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CURIOSITIES OF THE
PULPIT.

By the
Rev. Probdatory Jackson.

ANECDOTES OF
CELEBRATED PREACHERS.



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CURIOSITIES OF THE PULPIT.

MEMORABILIA,
ANECDOTES, &c., OF CELEBRATED PREACHERS.



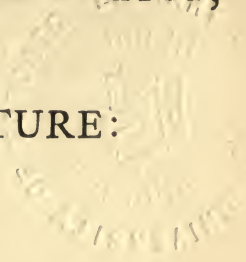
New Pulpit, St Mary's, Stoke Newington.





Relig
Homiletics.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PULPIT,
AND
PULPIT LITERATURE:



*Memorabilia,
Anecdotes, &c., of Celebrated Preachers,*

FROM THE

Fourth Century of the Christian Era to the Present Time.

BY

THOMAS JACKSON, M.A.,

PREBENDARY OF ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,
AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON.

"I say the PULPIT, (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause."—COWPER.

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PREFACE.



THE present time is marked by much inquiry into the nature and design of preaching. There is plenty of speculation as to what a sermon ought to be; while a deep-rooted suspicion rests on many minds that the pulpit is gradually losing its power; or that the spirit and temper of the age are unfavourable to the development of great preachers; or that, as a matter of fact, they are not equal to those of the last century; or that in style and method they are, with a few brilliant exceptions, radically defective, preaching platitudes, mere stereotyped formulas, without intellectual or spiritual life.

The present volume has been compiled with the view of assisting such inquiries, directing the thoughts of preachers to the modes by which their

predecessors have interested and benefited mankind, while several extracts are given, designed to show what the preacher should carefully avoid. The general reader, being probably a constant hearer of sermons, will, it may be hoped, find his aptitude to listen increased by the perusal. In fact, many anecdotes have been introduced for his special instruction and amusement.

It may be doubted whether the art of preaching has declined. While there are, it is freely conceded, fewer stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of the pulpit, there are infinitely more stars shining; and if some wander, or glitter with borrowed rays, or, like meteors, appear for a few moments and then vanish away, a parallel case to theirs, if not an actual apology for them, may be found in the economy of the visible heavens.

The short sketches of the "Wesleyan Methodist Triumvirates" have been furnished by one revered not only by that body, but by good men everywhere. It will be seen that the mental eye of their author is not dimmed, nor his critical force abated, though he has nearly reached the ripe age of fourscore years and ten. The writer, of course, alludes to his venerable father, several times President of the Wesleyan Conference, and for many years the principal editor of Methodist literature.

The present volume is simply a suggestive compilation. The plan of it does not admit of symmetrical treatment. It contains no mention at all of many famous men—men of renown as preachers. Should it be favourably received by the public, it will be followed by a Second Series, one portion of which will be devoted to gems of pulpit oratory, from the writings of divines of every age and country. The letters of any correspondent suggesting where such treasures or anecdotes may be found, or containing copies of them, with exact references, will be most gratefully received by the Publishers. All criticism of, or reference to, living preachers has been carefully avoided. The author has been a somewhat diligent reader of sermons for about forty years, and an incumbent in the diocese of London for upwards of thirty, with the exception of the interval when he was Principal of the Normal College at Battersea, so that he has enjoyed many opportunities of obtaining information on the subject. But he is painfully conscious of the existence of an infinite store of pulpit wisdom and eloquence of which he has never even heard—of mines of intellectual wealth altogether unexplored. Thankful to the Giver of every good gift will he be if, through reading the present volume, a single preacher of the gospel shall be stimulated to try to preach a better

sermon—one more calculated to win a soul, to awaken a conscience in this busy, cynical, criticising, but (may it be added without offence?) somewhat superficial age.

RECTORY, STOKE NEWINGTON, 1868.





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CURIOSITIES OF THE PULPIT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT may be observed that a well-constructed and well-ordered church is a sort of crystallised epitome, a sermon in stone, illustrating and explaining the gospel system. As the heathen temples were for the most part utterly unsuitable to the assemblies of Christian worshippers, the Roman emperors, from the beginning of the fourth century after the birth of our blessed Lord, freely placed at the disposal of the bishops and their flocks the vast halls of justice, or courts of law, which were to be found in every considerable city. These buildings consisted of a broad central nave, with side aisles, one end being circular, and having a platform in front of it, raised on several steps. They were from two to three hundred feet long, and seventy or eighty feet wide. The addition of transepts was, in most cases, an after-thought, intended to symbolise the atoning sacrifice of Our dear Lord and Saviour by giving the building

the form of a cross. In the Roman courts of justice the judge sat a little in front of the spot where the altar or Lord's table is placed in Christian churches. The culprit stood immediately in front of this elevated throne, answering to the space between the steps of the altar and the transepts. Thus devout adoration and loud praises to Jesus are offered on the spot corresponding to that where He was once arraigned and condemned.

Every church built in a spirit of reverential symbolism ought to contain three points to which the eye of the spectator should be instantly directed on entering the sacred precincts. The first should be the altar or Lord's table, occupying the inmost shrine, ever reminding us of the chief and central act of public worship, the token of full communion with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the channel of grace to help in times of need, the foretaste of heavenly blessedness and fruition. Near the principal entrance should be the font, in the sacramental water of which infants are made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. This structure stands near the door, because holy baptism is the gate of admission into the privileges and covenants of the Redeemer's kingdom. It should be large enough to admit of the complete immersion of the infant, that if any parents wish to have their child entirely dipped in the water, their pious desire may be gratified, and the child may be literally "buried with Christ in baptism," that "henceforth he should walk in newness of life." In many ancient churches we find the baptistery placed in a side chapel, out of the view of the mass of the congregation; such is the case at St Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. In other places, as Pisa in Italy, and some cathedrals in

Spain, a separate building is provided for the purpose, within the *τεμενος*, or sacred close or precinct. Conspicuous in the church, standing between the font and the altar, but nearer to the altar than the font, is placed the pulpit. This position symbolises the duty of pastoral instruction. That instruction is to extend from the infant who has been just baptized, to the Christian of ripe age and character, kneeling to receive the memorials of the Redeemer's cross and passion. Hence in that short and admirable homily addressed to god-parents at the close of the baptismal service of the Church of England, we read that they are to call upon their god-children to hear sermons.

It is observable that in Great Britain two if not three extreme classes of devout thinkers feel no sympathy with the erection of beautiful pulpits. The first are those who hold such transcendental views concerning the importance and efficacy of the sacraments as means of grace, that they regard the ordinance of preaching as little better than rhetorical vapouring, a sort of excrescence in public worship, to be shortened as much as possible. Others again hold such infinitesimal views of all Christian ordinances whatever, that they think any structure is good enough to preach the gospel in, while not a few fear lest the spirituality of Christian instruction should be lost sight of, amidst the splendours which surround its utterance. It is probably owing to the negative influence of these classes that there are so few worthy specimens of pulpit architecture in the country.

The term *pulpit* affords a striking instance of the great change of meaning and application which words frequently undergo in the process of time. In the days of heathen Rome

the word *pulpitum* signified that part of the stage, as distinguished from the orchestra, in the theatre, on which the actors recited and performed their parts. From this word comes the French *pupitre*, which signifies a reading-desk. In some of the gigantic cathedrals abroad are two pulpits. Such is the case at Milan. In the last century in England our fathers used to build up two lofty pulpits in the centre of the nave, one for the preacher and the other for the reading of the prayers; while a third pulpit, of humbler dimensions, was allotted to the parish clerk. Now this form might suit the genius of puritanism, in places of worship where the minister delivers a long extempore prayer, in many cases not altogether unlike a sermon; but it is not adapted to the blessed old prayer-book service of the Church of England; in which, as the minister prays with and at the head of his people, they knowing what he is about to say, all being joined in sending up the burning sacrifice of prayer and praise, the minister should be as nearly on a level with the mass of the congregation as is consistent with their being able to hear. England has never been famous for its pulpits. Those of the last century are the worst. They have neither beauty, nor form, nor character. They are too frequently tasteless excrescences, encumbered with unmeaning lumber; and with respect to design, the mere work of the carpenter. The pulpits of Belgium are triumphs sometimes of grotesque singularity, and sometimes of redundant art. The defect of them is that the licence of ornament is not restrained by correct taste, and the object of the structure is forgotten in a vainglorious effort to immortalise the artist. The oldest pulpits of Italy are by far the most beautiful. They are of stone or marble, with inlaid or mosaic compart-

ments. Great cost both of material and workmanship was bestowed upon them, and they command unqualified admiration. Far different are they from the pulpits of the modern Roman Catholic school, which symbolise the vicious system of the ultramontanes and the Jesuits. The latter are a jumbled mass of ornament, with canopies in the form of clouds, curtains, palm-branches, angelical boys with their heels in the air, and every variety of theatrical extravagance.

It has been already remarked, that one class of persons who depreciate handsome pulpits, do so from an avowed desire to make light of the ordinance of preaching. Considering that until the last few years the common phrase describing attendance at divine service was, "I sit under Mr So-and-so," it cannot be surprising that a reaction of public opinion should have followed, and that preaching should be deemed of little value. A few brief observations may serve to keep devout minds from the extremes of excess and defect upon a matter so important.

The complaint that the influence of the pulpit is and ought to be on the wane—that, in short, preaching is foolishness, is one of no modern origin. It dates from the time of the apostles themselves. It may spring from want of sympathy with the preacher, or with the subject-matter of his discourses. It is freely conceded that there has been in every age a considerable number of dull and uninteresting sermons; comparatively few men are born orators, or acquire the art of influencing large assemblies. Sometimes again we see a man of the most subtle intellectual gifts, and the profoundest learning, set to minister to a handful of unlettered peasants, while on the other hand there is occasionally no proportion between the mental

culture of the refined and critical audience and the shallow platitudes of the preacher. But, after all, the greatest dislike to the ordinance of preaching is found in those who are indifferent as to religion. St Paul's phrase, "The foolishness of preaching," means the signal folly of the doctrines of the gospel, not as enunciated by the preacher, but as set before the minds of men who do not understand them, and do not wish to understand. "We preach Christ crucified," says the apostle, "unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." To the blind infatuation of the superstitious Jew, to the unprofitable curiosity of the speculative Greek; the former overflowing with prejudice, the latter with the insolence of sophistry; to these the intrinsic excellence and real grandeur of the gospel are but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Yet, in spite of these difficulties, the foolishness of God is eventually proved to be wiser than men, and the weakness of God to be stronger than men.

But the fact may fairly be questioned, whether the influence of the pulpit is declining? It is true, as has been well remarked by a clerical writer, that no lawyer priest now keeps the king's conscience or dispenses justice from the bench. No bishop statesman or diplomatist holds the seals of office, insinuates himself into state secrets, and diverts to the sacred calling the respect due to secular authority. From the same and concurrent causes, the modern sermon has lost of necessity many elements of its ancient power. But such elements were accidental, if not unwholesome and injurious, to the great ends for which the ordinance of preaching was instituted.

Time was when the preacher revealed the state secret, announced the arrival of a new dynasty, and did the work of Reuter's telegrams. It is better that in the present age he should occupy narrower ground. The space he has to cover, so to speak, is not so large, but the fire of his weapon may be more concentrated.

It may be argued that the influence of the pulpit will never wane so long as sin is in the world and death by sin, so long as man requires the consoling thought that God has set forth a propitiation for our sins, that the infinite and unfathomable gulf between the moral Governor of the universe and His rebellious subjects has been bridged over by Him who is alike the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There may be a repulsive and foolish aspect presented by the gospel in every age to certain characters and classes. Some will require a "sign" of the preacher's commission, and the documents that accredit him. Some will seek after "wisdom," will demand an explanation from him of the fitness of the moral system of Christianity, and of its harmonious correspondence not only with the great laws of the visible world, but with those moral axioms which proceed from the same eternal wisdom and power. In enunciating such principles, in arguing upon them, and illustrating them, the preacher may be painfully deficient; he may find his reasonings repelled, if not with the scowl of contempt, at least with the smile of pity. But he will have miscalculated his resources, if he depends upon such preaching for the success of his work. His heart will not fail, nor will his arm be unnerved, when he is told by men who will sit any length of time to hear a sensational drama, that sermons ought to be very short. He will bide his time, calmly awaiting the golden opportunity when God's

strength will be made perfect in his weakness, and when the heart of that gainsayer will be touched by some word spoken in season.

The central topic of all Christian preaching is the doctrine of a crucified Redeemer. It is, on the one hand, the work and the process of redemption, and the glad tidings which spread it abroad. It is, on the other, the practical effects of that Gospel in modifying, renewing, sublimating, every character upon which it is brought to bear. The declaration of the apostle of the Gentiles is an emphatic summary of a good sermon: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." That declaration forms the concentrated essence, the very pith and substance of the whole New Testament; and when those who rightfully claim to be received as ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God, make that topic the aim, the effort, the habitual theme of their teaching, they prepare the way of the Lord, they make straight in the desert a highway for our God; they illustrate the singular and unparalleled events by which every valley was to be exalted and every mountain and hill to be made low, the crooked to be made straight, the rough places plain, the glory of the Lord to be revealed, and all flesh to see that glory together.

It is true that the message of salvation does not appear at all times to all persons to be clothed equally with the power of God. While the conscience of one man is touched, his self-will humbled, his pride laid low—while the refuge of lies in which he intrenched himself, as in an impregnable fortress, is invaded and broken down;—to another the realities of the eternal world will appear so distant and misty as to offer no attractions, suggest no

dangers, invite no change of conduct or amendment of life. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit." A good seaman sets every sail when, in the midst of a calm, he descries the distant sign of the waking wind, the little cloud like an airy veil over the horizon, the dimples on the face of the ocean, the freshening of the air. So the Christian waits and watches for the faintest whispers of the Holy Spirit—of Him who moves on the waters of human action—and forthwith spring motion and warmth, light and life.

The attitude proper to the Christian minister under such impressive circumstances must be that which characterised the prophet when, filled with a spirit of mingled confidence and expectation, he tarried the Lord's leisure. His sentiments may be expressed in the solemn determination, "I will go there in the strength of the Lord God, making mention of His righteousness, even of His only." He will appear before the people not only with the earnestness of passion, but with a calm and settled persuasion that his work sooner or later will not be in vain. The message carries its power within itself. He need not affect a sanctimonious austerity with his people. He may live among them with the familiarity and frankness which, if it occasionally expose him to insult, yet, weighed in the balances of life and enjoyment, is infinitely better than the distance and dignity affected by some public functionaries. The pastor who thoroughly believes the atonement, and bravely preaches the remission of sins through a crucified Saviour, may live in a sober yet unshrinking assertion of his independence on the smile of a patron or the frown of a tyrant.

A pastoral ministry which has for its foundation Jesus Christ and Him crucified, may draw its illustrations from every varied incident recorded in the Bible, every signal event of public history. The nursery of children may be the theme of discussion when we remember Who was the "Child that was set for the rise and fall of many in Israel." The marriage of a man and of a woman is encircled with a new and peculiar gravity and grandeur when we connect it with the words of the apostle, "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." The humblest occupations of rural life are dignified by the thought of Him who after His resurrection appeared in the guise of the gardener. The mortal puts on immortality when the minister preaches, "I know that my redeemer liveth; I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord."

* * * * *

An eminent preacher used to say—"Sermons are not worship; they are but means to an end. Ends and means must not be confounded. The road to London is not London."





CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTIAN PULPIT IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

THE sermon of Our Blessed Lord on the Mount, and His other divine discourses, addressed not to selected pupils and admiring friends, but emphatically to the multitude—to publicans and sinners, to toil-worn traders and humble artisans—are the first original examples, as they are the unapproachable models, of Christian preaching. St Peter's inspired discourse on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were pricked to the heart, naturally follows them; and so we study in succession the addresses of the apostles, and such specimens of the sacred oratory of the first three centuries as have been handed down to us, until we reach the fourth century, when the art of preaching culminated; and from John of the Golden Mouth, presbyter and bishop, from the lips of St Augustine and St Basil, there issued sermons of such intellectual strength, such persuasive, loving force, as have been rarely equalled, and certainly never surpassed. There were giants in those days. Among others, St Pantænus, the Sicilian bee, who flourished towards the close of the second century, was so called because his sermons were like honey flowing from the Rock of Ages. St Cyprian and Ephrem Syrus were

also everywhere famed for their pungent and sublime appeals. The historian Gibbon, in the twentieth chapter of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," section vi., describes with cynical sarcasm the rise and progress of pulpit oratory; but while intending to depreciate the motives of the great preachers among the Nicene Fathers, he bears involuntary testimony to their method and influence. In this point of view his words deserve quotation:—

"Every popular government has experienced the effects of rude or artificial eloquence. The coldest nature is animated, the firmest reason is moved, by the rapid communication of the prevailing impulse, and each hearer is affected by his own passions, and by those of the surrounding multitude. The ruin of civil liberty had silenced the demagogues of Athens and the tribunes of Rome; the custom of preaching, which seems to constitute a considerable part of Christian devotion, had not been introduced into the temples of antiquity; and the ears of monarchs were never invaded by the harsh sound of popular eloquence till the pulpits of the empire were filled with sacred orators who possessed some advantages unknown to their profane predecessors. The arguments and rhetoric of the tribune were instantly opposed, with equal arms, by skilful and resolute antagonists; and the cause of truth and reason might derive an accidental support from the conflict of hostile passions. The bishop, or some distinguished presbyter to whom he cautiously delegated the powers of preaching, harangued, without the danger of interruption or reply, a submissive multitude, whose minds had been prepared and subdued by the awful ceremonies of religion. Such was the strict

subordination of the Catholic Church, that the same concerted sounds might issue at once from an hundred pulpits of Italy or Egypt, if they were tuned by the master-hand of the Roman or Alexandrian Primate. The design of this institution was laudable, but the fruits were not always salutary. The preachers recommended the practice of the social duties, but they exalted the perfection of monastic virtue, which is painful to the individual and useless to mankind. Their charitable exhortations betrayed a secret wish that the clergy might be permitted to manage the wealth of the faithful for the benefit of the poor. The most sublime representations of the attributes and laws of the Deity were sullied by an idle mixture of metaphysical subtleties, puerile rites, and fictitious miracles; and they expatiated, with the most fervent zeal, on the religious merit of hating the adversaries and obeying the ministers of the Church. When the public peace was distracted by heresy and schism, the sacred orators sounded the trumpet of discord, and perhaps of sedition. The understandings of their congregations were perplexed by mystery, the passions were inflamed by invectives, and they rushed from the Christian temples of Antioch or Alexandria, prepared either to suffer or to inflict martyrdom. The corruption of taste and language is strongly marked in the vehement declamations of the Latin bishops; but the compositions of Gregory and Chrysostom have been compared with the most splendid models of Attic, or at least of Asiatic eloquence."

St Chrysostom may be selected as the best specimen of preaching power in the fourth century. He was born in 354 at Antioch, on the Orontes, then, as the apostate Julian informs us, the very centre of splendour, luxury,

vice, and depraved sophistical thought. He owed much to his venerable instructor, but far more to his refined and accomplished mother. There is a peculiarity about his homilies which renders them invaluable to the archæologist, as well as to the theologian and devout Christian. They set before us, as in a photograph, the manners, the costume, the family life, the vices, the politics of the wild and turbulent age in which he lived. "The emperor, the commissioners, bishops, and prefects," says one of his panegyrists, "are by his genius preserved like pieces of weed in amber." One can see how the fashionable gentleman of the new Rome that was rising on the Bosphorus attired her feet and dressed her hair. He was a man of infinite resources. He drew his illustrations, analogies, and arguments from every department of the creation, even from grotesque incidents which might occur in the church while he was preaching; but, above all, from the rich stores of the inspired writings of the Old Testament. These he diligently studied and fervently believed, and, therefore, he quoted them with an unction which was irresistible. And it may be maintained, that when the same Scriptures are so studied, believed, and quoted as the foundation of argument in the present day, it is discovered that they have not lost one jot or tittle of their vital force. He who is "mighty in the Old Testament Scriptures" will be a winner of souls.

Any attempt to illustrate St Chrysostom's method of preaching from his numerous writings, will appear to those who have diligently studied them like the conduct of the simple Athenian, who, when he had a country house to sell, brought a single brick into the agora as a specimen to enable the intending purchaser to judge of the build-

ing. But as few have the leisure, and still fewer the learning requisite to realise all the golden stores of the great Christian orator, the attempt must be made. Let the following quotations invite the reader to explore further the rich mine of treasure.

Take, for instance, the following passage on

The Infinite Love of the Lord.

“A man has been insulted, and we are all in fear and trembling—both those of us who have been guilty of this insult, and those of us who are conscious of innocence. But God is insulted every day. Why do I say every day? Rather should I say every hour, by rich and by poor, by those who are at ease and those who are in trouble, by those who calumniate and those who are calumniated; and yet there is never a word of this; therefore, God has permitted our fellow-servant to be insulted, that thou mayest know the loving-kindness of the Lord. This offence has been committed only for the first time, yet we do not, on that account, expect to reap the advantage of excuse or apology. We provoke God every day, and make no movement of returning to Him; and yet He bears with all long-suffering; see you how great is the loving-kindness of the Lord. In this present outrage, the culprits have been apprehended, thrown into prison, and punished; and yet we are in fear. He who has been insulted has not heard of what has been done, nor pronounced sentence; and we are all trembling. But God hears day by day the insults offered to Him, and no one turns to Him, although God is so kind and loving. With Him it is enough to acknowledge the sin, and the guilt is absolved. . . . Do you not hence conclude how unspeak-

able is the love of God, how boundless, how it surpasses all description? Here he who has been insulted is of the same nature with ourselves; only once in all his life has he been so treated, and that not to his face, not while he was present and seeing and hearing, and yet none of the offenders have been pardoned. But in the case of God, not one of these things can be said. For so vast is the distance between man and God, that no words can express it, and every day is He insulted while He is present, looking on, and hearing; and yet He neither hurls thunderbolts, nor bids the sea overflow the earth and drown all its inhabitants, nor commands the earth to yawn and swallow up all who have insulted Him; but He forbears, and is long-suffering, and offers pardon to those by whom He has been outraged, if they only repent and promise to do so no more. Oh, surely it is time to exclaim, Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? Who can show forth His praise?"

Study the splendid and indignant oration which he pronounced when his enemies were sentencing him to banishment, of which the following startling passage is a specimen, imperfectly rendered in the translation, for the original is inimitable:—

“What can I fear? Will it be death? But you know that Christ is my life, and that I shall gain by death. Will it be exile? But the earth and all its fulness is the Lord’s. Will it be the loss of wealth? But we brought nothing into the world, and can carry nothing out. Thus all the terrors of the world are contemptible in my eyes; and I smile at all its good things. Poverty I do not fear. Riches I do not sigh for. Death I do not shrink from; and life I do not desire, save only for the progress of your

souls. But you know, my friends, the true cause of my fall. It is that I have not lined my house with rich tapestry. It is that I have not clothed me in robes of silk. It is that I have not flattered the effeminacy and sensuality of certain men, nor laid gold and silver at their feet. But why need I say more? Jezebel is raising her persecution, and Elias must fly; Herodias is taking her pleasure, and John must be bound with chains; the Egyptian wife tells her lie, and Joseph must be thrust into prison. And so, if they banish me, I shall be like Elias; if they throw me into the mire, like Jeremiah; if they plunge me into the sea, like the prophet Jonah; if into the pit, like Daniel; if they stone me, it is Stephen that I shall resemble; John the forerunner, if they cut off my head; Paul, if they beat me with stripes; Isaiah, if they saw me asunder."

On one occasion, while he continued preaching, probably seated on his high chair, cathedra, or throne in the choir of the church, the sunlight grew dim, and an attendant began to kindle the lamps. On this the attention of the congregation was distracted; the preacher perceived this, and recalled their wandering thoughts in the following pungent words:—

"Let me beg you to arouse yourselves, and to put away that sluggishness of mind. But why do I say this? At the very time when I am setting forth before you the Scriptures, you are turning your eyes away from me, and fixing them upon *the lamps, and upon the man who is lighting the lamps*. Oh, of what a sluggish soul is this the mark, to leave the preacher, and turn to him! *I, too, am kindling the fire of the Scriptures*; and upon my tongue there is burning a taper, the taper of sound doctrine.

Greater is this light, and better, than the light that is yonder. For, unlike that man, it is no wick steeped in oil that I am lighting up. I am rather inflaming souls, moistened with piety, by the desire of heavenly discourse."

He delighted to preach on the vanity of worldly pomp, the deceitfulness of riches, the uncertainty and evanescence of human life, the duty of making large and liberal offerings for the sustenance of the poor and the spread of the gospel.

Many of St Chrysostom's boldest passages were *extempore*, and would never have come down to us had he not been attended by swift and admiring shorthand writers. He was sometimes scandalised by the loud applauses of the people, following some grand paragraph: something like the hum which used to tickle the ears of Bishop Burnet when he preached in the churches of the city of London. St Chrysostom's tone and temper were too high and solemn to be gratified by such irregular demonstrations of approval; while Gregory Nazianzen is said to have enjoyed them as tokens that the people listened attentively, admitting the force of his arguments, and prepared to follow his godly counsel and reproof.

The soft and delicious eloquence of St Basil must not be forgotten in any attempt to sketch the style of the preaching of the fourth century. His great enjoyment consisted in preaching to the poor working-classes of Cæsarea; and when he died, such crowds attended his funeral that not a few were crushed to death.

