard; but in truth warm-hearted and jocular, ever ready with a quip and a joke, and on the whole impressing one as a sane and delightful man of the world."

"John O' London," in his *Unposted Letters*, writing of some remarks concerning Sherlock Holmes by Sir Basil Thomson, then Chief of the C.I.D., goes on to say: "This brought back to me an interesting experience. Nearly twenty years ago, when the Sherlock Holmes stories were being read and talked about every-where, it occurred to me that it would be interesting to obtain Scotland Yard's opinion of Conan Doyle's hero. Accordingly I wrote to Sir Robert Anderson, who two years earlier had retired from his post as Head of the C.I.D. Hardly hoping for results, I was gratified when his card was handed to me, and was followed by the expert himself. He sat down and at once began to talk. I saw a keen and kindly old gentleman who looked like a super-detective by not looking like one at all. He was indeed better known to me as a distinguished theologian and scholar. Still, there was that in his eye which one could connect with the penetralia of the Yard. The result of our talk was that he undertook to write an article. It was entitled 'Sherlock Holmes as seen by Scotland Yard,' and it is as interesting to-day as when it was written." Referring to the article, John O' London says:

"The real relation of a Sherlock Holmes to a first-class Scotland Yard detective was put to me by Sir Robert very simply: the inventor of a detective story makes both the lock and the key, whereas Scotland Yard is limited to finding the key to the lock.... In a detective story we are interested from first to last in the solution of the mystery; that solution is the detective's triumph.

But in real life the elucidation of the mystery is only the first chapter; if there is no second there is no

story and no triumph."

My father's private diaries contain a few brief references to his official work. In April 1893 there is this note: "Saw Bradford. By his desire I saw Mr. Asquith on Townsend's case. (Attempt to shoot Mr. Gladstone.) Later to see Sir Algernon West about protecting Mr. G." In October 1893: "4 o'clock to Trafalgar Square with Macnaghten to see an Anarchist meeting." In June of the same year: "The Australian cricketers came to see the Museum. Had chats with Bannerman, Giffen, Blackham, Lyons, etc." (The "Black Museum" at Scotland Yard was full of gruesome records of crime and criminals; I have a vivid recollection of it.) A week later he went with Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brice to Paris: "Called on M. Lepine, who received us with great cordiality. To Bertillon's Bureau. Saw Cochefort of the Sureté and Guillot, head of the uniform police. To a reception by the President and Madame Faure at the Elysee. Saw Marie Antoinette's cell in the Conciergerie."

On 18th October 1898: "Col. Dawson, Military Attaché of our Embassy in Paris, called with an introduction from the Foreign Office to ask my help in finding agents to keep our government informed of movements of the French army and navy in the event of war, which he deemed probable." There are many notes of visits by parents whose sons or daughters were missing or in trouble, and by society people concerned about lost possessions. One entry is of a very different kind: "Lady W. called by appointment, and I had an hour's talk with her. Found her 'tender' and eager to hear the Gospel. I had sent her *The Silence of God*."

The last incident suggests a reference to the many meetings addressed in connection with the Christian Police Association;

Miss Catherine Gurney, its founder, wrote after my father's death: "I shall always remember the very many kindnesses and encouraging words and all the kind help he gave us in the early part of our work." At a convention of the Association in Bolton the diary notes that he spoke on police duty being in the line of God's government of the world (Romans xiii). There are several mentions of "Maud Colley's Police Class; about 100 young P.C.s." Meetings on behalf of the Police Court Mission are also referred to, one of them in the Mansion House, London. Many others are mentioned in connection with Police Institutes and Orphanages in Birmingham, Leeds, Harrogate, Glasgow and other cities. At a Police Institute meeting in Grosvenor House, London, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Robert were the speakers. There are frequent references to lectures and addresses on crime and its problems, one to the Whitefriar's Club, another to a large audience in the Cory Hall, Cardiff. On the lighter side was a dinner of the County Chief-Constables' Club, at which Lord Desart and my father were the chief guests. Many of these activities were of course after his resignation.

Returning now to his service at "the Yard": Sir John Moylan in his Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan Police states that "the period 1890 to 1900 proved to be one during which there was an almost continuous decrease in crime." He continues: "By signal successes in sensational murder cases such as that of Neil Cream the poisoner, and Milsom and Fowler the Muswell Hill murderers, and by steady achievement in the less advertised everyday business of dealing with rogues in general, the C.I.D. built up in the 'nineties' a world-wide reputation for efficiency in crime detection . . . Crime reached a low watermark in 1899." The period of my father's service as Chief of the C.I.D. was 1888 to 1901.

In *Criminals and Crime* he himself wrote: "It is to the habit of dealing with criminals instead of with crime that the phenomenal success of the C.I.D. is largely due. I have no reserve in praising a department of which I was recently the Chief, and for the excellent reason that no one knows better than I do to whom the praise for that success is due. With a chief who did not enjoy the fullest confidence and respect

of his subordinates success would be impossible. But the best of chiefs can do little more than stand behind the working staff - a body of officers that as a body when judged by the double test of efficiency and character are unequalled in the world. *Character* I include with emphasis because it is often overlooked when judging the relative merits of different Forces."

Amongst those who supported him so loyally and effectively at Scotland Yard, Sir Melville Macnaghten, Superintendent Frederick Williamson and Chief-Inspector William Melville have already been mentioned. Others whose names frequently appear in the records of causes célèbres were Inspector (later Sir Patrick) Quinn, who went after Pigott the forger when the latter fled to Spain, and Chief Inspector Frank Froest, who brought Jabez Balfour back from the Argentine and who was concerned also in the Adolph Beck case.

In the words of George Dilnot in his interesting Story of Scotland Yard, "Sir Robert Anderson after honourable and distinguished service for many years retired from the Criminal Investigation Department in 1901." His friend Major-General J. C. Russell, C.V.O., Equerry to King Edward VII, wrote : - "I don't know whether to congratulate you or to condole with the State. . . . As a wretched item in the Commonwealth I feel that my person and goods are no longer so safe as they were."

The New Year honours in 1896 had included the Companionship of the Order of the Bath, the decoration being bestowed by Queen Victoria at Windsor. He found the lack of ceremony there somewhat embarrassing, Her Majesty being seated in an armchair in the middle of the drawing-room. His loyalty and veneration betrayed him into giving her hand a real kiss instead of the correct purely ceremonial touch, and he noticed an amused smile on her face as he bowed himself out. To his relief however, Sir Fleetwood Edwards, who was in attendance, followed him to say that the Queen wanted to know more about him. After relinquishing office, the rank of K.C.B. (Knight Commander) was conferred on him by King Edward VII in 1901. Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, wrote: "The honour must be greatly enhanced by the consciousness that it has been earned by diligent labour. 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before Kings.'"

Amongst other letters of congratulation which gave him special pleasure was one from Inspector Kirchner quoting Browning's lines, "The best is yet to be, The last of life for which the first was made," and one from Superintendent Donald Swanson who wrote: "It was with real pleasure that I read this morning that my old master was the recipient of honour from H.M. the King. Everybody I have spoken to here is pleased." Every Christmas thereafter brought greetings from Mr. Swanson; in 1917 he wrote: "My best wishes to Lady Agnes and you my dear former master. I often think of you and your kindnesses to me which are remembered with pleasure and are impossible to forget."

The reply said:

"I was greatly gratified by your remembrance of me. My very pleasant memories of my service at 'the Yard' are mainly associated with the Staff of the department, and very specially with my senior officers. I don't believe there was one of you who had an unkind thought about me. . . . Very heartily do I wish you all good during the year about to begin. 'Tis a sad and a solemn time we are living in. As for me, its sadness would overwhelm me were it not for the Faith and the Hope which become more real and more gladdening as the days go by." In a letter to myself after my father's death Mr. Swanson said:

"Yes, certainly you have my willing permission to publish any letter to me from my dear respected master, if it will help you to portray his character as I found him during the many years I was under him. . . . He was able, just, firm, good and kind. We never knew an unpleasantness, though we differed sometimes, but very seldom and then over very trivial matters. I am conscious that I owe him very much

and shall always feel grateful. Under him were spent the happiest of my thirty-five years' service." Another chapter will tell of Sir Robert's long campaign, waged both before and after his retirement, for drastic reforms in the methods of dealing with criminals and crime.

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



CHAPTER V

CRIMINALS AND CRIME. A PIONEER

Sir Robert Anderson has had a remarkable and rare opportunity for studying and becoming acquainted with most existing forms of crime, and also with the manner and working of our criminal punishment system. His views therefore are worthy of the utmost respect and consideration.

The Liverpool Post.

WE justly deplore the barbarity with which past generations treated their criminals. The elaborate folly of our present methods will excite the wonder of generations to come." These are the opening words of the book *Criminals and Crime* published in 1907 and based upon a series of articles in various journals from 1891 onwards, notably *The Nineteenth Century*, the editor of which, Sir James Knowles, was a strong supporter of the campaign for reform. "But he is a pioneer," said Lord Guthrie the Scottish judge when I was introduced to him in South Africa as the son of Sir Robert Anderson. The following pages will in some measure show the truth of the remark.

One plea which met with a good deal of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, not to say hostility in some quarters, was for a new approach to the problem of "professional crime." Habitual criminals belonged to two classes. One consisted of those who were so utterly weak or so hopelessly wicked that they could not abstain from crime. Some of these were hereditary criminals who were allowed to beget children to follow in their steps. Such children were brought up in surroundings which would be fatal to the offspring of the best of men; and then we were proud of having efficient police to capture them and well-ordered gaols in which to cage them!

But the other class were those who were criminals by deliberate choice, pursuing a career of crime with full appreciation of its risks. A certain man of good education and address was visited in prison by a minister of religion. When the latter voiced his distress at finding him in such a position, the man asked whether one who was keen on fox-hunting gave it up when he had a fall. "I have had a bad fall and no mistake," he said, "but I count on better luck another time." This case was thoroughly typical, said my father. For such a man a criminal career was a life of adventure such as would compare favourably with most kinds of sport. He was not a weak creature who yielded to uncontrollable impulse. Stories of Benson and Raymond, two men of this class, have been given in the chapter on Scotland Yard. Such men, the elite of the profession, lived well; they could name their favourite wine and knew a good cigar. A trip to Brighton was an ordinary incident in their easy lives, and a winter visit to Monte Carlo nothing out of the way. They were responsible for the elaborate frauds, the great forgeries, jewel larcenies and

bank robberies, which now and then startled the public.

They were few in number and as well known to the police as were the members of the Cabinet. The men who were competent to finance as well as to organise great crimes were so few, said my father once, that the room in which he was then writing would suffice to seat them comfortably. But there were many others who might fairly be called criminals by profession ; they too were well known to the police, and a single wing of any large prison would hold them all.

Referring especially to those who were trained and accomplished burglars, he described the routine at Scotland Yard when a skilled burglary was being investigated, or such a theft as that of an oil-painting from a public gallery. The problem could not be solved by sitting down in the Sherlock Holmes style with a wet towel round one's head. The men competent to plan and execute the crime were limited in number and were definitely known. Some would be "doing time" at the moment; others would be known to be out of London; yet others could be proved to have been at their registered addresses on the night in question. The list thus became reduced to working dimensions; and it was not difficult to go on eliminating one name after another until the thief was discovered.

If evidence was forthcoming (and there was the difficulty), he would be arrested and sentenced to perhaps five years' penal servitude. In less than four he would be back at the practice of his profession. After another good run during which he might commit ten, twenty, fifty crimes, enjoying a "high old time," he would be caught again; and the same farce would be re-enacted.

This routine my father described as the "shot drill" of the C.I.D., referring to the obsolete punishment of having to carry cannon-balls from one spot to another in a prison yard and then carry them back again. The energies of the most highly trained police in Europe were expended in ways bearing a striking resemblance to this. The case of a ladder larceny in which "Quiet Joe" was implicated was mentioned in the previous chapter. If the men had been asked what they would do on the termination of their sentence they would have replied "why, go back to business of course ; what else?" And so he records that the year after he left office he recognised his old friends in the newspaper accounts of a similar case at Bristol.

The C.I.D. noticed that the men were meeting at a free library and studying provincial directories ; they were tracked to a bookshop where they bought a map of Bristol, and to other shops at which they got the plant for a ladder larceny. They then went to Bristol where they took observations of the house they had fixed upon. At that stage the local police, warned by the Yard, seized the criminals, who were given a nine months' sentence on a minor issue. The burglars openly expressed their gratification at the police not having waited to "catch them fair on the job," as they were both over sixty and another penal servitude sentence would have about finished their career. As it was they would live without expense for a short time, and a paternal Government would see that the money found on them would be given back on their release to enable them to buy more jemmys and wire and screws, so that no time would be lost in getting to work again. Such was our punishment-of-crime system

"Quiet Joe" made a good income at his "profession," wrote my father; but he was a thriftless fellow who spent his earnings freely and never paid income tax. "Old Carr" was of a different type. Never having done an honest day's work in his life, he was a thief a financier and trainer of thieves and a notorious receiver of stolen property. "Upon his conviction," runs the story, "I was appointed statutory administrator of his estate. I soon discovered that he owned a good deal of valuable house property; but this I declined to deal with, taking charge only of his portable securities for money. The value of this part of his estate may be estimated by the fact that he brought an action against me for maladministration of

it, claiming £5000 damages ! . . . The man lived in crime and by crime; and old though he was, and rolling in wealth, he once more resumed the practice of his profession. He was arrested abroad during a trip taken to dispose of some stolen notes, the proceeds of a Liverpool crime, and his evil life came to an end in a foreign prison."

No words surely, argued the C.I.D. Chief, could be needed to point the moral of such cases. The criminals who kept society in a state of siege were as strong as they were clever. If the risk of a few years' penal servitude gave place to the certainty of final loss of liberty on conviction, these professionals would put up with the tedium of an honest life.

What, then, was the suggested new method for dealing with these professional criminals? The proposal was that any convict who had been registered or licensed under certain Acts, when again convicted, should be further charged with being a professional criminal, and the judge might then proceed to an after-verdict inquiry upon that issue. This should be an open inquiry and the accused should be given adequate opportunity for meeting the charge. Then, if as the result of such judicial investigation a man was adjudged a professional criminal, he should be registered as such, and solemnly warned that if by his own wilful act he was convicted of further crime, he would for an indefinite period be deprived of a liberty which he used only to prey upon society. If at any time new circumstances or proof of genuine moral reformation seemed to warrant it, he could be restored to liberty. In a lecture he said: "I do not mean that these men [the professional criminals] are to be numbered by tens, but they are to be numbered only by hundreds. We have in London five hundred burglaries a year; . . . they would be the work of probably not more than fifty men. What an outrage that these fifty professional burglars, who are perfectly well known to Scotland Yard, should be permitted to be at large, a terror to the community." With regard to armed burglars, he considered that when a burglar was found with a revolver in addition to the legitimate "instruments of his profession" he ought to be given a life sentence.

In an interview my father said: "During my time at Scotland Yard I acted as administrator to almost every high-class professional criminal, and I know who and what they are and how comparatively few they are. You ask: Would shutting up a few dozen criminals really make any sensible difference in the crime of the country? And I reply that is precisely what I mean. My opinion is based on definite facts and a knowledge of the personnel of the criminal fraternity."

"One of the best and boldest utterances in the January magazines is Dr. Anderson's article in the Contemporary on the means for the abolition of organised crime" was the opinion of a reviewer as far back as 1891. Ten years later an article in the Nineteenth Century evoked a great deal of comment mainly favourable; an exception being The Times which, after saying that few persons had larger experience with reference to the criminal classes, proceeded to accuse him of wanting to put down crime by terror and harshness. However my father was able to turn the tables rather neatly when in Criminals and Crime he quoted a Times leader of 1891 strongly supporting his views. The Spectator received the proposals with favour, saying that the suggestions seemed simply a precept of common sense. Many other papers, London and provincial, drew attention to the articles and the book. The view of a Church journal was that, while on the surface the scheme seemed almost terrifying, beneath the surface it might be found as merciful as it would prove to be effective. Whilst the proposals regarding professional crime attracted most attention many other matters were brought forward. The whole "punishment-of-crime" theory, was attacked as in the following words: "In any sensible and civilised community the aim ought to be to deal with the criminal and never mind the crime. If the crime is a chance offence our main effort ought to be to save the offender; if a deliberate crime the main thought should be the protection of the community."

Sir John Bridge, one of the most experienced London magistrates, had said: "I have nothing to do with punishing crime. That rests with a Higher Power. My business is to protect the community." Major Arthur Griffiths, one of H.M. Inspectors of Prisons, had declared that the prison population might be classed in two main divisions, those offenders who ought never to have been sent to prison at all and those who ought never to be released. "I maintain" said my father, "that no one should ever be sent to prison in the aimless and unintelligent way in which so many offenders are committed. Every committal ought to be with some definite object, whether it be the prisoner's punishment, or his reformation or merely his detention, or some combination of these aims."

"Let us judge of our present methods by results," he wrote. "Are the sentences of imprisonment imposed by our courts in fact deterrent? And does the imprisonment as now administered reform those who are subjected to it? . . . As regards the first question, do the sentences now imposed create a dread of the gaol in the minds of the class from which the prison population is recruited? Here two facts claim notice. First, a considerable proportion of commitments are due merely to default in paying money penalties. Secondly, the majority of direct commitments are for terms almost as brief as the above. The opinion of those in a position to judge is that so far from having a deterrent effect, the result is that persons who specially need such an influence come to regard imprisonment as a commonplace incident in their lives. . . "As regards reformation; human nature being what it is, a few weeks in gaol may do much to demoralise, even to degrade, but practically nothing to elevate or reform. But do not the severe sentences imposed by the superior courts avail to make the law a terror to evil-doers? The answer may be gleaned from the notorious fact that criminals return again and again to penal servitude. For even the discipline of a convict prison has no terrors for men who have become gradually accustomed to a life in gaol by a preliminary course of short sentences.

"If it be reasonable to expect that no one shall be imprisoned without a definite and intelligent purpose, is it not equally reasonable to insist that, when that purpose is the reformation of the offender, the discipline and treatment shall be adapted to bring about that result?" Reform in the character of prison buildings was strongly urged, especially in the matter of windows designed to shut out all view of external nature such as might soothe and possibly elevate the mind. Asylum prisons were advocated for those who gave proof that they could not be trusted with liberty; for there were the utterly weak as well as the utterly wicked. Discipline and industry must be enforced, such a prison being made self-supporting. But there should be as much liberty and opportunity for mental and moral improvement as compatible with discipline; and prisons should be open to all the influences of Christianity, not only to official religious services. "It is nothing short of a scandal," he wrote, "that in a Christian and Protestant country the inmates of our gaols should know nothing of religion save what comes to them officially like the water and the gas. To turn from the soul to the intellect; what means are now available to develop or excite a prisoner's mental powers? Short-sentence prisoners have practically nothing. And the only provision for those who are committed for longer terms is that the use of library books is allowed as a reward for good conduct. But what use would it be to Bill Sykes or to Hodge if you gave him all the thirty-five volumes of Wisdom while you wait! Why should not prisoners on one night a week have a religious meeting of a kind fitted to win them, and on another night a popular lecture calculated to interest and instruct them? By all means make them work hard; and punish severely for idleness or misconduct ; but don't starve either their souls or their brains."

Apart from the indefinitely prolonged seclusion of those who deliberately outlaw themselves by making crime the business of their lives, there should be an "habitual offender division," in which the convict

will obtain even more generous treatment than is now either politic or justifiable. There are two ways of preventing a dog from biting one's neighbours. One is by the fear of the lash, the other by chaining him up. If the criminal is to be restrained by the fear of a measured sentence, the discipline ought to be severe; if by his being kept in seclusion then severity is unnecessary.

Our methods of dealing with unpremeditated "chance crimes" due to moral weakness, sudden temptation, or the pressure of want, he considered to be "deplorable both in their severity and in their effects."

The restitution of stolen property ought to be insisted on. A burglar should not be set at liberty until he had disclosed what he had done with his booty. This would go far to abolish the market for stolen property and even put an end to stealing. If necessary the thief should compensate the individual he had robbed by work done and paid for in prison.

Very strong support came from Mr. Justice (Sir Alfred) Wills, of whom it was said that in all the great qualities that go to the making of a just and merciful judge he was pre-eminent. After its criticisms of the 1901 Nineteenth Century article Sir Alfred wrote a long letter to The Times emphatically agreeing with my father's main contentions and proposals, and pleading for a prompt and effective inquiry into them. The following year Mr. Justice Phillimore in the charge to a Grand Jury drew attention to the articles and said that the matter had been brought before the King's Bench by one of the oldest, most experienced and most humane of their number, with the result that communications had passed between the Home Office and the judges with regard to devising some new form of detention, more or less permanent, for old offenders. When *Criminals and Crime* appeared in 1907 Sir Alfred Wills wrote to my father:

"I should like to find some opportunity for saying in public how thoroughly I agree with almost - I think I might even say with quite all that you say. . . . I like particularly your objection to the 'punishment of crime' theory. . . . I can only now thank you heartily for your manly and courageous support of true principles, and your plain speaking upon matters with respect to which hesitation, cowardice and mealy-mouthedness have already done such infinite harm."

In 1908 Mr. Herbert (later Viscount) Gladstone introduced a Bill "to make better provision for the prevention of crime," which adopted some of the proposals which had for so long been advocated by my father, although in 1901 the then Home Secretary had stated that there was nothing in them which could be made the basis of legislation! The measure, however, suffered severely in its passage through the House. "I found," wrote Sir Alfred Wills, "that as you say everything of value in Part II was gone." And again: "The 'humanitarians,' as they audaciously call themselves, have scored this time, and I suppose they will until a set of statesmen arise, if they ever do, who have views of their own and will stick to them regardless of consequences when a great principle is at stake." Sir Robert himself said "The chief merit of this Bill is in the recognition of the principle that the protection of the public is a justification for prolonged sentences. But this recognition is made in a halting and incidental way. The Bill fails to provide for the numerous class of cases in which, though the actual crime charged is not in itself a grave one, inquiry would satisfy the court that the offender is a professional criminal who ought to be detained indefinitely. If the sick were treated with the folly which marks our dealing with criminals, a man with a violent cough would be sent to hospital though possibly suffering from nothing worse than a fly in his throat or a common cold, whilst a slight cough would be neglected although it might be a symptom of some fatal disease."

