

and thoroughly cosmopolitan in his interpretation and application of Christian truth, that he found common ground with Santa Teresa of the Roman Communion, Father John of the Greek Church, and many others, so that they became almost as familiar to the members of his Men's Class as the Bunyan characters themselves.

Probably no preacher or teacher of modern times has drawn together men of such varied views as Dr. Whyte attracted to his lectures, attendance at which has likely meant more to many than any University or even divinity course. Like all great souls seeking more truth and light in their day and generation, he found much to commend in the literature of all the Masters, past and present, who had, or had left records of any worth-while kind.

As in the '90's Lord Rosebery, with unexcelled charm of utterance and literary wealth and refinement, stirred and thrilled Scotsmen, and others also, with the gospel of Empire, so Dr. Whyte's radiant personality—in which love of literature and love of his fellowmen seemed as dominant on the human side as love to the Christ Lord he worshipped and hatred of the powers of evil were dominant in his preaching—exercised a far-reaching and long-lasting influence on many lives.

If some reading in astronomy taught a student for all time the proportion of this world in the universe, certain book acquaintances gleaned from or emphasised by Dr. Whyte in succeeding seasons, could not but impress him, and, that all the more if he had literary predispositions, with the wealth of ancient and modern literature. As a consequence, a student, no matter what his studies or reading in other directions, was kept humble, even while he was instructed, encouraged and inspired, having strengthened in him the while, love for that literature which tends to lead the mental into the spiritual.

Whatever his essays or aspirations in the journalistic or literary field, and however much he might attempt in the way of reading, reviewing, or in writing itself, no Edinburgh student attending Dr. Whyte's Class was ever likely to forget that in the realm of worth-while literature, he was, in some measure, in Sir Isaac Newton's memorable words, like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him. One life-time here seems all too short for literature—to say nothing of theology.

A "Divinely Gifted Man, Whose Life in Low Estate Began"

Like many men of note, Dr. Whyte made clear in various ways that he owed much to his mother, a bust of whom adorned the hall of his home. Subject as he was to the common lot, in conditions and temptations, perhaps neither Smiles' "Self Help" nor other records of heroes in humble life, could furnish a more outstanding case of a man who "breasted the blows of circumstance, and grappled with his evil star."

No matter what each human being's inheritance for good or ill, intellectually or otherwise, life teaches us that "every soul of us must for himself do battle with the Untoward, and for himself discover the Unseen," and in the case of Dr. Whyte as in that of most men and women who take pre-eminent place among their fellows, there was little occasion to speak of "grasping the skirts of happy chance." The explanation lay rather in persistent work, work, work. He made no secret before his classes that the preparatory reading and reviewing for them was done during the summer "holidays."

What Professor Masson, Edinburgh, did in some part for Milton in book form, Dr. Whyte did with living voice. Probably many a student could say with the writer that, influenced by Dr. Whyte's expositions, he read through Milton,—finding the great story in his sonorous verse as arresting and delightful as that of any novel, and mentally much more enriching.

Every one who for years attended the services at St.

George's, Edinburgh, or the lectures for one season or more, will carry his own memories; but some recollections are sure to be held in common. An article could be written on these alone. His asides to divinity students, (in his sermons and lectures too), his outline of a week's programme of an idle or careless young minister, were unforgettable.

As for his own work of preparation, it might surprise people, especially some continental folk, who value preaching and oratory in the measure in which a man, like Antony, "only speaks right on," to know that Dr. Whyte put such unremitting toil into his preparation that he has told his class, (in referring to an evening's sermon) that "he had re-written that sermon as often as nine times before he was satisfied to preach it."

Some of his injunctions were more than arresting, and could not but be dear to the hearts of real book-lovers. Of many a good book he said, "Sell your bed to buy it!" or "Save your tobacco money for a week, man!" These were common, but there were others equally strong and suggestive of relative values.

He made no secret to students at the classes that his lectures to them—given not from the pulpit, but from the closer quarters of the platform in front—like most literary, social or ministerial work worth while, involved much forethought and preparation in study, and analytical note making.

The writer remembers that when Dr. Hugh Black, then Dr. Whyte's colleague, appeared before him in St. George's in connection with the baptism of his child, Dr. Whyte, in his inimitable home-like, and utterly unaffected way, said—"He'll teach you more sir, than any of your College Professors."

Sometimes he mentioned Professor Marcus Dods at the class: "What was he doing when nobody would have him?" "Working so"—and then he would enlarge on the value of unostentatious work—a subject, the need for the emphasising of which (as distinct from, or supplementary to organisation or oratory) might keep a Dr. Whyte and a Dean Earrar busy for a generation!

A Personal Reminiscence.

When visiting Scotland in 1913, the writer had the privilege of meeting Dr. Whyte at the beautiful home in Perthshire where he was spending the summer. Even then he was growing frail physically, but his friendly thoughtfulness and fatherly manner—and his kindly reference to the Magazine—left a happy memory, just as his telegram of well-wishing came as a benediction after a marriage ceremony. Apart from the writer's class connection, Dr. and Mrs. Whyte had been interested in the Home Mission work in the Western Islands of Scotland in which Mrs. Chalmers had been engaged for some years prior to marriage; and no wedding gift was more highly prized than the framed autographed picture of Dr. Whyte himself, (a reproduction of a portrait presentation from his Men's Class), from which a small engraving is herewith produced.

"Promise--Come--True"

The morn was a gleam
in the Spring of the year
I woke in a daze with a carillon ringing
like bells that were blown in the breath of a dream.

But why, oh why
was my heart asleep, while my listening ear
was tingling with tune of a wild bird singing
of the first thin green of a new Spring spread
for the mad, glad romp of the flowers?—

'Twas clear
that Spring-tide was Love-tide, and both were nigh . . .

"Wake up! Wake up, sleepy heart!" I said—
"Awake and away!"

"Do you hear what he sings from the hawthorn-spray?—
"There's white may and red
"in the lap o' the year!"

—LIONEL HAWEIS.