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THE LATE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D. D.

In the death of Dr. Thomas Guthrie, tidings of which have just reached us, the Free Church of Scotland has lost one of its brightest ornaments, his native land has been bereaved of one of its foremost philanthropists, and the Christian pulpit has been deprived of one of its most eloquent orators.

He was born in 1803, in the town of Brechin in the north, and it is not probable that the influence of his mother upon him, preparatory to his taking the stand for ecclesiastical liberty and social reformation by which his after life was made illustrious.

At the early age of twelve years, he entered the University at Edinburgh, at which he studied for ten years. He was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1825, but like Edward Irving, and some others who became famous in the pulpit, he was not immediately popular, for he did not obtain a parish till 1830. The intervening years were spent by him partly in Paris, in "walking the hospitals," as a medical student, and partly at Brechin in managing the banking establishment, of his brother, which he did for the benefit of his nephews until the oldest of them was able to take the place from which his father had been taken by death.

His first parish was Arbroath, from the manse of which he had a full view of the German Ocean, with the Bell Rock Lighthouse standing in the foreground, keeping its loving vigil. Here he studied Nature in all her varying moods. Here too he shaped within himself the ideal of preaching which he afterwards did so much to realize. Discovering through his intercourse with the members of his Bible class, how much an illustration did to assist the understanding and the memory of his hearers, he set himself to cultivate the pictorial and illustrative in his discourses. This he did with so much success, that he soon stepped into the front rank of the preachers of his time, and was "translated" to Edinburgh in 1837. In that city he filled the pulpit first of old Greyfriars church, and afterward of St. John's church, in both of which he attracted audiences of the most cultivated character.

Edinburgh was at that time blessed with a group of the noblest ministers that Scotland has ever known. Candlish was there with his searching analysis, his scathing irony, and his earnest of invective; Cunningham with his clear-cut logic and his sledge hammer iteration, which came down again and again on his theme with overwhelming force; Gordon was there, that pulpit lustreman, as John Duncan called him, who beat for his idea on this side the covert, and on that side the covert, and then having started it off went forth in eager pursuit, until, when he found it was not to be obtained, he beat it back to the Professor's chair, yet frequently making his appearance in the sacred desk, and bearing all before him with the fiery energy of his passion; John Brown was there with his lucid exposition and earnest appeal.

It was no ordinary thing, therefore, for a man to take a foremost place among such princes. Yet Guthrie was distinguishedly different from them all, and by the charm of his illustrations, the simplicity of his teaching, and the dramatic power of his manner, he rose as one to the position which he ever afterwards maintained. In the exciting conflict which led to the disruption and the formation of the Free church, he was in the thick of the fray, and after the conflict was over he always stood for the length and breadth of the land, evoking the sympathy of the people for the "outed" ministers with such effect that he was instrumental in building parsonages for nearly all of them.

These labors told severely on his health, and laid the foundation of that disease which has now taken him from the earth. For a time he was laid aside, but he obtained a colleague, the Rev. Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law of Chalmers, and being relieved from the entire pressure of pastoral responsibility, he recovered so as to be able to preach for one part of the day, (which he did regularly till a few years ago) and to take a prominent part in movements for the welfare of the people at large. He was especially active in the cause of temperance, and perhaps to him more than any other man in Great Britain, the Lugged School movement was indebted for its success. We have been told that his thoughts were first directed into this channel by the sight of a picture representing John Pounds and his scholars, which he chanced to see hanging on the parlor wall of a hotel in which he was waiting for the arrival of a lady. But whether this be true or not we know not, that the example of Sheriff Watson in Aberdeen, who not only taught but fed the ragged scholars, first determined him to try the experiment in Edinburgh. His efforts were thoroughly successful, and very soon the streets of the city were almost entirely purged of juvenile beggars, and the cells of the jails emptied of juvenile criminals.