Regarding the relationship of drink and crime, Sir Robert remarked that judge after judge had said drink was at the root of the bulk of the crime of the country. That, he said, must be taken with a certain reservation. Crimes of violence and brutality were nearly always the result of drink. But gambling and

betting also led to crime and misery; so did overcrowding and dirt and everything that tended to immorality and the lowering of the standard of life. I remember his saying that he had asked one of the most experienced of the London magistrates what proportion of the ordinary cases of crime coming before him he considered to be wholly or in part the result of drink. The reply, which he confessed was a surprise to him, was that drink was an element in nine out of every ten cases.

So great an advance has been made in respect of the treatment of first offenders, especially of juveniles, that I deal only very briefly with this aspect of Sir Robert's penology. "The aim," he argued, "should be by all possible means to reform a young offender and give him a new start in life." To this end he advocated corporal punishment in suitable cases - anything in fact rather than gaol.

In reply to those who objected to punishments which they classified as degrading, although affording an alternative to imprisonment in the case of youthful offenders, it was urged that no punishment degrades an offender so thoroughly as one that allows him to make his crime a subject of boasting. The Irish story related in the first chapter of this book was given as an example of the opposite effect being produced. "I will not," he said, "insult the intelligence of the reader by explaining the moral of my story. And I will only add that if offenders of this class were punished in the manner that public schoolboys are punished, and then turned out at once to rejoin their companions, an appearance in a police court would cease to be a matter for boasting!"

The right of boys to go wrong was challenged: "I advocate reforms that will reduce the ranks of the army of crime; I plead also for measures that will stop the recruiting." Before the unemployment problem had become acute, and before two wars had accustomed the British people to conscription, it was pointed out that the sort of boys who become "street arabs" and hooligans often made splendid soldiers and sailors. And the suggestion was that magistrates should be empowered to deal with any lad between the ages of, say, sixteen and twenty-one who habitually made the streets his home and had no visible means of subsistence.

The Earl of Meath, founder of the Empire Day Movement, having seen an article by my father in 1910 on the best way of dealing with young offenders, drew his attention to the Duty and Discipline series of leaflets, and asked him to write one dealing specially with the subject of corporal punishment for children not amenable to milder influences. Lord Meath said: "There is so much humanitarian sentiment to be met with in the present day that there appears to be a real danger lest all control over the rising generation should be thrown to the winds."

The Aliens Act required strengthening and honest administration. No other country in Europe tolerated the presence of alien criminals. Why then should such men as anarchist conspirators be allowed to live in Britain? The ne'er-do-wells and known criminals of other countries should be excluded. "Why should a professional criminal be admitted because he happens to have a first-class ticket on the Channel boat? He would not be fit for his 'profession' if he could not dress like a 'toff' and pay for a high-class revolver of the newest pattern."

Accusations of hardness, lack of sympathy and the like were not wanting. In his letter to The Times, already quoted, Sir Alfred Wills had said: "Dr. Anderson is undoubtedly fearless, and pace his critic in your columns, in my opinion a merciful and fair-minded man." Another kind of light was shed on the question by a writer in the Daily News: "I believe Sir Robert Anderson to be one of the best friends of those who can be reclaimed, whether young or of mature age. He is in full sympathy with the boys (an average of 500 annually) whom Mr. William Wheatley has in hand, and the Superintendent certainly looks upon him as a very steadfast friend. I happened to be in the chapel in Little Wild Street when Sir

Robert gave an address to nearly 500 children belonging to the schools of the St. Giles Christian Mission, and Lady Agnes Anderson distributed some hundreds of prizes. It strikes me that this is service worthy even of the Humanitarian League." Mr. Wheatley, on hearing of my father's death, wrote: "I am more than grieved to read this morning of the passing Home of my very dear old friend, Sir Robert. Words fail me to express the deep feeling of my heart."

A fact which is probably not generally known was mentioned in *Criminals and Crime*. Speaking of one of the organisations which had attacked him as being too hard on their protégés the "professionals," the author said: "I must add that never a day passes in which the much-maligned police do not give more help to weak and deserving criminals than this sort of society has rendered during all its history."

I close this chapter with a few South African opinions and suggestions in the years 1945 and 1946. Their similarity to what Sir Robert Anderson was saying fifty years ago is too obvious to need pointing out. Dr. F. E. T. Krause, late Judge-President in the Orange Free State, was quoted recently as having said:

"The doctrine of retribution and revenge was and is still now the underlying principle of our penal laws. . . . It was not and is not now the prescribed function or duty of the prison staff to do anything towards the actual reform of the prisoner. All prisoners are dealt with as if they conform to a single pattern or type. . . . What is needed is not a reasonable interpretation and a liberal application of the regulations, but an entire change and abandonment of a barbarous, wrong and purposeless system. .

Reformatories have now been placed under the jurisdiction of the Education Department. This has been the first tangible proof of a change in the policy which regarded the 'crime' and not the criminal as the principal factor in awarding punishment. .

Most of our country prisons still follow the dungeon pattern - thick iron bars, slits of windows, no sun, faulty ventilation and semi-darkness in the cells."

At a conference in Johannesburg on penal reform, Mr. W. G. Hoal, Secretary for Justice and Director of Prisons, said that the gaols were overcrowded with persons many of whom should never be there. The short sentence for a trivial offence, followed by committals for longer periods according to a carefully graded scale, defeated the whole object of imprisonment. The head of a reformatory stated that it was nonsense to say that the punishment must fit the crime; it should fit the criminal.

The Cape Times in a leading article on the above conference said: "Time after time it has been emphasised by the highest authorities that thousands of prisoners are housed in our gaols who should never be there. Modern observation has proved beyond doubt that prisons create more criminals than they frighten or cure. Only with a drastic overhaul of the present methods of conviction and detention is there hope of our prisons fulfilling their rightful function of reformatories."

And Mr. Justice Twentyman Jones is reported in the Cape Times of 23rd August 1945 as saying with reference to lawlessness among coloured youths, that it was time some institution was established with full powers to round up these youths and put them where they would have no opportunity to commit crimes. The Government should take the matter up and not wait for the courts to commit the youths to gaol, because when they came out they only resumed their criminal activities.

A commission on penal reform was appointed by the South African Government in November 1945. The terms of reference include inquiry into the general objects of punishment; the desirability or otherwise of short terms of imprisonment and the means by which, if undesirable, they may be avoided; the classification and proper control of penal institutions and of the inmates ; also the development of suitable forms of education for all prisoners.

In a leading article on the commission under the heading "Prisons on Trial," the Cape Times says:

"The need for a radical examination of the prison and punishment system of the Union is obvious. All civilised countries have at last made up their minds that the true object of imprisonment ought to be not so much the desire to exact revenge as the desire to reform the criminal. The long history of the penal system . . . gives fairly clear evidence that the deterrent effect of punishment has been grossly overrated. . . It is plain that our present penal system is a hopeless failure and needs complete renovation."

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



CHAPTER VI

FRIENDSHIPS

In one aspect Sir Robert Anderson's theological writings reflect the man - his sturdy Ulster inheritance and training, his clear-cut, logical habit of thought, his impatience with any form of "mediating" theology, his capacity for dealing hard straight blows, and his unsparing condemnation of anything he judged a departure from the truth. What they do not reflect in adequate measure is his fundamental geniality, beautiful simplicity of spirit, and abundant kindness of heart. These are enshrined not in books but in the hearts of all his friends.

E. H., in *The Christian*, 28th November 1918

"SOME who only knew Sir Robert from his writings and public utterances may have missed any clue to the traits which endeared him to his more intimate friends. He had a rare genius for friendship." So wrote one of the oldest of these, Mr. J. W. C. Fegan. The expression "a genius for friendship" may sound almost trite; but I know not how else to account for that which won the warm affection of a host of men and women of high and low estate and widely differing character and interests. One can think of few temperaments in some respects more dissimilar than those of Dr. Handley Moule, sometime Bishop of Durham, and my father. Yet there was between them a close bond of understanding and Christian affection. When this memoir was first being prepared Dr. Moule said: "It will be a personal happiness to me that anything affecting me should be included in your memoir of your father, that friend whose never-failing friendship was for long years one of the treasured possessions of my life. Anything to make those who had not the privilege of his friendship know something of his rare character, its gifts and the many-sided power behind them, must be of value for both minds and hearts."

Dr. Stuart Holden, who contributed the Foreword to the first edition, in thanking me for letting him see an intimate letter, wrote: "It gives me no surprise, as I have had the privilege in recent years of getting many such a glimpse into the heart of love and tenderness sometimes disguised by an austere manner." The letter was one asking forgiveness for some expressions misunderstood by a great friend. "I now recognise," it said, "that my words are open to the construction you have placed upon them". and I wish frankly to withdraw them, and to express unreservedly my deep and sincere regret for the pain they have given you. Forgive me this wrong. And may I venture to hope that it will be 'as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you,' reaching on to and including the 'no more remembrance'?"

Reference has already been made to the life-long friendships formed at "T.C.D." and in the south and

west of Ireland. Some of them, notably with the Blands, Trenches and Talbot-Crosbies, and the family of the Rev. J. Denham-Smith, have been continued to the third and fourth generation. But all along the way his devotion to the life of Christian service and witness was repaid by the love and affection bestowed upon him; whilst many whose acquaintance was made in the course of official or public duty became warm friends.

But it was only to those who got beneath the surface that his real character was revealed. After his death Mr. Fegan wrote in the *Christian* "When I was on my first evangelistic visit in Kerry, Mr. F. C. Bland, who was - to use a word of his own coining - a very judgmatical man, said to me in his characteristic vein of affectionate raillery, 'Bob Anderson is a daring impostor. He assumes an air of stoical reserve ; but the truth is that his heart is as tender as a woman's.' In all the varying experiences of a friendship of forty-five years I have found it so. I have often said to those who took exception to some harsh phrase of his in controversy that if I was in deep sorrow or trouble I knew no friend to whom I could turn with greater assurance for heartfelt and comforting sympathy. . . . I must say no more. I could not withhold this much in tribute to one of the staunchest, tenderest friends that ever man had."

Association with Lord Aberdeen in the work of Royal Commissions led to a sincere personal friendship, invitations to Haddo House following the official intercourse. Letters to my mother tell of one of these visits, apparently in 1876. (The letters are undated.) On the evening of his arrival he said : "I had a first séance with Lord A. over business; then a walk by the lakes; after lunch a drive with Lady Aberdeen and Lady Harriet Lindsay; a game of tennis with Lady Katherine afterwards. Since then I've been romping with the children (Lady Harriet's). I so wish you and Artie were here. Now on coming to my room I find the fire lighted and everything most snug. "Lord A. assured me he liked his friends to act as if they were really at home, and if I wanted a fire early in the day, or tea at any hour, I was to ring and order it. As for the tea, it is to be had in the hall at 4.30 and goes on till 6, so that I am in clover. Indeed I never was in a pleasanter house (except Ardfert !) or with kinder people. Lord A. interrupted me by coming in to explain that ladies were scarce and that he couldn't find one for me, but asked me to sit next his sister's ' young man,' Lord Balfour of Burleigh, whom I know in official circles, a very nice fellow indeed. We sat down 16 to dinner, a very swell affair; the first time I ever dined off silver plate, save at a city dinner! After dinner we had some music, Mr. Turle playing much - for 50 years the organist of Westminster Abbey, a very nice old gentleman. At 10.30 we all tooled off to a little chapel or meeting-room, and Lord A. conducted family prayers. I counted 12 servant women and 5 men. Afterwards I had some talk with Lady A. whom I found to be a true Christian. I am now gone to bed."

The following day: "I have just had my romp with the children. I couldn't have believed I should be so thoroughly at home. I have only wanted you to share it all to make me supremely happy." Next evening, Sunday : "I feel I have really made friends here. I went to the Parish Church in the morning. Two omnibuses started, one with the servants, women inside, men out ; the other with the ladies and those who preferred driving to walking. . . . At 6.30 p.m. Lord A. read the evening service, Mr. Turle at the harmonium, a new one presented to Lady K. by the servants. Dinner at 8 and sacred music all the evening."

A visit in 1884 was on the occasion of a reception to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone; he was at that time the famous Victorian Premier, the opponent of Disraeli and Salisbury. Monday, 15th September was the great day. About midnight a description was written to my mother

"The people had collected in hundreds in front of the house, awaiting the G.O.M., [the Grand Old Man,] as Mr. Gladstone was popularly called. • At 6.30 Lord Aberdeen who had gone to old Meldrum to meet

them rode up amid cheers. A few minutes afterwards arrived the Gladstones in a carriage-and-four escorted by about 300 of the tenantry on horseback. The Gladstones came up to the house where all the party had gathered round Lady Aberdeen, the cheering being worthy of some 1200 Scottish throats. After the G.O.M. had shaken hands with the Haddo guests, one of the oldest tenants addressed a few words of welcome. Meanwhile the 'cavalry' had formed up under the balcony, the people on foot on the grass beyond, and Mr. Gladstone made a speech in reply. All this you can read in the papers. The dinner was a big one, as a number of local celebrities were invited. The biggest swells among the new arrivals were Lord and Lady Elgin. . . . P.S. (Tuesday). I am at the library table, and the G.O.M. has just sat down beside me at the next blotter and might look over my shoulder!"

Again, late that night: "After I wrote to-day we had the photo of the house-party. Then I got Mr. Glyn, Lord Elgin and Mr. Henry Gladstone, and we had two good hours tennis. We had a big dinner again; 34 sat down." I still have the photo of this group, which included, in addition to the Gladstones and Aberdeens and the present Marquess as a small boy, the Rev, the Hon. E. Carr Glyn, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and Lady Mary Glyn, the Earl and Countess of Elgin (he was Viceroy of India, 1894 - 99), Mr. Henry Gladstone, and various Scottish notables. The last letter from Haddo has a postscript: "I think my fate is sealed and I suppose I'll stay another day. We have had a particularly pleasant party this evening; the Glyns, Lady Tavistock, Mrs. and Miss Hogg, Dr. Donaldson and Mr. Henry Gladstone. We had great fun all round, and very definite appeals to me to stay another day. Mr.. Sholto Douglas comes to-morrow. I had a long quiet chat with Lady Aberdeen this evening. She and A. were kinder and more cordial than ever in the leave-taking."

His hostess wrote in reply to a thanks-letter: "I hope there may be many repetitions of your visit. It is a great comfort to me to think that you are to be the one with whom Aberdeen is to work for the next year or two." And his host: "Yes, I think Miss Hogg's ideas, for instance, underwent a revolution or got a revelation as to the formidably staid and respected Mr. Anderson!"

Mention of Mr. Sholto Douglas recalls another incident. Writing the same year from Douglas Support, Coatbridge, my father said: "This morning I drove with Lady de Crespigny to see Bosworth Castle; we are sworn friends. I find Mr. Douglas had been warning the ladies that all levity was to cease when I came, and nothing to be spoken about except evangelical and prophetic topics. Lady de C. confessed they had looked forward to my advent with anything but pleasure!" When at Haddo again the following year, he wrote describing a Sunday: "Professor Henry Drummond and I absconded after breakfast and made for the Free Kirk, where I occupied the pulpit. . . . Tea at 5.30 and Chapel at 6.30. It was full and many were shut out. Lord A. read the service and Professor D. gave the sermon. Dinner at 8.45, and after a spell of talk and some sacred music, I was very glad to see A. bring out a heap of hymn-books, and we all had some hymns before separating. It is very happy to see this element in the midst of such princely and luxurious living."

There is a beautiful photograph of the Haddo Chapel in *We Twa*, the memoirs of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Lady Aberdeen tells there that Archbishop Tait advised against a formal consecration, as this would involve its belonging to and being under the authority of one particular Church. He thought, and the Aberdeens agreed, that it would be much better for it to be nominally just a room in the house, built in the form of a chapel, and dedicated to the special service of God. Accordingly it was opened on 11th December 1881 by a service conducted by Mr. Carr Glyn, then Vicar of Kensington. My father seems to have lost touch somewhat for a time with the Aberdeens, possibly on account of their very divergent views on the Irish Home Rule controversy. When Governor-General of Canada, however, Lord Aberdeen

wrote thanking him for the gift of a book, and kindly added : "If ever I can be of any use, e.g. in showing attention to any friends to whom you might wish to give letters of introduction, pray let me know." And a diary entry during a visit to Dublin at a later date reads : "To Vice-regal Lodge to tea. Aberdeen as friendly as of old."

The last letter I have come across was one thanking my father for an "expression, most warm and true, of deep sympathy" on the death as the result of an accident on 16th December 1909, of the Hon. Archie Gordon at the early age of twenty-five. A photograph in the uniform of A.D.C. to his father, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, accompanied the letter, and a booklet giving the story of his short life. Under the photo are the words: "Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory." Ties of warm friendship and fellowship in the Gospel and Bible study were formed with the Rev. Sholto D. C. Douglas, mentioned above, Rector of All Souls Church, Langham Place, and afterwards of St. Silas, Glasgow.

After his marriage to Miss Violet Paget visits to their summer home at Balmacara on Loch Alsh became a delight. "Such a view!" runs a letter to my mother. "The hills looked as they do in Herbert's frescoes of the East, save that the colouring far surpasses the East. Not a cloud from horizon to horizon, and a panorama of lake and sea and mountain like Rigi and Derryquin in one. . . . Evening service (Church of Scotland) at 6, which I took ; the little place packed, the majority men, not a few of them kilted."

In the summer of 1893 my brother Alan and I were there with my father on a never-forgotten visit. Others in the house-party were Dr. E. W. Bullinger, the Rev. H. L. C. and Mrs. de Candole, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Davidson, Count Moltke of Copenhagen, Mr. Alister and the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, and Mr. Thomas Stockdale. Our hostess divided us into major and minor prophets for the daily Bible Readings which made the Balmacara visits so much more than the sheer enjoyment they were in any case. As ever my father wrote home about it all. One letter tells of a visit to Skye: "We weighed anchor in the Skeandhu for Portree at 11.30. The occasion was to see Lord and Lady Macdonald (Mr. D.'s cousins), and he came on board as soon as we arrived. We had a very enjoyable run back, reaching home at 8, and dinner was late. Now all the party are gone to bed, and I'll follow. . . . P.S. I didn't. I took up the Graphic and became so interested in the sinking of the Victoria that before going up I read the report of the court-martial. Then I saw a steamer with brilliant lights coming as it seemed ashore. This morning I found she was the Iolanthe, Sir Donald Currie's yacht. The day broke exquisitely, and throughout it was one of Mrs. D.'s 'blue days' in which everything looks unnaturally beautiful. . . . The evening meeting was crammed; Sir D. Currie, Sir J. Pease, Mr. Shaw Stewart and others (three M.P.s) ; also a number of the crews of the Iolanthe and Fire Fgy (R.Y.S.). Very solemn. Mr. Stewart and I went back with Sir Donald and dined on board."

His diary for 1892 records : "In the yacht to Glenelg. Tea at the Master of Blantyre's; then up the Glen to see the famous Pictish tower, a wonderful ruin said to be 2000 years old." Warmhearted invitations to Balmacara came year after year; and Mrs. Douglas in her inimitable way describes the attractions of that lovely spot. To my mother she wrote : "We are in a spell of Divine loveliness which no words out of the Bible can describe. Even Balmacara is more like the New Earth than it has ever been; and I have grudged every hour of it, feeling all through how your dear man would revel in it all, how he would roast himself in the hot sun and grow speechless in the beauty. I cannot tell how I long for you both to come and enjoy it with us. Do pack up and come to-morrow, dear, dear people."

One summer our own family and our friends the Cootes went to Ramsgate, taking two adjoining school buildings, complete with swimming-bath, playing-fields, and other attractions for boys and girls. A letter from Mrs. Douglas containing some choice sarcasm came to "My very dear friends" : "We wonder," she

wrote, "at the vulgarity of your preference for Ramsgate over Balmacara. . . . Ramsgate ! ! ! Well, it is nice to see the 'arrys enjoying themselves and to listen to the band and watch the niggers. And the wild shrieks of the Pipes welcoming us at night, as we come home in the sunset from the rugged Coolins or the lonely Lochs, of course cannot compete with the music of the Spa ! But still we wonder at you ! " Then follow more raptures about the beauties of the Highland home : "I feel I could open my arms and take into them the scenes, the peat smells, the weird lights, the lovely bare rocky heathery stretches, the Highland cattle and shaven sheep, as if they were human things to hug and love. Don't you feel just that same sort of drawing towards the nigger minstrels and the donkeys on the sands, and the elephantine hotels on the parade? I am sure you do!"

Another letter in July 1896, to my father, speaks of all the hills being lit up with lights such as are only to be seen at "Bal." or in Heaven; "and we groaned that you were not with us; we are having a proper honeymoon this time, expecting no one except you or Bully, or such like odds and ends " - Bully being Dr. Bullinger. A few days later: 'We are delighted to think that you will be an 'odds and ends' with us. We will let you do exactly what you feel inclined for from morning to night; unlimited tea, fresh made! What other inducements can we offer? Absolute rest of mind and body. If you care to join us in Biblical researches you shall; but we promise not to be scandalised if you snooze on the beach instead, for we have great sympathy with what must be your longing to think of nothing but food and air."

