

in his own mind independent of all help a knowledge of what he is about to teach. And when this part of God's word has been thoroughly mastered he will speak to his class with a conviction and a purpose unknown to those who on account of hasty preparations can only appear before the class when propped up by helps.

IV. He should know the members of his class. He should seek to find out their temptations; their dispositions; their home life and their associations. By this knowledge he will be able to bring God's truth to their lives in such a way as shall be helpful in the every day struggles and discharges of daily duties.

V. He should seek the aid of the Holy Spirit to help him unfold the truth of each lesson and to impress this truth upon the minds and hearts of the members of his class. Without the Spirit of God all his previous work will prove fruitless. It will be like the electric wires and costly instruments without the electric current. But with God's spirit and his best equipment, spiritual results will surely follow. This is by no means an exhaustive treatment of this subject, but rather suggestive of what seems to the writer essential qualifications in order that the teacher shall do the best work possible. And the teacher of a Bible class who does not desire to do his best is unworthy of his high calling.

Sussex, N. B., Feb. 7th.

W. CAMP.

### A Reminiscent Gossip About Famous Preachers.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND.

NO. II.

Neither time nor space will permit me to make lengthened references to other famous preachers. I have heard and shaken hands with both Beecher and Talmage. Of the latter, I can only say as many people have done, that listening to him was a disappointment and disenchantment to me.

Henry Ward Beecher, in my judgment, was the greatest preacher this continent has produced. Physically, mentally, and morally he was a monarch among men. I heard him twice in the City Temple, London. It was on his last visit to England, and shortly before his death. Of course he was long past his prime; but he had not ceased to be a master of assemblies. What struck me most at the time was the contrast he presented to Dr. Parker. By the side of Beecher, Parker seemed artificial and almost tame. Let it be understood that I am not depreciating Joseph Parker, who is a man of marvellous ability and for whom I have a sincere admiration. I merely give my impression of the two men: Beecher, in my opinion was by far the greater natural genius.

Speaking of the pastor of the City Temple, I may say that I heard him before that noble edifice was built. I was a youth in a London warehouse when his pulpit reputation was rapidly growing, and when he used to preach on Sunday mornings in the large hall of the Cannon Street Hotel and on Sunday evenings in Exeter Hall. Often since I have sat with pleasure and profit beneath his ministry. Again and again in my college days, much to the annoyance of our tutors, did I with other daring spirits steal away from the tedious duties of class room and lecture hall to attend the well-known Thursday morning service.

One of my early favorites in the pulpit was J. P. Chown, who was generally known as "Chown of Bradford," that being the sphere of his longest labors and the scene of his chief triumphs. He afterwards left that field, to which he was so peculiarly adapted, and at the urgent request of several prominent denominational leaders, entered upon the pastorate of Bloomsbury church, where it was passing through a trying crisis. In that position he acquitted himself most creditably, and held his own among the brilliant lights of the London pulpit.

A short, rather spare man, with ruddy face and far-reaching voice that had about it a strange metallic ring. His style was wordy, though at times it became genuinely eloquent. It is as "Chown of Bradford" that he will be best remembered. I was present at one of the opening services of the large church built for him in that town, where I was then engaged in my first situation.

Hugh Stowell Brown was the preacher on that occasion, and his subject I believe, "The unsearchable riches of Christ." He was a man of another sort: burly, bluff—massive both in body and mind—altogether a forceful personality. He possessed a good deal of dry humor, and his jocularity was all the more telling from his ponderous manner. The idea of cant would never occur in connection with him, unless it were through his utter abhorrence of it. He himself intimated that he spent very little on starch. It is reported that once in addressing young men, he said: "Young men, see to it that when you put off the old man, you don't put on the old woman." Assuredly there was little of the ancient female about Hugh Stowell Brown. Maybe this pronounced masculinity was the reason of his unbounded popularity both with working-men and his ministerial brethren. His ministry at Myrtle Street, Liverpool, was of a solid and edifying nature. There was once a talk of his resigning his position there, and leaving that maritime metropolis. The feelings of church and community at the prospect of such a severance were truthfully, if rudely, expressed by a doggerel rhymster, who thus admonished him:

"I say, Brown, you know you shouldn't  
Ever think of stepping down;  
Once forever give that wish up,  
We could do without a Bishop,  
But we'd simply kick the diash up,  
If we lost our brave old Brown."

