

The late Rev. Neil Cameron, Glasgow.¹

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By Rev. Donald Beaton

IT is with heartfelt sorrow we record the death of the Rev. Neil Cameron. Mr. Cameron, as most of our readers are aware, underwent a serious operation last August and made a remarkable recovery.

On Friday, 4th March, new developments set in and on Wednesday morning, 9th March, he passed away to his everlasting rest.

The news came as a shock as we did not realise that our friend's earthly journey was so near its end. We who were associated with him so long can scarcely realise that he is gone but alas! no more shall we have the benefit of his counsel in discussing matters pertaining to the cause in which we had a common interest. In his removal the Free Presbyterian Church has lost its most outstanding minister and the cause of Christ one of its most faithful servants.

Mr. Cameron was born at Kilninver, near Oban, and in his younger days spent much of his time in Ardnamurchan and the adjacent parts.

In his pre-converted days, he was like so many other young people fond of songs and dancing and other vain frivolities. But when the great change came Neil Cameron turned his back on these and when he became a minister, he unsparingly denounced them and warned his hearers of their dangers.

We are not sure under whose preaching he was awakened but we have heard him speak in such affectionate terms of the Rev. John Macqueen, Strontian (afterwards of Daviot) that it is evident he received much help from that gracious minister's preaching. After his conversion he passed through a very trying spiritual experience which will probably be related in a fuller notice than we can give at present. This may be said to have been like a second conversion and so searching was it that it left its trace on him to the end of his days.

¹ This is a tribute only. A full obituary can be found on this Website.

We well remember listening to his account of this experience on one occasion and it explained to us as nothing else could that feature of his preaching that denounced shams of every kind and warned against false refuges for eternity.

Those of us who remembered Mr. Cameron's preaching in his younger days would have noticed a remarkable mellowing in his later years which accompanied by the strong note of faithfulness made his message peculiarly attractive to the Lord's people. He was like one coming to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.

Mr. Cameron gathered together a large congregation in Glasgow who were devotedly attached to him. For the space of nearly forty years, he shunned not to declare to them the whole counsel of God.

As a witness for the truth no one who ever listened to him could help feeling here was a man who eared nothing for the opinions of men however great they were in comparison with the truth of God. His whole life since the day he made a public profession was a clear and ringing testimony for God's Word and Truth. Perhaps no minister of our day was so devotedly loved by many and so heartily hated by others. When he delivered his sledge-hammer blows against all compromising and trimming the compromisers and trimmers after they had somewhat rallied from the stunning effects of the blow delivered turned with ill-concealed anger upon him. Now that he is gone, we believe that those who were readiest to condemn him when they smarted from his strokes will cheerfully acknowledge that there has passed from our midst a champion for the truth whose loss we can ill afford in these days of lukewarmness and unfaithfulness.

Those who did not know Mr. Cameron, except as he appeared in the pulpit, were ready to have very wrong ideas of him as a man.

The stern note that often sounded in his preaching left the impression on some that here was a man who had no tender feelings. This was an entirely wrong impression; for those who knew him best will readily acknowledge that he had a heart full of tenderness, and sympathy. No one could wish a truer or more loyal friend. In anything we have said about him we do not wish to leave the impression on the mind of any of our readers that we regarded him as perfect. He was like other men in that he had his own imperfections but this is neither the

place nor the time to dwell on these but we cannot help remarking that he was at times unjustly criticised.

From his student days until he breathed his last Mr. Cameron like Mr. Valiant for Truth stood with his sword in his hand defending the truth. As we hope to have a fuller notice in a later issue in which more details and a more adequate account of the character and work of our departed friend will be given, we close this brief notice with Bunyan's account of Mr. Valiant for Truth's passing over the River.

"'I am going,' he said, 'to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now do I not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and sears I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles, who now will be my rewarder? When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side: into which as he went, he said—'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said—'Grave, where is thy victory?' So, he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'"

We tender to his bereaved sister and sorrowing congregation our sincere sympathy in the great loss they have sustained through the removal of this champion for truth." Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow."