

visage, plus long arms reaching down to his knees, with long legs to stand upon and long grey hairs to adorn a well developed cranium. In short, the contour of the whole man may be summed up in the one word—*elongation*. The unwashed *gamins* of Edinburgh called him, in their patois and *sotto voce*, "lang Tam." We heard him preach the most of the sermons now contained in a book called the "Saint's Inheritance." His style of delivery is unique. He can have no successful imitator. We cannot compare his preaching and composition to any one of the writings of the living or the dead. His sermons abound in apt illustrations drawn from nature. The composition is epigrammatic and classic, with an occasional Doric word thrown in, to give some struggling idea point and unction. He does not wade through long and weary sentences, with relative clauses in such redundancy as to puzzle a Murray or a Bullion. Short, simple and concise is his motto. We never heard from his lips such nauseating technicalities as "Hypostatical Union," the "tertium quid," the "ego and nonego," the "Hypothetical realism" and "cosmothetical idealism" of philosophers. He eschews such as he would Diabolus. His delight is in hoary ruins—sad relics of the past,—in the sea and in all that is beautiful in the external world. Illustration after illustration is drawn from the rolling billows—the roaring breakers—the rugged rocks of the ocean—the proud ships or the dismantled wrecks—the cry of the wild seamen, or the

"Solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

He carries you away among the ivy-covered relics of by-gone glories—where tempests howl on cold hearth-stones—where weird snowflakes dance a fairy reel round dismantled towers—through sloping loop-holes, in dark and winding passages, where weeped the solitary prisoner and where his moans echoed in unison with the booming waves of his sea-girt prison, or where the banquet was spread for the mailed warrior grim and stern, or for the gay bridal cortege gladsome in melody and song. With the master hand, by word picturing he takes you among the most sublime objects of nature—by the roaring cataracts—on the rugged mountains—into the wonders of the great extinct, stratified and petrified in the rocks of the primal ages. His magic wand like Arabian wizard, transports you to celestial scenes and starry wonders and through sidereal zones whose stars have never yet been numerically distinguished. His power lies in pictorial parallel which teaches truth and entrances at the same time. Guthrie's style of delivery has more of the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo*. It is true that a current of pathos runs through the subject matter of discourse, but it is the thunderings as well as the wooings which display the man. When he is roused he performs actions the most grotesque, awkward and ludicrous of which the beholder is not cognisant until the overpowering effect of the matchless oratory of the "old man eloquent" has been mellowed by the hand of time. I well remember the bending and bent form becoming erect as climax after climax was reached,—the long hair smoothly parted on the brow danced about the eyes—the long arms swung in circles and semi-circles round the tapering shoulders, like flails thrashing out the stubborn grain. The short truncated swallow tails of a dress coat would occasionally burst the barriers of a Geneva gown and perform strange gyrations in the air. The wide sleeves of the cloak—like bat's wings—would fly in never ceasing voyages, now around the head and anon around that detestable conventional barrier called a pulpit. But who could even smile? Onward rushed the tumultuous thoughts on the tiptoe of ex-