A note thanking my parents for going to call on Mr. and Mrs. Douglas when on a short visit to London says : "Yes, it was nice of you to toil up to us so often, real friendly; but indeed I could as little doubt your true and lasting friendship as I could Sholto's love to me!" Visits were often paid to Rossie Priory, Perthshire, the home of Lord and Lady Kinnaird. Writing after my mother's death, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird said: "Your father and mother have been associated with our whole life, and we have such happy recollections of his visits and her devotion to you all." My father's diary for 1908 records : "Chapel at 6. Full. Spoke on Luke iv. 14-30. Bishop Taylor Smith took the opening prayer. I spoke for near 50 minutes: very attentive: ended with the story of my conversion" (Later) "Fourth day of rain ! I perambulated the corridors ; from the end of mine to the end of the picture room is 160 yards; the hall is 50 yards."

Yachting on the Clyde used to be enjoyed with special friends Mr. and Mrs. William Sloan of Dunara, Helensburgh, whose eldest daughter was one day to be my wife. The diary mentions my father's preaching in the two parish kirks (Church of Scotland) at Helensburgh and in the Congregational and United Free churches. The Duncan Davidsons of Inchmarlo, Captain and Mrs. Bisset at Lessendrum, and the Blackwoods at Gogar Mount near Edinburgh, were other folk in Scotland who welcomed my parents. The "Reminiscence" in Blackwood's Magazine were the basis of the book *The Lighter Side of my Official Life*.

Besides frequent visits to the Dublin relations, Irish hospitality was extended by the Barcrofts at Newry, the Boyds of Ballymacool, Lord Langford at Kilcock, and Sir Algernon and Lady Coote of Ballyfin. A diary entry refers to a visit to the latter: "At evening prayers I had all the household and a number of the outside staff (31 in all) and gave them a talk on Acts xvii and God's gifts to us, forgiveness, life, sonship." Ballyfin, like Moore Abbey, not far away, has since then passed into other hands.

One of the chief pleasures of my father's later years came as a result of his official duties. During the dynamite campaigns Scotland Yard officers were stationed at various home and foreign ports: and at places such as Dover, Folkestone, Calais and Boulogne their presence had proved of such value that it was decided to continue their services. A gang of criminals had for years lived in luxury on the contents

of purses and pocketbooks stolen on the Channel steamers. But some had far bigger game in the shape of valuable securities in the ships' treasure chests, keys for which they were able to secure. The C.I.D. men were of great assistance to the French police in keeping watch on these gentry, but there was always some danger of friction, and it was thought advisable for the Chief to pay occasional unexpected visits. The railway company who were also the owners of the steamers gave him a free pass between London and Calais, very kindly making it available for himself and another. Not only so, but they continued issuing the pass after his retirement from Scotland Yard. This meant that my mother or one of us could accompany him on cross-Channel Trips, having lunch or tea on the French side. Often my people stayed at Dover, crossing on fine days, and enjoying not only the trip but meeting friends and acquaintances on board. In this way they got to know the Marine Superintendent, Captain Dixon; the Harbour-Master, Captain Iron; as well as the Commanders of the ships, amongst whom were Captains Bennett, Dane, Paine, Hancock, King and Belchamber, some of whom became warm friends. A genuine welcome always came from the railway officials as well as from the detective officers and others. My mother and Sister too became familiar figures on the Admiralty Pier at Dover, receiving friendly greetings on every hand. Amongst the fellow-passengers most frequently met was Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, afterwards Lord Northcliffe, whom they often saw in London also. In view of the supposed influence of newspaper magnates in the making and unmaking of politicians and governments the following note is of interest. (Mr. Asquith had resigned the Premiership in December 1916 and been succeeded by Mr. Lloyd George)

"PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, "LONDON, E.C.

"14th Jan. 1917.

"DEAR SIR ROBERT, - I would have replied before, but I have been out to the war.

"Miss Asquith is rather sanguine if she thinks we shall hear any more of Papa. I understand that he has no desire for further work.

"Yours sincerely,

"NORTHCLIFFE."

When not crossing themselves my people used to find constant interest in watching the sailing and arrival of the Channel steamers. Many diary entries refer to this, such as - "Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Company on board." Amongst the crowned heads and others mentioned are the Kings of Spain and Portugal, the Shah of Persia, the Khedive of Egypt, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, the Maharajah of Jeypur. Other items in the diaries are: "Passed Holbein on his swim about 1.5 miles out. . . . Saw Lord Roberts receive the Freedom of Dover." (Both on 28th August 1902). A few days earlier: "Banquet to Officers of German Warship *Stein*"; and the same year: "Procession of the Court of Guestling; Mayors of the Cinque Ports, etc."

In those days a trip from London to Calais and back in a day was not quite such a trifle as it is now; and many people had unpleasant memories of the crossing. When discussing the Channel Tunnel scheme during the visit to Walmer Castle, mentioned in Chapter IV my father spoke of going over for pleasure Lord Salisbury's response was - "For pleasure?" However, when occasionally at breakfast he decided to "go to France," everything possible used to be done by the officials to make the journey by train and boat comfortable and pleasant, and of course he chose his day. From the diaries I find that thirty-seven visits to Calais were made in 1898 and thirty-eight in 1902, and many almost every year, most of them just from Dover.

The view of the White Cliffs from the Channel suggested thoughts to him besides the customary ones. When pleading for prison reform in his book *Criminals and Crime* he wrote: "Some who read these

pages will know nothing of the structure of a gaol. When next they find themselves upon a Calais steamer let them glance up at the prison on Dover Cliffs, and realise that all those rows of cells are so designed as to prevent the inmates from seeing the English Channel. . . . There may be gaols where no outlook could be given that might not be deemed unsuitable. But here, if the cells on the southern side were fitted with windows extending from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling, the prisoner could look on nothing but sea and sky, and in Nature's brighter moods the far-off coast of France. And the prospect might well make him pine for liberty with moistened eyes instead of with clenched teeth and knitted brow."

Apart from the enjoyment of the sea trips, one of the great attractions of Dover was visiting the Worsfold Mowlls, the Martyn Mowlls and their families. Years afterwards Mr. Rutley Mowll recalled "with happy memories those visits to Whitfield; days of sparkling wit, delightful anecdotes, and spiritual joy." One of the family, Dr. Howard Mowll, Archbishop of Sydney, wrote recently to my sister: "It was such a pleasure to hear from you. It brought back so many memories. I always remember several of Sir Robert's Bible Readings in our Hall in Dover, especially his saying on one occasion, 'What is your conception of God? How few have the Psalmist's majestic conception of God !' . . . His books are still a great help to our theological students. Then I think of dear Lady Agnes and her many kindnesses, and her pleasure when she saw me carrying a large Bible !"

Recalling those Dover days Colonel C. M. Davidson of His Majesty's Bodyguard wrote: "I look back with pleasure to the bright talks I enjoyed with Sir Robert on Dover Pier - so full of interest and always impressing one with his Christian faith. He was so consistent, and one always felt the better." My father's 1912 diary records "a long talk with P., who declared himself an infidel and seemed very hard, but softened somewhat at last." That talk was on Dover Pier.

Amongst the friends with whom my parents used to stay in England were the Barrow Cadburys of Birmingham, Sir Victor and Lady Buxton in the Epping Forest, the Herbert Apperleys and D. C. Apperley, the T. A. Dennys, the Boakes and the Brand-Apperleys. There were, too, the Edward Trotters, Herbert Trittons, and Hanburys, as well as the Fegans, Macalisters, and others mentioned elsewhere. Referring to one of his visits to the Whitwells at Oxford, my father's diary records : "Dined at All Souls. I sat at head of table with Prof. Dicey on left and Prof. Edgeworth on right. . . . Very pleasant evening; told a series of Irish and other stories." The Rev. W. Mitchell-Carruthers wrote after my mother's death: "How greatly I valued the friendship of your parents, and what a delight your father's annual visits to me in the days when I was at Holbrook." (Mr. Carruthers was the rector.)

Some of the friends from across the Atlantic who visited our home were the Revs. Dr. Harris Gregg, Dr. James Gray, Dr. Robert Cameron, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. C. I. Scofield, editor of the Scofield Bible, and Mr. Charles Alexander of the Torrey Alexander and Chapman-Alexander Missions. Dr. Cameron wrote: "I want you to know that I count it one of the highest joys of my life to have enjoyed your fellowship." And Dr. Gray spoke of the possibility of meeting my father as one of the great attractions of a visit to England. The recent war gives added interest to this extract from a long letter in 1916 from General Ralph Prime of Yonkers

"These two years of awful history have been full of intense concern for you with all of us. I need not tell you that England and the English have the deepest sympathy of all our people. I do not know of an American but thinks and feels for your people. If we were all fellow-citizens of Great Britain we could not feel more deeply for you. . . . We send you our best wishes and prayers for God's protecting care and grace. May the Good Lord have you and yours in his keeping."

Other welcome visitors from overseas included the Hon. W. H. Edgar of Australia, the Revs. Alexander Reese and Eldred Hercus of New Zealand, and the New Hebrides missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Frater and the Rev. Fred. Paton. On hearing of Sir Robert's death, Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., of Toronto, wrote: "It is with much deep sorrow of heart I learn that my very dear friend has been summoned Home. My friendship for him was deep, and so long as I live I shall remember him." And Miss Carpmael, Dr. Hoskin's niece, has sent this kind appreciation of my father:

"He was so utterly sincere, so devoted to his Lord and so genuinely kind to all, high or low, rich or poor, that he was greatly beloved wherever he went. . . . My uncle when dying asked me, to read a passage from *The Gospel and its Ministry*."

My father was fortunate in the medical men whom he numbered amongst his friends. Dr. T. Gilbert-Smith, one of the oldest of these, wrote once: "Robert, my old friend, your friendship is one of the brightest spots in this dark London." And years later Mrs. Gilbert-Smith said: "Oh, how Gilbert loved him, I think more than any other man outside our own family." Another friend of early Irish days was Dr. Hamilton Bland; right to the close of my father's life he had unbounded confidence in this beloved physician. Others who attended him from time to time were drawn to him in a special degree; Mr. Mark Hovell said: "I always thought of him more as a friend than a patient." At a time of distressing heart weakness, Dr. Bezley Thorne wrote, "I am so thankful to learn that you have had a restful night. Thank God for it." Although not treating him professionally, Dr. Frederick Price became a warm family friend in later years. "Your father," he wrote, "was a great man and his life had far-reaching influence. He had a really great intellect; besides which he had a child-like faith in Christ - not a frequent combination. I got to love him."

"Why, oh why did we not know each other in bygone years?" said the Rev. J. H. Townsend; and a letter from the Rev. Dr. C. H. Waller ended, "Yours ever (but I do love a scrimmage with you !)." Two letters began thus: "My dear old over-worked Detective," and "My dear Darius, the friend of Daniel," the latter a reference to *Daniel in the Critics' Den*. Remembrance of the early Irish days is in these other brief extracts. Mrs. Pery Knox Gore wrote: "Many and many a time you and the dear old days are in my mind. God bless you, dear old friend. May He in His own good time send you to be among us here again." Another letter, referring to those times, begins: "Very dear old Andern, It is good to find you are just the same affectionate old friend as of old." In lighter vein, thanking him for a new book, Miss Bland of the Kerry family says: "You blessed man, not only will I forgive you anything you have done (and that is saying a good deal), but I will forgive you anything you may do!"

I can think of only one occasion when my father committed a real faux pas. Shortly after I went to the Leys School he came to see me, and in the course of conversation with the famous Head, Dr. W. F. Moulton, he introduced some of his favourite criticisms of the Revised Version of the Bible. He told me afterwards how it suddenly dawned on him that "the Doctor" in defending the Revisers was using the word "we." He had had no idea that he was speaking to the Dr. Moulton, as he put it. The latter, however, far from being offended, became a warm friend and admirer, writing to him two years later: "No book of yours that I have seen has failed to interest me greatly, and certainly this is no exception. I sympathise deeply with your object."

He was referring to *For His Name's Sake*, incorporated later in *The Honour of His Name* ("A Plea for Reverence"). Dr. Moulton went on, however, to deprecate an expression "strange pedantry" used in connection with two Revised renderings, pleading that the words implied not merely inconsistency but falseness of motive. He then kindly explained at some length the reasons which had decided the choice of

the English renderings; referring to the fact that a two-thirds majority was required for alterations to the Authorised reading. The question was the translation "King Eternal" in I Tim. i. 17, and " King of the Ages" in Rev. xv. 3.

Reference has been made in Chapter III to the attacks upon my father in Parliament. One happy result was the way friends rallied to him. One of them wrote in 1910 "My Dear Robert, - I always say that if there is one man who is able to take care of himself it is you ! At the same time, when offensive things are being said, it may be some little satisfaction to you to know that old friends are as they were with unshaken confidence. The sickening personalities of public life at the present time must disgust all reasonable men.

Always yours affectionately,
LINDSAY TALBOT-CROSBIE.

And this came from Lady Tritton:

"I have been thinking much of you during the storm that has been raging around you. I have often prayed for you in my hours of quiet and leisure. I have a conviction that God has a very special purpose of blessing in all this. I know you will forgive me for saying so much, and accept the word of comfort I have been wishing to send to one whose words have been a help and inspiration for many years." The last letter recalls one from Lady Kinnaird at another time: "I think you said yesterday on the doorstep that you had prayed for me lately by name; I want to thank you particularly. I wish we had more of that personal ministry." And this brings to remembrance an unusual appeal from Mrs. Sholto Douglas for prayer-help:

"My DEAR FRIENDS BOTH, - We are coming to London to preach in Portman Chapel for four Sundays, and I long with a great and growing longing that our month may be a real mission among the rich. Old friends are coming to hear Sholto, and may God fill him. I want your earnest prayers, I don't often ask praying people for their prayers, because I know what a serious thing it is to pray in earnest. And yet, as one sees miners converted every week, as we have done all winter, thank God . . . and as one hears of work in Uganda, China, amongst Esquimaux - everyone seems to be reached except the poor rich people. Do, do pray, dear kind people, as you love souls; here are real heathen to be reached."

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER VII

HOME LIFE

Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past,
Watchful care and loving-kindness.
Always near from first to last,
Tender love, Divine protection,
Ever with us day and night;
Blessings more than we can number
Strew the path with golden light.
HESTER PERIAM HAWKINS.

O happy home where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free
O happy home where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee.
C. J. P. SPITTA; translated by S. L. FINDLATER.

WHEN our parents married in 1873 the first home was at 7 Kensington Gore, South Kensington, almost in the shadow of the Royal Albert Hall. Four years later a move was made to 39 Linden Gardens on the north side of Hyde Park, and there they lived until my father's death forty years on. The family consisted of four sons and one daughter, all destined to fare forth in time from the home-land. My own arrival upon the scene was thus announced to a relative in Ireland: 'My knowledge of infants less than a month old is mostly derived from the description of the younger Dombey. And all I can say is that young Anderson entered the world neither very red, very bald, nor very ugly; but on the contrary with a most pleasing complexion, a fair head of hair (fair in both senses) and a general appearance that has gone far to reconcile me to my fate. Like Tom Sticker's infant, he resembles his father about the back of the neck ; he takes after his mother in respect of whiskers.' In his old age, when my own younger daughter was born, he wrote to his sister in Dublin: "I am sending

the following notice to the-Morning Post, "At Dunara, Helensburgh, on the 8th instant, to Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., another grand-daughter. Both ..doing as well as could be expected. Friends will please accept this intimation. No flowers by request." A postscript added

"A. won't let me send the notice." - His parents with his unmarried sisters lived for many years in Knapton House, Monkstown, about six miles from Dublin.

During our childhood the summer holidays were always spent with them, our father joining us for his leave. No slight attraction was a three-acre garden wherein were all manner of fruits. From Knapton shorter visits were paid to Glenburn, an old-world cottage at the foot of the Dublin Mountains, belonging to our Uncle Sam (Sir Samuel Lee Anderson, whose wife was a Barcroft of Newry, Co. Down). This provided many country delights; and so did Howth House where our Uncle Walter Boyd (Justice of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, later Sir Walter Boyd, Bart., P.C.) and his family spent the summer months. There we never tired of grubbing in the harbour in the intervals of bathing, fishing, sailing, or tramping over Howth Head which looked down on the Bay of Dublin. ("*My heart you're troublin'.*") Until his retirement in 1900 my father's daily routine was more or less as follows : after family prayers, away to the Home Office or Scotland Yard; back again just in time for dinner; much of the evening given up to the writing of his many books, except when official work had been brought home or when he had preaching or other evening engagements. Naturally therefore we did not see much of him, even when we were at home, apart from Sundays and public holidays and during vacations. During the Scotland Yard period, however, after the regular summer leave was over, he used to take a house somewhere on the outskirts of London where we could all be together. As long as it was within the far-flung boundaries of the Metropolitan Police area this was in order, and he was able to join us on the tennis court in the evenings. Occasionally at other times we had games of tennis with him at the National Club, then situated on the Thames Embankment not far from "the Yard." For many years he was on the Club committee, and in 1917 was elected an honorary member.

His official position brought certain incidental advantages to us. I remember watching the Lord Mayor's Show and other spectacles from the Home Office windows in Whitehall; whilst in the C.I.D. days reserved seats for cricket matches at Lord's or the Oval did not come amiss, nor did the opportunity of following the Boat Race in the police launch.

Of all the many processions one saw in London, Queen Victoria's funeral made the most lasting impression on me. From the top of the Wellington Arch at Hyde Park Corner, reserved for the police and their friends, giving a view of the whole length of Constitution Hill down to the Palace, one watched the slow approach of the great sombre cavalcade on that grey winter day. Behind the gun carriage rode the first British king even our parents had ever seen. In his biography of Edward VII, Sir Sidney Lee writes of Queen Victoria: "Her prolonged tenure of Royal place and of such Royal power as the British constitution allowed her fed the popular fancy that death would never claim her, and that her reign was unending." In those days there was no telephone in our house; an old-fashioned telegraph instrument spelled out messages from Scotland Yard on a dial, and members of the Family became fairly proficient at reading them. To this day I have a vivid recollection of taking the message on 22nd January 1901 which began: "The Queen died . . ."; and of feeling that the stable world in which one had grown up was no more.

A memory of a very different kind is of the annual performances by the Metropolitan Police Minstrels in aid of the Police Orphanage. To us youngsters they were amongst the highlights of the year; I doubt whether any professional coons could have excelled them. We were keenly interested in the individual

artistes, as we were also in the constables who were on duty day and night outside our home. A special favourite amongst the Minstrels was named Stroud, many of whose quips passed into the family vocabulary.

All his life my father was fond of exercise. He often walked down to his office across Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, then through St. James's Park to Whitehall; about three miles with only a fraction of it in the streets. He was proud of being a Londoner and of the amenities of the capital in respect of its public parks. A favourite story was of an incident occurring on one of these walks. "One morning on my way to Scotland Yard," he relates, "I picked up a brooch. As it was a prominent object lying in the middle of the path, I took for granted it had been dropped by one or other of two nurse-maids walking ahead of me, the only human beings in sight. The trinket was an 'O. U. Duck' brooch, the vowels being intertwined in a cipher with a little gilt duck underneath. The first of the girls told me at once she did not wear a brooch. When I overtook the other and asked had she dropped one, she replied: 'I think so, 'sir; what kind is it?' Had I produced it she would certainly have claimed it; but with a stolid face and in a leaden tone I said, 'O. U. Duck.' 'Oy, you go along,' she exclaimed with a toss of her head, as she jerked herself away. On arriving at my office I gave the brooch and the story to my Superintendent, and within twenty minutes the trinket was in the Lost Property Department and the story in every branch of the Commissioner's Office."

Rotten Row in those days was a great meeting-place for society folk riding or walking. One of my brothers and I were with my father when he met and introduced us to Lord Rosebery, (5th Earl of Rosebery, Prime Minister 1894-5) who, I remember, spoke of the insomnia which was such a trial to him. One of my father's books, by the way, which would seem to have been sent somewhat apologetically brought this characteristic note : "My dear Anderson, On the contrary, I shall read every word, and thank you heartily for it. Yours sincerely, R."

My brother Edmund says the mention of Rotten Row reminds him of a day when he was walking there with my father, and the Duchess of Somerset (wife of the 15th Duke), passing on horse-back close to the rails, greeted him and remarked that it was a fine day. My father cordially agreed, but before she was out of ear-shot asked my brother what she had said. He replied more or less sotto voce, but it was no good ; "Speak up ; I can't hear." So the information had to be given to the world. "Well," said my father, " I knew whatever she said would probably be true, so I assented!" That they had thoughts in common about matters of deeper import than the weather is shown by these words from her:

"Thank you very much for the book *The Honour of His Name*. I like it much and the teaching it contains. You are right; no words should fail to express the high tribute we should prefer in hymns (or sermons) to the Divine Master.

"SUSAN SOMERSET."

When my father was appointed to Scotland Yard a horse and police groom were placed at his disposal, and he then usually rode to the office; his diaries refer to those whom he met. Sir Edward Bradford (the Chief Commissioner) was often his companion. Other names occurring now and again are those of Colonel Adams, Frank Bevan, Lord Dynevor, Lord Eustace Cecil, George and Edmund Hanbury, G. J. Shaw le Feuvre, Sir Joseph Pease, Abel Smith, Ernest Tritton, Lord Spencer (Viceroy of Ireland 1869-74) (" Talked of LongJohn O'Connor etc."), also John McNeill, the famous preacher and evangelist. One entry is: "Rode with Miss P. with whom I had an earnest talk."