Mr Horace Moule, in his able "Inquiry into the History of Christian Oratory during the First Five Centuries," gives the following sketch of the style and method of St Augustine's pulpit ministrations:—

“Of Augustine, it may most truly be said, that he, if any man, had experience of those phases in the soul’s history, when ‘the tongue cleaves even to the roof of the mouth, and when silence is kept even from good words.’ It was not only his being Prelate of the West, instead of a Prelate of the East, that occasioned the wide difference between himself and Basil, Gregory, or even Chrysostom. The intense passion of his temperament, which imparted so much energy to his intellectual operations, and which is often the cause of the rich and vigorous flow of his language, produces also that quiet rejection of rhetorical ornament which we find so prevalent throughout his unpretending sermons. The *De Civitate Dei* has, as might be expected, a good store of florid language, some specimens exhibiting the very highest style of beauty. But his subject in that case not only was suited to elaborate ornament ; it sometimes imperatively demanded the very grandest utterance. The general tone of Augustine was, however, that of a man who, while he was too sensible to despise the aids of artistic eloquence, was himself, for the most part, far above them. His words bearing directly upon the subject are tinged with a speaking sadness. ‘Eloquence is another stream of Babylon ; it is one of the many objects *quæ amantur et transeunt* ;’ it is a mere *frigus et Aquilo*, compared with the genial breezes of God, the *Auster translatus de cælo*.”

From this statement, marked by severe critical acumen and wisdom, it may be inferred that we are not to look for sparkling gems of eloquence in St Augustine’s discourses. They are terse and argumentative, especially setting forth what are popularly called the doctrines of grace. The supremacy of the divine will, the absolute

freedom of the divine election, the godliness of man an entirely supernatural work ; these are his favourite topics. John Calvin, with the ruthless logic of his French analytical mind, did but develope them, and by the process often spoiled them ; while some of his indiscriminating followers have tacked and fastened on to the precious doctrine of the absolute freedom of God's electing grace, the horrible fiction of the reprobation of individuals from all eternity ; the living and helpful truth to the deadly, corrupting, and soul-disheartening lie.

VENERABLE BEDE

Was born in 635, and died in 672. He resided a long time at Jarrow. He wrote many homilies. He stands midway between the preachers of the Nicene period and those of the Middle Ages. The following short extract will give some idea of his style. Bede supposes St Paul and St Michael to petition that the lost souls might have rest on Sundays from their punishment. He says, in explanation—

“ It was the Lord's will that Paul should *see* the punishments of that place. He beheld trees all on fire, and sinners tormented on those trees ; and some were hung by the feet, some by their hands, some by the hair, some by the neck, some by the tongue, and some by the arm. And again he saw a furnace of fire burning with seven flames, and many were punished in it : and there were seven plagues round about this furnace ; the first was snow, the second ice, the third fire, the fourth blood, the fifth serpents, the sixth lightning, the seventh stench ; and in that furnace itself were the souls of the sinners who repented not in this life. There they are tormented, and every one receiveth according to his works ; some weep,

some howl, some groan, some burn and desire to have rest, but find it not, because souls can never die."

Again:—

"And after this he saw between heaven and earth the soul of a sinner howling betwixt seven devils that had on that day departed from the body."

Then in another passage:—

"And Paul demanded of the angel, How many kinds of punishment there were in hell? And the angel said, There are a hundred and forty-four thousand; and if there were a hundred eloquent men, each having four iron tongues, that spoke from the beginning of the world, they could not reckon up the torments of hell."

The preacher then draws the practical conclusion:—

"But let us, beloved brethren, hearing of these so great torments, be converted to our Lord, that we may be able to reign with the angels."

This good but credulous man was never canonized; but he obtained the title of "VENERABLE" by the voluntary homage of his contemporaries, and from the utility of his works; a tribute much more honourable to his memory. The monks, however, not satisfied with such respectable cause for the appellation, have favoured us with two accounts of its origin. "When blind," say some of these authors, "he preached to a heap of stones, thinking himself in a church, and the stones were so much affected by his eloquence and piety, that they answered, Amen, *venerable Bede*, Amen." While others assert that his scholars being desirous of placing upon his tomb an epitaph in rhyme, agreeably to the usage of the times, wrote—

"Hæc sunt in fossa,
Bede presbyteri ossa,"

which not meeting complete approbation, the much-vexed poet determined to fast until he should succeed better. Accordingly, he expunged the word *presbyteri*, and in vain attempted to substitute one more sonorous and consistent with metre, until falling fast asleep, an angel filled up the blank thus left, and rendered the couplet thus:—

“Hâc sunt in fossa,
Bedæ *venerabilis* ossa.”

Our good historian is frequently styled ADMIRABLE BEDE, as well as the VENERABLE BEDE, as already mentioned. The chair in which he composed his ecclesiastical history is still preserved at Jarrow. Some few years since this chair was entrusted to the custody of a person who had been accustomed to nautical affairs, and who used, by a whimsical mistake, very excusable in a sailor, to exhibit it as a curiosity which formerly belonged to the great ADMIRAL BEDE, upon whose exploits he ventured several encomiums consistent with the naval character.

ST BONIFACE,

Among the few remarkable preachers of the Anglo-Saxon era, Saint Boniface stands foremost. He was born in Devonshire, about 680. He was the apostle of Friesland and Central Germany. After labouring with great success for upwards of thirty years among the half-Christian, half-heathen natives of that region, he was slain by the Frisians near Utrecht. He founded four cathedrals in Germany. He first preached to the fishermen of the Isle of Wight, where the village of Bonchurch still recalls his memory. A magnificent basilica is dedicated by his name at Munich. It is the exact model of a court of

justice of the age of Constantine, and is filled with vast frescoes representing the principal events of the martyr's life.

BISHOP ÆLFRIC

Must not be overlooked in any work which touches upon English sermons. He is said to have been the son of an Earl of Kent. While yet a youth, he assumed the habit of the Benedictines in the monastery of Abingdon. In 988 he was made Abbot of St Albans, and shortly after was promoted to the Bishopric of Wilton. In 994, he was translated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, where he died, Nov. 16, 1005. He was distinguished not only for learning, but for zeal in the spread of knowledge. He was the first in the country that ever issued formally a volume of sermons. They were partly translated from the Latin fathers, and partly compiled from homilies in German and Anglo-Saxon, and they were the more valuable because few men could preach.

BISHOP WULFSTAN

Was an eminent Anglo-Saxon prelate in the tenth and eleventh centuries. During the earlier part of his episcopal career, the city of Bristol was a great slave-mart. Rows of young people, of both sexes, and of conspicuous beauty, were tied together with ropes, and placed for sale in the public market. They were exported to Ireland, the young women having been previously prostituted. Wulfstan sometimes stayed two months amongst the ignorant and half-heathen population of the city, preaching every Lord's day. In process of time, he induced them to abandon their

wicked trade, and they became an example to all England.

When Wulfstan was consecrated Bishop of Sherbourne, St Dunstan strongly advised him *not to let his tongue cease to preach*. There was the greater necessity for this counsel, as so few were experts in the divine art.





CHAPTER III.

THE PREACHERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES, DOWN TO THE PERIOD OF THE REFORMATION.

TWO able works have been recently published on this subject ; one by the late learned Dr Neale of Sackville College, entitled "Mediaeval Preachers and Mediaeval Preaching : A Series of Extracts translated from the Sermons of the Middle Ages, with Notes and an Introduction." The other is, "Post-Mediaeval Preachers ; Some Account of the most celebrated Preachers of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries, with Outlines of their Sermons, and Specimens of their Style. By S. Baring Gould, M.A." Both these volumes will amply repay perusal. They are full of helping and suggestive matter, ready to the mind and pen of the weary priest, who, after a day's toil in the distracting round of minute and inconclusive, but not the less necessary clerical duty, sits down in his study to prepare a sermon. They will strengthen and refresh his soul, like the upper and nether springs. Nor are they less rich in interest to the general reader.

The records which have been handed down to us of sermons delivered during the middle ages, would, upon a slight and superficial survey, conduct us to diame-

trically opposite conclusions. On the one side, we see friar preachers dealing with the great truths of revelation, as the performers of the mystery dramas dealt with the events of the Old and New Testaments; that is, presenting them with strange and grotesque uncouthness, and always, if possible, giving them an aspect more or less ridiculous, yet with an equally strange intermingling of wild imagery and tender pathos. On the other side, we see men imbued with apostolical piety and fervour, preaching with apostolical unction and force; now thundering avalanches of vehement remonstrance against every form of evil, whether in high or low places, and now breathing consolation and hope to the penitent in the most tender tones. Monks preach before monarchs, and lash the vices of the royal courtiers. They mount the pulpit of the abbey church, and abbot and prior, simple recluses and lay brethren, acolytes and door-keepers, wince alike under their severe and homely thrusts. Pretentious women enter the sanctuary in all the pomp and pride of station, of splendid attire or youthful beauty; they leave it thoroughly ashamed of themselves, weeping tears of repentance, and saying in heart, if not with voice articulate, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It is observable that some of the preachers of Austria and Italy still affect the style and manner of these old times, and that the listener to their discourses might imagine that one of the grotesque gargoyles had become suddenly vocal, or a statue had stepped down from its flamboyant niche and was addressing the congregation. The following anecdotes and specimens will serve to illustrate the foregoing introductory remarks:—

PHILIP DE NARNI.

Rapin, obtaining his information from Balzac, makes mention of a Capuchin, named Philip de Narni, who, under Pope Gregory XV., preached at Rome with so much strength, eloquence, and zeal, that he never spoke in public but he made the people cry about the streets, when they came from his sermons, "*Lôrd, have mercy upon us.*" It is even said that, having preached once before the pope, on the obligations bishops are under to reside in their respective dioceses, he was so earnest and zealous upon that subject, that he frightened thirty bishops who heard him, and the next day they all hurried away from the so-called capital of Western Christendom. Foulque de Neuilly was a similar character, who was so popular that he had to buy a new cassock almost every day, as the people tore it to atoms and carried it away piecemeal, so desirous were they of possessing a shred of his garments.

THE CAPUCHIN'S SERMON AT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST
STEPHEN, AT VIENNA.

A Capuchin, preaching a Lent lecture at the great Cathedral of St Stephen, at Vienna, is said to have startled his audience by a fearful narration, somewhat to the following effect :—

"There was once a huge and wealthy monastery in this duchy. Its vineyards produced rich and well-flavoured wine. Its barns were filled with all manner of store. Fat beeves chewed the cud in its meadows. Carp by thousands were leaping in its fish-ponds. The neighbouring trout-stream was the pride of the monks and the envy of every other religious house in Germany. Well! the

reverend fathers ate, drank, and were merry. They never kept a Lenten fast. They were utterly unconscious of the pangs of hunger, or the humiliations of penury, so they never fed the famishing, or clothed the naked. They had more wine than they required for the mass, and not enough to turn their mills with, so they caroused from night till morning, and from morning to night. One solemn day, a day of penitence and prayer, according to the rules of their order, they were indulging in wild uproar and revelry. The refectory echoed with snatches of licentious song, and laughter following some double-edged jibe. Suddenly, a loud knock was heard at the outer door, knock, knock, knock. The janitor went to open it, and was startled by the apparition of a thin, tall man; his skull bones scarcely covered with the parchment-skin stretched over them. He was attired in the frock of the order, but the shape was antiquated, the material scarcely to be recognised; it was, moreover, threadbare and moth-eaten. He asked, in hollow and sepulchral tones, for admittance. The janitor was alarmed, and, shutting the gate on the stranger, went to seek instructions from the superior. 'There stands at the gate an odd, queer man, who asks for admittance. He wears the frock of our order, but'—— 'No *buts*,' said the abbot; 'let him in. We must show hospitality to the brethren; place him a chair by my side, fill him a goblet of wine, and fetch forthwith knife, platter, and pasty.' The strange monk was introduced; he bowed; he took his seat; but his head was covered with his cowl, and he ate not a morsel, he drank not a drop. In a few minutes more knocks were heard at the gate; *knock*, KNOCK, KNOCK! Again the janitor approached, trembling, and faltered forth, 'O sir, there

are hundreds and hundreds of these thin monks before the gate, demanding admittance !' 'Let them all in ! We've wine enough to last till the millennium !' So in they came, crowding the refectory. The hall was crammed ; the vestibule, the steps of the pulpit, where the reader edified the brethren while they dined ; the pulpit itself, and many stood on the book-board half poised in the air. Then there arose a distant sound as of crackling, crackling, crackling ; a deadly odour as of flesh burning, mingled with sulphurous steam. The living monks were filled with consternation. Their knees smote together, and their tongue clave to the roof of their mouth, for they felt that they were in the presence of the dead. Then uprose the first ghost that had appeared, and said, 'Brethren, I was once the abbot of this ancient and venerable house. I ate, I drank, I caroused, I never worshipped. In my heart, I neither feared God nor regarded man ; and now I am tormented in the flames. These were my companions ; they led a similar life of gluttony and lust, and they are, in like manner, tormented. But we must glorify the Lord even in the fire ! So sing, brethren, GLORIA PATRI, ET FILIO, ET SPIRITUI SANCTO.' The spectres hissed out an awful Gregorian tone, concluding with AMEN. A loud clap of thunder accompanied the strain, and when it was finished the strange guests had disappeared, the refectory contained only the living monks. They repented ; they did works meet for repentance. They sold their cellar of wine, and rebuilt their church with great magnificence. They founded an hospital. They fed the poor. They nursed the plague-stricken, in the year of the great pestilence. They died in the odour of sanctity, and let us hope that they will find mercy in that day."

Mr Gould, in the work already referred to, says of these mediæval preachers, "they did not make long extracts, but with one light sweep brushed up a whole bright string of sparkling Scripture instances." As an illustration of this opinion, he quotes the following beautiful passage:—

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

"Noah preached to the old world for a hundred years the coming in of the flood, and how many were saved when the world was destroyed? Eight souls, and among them was the reprobate Ham. Many were called, but only *eight were chosen*.

"When God would rain fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain, were ten saved? No; only four, and of these four one looked back. Many were called, but *three were chosen*.

"Six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, went through the Red Sea, the like figure whereunto baptism doth even now save us. The host of Pharaoh and the Egyptians went in after them, and of them not one reached the farther shore. And of these Israelites, who passed through the sea out of Egypt, how many entered the promised land, the land flowing with milk and honey? Two only—Caleb and Joshua. Many—six hundred thousand—were called; few, even two, were chosen. All the host of Pharaoh, a shadow of those who despise and set at nought the Red Sea of Christ's blood, perish without exception; of God's chosen people, image of His Church, only few indeed are saved.

"How many multitudes teemed in Jericho, and of them how many escaped when Joshua encamped against the city? The walls fell, men and women perished. One

house alone escaped, known by the scarlet thread, type of the blood of Jesus, and that was the house of a harlot.

“Gideon went against the Midianites with thirty-two thousand men. The host of Midian was without number, as the sand of the sea-side for multitude. How many of these thirty-two thousand men did God suffer Gideon to lead into victory? Three hundred only. Many, even thirty-two thousand men, were called; three hundred chosen.

“Type and figure this of the many enrolled into the Church’s army, of whom so few go on to ‘fight the good fight of faith.’

“Of the tribes of Israel *twelve men only were chosen* to be apostles; and of those twelve, one was a traitor, one doubtful, one denied His Master, all forsook Him.

“How *many rulers* were there among the Jews when Christ came; but *one only went to Him*, and *he by night!*

“How *many rich men* were there when our blessed Lord walked this earth? but *one only ministered* unto Him, and he only in His burial.

“How *many peasants* were there in the country when Christ went to die? but *one only was deemed worthy to bear His cross*, and he bore it by constraint.

“How *many thieves* were there in *Judæa* when Christ was there? but *one only entered Paradise*, and he was converted in his last hour.

“How many *centurions* were there scattered over the province? and *one only* saw and believed, and he by cruelly piercing the Saviour’s side.

“How *many harlots* were there in that wicked and adulterous generation? but *one only washed His feet* with

tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. Truly '*Many are called, but few are chosen.*'"

ST BERNARD—A.D. 1091—1153.

St Bernard stands out by far the most conspicuous preacher of the middle ages. He was born of noble parentage, at Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy. He was the St Chrysostom of his age; but, if possible, more picturesque and vehement. Like St Chrysostom and St Augustine, he owed much to his mother, named Alice. He was a sort of Elijah, bold, austere, uncompromising; ready to persecute and slay to the uttermost those who differed from him, and at the same time discoursing on the Song of Solomon with almost feminine softness. He denounced the frailties of churchmen and laity alike with unsparing hand. The following passages may be taken as specimens of his style. Mark how he satirizes:—

The Gluttony, Vanity, and Hypocrisy of Cluniac Monks.

“Who could say, to speak of nothing else, in how many forms eggs are cooked and worked up? with what care they are turned in and out, made hard or soft, or chopped fine; now fried, now roasted, now stuffed; now they are served mixed with other things, now by themselves; even the external appearance of the dishes is such that the eye, as well as the taste, is charmed; and when even the stomach complains that it is full, curiosity is still alive. So also what shall I say about water-drinking, when even wine and water is despised? We, all of us, it appears, directly we become monks, are afflicted with weak stomachs, and the important advice of the apostle to use wine, we, in a praiseworthy manner, endeavour to follow;

but for some unexplained reason, the condition of *a little* is usually omitted.

“ You say, religion is in the heart ; true, but when you are about to buy a cowl you rush over to the towns, visit the markets, examine the fairs, dive into the houses of the merchants, turn over all their goods, undo their bundles of cloth, feel it with your fingers, hold it to your eyes, or to the rays of the sun, and if anything coarse or faded appears, you reject it ; but if you are pleased with any object of unusual beauty or brightness, you buy it, whatever the price. Does this come from your heart, or your simplicity ? I wonder that our abbots allow these things, unless it arises from the fact, that no one is apt to blame any error with confidence, if he cannot trust to his own freedom from the same.

“ Again, with our bellies full of beans, and our minds of pride, we condemn those who are full of meat, as if it were not better to eat a little fat on occasion than to be gorged, even to belching, with windy vegetables.

“ The church's walls are resplendent, but the poor are not there. The curious find wherewith to amuse themselves ; the wretched find no stay for them in their misery. Why, at least, do we not reverence the images of the saints, with which the very pavement we walk on is covered ? Often an angel's mouth is spit into, and the face of some saint trodden on by the passers-by. But if we cannot do without the images, why can we not spare the brilliant colours ? What has all this to do with monks, with professors of poverty, with men of spiritual minds ?

“ Again, in the cloisters, what is the meaning of those ridiculous monsters, of that deformed beauty, that beautiful deformity, before the very eyes of the brethren when

reading? What are disgusting monkeys there for, or ferocious lions, or horrible centaurs, or spotted tigers, or fighting soldiers, or huntsmen sounding the bugle? You may see there one head with many bodies, or one body with numerous heads. Here is a quadruped with a serpent's tail; there is a fish with a beast's head; there a creature, in front a horse, behind a goat; another has horns at one end, and a horse's tail at the other. In fact, such an endless variety of forms appears everywhere, that it is more pleasant to read in the stonework than in books, and to spend the day in admiring those oddities than in meditating on the law of God. Good God! if we are not ashamed of these absurdities, why do we not grieve at the cost of them?"

The following gem belongs to another style of thought and emotion. To feel it fully, one should wander alone in the deep embowering woods which surround the ruins of Fountain's Abbey, in Yorkshire, undisturbed by vulgar tourists and insatiable guides. The imagination, kindling in the hushed and haunted groves, should go back to the time when the stillness and dimness that precede the dawn were broken by the voices of the brethren at matins, and the dim light of the tapers twinkling through the storied windows of the convent chapel. We should behold in vision some old hermit, once a mighty manslayer, ill-famed for the dishonour of women and the lust of blood, now winning barren lands, subduing them for the husbandman, and himself turned to the Lord with full purpose of heart. He kneels devoutly on his knees as the bell summons the brethren. He is now ready to be offered. He is worn down with fasting and penitences, the time of his departure is at hand. Some MSS., traced in artistic and

reverent devices by the scribes of the cloister, lie before him. He opens one and peruses the burning words of the great founder and master of his order, translating into intelligible vocables the yearning of that hermit's heart:—

God All in All.

“ But who can grasp the magnitude of delight comprehended in that short word? God will be all in all. Not to speak of the body, I perceive three things in the soul—reason, will, memory; and these three make up the soul. How much each of these in this present world lacks of completion and perfectness, is felt by every one who walketh in the Spirit. Wherefore is this, except because God is not yet all in all? Therefore it is that our reason falters in judgment, that our will is feeble and distracted, that our memory confounds us by its forgetfulness. We are subjected unwillingly to this threefold weakness, but hope abides. For He who fills with good things the desires of the soul, He himself will be to the reason the fulness of light; to the will, the abundance of peace; to the memory, the unbroken smoothness of eternity. O truth! O charity! O eternity! O blessed and blessing Trinity! to Thee my miserable trinity miserably groans, while it is in exile from Thee. Departing from Thee, in what errors, griefs, and fears is it involved! Alas, for what a trinity have we exchanged Thee away! My heart is disturbed, and hence my grief; my strength has forsaken me, and hence my fear; the light of my eyes is not with me, and hence my error. O trinity of my soul! what a changed trinity dost thou show me in mine exile!

“ But why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art

thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him,'—that is, when error shall have left my mind, sorrow my will, fears my memory; and serenity, sweetness, and eternal peace shall have come in their stead. The first of these things will be done by the God of truth; the second, by the God of charity; the third, by the God of omnipotence; that God may be all in all: the reason receiving light inextinguishable, the will peace imperturbable, the memory cleaving to a fountain which shall never fail. You may judge for yourselves whether you would rightly assign the first to the Son, the second to the Holy Ghost, and the last to the Father; in such a manner, however, that you take away nothing of any of them, either from the Father, or the Son, or the Holy Ghost." •

Let us quote from the "Life and Times of Saint Bernard, by J. C. Morison, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford," one more specimen of the great mediæval orator. His brother Gérard, who had been one of his early converts, died on the very day that St Bernard was to preach one of his expository sermons on the Song of Solomon. His heart was full to overflowing, for he tenderly loved his brother. He ascended the pulpit at the appointed hour, and interwove with his subject a funeral oration on Gérard's death. His text was—

"As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."

"We must begin from this point, because it was here that the preceding sermon was brought to a close. You are waiting to hear what these words mean, and how they are connected with the previous clause, since a comparison is made between them. Perhaps both members of the

comparison, viz., 'As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon,' refer only to the first words, 'I am black.' It may be, however, that the simile is extended to both clauses, and each is compared with each. The former sense is the more simple, the latter the more obscure. Let us try both, beginning with the latter, which seems the more difficult. There is no difficulty, however, in the first comparison, 'I am black as the tents of Kedar,' but only in the last. For Kedar, which is interpreted to mean 'darkness' or 'gloom,' may be compared with blackness justly enough; but the curtains of Solomon are not so easily likened to beauty. Moreover, who does not see that 'tents' fit harmoniously with the comparison? For what is the meaning of 'tents,' except our bodies, in which we sojourn for a time. Nor have we 'an abiding city, but we seek one to come.' In our bodies, as under tents, we carry on warfare. Truly, we are violent to take the kingdom. Indeed, the life of man here on earth is a warfare; and as long as we do battle in this body, we are absent from the Lord, *i.e.*, from the light. For the Lord is light, and so far as any one is not in Him, so far He is in darkness, *i.e.*, in Kedar. Let each one then acknowledge the sorrowful exclamation as his own: 'Woe is me that my sojourn is prolonged! I have dwelt with those who dwell in Kedar. My soul hath long sojourned in a strange land.' Therefore this habitation of the body is not the mansion of the citizen, nor the house of the native, but either the soldier's tent or the traveller's inn. This body, I say, is a tent, and a tent of Kedar, because, by its interference, it prevents the soul from beholding the infinite light.

* * * * *

To-day, what an exceeding multitude of joys and bless-

ings is thine ! Instead of me thou hast Christ ; nor canst thou feel thy absence from thy brethren here, now that thou rejoicest in choruses of angels. Nothing, therefore, can make thee deplore the loss of our society, seeing that the Lord of majesty and the hosts of heaven vouchsafe to thee their presence. But what have I in thy stead ? What would I not give to know what thou now thinkest of thy Bernard, tottering amid cares and afflictions, and bereaved of thee, the staff of my weakness ? if, indeed, it be permitted to one, who is plunged into the abyss of light, and absorbed in the great ocean of eternal felicity, still to think of the miserable inhabitants of the earth. It may be that though thou knewest us in the flesh, thou knowest us no more, and since thou hast entered into the powers of the Lord, thou rememberest only His justice, forgetful of us. Moreover, he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit, and is entirely changed into one holy feeling ; neither can he think of or wish for aught but God and the things which God thinks and wishes, being full of God. But God is Love, and the more closely a man is united to God, the fuller he is of love. Further, God is without passions, but not without sympathy, for His nature is always to have mercy and to spare. Therefore thou must needs be merciful, since thou art joined to the Merciful One, although misery now be far from thee ; thou canst compassionate others, although thou sufferest not thyself. Thy love is not weakened, but changed. Nor because thou hast put on God hast thou laid aside all care for us, for ‘ He also careth for us.’ Thou hast discarded thine infirmities, but not thy affections. ‘ Charity never faileth :’ thou wilt not forget me at the last.