Whether such a tender remonstrance had any effect upon him we do not know. We do know, however, that he finished his life and labors in the place where he was best known and loved.

I cannot forbear as I bring these ramblings to an end, to mention my first sight and sound of Dr. Maclaren. I was nearing manhood, when one Sunday he supplied the pulpit of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He was as different from Mr. Spurgeon as one preacher of the same gospel could well be from another. The thin wiry form upon which the clothes seemed to hang loose and unshapely, the keen, intellectual face—with large lustrous eyes, the manner—instinct with nervous energy, the voice—vibrating and penetrating, the diction—so choice and chaste, the matter—so scholarly and thoughtful went to make up a preacher unlike any other I had ever heard. Immature as I then was, I had enough discernment to appreciate one of the most remarkable pulpit geniuses the world has ever known. Never can I forget his texts, they are stamped upon my memory forever. In the morning he discoursed upon that familiar passage: "The glorious gospel of the blessed God," and he gave as such an exposition of it, at once so exhaustive and so lucid, that the most illiterate caught the meaning, and we all seemed introduced into a new and wider realm of thought. He treated us to a more correct rendering of the text, viz., "The gospel of the glory of the happy God." How beautifully did he unfold the conception thus suggested, as to the nature of God and the gospel as a manifestation of His glory.

In the evening his text was found in Isaiah 12: 3. "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." As he proceeded to open up the truth there contained, I could almost see the gleaming of the water pure as crystal; yea, I think I drank of it with refreshment to my soul. He showed us that the Old Testament prediction found its fulfilment in Christ, and pictured the scene on the last day, the great day of the feast, when Jesus stood, and cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Several times since have I heard Alexander Maclaren, and ever with delight and profit.

It may be thought strange that among these reminiscences I have omitted any particular reference to Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Well, that is a subject worthy of an entire article. And it is a theme upon which, while inexhaustible, it is difficult to say much that has not in some way been said. I would respectfully advise the reader, if means allow, to secure the great autobiography of that wonderful man, edited by Mrs. Spurgeon, which is now in course of publication. Two volumes have already been issued; two more are required, to complete the work, which will hereafter be the one authorized, reliable, comprehensive and satisfactory life of Spurgeon. The cost is high (about \$10), but the volumes are large and truly artistic in printing and illustration. Congregations could not do better than make a present of the work to their pastors. It should be in the hands of every Baptist minister and missionary throughout the world.

In conclusion I will simply quote the opening paragraph of a tribute to Mr. Spurgeon which I wrote in a Western daily just after his lamented departure: "The world's pulpit throne is vacant today, and the king of sacred eloquence, who has reigned for nearly forty years, has laid down his sceptre. The busy brain has stopped, the great heart is at rest, and the trumpet tongue is hushed forever. The name of Spurgeon has passed into history, and stands resplendent on the long roll of illustrious dead."

### Among Scottish Heather.

W. H. WARREN.

The ride by rail from London to Edinburgh presents to the tourist an ever-changing panorama of some of the most interesting and beautiful scenery in Britain. Swift trains, picturesque landscapes dotted with pretty towns and villages, fields encircled with green trees, roads skirted by trim hedges, and pleasing variety in the contour of hills and valleys, combines to afford a scene such as cannot fail to sustain a feeling of uninterrupted admiration in the spectator.

A ride of about nine hours brings us to the land of heather, of mossy glen and lovely loch. Passing Carlisle, we soon find ourselves moving along the sunny banks of the river Esk, which marks the boundary dividing the two countries. In this lowland region we are delighted with the pretty hills and streams and gently sloping pasture lands. We recall many incidents we have read respecting the daring deeds and bloody conflicts of the Border fame as we look upon the grassy crests of the Cheviot Hills, and we seem to hear the battle shout of a Wallace or a Douglas resounding among the rocky glens. But our reveries are abruptly terminated by the announcement that we are at Melrose.

At this pretty little town we stop for a day or two in order that we may take in its many charming sights. We climb the Eildon Hills and obtain views inspiring as those of Moses on Nebo. We stroll beside the babbling Tweed; visit Abbotsford, the former home of Scotland's favorite writer, Sir Walter Scott; linger among the treasures of his library, his armory, his drawing room and his

elegant halls. Then we visit Melrose Abbey, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the British Isles, and gaze with admiration upon its exquisitely finished carvings and traceries, its grotesque corbels, its clustered shafts and its massive pillars. Here lies buried the heart of Bruce, and near by repose the ashes of Sir David Brewster. Under the inspiration of this visit we go to Dryburgh Abbey, a similar scene of ruins, but more remote from any place of residence and therefore more solitary and weird. In the north transept of this latter Abbey lie the remains of Scott—a shrine visited annually by thousands of his admirers.

