

This great divine spoke from notes and the sermon showed thorough preparation. His rhetoric was copious and elegant. His tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Dr. Watson has the power to stir the spirit to its depths. He has an elusive, indefinable something we call personal magnetism, and puts his auditors under the spell of this mesmeric influence. They surrendered unconditionally, now leaning forward to catch every word with highly-wrought tension, and then as he finished a point, leaning back in their seats only to repeat the process a little later. With his pathos, sublimity and cynical humor he touched the cords of every heart. He is versatile, passionate, sympathetic, and intellectually, a giant.

Dr. Watson is one of the speakers whose listeners never wonder what o'clock it is, for he talks *to* people,—not *before* them. He uses cunning, penetrative words: they are his “nimble and airy servitors”—indeed, I can only say of him what Emerson said of Whitman, “I find incomparable things things said incomparably well.”

I had the great pleasure too, of hearing the “Bishop of Liverpool, the venerable Dr. Ryle, one of the famous champion of Evangelical religion in the world. He is prodigiously tall but in spite of his age and feebleness, preserves an erect and stately carriage: his handsome scholarly face is deep-bitten with wrinkles. Although the Bishop’s voice is weak, he speaks with the snap and spirit of youth: his style is direct, terse and pungent. The sermon was live matter; chiefly

“n’oration
About High Church innovation an’ a-driftin back to Rome.”

They were no soft words he used in his scathing protests against the “heretical and damnable” doctrines that are undermining the Established Church. His uncompromising hostility to ritualism did not permit his palliating or glossing over the situation. He hit straight out, and hard.