“ I fancy I hear my brother saying to me, ‘ Can a

woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' Truly it were lamentable if he did. Thou knowest, Gérard, where I am, where I lie, where thou leftest me. No one is by to stretch forth a hand to me. I look, as I have been wont to do in every emergency, to Gérard, and he is not there. Then do I groan as one that hath no help. Whom shall I consult in doubtful matters? To whom shall I trust in trial and misfortune? Who will bear my burdens? Who will protect me from harm? Did not Gérard's eyes prevent my steps? Alas, my cares and anxieties entered more deeply into Gérard's breast than into my own, ravaged it more freely, wrung it more acutely. His wise and gentle speech saved me from secular conversation, and gave me to the silence which I loved. The Lord hath given him a learned tongue, so that he knew when it was proper to speak. By the prudence of his answers, and the grace given him from above, he so satisfied both our own people and strangers, that scarcely any one needed me who had previously seen Gérard. He hastened to meet the visitors, placing himself in the way lest they should disturb my leisure. Such as he could not dispose of himself, those he brought in to me; the rest he sent away. O diligent man! O faithful friend!"

ST ANTHONY OF PADUA

Must be distinguished from the simple and eccentric friend of St Athanasius. The former was born at Lisbon, in 1195. At first he was one of the regular canons. The translation of the five Franciscan martyrs to Coimbra filled him with a yearning desire to follow their bright

example. He was eventually employed in revivalist missions throughout the north and centre of Italy. He died at Padua, worn out with labour, June 13, 1231. A magnificent church was dedicated to his honour near the spot where he expired. It is enriched by painting and sculpture, and the chapel of the saint is one of the most splendid in Christendom. When St Anthony was announced as about to preach, the church was thronged from day-break. Sometimes he had to leave the building, and address the assembled multitudes in the open air. Nor were the practical effects of his ministry less striking. Old enemies were seen shaking hands, and women selling their ornaments to distribute to the poor. Though born and educated in Portugal, his Italian was pure and idiomatic. Pope Gregory IX., after hearing one of his discourses, exclaimed, "It is the ark of the covenant, the shrine of Holy Scripture!" The sketches of his sermons which have come down to us are not equal to the reputation of St Anthony. Like other great preachers, he probably owed much to his manner.

We are not, however, to suppose that all mediæval sermons breathe the eloquence of St Bernard and St Anthony. The writings of the period of the Reformation contain allusions to, and specimens of, homilies of a very different description. Making every allowance for the spirit of exaggeration and sarcasm in which the Reformers would describe the sermons of the monks and friars, we find that many of the latter delivered the most absurd rhapsodies, and were justly denounced. The penetrating and politic mind of Archbishop Cranmer was fully alive to this abuse of the pulpit, and with prudent skill, he attempted to remove it. He sought and laboured to make

sermons the vehicle of sound Christian instruction. The sermons of the time of Henry the Eighth contain sad proofs of the mental poverty of the preachers. One friar, inveighing against irreverence towards the ministers of religion, relates the following story :—" Saint Augustine," said he, " saw two women prating together in the chapel of the pope, and the fiend sitting on their necks writing a long roll of what the women said. The devil accidentally let fall the roll, and the saint took it up. Asking the women what they had talked about, they replied, ' We have been only saying a few Paternosters.' St Augustine read the contents of the scroll. There was not one good or pious word in it from beginning to end!" In another sermon we are told the terrible consequences which follow certain sins of omission, as well as those of commission :—

What befell Four Men who stole an Abbot's Ox.

" Four men stole the ox of an abbot. The abbot gave sentence, and cursed them by bell, book, and candle. Three of the culprits repented of their crime, found mercy, and were shriven. The fourth died in his sin, unannealed and unabsolved. He could not rest in his grave. His spirit walked the earth by night, and all were filled with wild and unspeakable terror who ventured out of their houses after sunset. It happened that once as a pious priest went with the body of the Lord to the bedside of a dying man, the ghost met him, and told him who he was, and why so miserably he walked the earth. The ghost besought the priest to tell his widow to make the abbot ample amends, and to procure absolution for the offender ; for otherwise, said the poor spirit, my soul will find no rest for ever and ever. The widow propitiated the

abbot. The abbot removed the curse, and the ghost no more troubled the glimpses of the upper air !”

The good results of hearing Mass.

A country parish priest, once discoursing on this subject, assured his congregation that “on the day they hear the mass, and assist at the holy sacrifice, all idle oaths and forgotten sins shall be forgiven. On that day they shall not lose their sight, nor die a sudden death, nor wax aged ; and every step thitherward and homeward, an angel shall reckon !”

DOCTOR SHAW.

Stow relates, that while Richard III. was protector, it was desired by that crafty prince and his council, that the famous, or rather infamous Dr Shaw, should in a sermon, at Paul’s Cross, from a text on the danger of illegitimate succession, signify to the people that neither King Edward nor the Duke of Clarence, nor the children of the Duke of York, were legally begotten, and that the Protector should come in at this period of the discourse, as if by accident, when the doctor was to proceed in these words : “ But see the Lord Protector, that very noble prince, the special pattern of knightly prowess, as well in all princely behaviour, as in the lineaments and favour in his visage, representing the very face of the noble duke his father : this is the father’s own figure ; this, his own countenance, the very print of his visage, the very sure undoubted image, the plain express likeness of the noble duke.” It fell out, however, through over-much haste, the doctor had spoken all this before the Protector came in ; yet beholding him enter, he suddenly stopped in what he was saying,

and began to repeat his lesson again, "but see the Lord Protector, that very noble prince," and so on. "But the people," says Speed, "were so far from crying King Richard, that they stood as if they had been turned into stones, for this very shameful sermon."

Bishop Otto and the Consecration Sermon.

An interesting and characteristic anecdote is related of Bishop Otto, the apostle of Pomerania. He went to preach at Gützkow, a sort of Pomeranian Goodmundingham. He found there a grand and stately heathen temple and precinct; he caused it to be razed to its foundations, and a stately Christian church to be reared in its stead. The new building was now completed, and ready for consecration. The day for the holy festival was fixed, and the bishop was to preach the first sermon. Count Mitzlaff, the feudal lord of the town and neighbouring district, appeared to assist at the ceremony. The bishop spoke to him in affectionate and earnest tones: "O great count, this consecration is nothing, nor can I preach with full comfort and energy unless thou and thy whole people consecrate yourselves to the Lord." The count reverently replied, "What can I do more? I have been baptized at Usedom. What dost thou require of me further?" The good bishop replied, "Thou hast many prisoners taken in war whom thou detainest for their ransom, and there are Christians among them. O count, release them! let this day be one of real rejoicing. Let there be glory to God and our Saviour, the true Liberator of mankind!" Urged by the solemn words of the pious prelate, the Count Mitzlaff ordered all the Christian prisoners to be brought forth and set at liberty. Encouraged by this generous conces-

sion, the bishop continued and said, "The poor and benighted heathen, too, are our brethren! Of one blood God hath created all men. Let them also be set at liberty. Release them at my entreaty. I will baptize such as are worthy, and thus they will be led to the fold of the Saviour." The count ordered all the heathen to be liberated from servitude. The bishop baptized them. The wail of the penitent mingled with the tears of Christian rejoicing over the conversion of souls, and the heart of the pious multitude leapt for joy.

It was now thought that all the prisoners were released. The consecration of the church was about to be completed. The apparitors and other servants were about to bring salt, wine, and ashes, as ancient and symbolical necessities to a solemn dedication. Salt there was in plenty. Wine was the besetting snare and temptation of every mediæval feast of dedication: of this there was no lack. Nobody ever dreamed that ashes could be wanting. Where was the hearth that would not supply ashes? But unexpectedly, and as though by miracle, ashes were not forthcoming. One house after another was searched, but there were not any ashes. While the attendants were thus occupied, they heard the voice of a man underground lamenting in bitter terms. They made inquiry of the bystanders, and learned that beneath the house was a dungeon, in which lay in chains a Dane of illustrious parentage, detained as a hostage for five hundred marks of silver which his father owed to the count for some injury done in those wild and ruthless times. The good bishop was duly informed of the prisoner's sad condition, but he durst not intercede with the count on account of the magnitude of the injury. How could he trouble any further the noble count? But

Mitzlaff heard the whispering, and inquired. Then the servants said softly, "Sir, the Dane!" On this the count started. The generous effort cost him much; yet he exclaimed, "He is my worst enemy, and ought to make me ample atonement; but to-day I will regard no loss. Be it so: release the Dane also, and may God be gracious unto me." Then they fetched the prisoner, and placed him without chains by the altar. Then Otto delivered a short but admirable discourse, and pronounced the benediction.

OLIVER MAILLARD.

One of the oddest, yet most learned divines that ever adorned the Gallican pulpit was Dr Oliver Maillard, who died in the year 1502. He was famous for the directness and personality of his preaching. He denounced vice with extraordinary picturesqueness and force. His portraits of character were as distinct and recognisable as paintings in a gallery. Every department of church and state was at that time invaded by men of profligate lives. The monastic system had produced hypocrites rather than saints. The highest offices in the church were bought and sold. The king, Louis XI., set an example of coarse and vulgar debauchery in private life, while he managed the people and cajoled neighbouring princes by methods of *finesse* and double-dealing which have rarely found a parallel in history. His superstition was, like his wickedness, monstrous and uncouth. He used to carry a leaden image of our Lady of Clery in his bonnet, and when alarmed or disappointed, he would embrace it with kisses, or trample it in the dust under his feet. Such were the times in which Maillard lived; yet he was never known to sully his pen with flattery, or his tongue with compromise.

Bravely upholding virtue, and making vice ashamed, he was called by his admiring contemporaries the scourge of sinners.

This zealous divine, preaching one day before the parliament at Toulouse, drew such an exact and finished portrait of an unjust and corrupt judge, and the application to many members of that body was so pointed, that they counselled together for some time whether it would not be proper to arrest him. The result of their deliberations was transmitted to the archbishop, who, in order to soothe the resentment of those who felt themselves hurt, interdicted Maillard from preaching during the next two years. The good old ecclesiastic received the cowardly mandate of his diocesan with becoming humility. He then waited on the offended magistrates, and stated his duty as a preacher of the Divine Word in such impressive language, that they threw themselves alternately on his bosom, confessed their crimes, and became true penitents; no longer distorting facts to gratify the powerful, or taking bribes to condemn the innocent.

Maillard, when he happened to preach before his majesty, even took liberties with the capricious and despotic monarch himself. When one of the courtiers informed him that the king had threatened to throw him into the river, "The king," replied he, "is my master; but you may tell him that I shall get sooner to heaven by water than he will by his *post-horses*." The king, Louis XI., had been the first to establish post-horses and posting on the roads of France, the frontier of which he had greatly extended, rather by ingenious and intriguing diplomacy than by force of arms. When this pleasantry was reported to him, he wisely allowed Maillard to preach as he liked,

without danger from the royal prerogative. The saying became a current jest among the wits of the period, and is quoted in the "Navis Stultifera" of Badius. In the Latin edition of Maillard's Sermons, published at Paris, the words HEM, HEM, are written in the margin, to mark the places where, according to the custom of those days, the preacher was at liberty to stop and cough. In some old MSS. sermons, the preacher is recommended to shake the crucifix, to hammer on the pulpit like Satan himself. These were devices to enable him to collect his thoughts, if by chance they had wandered from the subject in hand.

Mr Isaac Disraeli, in his well-known work, "Curiosities of Literature," gives the following characteristic extracts from Maillard, and from Menot, who was almost his contemporary.

"In attacking rapine and robbery," says Mr Disraeli, "Maillard, under the first head, describes a kind of usury which was practised in the days of Ben Jonson, and, I am told, in the present as well as in the times of Maillard. 'This,' says he, 'is called palliated usury. It is thus: When a person is in want of money, he goes to a treasurer, (a kind of banker or merchant,) on whom he has an order for a thousand crowns. The treasurer tells him that he will pay him in a fortnight's time, when he is to receive the money. The poor man cannot wait. Our good treasurer tells him, 'I will give you half in money and half in goods.'" So he passes his goods that are worth 100 crowns for 200.' He then touches on the bribes which these treasurers and clerks in office took, excusing themselves by alleging the little pay they otherwise received. 'All these practices be sent to the devils!' cries Maillard, in thus addressing himself to the *ladies*; 'it is for *you* all this damnation

ensues. Yes, yes! you must have rich satins and girdles of gold out of this accursed money. When any one has anything to receive from the husband, he must make a present to the wife of some fine gown, or girdle, or ring. If you ladies and gentlemen who are battenning on your pleasures, and wear scarlet clothes, I believe if you were closely put in a good press, we should see the blood of the poor gush out, with which your scarlet is dyed.'

"Maillard notices the following curious particulars of the mode of *cheating in trade* in his times.

"He is violent against the apothecaries for their cheats. 'They mix ginger with cinnamon, which they sell for real spices; they put their bags of ginger, pepper, saffron, cinnamon, and other drugs in damp cellars, that they may weigh heavier; they mix oil with saffron to give it a colour, and to make it weightier.' He does not forget those tradesmen who put water in their wool, and moisten their cloth that it may stretch; tavern-keepers who sophisticate and mingle wines; the butchers who blow up their meat, and who mix hog's lard with the fat of their meat. He terribly declaims against those who buy with a great allowance of measure and weight, and then sell with a small measure and weight; and curses those who, when they weigh, press the scales down with their finger. But it is time to conclude with Master Oliver! His catalogue is, however, by no means exhausted; and it may not be amiss to observe, that the present age has retained every one of the sins.

"The following extracts are from Menot's sermons, which are written, like Maillard's, in a barbarous Latin, mixed with old French.

"Michael Menot died in 1518. I think he has more wit

than Maillard, and occasionally displays a brilliant imagination, with the same singular mixture of grave declamation and farcical absurdities. He is called in the title-page the *golden-tongued*. It runs thus: *Predicatoris qui lingua aurea, sua tempestate nuncussatus est, Sermones quadragesimales, ab ipso olim Turonis declamati. Paris, 1525, 8vo.*

“When he compares the Church with a vine, he says: ‘There were once some Britons and Englishmen who would have carried away all France into their country, because they found our wine better than their beer; but as they well knew that they could not always remain in France, nor carry away France into their country, they would at least carry with them several stocks of vines. They planted some in England, but these stocks soon degenerated, because the soil was not adapted to them.’ Notwithstanding what Menot said in 1500, and that we have tried so often, we have often flattered ourselves that if we plant vineyards, we may have English wine.

“The following beautiful figure describes those who live neglectful of their aged parents who had cherished them into prosperity. ‘See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all, but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements, and to game away their fortunes, than to give to their old parents that which they want.’

“He acquaints us with the following circumstances of the immorality of that age. ‘Who has not got a mistress besides his wife? The poor wife eats the fruits of bitterness, and even makes the bed for the mistress.’ Oaths were not unfashionable in his day. ‘Since the world has

been the world, this crime was never greater. There were once pillories for these swearers ; but now this crime is so common, that the child of five years can swear, and even the old dotard of eighty, who has only two teeth remaining, can fling out an oath.'

"On the power of the fair sex of his day, he observes : ' A father says, " My son studies ; he must have a bishopric or an abbey of 500 livres. Then he will have dogs, horses, and mistresses, like others." Another says, " I will have my son placed at court, and have many honourable dignities." To succeed well, both employ the mediation of women ; unhappily the Church and the law are entirely at their disposal. We have artful Delilahs who shear us close. For twelve crowns and an ell of velvet given to a woman, you gain the worst lawsuit and the best living.'

"In his last sermon, Menot recapitulates the various topics he had touched on during Lent. This extract presents a curious picture, and a just notion of the versatile talents of these preachers.

" ' I have told *ecclesiastics* how they should conduct themselves ; not that they are ignorant of their duties, but I must ever repeat to girls not to suffer themselves to be duped by them. I have told these ecclesiastics that they should imitate the lark ; if she has a grain she does not remain idle, but feels her pleasure in singing, and in singing always is ascending towards heaven. So they should not amass, but elevate the hearts of all to God, and not do as the frogs, who are crying out day and night, and think they have a fine throat, but always remain fixed in the mud.

" ' I have told the *men of the law* that they should have the qualities of the eagle. The first is, that this bird, when

it flies, fixes its eye on the sun ; so all judges, counsellors, and attorneys, in judging, writing, and signing, should always have God before their eyes. And secondly, this bird is never greedy ; it willingly shares its prey with others : so all lawyers, who are rich in crowns after having had their bills paid, should distribute some to the poor, particularly when they are conscious that their money arises from their prey.

“ ‘ I have spoken of the *marriage state*, but all that I have said has been disregarded. See those wretches who break the hymeneal chains, and abandon their wives ! they pass their holidays out of their parishes, because if they remained at home they must have joined their wives at church ; they liked their prostitutes better ; and it will be so every day in the year ! I would as well dine with a Jew or a heretic, as with them. What an infected place is this ! Mistress Lubricity has taken possession of the whole city ; look in every corner, and you'll be convinced.

“ ‘ For you, *married women* ! if you have heard the nightingale's song, you must know that she sings during three months, and that she is silent when she has young ones. So there is a time in which you may sing and take your pleasures in the marriage state, and another to watch your children. Don't damn yourselves for them ; and remember it would be better to see them drowned than damned.

“ ‘ As to *widows*, I observe, that the turtle withdraws and sighs in the woods whenever she has lost her companion ; so must they retire into the wood of the cross, and having lost their temporal husband, take no other but Jesus Christ.

“ ‘ And, to close all, I have told *girls* that they must fly from the company of men, and not permit them to embrace, or even touch them. Look on the rose ; it has a

delightful odour ; it embalms the place in which it is placed ; but if you grasp it underneath, it will prick you till the blood issues. The beauty of the rose is the beauty of the girl. The beauty and perfume of the first invites to smell and to handle it, but when it is touched underneath it pricks sharply ; the beauty of a girl likewise invites the hand ; but you, my young ladies, you must never suffer this, for I tell you that every man who does this designs to make you harlots.'

"These ample extracts may convey the same pleasure to the reader which I have received by collecting them from their scarce originals, little known even to the curious. Menot, it cannot be denied, displays a poetic imagination, and a fertility of conception which distinguishes him among his rivals. The same taste and popular manner came into our country, and were suited to the simplicity of the age. In 1527, our Bishop Latimer preached a sermon, in which he expresses himself thus : 'Now, ye have heard what is meant by this *first card*, and how ye ought to *play*. I purpose again to *deal* unto you another *card of the same suit* : for they be so nigh affinity, that one cannot be well played without the other.' It is curious to observe about a century afterwards, as Fuller informs us, that when a country clergyman imitated these familiar allusions, the taste of the congregation had so changed, that he was interrupted by peals of laughter !

"Even in more modern times have Menot and Mailard found an imitator in little Father André, as well as others. His character has been variously drawn. He is by some represented as a kind of buffoon in the pulpit ; but others more judiciously observe, that he only indulged his natural genius, and uttered humorous and

lively things, as the good father observes himself, to keep the attention of his audience awake. He was not always laughing. 'He told many a bold truth,' says the author of *Guerre des Auteurs anciens et modernes*, 'that sent bishops to their dioceses, and made many a coquette blush. He possessed the art of biting when he smiled; and more ably combated vice by his ingenious satire than by those vague apostrophes which no one takes to himself. While others were straining their minds to catch at sublime thoughts which no one understood, he lowered his talents to the most humble situations, and to the minutest things. From them he drew his examples and his comparisons; and the one and the other never failed of success.' Marville says, that 'his expressions were full of shrewd simplicity. He made very free use of the most popular proverbs. His comparisons and figures were always borrowed from the most familiar and lowest things.' To ridicule effectually the reigning vices, he would prefer quirks or puns to sublime thoughts; and he was little solicitous of his choice of expression, so the things came home. Gozzi, in Italy, had the same power in drawing unexpected inferences from vulgar and familiar occurrences. It was by this art Whitefield obtained so many followers. In Piozzi's 'British Synonymes,' vol. ii. p. 205, we have an instance of Gozzi's manner. In the time of Charles II. it became fashionable to introduce humour into sermons. Sterne seems to have revived it in his. South's sparkle perpetually with wit and pun. Far different, however, are the characters of the sublime preachers of whom the French have preserved the following descriptions:—

“We have not any more Bourdaloue, La Rue, and Massillon; but the idea which still exists of the manner of ad-

dressing their auditors may serve instead of lessons. Each had his own peculiar mode, always adapted to place, time, circumstance, to their auditors, their style, and their subject.

“ Bourdaloue, with a collected air, had little action ; with eyes generally halfclosed, he penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. The tone with which a sacred orator pronounced the words, *Tu est ille vir !* ‘Thou art the man !’ in suddenly addressing them to one of the kings of France, struck more forcibly than their application. Madame de Sevigné describes our preacher by saying, ‘Father Bourdaloue thunders at Notre-Dame.’

“ La Rue appeared with the air of a prophet. His manner was irresistible, full of fire, intelligence, and force. He had strokes perfectly original. Several old men, his contemporaries, still shuddered at the recollection of the expression which he employed in an apostrophe to the God of vengeance, *Evaginare gladium tuum !*

“ The person of Massillon affected his admirers. He was seen in the pulpit with that air of simplicity, that modest demeanour, those eyes humbly declining, those unstudied gestures, that passionate tone, that mild countenance of a man penetrated with his subject, conveying to the mind the most luminous ideas, and to the heart the most tender emotions. Baron, the tragedian, coming out from one of his sermons, truth forced from his lips a confession humiliating to his profession : ‘My friend,’ said he to one of his companions, ‘this is an orator ! and we are only actors !’ ”

Urban Chevreau was a French critic and historian of the seventeenth century. He published a work called “Chev-

ræana," Paris, 1697, which contains the following passage:—

“As there are characters of pretended valour, so there are wits of false splendour and little judgment. When I was young, I remember attending a sermon preached by a prelate, who was celebrated at court from the greatness of his talent. It was on the feast of Mary Magdalene. The bishop having enlarged much on the repentance of Mary, observed that her tears had opened to her the way to heaven; and that she had travelled by water to a place where few other persons have gone by land. It is left to the reader to determine whether the expression of M. Colion, Bishop of Nismes, is conformable to the just rules of criticism; or whether the expression is forced and distorted, and equally void of elegance and judgment.”

A Roman poet once said, “There lived many brave men before Agamemnon.” So there arose many remarkable preachers from time to time during the middle ages. Gabriel Barlette was a Neapolitan Dominican in the fifteenth century. The following curious observation is attributed to him, as having been made in a sermon on the temptation of our blessed Lord:—“After His victory over Satan, the blessed Virgin sent Him the dinner she had made ready for herself—soup and cabbage, spinach, and perhaps even sardines.” Some preachers rendered themselves conspicuous by attacking certain special classes of crimes. They were unequal to the discussion of other subjects. John Geminiano excelled in funeral sermons. Adrian Mangosius, the Dutchman, used to make up a discourse by quotations from everybody he could think of—the Gospels, the Old Testament, St Thomas Aquinas, St Jerome, Virgil, Plutarch, Sallust, and Cicero. Joseph de

Barzia was the Bishop of Cadiz, and flourished at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century; but he belongs to the mediæval type. His style was generally denunciatory. Jacques Marchant, on the contrary, who was a contemporary of De Barzia, was poetical and loving. John Osorius was a Spanish Jesuit, who preached three sermons when the great Armada against England was upon the point of sailing; and three more upon the overthrow of his Spanish friends, and the return of the shattered remains of the expedition. Jean Raulin, born at Toul, in 1443, delighted in tracing types and developing metaphors.

Mr Baring-Gould gives the two following stories, in his own delightful way, as illustrative of Jean Raulin's style:—

“The beasts were once determined to keep Lent strictly, and to begin by making their confessions. The Lion was appointed confessor. First to be shaven came the Wolf, who with expressions of remorse, acknowledged himself a grievous sinner, and confessed that he had—yes, he had—once eaten a lamb.

“‘Any extenuating circumstances?’ asked the Lion.

“‘Well, yes, there were,’ quoth the Wolf; ‘for the mother who bore me, and my ancestors from time immemorial, have been notable lamb-eaters, and “what’s born in the bone comes out in the flesh.”’

“‘Quite so,’ said the confessor; ‘your penance is this, say one Pater-Noster.’

“The next to approach the tribunal of penance was the Fox, with drooping tail, a lachrymose eye, and humble gait.

“‘I have sinned, father!’ began Reynard, beating his breast; ‘I have sinned grievously through my own fault; I—I—I—yes, I once did eat a hen.’

“ ‘Any extenuating circumstances?’ asked the Lion.

“ ‘Two,’ replied the penitent; ‘I must say, the fault was not quite my own. The hen was grossly fat, and it roosted within reach. Now, had she been an ascetic, and had she gone to sleep in some tree, I should never have touched her, I assure you, father.’

“ ‘There is some truth in that,’ said the confessor; ‘say as penance one Pater Noster.’

“Next came the Donkey, hobbling up to the confessional, and her broken ee-yaws! could be heard from quite a distance. For some time the poor brute was so convulsed with sobs that not a word she said could be distinguished. At last she gulped forth that she had sinned in three things.

“ ‘And what are they?’ asked the Lion, gruffly.

“ ‘O father! first of all, as I went along the roads, I found grass and thistles in the hedges; they were so tempting that—that—that—ee-yaw, ee-yaw!’

“ ‘Go on,’ growled the Lion; ‘you ate them; you committed robbery. Vile monster! I shudder at the enormity of your crime.’

“ ‘Secondly,’ continued the Donkey, ‘as I came near a monastery one summer’s day, the gates were wide open to air the cloisters; impelled by curiosity, I—I—I—just ventured to walk in, and I think I may have somewhat befouled the pavement.’

“ ‘What!’ exclaimed the confessor, rising in his seat, and shaking his mane; ‘enter the sanctuary dedicated to religion—*you*, a female, knowing that it is against the rules of the order that aught but males should intrude; and then, too, that little circumstance about the pavement! Go on,’ said the Lion grimly.

“‘O father,’ sighed the poor penitent; ‘the holy monks were all in chapel and singing the office. They sang so beautifully that my heart was lifted up within me, and at the close of a collect my feelings overcame me, and I tried to say amen; but produced only an ee-yaw! which interrupted the service, and hindered the devotion of the monks.’

“‘Horrible!’ cried the Lion, his eyes flashing with pious zeal, his hair bristling with virtuous indignation. ‘Monster steeped in crime, is there any penance too great to inflict on you? I—’ The reader may guess what became of the helpless beast.”

Some of these orators indulged in wild and fanatical rhapsodies. One Brother Roger, whom Cardinal Bona calls an ecstatic man, preached once somewhat in this strain, “What dost thou think will be if in thy inward life God is inwardly present? From what a state of darkness to what clarities wilt thou be led by His Spirit! If thou couldst know those inward contemplations which are in the inward secrets of the soul, if those lucid illuminations, if those fervid burning splendours, if those simple uncompounded rays, if those pure lightnings, if those vivid enlivening odours, if those peaceful savours, if those delicious, nay, most delicious sweetnesses, if those unknown and unnameable things, yet things experimentally felt, thou couldst perfectly possess! Ah! man, if thou couldst know these things by experiment, think how thou couldst endure the darkness of thy life as I do. But when will it be? Dost thou think that I shall not see? when, when, when? All things are in delay. These are the words of silence. Ah! hah! hah!” Such is the untranslatable nonsense of this abstruse enthusiast. Nicholas de Lyrâ used to

affirm that our blessed Saviour was a Minorite friar of the order of St Francis, for which Luther most justly rebuked Him.

The Franciscan Egan's Recantation Sermon

Contains the following strange confession :—

“When I was made a friar, a great number of people were present at the solemnity. I appeared in a spruce garb, had there my horse, my sword and pistols, and appeared with much gaiety and splendour. The head of the convent advised the people to take notice of my pompous condition, and that I was willing to lay aside all those outward glories for St Francis, his sake ; and accordingly I disrobed myself, and put on the mean garments which belonged to the order, and then made three vows of *obedience, poverty, and chastity*. After that, took one and twenty oaths. Now, in the oaths I swore never to come on horseback ; never to wear shoes ; to obey my superior in whatever he commanded me, without examining the lawfulness of his commands ; not to be ashamed to beg ; never to be out of my friar's habit. But that which was a cause of disgust at that time unto me was this : The superior tells me that I must take my former garments, that is, return in the same posture I came, and go see my friends ; and though all these things were against my oaths, yet he would ABSOLVE me from them. And this is the state of all the Irish friars.”—*Recantation Sermon of Anthony Egan, entitled the Franciscan Convert, preached at London, 1673.*

Early Mediæval Preachers.

There is reason to believe that the revival of the use of funeral sermons, which had been discontinued during

many ages, on account of the scarcity of orators, contributed not a little to the improvement of preaching. Between the funeral oration delivered over the remains of St Honoratus, Bishop of Arles, by St Hilary, his successor, in 413, no such oration was preached until that over William the Conqueror, in 1087, by Gilbert of Evreux. The public taste for this sort of eloquence was fostered by, if not derived from, the custom of reciting poetical elegies over the dead. In the twelfth century, funeral sermons were multiplied everywhere. Leger, archbishop of Bourges, preached that of Robert Arbrisclesle, in February 1117. Pope Gelasius II., having died at Cluny in 1119, Peter of Poitiers, monk of that abbey, honoured his obsequies by a discourse which Muratori has preserved. The present volume contains extracts from that pronounced in 1138 by St Bernard to the memory of his brother Gérard, who had been a monk of Clairvaux. In 1148, St Bernard delivered that of St Malachy, primate of Ireland, who died at Clairvaux in the same year. These orations have been justly thought worthy of a comparison with the finest specimens of Greek and Roman eloquence. It appears that from France the custom passed into Germany; for Imbricon, bishop of Wirtzburg, preached at the funeral of St Otto, Bishop of Bamberg, who died in 1139.

This custom had a manifest tendency to improve the ordinary preaching of God's holy Word. Robert d'Arbrisclesle and his companions, Bernard de Tiron, Vital de Mortain or de Savigne, Raoul de la Fûtaie, especially distinguished themselves. Gerard de la Sale roused the people of Aquitaine to repentance. The foundation of many monasteries attested the success of their ministry,—in Languedoc, in Poitou, in Limousin, in Perigord.

Vital having preached in 1119 at the Council of Rheims, Pope Calixtus II., who was present, declared that no one had ever so well represented to him the duties of the sovereign pontiff. On the other hand, St Norbert, and Hugo, his first companion, busied themselves not only in preaching, but in forming the style and method of other preachers. Roger, first the scholar, and afterwards the companion, of the same St Norbert, was remarkable for his force and unction. Erlebaud, dean of Cambrai, is remembered for his wonderful knowledge of holy Scripture. Young monks began to preach to their brethren in the cloister. There they acquired fluency and confidence. From thence they set out to address kings upon their thrones, vast congregations in cathedrals and in the open air; while some accompanied the Crusaders, raising their courage to frenzy before battle, sustaining it in defeat, and often relieving the tedium of a march through deserts or hostile lands. Such was Milon, a Cistercian of the diocese of Poitiers, whom Richard the Lion-hearted took with him to the Holy Land. Any one wishing to examine closely the literary history of the pulpit in France and other neighbouring countries during the twelfth century, may consult with advantage an elaborate work entitled "*Histoire littéraire de la France où l'on traite de l'origine et du Progrés, de la Décadence et du rétablissement des Sciences parmi les Gaulois et parmi les François; du goût et du génie des uns et des autres pour les Letres en chaque siècle; de leurs anciennes Ecoles; de l'établissement des Universités en France; des principaux Colléges; des Académies des Sciences et Belles-Letres; des meilleures Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes; des plus célèbres Imprimeries; et de tout ce qui a un rapport par-*

ticulier à la Littérature. Par des Religieux Bénédictins de la Congregation de S. Maur. A Paris. 1750." (sic.)

FATHER MARTIN LUTHER.

The illustrious monk of Wittenburg, in the following caustic observations, seems to point out an evil method of preaching in which the German pulpit orators of the ante-Reformation period more or less indulged. He denounces the preachers who aimed "at sublimity, difficulty, and eloquence; who, neglecting the souls of the poor, sought their own praise and honour, and to please one or two persons of consequence."

"When a man," says Luther, "comes into the pulpit for the first time, he is much perplexed by the number of heads before him. When I ascend the pulpit, I see no heads, but imagine those that are before me to be all blocks. When I preach I sink myself deeply down; I regard neither doctors nor masters, of which there are in the church above forty. But I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of which there are more than two thousand. I preach to them. I direct my discourse to those that have need of it. A preacher should be a logician and a rhetorician; that is, he must be able to teach and to admonish. When he preaches on any article he must first distinguish it, then define, describe, and show what it is; thirdly, he must produce sentences from the Scripture to prove and to strengthen it; fourthly, he must explain it by examples; fifthly, he must adorn it with similitudes; and lastly, he must admonish and arouse the indolent, correct the disobedient, and reprove the authors of false doctrine."

A quaint parallel to this counsel of Luther is to be found

in an anecdote told of an old Yorkshire clergyman. A friend asked him if he studied the *fathers* before he began to write his sermons. "No," was the reply. "I rather study the *mothers*, for they have the greater need of comfort and encouragement."

The Spaniards have a proverb which sarcastically describes preachers fond of high-sounding words without meaning. It is derived from the Arabic, and came to Spain through the Moors. It represents such preachers as mills, of which we hear the clatter, but from which we never obtain any flour.

Monkish Error.

The ignorance which prevailed in reference to the Scriptures when Luther was raised up of God to reform the Church, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was indeed surprising. Conrad of Heresbach, a grave author of that age, relates a fact of a monk saying to his companions, "They have invented a new language, which they call Greek: you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the mother of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons a book written in that language, and which they call the New Testament: it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, my brethren, it is certain that whoever learns it becomes immediately a Jew."

Ignorance of Monks.

It is very affecting to contemplate the ignorance which existed in Europe before printing was introduced. Stephanus relates an anecdote of a certain doctor of the Sorbonne, who, speaking of the Reformers, expressed his surprise at their mode of reasoning, by exclaiming, "I wonder why

these youths are always quoting the New Testament. I was more than fifty years old before I knew anything of a New Testament." And Albert, Archbishop and Elector of Mentz, in the year 1530, accidentally meeting with a Bible, opened it, and having read some pages, observed, "Indeed I do not know what this book is ; but this I see, that everything in it is against us." Even Carolastadius, who was afterwards one of the Reformers, acknowledged that he never began to read the Bible till eight years after he had taken his highest degree in divinity. Many other equally striking facts might be introduced, illustrative of the ignorance of the Scriptures which prevailed at that time.

FREDERIC THE WISE, ELECTOR OF SAXONY,

When conversing one day with Staupitz, the Vicar-General, about the monks and friars who filled their sermons with emptiness, is said to have made the following profound observations : " All discourses that are filled only with subtleties and human traditions, are wonderfully cold and unimpressive ; since no subtlety can be advanced that another subtlety cannot overthrow. The Holy Scriptures alone are clothed with such power and majesty, that, destroying all our learned reasoning-machines, they press us close, and compel us to say : ' Never man spake like this man.' " Staupitz having expressed himself entirely of that opinion, the Elector shook him cordially by the hand, and said, " Promise me that you will always think the same." An eminent judge was asked why he never attended the Temple Church where the Reverend Theyre Smith, Canon Benson, and other distinguished divines preached wonderful sermons about twenty years ago. The judge preferred to attend the ministry of a pious, but some-

what weak-minded, clergyman of so-called evangelical sentiments. He replied, "If I go to the Temple Church, I hear an argument on some point of the external or internal evidence of Christianity, some defence of the doctrine of a divine moral government. I remember the days when I was a barrister on circuit, and I cannot help thinking that a good case might be made out on the other side. When I kneel down to pray to my Maker, my distress at such thoughts is intolerable, so I attend the preaching of Dr So-so, who, without argument, tells me in a simple strain, which requires no mental effort on my part, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

FRANCIS COSTER, 1531-1619.

Mr Gould has collected several beautiful specimens of what may be called the parable and story-telling style of preaching, adopted by some of the mediæval clergy, as best adapted to congregations, the greater part of whom could not read, and who required the simplest and most elementary food for their souls. Among these examples, the following is conspicuous. What an effect its utterance must have had on the delicate fibres of a good child's heart! Let Mr Gould tell the story in his own ingenious way:—

"There is," says he, "one delightful mediæval tale reproduced by him which I shall venture to relate, as it is full of beauty, and inculcates a wholesome lesson. There is a ballad in German on the subject, to be found in Pucci and Gores' *Fest Kalendar*, which has been translated into English, and published in some Roman Catholic children's books.

"The story was, I believe, originated by Anthony of

Sienna, who relates it in his chronicle of the Dominican order ; and it was from him that the preachers and writers of the Middle Ages drew the incident. With the reader's permission, I will tell the story in my own words, instead of giving the stiff and dry record found in Coster.

“ There was once a good priest who served a church in Lusitania ; and he had two pupils, little boys, who came to him daily to learn their letters, and to be instructed in the Latin tongue.

“ Now these children were wont to come early from home, and to assist at mass, before ever they ate their breakfast or said their lessons. And thus was each day sanctified to them, and each day saw them grow in grace and in favour with God and man.

“ These little ones were taught to serve at the Holy Sacrifice, and they performed their parts with care and reverence. They knelt and responded, they raised the priest's chasuble and kissed its hem, they rang the bell at the sanctus and the elevation ; and all they did they did right well.

“ And when mass was over they extinguished the altar lights ; and then, taking their little loaf and can of milk, retired to a side chapel for their breakfast.

“ One day the elder lad said to his master—

“ ‘ Good father, who is the strange child who visits us every morning when we break our fast ’

“ ‘ I know not,’ answered the priest. And when the children asked the same question day by day, the old man wondered, and said, ‘ Of what sort is he ?’

“ ‘ He is dressed in a white robe without seam, and it reacheth from his neck to his feet.’

“ ‘ Whence cometh he ?’

“ ‘ He steppeth down to us suddenly, as it were, from the altar. And we asked him to share our food with us : and that he doth right willingly every morning.’

“ ‘ Then the priest wondered yet more, and he asked, ‘ Are there marks by which I should know him, were I to see him ?’

“ ‘ Yes, father ; he hath wounds in his hands and feet ; and as we give him of our food the blood flows forth and moistens the bread in his hands, till it blushes like a rose.’

“ ‘ And when the master heard this, a great awe fell upon him, and he was silent awhile. But at last he said gravely, ‘ O my sons, know that the Holy Child, Jesus, hath been with you. Now when He cometh again, say to Him, Thou, O Lord, hast breakfasted with us full often ; grant that we brothers and our dear master may sup with Thee.’

“ ‘ And the children did as the priest bade them. The Child Jesus smiled sweetly, as they made the request, and replied, ‘ Be it so ; on Thursday next, the Day of My Ascension, ye shall sup with Me.’

“ ‘ So when Ascension Day arrived, the little ones came very early as usual, but they brought not their loaf nor the tin of milk. And they assisted at mass as usual ; they vested the priest, they lighted the tapers, they chanted the responds, they rang the bell. But when the *Pax Vobiscum* had been said they remained on their knees, kneeling behind the priest. And so they gently fell asleep in Christ, and they, with their dear master, sat down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.”

A Good Pastor.

The following quaint description of a good pastor is found in a sermon belonging to this period :—

“ A spiritual pastor, like a real shepherd, should carry bread and salt in a bag, that is, the bread of good life and discretion ; he should use water for drink, that is, living water ; he should eat green herbs, that is, have provision of good examples ; he should keep a dog to guard the sheep, that is, a learned tongue ; he should wear coarse raiment, and a leathern girdle, indicating that he despises earthly pleasures and subdues the flesh ; he should sleep under a low roof, implying that he has no abiding city, but sighs after heaven ; he should have straw for his bed, as significative of living an austere life ; and trees and leaves for sheets in bed, representing the words of Scripture which are his covering and defence ; he should have a crook for a staff, as implying his dependence on the cross ; a pipe to play on to collect the flock, denoting the voice of praise and prayer ; and a sling for the wolf, to signify the justice with which he may put to flight the devil.”

THOMAS BRINCKERINCK,

Confessor to the Béguines, was a celebrated Dutch preacher of the fourteenth century. “ Once,” says Thomas à Kempis, “ he was preaching on the circumcision, and treating most sweetly of the name of Jesus, exalting this blessed and delicious name above all things in heaven and earth. At length, he condescended to rebuke some foolish and secular men, because, woe is me ! they spake less reverently, nay, and even jokingly, of that holy and inviolable name. And he exclaimed and said, ‘ There are some

who cry with a contemptuous sneer, Ho, ho ! Jesus is the God of the Béguines ! Fools and miserable men ! Jesus the God of the Béguines ? Then, pray, who is your God ? Truly, it is the devil. To us this holy name is a great honour, and a singular joy. Over and over again our brethren name Jesus ; above all other things they worship Jesus ; before and above the names of all the saints, they love and adore Jesus, the Son of the living God, whom ye deride and despise. True it is that the brothers and the Béguines do name Jesus willingly—do laud Him devoutly—do salute each other in His name. And woe to you, who have the devil in your mouths oftener than Jesus ! He is too lowly and despised to please you.’ Thus speedily,” adds Thomas, “he gladdened the lovers of Jesus, and confounded His deriders according to their deserts.”

FATHER SEGNERI, THE JESUIT, THE WHITEFIELD OF ITALY.

This celebrated preacher belongs in style and character to the ante-Reformation period, although he did not die till 1694. The revival of classical learning, the new interest awakened for the antiquities of the Augustan age of Roman art, had reacted on the Italian pulpit. Men arose who were almost ready to call Our Blessed Saviour Jove, and St Paul MERCURIUS. Hardouin, the Jesuit, contended that the Odes of Horace were written by some Benedictine monk, and that Lalage herself was nothing more than a poetical symbol of the Christian faith. On this Boileau is said to have observed, “I am no great admirer of monks, but I should like to have enjoyed the friendship of Sir Virgil and brother Horace.” Segneri led the way in promoting a nobler, because more scriptural, method. He has been

called the restorer of Italian eloquence. He set before himself St Chrysostom as his model. In his life he was austere and pure. He may be compared to George Whitefield for the bold and original force with which he denounced the crying sins of the notorious age in which he lived; when popes were distinguished for profligacy, when justice seemed to have departed from the world; when the whole fabric of society was tottering. The invention of printing, and the discovery of the new world, seemed to invite speculation, if they did not encourage infidelity. Old superstitions, hallowed by the prescription of a thousand years, suddenly collapsed and crumbled into dust. The weightiest truths trembled in the balance of popular thought. At such a crisis, Segneri appeared. He boldly stood on the ancient paths. "He preached, not argued: conscience did the rest." Hear how he discourses on

The Everlasting Burnings.

"What then, after all, have I this morning to do, but pour forth two copious streams of inconsolable grief for the many souls who see hell open before them, and yet do not draw back, but boldly press on to launch themselves into its flames? Ah, no: stop, ye wretched beings, for a moment; stop!—and, before plunging with a headlong leap into that abyss, let me demand of you, in the words of the same Isaiah—*Which of you can dwell with the devouring fire? Which of you can dwell with everlasting burnings?* (xxxiii. 14, Vulg.) Excuse me, my people; for this once you are not to leave the church unless you have first made a satisfactory reply to my demand—*Which of you can dwell with everlasting burnings?* What sayest thou, O lady, who art so tender in cherishing thy flesh?—

Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings*? Now thou canst not bear it, should the point of a needle at thy work lightly stain thy delicate skin. How thinkest thou then? Wilt thou be able to endure those terrific engines by which thou must feel thyself dismembered, disjointed, and with an everlasting butchery crushed into powder? What sayest thou, O man, who art so intent on providing for thy personal comforts?—Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings*? Now thou canst not tolerate the breath of a poor man, who, by coming near thee, in the least offends thy organs of smell. Wilt thou be able to stand those foul stenches, by which thou must feel thyself poisoned, stifled, and with an everlasting suffocation pressed down to the ground? And thou, what sayest thou for thyself, O priest, who art so negligent in the discharge of thy duties?—Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings*? Now thou art not able to remain in the choir of thy church a single hour without looking indecently about thee, without being restless, without indulging thy tongue in every kind of gossip. How then does it strike thee? Wilt thou be able to remain through all the ages of eternity, I say not, reclining on thy elegantly-carved stall, but rather stretched out on an iron framework, on a bed of flames, there to be listening to the demon's howls ringing in thy ears? What sayest thou, O glutton? What sayest thou, O slanderer? What sayest thou, O libertine?—thou young man, luxuriating so wantonly in all thy heart's desires?—Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings*? Alas! who, who among us can? And yet, why do I thus enlarge on the case of other people? Excuse me: of myself, of myself I ought to speak; of myself, an ecclesiastic it is true, as cannot be denied from my dress, and yet a wretched creature, so urmortified, so

headstrong, so vain, so averse to that true penitence, which my sins demand of me ! If I am not able to remain for a short time before the presence of my LORD in tears for my sins, if I am so fond of my own ease, if I am so studious of my own reputation, how can I hereafter, wretch that I am, stand fixed for ever and ever at the feet of Lucifer, the place assigned to such as myself, to such as having undertaken to confer benefits on other men, and been gifted accordingly for that purpose with so much light and knowledge, and so many endowments, have betrayed my vow by my actions? Ah, LORD, have pity, have pity ! We have sinned ; we know it ; we confess it. ‘ We have done ungodly, we have dealt unrighteously in all thy ordinances,’ (Baruch ii. 12.) And therefore we cannot make bold to ask Thee *not* to punish us. Punish us, then, since we well deserve it. *Reward the proud after their deserving,* (Ps. xciv. 2.) Only, in Thine infinite mercy, may it please Thee not to sentence our souls to hell. O hell, O hell, the mere mention of thee is enough to overwhelm us with horror ! This is the punishment from which, not for our merit’s sake, but for the sake of Thy agony, for the sake of Thy bloody sweat, we entreat Thee to deliver us. *O Lord, correct me, but with judgment ; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing,* (Jer. x. 24.) Behold us willing to suffer in this life the worst it may please Thee to bring upon us. [Here, put us to pain ; here, chastise us ; here, lay Thy rod upon us : “ Consume us here, cut us to pieces here ; only spare us in eternity,” (S. Augustine.) Send us poverty now, that we may be spared in eternity. Send us reproach now, that we may be spared in eternity. Send us sickness now, that we may be spared in eternity. Send us just as many evils as may please Thee, in this

world, provided we be spared for ever in the world to come—that we may be spared in eternity, that we may be spared in eternity.”

Take also the following description of

The Soul's Flight from Earth to Heaven.

“Let all here present determine to decline accepting whatsoever the earth has to offer us; and, lifting up at last our eyes to heaven, let us say, *Glorious things, yes assuredly, glorious things are written of thee, thou city of God!* (Ps. lxxxvii. 3.)

“But how am I grieved that I should have been so slow to learn these *glorious things that are written of thee?* If, however, I once so basely preferred the earth, it was not for Thy demerit; it only arose from this, that I knew Thee not. But now who shall ever prevail to shut Thee out from my heart? *Shall tribulation?* (Rom. viii. 35;) not so; for thou shalt change it for me into the sweetest contentments. *Shall distress?*—not so; for Thou shalt transform it for me into the most perfect peace. *Shall hunger?*—not so; for Thou shalt satisfy it for me with a most luscious nectar. *Shall nakedness?*—not so; for Thou shalt cover it for me with royal apparel. *Shall peril?*—not so; for Thou shalt turn it for me into immovable security. *Shall persecution?*—not so; for Thou shalt recompense it to me with a glorious triumph. *Shall the sword?*—no, no; not even the sword shall ever cut me away from thee, my beautiful celestial country: not even the sword, I say; for Thou shalt convert its steel into gold, its point into rays of light, its circling edge into a crown of rejoicing!”

FATHER FABER,

Once a clergyman of the Church of England, in his work on (Roman) CATHOLIC HOME MISSIONS, narrates the following story, thoroughly characteristic of mediæval preaching and work :—

Once upon a time, as story-tellers say, there was a great missionary in France, of the name of Morcain. Now it came to pass that this great missionary was going to give a mission in a certain French town, whose inhabitants were very much opposed to missions. The devil did not at all relish the prospect of the aforesaid M. Morcain ; and, after due deliberation, entered into the *ouvriers* of this French town, and inspired them with a design quite worthy of himself. They met together, and they were not few in number, and they set out with their arms bare, and their teddytiler caps upon their heads, as nice a specimen of *sansculottism* as may well be conceived. The reader may divine the interior life of this procession, which marched out to salute in somewhat peculiar fashion the approaching missionary. They advanced along the road chanting a parody of the popular song :—

“ C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui mène le monde à la ronde,”

to this effect—

“ C'est le Morcain, le Morcain, le Morcain,
Qui damne le monde à la ronde.”

The unsuspecting missionary came quietly along in his vehicle, very likely getting up his evening discourse, when lo and behold, he is in the middle of this delectable crowd. However, a Frenchman is not often at fault. Forthwith he descends from the carriage, jumps into the middle of the crowd, takes hold of their hands, and commences

dancing in the most brilliant style, at the same time joining in the chorus with right good will, "C'est le Morcain, le Morcain." Away he goes dancing and singing, and his sansculottes with him, till they reach the door of the church, into which he also dances, irreverent fellow ! and the crowd after him. But there he is on his own ground, and straightway he mounts the pulpit, and preaches a most tremendous fire-and-brimstone sermon, at the end of which he proclaims that if, during the whole course of the mission, any one who has sung that song wants to go to confession he has only to cry out, *Monsieur, j'ai chanté le Morcain*, and he shall be heard immediately, before any one else. No waiting for turns. No weary delay. No besieging the missionary's confessional for hours. No, he has gained an immediate hearing. And so it was. Ever and anon, during the mission, from the outermost edge of huge crowds of women and others, no matter what was going on, came in a loud voice the appointed signal, *Monsieur, j'ai chanté le Morcain*. No sooner said than done. It is as though he were some royal personage. A passage is formed through the red sea of people for him ; every one else gives way ; no one claims his turn ; it is a bargain ; it is fun and consolation and earnestness all in one, and there is *Monsieur j'ai chanté le Morcain* foreshadowing his own arrival and acceptance one day at his Saviour's feet in heaven, in tears at the feet of him who thus knew how to be all things to all men, that by any means he might gain some.