One whom he greatly enjoyed meeting in the Row, and with whom he had many a talk, was Lord Wolseley (Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in succession to H.R.H. the Duke of

Cambridge, 1895-1900). A note from the latter refers to them: "I have only just returned from a yachting cruise, but now hope to meet you often on horse-back again during our rides in the Park." My father's diaries often speak of their meeting; one entry is : "Lord W. hailed me to announce the relief of Ladysmith last night." In this connection a note in the 1902 diary is of interest: "Had a noteworthy talk with Sir R. Harrison of Fortifications 1898-1903] about Lord W.'s work at the Department. Two years ago, when panic seized War Office and Government, he alone kept his head. We were very near a European war, and Lord W. would have taken the command at Aldershot." Another diary entry is: "Lord W. gave me his *Decline and Fall of Napoleon*." I believe this subject was often the topic of their talks. When my father had sent Lord Wolseley a very different kind of book, the reply was:

"My DEAR SIR ROBERT,-Thank you many times for your great kindness in sending me a copy of your book *Pseudo-Criticism*. I hope to study it, and I am sure to obtain from its pages- as I have so often done in conversation- many most useful lessons. I hope you enjoy your retirement as much as I do.

"Always believe me to be,

"Yours most sincerely,

"WOLSELEY."

Sir Robert had a quaint way of expressing himself which often intrigued the public. During the Anglo-Boer war enteric fever was a serious menace, and it was stated that the men could not be restrained from drinking any water they came across. In a letter to a London paper he asserted that thirst was a matter of habit, and that he himself had not been thirsty for a quarter of a century! Many provincial journals quoted this as a curiosity. Incidentally, having campaigned in Central Africa, I have more sympathy with the "Tommies."

He was a law unto himself as regards clothes apart from uniform or evening dress. Until folk like the Labour members introduced less formality, frock coats were de rigueur at Royal Garden Parties. My father disliked the garment and I think never possessed one; he did not in the least mind being the only man in the assemblage without it. I remember, by the way, my mother's scornful account of presumably distinguished guests at one of these functions stampeding for the refreshment marquees the moment they were free to do so. An experience related in a racy letter from Mrs. Sholto Douglas really must come in here. My father had been her escort to a Royal Drawing Room, and she wrote afterwards

"I shall be always grateful; it was a really kind action; and if you had any idea how enthusiastically I love our Great Relation {H.M. Queen Victoria}, and how I longed to see her, you would be glad you had helped me to accomplish this. I felt lone and lorn when your silver coat-tails had turned and left me behind." She then describes the roomful of people with whom she found herself:

"Certainly they had never learnt 'Court behaviour,' for when the moment came there was such a rush as I shall never forget. I was hustled and banged, and for three terrible minutes I wished I had been a rough and that I had on no finery that would spoil in a free fight, and no reputation to lose by 'unladylike behaviour.'

"However, having squeezed the two poor long-suffering soldier-men flat as pulp against the doorways in our mad career, we emerged on the other side panting but solemn, everybody having steadfastly held her place against all comers, and we fell into decorous line. . . . I have not gone through it all for many years, and my condition was lonely and unsupported, but I fixed an eye on the one person in the world I most wanted to see, and descended as near to her level as my stiff knee would allow. The whole Row behaved with great kindness and friendliness, and the Duke of Connaught at the end made so many remarks about Arthur {Her brother, Maj. Gen. A.H.Paget. Their father was Gen. Lord Alfred Paget} that it is a wonder

the next terrified female coming on behind didn't tumble over my tail and cause a sensation."

My father often thoroughly enjoyed such "functions." His diary for 1908 has this about a Garden Party at Windsor when my mother was with him: "We had a delightful day. Met heaps of friends and acquaintances. Had a shake hands with the Queen [Alexandra] and the Duke of Connaught." He did not find any difficulty in passing from them to the deeper interests of his life and vice versa; the diary for 9th July 1891 records: "Garden Party at Marlborough House for the Queen [Victoria] and the German Emperor"; and the next day: "Dined at Lord Kinnaird's. Bible Reading at Miss Kinnaird's; Titus iii. Bland, Mahony etc. Back to K.'s to dress, and then to State Ball." The variety of his engagements is illustrated by these diary entries on a day in 1911 "3 p.m. Lady Jane Taylor's meeting re Socialist Sunday Schools. The Duchess of Somerset in the Chair. I was the first speaker. . . . 6 p.m. Dined at Whitefriars' Club, Anderton's Hotel. Anthony Hope Hawkins was Prior. Irving, the actor, the guest; he spoke, then Sir Henry Matthews, then *me!*" The diaries have occasional references to interesting things he heard. In January 1903 I find this: "Dined with Adams. General Moncrieff of Scots Guards told me how he was ordered with 180 men to Osborne in 1869 to protect the Queen because of a letter warning of a plot to kidnap her!"

My recollections of the great Moody and Sankey evangelistic campaigns are not very clear. I remember being at one of their crowded meetings when Mr. Sankey's singing made a greater impression on me than the address. My people were specially attracted by the preaching of the Rev. George F. Pentecost, who with Mr. George C. Stebbins as his singing half-section formed another team, as one would say to-day. Dr. Pentecost was a great Bible student, and his Gospel addresses were full of doctrinal teaching. This appealed to my people as much as his remarkable personality, and both evangelists became great friends of ours. Mr. Stebbins, who was the composer of many popular hymn tunes, wrote one for my father's *Safe in Jehovah's Keeping*. Dr. Pentecost afterwards occupied the pulpit of Marylebone Presbyterian Church for some time, and we often went to hear him; although he usually preached for an hour I never found it too long. I remember one occasion when, speaking on the words "Being rooted and grounded in love," he paused and, looking down on some of the worthy elders of the kirk sitting near the pulpit, remarked:

"Some of you are rooted and grounded in Presbyterianism."

We youngsters were interested in all the varied guests visiting our home. In addition to ordinary relations and friends some came for the sake of a talk on Biblical themes. One of these, the Rev. J. J. B. Coles, a retired clergyman, would drop in unexpectedly to any meal. Once when this happened to be breakfast he was so absorbed in his talk that he was quite oblivious of the need for getting on to the day's work. Turning to my father he asked if he had been thinking lately about the Vision of the Vials in the Book of Revelation (or some such topic). Like a flash my father replied: "I'll tell you if you eat your fish"; and this brought him down to earth with a bump. Mr. Coles never failed to be interesting and original. Answering a letter from him on some question of interpretation my father wrote: "I'd rather have your heresies than the orthodoxies of most men; for even when you are really heretical you suggest thought, and that I always value!"

Another frequent caller was Professor Hechler, who had been chaplain to the British Embassy in Vienna, and had there come into contact with the Emperors of Austria and Germany and other potentates and diplomats. I clearly recollect his telling us how he had met Theodor Hertzl in the early days of the Zionist movement, and had asked him whether he was seeking to fulfil the Old Testament prophecies of the restoration of Israel to Palestine. Having pointed out that it was useless for anyone to try to fulfil

prophecy, Dr. Hechier was amazed to learn that Hertzl was not in the least interested in the prophecies, nor indeed in the spiritual and religious aspect of Judaism. I learned later that this was confirmed by Rabbi J. L. Landau, of the United Hebrew Congregations in Johannesburg, who told also that Hertzl at that time did not believe in the possibility of Hebrew becoming again a living language, but that his attitude changed in many respects afterwards.

One of the most popular visitors at all times was our family physician, Dr. A. R. Hamilton Bland. When we were kids he always made time for fun with us, so that being ill was no misfortune. Mr. Earle Bland, his brother, used to play the same role during the holidays in Ireland to our great content. Another doctor who paid non-professional visits at unorthodox hours was Dr. T. Gilbert-Smith; a familiar sound at the locked and bolted hall door about midnight would announce his arrival with the latest yarns and jokes.

My father's own sense of humour, by the way, sometimes surprised those who imagined him always serious and sedate. His friend Mr. Fegan said that he had a delight truly Irish in dropping a bombshell in any gathering, and the more staid the company the more he enjoyed startling them. An occasional diary entry gives an amusing flash. This of a meeting for men at which he was the speaker: "A girl with a music-hall shake and scream sang a solo." And this about a lecture at Newcastle:

"A middle-aged and aggressive spinster was enthusiastic; had heard Gladstone, Bright, etc., but never such an address as mine!" Mr. Fegan's own sense of humour may be judged from this incident mentioned in the Quarterly Record of his Homes. On his way back from a football match once he called for his mother, who had been at a prayer meeting. An old gentleman opening the door to young Fegan, who was wearing a button-hole, said kindly:

"I always think when I see a young man with a flower in his buttonhole that he has not done with the earth—he is earthy." Fegan thought for a moment and replied, "Well, sir, I always think the same when I see an old man eating a potato!"

My father was always fond of children and enjoyed playing with them. But, especially as he grew older and his deafness increased, he found the school-boy type rather beyond his range. In our Cambridge days my brothers Alan and Edmund and I were actively associated with boys' camps, whilst Graham was doctor in a Training Ship, and always got on well with boys in the navy. My father remarked once that he failed to understand how we could be his sons, because to him the boy was the natural enemy!

In connection with these camps - run by 'varsity men for public-school boys in the holidays - we had occasional "squashes" for boys living within reach of our home; these were in the nature of reunions for those who had been at the camps. To make room for a hundred or more in our drawing-room the furniture had to be shifted and cane seats brought in. For this and other preparations all available hands were needed, a scratch meal being fitted in somehow. My father would retire gracefully to his study, where he would have his dinner in peace before settling down to the evening's work. His diary for 1908 has a note of one of these occasions: "Over 100 came, a crowded room-full. The Chaplain-General [Taylor Smith] bossed the show. He came at 6 and dined with me at 7. He gave a very earnest and solemn address at the meeting after supper." The gatherings followed the camp routine; a sing-song followed by supper (in lieu of cocoa and biscuits), and then evening prayers. Amongst other speakers were Admiral Sir James Startin, A.M., and Mr. Arthur Mercer. Sometimes my father would only put in an appearance at the close of the evening, telling the boys that if they had enjoyed themselves he hoped they would show it in the usual manner - by coming again. A very interesting account of the Universities Camps for Public Schools, known to-day as the 'Varsities and Public Schools Camps, was written by Tom Inskip, of King's College, Cambridge, now Viscount Caldecote. For some years the late Robert

Medill acted as Brigade-Adjutant (i.e. organiser), the Brigade-Commandant being Colonel Charles Russell.

Amongst the recollections of still earlier days some of the happiest are associated with Sunday afternoon children's services. We were fortunate in having as leaders of these at different times three men who made a great appeal on the human side quite apart from their spiritual power. The first was the Rev. W. R. Mowil, curate of All Souls Church, Langham Place, and later Vicar of Brixton. I can see him now demonstrating the breast stroke after the meeting, his massive frame poised precariously on a drawing-room piano stool. Another was Dr. A. T. Schofield, one of the most interesting personalities and speakers imaginable. Both were special friends of our family, as was Mr. A. C. P. Coote, afterwards Sir Algernon Coote, Bart., H.M.L., of Ballyfin, Ireland, who greatly influenced us at the all-important 'teen age. "Religion" was never a thing apart in our home nor a solemn matter to be reserved for Sundays and special occasions. It was "all of a piece" with the rest of life and seemed entirely natural. The element of compulsion was altogether absent, even on Sundays, when it was never a case of "Must we go?" but rather of "May we not go?" (to church or meeting). And it was a real pleasure to accompany my father when he was preaching or speaking. We were, by the way, definitely not unthinking hero-worshippers; if heredity counts for anything we could hardly help being critical. But it was impossible not to be impressed by the way in which he seemed able to deal with almost every problem brought to him, every question on which light was sought. His friend Colonel Richard Adams said of him afterwards: "I knew your father for more than thirty years; and I can say that he was one of the ablest men I ever knew. In any case where the facts were all before him he seemed almost intuitively to arrive at a correct conclusion." One of my unfading memories is of his reverence for the Scriptures. A visible token of this was dislike of seeing anything, even a hymn-book, placed on top of a Bible. He was intensely reserved and did not easily show his deepest feelings. One therefore specially values words like these from Lady Kinnaird (Alma Kinnaird, née Agnew), who wrote to my mother on hearing of his death: "His anxiety was always for you these past months, and his last letter to me in Scotland a few weeks ago ends with, 'If our Lord were on earth I would cross to its farthest bounds to ask Him to heal my Agnes.'"

In later years, as indicated in the closing chapter of this book, he was often depressed by a sense of loneliness and by his deafness. Probably those who have no experience of this affliction and the accompanying head-noises have little conception of what sufferers have to bear, and how much they need sustaining grace. A letter quoted in Chapter VI from the Archbishop of Sydney gives a hint of this. Recalling memories of Dover, Dr. Mowll says: "I remember as I walked with him once down to the sea-front after a meeting his shouting to me, 'But for the grace of God I would not be fit for a bear to live with !

His diaries at one stage frequently refer to disturbed nights, with attacks of "blue devils," when he even had to go downstairs and read. He may have been suffering in this way when he wrote to his friend Duncan Davidson:

"My DEAR D.D., Your words of cheer about my effort are encouraging. I cherish no thought of evil toward you in regard to my visit to Inchmarlo, but only thoughts of gratitude for kindness that made a duty visit to Aberdeen a very enjoyable outing. But I have not forgiven myself for my outbursts. I was jumpy all that week through being over-wrought." After a spell of bad nights in 1908 there is this note: "I had an epoch-making experience in prayer and got very near to God. He heard me. I have asked that the years that remain to me may be bright with His blessing. The cloud passed off, and I had freedom from the depression. . . . Had the best night yet."

"Goodness and Mercy." These words recur again and again in the diaries throughout his life. on 1st January 1904 there is this entry: "Arthur in Cape Town, Alan in Amoy, Graham at Haslar, Edmund in Birmingham, Agneta here. All well. 'Goodness and Mercy.'" Another diary note in 1895 reveals some of his thoughts about us: "I spoke [at Talbot Tabernacle] on Hebrews xi. 15, 'They might have had opportunity to have returned,' i.e. turned back; specially thinking of my own boys." With never-failing remembrance, right on to the close of his earthly life, the absent members were mentioned individually at family prayers. And the petitions came straight from the heart. In a letter to my mother after his death, Mr. Duncan Davidson said:

"I was privileged by his speaking to me of his tender feelings and love to you and his family. He had a rarely tender heart. I always felt I could come to him for instruction and strength and close fellowship, and I thank God for him."

He was indeed, as is often the case with outwardly reserved folk, very dependent on sympathy and responsive to it. In his younger days there existed between his brother Samuel and himself a rare friendship. For many years scarcely a day passed without their exchanging letters between London and Dublin. After my uncle's death in 1886 right on to his own passing more than thirty years later he felt the loss of that companionship and fellowship.

My father seems hardly ever to have destroyed a letter; and after his death, when a five-storey house was being exchanged for a moderate-sized flat, the family were confronted with a problem indeed. I got back to London from South Africa early in 1919 to find the available members wrestling with it; the quotations given in this memoir are taken from only a few of the letters which were preserved. They may be sufficient to support the opinion expressed in early years by Mrs. Piazzini Smith, wife of the astronomer with whom he came into touch officially in Edinburgh.

Writing about his book *The Gospel and its Ministry*, Mrs. Smith said: "From our first acquaintance with you we felt there was something in you different from the ordinary run of men."

(From Chapter Eight)

MARRIAGE - in 1873

FROM the age of thirty-two until his death at seventy-seven my father had the inestimable blessing of the companionship and selfless devotion of the one whose memory is very precious to many besides her own kith and kin.

Agnes Alexandrina Moore was the elder daughter of Ponsonby Arthur Moore, whose father, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland, was a grandson of the fifth Earl of Drogheda. On the death of his cousin, the third and last Marquess, the earldom passed to my mother's only brother, Ponsonby William Moore. She was then raised to the rank of an earl's daughter as if her father had succeeded to the title.

(It has not been thought necessary to reproduce here all the details in the biography of Sir Robert's wife's family. So a chapter has been omitted. Webmaster)

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER IX

PREACHER AND WITNESS

Thou shalt tell me in the Glory
All that thou hast done,
Setting out alone, returning
Not alone.

Thou shalt bring the ransomed with thee;
They with songs shall come,
All the golden sheaves of harvest
Gathered Home.

T. P.; translated by FRANCES BEVAN.

"WHO of us appreciates aright the privilege, the responsibility, the solemnity of bringing the Gospel to our fellow-men? 'Evangelists' are as definitely the gift of our ascended Lord as are Pastors and Teachers (Eph. iv. i i); but the privilege and duty of making known the Gospel are not limited to Evangelists. No Christian therefore need wait for any human sanction for 'ministering the word of life' to a fellow-sinner. But here a caution is most necessary. We must never forget the solemnity of such work. Let us take heed that no levity marks either our words or our spirit as we make our appeals or give our testimony. We may come down to our own level as it were when reasoning with others about their conduct or their attitude to the dread solemnities of life. But no one of a reverent spirit can fail to be distressed by the flippant language in which 'the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God' [2 Cor. ii. 1 7 (Weymouth)] is sometimes 'huckstered.'"

These words of Sir Robert's throw light on the manner and the spirit of his ministry of the Word. Looking back on the many times one heard him speak, one realises that in a sense he never came down to the level of his audience. However simple the language and illustrations when taking a mission hall service, for instance, the realisation of the majesty of the truths he was proclaiming never left him. He disliked the expression " the simple Gospel " - miserable words he called them, however true in one way. He often said that he was not a preacher of sermons, and seldom if ever took a text. He liked best of all to

expound a portion of Scripture, such as one of the great passages in the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, or one of the Lord's miracles of healing, or the Gospel as portrayed in the story of the Good Samaritan, which tells how a helpless sinner for whom the law and "religion" could do nothing might be saved. I remember him saying that he could not understand any man standing up with the Bible in his hand and failing to be interesting. He told how a friend, a general in the Army, had said: "Give me any page you chance to open of one of our military hand-books, and I'll undertake to speak upon it in a way that will interest soldiers : how is it that with that wonderful Book in their hands the parsons and ministers succeed in being uninteresting?" My father's own explanation was that the theological colleges taught their students to read the Bible through the coloured glasses of either superstition or rationalism, and did not teach them to understand the book of human nature.

A letter from a stranger is of interest here : "You and I have much in common. Ever since Harrow and Oxford days I have wondered why there is not more sanctified common sense amongst Christians. 'The foolishness of preaching' is by no means the preaching of foolishness." Another letter says : " It is most kind of you to undertake my services next Sunday. I very jealously guard our pulpit, and ask only those who I know will have something to say, and the ability to say it, and will do so in the help of God without fear or favour." Some of Sir Robert's Church of England friends by the way pressed him to accept appointment as a Lay Reader in order that he might have further opportunities for helping them. His diaries suggest that he was a little surprised at the situations in which he sometimes found himself; e.g., "Preached in Eldon Parish Church at the morning service. Was seated by the 'altar' till I went into the pulpit. . . . Conference sermon in the Church. Procession of parsons, some twenty in all. I wore LL.D. gown and hood and came last with the Rector!"

Even to the humblest gathering in the worldly sense he loved to bring the great truths of the Faith, above all to magnify the grace of God in Christ. His addresses were not lacking in humour, but were always deeply reverent in tone. At times he would startle the hearers by sudden bangs on the table or reading-desk as he inveighed against "religion," which could be one of the greatest curses the world had ever known; Christianity, he would explain, was not a "religion" at all, but a revelation and a Faith. He was never content with giving "a simple Gospel address" when he realised that many of his hearers were already Christians. He would then often speak chiefly to them, afterwards turning to the unsaved with words such as: "And now if there are any here who are strangers to all this . . ."

He was thoroughly at home with audiences of the Mission Hall type, and his visits were greatly appreciated as shown by very many letters such as the following: "I know it will help you to hear that much blessing has followed your labours at the Hall. One poor woman, who has been a great sinner, said to a friend of mine: 'Oh, I could have thrown myself at dear Dr. Anderson's feet and told him what my precious Saviour has done for me. It seemed as if every word he uttered was for me, for me.'"

"I shall always remember Sir Robert Anderson addressing a meeting at - . There had been quite a revival among the country people during a mission by Mr. Fegan; but they were slow of mind, and I wondered if when Sir Robert spoke they would follow him. But he spoke with the most beautiful simplicity. The youngest present understood, and all were deeply touched by his words."

My father was a frequent speaker at Ranelagh Hall for the Misses Hurst. "Some of the very best and happiest Sunday evenings were when he was taking the meeting," was their testimony. A letter to Lord Blythswood tells of an address to men in the Paget Memorial Hall in London in 1915. The writer says: "We have had a rich day with the men this afternoon. Of all Sir Robert Anderson's visits this is the best one by far. It was a time of great and very solemn power. I never remember a time when the men sat so

spell-bound. Sir Robert discoursed upon the man at the Pool of Bethesda. It was truly a men's address, faithful, rousing, tender and remarkably appealing. Glad to say we had 75 present, and didn't they sing! Sir Robert was greatly helped, and was evidently touched and moved himself into real brotherliness and helpfulness . .

That he did not undertake such work more lightly at the close of his life than in earlier days is beautifully shown in this letter in May (only a few months before his Home-call) to Mr. Wilson Heath:

"I am deeply touched by your kind and gracious letter - all too kind and gracious. And yet your testimony to my words on Sunday tends both to humble and encourage me. What you wrote about your recent mission led me to make this visit a very special subject of prayer, lest I should in any way hurt the good work begun. As that exquisite poem Ezekiel has it 'I had rather stand a prophet of my God than bear the palm of any other triumph.' And as the years go by I feel increasingly the solemnity and the privilege of ministering the Word of Life."

In the light of this a letter from Mr. J. W. Walton (composer of a tune for the hymn *Safe*) is of special interest : "The last time I saw Sir Robert," he wrote, "was one Sunday afternoon at a little service which he addressed. Portions of the talk I still have in memory. Oddly enough I remember the expression upon his face more than what he said. It was one of such absolute sincerity." Another testimony came from Colonel Granville Smith of the Coldstream Guards: "Your address last night was undoubtedly a new revelation to many of the listeners, judging by their faces. We have already been told of the great value it has been."

