A PASTORAL BISHOP: A MEMOIR OF ALEXANDER CHINNERY-HALDANE, D.D.

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A Pastoral Bishop: A Memoir of Alexander Chinnery-Haldane, D.D. by Thomas Isaac Ball

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THOMAS ISAAC BALL

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OF

ALEXANDER CHINNERY-HALDANE, D.D.

SOMETIME BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES

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BY

THOMAS ISAAC BALL, LL.D.
PROVOST OF CUMBRAR CATHEDRAL

WITH THREE PORTRAITS

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PREFACE

I HAVE endeavoured, before all things, in this work to set forth before my readers a human document.

I have, therefore, reversed the order which I have noticed is frequently, perhaps generally, observed in "Lives," or biographies. The story of the life comes first, and then, as a kind of summing up, a character sketch, with an epitome of opinions, is There are advantages in this order, but it seems to me that it is not in this way that human things generally proceed. Do we not, as a rule, feel interest in a man's life-story because we have first become interested in himself? A man's character strikes us as attractive, his opinions seem to us worthy of attention; and so we want to know the story of his life, and to trace if we can the influences which formed these opinions, and the influence these opinions have had on the life. For if it be ... partially true, as it certainly is within limits, that a man's opinions are to some extent the result of his environment, it is also true that every man contributes to the making of his own environment, and that the way in which he does this is the result of his opinions.

I have then endeavoured, first of all, to show the Bishop as he was in the maturity of his age, in

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character, in belief, in religious position; those who by reading of this have their interest in the man roused, quickened, or enlightened, will, I think, certainly wish to know something of the life which the man formed for himself, and which in turn helped to form the man.

I have called this work a "Memoir," that is, a remembrance, and I am the one who here remembers; this being so, I have found it difficult to keep the recognition of my own personality as much out of the Memoir as I could have wished. Newman says somewhere, that sometimes egotism is the truest modesty. Surely this is a wise saying. An elaborate attempt to appear as if one were keeping one's personality out of sight, is in reality more ostentatious than to allow one's personality to appear when simplicity would take it for granted that it would do so. Though I have not been at the trouble to conceal myself under ambiguous or roundabout periphrases, I trust that I do not intrude unpleasantly into the course of the history.

I have hoped that beside helping men in their love of the good and beautiful, by presenting them with the picture of a pure and devoted life, I may have also helped English Churchmen to understand a little better the way in which a Church, which is an integral part of the great Anglican Communion, does its work in the Northern Kingdom; a subject about which English Churchmen are too often strangely uninterested, and lamentably ignorant. Not infrequently even highly placed ecclesiastics have a better and more accurate idea of the history and position of their Communion in China than they

have of the history, the position, the prospects, the working, of their Sister Church over the border. This is neither intelligent nor creditable.

The Bishop once told a mutual friend, that we, he and I, agreed absolutely on every point, save one. (I am not quite sure what exception he may have had in his mind when saying this.) No doubt this was true as far as entire agreement in great leading beliefs and principles is concerned; but it is fair to say that with regard to these, also with regard to lesser things, there were certain shades of difference in opinion between the Bishop and myself. In my record of his beliefs and opinions I have striven to express exactly what he himself said, without comments of my own as to the tenability of these opinions or the reverse. But this absence of comment is not to be taken as always indicating complete agreement.

On his death-bed the Bishop expressed the wish that if anything in the shape of a Memoir were written of him, I would undertake the task. This must be my apology for having presumed to write this book. In all that I have written I have endeavoured to write as the beloved and revered subject of my memories would have wished me to write. I have tried, in the first place, to be simply true: what is the value of anything that is written if it be not true? The life that I have dealt with was a singularly sincere and true life, and it would be a wrong done to it to write of it otherwise than truly. "Love the truth and peace," says the Prophet, and I trust that in seeking to write truly I have not forgotten the duty of being peaceable; I

trust that I have written nothing that will stir strife, or mar peace on earth among men of goodwill. May all that is written tend ad majorem Dei gloriam. May God accept all that attains this end. If in anything I have proved unfaithful in my

pursuit of this end, may God forgive me.

I must gratefully acknowledge the kindness with which relations and friends of the beloved Bishop have put letters and other documents at my disposal. Some of these have requested that their names should not be mentioned as having contributed in this way to the work; perhaps it will be better to observe this rule with regard to all, and to ask all who have helped me to accept this general expression of my gratitude. Even when letters have not been quoted they have often been of assistance by the side-light they have thrown on the Bishop's actions or opinions.

Two exceptions I must make to my rule of reticence with regard to the names of my kind helpers. I cannot refrain from saying that without the unstinted care and attention which Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane graciously accorded to every inquiry which I brought before her, when preparing this Memoir, the work could scarcely have been brought to completion at all; I am no less indebted to her for her discriminating revision of the book when in manuscript. Those who read this Memoir will not need to be told how greatly I am in the debt of Canon Duncan for his valuable contribution to it.

The Editor of the Guardian has courteously permitted me to make use, here and there, of matter contributed by me to that paper on the occasion of the Bishop's death and obsequies.

The Portrait which forms the frontispiece to this Memoir, and that which faces Chapter IX., are reproduced from photographs taken in the studio of Messrs. J. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, Portman Square, London. The Portrait which precedes the last chapter is from a photograph by Kate Pragnell, 39, Brompton Square, London.

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THOS. I. BALL.