FATHER FULGENTIO

Was the friend and biographer of the celebrated Paul Sarpi. He belongs to the transition period, between the mediæval and that which followed the Reformation. He

was secretly the friend of that great movement. He promoted, in a quaint but forcible manner, the circulation of the Holy Bible, and the strong curiosity then roused to peruse its pages. One day he was preaching on the sorrowful question of Pilate, "*What is truth?*" He told his hearers that after long, patient, and painful toil he had found it. Holding forth a copy of the New Testament, "HERE IT IS," he exclaimed. "HERE IT IS! But," he added, as he returned the precious volume to his pocket, "you must not read it; you must not even look at it! It is a sealed book! IT IS A SEALED BOOK!"

The Pulpit Hour-Glass.

There is reason to believe that the use of the hour-glass in the pulpit is a little older than the Reformation. A curious specimen is to be seen in the pulpit of the Cathedral of Berne, which seems almost coeval with the building itself. The latter was commenced 1421, and finished 1457.

In the frontispiece prefixed to the Holy Bible of the Bishops' Translation, *imprinted by John Day*, 1569, Archbishop Parker is represented with an hour-glass placed at his right hand. Clocks and watches were then but rarely in use. The latter were called Nuremberg eggs, because they had been invented at that Birmingham of the middle ages, and the works were enclosed in the shells of birds' eggs. The hour-glass, showing the flow of the sands of time, was the most convenient instrument for informing a preacher of the length of his argument.

Prolivity and vehemence are common arts for obtaining popularity. That, for instance, of Edward Irving culminated and began to decline, when he preached for four,

if not for five hours, at the Whitefieldite Chapel in Tottenham Court Road, sitting down to rest himself at intervals during the tremendous effort, and taking some light refreshment.

The ignorant and enthusiastic measure the value of a sermon by the quantity of the words, rather than the quality of the matter. They like to take religious instruction in enormous drams and doses. In some cases the mental powers of digestion are hopelessly impaired by the process. In others, the imagination is intoxicated and the conscience drugged. "Immoderate length in all kinds of religious offices," says Dr Campbell in his "Lectures on the Pastoral Character," "has ever had an influence on weak and superstitious minds; and for this reason, those who have hypocritically affected the religious character, have ever chosen to distinguish themselves by this circumstance. The Pharisees who made use of religion as a cover to their pride and extortion, 'for a pretence,' as our Lord tells us, 'made long prayers.' He who never spoke a word in vain did not add the epithet LONG unmeaningly. The length of their devotions, as well as the breadth of their phylacteries, and the largeness of the fringes of the corners of their garments, were all so many engines of their craft."

The pungent and epigrammatic South denounces, with all his accomplished powers of sarcasm, the new sort of gymnastic exercises in which the Puritans of the seventeenth century had delighted to excel. He emphatically denominates such efforts *preaching prizes*, in which the competitors in the contest vied with one another, which could pour forth the mightiest torrent of sesquipedalian words, and which could shout out, unexhausted, for the longest period of time.

“Can anything,” asks Dr Campbell, with profound wisdom and discrimination, “of the nature, use, and end of preaching be understood or regarded, where such a Pharisaic trick is put in practice? It may be said that the appetite of some persons is here insatiable. Depend upon it, wherever that is the case, it is a false appetite, and followed by no digestion. The whole significancy of those exercises to such is the time spent in them, and the transient emotions they feel when thus employed.”

It may be observed, that the use of hour-glasses appears to have declined after the Revolution of 1688. “One whole houre-glasse,” “one halfe-hour-glasse,” occur in an inventory, taken about 1632, of the goods and utensils of All-Saints’ Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

Daniel Burgess, a nonconformist preacher, famous at the beginning of the last century for the intolerable length of his pulpit harangues, and for the quaintness of his illustrations, was one day declaiming with great vehemence against the sin of drunkenness. Having exhausted the usual time, he turned the glass, and said, “Brethren, I have some further observations to make on the nature and consequences of drunkenness; so let’s have the other glass, AND THEN, AND THEN!” This witticism seems to have been followed from the frontispiece of a small volume, entitled “England’s Shame, or a Relation of the Life and Death of Hugh Peters. By Dr William Young, 1663.” Hugh Peters is here represented preaching, holding an hour-glass in his left hand, while he is in the act of saying, “I know you are good fellows; so let’s have ANOTHER GLASS.”

M. Mullois, a modern French writer, chaplain to Na-

* Brand’s “History of Newcastle-on-Tyne,” vol. ii., p. 370, notes.

poleon III., following the suggestions of St Francis de Sales, makes the following cogent observations on the subject of brevity :—

“ Believe me, and I speak from experience, the more you say, the less will the hearers retain ; the less you say, the more they will profit. By dint of burdening their memory, you will overwhelm it ; just as a lamp is extinguished by feeding it with too much oil, and plants are choked by immoderate irrigation.

“ When a sermon is too long, the end erases the middle from the memory, and the middle the beginning.

“ Even mediocre preachers are acceptable, provided their discourses are short ; whereas even the best preachers are a burden when they speak too long.”

Is not long preaching very much like an attempt to surpass these men, who were so highly imbued with the spirit of Christianity ?

Luther’s maxim to a young preacher was—

“ *Tritt frisch auf—thu’s maul auf—hoor bald auf*”—

“ Stand up cheerily — speak up manfully — *leave off speedily.*”

* * * * *

The Puritans led the way in introducing long and wearisome sermons. One said, “ Now to be brief, I remark, eighteenthly—!”







CHAPTER IV.

ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF CELEBRATED FRENCH,
SPANISH, GERMAN, AND OTHER FOREIGN PREACHERS,
FROM THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

FATHER SERAPHIN.

FATHER SERAPHIN was strongly commended by La Bruyere as a preacher thoroughly worthy of participating in the uninterrupted apostolical succession. The first time that the Father preached before King Lewis XIV., he said to the monarch, "Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom, according to the prescription of which I ought to pay you a compliment in my discourse. This I hope your Majesty will be graciously pleased to dispense with ; for I have been searching for a compliment in the Scriptures, and unhappily, I have not been able to find one."

M. LE TOURNEAU.

When M. Le Tourneau preached the Lent lectures at St Benoit in Paris, in the place of Father Quesnel, who had been compelled to abscond, Lewis XIV. inquired of Boileau if he knew anything about a preacher, after whom everybody in the town was running. "Sire," replied the wit and satirist, "your Majesty knows that people always

run after novelties. This man preaches the gospel." The king then pressing the poet to give his serious opinion on the subject, Boileau added, "When Mons. Le Tourneau mounts the pulpit, his ugliness so disgusts the congregation, that they wish he would go down again ; but when he begins to speak, they dread the time of his descending as the greatest misfortune."

It is a singular fact that this very successful orator, after he had entered into holy orders, thought himself so ill-qualified for the pulpit, that he actually went and renounced all the duties of the priesthood. It was not until some time afterwards, that, moved by the earnest entreaties of Mons. De Lacy, he was induced to resume them.

The remark of Boileau, that the fervent preaching of the gospel was at that period a novelty, will recall to the minds of some the candid confession of a preacher at Mols, near Antwerp, who, in a sermon delivered to an audience consisting entirely of his own order, is said to have observed: "We are worse than the traitor Judas. He sold and delivered his Master. We sell Him to you, but we deliver Him not."

FENELON.

[François de Salignac de Lamotte, born Aug. 6, 1651, at the Château de Fenelon, Perigord, died Jan. 7, 1715.]

When Fenelon was almoner to Lewis XIV., it was his duty to attend that monarch to a sermon preached by a Capuchin. Being greatly fatigued, he fell asleep. The Capuchin perceived what had happened, and breaking off his discourse, exclaimed, in angry tones, "Awake that

sleeping abbé, who comes here only to pay his court to the king." This reproof Fenelon often related with pleasure after he became Archbishop of Cambray.

At another time the king was surprised to see only Fenelon and the priest at the royal chapel, instead of a numerous congregation, as usual. "What is the reason of all this?" inquired the monarch. "Why," replied Fenelon, "I caused it to be announced that your Majesty would not attend divine service to-day, that you might know, sire, who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

When Lewis appointed Fenelon chief of the missionaries to convert the Protestants of Sausonge, his Majesty insisted that a regiment of guards should accompany him. "The ministers of religion," said Fenelon, "are the evangelists of peace, and the military might frighten all, but would not convert a single individual. It was by the force of their morals that the apostles converted mankind; permit us, then, sire, to follow their example." "But, alas," said the king, "have you nothing to fear from the fanaticism of these heretics?" "I am no stranger to it, sire, but a priest must not let fears like these enter into his calculation; and I take the liberty of mentioning to your Majesty, that if we would convert our diffident brethren, we must go to them like true and primitive apostles. For my own part, I would rather become their victim than see one of them, or the young ladies of their family, exposed to the vexations, the insults, the almost necessary violence of our military men."

Not long before he died, Fenelon ascended the pulpit of his cathedral, preached a sermon, and excommunicated in person such of his writings as the Pope had interdicted.

He placed on the altar a piece of sacred plate, on which were embossed some books, with the titles of those which had been denounced as heretical struck with the fire of heaven.

ANTHONY OF VIEYRA.

Was a remarkable orator among the Spaniards and Portuguese. He was humorous while instructive. One of his most celebrated sermons was addressed TO THE FISHES. It is still remembered and quoted in Spain.

“What,” says he, “are we to preach to-day to the fishes? No audience can be worse. At least fishes have two good qualities as hearers—they *can* hear, and they *cannot* speak. One thing only might discourage the preacher—that *fishes are a kind of race who cannot be converted. But this circumstance is here so very ordinary, that from custom one feels it no longer.* For this cause, I shall not speak to-day of heaven or of hell; and thus this sermon will be less gloomy than mine are usually considered, from putting men continually in remembrance of these two ends.

* * * * *

“*To begin, then, with your praises, fishes and brethren.* I might very well tell you that, of all living and sensitive creatures, you were the first which God created. He made you before the fowls of the air; He made you before the beasts of the earth; He made you before man himself. God gave to man the monarchy and dominion over all the animals of the three elements, and in the charter in which He honoured him with these powers, fishes are the first named. *Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle.*

Among all animals, fishes are the most numerous and the largest. . . . For this reason Moses, the chronicler of the creation, while he does not mention the name of other animals, names a fish only. *God created great whales.* And the three musicians of the furnace of Babylon brought forward in their song the name of the same fish with especial honour, *O ye whales. . . . bless ye the Lord.* These and other praises, then, and other excellences of your creation and greatness, I might well, O fishes, set before you; but *such a matter is only fit for an audience of men who permit themselves to be carried away by these vanities, and is, also, only suited to those places where adulation is allowed, and not in the pulpit.*

. . . . *Great praise do ye merit, O fishes, for the respect and devotion which ye have had to the preacher of the Word of God; and so much the more, because ye did not exhibit it once only. Jonah went as a preacher of the same God, and was on board a ship when that great tempest arose. How did men then treat him, and how did fishes treat him? Men cast him into the sea, to be eaten by fishes; and the fish which followed him carried him to the shores of Nineveh, that he might there preach, and save those men. Is it possible that fishes should assist in the salvation of men?"* * * * * *

Thus he pursues an ingenious argument, which is said to have made a lively impression on his hearers.

ABRAHAM SANCTA CLARA

Was a barefooted Augustine monk, who, in 1669, became imperial court preacher to Leopold I., the Emperor of Germany. He was wonderfully popular as an orator. He is said to have been distinguished by brilliance of

imagery, genial wit, an animated delivery, and excoriating powers of satire. He died in 1709. The following passage is a fair specimen of his droll style, and the method of preaching that was preferred during the times in which he lived, by all classes in Southern Germany.

The Prodigal Son.

“Of what country the prodigal son was is not precisely known, but I believe he was an Irishman. What his name was, is not generally understood; but I believe it was Malefacius. From what place he took his title (seeing he was a nobleman) has not yet been discovered; but I believe it was Maidsberg or Womenham. What was the device in his coat of arms, no one has described; but I believe it was a sow’s stomach in a field *verd*.

“This chap travelled with well-larded purse through various countries and provinces, and returned no better, but rather worse. So it often happens still, that many a noble youth has his travels changed to travails. Not seldom, also, he goes forth a good German, and returns a bad *Herman*. What honour or credit is it to the noble river Danube that it travels through different lands, through Suabia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and at last unites with a sow! The pious Jacob saw, in his journey, a ladder to heaven; but, alas! many of our quality find, in their journeys, a ladder into hell. If, now-a-days, a man travel not, he is called a Jack-in-the-corner, and one who has set up his rest behind the stove. But tell me, dear half-Germans, (for whole Germans ye have long ceased to be,) Is it not true? Ye send your sons out that they may learn strange vices at great cost in stranger-lands, when, with far less expense, they might be acquiring

virtues at home. They return with no more point to them than they went out, except that they bring home some new fashion of *point-lace*. They return no more gallant, unless it be that gallant comes from the French *galant*. They return more splendidly clad, but good habits were better than to be finely habited. New-fashioned hats, new-fashioned periwigs, new-fashioned collars, new-fashioned coats, new-fashioned breeches, new-fashioned hose, new-fashioned shoes, new-fashioned ribbons, new-fashioned buttons—also new-fashioned consciences creep into our beloved Germany through your travels. Your fool's frocks change too with every moon; and soon the tailors will have to establish a university, and take doctor's degrees, and afterwards bear the title of right reverend doctors of fashion.

“If I had all the new fashions of coats for four-and-twenty years, I would almost make a curtain before the sun with them, so that men should go about with lanterns in the day-time. At least, I would undertake to hide all Turkey with them, so that the Constantinopolitans should think their Mohammed was playing blind-the-cat with them. An old witch, at the request of king Saul, called the prophet Samuel from the dead, that he might know the result of his arms. It will soon come to pass, that people will want to call from the dead the identical tailor and master who made the beautiful Esther's garment, when she was so well-pleasing in the eyes of Ahasuerus.
. . . So the prodigal son learned but little good in foreign lands. His doing was wooing; his thinking was drinking; his Latin was *Proficiat*, his Italian *Brindisi*, his Bohemian *Sasdravi*, his German *Gesegnets Gott*. In one word, he was a goodly fellow always mellow, a vagrant, a *bacchant*,

an *amant*, a *turbant*, a *distillant*, &c. Now he had wasted his substance in foreign provinces, and torn his conscience to tatters as well as his clothes. He might, with truth, have said to his father what the brothers of Joseph said, without truth, to Jacob when they showed him the bloody coat, '*fera pessima*,' &c., 'an evil beast hath devoured him.' An evil beast devoured the prodigal son: an evil beast, the golden eagle; an evil beast, the golden griffin; an evil beast, the golden buck, an evil beast, the golden bear. These tavern-beasts reduced the youngster to that condition that his breeches were as transparent as a fisherman's net, his stomach shrunk together like an empty bladder, and the mirror of his misery was to be seen on the sleeve of his dirty doublet, &c. And now, when the scamp had got sick of the swine-diet, more wholesome thoughts came into his mind, and he would go straight home to his old father, and seek a favourable hearing at his feet; in which he succeeded according to his wish. And his own father fell quite lovingly on the neck of the bad *vocativo*, for which a rope would have been fitter. Yea, he was introduced with special joy and jubilee into the paternal dwelling, sudden preparations were made for a feast, kitchen and cellar were put in requisition, and the best and fattest calf must be killed in a hurry, and cooked and roasted. Away with the rags and tatters! and hurrah for the velvet coat and the prinked up hat and a gold ring! Bring on your fiddlers! *allegro!*"

FATHER SELLE,

A Dominican, preached a sermon in Poland before Cardinal de Jansen, an ambassador there. It forms a *pendant* to the foregoing, and is, in like manner, a specimen of

current Roman Catholic oratory. Robinson quotes it in his well-known translation of Claude.

“ Gen. ix. 13, *I do set my bow in the cloud.* It is not enough for the celestial rainbow to please the eye—it conveys the richest consolation into the heart ; the Word of God having constituted it the happy presage of tranquillity and peace, *I do set my bow in the cloud.*”

“ The *bow*, enriched with clouds, becomes the crown of the world—the gracefulness of the air—the garland of the universe—the salubrity of heaven—the pomp of nature—the triumph of serenity—the ensign of love—the picture of clemency—the messenger of liberality—the mansion of amorous smiles—the rich stanza of pleasure—in fine, the trumpet of peace, for *I do set my bow in the cloud.*”

“ It is a *bow*, gentlemen, with which the roaring thunder being appeased, the heavenly Orpheus, in order insensibly to enchant the whole creation, already become immovable by his divine harmony, *plays upon the violin* of this universe, which has as many strings as it has elements—for *I do set my bow in the cloud.*”

“ Yes, it is a *bow* in which we see Mars, the eternal god of war, who was just now ready to overwhelm the world with tempest, metamorphosed into a god of love. Yes, it is a *bow* all gilded with golden rays—a silver dew—a theatre of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, to increase the riches of this poor beggarly world. *But you perceive, gentlemen, I am speaking of that celestial star, that bow in the cloud, Mary Magdalen !*”

“ Bravo ! Mary Magdalen is like a rainbow, and a rainbow is like a fiddlestick !”

“ *A French Capuchin,*

On the festival of St James, had to pronounce a panegyric on that saint. As he was rather late, the attendant priests, who feared that he would make a long sermon, and so weary the congregation, entreated him to abridge it. The monk mounted the pulpit, and addressing the people, said:—‘ My brethren, twelve months ago I preached an eulogy on the eminent apostle whose festival you this day celebrate. As I doubt not but that you were all very attentive to me, and as I have not learned that he has done anything new since, I have nothing to add to what I said at that time.’ He then pronounced the blessing, and descended from the pulpit.”

FATHER ANDRÉ,

A popular but somewhat grotesque French preacher of the seventeenth century, being of small stature, was called by his bishop *le petit fallot*, a word signifying equally a *lantern* and a *jackanapes*. Having to preach before the prelate, André determined to notice this; so he took for his text, “Ye are the light of the world.” Then addressing the bishop, he said, “Vous êtes, Monseigneur, le grand fallot de l’église, et nous sommes que les petits fallots.”

In one of his sermons he compared the four doctors of the Latin Church to the four kings of cards. “St Augustine,” said he, “is the king of hearts, for his great charity; St Ambrose is the king of clubs (*trèfle*) by the flowers of his eloquence; St Gregory is the king of diamonds for his strict regularity; and St Jerome is the king of spades (*pique*) for his piquant style.”

The Duke of Orleans once dared Father André to employ any ridiculous expressions about him. This, how-

ever, our good father did very adroitly. He addressed him thus : "*Foin de vous monseigneur, foin de moi, foin de tous les auditeurs.*" He saved himself by taking for his text the 7th verse of the 40th chapter of Isaiah, where it is said all the people are grass—*foin*, in French, signifying hay, and being also an interjection—*fie upon!*

The same Father André, preaching before an archbishop, perceived him to be asleep during the sermon, and hit on the following ingenious method of awakening him. Turning to the beadle of the church, he said, in a loud voice, "Shut the door, the shepherd is asleep, and the sheep are going out to whom I am announcing the Word of God." This sally caused a stir among the audience, and so awoke the archbishop.

FATHER MAIMBOURG,

A well-known Jesuit of the seventeenth century, once preached a sermon on DOGS. It is found in the preface to the Mons translation of the New Testament.

"It was the Sunday after Easter, (upon which Maimbourg preached,) when the gospel about the good shepherd was read. From hence he took occasion to magnify the condition of shepherds, by observing that it was not formerly the profession of the meanest people, as it is at present, but that kings and princes did not think it unworthy of them. After this he reckoned up a great number of princes that were shepherds; and then he forgot not the patriarchs, but carried down the catalogue as far as David, upon whom he insisted a long time; for he gave us a correct idea of his beauty, the colour of his hair, his clothes, and lastly, his dog. *It was, says he, a brave dog, and had so much courage, that we may believe*

that, while his master fought against Goliath, this dog, to avoid the disgrace of doing nothing in the meantime, hunted after the wolves and fought them. After the good father was once entered on the subject of dogs, as if he had been linked to it by some secret sympathy, he could not tell how to leave it, and therefore he divided his sermon into four parts, according to the four several sorts of dogs. The first sort were English dogs; the second were mastiff dogs; the third were the lap-dogs; and the fourth were the good dogs; whereof he made an application to different sorts of preachers. The English were the Jansenists, or, as they were then called, the Arnauldists, whom he represented as an indiscreet people, who tore in pieces all men indifferently, and made no distinction between the innocent and the guilty, but oppressed everybody with hard penances. He described the mastiff dogs as being cowardly, having no courage but upon their own dunghill, and who, being beat off from that, were always fearful, which he applied to preachers of that humour. The lap-dogs were, according to him, the abbots of the court: they are, said he, shaped like lions, and make a great noise; but when they are viewed narrowly, their noise is laughed at. And upon this occasion he described their ruffles, their bands, their surplices, and their gestures; and lastly, the good dogs were the Jesuits;” *ergo*, this sermon came, upon his own showing, from the mouth of a Jesuitical dog.

Being once requested to announce a collection in behalf of a young lady to enable her to take the veil, he said, before the commencement of his sermon:—“My beloved brethren, I commend to your charity a young gentlewoman, who has not enough to enable her to make a vow of poverty.”

Preaching during the whole of Lent, in a town where he was not once invited to partake of a morsel of dinner, he said, in his farewell sermon, "I have preached against every vice, except that of too much attachment to the pleasures of the table. This vice is by no means prevalent in a single person whom I address, and therefore I need not denounce it."

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

When it became evident that the bigoted king of France, the tool of that favourite instrument of Jesuit intrigue and intolerance, an impure woman, had determined to revoke the Edict of Nantes, the ministers of the church of Charenton kept many days of solemn fasting and prayer. On one of these occasions, when they had been engaged for many hours in exercises of devotion, an eminent minister ascended the pulpit, and with great emotion, set before the people the danger of the ark of God. His heart was so full, that he could not go on; sobs choked his utterance. Floods of tears were shed, and a loud and universal wail arose from the thronged assembly. After a considerable pause, he resumed his discourse, but was again interrupted by excess of sorrow; upon which he turned his argument into prayer, and with great fervour interceded for the mercy of the Lord, acknowledging the Divine justice in whatever fate should fall upon the people. Then, by a solemn act of resignation, he laid themselves and all their privileges at the feet of the Saviour, praying vehemently, that if the Lord saw it would be for His honour and glory that the bodies of that generation should fall in the wilderness, He would revive His strange work in the next. To this petition the con-

gregation announced their assent by a loud and fervent AMEN.

A Sermon for Cardinals.

Whiston relates that an Italian friar, famous for his learning and eloquence, was commanded to preach before the Pope at the year of jubilee. In order that his discourse might be pungent and applicable to his distinguished audience, he repaired to Rome a good while beforehand, that he might study the fashions and manners of the conclave, and possibly expose their libertinism and vice. The effect of his coming to the so-called capital of Western Christendom was precisely the same as that which led Martin Luther to denounce the court of the Vatican. When the day on which he was to preach arrived, he ascended the pulpit, and after praying with much fervour, he looked around for some time in silence, and then cried out three times, with a loud and sorrowful voice, "SAINT PETER WAS A FOOL! SAINT PETER WAS A FOOL! SAINT PETER WAS A FOOL!" Then, without adding a word more, he quickly came down from his elevation and left the church. Being summoned before the Pope, and asked why he had behaved so strangely, he said, with deep modesty, but terrible force: "Surely, holy Father, if cardinals may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment,—living at ease, if not impurely,—seldom, if ever, preaching or administering Christ's holy sacraments,—then, surely, Saint Peter was a fool, who took such a hard and troublesome method of arriving thither, fasting often, travelling always, always praying, and always preaching!"

Italian Preaching.

In a country where there is so much preaching as in

Italy, and where almost all preaching is *extempore*, or at least *memoriter*, there must necessarily be many bad preachers, but there are scarcely any drawlers; there is nonsense enough, but not that lifeless, dull, monotony of topic, style, and voice, which so often sets our own congregations to sleep. Some preachers, particularly at Naples, are very ridiculous, from the vehemence of their gesticulations; and there is always a crucifix in the pulpit, which often leads to the introduction of a dramatic style. There is a practice too, common to all, which at first is apt to excite a smile. The preacher pronounces the sacred name without any particular observance, but as often as he has occasion to mention *la santissima Madonna*, he whips off his little skull-cap, with an air, that has as much the appearance of politeness as of reverence. The Italians are not singular in having made woman a divinity.

WILLIAM FAREL

Was one of the first of that bold and intrepid band, who, with their lives in their hands, preached the doctrines of the great Reformation. He was a native of France; his learning and knowledge were considerable; his piety was ardent, his moral conduct unimpeachable. He possessed a powerful voice and a wonderful fluency. Thus he was peculiarly qualified to be a public disputant and popular pulpit orator. In these characters his labours produced astonishing effects, and entitled him to the honour of being one of the most successful instruments, as well as one of the first moving spirits, in establishing and promoting the Reformation.

Farel, like most energetic men, was violent and overbearing in temper. This weakness often betrayed itself

in his writings, as well as in the pulpit. Œcolampadius, however, succeeded in moderating his spirit by friendly remonstrance. "Men," said he, in one of his letters to Farel, "may be led, but will not be driven by force. Give me leave, as a friend, and as a brother to a brother, to say, you do not seem, in every respect, to remember your duty. You were sent to preach, and not to rail. I excuse, nay, I commend your zeal, so that it be not without meekness. Endeavour, my brother, that this advice may have its desired effect, and I shall have reason to rejoice that I gave it. Pour on wine and oil in due season, and demean yourself as an evangelist and not as a tyrannical legislator."