Very frequently he was a speaker or chairman at public meetings, those touching the inspiration of the Bible or the Hope of the Lord's Return making a special appeal to him. At a Prophetic Conference in 1894 he said : "The Coming of Christ is not some strange thing that faddists have imported into Christianity. It is part and parcel of Christianity. No one has any right to call himself a Christian who denies the Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ." In that address however he gave a warning against fixing dates in connection with that Coming, saying that someone had sent him a copy of a prophetic magazine published fourteen years previously and giving the names of 120 writers, many of them men of eminence in the Church, who were unanimous in believing that the end of the world would come before the year 1890. He then went on to say: "You ought not to be merely a person who holds the doctrine of the Advent; if you are a Christian you should hold it as a living hope in the heart. . . . Get hold of this that every Christian is a man with a secret. If word came to you to-morrow morning that you had come in for a hundred pounds, think how such a secret would affect you. All day long those about you would see something strange in you; they would say, 'He has some secret; I wonder what it is.' But would a hundred sovereigns lying at the Bank for you be a greater thing than this - the riches of Christ that cannot be measured, that you are His own, and that He is coming for you? . . . Here is the secret to carry with you into your daily life, behind the wash-tub or in your kitchen. Here is the secret of the Lord with them that fear Him."

He began the address (at Forest Gate) from which these words are taken by saying that he liked a meeting of the kind because one could speak freely. Had he been expected to give what is called an address he was not sure that he would not have lost himself on the way, for he had no address to give. He was a busy man speaking to busy people, although he doubted whether many of them were as busy as he was just then, for recently he had been unable to get rid of his work until close on midnight. He had many similar meetings, but there were also often opportunities of speaking to students. In my own Cambridge days and afterwards he was one of those several times invited to the Sunday evening

meetings of the C.I.C.C.U. (Cambridge InterCollegiate Christian Union) for 'Varsity men, and sometimes to the similar gatherings at Oxford. At Trinity College, Dublin, his alma mater, meetings were arranged for him by Mr. Everard Digges la Touche, whilst the diaries record visits to most of the Student Christian Unions at the London hospitals and colleges. And many other openings for witness amongst the more educated classes came his way. But no invitation was refused if it was possible to accept, although it frequently meant long train journeys across London at night in all weathers, even when he was getting old and was a victim to chronic catarrh and not infrequent attacks of influenza.

The pages at the end of his diaries sometimes give a list of places visited for meetings during the year. To detail these would partake too much of a geography lesson. In addition to those already mentioned one finds Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Bedford, Bournemouth, Glasgow and very many other centres. Addresses were often given for the Bible League and at Protestant Congresses. Meetings of a different kind include for example one of about 100 working-class men belonging to a Hoxton Brotherhood, and a Kensington Workhouse gathering where there was "a large attendance of old men and women," to whom he spoke on John iii. i6.

At the beginning of this memoir I suggested that the term unique might be applied to my father's life-story. May not the word be used to describe an occasion in Belfast in March 1905? Two lectures were delivered on the same day to "large and interested audiences" according to the Belfast News Letter. In the afternoon the subject was "*The Bible and Modern Criticism*," the chairman being the Rev. Professor Leech, D.D., of the Presbyterian Assembly's College. The Lord Mayor, Sir Daniel Dixon, Bart., D.L., presided at night, when the lecture was on "Our criminals and how to treat them." The audience included the Commissioner of Police and local Magistrates. The Lord Mayor explained that Sir Robert was paying a visit to the city in order to give a helping-hand to the Shankhill Road Mission amongst the non-church-going classes of the community.

A few years later by the way another Lord Mayor of Belfast, a namesake and personal friend - Sir Robert Anderson, Bart. - paid a visit "down under." On his return he wrote to my father: "I could not tell you how often I was asked if I were t;he Sir Robert who wrote the books, when of course I had to offer a proper explanation. I do not think there is a man in England who would receive a better reception than you if you went to Australia and New Zealand. Your books have a wide circulation and are greatly appreciated."

Invitations to the United States and Canada came from various friends and others. In 1906 Dr. A. C. Dixon (himself a Baptist) wrote: "Yesterday I was requested by five pastors - one Methodist, one Congregational, one Presbyterian and two Episcopalian - to write you and learn whether it would be possible for you to visit Boston and give a series of lectures on the Bible and Modern Criticism." Sir Robert was often a speaker at the annual conferences held at Mildmay. The successive superintendents who resided in the Garden House were all friends of my parents - Mr. James E. Mathieson, Captain Francis L. Tottenham, Captain the Hon. Reynolds Moreton, R.N., and Colonel James F. Morton. Mr. Mathieson evidently felt that his countrymen in what used to be called North Britain were in need of enlightenment, as witness a letter to my father dated 6th April 1888:

"I have taken the Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh for October 9th, 10th, and 11th, for a Conference on our Lord's Second Coming, with the full concurrence of Horatius and [Andrew Bonar](#), John Riddell of Glasgow, Prof. Alec Simpson, Dr. Elder Cumming and others. . . . We propose a very simple programme, and for speakers Presbyterian ministers chiefly, so as to gain the ear of [Scottish Christians](#). I would much like you to take some part, being (as you are) a kind of Presbyterian broke loose, rather like

myself! I hope you will encourage me in this venture to give testimony concerning the blessed Hope & my rebellious and gainsaying countrymen North of the Tweed. . . . I was in Edinburgh assisting at the ministerial Jubilee of Horatius Bonar. His brother John (a good Free Church Minister in Greenock) is 86, Horatius is 80, and Andrew, who was present and spoke sweetly, is 76."

As Mr. Mathieson suggested, my father was somewhat of a free lance. Speaking on the platform of the Evangelical Alliance on one occasion he remarked, "I say honestly that, while I would go hundreds of miles to bring a sinner to Christ or to bring a Christian nearer to Christ, I would not cross the street on a snowy day to bring a man into my Church. . . . Oh, if we could but get nearer to the Lord Jesus Christ, and if we could but realise the meaning of the words that He loved the Church and gave Himself for it, and that all real Christians are in the Church He then went on:

"I think Sunday morning is the right time to ask guests in your house where they want to go and worship. But with regard to all ordinary intercourse with Christians just leave this question aside. There are two ways to promote unity. One is by outward organisations; that is the sheep-dog method. The other is by having One Shepherd. And if only we would think more about the Lord and less about our 'isms' and our Churches, we should find ourselves without realising it at one with our brethren. And what a power it would be ! I do feel this very solemnly that, while in the evil influences which prevail around us there is a tremendous power of unity, it is sadly lacking in vital Christianity. . . . God's purpose is not to exalt the Church, whether the Brethren or the Church of England or the Baptists or you or me. God's purpose is to exalt Christ. And the more you have Christ in your heart and life the more you will fall in with this great purpose. And this will be, as far as you are concerned, the realisation of the Lord's solemn prayer that we all might be one."

Beyond all else my father was a man of the Book, and he loved to talk over the Bible with some kindred soul such as Miss A. R. Habershon, who compiled a valuable concordance of The New Testament Names and Titles of the Lord of Glory, for which my father wrote a preface, and whose help in various ways was of great value to him, or even with some beginner, learned or unlearned, no less than in more formal Bible Readings. The latter were often held in private houses and were a very interesting feature of those days. Those invited either came to dinner first or joined the party afterwards. Amongst the homes opened in this way were those of Lady Jane Taylor, Georgina Lady Seafield, Colonel Granville and Lady Blanche Smith, Mr. T. A. Denny and Lady Hope, and our own.

The friends taking part in the discussions or attending as listeners included the Revs. Sholto Douglas, Marmaduke Washington, Mervyn Clare, Mitchell Carruthers, Marcus Rainsford, J. J. B. Coles, and Dr. Bullinger; also Mr. Richard Mahony, Mr. J. E. Mathieson, Col. H. Bentinck and Countess Bentinck, the Herbert Trittons and Edward Trotters, Mr. and Lady Anne Campbell, Gen. Sir Robert Phayre, Col. H. G. MacGregor, Miss Emma Bland, and Dr. A. T. Schofield, who had Readings of a slightly different character in his own house also.

Another type of Bible Readings sometimes addressed by my father used to be held for the staffs of London business houses, such as Derry and Toms, Peter Robinson, Lewis and Co., Selfridge's, and Whiteley's. Amongst his many other interests were the Lawyers' Prayer Union, the Victoria Institute, the Prophecy Investigation Society; and he was a strong supporter of the different Protestant societies. He was a vice-president of the Alliance of Honour which for over forty years, including both world wars, has done a great work for personal and national purity. His interest in Mr. Fegan's Boys' Homes and in Mr. Wheatley's work is mentioned elsewhere. Dr. T. J. Barnardo in asking him to join the Council of his Homes wrote:

"So now, my dear friend and brother, whom I have known almost all my Christian life, don't refuse this request if you think it possible to accede to it." He not only accepted the invitation, but took a keen personal interest in the great work, often attending the prayer meetings at Stepney Causeway. A kind letter to myself from Pastor D. J. Findlay, of Glasgow, thanking me for the first edition of this memoir, gives a striking impression of Sir Robert:

"THE TABERNACLE, ST. GEORGE'S CROSS,

"GlasGow.

"8th December 1919.

"As your book makes clear to those who did not already know it, your father had two very pronounced sides to his personality.

"I have a vivid recollection of one Sabbath night when he preached here about fifteen years ago. His address was clear as a bell and cold as an icicle to a certain point. Then he told a thrilling story about going home with a poor girl to her garret off Holborn and spending the night wrestling with her soul, which he won before the morning. Then he sent her off to her parents' home in Yorkshire; and later, if my memory is right, she went to - , where she became a happy wife and mother. The story in its detail was one which no young man would have dared to tell; but it was told so tenderly that it completely broke the audience down.

My wife and I entertained - and still entertain - a warm love for the grand old man, and Heaven is richer because he is there."

I do not remember my father ever speaking of that incident. In his 1917 diary there is a note of a meeting at Shepherd's Bush in which he says: "I told the story of B., whom I met in Pimlico and visited in her bedroom, when she received the Gospel. She became a Christian worker in - ."

I have at various times been asked what my father's "religious persuasion" was. Brought up a Presbyterian, he became closely associated with the Brethren in early Dublin days, as did his elder brother and sisters and many of their friends. Some, of our cousins in fellowship at Merrion Hall to-day - Edith Trench and Alice Ida and Herbert Boyd. This last, Sir Walter Herbert Boyd, married a daughter of Sir William and Lady Fry who, with their parents, were also members of Merrion Hall, are others of the present generation of the Frys. For a while after coming to London he attended a little mission hall Walham Green, often preaching at the Gospel services there in St. George's Hall. But for many years afterwards up till close of his life he worshipped in Trinity Presbyterian Church, Notting Hill, well known for the ministry of Dr. Adolph Saphir. The successive Ministers of that Church were all close friends - Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson, the Rev. George H. C. Macgregor, Dr. Hugh Falconer and the Rev. Joseph Rorke.

He never held office, but often preached there, and in the pulpit to which he was invited, frequently for Pastor Frank I White of the (Baptist) Talbot Tabernacle, which we young folk attended with our mother for some time until Mr. Macgregor came to Trinity. I remember hearing my father say that, if I was put with his back to the wall and compelled to make a avowal, he would say he was a Presbyterian! "The saint of incisive vision." Thus Pastor F. E. Marsh headed an article in *The Prophetic News*:

"Sir Robert Anderson," he wrote, "was no visionary man, but a man of vision . . . one like Paul who has had a personal touch with Christ and who has responded to Him, who has not been disobedient to the Heavenly Vision."

After speaking of his keen insight into human nature and merciless criticism of those who criticised the Word of God the article went on: "Those who came into close contact with this beloved servant God

know what a kindly heart he had and what a consistent Christian he was.

"He had a specially clear vision of God's Word. He did not follow in the beaten track of received opinions. He studied the Word under the Spirit's guidance for himself. . . . Members of the Prophecy investigation Society, especially the readers of papers at its conferences, had to listen to something out of the ordinary, as he would often tilt over the edifices of their erection. . . . We praise God for the faithfulness of Sir Robert's testimony, for the fragrance of his life, and the aroma of his friendship." An appreciation in *The Witness* at the time of his death told how, not many months previously, he had explained to the writer that his main reason for not continuing regularly with the Brethren was their unwillingness to provide intelligent ministry at meetings other than the Lord's Table, and their haphazard way of doing things. The Brethren he thought were strong on ministry and weak on ministers. Yet he expressed his indebtedness to and esteem for "brethren beloved," and had the joy of worshipping with them and helping them as opportunity offered. The article concluded "On the platform he appeared warriorlike, in conversation he was professor-like, in friendly intercourse brother-like; and throughout his life he bore the true test of Christian manhood, *the better known the better loved.*"

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER X

AUTHOR, TEACHER AND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

When Sir Robert Anderson was at leisure from official duties he undertook literary work in defence of Christian truth and the authority of Holy Scripture. The qualities which made him eminent in official life, together with his loyalty to truth and his incisive logic, rendered his advocacy of those causes weighty and influential.

(From a Minute of the Victoria Institute, 22nd December 1918.)

Sir Robert Anderson's books are amongst the most valuable of our day, and will long abide as a testimony to the truth of the Gospel.

The Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomass, D.D., in *The Evangelical Christian*.

Sir Robert Anderson is in some respects the most remarkable of current writers on religious subjects, whether we consider his personal history or the range and character of his work. . . . To sit at the feet of a man with such knowledge, mental power, courage and native wit, who is at the same time Spirit.taught, is for the true Christian one of the greatest privileges.

The Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., of Chicago.

IN his Introduction to *The Scarlet Letter* Nathaniel Hawthorne descants feelingly upon his incapacity for literary effort during the years when he held an appointment in the Custom House. But there are spheres of work in the public service compared with which the Custom House might seem almost a sanctuary!" A quotation from the Preface of one of my father's books. Knowing a little of the conditions under which some at least of them were written, one could underline the words.

Back in 1876 his old college friend Canon Teignmouth Shore asked : "How on earth have you had time to dive into theology?" And in later years Dr. A. T. Pierson wrote: "I often wonder when and how you found time to develop the 'theologian,' for I find few amongst the most acute writers on doctrine whose power to differentiate equals your own."

Altogether seventeen volumes on varied aspects of the Christian faith and life, besides three books of a secular nature and numerous pamphlets and magazine and newspaper articles, came from his pen. In many cases the aim was to help fellow- believers in the knowledge and understanding of their Bibles, and to build them up in the Faith; and the over-mastering desire to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ was ever

present. Several books were concerned with the defence of the Scriptures against the errors of rationalism or superstition. In some instances the method was frankly destructive criticism of the methods and conclusions of Biblical critics. The results of prolonged study of prophecy, fulfilled and awaiting fulfilment, were seen in other works.

In one or two books the appeal was mainly to men of the world as such. Regarding one such effort, first published anonymously as *A Doubter's Doubts about Science and Religion*, Mr. W. E. Gladstone (British Prime Minister) wrote "I agree with you about dilapidation in some quarters and danger in more. I think that to counter-work the process and try to build up his fellow-creatures in the faith is the highest way a man has of serving them. I opine that you are not very far from this sentiment, and I heartily hope your book will be successful."

The Gospel and its Ministry, appearing in 1875, has reached sixteen editions. It deals in fresh and striking terms with the great truths of the Gospel of the Glory of the Blessed God (see i Tim. i. xi) : Grace, the Cross, Faith, Repentance and the Spirit's Work, Substitution, Righteousness, Sanctification, Reconciliation, Justification and kindred topics. Dr. Falconer, an ex-Moderator of the English Presbyterian Church, wrote to my mother:

"After checking them [Sir Robert's books] and comparing them with Ewald, A. B. Davidson, Fairbank's Typology and other writings, I am more than ever convinced that *The Gospel and its Ministry* is simply the classical handbook on the doctrines of grace. It should be in every minister's library. Some points of course I might put differently, but the substance of the Evangel is splendidly stated in that great book and in a style hardly any theologian can rival."

Mr. Duncan Davidson of Inchmarlo said: "I'm giving away (and studying over and over again myself) *The Gospel and its Ministry*. It is the only book that touches on the Godhood of God. That false general Fatherhood is lulling the multitudes to sleep." In 1892 permission was given for translation into Swedish, and a Japanese version was published in 1904, the work of the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson of the Church Missionary Society. Baron Alexander de Heeckeren asked in 1905 for permission to prepare a Dutch translation, but I do not know if this was published.

The Coming Prince was written during very busy years, much of it late at night after "overtime" official work. The title refers to "the prince that shall come" of the ninth chapter of Daniel, and the book offers a solution of the much-discussed prophecy of the "seventy weeks." This depended on fixing the date of the decree to "restore and build Jerusalem" as the 14th March 445 B.C., and on the calculation that sixty-nine sevens of prophetic years (173,880 days) from that date ended on the 6th April A.D. 32. On that day, now known to us as Palm Sunday, for the first and only time in His earthly life the Lord was publicly acclaimed as the long-looked-for King of Israel.

For ascertaining the terminus a quo the Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy, kindly had calculations made showing that new moon occurred at Jerusalem on the 13th March 445 B.C. (444 Astronomical) at 7h. 9m. A.M. The words of the prophecy are "unto the Messiah the Prince," and as stated above the day of the triumphal entry into the Holy City on the eve of the Crucifixion was reckoned to be the terminus ad quem.

In the Preface to the tenth edition of his book Sir Robert claimed that the searching criticism to which this elucidation of the prophecy had been subjected had failed to detect error or flaw; and that its exact fulfilment provided overwhelmingly cogent evidence for the Divine authority of Daniel. On this interpretation the seventh "week" (i.e. seven years) remains to be fulfilled. But regarding the future our author refused the temptation to attempt prediction in detail. He held unswervingly however to the

conclusion that the Anti-Christ is yet to come, and that this great world-ruler for whose advent the stage is now being prepared is none other than "the prince that shall come" of Daniel's prophecy, the last great monarch of Christendom, "who by the sheer force of transcendent genius will gain a place of undisputed pre-eminence."

Amongst the changes which must precede his appearance are the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. Writing sixty years ago, before the inception of Zionism as a practical movement, the author said that the prophecies of a restored Israel seemed to many people as incredible as predictions of the triumphs of steam and electricity would have appeared a century previously. As to how this restoration might come to pass it was suggested that the decline of Moslem power along with other causes indicated might lead to the formation of a protected Jewish State, possibly with a military occupation by or on behalf of some European Power or Powers. Then "nothing more need be supposed than a religious revival among the Jews to prepare the way for the fulfilment of the prophecies." Another interesting fore-view is given in discussing the predicted division of the Roman earth about which so many guesses have been ventured by prophetic students.

"History repeats itself," wrote Sir Robert in the days of Victorian peace and security; "and if there be any element of periodicity in the political diseases by which nations are afflicted, Europe will inevitably pass through another crisis . . . and it is impossible to foretell how far kingdoms may become consolidated and boundaries changed."

In view of the European situation to-day (1946) another suggestion is of importance regarding the vision recorded in the seventh chapter of Daniel in which the four winds of Heaven strove upon the great sea and four great beasts came up from it. This has generally been taken to refer to the same Gentile kingdoms as the vision of the great image in chap. ii., viz., Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome. But in an appendix note my father hinted that the vision might have a still future reference, allowing that (as elsewhere in Scripture) the great sea meant the Mediterranean. "May not the opening portion refer to the gigantic struggle which must come some day for supremacy in the Mediterranean?" The lion might typify Britain, and the bear represent the Russia of to-day fully as well as the Persia of Cyrus and Darius. But such suggestions were purely tentative, including the possible identification of the third beast with Germany or France.

His views were assailed with vigour by writers of the "Historical" school, notably by Dr. Grattan Guinness. But Sir Robert claimed that his writings gave proof that he thoroughly accepted a historical interpretation of prophecy; his objection was to "the system which dares to write 'fulfilled' across the prophetic page. Dr. Guinness asserts that the apocalyptic visions have been fulfilled in the events of the Christian era. I hold him to that of the sixth chapter [of the Book of Revelation]. That vision describes the tremendous events which lead men to call upon the mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the Throne and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" The historical system teaches that these awful words meant nothing more than the rout of heathen hordes by Constantine! He claimed that the question was vital, for that interpretation would mean that the most awful warnings of Scripture were wild exaggeration. Further, he urged that if that vision still awaits fulfilment, so do all the prophecies which follow it in the Revelation, My father often quoted Lord Bacon's belief that many of the prophecies "have springing and germinant accomplishment throughout many ages, though the height and fulness of them may refer to some one age."

In a long Preface to the fifth edition of *The Coming Prince* Professor S. R. Driver's arguments against the

authenticity of Daniel were subjected to analysis and criticism. A further indictment of his views as expressed in his Book of Daniel was contained in a short work entitled *Daniel in the Critics' Den*, the first edition of which however was in the main a reply to a book of a popular nature by Dean Farrar. In the latter all possible evidence against the authenticity of Daniel had been marshalled; and yet according to the Dean no words could exaggerate the value of this work of "avowed fiction" by some holy and gifted Jew of a later time. Historical errors were alleged; also "violent errors as to matters with which a contemporary must have been familiar." It is strange at the present date to find amongst "historical errors" the fact of the existence of Belshazzar and Darius the Mede! But space can be given here to one point only in this attack. According to the Scripture record Belshazzar made Daniel the third ruler in the kingdom. This statement had always presented a difficulty until, the discovery that Nabonidus was king at the time and Belshazzar himself only the second ruler. Defenders of the reliability of the Bible naturally made much of this fresh evidence. Farrar's comment was: "Unhappily for their very precarious hypothesis, the translation 'third ruler' appears to be entirely untenable ; it means one of a board of three." I remember that just when my father was writing on the subject he paid one of his visits to Cambridge, and at Professor Macalister's home he met Dr. Adler (The Very Rev. Hermann Adler, D.D., LL.D., Ph.D., Chief Rabbi United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire). When the question was put to the Chief Rabbi he replied after a moment's thought - " *the third ruler.*" He afterwards wrote "I have carefully considered the question you laid before me at our pleasant meeting on Sunday. . . . I cannot absolutely find fault with Archdeacon Farrar, as he follows two of our Hebrew commentators of great repute. Others translate this passage as 'he shall be the third ruler in the kingdom.' This seems to be more strictly in accord with the literal meaning of the words as shown by Winer . .

A letter from Professor A. F. Kirkpatrick of Cambridge about the same time (1895) gives his view thus : "The Aramaic presents peculiar difficulties, but 'and rule as third in the kingdom' is probably the right translation." I refer to this at some length first as illustrating the recklessness of the critic in the attempt to prove his case; and also as an instance of the care my father took in preparing a reasoned defence and reply.

"A REMARKABLE TITLE, and it heralds A REMARKABLE BOOK.

We are profoundly grateful for this most striking endeavour to move a terrible stumbling block out of the way of many." The words are from a review in *The Record of The Silence of God*, a book written in 1897 during the Scotland Yard period. It was in a Preface to this work that my father made the reference to Nathaniel Hawthorne and *The Scarlet Letter* quoted at the beginning of this Chapter.

"'A Silent Heaven is the greatest mystery of our existence.' In these words the problem is stated. It is illustrated by the hideous tale of the Armenian massacres of 1895 and 1896 which raised such a storm of indignation against Turkey that the Sultan Abdul Hamid was shamed into laying aside his dignity and making his personal defence. 'But in vain do we strain our ears to hear some voice from the throne of the Divine Majesty. The far-off heaven where in perfect peace and unutterable glory God dwells and reigns is SILENT!'"

And how immeasurably greater is the mystery now in face of the horrors of the war which has just drawn to its close! But the problem includes a vast deal more - the sufferings of the martyrs the death of missionaries at the hands of those for whose sake they had gone forth; the oft-times prolonged painful illnesses of saints of God in spite of the prayers of those who love them.

The problem seems the more insoluble in view of the miracles of Divine intervention recorded in Scripture. But the book proceeds to show that miracles which were so frequent when the Lord was on

earth, and in the early days of the Church as recorded in the Acts, gradually ceased before the close of that book is reached. And although there have been innumerable answers to the prayers of His people throughout the intervening centuries, the world has never witnessed any public manifestation of God's intervention.

It may be suggested that the notable instances of Divine intervention at Dunkirk and on other occasions during this and the last great war are evidence that the statement is not correct. They are indeed proof that God is still on the throne. But He remains within the shadows, and there is no public intervention such as would silence the scoffer.

The solution of the mystery is found in the fact that miracles are connected with the history of God's earthly people - Israel.

The Book of Acts records their final rejection, as a people, of their Messiah. The Epistle to the Romans reveals that a new dispensation had begun with the setting aside for a time of the Jews, and the proclamation of the Gospel of grace and reconciliation to all without distinction. "Grace reigns unto eternal life." The book goes on:

"A SILENT HEAVEN! Yes, but it is not the silence of callous indifference or helpless weakness. The silence is the pledge and proof that the way is open for the guiltiest of mankind to draw near to God. When that silence is broken one day it will mean the withdrawal of the amnesty : the end of the reign of grace; and the dawning of the day of wrath foretold in Scripture. God is silent now because He has spoken His last word of mercy and love in Christ. He is beseeching men to be reconciled [2 Cor. v. 20]. The One to whom all judgment has been committed, and who will appear one day as the Judge of all, is now the Saviour and is seated upon the Father's throne in grace."

A Danish version of *The Silence of God*, entitled *Gud's Tavshed*, appeared in 1917, the work of Mr. J. Fischmann of Copenhagen. I have had the pleasure of lending a copy to some of our Danish friends in Capetown.

The famous preacher Charles Haddon Spurgeon said that *Human Destiny* was "the most valuable contribution on the subject" that he had ever seen. In this volume various theories of Universalism, Conditional Immortality and the Wider Hope are subjected to searching investigation. The immense problems and difficulties are freely admitted ; but an appeal is made from the ideas of men to the Divine revelation regarding the tremendous question - After Death, What?

"On this subject," says the author, "'orthodoxy' has gone beyond what Scripture warrants, and 'heresy' ignores or denies some of its plainest teaching." One chapter deals with the question What is Life? An appendix discusses many passages often quoted on the subject and gives a list of differing translations of various Greek words. The pages of *Human Destiny* "are the reflex of the struggle by which one enquirer has escaped from the difficulties set forth in the opening chapter. Perchance the record may prove helpful to others."

Dr. Handley Moule, Bishop of Durham, contributed a Preface to *The Bible and Modern Criticism* and *The Lord from Heaven*. Of the former he wrote "What is the book? It is the free and (to use the word in its best sense) popular presentation of the results of an independent study of the New Criticism . . . done by a student entirely free from professional bias, and trained in a severe school of legal and judicial investigation to sift witnesses and to weigh evidence. In the best specimens of such study there is often a quite peculiar value, a fresh and bracing air of thought all their own, a faculty for throwing wholesome light upon subjects tangled by the over-handling of experts. Experts, as Sir Robert Anderson reminds us, are by no means as such good judges."

Any brief sketch of the argument of this book would do it scant justice, and I will not attempt an outline. But I give an example on "the lighter side" of the way in which special experience and training may be brought to bear upon the problems with which critics deal. It relates to the moral difficulties of the Old Testament. "A few years ago," Sir Robert wrote, "a certain London merchant killed an unfortunate wretch whom circumstances had placed in his power. He did not actually kill him with his own hands, but he had him brought to a secluded room prepared for the purpose. And there he stood by while his victim was strangled by a man whom he had hired to do the deed. I myself examined the place. I can testify moreover that all the facts were known not only to the authorities but to the Queen. And yet not only did the homicide go unpunished, but with the full knowledge of all I have related Her Majesty singled him out for Royal favour and conferred a title upon him."

I heard my father read this paragraph to a highly intelligent and cultured friend, and I remember the horrified exclamation which escaped her, and the amazed relief with which she heard the denouement. The story goes on: "What estimate will my readers form of such conduct on the part of one [Queen Victoria] whom we have been taught to regard as a pattern and paragon of public and private virtue? But before they pass judgment they ought to know a few additional details. The victim was a condemned murderer; the man paid to strangle him was the common hangman. The secluded room was in Newgate Prison; and the merchant who received a knighthood was the Sheriff whose official duty it was to execute the criminal."

"And now," the author, continues, "the meaning of my parable will begin to dawn upon the reader. Let these added details be suppressed, and a narrative which does not contain a syllable that is untrue or even exaggerated may seem to endanger the reputation of the Queen. And it is precisely by this sort of suppression that the Bible and the God of the Bible are misrepresented. Will any person of culture in our day dare to defend the extermination of the Canaanites? Will anyone, I answer, dare to defend the strangling of a helpless wretch in a shut-in room?" Men read the Bible story, the book proceeds, in the false light of the evolution craze. They picture a number of semi-civilised tribes on the upward path of progress being exterminated by an invading horde of religious fanatics. Actually they were a degenerate race whose destruction was decreed by a God of infinite mercy, because they had given themselves up to unnatural and loathsome sin. (Archaeology has shown that they were lapsing from civilisation, not emerging from barbarism.) And God's mercy is seen in the fact that Israel were left as strangers in a foreign land for four generations, "because the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full." Sir Robert adds in a footnote that, prior to knowledge gained at Scotland Yard, the Divine judgments on the Canaanites were a difficulty to him.

In the opinion of a reviewer in the *New York Tribune* the *Bible and Modern Criticism* is "a work of singular lucidity of style and remarkable argumentative power . . . which places critics as radical as Professor Cheyne or as conservative as Professor Driver on their defence before men of common sense." It was however no surprise that a mere layman should be ignored by the critics. But it was a keen disappointment that the Bishop of Durham's notable appeal in the Preface should have evoked no response from them. Dr. Moule had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Principal of Ridley (Theological) Hall, and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University, and, according to Bishop Weldon, "he was probably the most accomplished classical scholar on the Episcopal Bench." Seldom had he written with more impressive earnestness, said Sir Robert, than in his appeal to Christians to take note of the tendencies of this Biblical criticism. But the critics seemed blind to the consequences of their teaching and contemptuously indifferent to the opinions of all who differed from them, whilst their camp-

followers in pulpits, lecture halls and schoolrooms and in the Press carried on the work of proclaiming "the assured results of modern criticism."

The Bishop of Durham's plea was that this modern attitude to the Scriptures was totally different to that of the Lord Jesus Christ alike before and after His resurrection. To Him "it is written" was a formula of infinite import. The principle involved lay at the heart of His teaching. But it was now openly or tacitly taken to be out of date, narrow or uncultured to make much of "it is written," as if an appeal to a supernatural book-revelation was a thing discredited. This conclusion, if true, was portentous. It meant that on a matter central in His message our Master was much mistaken. The most worshipping theology might hold that He consented in His humanity to limitations of His conscious knowledge ; but the Christ of the critics appeared to be ignorant with the sort of ignorance which profoundly impairs the whole value of a teacher - the ignorance of one who does not know where His knowledge ends.

Such a fallible Christ lay open to the suspicion of fallibility on other matters than the integrity of the Old Testament. If such conclusions were demanded by irrefutable fact, let them be made, but not light-heartedly in the modern style. Let them be made with a groan and let the unauthentic promise be carved no more upon the tombs of the beloved dead. "But first," said Dr. Moule, "let us take care to be sure that our detraction from the complete infallibility of the Lord Jesus Christ has infallible grounds. Let us take particular care to be sure that its basis is no *a priori* theory of the genesis of religion which may already be on its way to discredit in the court of knowledge and thought.

The question is of tremendous urgency. We are contending for our all." *The Bible and Modern Criticism* was addressed in the main to Christians. Another book, *Pseudo-Criticism*, made its appeal rather to men of the world. The author again challenged the right of experts to act as judge and jury in addition to giving their evidence, and pointed out how lacking in judgment they often were. He showed that the apparent success of the so-called Higher Criticism largely depended on the fallacy of supposing that if a seemingly complete case could be made out against the genuineness of a book the fact was thereby established that it was not genuine. Were the critics aware that no criminal charge was ever sent for trial unless an apparently complete case could be offered in support of it?

An example was the "assured result" that the Pentateuch was a Jewish work of a comparatively late date. A really strong case might be shattered by a single fact. And if the critics' case against the Mosaic books were as complete as it was faulty there was one fact which would explode it. That fact was the Samaritan Bible. The C.I.D. story of the man who bought a false moustache was here requisitioned as an illustration. The sacrosanct Scriptures of the Samaritans were limited to the Pentateuch. The standing feud between them and the Jews was a matter of common knowledge. Yet the critics would have us believe that the Scriptures which the Samaritans held in such special reverence were literary forgeries compiled by the Jews after the separation from them of the Ten Tribes, a considerable portion dating from after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity! The critical case, however, rested, on Professor Driver's own showing, only upon "plausible arguments, grounds of probability" and the like. A diary entry in December 1906 is of interest here : "To Mrs. Finn's to view a wonderful old Samaritan Pentateuch. Her husband was British Consul in Jerusalem, and befriended the Samaritan colony at Shechem." The Rev. A. H. Finn was author of *The Unity of the Pentateuch*.

The Samaritan evidence is of the utmost weight," said the Bishop of Durham in a personal letter. The reader will perhaps ask, said Sir Robert, what answer the critics give. "The critics give no answer whatever. Indeed they never notice anything urged against 'the assured results' of their inquiries ; presumably because they imagine, as I have said, that if a case can be established for or against anything

the question at issue is settled. It is an attitude of mind with which my experience of legal and police work has made me familiar.

Dr. Robert Sinkler, Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, wrote to my father: "I think the parallel you draw between the Incarnate Word and the Written Word is very powerful; the One human save only without sin; the other human in its form, Divinely infallible in its teaching."

The Lord from Heaven, the other book for which the Bishop of Durham wrote a Preface, deals with the Deity of Christ.

"To Christianity," said Dr. Moule, "if it is the Christianity of original form and not of late and arbitrary theory, the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ, true, proper, absolute, is vital. It was an insight into that vitality which made Athanasius strong contra mundum. .

He saw that no compromise was possible. His opponents were prepared to say practically anything of the greatness of the Christ short of this - that without reserve, without compromise, sans phrase, He is GOD.

. . . The human soul can find rest only in a Saviour who is one with man and one with God. Such a Saviour bridges as with living adamant the gulf of doom and sin which severs creature from Maker. A Saviour not quite God is a bridge broken at the farther end."

The author explains how he had been asked on one occasion to mediate between the committee of a missionary society and some of their younger agents whose faith had been disturbed by Moslem hostility to the truth of the Sonship of Christ. He had been unable to find any book which definitely met their difficulties, and the thought of writing such a one was suggested to him. It is not controversial; it is a Bible study. And the question at issue was not merely the divinity of our Lord, now generally acknowledged, but his Deity. "Thou being a man makest Thyself God" ; this was the charge for which the Jews threatened to stone Him.

After reading this book, Dr. Bullinger wrote: "I feel I have a fuller, better and deeper knowledge of 'my Lord and my God,' and praise Him and bless you for it."

Of Sir Robert's other works, *The Bible and the Church* is referred to in Chapter XII of this memoir. *The Hebrews Epistle* is a Bible Study demanding some deep thinking on the part of the reader. *The Way* - Chapters on the Christian Life throws fresh light on many problems of the daily walk and warfare. *The Entail of the Covenant* or the Saviour's Little Ones is of special interest to Christian parents, dealing with the New Birth, Conversion, and many other vital matters in an original way. *Redemption Truths* - For us Men treats of the doctrines of the Gospel, being designed specially to help those who are seeking assurance for themselves or who desire to lead others into the way of life. *Misunderstood Texts of the New Testament* again sheds new light upon a number of difficult or "misunderstood" passages.

Reference was made at the beginning of this chapter to an early book, *A Doubter's Doubts*, which attracted W. E. Gladstone's attention. A good deal of this was included in a later work, *In Defence - A plea for the Faith*. This was written from the standpoint of "the true scepticism which tests everything, not the sham sort which credulously accepts anything that tends to discredit the Bible." One who is a sceptic both by temperament and training, said the author, can appreciate the difficulties of the honest truth seeker. A list of some of the writers quoted in the course of the discussion gives an idea of its scope; Darwin, Huxley, Tyndale, Kelvin, Herbert Spencer, Mark Twain, Sir Leslie Stephen, Harnack, A. J. Balfour, Max Muller. Although some of the theories and positions criticised are now discredited, the main argument is remarkably up to date.

The Honour of His Name (Psalm lxxvi. 2), written in 1912, was "a plea for reverence" in naming the Lord of Glory. "The Christian who accepts the opening vision of the Apocalypse as a revelation of the Lord

Jesus Christ as now enthroned in Heaven will need neither warning nor appeal to avoid all irreverent freedom in naming Him - to shun even the appearance of forgetting 'the honour of His Name.'" The author was referring to the manner in which the Lord is so often spoken of by his human name, Jesus, alone, "as if He were a dead hero or an equal." The book points out that while He is called Jesus hundreds of times in the Gospel narratives, when we come to the words spoken by the disciples to the Lord or to others about Him a title of reverence is always used. The one exception is significant; the disciples on the Emmaus Road (Luke xxiv. i 9) spoke of their late Master as "Jesus of Nazareth," proving by the very words that they were thinking of the "prophet mighty in deed and word" who was now dead. Not thus did they name Him when alive and present with them. Sovereigns who have passed into history are commonly called by their Christian names. But can one imagine a member of the great Queen's household speaking of her as "Victoria" during her lifetime? Only an equal would have done so. When we turn to the Epistles we find that "the modern familiar use of the simple name Jesus has little authority in Apostolic usage." The words are Bishop Ellicott's in his New Testament Commentary. "If we substitute 'no' for 'little,' " said Sir Robert, "this will accurately express the truth." In point of fact the occurrences of the name "Jesus" by itself in the Epistles scarcely exceed a score. The Apostle Peter does not use it once. James, the Lord's brother, never names Him without some title. When used in the First Epistle of John the significance is clear : "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God" i.e., Jesus is the human name, the name of the man of Nazareth. Similarly in the Acts : "God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ."

In all the thirteen Epistles acknowledged to be St. Paul's, the "simple name" occurs only eight times. In the Epistle to the Hebrews again it is used eight times; there, according to Ellicott's New Testament Commentary, "it will be found that special stress is laid on the lowly and suffering humanity of the Lord, or the historic facts of His ministry on earth are referred to." In the Book of Revelation the Lord Himself uses the name; "I Jesus" (Rev. xxii. i6; cf. Acts ix. 5, 6), and the remaining four passages have special significance.

The first chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians shows the Apostolic usage. The words "Jesus Christ our Lord," "the [or our] Lord Jesus Christ," occur six times in the first ten verses. "In many a Christian book of two hundred pages that title of glory will not be found as often as here in less than two hundred words "Hymnology is a delicate subject," said the author; "yet so great is the influence of hymns that Christians do well to give intelligent thought to what they sing. The exigencies of rhyme and rhythm have much to answer for; but some hymns would be improved even from that standpoint by the substitution of "Lord Jesus" for "O Jesus." Children's hymns are often at fault. It is in early life that the habit of reverence can most easily be formed. Yet in many a Christian home children are taught to speak of the Lord of Glory much in the way some children, are allowed to talk about a pet uncle." The words are startling, but they merit thought. Mrs. Duncan Davidson wrote after my father's death: "Of all the things I learned from him, I think his holy reverence for his beloved Lord stands out above everything. 'My Lord, my Lord Jesus,' as he often said."

The Hope of the Lord's Return was an ever-present reality to my father throughout his life. *Forgotten Truths*, written on this theme in 1913, was (to use his own words) the outcome of earnest thought and study for more than half a century. In a letter to myself at the time he said:

"Your reference to *Forgotten Truths* in your letter to Mother has greatly interested me. You are entirely right on two salient points first that the truth of 'the Coming' is not an isolated doctrine that can be recognized or ignored without affecting the divine revelation of Christianity. It is a vital and central

element in it; and if displaced (or misplaced) the unity of the whole is lost. And, second, it is too true that it is generally not only ignored but rejected with a strange animus. . . . I have just received a very cordial letter from the Bishop of Durham about it. He says : - ' It arrived when I was away in Switzerland, and even now I have by no means read it through. What I have read has done what your writings always do for me. It has at once stimulated attention and challenged thought, often along quite fresh lines, and has everywhere braced and strengthened the faith of my soul in the divine character of Scripture.' He adds that he hopes to make it his companion on 'an impending railway journey. Was there ever a more gracious man!"

Easter-tide 1917 saw the appearance of the last book, a small volume, *Unfulfilled Prophecy and the Hope of the Church*, written in response to a request from the Prophecy Investigation Society. A "special subject" in a school curriculum, said the author, is often ignored as not being essential; and prophecy is neglected by many a Christian as being unnecessary to salvation. But such neglect is perilous in these days of subtle and sustained attacks upon the Bible. "The writings of the eminent scholars who have led or championed that sceptical crusade (the destructive criticism of the Bible) will be searched in vain for proof of acquaintance with the scheme of Divine prophecy, a scheme which can be traced like a silver thread through all the Scriptures. And still more remarkable is their neglect of the typology of Scripture, so closely allied with prophecy. Indeed their writings are notable examples of exegesis on the text-card system. These critics are like men who empty the works of a watch into a bowl, and then after, examining them in detail arrive at the sapient conclusion that they present no proof of unity of design!" In a Preface to the second edition Sir Robert remarked that the world war then raging appeared to be exciting fresh interest in the study of prophecy. He uttered a word of warning however against the chronological schemes and theories to which the deliverance of the Holy Land from Turkish rule had given rise. For Jerusalem must remain under Gentile control "until the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled" (Luke xxi. 24). But although Lord Allenby's victory in 1917 was not the fulfilment of any definite Scripture it was clear that it prepared the way for the accomplishment of God's purposes for Israel. "Prophecy is not given to enable us to prophesy, but as a witness to God when the time [of fulfilment] comes." These words of Dr. Pusey's were often quoted by my father, and chronological forecasts he said were to be received with special caution.

Unfulfilled Prophecy is devoted mainly to "sorting out" the various prophecies of the Return of Christ. It is shown that there will be at least three "Comings." First that which will bring to an end the present dispensation of the reign of grace and the heavenly Church. Then the "Coming of the Son of Man" in fulfilment of Messianic prophecy; and lastly His coming to judgment in the far distant future, the "Second Advent" of theology.

"Christianity is based upon the teaching of the Bible; whilst the theological doctrine of the Second Advent depends largely on the teaching of the Latin Fathers. In their day the Coming which Bengel called 'the hope of the Church' had already been forgotten, and Messianic prophecy had been so perverted or 'spiritualised' as to shut out Israel's hope altogether."

It is argued therefore in this volume that the great predictions and promises of the Old Testament (including those in Daniel) which were not fulfilled at Christ's first Coming have to do in the main with a time when God shall have once again taken up His earthly people, Israel, as shown by St. Paul in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Much of the "apocalyptic" teaching of our Lord, as well as that in the Book of Revelation, belongs to the same future period. There it is revealed that this sin-cursed earth is yet to be a scene of peace and blessedness - all that we should expect a God of Infinite goodness

and power to make it:

"When a King in Kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown."