It was in his plans for Ragged Schools that his full powers as an orator came out. In the pulpit he held a firm restraint upon his humor, but on the platform he allowed it to have perfect liberty, and as the result his appeals were a mingling of pathos and humor with earnest exhortation and admirable common sense. Great as he was in the pulpit, he was always thought that he was greatest on the platform. His tall, long arms, mobile face, piercing eyes, and admirable acting contributed to his power, and few speakers that we have heard could so thoroughly "maimulate" an audience as he could. His anecdotes were always telling, often grotesque, and he never neglected to elicit the effect of a pointed application to the matter in hand. Having driven the nail, he took care to rivet it on the other side, so that it remained forever fixed in the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

He knew, too, how to adapt his arguments to the place in which he spoke. We once heard him in Liverpool make an appeal in behalf of Italian evangelization, which was as appropriate as it was original. He spoke of America and what commerce with that continent had done for Liverpool, but said he, "America was discovered by Columbus, and Columbus was an Italian." He spoke of the trackless sea, the difficulty of navigating it, and the value of the barometer in forecasting the storm, but again he added, "The barometer was invented by Torricelli, and Torricelli was an Italian. Then came another reference to the impossibility of navigation without a knowledge of astronomy, which he traced up to Galileo, and finished with the refrain, 'but Galileo was an Italian. It was interesting to us to note the faces of his audience, (for we were on the platform by his side,) as he made these allusions, and to mark by the lowest of his fellow citizens. Hugh Miller, and Sir James Simpson were among his congregation, and Professor Blackie has been heard to say that a passage in one of Guthrie's discourses was more modern than anything he had met with in modern literature. He was a frequent guest in Lavatory Castle, under the roof of the Duke of Argyll, and at the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with the Princess Louise Her Majesty came to him and desired him to take him by the hand. He would have been less than human if he had not been pleased with all this; but we are not sure that his heart was not even more deeply touched by the generous appreciation with which the great mass of the community rewarded him. In one of his plans for Ragged-schools there is the following passage, which will illustrate our meaning and also show his style.

"Returning in one of the fiercest storms I have faced, from the opposite end of the town, it was with difficulty I made good my way round the base of the cross on the south side of the Castle rock. Entering on picturesque High street, where I kept the 'Cantle of the Causey,' (the middle of the street,) to avoid smothering chimney-pots, and passing homeward along some of our best thoroughfares, I found them all but cleared as by rounds of grape-shot. Though a day on which a man would not have set out a dog I saw a child seven years old in one of the streets. Poor wretch! He stood in the flooded gutter, his ragged hair matted with rain, and the storm pelting on his head; it was pitiful to see him, as if in answer to the plea, the hungry, naked, distressed, who by the cost might have been aided, with painful vividness seemed to surround me. It came also to mind, that when speaking to a poor unfortunate, my eye had fallen upon her garish array; and that at the time, I had been mournfully struck with the thought that banking after every annual narrow hundreds of poor girls into that unhappy path of sin and death. It occurred to me next that fine dresses in the pews shade the poverty-stricken out of the sanctuary. I said, 'Why do I wear them?' I could find no reason higher than man-pleasing, or better than fear of pecuniary. I saw the necessity of decision. I conscientiously laid them aside. As trophies, for you, of great victory, they were now useless to me—a packet of my old belongings. Do with them what seems to you best. I intend henceforth to be a simple follower of the Lamb.

Jesus my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, and lowly followed,
Thence from hence my all shall be.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how lowly my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

Now before I close, I will confess a woman's weakness was the cause of indifference; I had felt sure that I did not care for them. Ah, sir, such sayings were words of ignorance. In laying them down I first found how much I had really loved them. It was a much greater relief to me than I expected it to be. My sisters, who have not made the experiment, will further say that I have found the burden of the cross to be sweet. Friends urge upon me that use of trinkets and the following of the fashions do good to business. An argument I reply as old as Demetrius; and no more triumphant in the lips of traders than it was in those of the shrike makers of Vanity.

I now endeavor to adorn myself only with godliness and good works; and desire, henceforth, for my very dress may tell whose I am.

That God may help you, sir, to expose this device of Satan before the church, and to drive it right out of it, is the sincere prayer of your sister in Christ.

ANNE MOSS.
(Life of Rev. Thomas Collins, by the Rev. Thomas Collins, pp. 202-4.)

and where their employment is clean, light and fairly remunerative, has not unreasonably, ever been somewhat remarkable for the dressiness of its women. Mr. Collins both hated and detested worldly conformity. It seemed to him the moth and rust of the church. The gawdaw common in female head gear greatly grieved him. "Here," he says, "the silly fashion of bedecking with flowers and gaudy ribbons so prevails, that members—yes, and old ones too—are carried away with it." When he saw an evil, it was impossible for him to keep his hands off.