When Farel undertook the reformation of Montbiliard, he discovered much intemperate warmth in the bitter expressions which, in the pulpit, he applied to the priesthood of the Church of Rome. On one occasion he publicly stopped a procession, and wresting from the hands of a priest the image of St Anthony, he threw it from the bridge into the river—an act which was a gross breach of decorum and toleration; and had not the people been panic-struck by its strange boldness, the labours and life of Farel might have come, on the spot, to an untimely, if not an ignominious end.

JOHN CALVIN

Was born at Nyon in Picardy in 1509, and died at Geneva in 1564. He was only twenty-six years of age when he composed his celebrated *Institution Chretienne*. Notwithstanding the incorrectness of some of his sentences, when criticised in the light of modern French rhetoric, he has been called one of the fathers of French

idiom. His life and writings are well known ; but it is not generally known that he left upwards of 2500 printed and manuscript sermons.

JOHN LASSENIUS,

The chaplain to the Danish court, who died at Copenhagen in 1692, having for a long time perceived, to his vexation, that during his sermon the greatest part of his congregation fell asleep, suddenly stopped, pulled a shuttlecock out of his pocket, and began to play with it in the pulpit. A circumstance so extraordinary naturally attracted the attention of that part of the congregation who were still awake. They jogged those who were sleeping, and in a short time everybody was lively, and looking to the pulpit with the greatest astonishment. This was just what Lassenius wished ; for he immediately began a most severe castigatory discourse, saying, " When I announce to you sacred and important truths, you are not ashamed to go to sleep ; but when I play the fool, you are all eye and ear ! "

A curious habit is recorded of Lassenius. He used to stop in the middle of his sermon and take a glass of wine or other cordial. This practice is being revived by some Nonconformist ministers in London, who have a tumbler of water by their side in the pulpit. An old minister says, that this is owing to the excessive *dryness* which characterises them in preaching.

The intolerable prolixity of many seventeenth century sermons may be partly attributable to the fact that the writers, or preachers, entered upon an exhaustive exposition of the *terms* before they began to consider the main *subject* of their text. Sometimes they would go off upon some suggestive word into an infinite variety of allegory

and parable. Then they introduced quotations from all sorts of Greek and Latin profane authors. Others made use of ridicule and buffoonish banter. Sometimes they sat down to pause and rest themselves, to clear their throats, and to adjust their disordered gowns and cassocks. Some took a drop of cordial. Some prolonged the time by trifling historical statements, something like that of Urban Chevreau, the French critic, elsewhere mentioned, who gravely informed the readers of his "History of the World," that "it was created the 6th of September, on a Friday, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon."

Bishop Burnet, in the "History of his Own Times," mentions a Dr Case who wrote a book with this title, "The Angelical Guide; shewing Men and Women their Lot and Chance in this Elementary Life." The work is very astrological and very profound; for instance, the author states that "Adam was created in that pleasant place called Paradise, about the year before Christ 4002—viz., on April the 24th, at twelve o'clock at midnight."

MICHAEL LE FAUCHEUR,

A French Huguenot minister, in the seventeenth century, excelled so greatly as a preacher, that he was invited to remove from Montpellier to Charenton, where he was much followed and admired. His discourses contained a happy mixture of solidity and pathos, and were recommended by the charms of an animated and eloquent delivery. He once preached with such energy and weight of reasoning against duelling, that the Marquis de la Force, who was one of his audience, declared in the presence of several military men, that if a challenge were sent to him he would not accept of it.

LA RUE,

When destined for the pulpit, took lessons in declamation from the celebrated actor, Baron, with whom he was well acquainted. He soon became the favourite preacher at court and throughout the capital. Voltaire says that he had two sermons, entitled, "The Sinner Dying," and "The Sinner Dead," which were so popular, that public notice was given by bills when they were to be preached. It was thought extraordinary that one who so much excelled in declamation should read his discourses, instead of repeating them from memory; but he contended that not only time was saved by the indulgence, but that the preacher, at ease with his notes before him, could deliver a discourse with greater animation.

FATHER BRIDAINE.

A French itinerant preacher of the last century, who, in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence, combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home; and putting himself at their head, conducted them to the house appointed for all living—a neighbouring churchyard.

M. SANTEUL,

A celebrated French author of the seventeenth century, coming into company after having attended a very dull discourse, delivered by the Abbé C——, observed to his friends, that the abbé had done better the year before. "He did not preach then," replied one of the persons present. "That is the very thing I mean," replied M. Santeul.

FATHER CHATENIER, THE DOMINICAN,

Who preached at Paris in the year 1715-1717, felt much incensed, on one occasion, on account of the behaviour of some impudent youths, who attended his sermons only to laugh. After some severe remarks on the indecency of such conduct, he exclaimed, "After your death, whither do you think that you will go? To the ball? To the opera? To the assembly where beautiful women are found? No! to the *fire!* to the FIRE!" These last words he pronounced in a voice so strong and terrible, that he thoroughly alarmed his hearers. Many of them instantly quitted their seats and rushed from the assembly, as if the flames were actually in the church, and the place of their sin were to be immediately the scene of their punishment.

JEAN CLAUDE,

The celebrated French Protestant preacher, (born 1619,) though elegant and impressive, had not a pleasing voice. Hence Moris wittily observed, that "all voices were for him except his own." The last sermon which Claude preached was at the Hague, on Christmas Day, 1686, before the Princess of Orange, who is said to have been deeply affected. A few days after he was seized with fatal illness, and expired on the thirteenth of January, 1687.





CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT FRENCH PREACHERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

ESPRIT FLECHIER

WAS born in 1632 at Pernes, near Carpentras, Vaucluse. He acquired a high reputation in France for his sermons, especially his funeral orations. In 1685 he was made Bishop of Nismes by Lewis XIV.; who, however, consented reluctantly to part with one to whose discourses he always listened with delight, and, let us hope, with edification. Flechier is remarkable for the purity of his language, and the elegance of his style. Every sentence closes with a musical cadence. He has been called the Isocrates of France. He was not, however, merely an adroit stringer together of sweet words; his ideas are often grand and lofty. Always mellifluous, he is often piercing and animated. He died at Montpellier in 1710. The following passage may be quoted as a fair specimen of his language:—

*Exordium of the Funeral Oration on Marshal
Turenne.*

“ I cannot, sirs, give you a loftier idea of the sorrowful subject which I am about to discuss, than by recalling the noble and expressive terms in which the Holy Bible praises the life and deplors the death of Maccabæus ; that hero, who carried the fame of his nation to the very ends of the earth ; who covered his camp with his buckler, and forced that of his enemies with his sword ; who inflicted on the kings opposed to him mortal pains ; who, by his virtues and exploits, caused Jacob to rejoice, and whose glory is eternal.

“ This man, who defended the cities of Judah, who tamed the pride of the children of Ammon and Esau ; who came back from Samaria, loaded with spoil ; after having burnt on their own altars the idols of the heathen ;—this man, whom God had placed around Israel like a wall of brass, against which all the forces of Asia battered in vain ; and who, after having defeated numerous armies, disconcerted the boldest and most able generals of the kings of Syria, came every year, with the poor remnant of the Israelites, to repair with his triumphant hands the ruins of the sanctuary ; and did not require any other recompense for the services which he rendered to his country than the honour of having served her ;—this valiant man, pushing back with invincible bravery the enemies whom he had put to disgraceful flight, received a mortal stroke, and rested as though buried in the very moment of triumph.

“ At the first noise of this sad event, all the cities of Judah were moved. Fountains of tears flowed from the

eyes of all the people. For a time they were stunned, dumb, immovable. A burst of grief at length broke the long, sad silence. With voices interrupted by sobs, which sorrow, pity, fear, combined to form in their hearts, they cried out, 'How is that puissant hero dead, who saved the people of Israel!' At this cry Jerusalem redoubled its lamentation. The vault of the temple shook. Jordan was troubled, and all its streams flowed backward at the sound of these woeful words, 'How is the puissant hero dead who saved the people of Israel!'"

Take also the following:—

"The world has nothing solid, nothing durable: it is only a fashion, and a fashion which passeth away. Yes, sirs, the tenderest *friendships* end. *Honours* are specious titles, which time effaces. *Pleasures* are amusements, which leave only a lasting and painful repentance. *Riches* are torn from us by the violence of men, or escape us by their own instability. *Grandeurs* moulder away of themselves. *Glory* and *reputation* at length lose themselves in the abysses of an eternal oblivion. So rolls the torrent of this world, whatever pains are taken to stop it. Everything is carried away by a rapid train of passing moments, and by continual revolutions we arrive, frequently without thinking of it, at that fatal point where time finishes and eternity begins.

"Happy then the Christian soul who, obeying the precept of Jesus Christ, loves not the world, nor anything that composes it; who wisely uses it as a mean, without irregularly cleaving to it as his end; who knows how to rejoice without dissipation, to sorrow without despair, to desire without anxiety, to acquire without injustice, to possess without pride, and to lose without pain! Happy

yet farther the soul who, rising above itself in spite of the body which encumbers it, remounts to its origin ; passes without pausing beyond created things, and happily loses itself in the bosom of its Creator !”—*Flech. Orais. funeb. de Madame d’Aiguillon.*

LOUIS BOURDALOUE THE JESUIT

Was born at Bourges in 1632. As soon as he began to preach in Paris, in 1669, he was followed by an enormous crowd of admirers, including the ablest men of the age. Each discourse which he delivered was more attractive than that which had gone before it ; so that Madame de Sévigné said, “ Bourdaloue surpasses in every sermon all his most brilliant passages ; and no one has really *preached* before this time.” On another occasion she remarked, “ The argument was carried out in the highest perfection ; and certain points pressed as they might have been pressed by the Apostle St Paul.” The quality which predominates in Bourdaloue is severe logic : it is as hard to prove and reason like him as it is to touch the conscience and gratify the imagination like Massillon. The reputation for eloquence which this celebrated preacher very early acquired, reaching the ears of Lewis XIV., his majesty sent for him to preach the advent sermon in 1670 ; which he did with such success that he was retained for many years after as a preacher at court. He was called the king of preachers, and the preacher to kings ; and Lewis himself said that he would rather hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue than the novelties of another. With a collected air Bourdaloue had little action ; he kept his eyes generally half closed, and penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of

a voice uniform and solemn. On one occasion he turned the peculiarity of his external aspect to very memorable advantage. After depicting in soul-awakening terms a sinner of the first magnitude, he suddenly opened his eyes, and casting them full on the king, who sat opposite to him, he added, in a voice of thunder, "Thou art the man!" The effect was magical, confounding. When he had finished his discourse he immediately went, and throwing himself at the feet of his sovereign, "Sire," said he, "behold at your feet one who is the most devoted of your servants; but punish him not that in the pulpit he can own no other master than the King of kings." Some have thought him too terse in his style, and too cold in his ratiocination, for a Christian orator. He died at Paris in 1704, the same year as Bossuet, his great rival. The following remarks are equally distinguished for truth and originality:—

Almsgiving.

"The times are bad. Every one is suffering. Is it not therefore the dictate of prudence to think of the future, and to save one's money? This is what prudence suggests; a prudence which deserves reproof; a carnal prudence, and the enemy of God. That all are suffering and inconvenienced, I admit. Never was pride, never was luxury, greater than it is to-day. Who knows whether it is not for this that God is chastising us? God, I say, who, according to the Scripture, holds the poor, proud man in abhorrence! But once more, I want to say it, the times are bad. And what are we to conclude from that? If everybody is suffering, do not the poor suffer? And if the ordinary sufferings of the poor are found

among the rich, to what a depth of distress must the poor themselves be reduced? To whom does it belong as a duty to assist those who suffer more, so much as to them who suffer less? Do you, therefore, reason well when you say that you have a right to hold back your superfluity because the times are bad? It is just on that account that you cannot keep it back without heinous sin, and that you lie under a special obligation to give it away."

Dangers of the World.

"If I find myself alone and without a guide in a frightful desert, exposed to all the risks of wandering without hope of return, I am filled with mortal terror. If in some pressing sickness I feel myself abandoned, having nobody but myself to watch over me, I dare no longer count upon my recovery. If, in a crisis of my affairs, in which not only my fortune, but my very life is involved, I have no other counsellor but myself, I feel myself hopeless and lost, how then in the world, where so many rocks and snares surround me, and so many perils threaten me, and so many opportunities occur in which I must perish unless I have other help than myself, can I live in peace, and not be in a state of continual alarm?"

St Andrew.

"There, Christians, there is the preacher whom God has raised up for your instruction. It is St Andrew upon the cross. Pay no longer any attention to my words, or my zeal; forget the sacredness of my ministry; it is no longer to me, it is to this apostle that belongs the right to preach to you on the cross of God crucified; it belongs to this crucified man, whose preaching, far more pathetic and

efficacious than mine, makes itself heard in all the churches of the Christian world. Behold him, this irreproachable minister, this preacher to whom you have not a word to reply: but has he nothing with which to reproach you? He preaches to you this day the same God which he preached to the Jews and the pagans, a God which has saved you by the cross: do you believe him? It has been told you a hundred times, and it is true, that at the judgment of God the cross will appear to confront you. But beside the cross of Jesus Christ another will confront you—that of St Andrew. Yes, the cross of this apostolical man, after having served as a pulpit to instruct you, will serve as a tribunal to condemn you. You see these infidels, he will say to us, the sight of my cross converted them: instead of pagans I made them Christians. Behold that which will confound us. Is it not worth while for us now, by a voluntary confusion of soul, to anticipate that which will be forced upon us, and will be not only useless, but destructive?"

Father H—— told a French writer one day, that when Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, every artisan shut up his shop, the merchants quitted the exchange, the lawyers their courts, and the physicians their patients, and gathered round this celebrated preacher. "When I preached there," says Father H——, "the year following, I restored everything to its proper order. Neither the merchant quitted his business, nor the lawyer his court," &c.

JACQUES BENIGNE BOSSUET,

One of the most sublime of the French orators, was born at Dijon, 12th March 1627. He was singularly precocious. At fifteen years of age he was received as a doc-

tor of the Sorbonne ; at sixteen he delivered an extempore discourse, which excited enthusiastic admiration. He was a sort of universal genius, a philosopher, historian, and politician. While he despised the artifices of rhetoric, he came down upon his hearers with an authority which was irresistible. His words were sometimes like lightning, and filled the coldest hearts with alarm. He died at Paris, 12th April 1704.

The Power of God in Creation.

“The God which the Hebrews and Christians have always served has nothing in common with the divinities full of vice and imperfection which the rest of the world adores. Our God is one infinite and perfect; alone worthy to punish crime and to reward virtue ; because He is holiness itself. He is infinitely above this first cause, this motive power which philosophers have known without worshipping it. Those among them who are the furthest removed from the truth suggest the idea of a God which, finding matter eternal and self-existent as much as Himself, has fashioned it like a vulgar artist, contracted in his work by the conditions of this very material which he has not made ; without being able to comprehend that if matter is of itself, it does not need to await its perfection at the hand of a stranger ; and if, on the other hand, God is infinite and perfect, He does not require, in order to accomplish anything that He wishes, anything more than Himself and His all-powerful will. But the God of our fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of whom Moses has revealed to us such marvels, has not only set in order the world, but has made it entirely both in matter and form. Before He had given it being, there was nothing but

Himself. He is represented to us as the being who has made everything, and who has made everything by His Word, as much because He has made everything by His reason, as because He has made everything without trouble, and because, to make such great works, nothing more was required of Him than a single word, that is to say, He had only to will and it was done."

The Frailty of Man.

"Great God, is this all my substance? I enter into life to go out of it forthwith. Like others, I just show myself, but I must soon disappear. Everything beckons us to death. Nature, as though grudging us the good that she has done us, often gives us to understand that she cannot leave us long the little material she has lent us. The children which are born, as they multiply and grow, elbow us and say, 'Retire; it is now our turn!' As we behold others pass away before us, others in like manner will see us depart hence, owing to their successors the same spectacle. O God! once more I ask, what are we? If I cast my eyes before me, how infinite is the space in which I am not! If I look back, how frightful is the abyss in which I no longer am! And how minute a spot do I occupy in this immensity of time! I am nothing, so small is the interval between me and nothingness. I seem only sent to make up a number. The drama will not be the less played on when I have retired from the scene!"

The Royalty and Priesthood of Jesus Christ.

"It is amidst the pains of death that Jesus Christ shows Himself our King and High Priest. You may have been sometimes offended to see the blood of my Master flow;

you who have believed that His death was the mark of His powerlessness. Ah, how little do you understand these mysteries ! The cross of my King, it is His throne ; the cross of my High Priest, it is His altar. This lacerated flesh, it is the force and virtue of my King ! This same lacerated flesh is the sacrifice and victim of my High Priest. The blood of my King is His purple. The blood of my High Priest is His consecration. My King is installed, my High Priest is consecrated by His blood. This it is which constitutes Him the true Jesus, the only Saviour of mankind. O King and Saviour, and Sovereign Shepherd of our soul, shed one drop of that precious blood on my heart, that it may be set on fire ; one drop on my lips, that they may be for ever pure and holy, those lips which ought day by day to pronounce Thy adorable name."

When Bossuet was still a young preacher, Lewis XIV. was so delighted with him that he wrote in his own name to his father, the Intendant of Soissons, to congratulate him on having a son that would immortalise himself. An unbeliever going to hear Bossuet preach, said, on entering the church, "This is the preacher for me ; for it is by him alone I know that I shall be converted, if I ever be so." Bossuet pronounced the funeral oration on the Duchess of Orleans, who died so suddenly in the midst of a brilliant court, of which she was the glory and delight. No person better possessed the talent of infusing into the soul of his auditors the profound sentiments with which he himself was penetrated. When he pronounced these words, "O nuit desastreuse, nuit effroyable, ou retentit tout-a-coup, comme un eclat de tonnerre, cette nouvelle : madame se meurt, madame est morte !" all the court were

in tears. The pathetic and the sublime shone equally in this discourse. A sensibility more sweet, but less sublime, is displayed in the last words of his funeral oration on the great Condé. It was with this fine discourse that Bossuet terminated his career of eloquence. He concludes by thus apostrophising the hero that France mourned: "Prince vous mettez fin à tous ces discours! Au lieu de deplorer la mort de sautes, je veux désormais apprendre de vous à rendre la mienne sainte; heureux si, averti par ces cheveux blancs, du compte que je dois rendre de mon administration, je réserve au tropeau que je dois nourrir de la parole de vie le reste d'une voix qui tombe, et d'une ardeur qui s'eteint."

When Lewis XIV. appointed Bossuet Bishop of Meaux, he was anxious to know how his favourite ecclesiastic's merits were appreciated by the inhabitants of that city. "Tolerably," was the answer to the question. "Tolerably?" said the king. "Is that all you have to say concerning him?" "In truth," replied the people, "We think he must be an inferior person. We should have preferred a Bishop who had finished his education, but whenever we wait upon our diocesan, we are told that he is at his studies." This anecdote well satirises the pretentious women who have the hardihood to tell ignorant fathers and mothers that they are capable of FINISHING the education of their daughters.

MASSILLON.

Jean Baptiste Massillon was born at Hyères, in Provence, in 1663. While yet a young man he entered the Congregation of the Oratory. His early discourses produced a lively impression. Bourdaloue, when he heard

him, said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Massillon is rarely sublime; his renown as an orator rests on the merit of his style; his diction is always easy, elegant, and pure, characterised by that noble simplicity without which there is neither good taste nor true eloquence. He reminds the reader of Cicero, presenting in his writings the same agreement of judgment and imagination. It has been complained of him that he sometimes repeats his ideas in an affluence of words; but this can hardly be deemed a fault. Common minds require such repetition to understand an argument; it was the secret of Dr Chalmers' force. At the same time, it is well to warn young preachers that they must not let their words run away with them; every paragraph ought to be nourished by wise and good thoughts.

When this illustrious man was asked where a man like him, whose life was dedicated to retirement, could borrow his admirable descriptions of real life, he answered, "From the human heart: however little we may examine it, we shall find in it the seeds of every passion. When I compose a sermon, I imagine myself consulted upon some doubtful piece of business. I give my whole application to determine the person who has recourse to me, to act the good and proper part. I exhort him, I urge him, *and I quit him not till he has yielded to my persuasions.*"

On preaching the first Advent Sermon at Marseilles, Lewis XIV. paid the following most expressive tribute to the power of his eloquence:—"Father, when I hear others preach, I am very well pleased with them; when I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself."

Massillon died in 1742.

The following account of Massillon is extracted from a

very able letter on courageous preaching, written by the Paris correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, 20th August 1868 :—

“The first time that Massillon appeared in the pulpit of Versailles was in 1699 ; he was then a simple priest of the Society of Oratorians ; he was then only thirty-six years old, and all his chances of advancement, if he wasted a thought on it, depended on the favour of the sovereign. Lewis XIV. was then in the decline of life, and the splendour of his long reign was already darkly clouded. The great writers of his time—Corneille, Molière, and Racine—had long passed away ; and Boileau was leading the life of a hermit at Auteuil, near Paris. The French army had lost much of its *prestige* ; and Luxemburg, with all his great qualities as a commander, had not the success of Condé or Turenne. The cold shade of Madame de Maintenon hung over the court, which was almost exclusively occupied with the squabbles on Quietism and Jansenism. But the pride of the old king was not tamed ; and though the courtiers might in secret long for a change, their master was never more formidable to them, and they never were more abject in their obedience. It was at this moment that Massillon came forth. Hitherto he had been only known as having preached for one Lent in the Church of the Oratory, Rue St Honoré. His first sermon in the chapel of Versailles was pronounced in presence of the king and the highest nobles of the land who formed his court. He opened by asking what was the real motive which brought together an assembly so crowded and so brilliant. He says :—

“ ‘ It is from the desire to please their master, by imitating his respect for the words of the Gospel, and to attract

his attention rather than to implore the Divine mercy. The eyes of all present in this place are turned towards the prince; the prayers of all are addressed to him; and his profound prostration at the foot of this altar, far from teaching us to respect the Lord, before whom a great King, who has, as it were, the cares of the earth upon Him, bows down His head and forgets all His grandeur, teaches us only to make use of religion for our personal interests, and of the favours with which He honours virtue, or those who assume it, and thus raise ourselves to new dignities and grandeur.'

"He then turns to the ladies of the court:—

" 'You women of the world, what good do you seek by displaying all this gorgeous attire—I do not say merely the attire of luxury and vanity, but of immodesty and indecency, with which you show yourselves in this house, which is a house of tears and of prayer? Do you wish that there should not be a single spot of the earth, not even the temple itself—the refuge of religion and of piety—where innocence can be protected from your profane and wanton display?'

"His picture of the world—that is, of the high society of the time—is not less striking:—

" 'The world is a perpetual servitude, in which no one lives for himself, and in which to be happy he must kiss his chains and love his slavery. The world is the daily revolution of events, which awake by turns in the hearts of its worshippers the most violent and the saddest passions, the most unrelenting hatreds, odious perplexities, bitter fears, consuming jealousies, crushing sorrows. The world is a land of malediction, where pleasure itself brings with it its thorns and its bitterness. Play wearies by its

fury and its caprices ; conversation tires by the conflict of humour and of sentiment ; passion and criminal attachments are inseparable from disgust. The world, in a word, is a place where hope itself—which is regarded as a passion so gentle—makes all men unhappy ; where those who hope for nothing are still more miserable ; where all that pleases does not please long ; and where weariness is almost the mildest destiny and the most supportable that most captivating aspect ; it is the world of this court ; it is not the humble and obscure world, which knows neither great pleasure nor the charms of prosperity, nor favour, nor opulence ; it is the world in its most brilliant and we can expect. Such is the world, my brethren ; and it is you yourselves, you who are at this moment listening to me !

“ The following passage, suggested by recent disasters abroad, and surpassing misery at home, strikes at the king himself, his courtiers, and the whole nation, with a boldness and majesty truly wonderful, when we reflect before whom it was spoken :—

“ ‘ I have already said it. The anger of God visits us for our crimes, and the enormity of them ascends even to the throne of His vengeance. He has looked down from His eternal abode, says the prophet—*prospexit de excelso sancto suo*—and He has seen the abominations which are in the midst of us : the faithful without morals, the great without religion, whose ministers themselves are without piety. He has looked down from heaven, and He has seen these abominations honoured by His people ; rapine and injustice rewarded with titles and public dignities ; debauchery and the most frightful excesses authorised by the highest examples ; monstrous and insane luxury in-

creasing with the public misery. *Prospexit de excelso sancto suo.* He has looked down from heaven and beheld a pious sovereign encircled by a dissolute court ; this courtier now among us, ever the servile imitator of his master, becoming here his secret censor ; piety on the throne become more hateful ; crimes multiplied by restraint ; the perils of debauchery the stimulus to its excesses ; ambition under the mask of piety obtaining the largesses of the sovereign ; hypocrisy enriched with benefits that should recompense virtue ; and religion more dishonoured by the vices and the artifices of the false just than by the licentiousness of the avowed sinners. And then He has poured upon us the vials of His wrath. He has given up to the sword of our enemies our children, our husbands, our brothers, and our friends. He has breathed upon our armies a spirit of terror and panic, and He has baffled all our projects.'

“ The king himself was not spared ; nor his vanity, his sorrows, or his faults left untouched. Massillon did not, however, fail in respect to the sovereign ; and the delicately-turned compliment which he addressed to Lewis XIV. in his first sermon at Versailles was followed by a murmur of approbation. But he sacrificed nothing to the desire of pleasing ; and to the very last he proclaimed the truth without fearing or caring for disgrace. He so little feared disgrace that, in the presence of majesty, in his third sermon, he compared the king to David, ‘ the violator of the sanctity of the marriage tie.’ Without hesitation or embarrassment he reminded Lewis of Ramillies and Malplaquet :—

“ ‘ Battles lost, even when victory seemed most certain ; towns believed to be impregnable falling before our

enemies ; states and provinces wrested from us ; the most flourishing kingdom of Europe visited by all the calamities that God can pour out upon nations in His anger ; the court clothed in mourning, and the whole of the royal race all but extinct,—such, sire, is what the Lord in His mercy has reserved to try your piety.’

“These sermons give us an idea of the liberty and independence which, even under the despotic rule of Lewis, before whom the proudest humbled themselves, the pulpit of the royal chapel of Versailles enjoyed. Its preachers proclaimed what they believed to be the truth ; and the king listened to sermons which were not mere holiday discourses, meant to procure him a pleasing distraction, and were still less insipid adulations to the courtiers.”

The following passage is taken from his celebrated sermon on the small number of the elect, which occasioned many of the audience to rise from their seats, struck with an instant terror lest they should not be of the number :—

“ If you know to what obligations the title of Christian, which you bear, binds you ; if you understand the holiness of your state—how much it prescribes to you a faithful life, a continual vigilance, precautions against the temptations of sensual gratification ; in a word, conformity to Jesus Christ crucified, if you would comprehend it ; if you would consider, that before loving God with all your heart, and all your strength, a single desire which does not relate to Him would defile you ; if you could comprehend this, you would find yourself a monster before His eyes. What would you say of obligations so holy, and manners so profane ; a vigilance so continual, and a life so careless and dissipated ? A love of God so pure, so full, so universal,

and a heart always a prey to a thousand affections, either strange or criminal? If it be thus, O my God, who then can be saved? Few people, my dear audience; it will not be you, unless you are changed! It will not be those who resemble you! It will not be the multitude!

“Who then can be saved? Do you wish to know? It will be those who work out their salvation with fear; who live amidst the world, but who live not as the world.

“Who can be saved? That Christian woman who, confined to the circle of her domestic affairs, educates her children in faith and piety, leaving to the Almighty the decision of their destiny; who is adorned with chastity and modesty; who does not sit in the assembly of the vain; who does not make for herself a law of the foolish customs of the world, but corrects those customs by the law of God, and gives credit to virtue by her rank and example.

“Who can be saved? That faithful man who, in these degenerate days, imitates the manners of the primitive Christians, whose hands are innocent and body pure; that watchful man, who has not received his soul in vain, but who, even amidst the dangers of high life, continually applies himself to purify it; that just man, who does not use deception towards his neighbour, and who owes not to doubtful means the innocent increase of his fortune; that generous man, who loads with benefits the enemy who wishes to destroy him, and injures not his rivals, except by superior merit; that sincere man, who does not sacrifice truth to a contemptible interest, and who knows not how to please in betraying his conscience; that charitable man, who makes of his house and credit the asylum of his brethren, and of his person the consolation of the afflicted;

that man who uses his wealth for the benefit of the poor, who is submissive in afflictions, a Christian in injuries, penitent even in prosperity.

“Who can be saved? You, my dear hearers, if you will follow these examples. Behold, these are the people who will be saved; but these certainly do not constitute the greatest number.

“There is perhaps no person here, who cannot say to himself, ‘I live as the majority, as those of my rank, of my age, and of my condition. I am lost if I die in this state! But what is more calculated to frighten a soul, to whom there remains something to be done for its salvation? Nevertheless, it is the multitude who tremble not. Only a small number of pious persons work out their salvation with fear; all the rest are calm. One knows, in general, that the majority of mankind are lost; but he flatters himself that, after having lived with the multitude, he will be distinguished from them in death. Each one puts himself in the case of chimerical exception,—each augurs favourably for himself; and it is on this account I address myself to you, my brethren, who are here assembled. I speak no more of the rest of men; I regard you as if you alone were upon the earth; and behold the thoughts which occupy and terrify me! I suppose that this is your last moment, and the end of the universe; that the heavens are going to open over your heads, Jesus Christ to appear in His glory in the middle of this temple; and that you are assembled here only to expect Him, and as trembling criminals, on whom He is going to pronounce a sentence of pardon, or a decree of eternal death: because it is in vain for you to flatter yourselves that you shall die better than you are at this time. All those designs which amuse you now,

will amuse you even to the bed of death ; it is the experience of all ages : everything that you will then find new in yourselves, will be perhaps an account a little greater than that which you would have to render on this day ; and from what you would be, if He should come to judge you in the present moment, you can almost with certainty decide what you will be at departing from this life. But I demand of you, and I demand it of you struck with horror, not separating in this point my lot from yours, and putting myself in the same state in which I wish that I should be ; I ask you, then, if Jesus Christ should appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, the most august in the world, for the purpose of judging us, in order to make the just discrimination between the good and the bad, do you believe that the majority of us who are here assembled would be placed on the right ? Do you believe that the number would be equal ? Do you believe that He would find here ten pious men, which the Almighty could not formerly find in five populous cities ? I demand it of you. You are ignorant of it ; and I am ignorant of it myself. Thou alone, O my God, knowest those who belong to Thee ! But if we know not those who belong to Him, we know at least that sinners do not belong to Him. But who are the faithful ones here assembled ? Titles and dignities ought to be counted as nothing ; you will be deprived of them before Jesus Christ. Who are they ? Many sinners who do not wish to be converted ; still more who wish it, but who defer their conversion ; many others who are converted, only to fall again into sin. In fine, a great number who believe they have no need of conversion ; these are the reprobate. Withdraw these four sorts of sinners from this holy assembly, for they will be withdrawn from it on that great day.

“Appear now, ye just; where are you? Remains of Israel, pass to the right. Wheat of Jesus Christ, separate from this straw destined to the fire. O God! where are Thy elect?”

FATHER GONTHIER, THE JESUIT.

One of the most remarkable instances of courageous preaching is recorded concerning this Jesuit. He was preaching at Saint Gervais, in Paris, before King Henry IV. Mademoiselle d'Entragues, one of his many mistresses, was present, and tried to make the king laugh. The preacher paused, and suddenly addressing Henry with righteous indignation, exclaimed, “Sire, I trust that you will never allow yourself any more to come to hear the word of God surrounded by a seraglio, nor to offer so awful a scandal in the house of the Lord.” Notwithstanding his prominent vices, Henry IV. was always just, sensible, and tolerant. The Marchioness of Verneuil, by which title the young lady was distinguished, tried every art to procure the punishment of Gonthier. Henry only smiled at her fury, and came the day following again to hear the brave Jesuit preach. The monarch took the opportunity, however, of whispering in his ear, “Reverend Father, do not be frightened. I thank you for your reproof, only, for Heaven's sake, don't give it again in public.”

JULIUS MASCARON

Was born at Marseilles in 1634, and died Bishop of Agen in 1703. When he preached before the French court in 1666 and 1667, some envious persons would have made a crime of the boldness and freedom with which he proclaimed the gospel to King Lewis XIV. His Majesty

rebuked the detractors, saying, "Gentlemen, he has done his duty; let us do ours." Preaching again before that monarch, twenty years afterwards, Lewis was so much pleased that he paid him this elegant compliment: "Your eloquence alone neither wears out nor grows old." The name of Mascaron is now forgotten. His writings are buried in the dust of oblivion. Yet there was a time when all France was filled with his praises, and his funeral orations were considered models of eloquence.

SAURIN, THE HUGUENOT.

The celebrated Saurin, when one of the pastors to the French Refugees at the Hague, was constantly attended in his public ministrations by a crowded and brilliant audience. His style was pure, unaffected, and eloquent; sometimes enriched with flowery metaphor, sometimes simple; never turgid or bombastic. "In the introduction to his sermons," says Mr Robinson, who translated them, "he used to deliver himself in a tone modest and low. In the body of the sermon, which was adapted to the understanding, he was plain, clear, and argumentative, pausing at the close of each period that he might discover by the countenances and motion of his hearers whether they were convinced by his reasoning. In his addresses to the wicked (and it is a folly to preach as if there were none in our assemblies) M. Saurin was often sonorous, but oftener a weeping suppliant at their feet. In the one he sustained the authoritative dignity of his office; in the other he expressed his Master's and his own benevolence to bad men, 'praying them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God.' In general his preaching resembled a plentiful shower of dew, softly and imperceptibly insinuat-

ing itself into the minds of his numerous hearers, as the dew into the pores of plants, till all the church was dissolved, and all in tears under his sermons." He was sometimes called the Huguenot Bossuet. He was born in 1677, and died in 1730.

The first time that Abbadie, the celebrated Calvinist minister, heard M. Saurin preach, he exclaimed, "Is it an angel or a man that speaks?"

Of another Huguenot minister it was archly said: He has two wonderful attributes—he is invisible all the week, that he may be incomprehensible on Sundays.

PETER DU BOSCH

Was esteemed the greatest preacher of his time among the French Protestants. He became so famous that a deputation was sent from Paris to Caen, the place of his ministry, to invite him to accept of the church at Charenton; but though the application was supported by all the influence of the most eminent Huguenots, nothing could induce Du Bosc to leave his flock at Caen, to whom he had become much endeared. Some years after, in consequence of having denounced auricular confession in the pulpit, an order was procured for his banishment to Chalons. As he passed through Paris, on his way to that place, he made such an adroit explanation of his offence to Monsieur le Trellier, as, after the lapse of some months, led to the recall of the sentence against him. The joy which his return gave to the people of Caen knew no bounds. Even those of opposite opinions concurred in congratulating him; among others, a cynical Roman Catholic gentleman of distinction, who was pleased to celebrate the event in the following extraordinary manner. Du Bosc's bio-

grapher says of this person : " His life was not very regular, but he made an open profession of loving those pastors who were endowed with brilliant talents. He was particularly enamoured with the merit of M. Du Bosc. He determined to solemnise the occasion with a feast. He took two Cordeliers, whom he knew to be of a convivial turn, and made them drink so much wine that one of them died on the spot. He visited Mons. Du Bosc the next day, and told him that he thought himself obliged to sacrifice a monk to the public joy ; that the oblation would have been a Jesuit if he could have procured one, but he hoped Du Bosc would not be displeased though it was but a Cordelier."

PASCAL.

The following eloquent tribute to the great French logician is extracted from the memoirs of Dr Chalmers by his son-in-law the Reverend William Hanna :—

" My confinement (during sickness) has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time—an impression which I trust will not abandon me, though I again reach the heyday of health and vigour. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connexion with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant—an unmeaning farce—a series of visions, and projects, and convulsive efforts, which terminate in nothing. I have been reading Pascal's "Thoughts on Religion." You know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalised by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science, but who could stop short in the

brilliant career of discovery, who could resign all the splendours of literary reputation, who could renounce without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the gospel. This, my dear sir, is superior to all Greek and to all Roman fame."

THE ABBÉ BEAUVAIS,

Preaching before Lewis XV., is said to have resolved, if possible, either to get into a bishopric or into the Bastille. He thundered from the pulpit against the scandalous life of the monarch, and alluded, in terms that could not be misunderstood, to his connexion with Madame Du Barry. This lady, knowing her portrait, entreated the king to punish him; but he observed, with his usual mildness of disposition, that a preacher could not always be answerable for the application which his auditors might make. Madame Du Barry, however, the same evening wrote the following letter to the abbé:—

"SIR,—You have preached a very insolent discourse to-day. In the room of using charity and moderation in your sermon, you had the audacity to reflect upon his Majesty's way of life, in the very face of his people. You made your attack on him only, though you ought to have used gentleness towards him, and have excused his frailties to his subjects. I do not think you were moved by a spirit of Christian charity, but excited by a lust of ambition, and a fondness for grandeur; these were the motives of your conduct. Were I in his Majesty's place, you should be banished to some obscure village, and there taught to be more cautious, and not to endeavour to raise the people to rebel against the ruler God has put over

them. I cannot say what the king may do, but you have presumed too much upon his goodness. You did not expect from me a lesson for your conduct, drawn from the Christian doctrine and morality ; but I would advise you, for your own good, to pay attention to it.—I am, &c.

“THE COUNTESS DU BARRY.”

ABBÉ D'ESPAGNAC.

Notwithstanding the almost universal servility of the French clergy previous to the French Revolution, there were still found men, even among the highest dignitaries of the Church, who thundered from the pulpit declamations which shook the very foundations of the court.

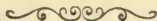
In the *Gazette de France*, 23th March 1780, we are told that “there was no sermon on Holy Thursday before the king, for the Abbé d'Espagnac, who was to have preached that day, found himself suddenly indisposed at the moment he was stepping into the pulpit, and rendered incapable of delivering his discourse.” Such is the account given of the failure of this sermon ; but the secret fact is, that at the moment the abbé was going to ascend the pulpit an officer came to him, and informed him that, as the king knew that he was not well, he excused him from performing his duty. The eloquent orator, who did not at first understand the kind anxiety of the king, assured the messenger that he was very sensible of his Majesty's attention, but that he was very well. The officer perceiving the honest simplicity of our abbé, was obliged to explain himself in more direct terms ; and leading him to a post-chaise, made him return to Paris.

The abbé was a young man of considerable talents, who sought celebrity by the boldness of his opinions.

Several days before Lent, the king had said, "We heard last year a most unchristian sermon, (the Abbé Rousseau's;) but this year we shall not certainly." This hint was gently given to the abbé by the courtiers; but he was resolute, and would not be intimidated. The Archbishop of Paris, and the great Almoner, were appointed to examine his sermon before it was preached. They found it did not at all touch upon the mystery of that day, but on a matter most irrelevant, on a parallel between royalty and despotism. Fearful that this might produce a disagreeable sensation, they informed the Count de Maurepas, who, to save himself a direct refusal to the orator, fell upon the expedient above related.

MABOUL, THE BISHOP OF AETH,

In France, was an eminent preacher, and justly celebrated for the excellence of his funeral orations. They are distinguished by that sweetness of style, that nobility of sentiment, that unction and touching simplicity which are the characteristics of piety and genius. "The Bishop of Aeth," says a French critic, "did not possess the masculine vigour of Bossuet; but he is more correct, and more polished. Less profound, and more brilliant than Flechier, he is, at the same time, more impressive and more affectionate. If he introduces antitheses, they are of things, not of words. More equal than Mascaron, he has the taste, the grace, and the ease of Father La Rue.







CHAPTER VI.

ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
PREACHERS, SINCE THE REFORMATION TO THE END OF
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BISHOP LATIMER

WAS born about the year 1480, and on the 16th of October 1555, was burned alive at the stake, by the decree of bloody Mary, uttering those memorable and truly prophetic words to his companion in the flames,—“*Be of good comfort, brother Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England, as, I trust, never shall be put out.*”

He was a homely and painful preacher, of a character singularly fearless and intrepid. On one occasion he boldly denounced from the pulpit the appointment of bishops and other distinguished ecclesiastics to lay offices, and more especially to places in the mint, during the reign of Edward VI. In one of his sermons on the number of unpreaching prelates, he said:—

“But they are otherwise occupied; some in king’s matters; some are ambassadors, some of the Privy Council, some to furnish the court; some are lords of Parliament; some are presidents, some controllers of

mints. Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the Church to be controllers of mints? Is this a meet office for a priest that hath the cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would here ask one question: I would fain know who controlleth the devil at home at his parish, while he controlleth the mint? If the apostles might not leave the office of preaching to the deacons, shall one leave it for minting? I cannot tell you. But the saying is, that since priests have been minters, money hath been worse than it was before!"

In another part of his discourse, the good Bishop proceeds to ask:—

"Is there never a nobleman to be a Lord President but he must be a prelate? Is there never a wise man in the realm to be a controller of the mint? I speak it to your shame; I speak it to your shame. If there be never a wise man, make a water-bearer, a tinker, a cobbler, a slave, a page, the controller of the mint. Make a mean gentleman, a groom, a yeoman, make a a poor beggar, Lord President. Thus I speak, not that I would have it so, but to your shame, if there be never a gentleman meet nor able to be Lord President. For why are not the noblemen and young gentlemen of England so brought up in knowledge of God and in learning that they might be able to execute offices in the commonweal? Yea, and there be already noblemen enough, though not so many as I could wish, to be Lord Presidents; and wise men enough for the mint. And as unmeet a thing it is for bishops to be Lord Presidents, or priests to be minters, as it was for the Corinthians to plead matters of variance before heathen judges.

“It is also a slander to the noblemen, as though they lacked wisdom and learning to be able for such offices, or else were no men of conscience, or else were not meet to be trusted, and able for such offices. And a prelate has a charge and cure otherwise; and therefore he cannot discharge his duty and be a Lord President too. For a presidentship requireth a whole man; and a bishop cannot be two men. A bishop has his office, a flock to teach, to look unto; and therefore he cannot meddle with another office, which alone requires a whole man; he should therefore give it over to whom it is meet, and labour in his own business; as Paul writes to the Thessalonians, ‘Let every man do his own business, and follow his calling.’ Let the priest preach, and the nobleman handle the temporal matters. Moses was a marvellous man, a good man: Moses was a wonderful man, and did his duty, being a married man: we lack such as Moses was. Well, I would all men would look to their duty as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing Christian commonweal.

“And now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passes all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passes all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you—it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; you shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keeps residence at all times; you shall never find him out of the way; call

for him when you will he is ever at home. He is the most diligent preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; you shall never find him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kinds of Popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and has his plough going, there away with books and up with candles; away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel and up with the light of candles, yea, at noonday. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry,—censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse—up with him, the Popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return;' which are the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people when he gives them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in nowise be translated into English.

“Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the

corn of good doctrine as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! And this is the devilish ploughing which worketh to have things in Latin, and hinders the fruitful edification. But here some man will say to me, What, sir, are you so privy to the devil's counsel that you know all this to be true? True; I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do; yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St Peter, who saith of him, 'He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' I would have this text well viewed and examined, every word of it: 'He goeth about' in every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, he leaves no place of his cure unvisited; he walks round about from place to place, and ceases not. 'As a lion,' that is, strongly, boldly, and proudly; stately and fiercely, with haughty looks, with his proud countenances, with his stately braggings. 'Roaring,' for he lets not any occasion slip to speak or to roar out when he seeth his time. 'He goeth about seeking,' and not sleeping, as our bishops do; but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners where he may have his prey. He roveth abroad in every place of his diocese; he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough, that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day, and every hour, labours to sow cockle and darnel, that he may bring out of form, and out of estimation and renown, the institution of the Lord's Supper and Christ's cross? For there he lost his right; for Christ said, 'Now is the judgment of this world, and the prince of this world

shall be cast out. And as Moses did lift up the serpent in the wilderness so must the Son of man be lifted up, (John iii.) And when I shall be lift up from the earth, I will draw all things unto myself.' For the devil was disappointed of his purpose ; for he thought all to be his own ; and when he had once brought Christ to the cross, he thought all was sure."

In a sermon on the plough, he addresses the men of London in these homely but stirring words :—

"Now what shall we say of these rich citizens of London ? what shall I say of them ? Shall I call them proud men of London, malicious men of London, merciless men of London ? No, no, I may not say so ; they will be offended with me then. Yet must I speak. For is there not reigning in London as much pride, as much covetousness, as much cruelty, as much oppression, and as much superstition, as there was in Nebo ? Yes, I think, and much more too. Therefore I say, Repent, O London ! repent, repent ! Thou hearest thy faults told thee ; amend them, amend them. I think, if Nebo had had the preaching that thou hast, they would have converted. And you, rulers and officers, be wise and circumspect ; look to your charge, and see you do your duties ; and rather be glad to amend your ill living than be angry when you are warned or told of your fault. What ado was there made in London at a certain man, because he said—and indeed at that time on a just cause—'Burgesses,' quoth he, 'nay, butterflies !' What ado there was for that word ! and yet would that they were no worse than butterflies ! Butterflies do but their nature ; the butterfly is not covetous, is not greedy of other men's goods ; is not full of envy and hatred, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not merciless.

The butterfly glories not in her own deeds, nor prefers the traditions of men before God's Word ; it commits not idolatry, nor worships false gods. But London cannot abide to be rebuked ; such is the nature of men. If they are pricked, they will kick ; if they are galled, they will wince ; but yet they will not amend their faults, they will not be ill spoken of. But how shall I speak well of them ? If you would be content to receive and follow the Word of God, and favour good preachers ; if you could bear to be told of your faults ; if you could amend when you hear of them ; if you could be glad to reform that which is amiss ; if I might see any such inclination in you, that you would leave off being merciless, and begin to be charitable, I would then hope well of you—I would then speak well of you. But London was never so ill as it is now. In times past men were full of pity and compassion, but now there is no pity ; for in London their brother shall die in the streets for cold—he shall lie sick at the door, and perish there for hunger. Was there ever more unmercifulness in Nebo ? I think not. In times past, when any rich man died in London, they were wont to help the poor scholars of the universities with exhibitions. When any man died, they would bequeath great sums of money toward the relief of the poor. When I was a scholar in Cambridge myself, I heard very good report of London, and knew many that had relief from the rich men of London ; but now I hear no such good report, and yet I inquire of it, and hearken for it ; but now charity is waxen cold—none helps the scholar nor yet the poor. And in those days what did they when they helped the scholars ? They maintained and gave them livings who were very Papists and professed the Pope's doctrine ; and now that the

knowledge of God's Word is brought to light, and many earnestly study and labour to set it forth, now hardly any man helps to maintain them.

“O London, London ! repent, repent ; for I think God is more displeased with London than ever he was with the city of Nebo. Repent, therefore ; repent, London, and remember that the same God liveth now that punished Nebo—even the same God, and none other ; and He will punish sin as well now as He did then : and He will punish the iniquity of London as well as He did them of Nebo. Amend, therefore.”

Holy Maid of Kent's Conspiracy.

At the time of the noted imposture of the “Holy Maid of Kent,” who pretended that God had revealed to her, that in case Henry VIII. should divorce Queen Katherine of Arragon, and take another wife during her life, his royalty would not be of a month's duration, but he should die the death of a villain ; one Peto, who appears to have been an accomplice in the imposture, was preaching before Henry at Greenwich, and, in the same strain with the nun, did not scruple to tell his Majesty to his face that he had been deceived by many lying prophets, while himself, as a true Micaiah, warned him that the dogs should lick his blood, as they had licked the blood of Ahab. Henry bore this outrageous insult with a moderation not very usual with him ; but to undeceive the people, he appointed Dr Curwin to preach before him on the Sunday following ; who justified the king's proceedings, and branded Peto with the epithets of “rebel, slanderer, dog, and traitor.” Curwin, however, was interrupted by a friar, who called him a lying prophet, who sought to “alter the

succession to the crown ;” and proceeded so virulently to abuse him, that the king was obliged to interpose, and command him to be silent. Peto and the friar were afterwards summoned before the king and council, but were only reprimanded for their insolence.

JOHN KNOX.

On one occasion when that intrepid reformer, John Knox, took the liberty of *lecturing* Queen Mary from the pulpit, her Majesty indignantly exclaimed, “What have ye to do with my marriage? or what are *you* in this commonwealth?” “A subject born within the same, madam,” replied the reformer, piqued by the last question, and the contemptuous tone in which it was proposed. “And albeit I be neither earl, lord, nor baron in it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same. Yea, madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it doth to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience require plainness of me. And therefore, madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place: whensoever the nobility of this realm shall consent, that ye be subject to an unfaithful husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish His truth from them, to betray the freedom of this realm, and perchance it shall in the end do small comfort to yourself.”

Lay Preacher.

In the year 1555, a Mr Tavernier, of Bresley, in Norfolk, had a special licence, signed by King Edward VI., authorising him to preach in any place of his Majesty's

dominions, though he was a layman; and he is said to have preached before the King at Court, wearing a velvet bonnet or round cap, a damask gown, and a gold chain about his neck. In the reign of Mary he appeared in the pulpit of St Mary's, Oxford, with a sword by his side, and a gold chain about his neck, and preached to the scholars, beginning his sermon in these words:—"Arriving at the Mount of St Mary's, in the Stony Stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church." This sort of style—especially the alliterative part of it—was much admired in those days, even by the most accomplished of scholars, and was long after in great favour both with speakers and hearers.

At the time that Mr Tavernier first received commission as a preacher, good preaching was so very rare, that not only the king's chaplains were obliged to make circuits round the country to instruct the people, and to fortify them against Popery, but even laymen, who were scholars, were employed for that purpose.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

With all the strength of mind which Queen Elizabeth possessed, she had the weakness of her sex as far as related to her age and her personal attractions. "The majesty and gravity of a sceptre," says a contemporary of this great princess, "could not alter that nature of a woman in her. When Bishop Rudd was appointed to preach before her, he wishing, in a godly zeal, as well became him, that she should think sometime of immortality, being then sixty-three years of age, took his text for that purpose out of the Psalms (xc. 12), 'Oh teach us to num-

ber our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom! which text he handled very learnedly; but when he spoke of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly hierarchy, seven for the Sabbath, and seven times seven for a jubilee; and, lastly, nine times seven for the grand climacterical year, (her age,) she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The bishop, discovering all was not well—for the pulpit stood opposite to her Majesty—fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the number 666, making Latinus, with which, he said, he could prove Pope to be Antichrist, &c. He still, however, interlarded his sermon with Scripture passages, touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiastes, ‘When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows, &c., and the daughters of singing shall be abased,’ and more to that purpose. The Queen, as her manner was, opened the window, but she was so far from giving him thanks or good countenance, that she said plainly, ‘He might have kept his arithmetic to himself; but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;’ and so she went away discontented.”

