

*raconteur* combine to create an individuality more charming, if possible, than the best to be found in his books. From an article written by one of his fellow-students at Edinburgh University, we gather the chief incidents of his career. Dr. Watson was born in 1850, in Essex, the only child of his parents. His father was employed in the Civil Service, reaching finally the highest post in the Inland Revenue Department of Scotland. His mother's maiden name, Maclaren, has been taken by her son for a pen-name, preceded by his own first name turned into Gaelic (Ian). At the age of sixteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, but, like Stevenson and Drummond, fellow-students, did not achieve the highest distinction as a student. In 1870 he entered the New College, the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, where, also, he was distinguished more as a brilliant and intellectual force than as a laborious student. He found his spiritual teachers in Robertson and Bushnell, Ruskin and Emerson, Tennyson and Browning, Matthew Arnold and Lowell, rather than in professional theologians. T. H. Gree and Edward Caird especially had much to do with giving him a bent toward the "New Theology" so easily discussed in his "Mind of the Master." He is remembered by his fellow-students chiefly for his social vivacity and mental lightheartedness, his stories and sallies being an endless source of wonderment to graver students. He spent a semester, before his graduation, at Tübingen, and at the close of his student life acted for a few months as assistant in a large church in Edinburgh. Then, to the surprise of his friends, he accepted a call to a church of less than one hundred communicants in Logiealmond, in Perthshire, with a population of less than six hundred. Here he entered heartily into the humble life of his parishioners and was "abundantly content." To these quiet years we owe his inimitable sketches of life in Drumtochty. The Drumtochty portraits are none of them, however, photographs

from real life. George Howe, Jamie Soutar, and Weelum MacLure are creatures of imagination. In 1877 he went to Glasgow, and is now minister of one of the most influential churches in Liverpool, in Sefton Park.

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DR. WATSON is having a brilliant reception in the United States, and a striking tribute to his popularity is shown in the announcement that he is in greater demand than any of the other distinguished lecturers who have heretofore visited the country. Countless readers will learn with regret that the *Annals of Drumtochty* are closed; the last story, "Kate Carnegie," completes them. These stories are meant to represent elemental human life under simple conditions, which could not exist in cities, and the dialect helps to convey the idea of character. They are immensely popular in America, as their vivid portrayal of the Scotch naturally appeals to another virile people. Dr. Watson is now at work on two tales that are altogether English, and has just begun another theological work, as his whole time is not devoted to fun and fiction. In fact, he warns all young persons to be ponderous and platitudinous if they desire places of distinction or trust, and humorously shows from experiences of his own life how dangerous it is for a clergyman to let his sense of the ridiculous have play. People will say of a brilliant man, "O, he's smart, but we don't know where to find him," and when wanting to fill a place of power will turn to the man who looks wise and never appreciated a joke in his life. The latter is called a solid man, while the witty man is too illusive. People don't trust him. A minister would best barter his wit for the power to clear his throat well and to be stolidly dignified. "But, after all," says the Doctor, "a man who has never appreciated comedy never knows the depths of tragedy. A nature without a sense of humor is also calloused to the finer touches of pathos that make life so sweet."