Seated once more in the comfortable cars we are borne rapidly along towards the Forth. We pass the bustling town of Galashiels and rush along through a beautiful valley, having the Pentland Hills on the west and the Hills of Lammermuir on the east. At length we sight the blue waters of the Forth and catch a glimpse of Dalkeith and Portobello. Arthur's Seat towers up in the west and assures us that we are near the "modern Athens." In a short time we enter Waverly station and step out into the crowded streets of Edinburgh.

We are not disappointed by the view we get of this fine old Scottish city. It is picturesque, clean and artistically arranged. Here we spend five weeks in unremitting sight-seeing. The story is too long to tell of our visit to Edinburgh Castle, with its old moats and dungeons, its royal apartments and armory, its crown jewels and other objects of interest; of our visit to Holyrood Palace, with its curious paintings, its many touching mementoes of Mary Queen of Scots, and its remains of departed royalty; and of our rambles among the various museums and other places of note in this great city. We scaled Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, perambulated Duddingston Loch; visited the neighboring castles of Craigmillar, Roslyn and Hawthornden; and rushed in the cars across the monster Forth Bridge.

In a pic-nicking excursion we sailed down the Forth to its mouth, getting fine views of North Berwick, Tantallon Castle and Bass Rock; and it was our privilege to stand upon the battle-field of Preston-Pans, where the Young Pretender gained so brilliant a victory over the forces under Sir John Cope.

Then we hurried away to the Highlands. On our way we spent a day at Stirling, looking through its historic Castle and its Greyfriars church, and roaming over the neighboring field of Bannockburn, where the great Bruce gained so surprising a victory over his English assailants.

Passing through this very beautiful region of Scotland we are borne along to the loveliest scenes of all. From Callander we ride westward on a stage coach through glens and along lakes of surpassing grandeur. The Trossachs especially fill us with admiration and delight. Mountains tinted with purple heather, forests of rich luxuriance, lakes in which nature blushes at her mirrored charms, rugged crags and mossy dells, all combine to awaken something like poetic inspiration in every breast. Loch Katrine claims the highest meed of praise. Its bewitching loveliness can only be conceived by those who have crossed its azure bosom.

Riding among the wild mountain passes from lake to lake, having here and there a glimpse of some beautiful cascade falling in snowy whiteness from the heights above, we cannot refrain from the frequent use of unique interjections expressive of our unbounded joy. Think of grave parsons and their wives and families shouting like inspired savages overpowered by the sublime grandeur of surrounding natural scenery!

We pass over Loch Lomond, near which the grand Ben Lomond is seen raising its lofty summit more than three thousand feet above our heads. A light haze hovers midway in the air, adding a peculiar charm to the view. We cross on rapid wheels from Tarbert to Inversnaid, and then sail the entire distance from this point of Loch Long to the Clyde.

We visit Greenock, where scores of steel ships are in course of construction, and then join an excursion party going by steamer to Inverary. Sailing down the Clyde, dotted on either side with pretty towns, we pass through the narrow Kyles of Bute, and pass swiftly over the surface of Loch Tyne, till we reach the small town of Inverary and see the castle which forms the residence of the Duke of Argyll. We pass many quaint towns, dilapidated castles and places of historic interest. The day is pleasantly spent, and we return to Greenock.

Glasgow, the largest city in Scotland, is next visited. We roam about its fine parks and notice its centres of business. Its University buildings are the finest we have seen in either Britain or America.

But we must hasten to Ayr, the home of Robbie Burns. A few hours ride on the train brings us to this time-honored place. We are soon at the cottage in which Scotland's pet poet was born. Its rooms, kept with utmost care, remain just as they were when the youthful bard lived in them. Near by is Alloway Kirk of Tam O'Shanter fame; and a little beyond is the old Bridge of Doon and the neat monument erected to the memory of the poet. Many are the visitors who come to this Scottish Mecca.

After lingering awhile among these objects made familiar by early reading we return to Edinburgh and make our plans for journeying homeward.