He always struck. His exhortations on this matter were despised, but many obeyed. Jewels and flowers were laid aside for the Lord's sake. The members, neat and plain, revived the memory of early Methodist simplicity. Not a few brought to their pastor, the garlands which some had decked their brows. His ingenuity found better use for them. They became the ornaments of a Missionary Map-ple. It was rather more than six feet high, and when tastefully wreathed from top to bottom, though it could not be proud, was exceedingly pretty. A missionary box formed the base of this trophy of crucified vanity; and a practical inscription solicited a thank offering for the triumphs of grace, which during the revival had induced so many to put away what is designated "Pride that plagues the church's youth, and shames the church's poor. It went on to say:—

Better shewy trifles here,
Than twined in ladies' locks;
They could not add a beauty there,
Nor fill the mission box.

Men to dress are tempted less,
But they who wear their gowns to hold;
Sacrifice their gowns to God,
Your dress may gain their gold.

There was a touch of quaint humour in all this; but it impressed young people with a much needed lesson, and in the missionary campaign of that year proved to be financially a great success. Many excellent persons wear them. They became the ornaments of a Missionary Map-ple. It was rather more than six feet high, and when tastefully wreathed from top to bottom, though it could not be proud, was exceedingly pretty. A missionary box formed the base of this trophy of crucified vanity; and a practical inscription solicited a thank offering for the triumphs of grace, which during the revival had induced so many to put away what is designated "Pride that plagues the church's youth, and shames the church's poor. It went on to say:—

will rise above them into a new element. Try Him every thing. Make Him a reality. Only then will you begin to know Him as you should. Only then will the unutterable presence of Jesus begin to unfold itself to your heart.—*Whitfield.*

WORK AND WAIT.

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

A husbandman who sows in tears,
Had plowed his fields and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain,
The heavens are brass, they yield no rain;
The earth is iron, I toil in vain."

While yet he spoke a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery,
Yet none can tell in vain for me."

"A nightingale, more skilled than this,
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work and wait and wait
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear!
The clouds are thundering in thine ear.
An answer to thy doubt and fear."

He looked and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men:
Rewritten with his rainbow pen:

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail;
And, though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

—*Sailor's Magazine.*

nature which prove revivals to be philosophical; namely, the necessity of excitement in order to the production of great results, and the impossibility of its equal and permanent continuance. Almost every great movement in the world has been carried on by masses of men under the impulse of some strong emotion. Witness the Crusades, and all great wars, political campaigns, and civil and religious revolutions. We are aware that it is often urged as an objection against revivals that they are attended with excitement. But why is that had in religion which is indispensable in other great movements? The very men who object to any earnest and exciting manifestations in this work of saving sinners are often the most enthusiastic in supporting their political candidates. They think intense activities very proper in minor matters; but if, in dealing with concerns the most momentous, because eternal, a man is preaching, or praying, or exhorting, shows that his whole soul is thrillingly moved, they will cry out as an awakened sinner did of old, "Thou art beside thyself." If precisely such agencies as political editors and candidates employ to excite interest and secure success in their canvases were used by ministers and Church members to secure similar results, the secular press would brand the whole as fanaticism.

It is a rule, admitting of few exceptions, that men are converted only under the influence of excitement. We hear a great deal about the necessity of calmness in religious matters. We are told that men ought to act on principle and from mature conviction. If by "calmness" the deliberate, resolute movement of the mind toward its Saviour is meant, well. But if the stillness of death is meant, the world is full of that now; we need not plead for it. There are millions in Satan's clutches, and he is gently rocking them and crooning lullabies to keep them "calm." The truth is, this talk about the necessity of "mature conviction" is generally idle. It is an insinuation on effort toward its Saviour is meant, well. But if the stillness of death is meant, the world is full of that now; we need not plead for it. There are millions in Satan's clutches, and he is gently rocking them and crooning lullabies to keep them "calm." 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