But before that day dawns Israel must pass through a "tribulation" even greater and fiercer than they have yet known. And there must appear the Super-man, the Coming Prince of Daniel's vision, the Man of Sin of the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, the Anti-Christ of St. John's first Epistle, the Beast of the Book of Revelation, who will be endowed with satanic, superhuman powers, so that all the world will worship him (Rev. xiii. 8, 12).

Our Lord Himself, in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, uttered solemn warnings regarding those days. But He gave too the glad promise of His own return in the clouds of Heaven with great power and glory as foretold in Old Testament prophecy.

The Coming of the Lord revealed in the Epistles of the New Testament however is one of the "mystery" truths of Christianity; and, as Bloomfield puts it, "in Scripture the word mystery signifies, not a thing unintelligible, but what lies hidden and secret till made known by revelation of God." It is a Coming to call to their heavenly home the redeemed of this present dispensation, which will thus reach its close. This is the Coming ever brought to remembrance in the words : " As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come" (1 Cor. xi. 26 [R.V.]). This is "the hope of the Church." And it is a fact of great significance that it is never mentioned in the Epistles as a doctrine needing to be expounded, but only as a truth with which every Christian was supposed to be familiar. Writing of *Unfulfilled Prophecy*, the Bishop of Durham said:

"I hope that the 'Till He Come' which every Communion service so solemnly and as with a voice from heaven reiterates will mean yet more to me from your book. Those three great words are inscribed on the cover of my communion table in our beautiful old Chapel. I have long thought them the most appropriate of all mementos there."

Mention must be made of the remaining books from the author's pen. *Criminals and Crime* has been dealt with in ~ Chapter V of this memoir. *Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement* was his only incursion into politics; the well-being of Ireland was to him indeed a matter standing above politics in the ordinary sense. He wrote, in the words of Lord Justice FitzGibbon, with "unexampled and unprejudiced knowledge of the facts." *The Lighter Side of my Official Life* contained, according to a review in The Librarian of February 1911, "the personal recollections of a raconteur with an inimitable charm of manner and no mean ability." My father hoped to write in more serious vein of his official life at a later date; but this was not to be.

Specially bound copies of several of the "theological" books were graciously accepted by Their Majesties Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary, and some other members of the royal family.

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER XI

COUNSELLOR AND HELPER OF MANY

“How hast thou helped? . . . How hast thou counselled? “—Job xxvi: 2, 3

"STRENGTH and sensitiveness are the twin qualities of a really great soul," wrote Dr. Stuart Holden. The measure in which my father possessed these, together with the gift of ready genuine sympathy, must account to some extent on the human side for the way in which so many folk appealed to him confidently for counsel and help. A letter from an old friend of mine, grandson of one of the leaders in Irish Revival days, gives an insight into this. Writing about the first edition of this memoir, he said:

"I owe so much to Sir Robert, for it was he who opened my Bible to me, and taught me of the hidden harmonies therein; hidden to so many but wonderful and absolutely engrossing when explored with the key in one's hands. And to how many your father gave that key! He was always so kind and sympathetic to me when I asked what must have seemed such silly questions. He always answered as if I was his mental equal and, unlike most people of whom one asks questions, when he answered one immediately understood. . . . I rarely pick up my Bible without thinking of him."

"I am rather scared of pundits," wrote another friend to him; "but you are so kind in that way. You know a lot, but you do not have the fact written all over you; and you have always been so kind to me that you are bound to have your good nature abused." And speaking of the original memoir Mrs. Hugh Falconer wrote: "Dear Sir Robert! You have succeeded in making him live again in the pages. . . . His sternness and love, his knowledge and capacity for making allowances, and all his humanness." "It is so difficult," said a medical student, "to meet people who are both fitted and fearless enough to attempt to answer questions that press upon one at every turn. This is the only excuse I have for troubling you." And this was from an American lady: ". . . The time has come when the need for advice from a friend with a big brain and a big heart is most urgent. May I turn to you?" A long correspondence sometimes began as a result of letters in the Press or articles and addresses. In 1892 The Times published a series of letters on "*The Bible and Modern Criticism*" from Professor T. H. Huxley and my father, the (8th) Duke of Argyll and others also taking part. Afterwards a lady wrote to Sir Robert:

"Will you allow me to thank you for the personal note struck in your letter to The Times last week? . . . My faith is not as unfaltering as I could wish I feel the power of destructive criticism. I have taken a great interest in the letters, but none have appealed to me like yours or satisfied my intelligence as well." And

again : - " I feel that every line you write to me is prompted by kindness and Christian consideration for a total stranger who appeals to you for counsel and guidance because you know. It may seem strange that I should prefer to write to you instead of speaking openly to a friend, or making my confession to some doux pasteur de troupeau des ames, but your writings impress me as other people's do not."

Many letters speak of help received from the books. One of special interest came from Capt. E. J. Carré, widely known in connection with the Merchant Service Officers' Christian Association, who tells the story of his conversion in the booklet *Out of the Power of Darkness*. He wrote:

"I wish you to know how much the thoughts expressed in your book *The Silence of God* helped me in the time of crisis in my life when the darkness was densest before the dawn. I think the booklet fully expresses just how you helped me, and I wish to thank you greatly."

From another sailor, a Norwegian, came this message:

"High up in a little watch-room in a lighthouse on the coast of Norway I am sitting during my lonely watch hours reading and thinking over a book *The Gospel and its Ministry*. A perfect stranger as I am to you, I take the liberty to write this letter in view of that Christian fellowship and brotherhood that exist between all true believers. This is the true freemasonry, the only brotherhood worth calling so."

And this writer testified

"After years of Church training I was cast as a lad of 18 into the land of Australia, there amid the stern realities of life to find that all I had learned and believed was nothing more than a myth. . .

I cannot tell all that *The Silence of God* and others of your books have done for me and what a new God and Saviour they have revealed to me."

A Vancouver correspondent said : "Dr. Torrey sent me a goodly number of your books. I could not tell you how many have blessed God for them. I owe more than I can ever tell to them and to the kindly loving counsel received in letters from you." A California lawyer, an avowed unbeliever, through the reading of *The Silence of God* and other books publicly announced his belief in the Scriptures and the Deity of Christ. " Sir Robert holds a brief for Christ" was his witness.

A lonely up-country trader in South Africa wrote: Sir Robert Anderson's books have put me right. I have thanked God for him many times." The Rev. H. Hofmeyr, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, said: "May God nerve you to other efforts for the strengthening of the faith of many more in His word and in the person of His Son." And the beloved Rev. W. M. Douglas wrote also from South Africa: "I am only one of thousands to whom he has been the messenger of grace and peace because he had himself faced and conquered the doubts and fears that beset so many of us through the modern criticism of the Word of God." Yet another honoured Christian worker said : "His was the strong understanding faith that helped me when things seemed tottering."

But it was not only in spiritual things that his help was sought and given. "You have such a kind way of doing kind things," said one friend; which may partly account for the variety of the requests that poured in. A minister asks for assistance in getting his son into the Royal Air Force. Another letter asks help in getting an ex-convict relieved of the duty of reporting to the police. A Christian worker wants an introduction to some police official in Rome. A friend desires to secure the services of an ex- policeman for a post. A peeress seeks advice about seeing a procession. An artist wants a permit to sketch in a military area during the war.

And there were of course many appeals for help in graver matters. A young man desires a long talk about the question of ordination. Advice is asked as to the best book to put into the hands of a young man who has promised to read any one book given to him. A heart-broken parent (a complete stranger) seeks light

on the silence of God. A young man wants to start a fresh and better life. A beautiful silver box now in my possession bears the simple inscription : "Robert Anderson; from a grateful father." Back of this lies a tragedy of the C.I.D. days.

Letters came from Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, New Brunswick; Austria, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland; Belgium, Holland, Congo-Beige; Canada, British Columbia; the United States (many parts) ; the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica; Portugal, Tangier, Malta; India, China, Burma, Turkey-in- Asia; from South Africa (the Cape, the Transvaal and Natal); and from many another place. The way Sir Robert's writing and speaking appealed to the more educated classes as well as to others is illustrated by these extracts from letters. The Rev. Dr. Sinker of Cambridge wrote with reference to one of the books : "I gave a copy to a most dear friend, a highly cultured woman and a humble believer. It has been such a joy to her, and we have often had talks about it." Another referred to *The Silence of God*: "Many, many thanks for the book. We have had another long letter about it from Lady -

I am unspeakably thankful to have just such a book to put into such hands, for she reads much and is clever." A delightful expression of thanks came from Miss Emma Bland, herself a gifted writer "I have been helped and blessed by your book, and I thank God for putting it into your heart to write it. I feel like a person who has had a beautiful but badly tangled skein of silk, of which I have been cutting a needful day by day for personal use. But this makes me feel as if the right thread has been put into my hand by which I can unwind the skein and have it all in one piece. My dear old Bible! I'm so glad I never gave it up by reason of its tangles. It has always been the living Word of God to me, but it is more wonderful than ever since I have finished your book."

The hymn, "Safe in Jehovah's Keeping," printed on page 169, was a means of encouragement to many. One said : "The great rock of real help and comfort was that glorious hymn. I couldn't tell you the number of times I have turned to it when days were very dark and difficulties overwhelming." And the famous missionary, Dan Crawford, author of *Thinking Black*, wrote: "I have translated Dr. Anderson's glorious version of "Safe" ; there is scarcely its kin the broad and brown earth over." There is also a Danish translation.

One quality in my father's writing and speaking which made a special appeal was the strength and certainty of his own beliefs. "Amidst all the weakness and mystifying," said Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, "it gives one hope to read your strong words." And Bishop Taylor Smith wrote: "Sir Robert always inspired and helped me." The Rev. J. Chalmers Lyon testified: "His ceaseless and fearless advocacy of the great essentials of the faith, and his utter devotion to his Lord, made an abiding impression on all who knew him; and I owe him much."

The late W. ("Cairo ") Bradley wrote to my sister: "Your father was a wonderful champion for the truth, and can ill be spared in these days when error seems rampant, and those who should hold forth the truth only seem to be watering it down." And from the Rev. E. L. Langston came these words: "Sir Robert has been an inspiration to us all in his strong adherence to the Word of God and his zeal for the truth." "A Prince has fallen," said Dr. A. J. H. Townsend; "he was a born leader; and with such intellectual gifts and deep learning in the Scriptures he combined the lowliest humility in spiritual things."

A member of the Trinity (Notting Hill) congregation wrote when on active service: "It seems as though a personal friend had gone, for Sir Robert was one of the few men in whom I had absolute confidence . . . one who helped me to have an intelligent understanding of the faith I now hold." And an elder of the same church said: "I learned to love and honour Sir Robert for his wonderful Christian life and example, and as a man who never feared the opinion of the world." A missionary in China wrote:

"How thankful I am that *Redemption Truths* ever came into my hands. It has helped me more than any book I have read for many a day." And another in Asia Minor, saying he had bought six of the books within a year, added that a missionary needs absolute confidence in the Word of God. " *The Lord from Heaven* opened a larger view of God's Word than I had ever before received," wrote a journalist in California. And an English lawyer in Switzerland said: "Long ago when I was seeking God I found great help from *The Gospel and its Ministry*." Yet another testimony was: "*The Silence of God* held me strongly by the hand when I staggered for a wee bit near the Slough of Despond." "So many commentaries," said another letter, "shirk all the difficult texts and give voluminous notes on easy passages; whilst you, like good old Bishop Ryle, fairly face them."

The following incident was told me by my aunt, Miss Lee Anderson. Mrs. White Jansen was staying at a Mission House in China when she saw a young Chinese doctor talking to a poor man about the Lord Jesus. She joined them, and the doctor said to her: - " All I know I owe to Sir Robert Anderson. When a student in London I was at his home, and I can never tell what I owe to him; I have all his books." The closing chapter will tell how this ministry continued until the end of the earthly pilgrimage.

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



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CHAPTER XII

MR. VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH

Then said Great-Heart to Mr. Valiant-for-Truth "Thou hast worthily behaved thyself. Let me see thy sword."

So he showed it to him. When he had taken it in his hand and looked thereon a while, he said,

"Ha! it is a right Jerusalem blade."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

With the conscientiousness and courage of an Old Testament prophet Sir Robert Anderson sounded the trumpet of alarm, and led the battle against the errors which he believed were destroying the fundamentals of Christianity.

His lot to a large extent was the loneliness of the man who seeks to be a prophet of God, faithfully proclaiming God's message without regard to results, not a leader following the line of least resistance and seeking to gather round him the largest number of followers. The age needs such men.

May God multiply the number.

The Rev. A. C. DIXON, D.D., in The Biblical Recorder.

TO some people my father was known chiefly as a fearless and by no means gentle critic of the methods and findings of modern destructive Biblical criticism. "Would that the Daniel controversy could be brought before some competent tribunal!" he once said. And the test of competency should be adequate knowledge of the science of evidence, together with experience of inquiries of the kind, and a fair share of that rare quality called common sense. Reasonable qualifications, surely; but in each of them the critics seemed singularly wanting. "If you are a man of affairs," he wrote, "and especially if you be a trained lawyer or an experienced juror, you are better fitted to deal with the Daniel controversy than the Hebraist, the professor or the ecclesiastic as such. The Christian who gives up Daniel at the bidding of the professor is both intellectually and morally on a level with the Roman Catholic peasant who blindly takes his creed from his priests." The publication of one of his books brought a letter from Mr. Gladstone impressing on him that one of the distinguished scholars arraigned in it was wholly lacking in the judgment needed for such an enquiry. And Matthew Arnold, in spite of sympathy with the critics, had not

been able to refrain from saying:

"Shut a number of men up to make study and learning the business of their lives, and how many from want of some discipline or other seem to lose all balance of judgment, all common sense!" And after speaking of the ordeal of a strong and strict sense of fact, Arnold went on to say:

"We are much mistaken if it does not turn out that this ordeal makes great havoc among the vigorous and rigorous theories of German criticism concerning the Bible documents."

Although the critics practically ignored him as a mere layman, such opinions encouraged Sir Robert in continually stressing the point that their proper place was in the witness-box as experts; and that they had no right to appoint themselves judge and jury into the bargain. And he claimed that consideration for the critics as men should not prevent very strong speaking about their opinions and their "assured results." This explains in part the vigour of his attacks on them. Another side was well brought out in a review of the first edition of this memoir in *Evangelical Christendom*

"The Church of Christ owes a great debt to the memory of Sir Robert Anderson. . . . It is a great mistake to suppose that he was a narrow-minded man, or an opponent of legitimate criticism, or a mere unreasoning champion of orthodoxy. He had insight into the full-orbed Gospel, and his attachment to Christ amounted to a passion which sometimes - as for instance against the blasphemous 'New Theology' teaching - found full display. . . . Sir Robert was a humble Christian of a most tender disposition as we were privileged to know by experience."

Another review in *The Christian World* had this appreciation

"Ulster had a typical son in Sir Robert Anderson, whose strongly marked personality was familiar in strict evangelical circles for half a century. It was through several protective rinds that one had to pass to get to the simple pleasantness of the Christian father and friend. He was first (outwardly) the keen, relentless Secret Service agent, the terror of Irish rebels; he was the 'no-surrender' foe of Biblical criticism; he was the tireless speaker, preacher and writer for his faith. But when his day's fight was done he was lovable and much loved. Friend and foe alike, recalling that austere and dignified presence, will gladly read this outline of his full and consistent life."

It is entirely true that he was no opponent of legitimate criticism, being, as he often used to say, by temperament and training a sceptic and critic himself; and he was far from being an unreasoning upholder of orthodox views as such. But lifelong study of the whole Bible as a whole made him ever more firmly convinced of its Divine authority and integrity. His belief in its inspiration (in the fullest sense of the word) rested on no merely negative ground, as this extract from a letter well shows:

"Beneath all these special lines of truth there lies the many-stranded line of type and prophecy running unbroken through the Bible, giving proof upon proof that it is all Divine. A moral fitness moreover is needed for the study of it. . . . And of course one must know something of the deeper language in which it is written. I do not mean Hebrew or Greek, but type and anti-type - that language which speaks Christ in it throughout. Refer to Alford's Commentary (Greek Testament) on Luke xxiv'.

But all this is beyond the ken of the Critics. Some of them give sad proof that they are spiritually ignorant of God. None give proof that they know anything of this meaning of the whole Scriptures as a whole."

The letter went on to give his own experience along these lines. At one time his natural scepticism had seized upon the plain differences in the four Gospels as proof that they could not be Divinely inspired. But an address in a friend's drawing-room turned the points which once more shunted him on to the line of faith. In a rapid summary of the Synoptic Gospels the speaker showed how each followed consistently

what the writer was being used of God to unfold. Matthew revealed the Son of David and Abraham, Israel's Messiah and King, in all the circle of their earthly promises and hopes. Mark revealed the Servant humbly fulfilling the work of God. Luke spoke of the son of Adam - the Son of Man - revealed on the wider platform of Gentile and world blessing. And then John revealed the moral glory of the Only-begotten of the Father, with no special mention of the Nativity or even of the Ascension. "Light shone on the Book where all had been doubt and darkness; and I learned that while I boasted of being a superior person and a critic, I was but a poor conceited ignoramus."

This new light on the Gospels led him to turn afresh to the Old Testament as well as to the rest of the New Testament in a study of the Scriptures as a whole. The "assured result" was an ever-deepening belief in the Divine nature of Holy Writ. This was the positive basis of his faith. On the other hand, long and patient investigation, with all his experience of weighing evidence, led to the conclusion that the modern criticism could be met and answered on its own ground. And realising that its claims could be made good only at the cost of discrediting the testimony of the Lord Himself, he felt that in resisting it "we are contending for our all." In the main it was a lonely and difficult path, laying one open to much misunderstanding. But there were many to encourage and cheer him on.

Dr. A. T. Pierson of the United States, well known and beloved also in Britain, wrote : "R' The more I know you the more I feel that like Esther you are 'come to the kingdom for such a time as this.' You believe as I do in carrying the war into the enemies' camp." And again : "

"Your remarkable paper in which you handle the critics without gloves. It is trenchant, vigorous in argument, irresistible in logic, and shows a remarkable adroitness in marshalling testimony."

Canon J. McCormick, of St. James's, Piccadilly, said

"How some of the Higher Critics dislike your writings! If you did not hit them hard they would take no notice of you. I pray God to give you more and more grace in defence of His truth. . . . The Bishop of - thinks your language a bit strong. Something strong is needed when the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are denied by professing Christians. Some of the critics are so conceited that they deserve some pointed epithets. . . . Some try to get rid of you by saying, 'Oh, he cannot teach; he is only a layman.' But you need not mind. Sacerdotal critics are peculiar "I am only a plodder and slow by nature," wrote Canon R. B. Girdlestone, "but I am thankful if I can supply cartridges for quick-firing guns like yourself. People are only half awake to the enemies' tactics. If Christ may not be trusted with regard to the past, how about the future? And what about the 'Ransom for many?'" "The attacks have their value," wrote Dr. Robert Sinker of Cambridge; "they show you have struck a blow which is felt." And another friend said on a special occasion : "I am looking out for the glitter of your sword." Lord Rosebery gave his support in these words

"My DEAR SIR ROBERT, - I am very grateful for the book, and glad that you have taken up the cudgels for revealed religion which in these days needs all its defenders.

"Yours sincerely, R."

On the general question of Biblical criticism a valuable opinion was expressed in the following letter from Dr. Oswald Dykes, ex-Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge:

"I am not an expert in Old Testament criticism, and with some of the material on which critics operate I am quite disqualified to deal. But I am unable to suppress the suspicion - shared probably by many in my position - that there has been a great deal of rashness and over-haste in drawing conclusions from weak or uncertain data, and in confidently offering for 'results' positions that can only be described as more or less probable conjectures. There is plenty of room in my judgment for such warning and protesting works

as yours, with their appeal from the 'expert' to the trained weigher of evidence."

The fact of the German origin of much modern Biblical criticism is if possible of even greater importance now than a generation ago. Sir Andrew Wingate, K.C.I.E., writing after my father's death, drew attention to this aspect in the following words: "His training, aptitude and experience alike fitted him to be a leading antagonist of German slanderous and malignant attacks upon the Bible, and enable him to face a false scholarship before which the Churches quailed.

Long before the war Sir Robert appreciated whither such insinuations against truth must lead a people, and in Germany we have seen their absorption into the mind turn a nation in one generation into devil-inspired brutes. The British owe a deep debt to Sir Robert for having raised a powerful barrier against the unquestioned acceptance of these falsehoods which were already infecting our teaching of Scripture."

On this question my father himself wrote in 1915:

"The Kultur which has produced results so widespread and deplorable is none other than the latter-day phase of the Satan gospel of Eden, 'Ye shall be as gods.' Such is the sinister power behind the infidel crusade of the sham 'Higher Criticism' - the most subtle attack that has ever been launched against the faith. And it is as successful as it is subtle. For in a single generation it has led to the dethronement not only of the Bible but of the Christ of the Bible in Germany. . . . The German people have been taught to regard the most sacred of all sacred words as merely 'a scrap of paper.' And this is the Kultur which has changed a great and God-fearing nation into the Germany of this infamous war. And as the movement is rapidly leavening the Protestant Churches of Britain it is high time to give warning of its effects."

And now, thirty years afterwards, we can see how the road led ever downwards to the pagan religion of National Socialism. In *Cross and Swastika* (published by the Student Christian Movement), Dr. Arthur Frey, a German-Swiss, writing just before the outbreak of the second world war, tells the story "The philosophy of the 18th and 19th centuries had broken away one stone after another from the Christian creed. God's Word was humanised; it was made subject to human knowledge. . . . Man in his faith in himself, in his folly, did not shrink from subjecting even the Word of God to his so modest and pitiful bits of knowledge."

National Socialism, according to Dr. Frey, is only a product of the development going on for the last hundred years leading to the deification of man, following the belief that man is by-nature good, and the rejection of the Bible doctrine of man's inherent sinfulness and need of redemption. "The morality of an optimistic belief in evolution became indigenous not only in the world but in the Church." Reconciliation and redemption in the Christian sense were not needed by the German man. But now, he goes on, who still dares to hold that man is by nature good? "There has gone to pieces that belief in man and his continuous upward evolution by which Liberalism and Socialism lived."

Then he tells of the stand made by the Confessional Church. "What saved and renewed the Church was nothing else than simple belief in God's Word and simple obedience to that Word." Professor Karl Barth, in an Introduction to the English edition of the book, stresses that the Church had to turn back anew to its true original foundations, to the Holy Scriptures and the doctrine of the Reformers. And in a warning to the Churches of other countries he says: "We have but to think of the apostasy from the faith of the Bible and of our fathers, of the bad, weak theology of which all the Churches are guilty, and with which they have all contributed to the affliction which has now fallen on the German Church!" And this is from Dr. Frey: "In the conflict of the Evangelical Church in Germany it has become plain that Christian doctrines, as these are to be met in the latest Protestant literature, have not been the slightest help to the Confessional Church." The Bishop of Durham, writing to my father in 1913, mentioned having seen a

report that Dr. Welch, Professor of Hebrew in New College, Edinburgh, "that stronghold of the new criticism," had emphasised the weighty criticism to which the Wellhausen theory was being subjected, and had expressed his belief that "Moses and the Prophets were returning to their old position." If the report was substantially correct, said Dr. Moule, it was a very remarkable sign of the times, or " a breaking of the arrogant and obstinate reign of that bad substitute for the Apostle - the Professor!" But even now many preachers, teachers and others, seem completely ignorant of the notable swing "back to orthodoxy" on the Continent as well as in Britain. In this connection special interest attaches to the opinion of Dr. A. H. Sayce, the eminent scholar and archaeologist. A member of the Old Testament Revision Company at the age of twenty-nine, and for over thirty years Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, in his early years the "German theories" as he called them strongly appealed to him, and he regarded himself as a champion of higher critical views. His archaeological researches however convinced him of their unreliability, and eventually he became an unrelenting and aggressive opponent of those views. In a letter to my father about one of the latter's books he wrote:

"It appeals to the general public in a way that the ordinary thinking man can understand and appreciate. You have made the issues clear to him, which is just what the disciples of the 'Higher Criticism' are generally indisposed to do; sometimes because, their own ideas are not clear, sometimes because they do not wish to express themselves clearly. The point you insist on, that an adverse verdict must be based on complete and not imperfect evidence, is a very important one. The philological evidence when applied to matters of history or archaeology is necessarily imperfect. In fact we cannot prove a negative by means of it, our critical friends notwithstanding."

Air-Commodore P. J. Wiseman, C.B.E., R.A.F., writing in the Bible League Quarterly, No. 2 issue, 1945, states : " In a recent higher critical publication it has been alleged that in a private conversation he [Sayce] made statements which involved the abandonment of the position he maintained with growing strength up to the latest of his many books. I was in Iraq when he visited it just before he died, and can say that there is no warrant whatever for any alleged change of view." Not only publicly but behind the scenes Sir Robert laboured for the cause so dear to his heart. Having had some correspondence with Professor S. R. Driver about the Book of Daniel, he appealed to him personally thus:

"May I without presumption add a word or two to explain my appealing to you? Others like - seem utterly devoid of that sort of judgment which would fit them to be jurors in a heavy case at nisi prius. They are simply incapable of taking a large view of a question. But in my Preface I have taken the liberty of referring to your writing as 'so conspicuously moderate and fair'; and in this conviction I earnestly appeal to you to reconsider this Daniel controversy in the light of evidence other than the merely philological. The effect of discrediting the Book of Daniel is disastrous upon all bold and fearless thinkers. God knows I have nothing to gain by defending it. I do so as the result of long and patient and earnest consideration and study, which slowly led me to a deep conviction of its authenticity."

I have not found a reply to this letter. And it must be added that some years afterwards my father criticised Dr. Driver's later writings very severely in his Pseudo-criticism.

Personally also my father came into touch with many other men of diverse views. I remember his coming home and telling of a conversation with a well-known minister, the writer of charming popular stories. The question of the inspiration and authority of the Epistles, particularly St. Paul's writings, had arisen. Dr. - admitted having doubts regarding these, but said that he took his stand on the Lord's own words recorded in the Gospels. My father asked him how he knew that we had a reliable record of those words. "If one of my officers at Scotland Yard," he said, "brings me a report of a conversation, I ask how soon

afterwards was it written down. If the reply is, On the following day, I say at once that in that case it is not good enough for me." Are we then to believe, he continued, that apart from the inspiration of the Bible in the fullest sense of the word the authors of the Gospels were able, long years after hearing them, to commit accurately to writing the long discourses of the Lord Jesus? It should be added here that the question of "discrepancies" in the different Gospels was of course not ignored in my father's writings. This brief record of his long campaign against what he believed with all his heart to be dangerous error must include a reference to his uncompromising stand against Romanising influences and practices. In the Preface to *The Bible or the Church* he wrote:

"The greatest achievement in English history ' is a distinguished historian's estimate of the Reformation. But in this flippant and shallow age we seem to be letting slip what the Reformers won for us. For a national lapse toward superstition upon the one hand and rationalism upon the other is one of the marked characteristics of the day." A review of that book under the heading "A Layman's Theology" in the *South African Review* (December 1908) is of unusual interest for the purpose of this memoir:

"This treatise is marked by many of those practical touches which a layman is apt to give to theology when all too rarely he enters upon a discussion of that subject. Sir Robert has not forgotten and does not wholly lay aside the experience gained at Scotland Yard, and.. is a gain that the sacerdotalist should be subjected to a scrutiny based on methods which are accustomed to run the gauntlet of judge and jury before a verdict is asked for. It must not be supposed however that our author is a mere amateur dabbler in theological questions. His study of the sources has evidently been most thorough. And he makes short work of demolishing the claims of those who would overthrow the Reformation platform, the Bible, and substitute for it the voice of the Church.

"Sophistry and subterfuges of mere professionalism meet with short shrift at Sir Robert's hands. And he is not afraid of being accounted old-fashioned when he repudiates what he believes to be pagan in certain doctrines and ceremonial sought to be revived h the extremists of the modern ritualistic school. His legal acumen stands him in good stead when he frames his indictment against those who seek to undo the work of the great Reformation; and he disposes of many of the arguments deduced from the patristic writings by copious references to the same authorities, many of which I show support standards of truth which closely approximate Reformation ideals.

"In an appendix on Romish propaganda he gives a highly interesting account of an attempt made to induce him to yield to - Papal claims."

The last reference is to a lengthy correspondence with a gentleman who wrote to my father expressing solicitude for his spiritual welfare, and an earnest desire to see him within the fold' of the Catholic Church "Towards the close of our correspondence," said Sir Robert, "he sent me a Catholic treatise to show how grievously I had misjudged his Church. His letter enclosing the book gave me the first definite hint of what I had guessed, that his letters were part of a systematic effort to lead selected Protestants to make their submission to Rome His letter remained unanswered; for I am utterly at a loss to know what answer is possible to one who ignores or distorts both history and Scripture, and honestly and earnestly believes in what he calls 'the Church.'"

Speaking on the platform of the Evangelical Alliance, Sir Robert referred to the movement for the reunion of Christendom and the position of the Church of England with regard to it, quoting the opening address at a Church Congress which stated that the desire for this reunion had been implanted by God Himself, and was in accordance with the wish and prayer of our Divine Lord. "I humbly venture to challenge every statement in those words," he said; "it is not the reunion of Christendom that the Lord

spoke of in that solemn prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John." The Church Congress address had stated that the Church of England was peculiarly fitted to help forward the work of reunion because she had points of contact with all the severed members of Christ's mystical body.

"I would say," he replied, "with all the emphasis that I would throw into my words that the whole conception of this is essentially anti-Christian. . . . I do not think these things are consonant with Christianity, and I would venture to say they are absolutely inconsistent with the doctrines of the Reformers. . . . Will anyone tell me that a Church in which the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome prevail is according to the Articles of the Church of England 'a congregation of faithful men in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance'? Or take another type of Church, one where the very foundation truths of Christianity are assailed - the Virgin Birth, the Incarnation, the Atonement - where the Old Testament which the Lord Jesus accredited is dismissed as a farrago of myths and legends and forgeries. Can you say that in that Church, I care not what it calls itself; the pure Word of God is preached?"

The Bible or the Church was based upon an earlier work entitled *The Buddha of Christendom*. Canon Teignmouth Shore, a college friend, who was Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII, wrote with regard to this: "I saw the notice of your volume in *The Church Times*. It only shows how hard you have hit them. I need scarcely say how heartily I agree with you. The Church of England became Protestant at the Reformation, but the Bishops have by their cowardly connivance allowed her practices and doctrines as now taught by six-tenths of the clergy to become Roman Catholic. . . . The Bishops snip off little bits of fringe here and there, when it is the whole pattern of the garment that is wrong."

A soldier's opinion was forcibly expressed by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley:

"It is very kind of you to send me a copy of your book. Its Protestantism cannot be too strong for me; for it is not only that I abhor all the absurd idolatry and customs appertaining to it that our fathers protested against and rid England of at the Reformation; but I have a sublime contempt for the invertebrate creatures in trousers who try to take from our religion that healthy manliness which Protestantism engrafted upon our national Church."

The Record ended a long review of *The Bible or the Church* thus "We are sincerely grateful to Sir Robert Anderson for bringing out so clearly the antithesis of the Bible and 'the Church' - not the Church as St. Paul would have described it, and as our own Article XIX describes it, but a Church overwhelmed with accretions of human error and human perversity." And here are the closing words of *The Buddha of Christendom*

"The position maintained by the martyrs was no mere negation of the false; it was a testimony to the true. The Christian converts of early days 'turned from idols to serve the living and true God.' The martyrs of later days turned from 'the Church' that they might be loyal to Christ. So it must ever be. There can be no true loyalty to the king without denouncing the pretender. Loyalty to Christ implies the repudiation of what is false to Christ."

As Chairman of an anniversary meeting of the London City Mission, Sir Robert said: "Protestantism is no anchorage for faith; but it is like the breakwater which makes our anchorage secure. It shields from influences that make Christianity impossible. While priestcraft would set up a Church to mediate between God and man, Protestantism points to the only Mediator, our Lord Jesus Christ. By placing an open Bible in our hands it leaves us with free consciences to follow God." But whilst he was a Protestant of the "No surrender" type of his Derry forbears in regard to the doctrines and practices of the Romish

Church and of Anglo-Catholic followers, he recognised that amongst those whom he withstood so strongly there were many who were one with himself in their exaltation of the Lord. He felt indeed that he had more in common with many a devout Roman Catholic than with " Modern Churchmen" who denied the Deity of Christ and His atoning sacrifice. His personal touch with individuals in other Communion is exemplified by this letter from Father Ignatius:

"It is most kind of you to write to me in so brotherly a way and to send me your pamphlet. Indeed what you and I believe in common far exceeds in grandeur and importance the smaller details respecting which we may differ. I have read your Coming Prince with much pleasure and profit, and now shall read (D.V.) your book on Modern Criticism.

"Believe me your affectionate brother in our Lord Jesus,

"IGNATIUS, O.S.B., Monk."

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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

Secret Service Theologian



BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER XIII

CARRYING ON TO THE END

We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.
W. WALSHAM HOW.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by his love.
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.
A. R. Cousins.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.
HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

THE closing years of my father's life were shadowed by the first world war. The horrors of it distressed

him the more because of his inability to take his share in service, whilst my brother Graham's loss was a very heavy grief. The feeling of loneliness too became more poignant, shut off as he was by his deafness from so many interests which had filled his days. Back in 1893 he had written to Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bland, the Irish friends of his youth: "The world is getting lonely, and I can't spare you yet. I am beginning to live in the past and in the future; the past of happy friendships and fellowships fast dropping off; the future of my children's prospects and hopes."

A quarter of a century, however, full of manifold labours, still lay ahead when he penned those words. And many new friendships with men and women of a younger generation enriched his life. Above all, the peace that passeth understanding was a great reality to him. Air raids held no terrors, for he would repeat the 91st Psalm to himself and go quietly to sleep. But even in the midst of the greater anxieties and sorrows of those days he lived in the consciousness of the safe keeping of which he had sung his own hymn " Safe." He had an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast.

A few diary entries in 1917 afford glimpses of his life at that time: "I had a hideous nightmare dream, and had to get up and read Redemption Truths. . . . Agnes woke me at 1 a.m. to say a raid was on. She, Fanny, Agneta and the servants were downstairs for 3 hours. I refused to stir; soothed myself with my favourite Psalms and went to sleep again. . . . To Kensington Gardens. Found the children [grand-daughters] and played 'cricket' with them. . . . News of capture of Jerusalem! Hallelujah!" Some words written then are of special interest in view of the problems which seem beyond the wit of man to solve to-day, after the second world war. Lady Kinnaird wrote to him in 1918 : "Do you think God is standing aside in this war, leaving the government to the prince of this world? Someone said the other day, 'I believe this with Sir Robert Anderson.' " The reply was : "I have never said what the someone you quote attributed to me. In *The Silence of God* and other works I have emphasised that Satan is the god of this world, and that in the sphere of religion his influence is seen everywhere. But to say that the government of the world is his is utterly false." He went on to refer to his comments in *Misunderstood Texts* on the words "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth" (Rev. xix. 6).

"Anyone who views the world with unclouded mental vision, might well doubt the truth of Scripture if it really taught that the Lord God omnipotent is reigning. The infidel may well demand 'Where is thy God?' And the taunt is not to be met by pious platitudes. But the teaching of Scripture is explicit. . . . It is not that the providential nor yet the moral government of the world is in abeyance, but that in this age there is no punitive action against human sin. A silent heaven is the mystery of God. But there is an appointed limit to the era of that mystery."

He then went on to speak of the time in the future when the great anthem will resound, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent has begun to reign" (Rev. xix. 6, and xi. 17). " It ill becomes the Christian therefore to give way to despondency or doubt because that consummation is delayed. For a silent heaven is eloquent in its testimony to Divine long-suffering; and above the darkening clouds is the glorious sunshine of the reign of grace.'

Some letters at that time prove what the Faith and the Hope were to him. This to Dr. Moule:

"Never do I write a book without feeling a great desire to send you a copy. But I always hesitate to do so lest I should seem to presume on your indulgence and kindness. And yet I owe so much to your sympathy and encouragement that once again I'll take the risk. . . . Next week I pass the 76th milestone on my Homeward way, and a glance at *Who's Who* reminds me that I am only a few months ahead of you. Well, neither of us can say, Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage; for goodness and mercy have been our portion.

"And yet I feel very lonely at times in view of the loss of nearly all my friends of half a century ago. Moreover increasing deafness deprives me of help from pulpit or platform. But deafness and the lapse of years only make the BOOK more precious. Without the Faith and the Hope old age would indeed be an awful trial

To Pastor D. J. Findlay of Glasgow he said

"Our orbits don't cross and we never meet these times; yet you are often in my thoughts, and every remembrance of your good work is grateful to me. . . . It was in view of such a time as this that the Lord bade the disciples look up. As for me, were it not for the Hope I should have no desire to prolong my pilgrimage."

And to Mr. A. C. Gaebelien of New York, Editor of Our Hope, he wrote : "The truth of the Lord's Coming I learned in early life from Horatius Bonar; and in the dark days through which we are passing I prize and cherish ' the Blessed Hope' increasingly."

H In a letter to the Rev. J. J. B. Coles are these words:

"Life is becoming very lonely. There are great and ever widening gaps in the ranks of those who are pals both socially and spiritually. But the BOOK is increasingly a companion. What a gold-mine it is! I tremble when I think at times what life would be in old age without the Faith and the Hope. I always held drinking in contempt, but I can understand a man's taking to it if his only horizon were the grave."

Early in the war, when important decisions had to be made by us who were in South Africa, we received this message: "I need not tell you how unceasingly I think of you all. Night and morning I name each one of you in my prayers that God will give you clear guidance and grace to follow it." The last letter (a much prized one) which I had from him was in 1917, when I was in Central Africa and had been acting as unofficial Padre as well as Medical Officer to a South African regiment:

"My very DEAR SON ARTHUR,- YOUR last letter set my heart singing, telling of your work for the Lord in connection with your work for your country. It is a great privilege and a very great joy to be used of Him in the Gospel. And one bright feature of this hateful war is the Gospel testimony and its results on every battle front. "I have had great longings myself to have a share in the work, 'but my deafness is a fatal bar to it. But you my dear son have both the opportunities and the health to avail yourself of them. And my day-by-day prayer for you is that God will use you more and more and bless you increasingly." I may add that I heard the news of his death a year later when on my way from Pretoria to Cape Town. I had just got free from Army service and was hoping to get a passage home soon.

Here are a few extracts from the diary for 1918

To Blackheath and paid Dr. Kidd a visit. [Dr. Joseph Kidd, who, as Disraeli's physician, was called to attend him in Berlin at the "Peace with Honour" Conference.] Great pleasure to see the old man again. . . . Visited B. H. and sat for an hour and a half. In answer to prayer I had a most important talk on spiritual subjects. • . . Goodness and mercy; for which I thank my God and Father.

Felt very isolated and lonely all day . . . John Lewis House Bible Class; about 30 young women. To Mansion House for the Lord Mayor's Evangelical Alliance prayer meeting. . • . Began a paper for The Witness on " Christianity is Christ" . . . Evangelical Alliance meeting at Queen's Hall." (Note.—The last two within a fortnight of his death.)

On the 13th October 1918 he preached in Trinity Presbyterian Church, Notting Hill. The Rev. Joseph Rorke in thanking him mentioned the death of two of the congregation, adding: "The veil which divides us from the eternal world seems at times almost transparent." My father's reply was : "It is a constant grief to me that I can take so little part in the service and ministries of the congregation; but this makes

me all the more eager to give proof of my sympathy with you in the work of the Lord. Yes, death is busy in these days, not only on the battle-field, but here at home."

Early next month he had a mild attack of influenza, but was not confined to bed. On 15th November he was feeling much better and was out twice. In the evening he sat writing and reading his Bible until half-past ten, when he went up to bed.

A few moments later the limitations of the earthly life were no more, and he had been called to the freer and more perfect service of the Land towards which his steps had so long been set.

Of the way the Call had come his sister, Lady Boyd, wrote:

"I was so glad to hear all you told me. It reminded me of Robert's never-failing remark in every letter that goodness and mercy were following him. I don't think he would have chosen anything different."

And this was from Mrs. H. W. Webb-Peploe:

"A friend gave me a beautiful comment after she had called at your house. She said the atmosphere was full of triumph, not like a house where death had entered. And of course Translation is a much more suitable word than death."

The services in Trinity Church and at Kensal Green were conducted by the Rev. Joseph Rorke, the others taking part being the Revs. R. Wright Hay, Dr. A. C. Dixon and Harrington C. Lees, afterwards Archbishop of Melbourne. Many letters of sympathy have been quoted already; only one other will be mentioned here, that from the Bishop of Durham, who wrote from Auckland Castle:

"My DEAR LADY AGNES,

The announcement of Sir Robert's call Home has deeply moved me. For long years he had treated me with wonderful brotherliness as a friend in God and a fellow-believer in the truth of the Written Word. His letters and our too rare talks have left on my heart an impression all their own. He was so strong, so keen in insight and logical power, and yet so inexpressibly kind, so manifestly THE MASTER'S scholar in that way. .

"I am with deep and most respectful sympathy,

"Yours in Christ and His hope,

"HANDLEY DUNELM."

After my mother's own Home Call seven years later Dr. Hugh Falconer wrote to my sister

"We were astonished at the quality and insight of the little leading article in the Women's Protestant Union paper, the last I think which your dear mother wrote or dictated. It brought her back so vividly that I felt as if she were present. And the very spirit and presence of Sir Robert were with me too; and the kind of intimate Christian conversation we used to have seemed to talk itself over again. He often used to ask me what did I understand by our Lord's title 'the Firstborn of God' and yet 'among many brethren,' - all therefore in a measure like Him in relation both to our Father and to one another. But we could only hold up our hands and say, 'O, the depth of the riches!

Canon T. D. Bernard, Bampton Lecturer at Oxford in 1864, once wrote to my father: "I am thankful, and so will you be, that we leave some words behind us not against the truth but for the truth, which may if God permit serve their purpose in one life or another after we are gone."

This memoir has been compiled partly from a desire that my father's many readers may know more of him; but also in the hope that others may be led to consider "the words for the truth" which he has left behind, and may perhaps be helped and encouraged by the witness of his and my mother's lives. Here are the closing words of his last book, *Unfulfilled Prophecy*:

"If even a very few Christians in every place would begin to 'speak often one to another' about the

Coming of the Lord, they would soon come together to pray for His Return. And from such small beginnings it may be that, for the first time in the history of Christendom, companies of His people shall be found meeting together to claim the fulfilment of His promise, 'Surely I am coming quickly,' and to pray the prayer which He Himself has given us, 'Even so come, Lord Jesus.'

"SAFE."

SAFE in Jehovah's keeping,
Led by His glorious arm,
God is Himself my refuge,
A present help from harm.
Fears may at times distress me,
Griefs may my soul annoy;
God is my strength and portion,
God my exceeding joy.

Safe in Jehovah's keeping,
Safe in temptation's hour,
Safe in the midst of perils,
Kept by Almighty power.
Safe when the tempest rages,
Safe though the night be long;
E'en when my sky is darkest
God is my strength and song.

Sure is Jehovah's promise,
Nought can my hope assail;
Here is my soul's sure anchor,
Entered within the veil.
Blest in His love eternal,
What can I want beside
Safe through the blood that cleanseth,
Safe in the Christ that died.

R. A.

THE END

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