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

This eminent divine, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, preached, when young, before the State at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. He selected for his text Ezekiel, chapter iv., verse 6: “And thou shalt bear the iniquity of Judah forty days. I have appointed thee each day for a year.” He then made this conjecture in reference to Ireland—“Count from this year and then those whom you

now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity." This remark, uttered by him in his sermon, seemed only to be the rhapsody of a young man, who was no friend to Popery ; but afterwards, when it came to pass at the expiration of forty years, that is, from 1601 to 1641, when the Irish rebellion broke out, and after the papists had murdered and slain so many thousands of Protestants, and harassed the whole nation by a sanguinary war, then those who lived to see that day began to think that Usher was a prophet.

Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed,

An old book, thus describes the method of preaching, popular among the Presbyterians of the seventeenth century:—

“One John Simple, a very zealous preacher among them, used to personate and act sermons in the old monkish style. At a certain time he preached upon that debate, Whether a man be justified by faith or by works, and acted it after this manner: ‘Sirs, this is a very great debate; but who is that looking in at the door with his red cap? It is very ill manners to be looking in: but what’s your name? Robert Bellarmine. Bellarmine, saith he, whether is a man justified by faith or by works? He is justified by works. Stand thou there, man. But what is he, that honest-like man standing in the floor with a long beard and Geneva cowl? A very honest-like man! draw near; what’s your name, sir? My name is John Calvin. Calvin, honest Calvin, whether is a man justified by faith or by works? He is justified by faith. Very well, John, thy leg to my leg, and we shall hough [*trip*] down Bellarmine even now.’

“ Another time, preaching on the day of judgment, he told them, ‘Sirs, this will be a terrible day ; we’ll all be there, and, in the throng, I, John Simple, will be, and all of you will stand at my back. Christ will look to me, and he will say, Who is that standing there ? I’ll say again, Yea, even as ye ken’d not, Lord. He’ll say, I know thou’s honest John Simple ; draw near, John. Now John, what good service have you done to me on earth ? I have brought hither a company of blue bonnets for you, Lord. Blue bonnets, John ! What is become of the brave hats, the silks, and the satins, John ? I’ll tell, I know not, Lord ; they went a gait of their own. Well, honest John, thou and thy blue bonnets are welcome to me ; come to my right hand, and let the devil take the hats, the silks, and the satins.’ ”

THOMAS PLAYFERE,

Once Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, is now forgotten. This worthy had all the faults of his time yet there was in him an affluence or imagery which rendered his discourses wonderfully effective. Take the following :—

That the Preacher must say well and doe well.

“ Both pastor an people must doe that themselves which they teach others to doe. That must be. First for the pastor he hath two kind or garments,—a breastplate, and an Ephod : the breastplate shows that he must have science to teach ; the Ephod shows that he must have conscience to doe that which he teacheth. And in the very breastplate itself is written, not onely Urim, but also Thummim. Urim signifies light. Thummim signifies

perfection. To prove that the pastor must not onely be the light of the world, but also the salt of the earth: not only a light of direction in his teaching, but also a patterne of perfection in his doing. For even as the snuffers of the tabernacle were made of pure golde, so preachers, which should purge and dresse, and cleare others that they may burne-out brightly, must be made of pure gold." * * *

JOHN STOUGHTON

Was another quaint and vigorous Puritan. He was one of the chaplains to King James I., and occasionally preached at St Paul's Cross. He wrote a book called "BARUCH'S SORE GENTLY OPENED," which to a modern reader sounds very queer. To the pious minds of the seventeenth century such talk was abundantly edifying. So do times and fashions pass away. The following passages ought not to be buried for ever beneath the dust of old libraries:—

Peace with Conscience.

"The Bride that hath good cheere within, and good musicke, and a good Bridegroom with her, may be merrie, though the hail chance to rattle upon the tiles without upon her wedding day: though the world should rattle about his eares, a man may sit merrie that sits at the feast of a good conscience: nay, the child of God, by vertue of this, in the midst of the waves of affliction, is as secure as that child, which in a shipwracke was upon a planke with his mother, till shee awaked him securely sleeping, and then with his prettie countenance sweetly smiling, and by-and-by sportingly asking a stroake to beat the naughtie waves, and at last when they continued boisterous for all that, sharply chiding them, as though

they had been but his playfellowes. O the innocencie ! O the comfort of peace ! O the tranquillitie of a spotless mind ! There is no heaven so cleere as a good conscience."

JOHN FLAVEL.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the venerable John Flavel, whose practical writings are well known, was settled at Dartmouth.

Mr Flavel's manner was remarkably affectionatè and serious, often exciting powerful emotions in his hearers. On one occasion he preached from these words, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *anathema maranatha*: "Cursed with a curse, cursed of God with a bitter and grievous curse." At the conclusion of the service, when Mr Flavel arose to pronounce the blessing, he paused and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is anathema maranatha?" This address deeply affected the audience, and one gentleman, a person of rank, was so overcome by his feelings, that he fell senseless to the floor.

In the congregation was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Shortly after the event just narrated he sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life. Mr Short's days were lengthened much beyond the usual term. When a hundred years old, he had sufficient strength to work on his farm, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. Hitherto he had lived in carelessness ; he was now "a sinner a hundred years old," and apparently ready to "die

accursed." But one day, as he sat in in his fields, he busied himself in reflecting on his past life. Recurring to the events of his youth, his memory fixed upon Mr Flavel's discourse above alluded to, a considerable part of which he was able to recollect. The earnestness of the preacher's manner, the truths which he delivered, and the effects produced on the congregation, were brought fresh to his mind. The blessing of God accompanied his meditations ; he felt that he had not "loved the Lord Jesus Christ ;" he feared the dreadful "anathema ;" conviction was followed by repentance. To the day of his death, which took place in his 116th year, he gave pleasing evidence of piety.

ROBERT WILKINSON,

Of Cambridge, preached a sermon entitled, *The Royal Merchant*, preached at Whitehall, before the *King's Majesty, at the Nuptials of an Honourable Lord and his Lady*. The argument is one long laudation of the bride, and the text is, "*She is like a merchant ship, she bringeth her goods from afar.*" Mark his description of a wise and prudent wife :—

" But what saith the Scriptures ? ' *The King's daughter is all glorious within,*' Ps. xlv., and as ships which are the fairest in show, yet are not always the fittest for use ; so neither are women the more to be esteemed, but the more to be suspected for their fair trappings ; yet we condemn not in greater personages the use of ornaments ; yea, we teach that silver, silks, and gold were created, not only for the necessity, but also for ornament of the saints. In the practice whereof, Rebecca, a holy woman, is noted to have received from Isaac, a holy man, even ear-rings, habiliments, and bracelets of gold, (Gen. xxiv.) therefore this

is it we teach for rules of Christian sobriety, that if a woman exceed neither decency in fashion, nor the limits of her state and degree, and that she be proud of nothing, we see no reason but she may wear anything.

“ It followeth she is like a ship, but what a ship? A ship of merchants—no doubt a great commendation; for the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant, (Matt. xiii.) and merchants have been princes, (Isa. xxiii.) and princes are gods, (Ps. lxxxii.) The merchant is of all men most laborious for his life, the most adventurous in his labour, the most peaceable upon the sea, the most profitable to the land; yea, the merchant is the combination and union of lands and countries. She is like a ship of merchants, therefore first to be reckoned, as ye see, among the laity; not like a fisherman’s boat, not like St Peter’s ship; for Christ did call no she apostles. Indeed it is commendable in a woman, when she is able by her wisdom to instruct her children, and to give at opportunities good counsel to her husband; but when women shall take upon them, as many have done, to build churches, and to chalk out discipline for the church; this is neither commendable, nor tolerable; for ‘*her hands,*’ saith Solomon, ‘*must handle the spindle,*’ (ver. 19,) the spindle or the cradle, but neither the altar nor the temple; for St John commendeth even to the elect lady, not so much her talking, as her walking in the commandments, (2 John v. 6;) therefore to such preaching women, it may be answered, as St Bernard sometimes answered the image of the blessed Virgin at the great church at Spire, in Germany. Bernard was no sooner come into the church, but the image straight saluted him, and bade him, *Good morrow, Bernard,* whereat Bernard, well knowing the juggling of the friars, made answer

again, out of St Paul. *Oh, saith he, your ladyship hath forgot yourself, it is not lawful for women to speak in the church.*"

RICHARD BERNARD

Was not less whimsical, *e.g.* :—" Sin is the Thief and Robber ; he stealeth our graces, spoileth us of every blessing, utterly undoeth us, and maketh miserable both body and soul. He is a murderer : spares no person, sex, or age ; a strong thief : no human power can bind him ; a subtle thief : he beguiled Adam, David, yea, even Paul. The only watchman to spy him out is Godly-Jealousy. His resort is in Soul's Town, lodging in the heart. Sin is to be sought in the by-lanes, and in Sense, Thought, Word, and Deed Streets. The hue and cry is after fellows called Outside, who nod or sleep at Church, and, if awake, have their mind wandering : Sir Wordly Wise, a self-conceited earthworm : Sir Lukewarm, a Jack-on-both sides ; Sir Plausible Civil ; Master Machiavel ; a licentious fellow named Libertine ; a snappish fellow, one Scrupulosity ; and one babbling Babylonian ; these conceal the villain sin. To escape, he pretends to be an honest man ; calls vices by virtuous names ; his relations, Ignorance, Error, Opinion, Idolatry, Subtility, Custom, Forefathers, Sir Power, Sir Sampler, Sir Must-do, Sir Silly, Vain-Hope, Presumption, Wilful, and Saint-like, all shelter and hide him. The Justice, Lord Jesus, issues His warrant—God's Word—to the Constable, Mr Illuminated Understanding, dwelling in Regeneration, aided by his wife, Grace ; his sons, Will and Obedience, and his daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity ; with his men, Humility and Self-denial, and his maids, Temperance and Patience. Having got his

warrant, he calls to aid his next neighbour, Godly Sorrow, with his seven sons, Care, Clearing, Indignation, Fear, Vehement Desire, Zeal, and Revenge : these are capable of apprehending the sturdiest thief. He goes to the common inn, an harlot's house called Mistress Heart, a receptacle for all villains and thieves, no dishonest person being denied house-room. Mistress Heart married her own father, an Old-man, keeping rest night and day, to prevent any godly motion from lodging there. The house has five doors, Hearing, Seeing, Tasting, Smelling, and Feeling. Eleven maids, impudent harlots, wait upon the guests, Love, Hatred, Desire, Detestation, Vain-hope, Despair, Fear, Audacity, Joy, Sorrow, and Anger, and a man-servant Will. The Dishes are the lusts of the flesh, served in the platter of pleasure ; the lust of the eyes, in the plate of profit ; and the pride of life. The drink is the pleasures of sin : their bedroom is natural corruption. ' In this room lieth Mistress Heart, all her maids, her man, and all her guests together, like wild Irish.' The bed is impenitency, and the coverings, Carnal Security ; when the Constable enters, he attacks them all with ' apprehensions of God's wrath,' and carries them before the Judge, who examines the prisoners, and imprisons them until the assizes, in the custody of the jailer, New Man. ' If any prisoner breaks out, the sheriff—Religion—must bear the blame ; saying, This is your religion is it ?' The keepers and fetters, as vows, fasting, prayer, &c., are described with the prison.' ”

“ The commission is Conscience ; the circuit the Soul ; the council for the king are Divine Reason and Quick-sightedness ; the clerk, Memory ; the witness, Godly Sorrow ; the grand jury, Holy Men, the inspired authors ; the traverse

jury, Faith, Love of God, Fear of God, Charity, Sincerity, Unity, Patience, Innocency, Chastity, Equity, Verity, and Contentation; all these are challenges by the prisoners who would be tried by Nature, Doubting, Careless, &c., all freeholders of great means. This the Judge overrules; Old-man is put on his trial first, and David, Job, Isaiah, and Paul are witnesses against him. He pleads, 'There is no such thing as original corruption. Pelagius, a learned man, and all those now that are called Anabaptists, have hitherto, and yet do maintain that sin cometh by imitation, and not by inbred pravity. Good my lord, cast not away so old a man, for I am at this day 5569 years old.' He is found guilty, and his sentence is: 'Thou shalt be carried back to the place of execution, and there be cast off, with all thy deeds, and all thy members daily mortified and crucified, with all thy lusts, of every one that hath truly put on Christ.' Mistress Heart is then tried, Moses (Gen. viii. 21), Jeremiah (xvii. 9), Ezekiel (xi. 19), Matthew (xii. 34), and others give evidence, and she is convicted, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment under the jailer, New Man. All the rest of the prisoners are tried.

DR JOHN EVERARD,

Of Kensington, wrote a volume, entitled, "Some Gospel Treasuries Opened, or the Holiest of all Unveiled," &c. 1653. Observe his singular method of illustrating and expounding Joshua xv. 15-17:

The smiting of Kiriath-sepher.

"But to all this I reduce only *this part* of this chapter now read, to unfold and *interpret* all this: And for the present I have made *choice* of these two verses, to give light

to that *whole* chapter; and that chapter is the exposition of this, as I before said: Oh, how like is my text, and every part thereof, to those new washed sheep! Cant. iv. 2, '*Every word beareth twins, and there is none barren among them.*'

"Of which two verses, I shall say, as *Abigail said of Nabal*, when David came to destroy him,

" '*Regard not this son of Belial, and let not my Lord be angry, Nabal is his name, and so is he.*' So I may say of this text, *as their names are, so are they.*

"Here is Kiriath-sepher, and Caleb, and Othniel, and Achsah. We will see what *secrets and mysteries* the Holy Spirit hath couched under these veils: for, as they are in Hebrew, they express nothing to us; but read them in English, and take off their vail, and you may see *what honey will come out of the mouth of the eater*, and out of the *strong sweetness.*

"What, then, is Kiriath-sepher! In Hebrew it signifies *the City of the Book, or the City of the Letter.*

"We will first interpret them to you into English, and then we shall come to show you *what* they are to every one of us; for it is the office of the ministers of the New Testament, to strive to *take off the vail*, that every one may see his *own face* in the Scriptures.

"In the next place, what is Achsah? In Hebrew, it signifies *the rending of the vail.*

"And then what signifies Caleb? In the Hebrew it is as much as to say, *My heart, or a perfect heart, or a good heart.*

"And what, then, is Othniel? In the Hebrew it is, *God's good time, or the Lord's fit opportunity.*

"I have, beloved, as yet read it to you but in Hebrew:

and then it runs as it is written, and Caleb said, ‘ *Whosoever smiteth the city Kiriath-sepher and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah my daughter to wife; and Othniel, the son of Kenaz, the brother of Caleb, took it, and he gave unto him Achsah his daughter to wife,*’ and so on. But in English it is to be read thus: And my heart said, or a good heart said, that whosoever smiteth and taketh the City of the Letter, to him will I give the tearing or rending of the vail; and Othniel took it, as being God’s fit time or opportunity, and he married Achsah; that is, enjoyed the rending of the vail, and thereby had the blessing possessed by Achsah, by the vail being rent, both the upper springs, and the nether springs. To him that obtains *this rending* of the vail, to him shall be given the mysteries of the kingdom of God; he possesses *full content*, heaven and all happiness, and whatever *his heart can wish for*, as we shall show hereafter, if God permit.

THOMAS ADAMS

Is a foremost name among the Puritan orators of the seventeenth century. His collected works were published in 1629. He is known to have been alive in the year 1658. But the place of his death and burial knoweth no man. Probably the record perished in the fire of London with the invaluable registers and muniments of the Cathedral of St Paul’s and the parish churches of the city. His “Commentary on the Second Epistle of St Peter” has been lately republished. His sermons were like those of no other preacher. They have a rugged, yet forceful character thoroughly their own. His sententious aphorisms were innumerable. Of the Gunpowder Plot he says,

“The Papists formerly loved faggots, now powder.” “If these are Catholics, there are no cannibals.”

“To want the eyes of angels is far worse than to want the eyes of beasts.

“Riches are called *bona fortuna*, the goods of fortune; not that they come by chance, but that it is a chance if they ever be good.

“Philip was wont to say that an ass laden with gold would enter the gates of any city; but the golden load of bribes and extortions shall bar a man out of the city of God. All that is to follow is like quick-silver; it will be running.

“Not seldom a russet coat shrouds as high a heart as a silken garment. You shall have a paltry cottage send up more black smoke than a goodly manor. It is not, therefore, wealth, but vice, that excludes men out of heaven.

“There are some that ‘kiss their own hands,’ (Job xxxi. 27,) for every good turn that befalls them. God giveth them blessings, and their own wit or strength hath the praise.

“It is usual with God, when He hath done beating His children, to throw the rod into the fire. Babylon a long time shall be the Lord’s hammer to bruise the nations, at last itself shall be bruised. Judas did an act that redounds to God’s eternal honour and our blessed salvation, yet was his wages the gallows. All these hammers, axes, rods, saws, swords, instruments, when they have done those offices they *never* meant, shall, for those they *have* meant, be thrown to confusion.

“The five senses are the *Cinque Ports* where all the great traffic of the devil is taken in.

“When the heart is a good secretary, the tongue is a good pen; but when the heart is a hollow bell, the tongue is a

loud and lewd clapper. Those undefiled virgins admitted to follow the Lamb have this praise, 'In their mouth was found no guile.'

"Ask the woman that hath conceived a child in her womb, will it be a son? Peradventure so! Will it be well formed and featured? Peradventure so! Will it be wise? Peradventure so! Will it be rich? Peradventure so! Will it be long-lived? Peradventure so! Will it be mortal? Yes, this is without peradventure; it will die!

"Such a voice."—2 Peter, i. 17.

"Tully commends voices: Socrates' for sweetness; Lysias' for subtlety; Hyperides' for sharpness; Æschines' for shrillness; Demosthenes' for powerfulness; gravity in Africanus; smoothness in Lælius—rare voices! In holy writ, we admire a sanctified boldness in Peter; profoundness in Paul; loftiness in John; vehemency in him and his brother James, those two sons of thunder; fervency in Simon, the zealous. Among ecclesiastical writers, we admire weight in Tertullian; a gracious composure of well-mattered words in Lactantius; a flowing speech in Cyprian; a familiar stateliness in Chrysostom; a conscionable delight in Bernard; and all these graces in good Saint Augustine. Some construed the Scriptures allegorically, as Origen; some literally, as Jerome; some morally, as Gregory; others pathetically, as Chrysostom; others dogmatically, as Augustine. The new writers have their several voices: Peter Martyr, copiously judicious; Zanchius, judiciously copious. Luther wrote with a coal on the walls of his chamber: *Res et verba Philippus; res, sine verbis Lutherus; verba, sine re Erasmus; nec res nec verba Carlostadius*. Melancthon had both style and matter;

Luther, matter without style ; Erasmus, style without matter ; Carlstadt, neither the one nor the other. Calvin was behind none, not the best of them, for a sweet dilucidation of the Scriptures, and urging of solid arguments against the anti-Christians. One is happy in expounding the words ; another, in delivering the matter ; a third, for cases of conscience ; a fourth, to determine the school doubts. But now put all these together : a hundred Peters and Pauls ; a thousand Bernards and Augustines ; a million of Calvins and Melancthons. Let not their voices be once named with this voice : they all spake as children. *This is the voice of the Ancient of Days.*"

The ingenuity with which he describes the making of the tongue has never been surpassed :—

"To create so little a piece of flesh, and to put such vigour into it ; to give it neither bones nor nerves, yet to make it stronger than arms and legs, and those most able and serviceable parts of the body.

"Because it is so forcible, therefore hath the most wise God ordained that it shall be but little ; that it shall be but one. That so the parvity and singularity may abate the vigour of it. If it were paired, as the arms, legs, hands, feet, it would be much more unruly. For he that cannot tame one tongue, how would he be troubled with twain.

"Because it is so unruly, the Lord hath hedged it in, as a man will not trust a wild horse in an open pasture, but prison him in a close pound. A double fence hath the Creator given to confine it—the lips and the teeth—that through those bounds it might not break."

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON

sometimes reminds one of Adams. Witness the following :—

Afflictions of the Godly.

“The more the children of God walk like their Father and their home, the more unlike must they, of necessity, become to the world about them, and, therefore, become the very mark of all their enmities and malice. And thus, indeed, the godly, though the *sons of peace*, are the improper causes, the occasion of much noise and disturbance in the world; as their Lord, the Prince of Peace, avows it openly of Himself in that sense, ‘*I came not to send peace, but a sword, to set a man at variance with his father, and the daughter against the mother,*’ &c. (Matt. x. 34.) If a son in a family begin to inquire after God, and withdraw from their profane or dead way, oh what a clamour rises presently! ‘Oh, my son, or daughter, or wife, is become a plain fool,’ &c. And then all is done that may be to quell and vex them, and make their life grievous to them. The exact holy walking of a Christian really condemns the world about him; shows the disorder and foulness of their profane ways. The life of religion, set by the side of dead formality, discovers it to be a carcase, a lifeless appearance; and for this, neither grossly wicked, nor decent, formal persons can well digest it. There is in the life of a Christian a convincing light, that shows the deformity of the works of darkness, and a piercing heart, that scorches the ungodly, and stirs and troubles their consciences. This they cannot endure, and hence rises in them a contrary fire of wicked hatred, and hence the trials, the fiery trials, of the godly.”

When this great and pious prelate was minister of a

parish in Scotland, this question was asked of the ministers at their provincial meeting: "If they preached on the duties of the times?" When it was found that Mr Leighton did not, and he was blamed for the omission, he answered: "If all the brethren have preached on the *times*, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on *eternity*? May ministers preach on the subject of eternity, and hearers hear, in the view of that great and momentous concern!"

The following is the character of Archbishop Leighton, given by Bishop Burnet:—"He had the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and heavenly disposition that I ever yet saw in mortal. He had the greatest parts as well as virtue, with the most perfect humility that I ever saw in man; and had a sublime strain in preaching, with as grave a gesture, and such a majesty, both of thought, of language, and pronounciation, that I never once saw a wandering eye where he preached, and I have seen whole assemblies often melt in tears before him; and of whom I can say, with great truth, that in a free and frequent conversation with him for above two-and-twenty years, I never saw him say an idle word, or a word that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never once saw him in any other temper but that I wished to be in the last moment of my life."

LAUNCELOT ANDREWES,

Afterwards the renowned and saintly bishop of Winchester, whose remains were interred in the Lady Chapel of St Saviour's Church, Southwark, was some time Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. "There was then at that town," says old Aubrey, in his gossipping MSS., "a good

fat alderman, that was wont to sleep at church, which he endeavoured to prevent, but could not. Well, this was preached against, as a mark of reprobation. The good man was exceedingly troubled at it, and went to Mr Andrewes' chamber to be satisfied in point of conscience. Mr Andrewes told him it was an ill habit of body, not of mind, and advised him, on Sundays, to make a sparing meal at dinner, and to make up at supper. The alderman did so ; but sleep came on him again, for all that, and he was preached against. He comes again to Mr Andrewes, with tears in his eyes, to be resolved, who then told him that he would have him then make a full hearty meal, as he was used to do, and presently after take out his full sleep. The alderman followed his advice, and came to St Mary's Church the Sunday afterwards, when the preacher was provided with a sermon to condemn all those who slept at that godly exercise, as a mark of reprobation. The good alderman, having taken Mr Andrewes' advice, looks at the preacher all the sermon time, and spoils his design. Mr Andrewes was extremely spoken of, and preached against, for refusing to excuse a sleeper in sermon-time ; but he had learning and wit to defend himself."

Aubrey's narrative is valuable, as illustrating the personality with which the preachers of the seventeenth century attacked the vices and frailties of their congregations.

Dean Swift has a sermon addressed to persons of this character. He takes for his text Acts xx. 9, the account of Eutychus falling asleep in a window during the preaching of St Paul. "I have chosen," says he, "these words with design, if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half an hour's sleep, for the convenience and

exercise thereof this place, at this season of the day, is *very much celebrated.*

“The preachers now in the world, however they may exceed St Paul in the art of setting men to sleep, do extremely fall short of him in the power of working miracles; therefore hearers are become more cautious, so as to choose more safe and convenient stations and postures for their repose, without hazard of their persons, and upon the whole matter choose rather to trust their destruction to a miracle than their safety.”

John Aylmer, bishop of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, having a congregation not so attentive as they ought to have been to what he was teaching, began to read out of the Hebrew Bible. This immediately aroused his hearers, who looked up to him as amazed that he should entertain them to so little purpose in an unknown language. But when he perceived them all thoroughly awake and attentive, he proceeded in his sermon, after he had admonished them how much it reflected on their good sense that, in matters of mere novelty, and when they understood not a word, they should so carefully attend, and yet be so very negligent in regarding those points which were of the most real importance to them imaginable.

A Methodist preacher once observing that several of his congregation had fallen asleep, suddenly exclaimed, with a loud voice, “A fire, a fire!” “Where, where?” cried his auditors, whom he had roused from their slumber; “in the place of punishment,” added the preacher, “for those who sleep under the ministry of the holy gospel.”

Another preacher, of a different persuasion, more remarkable for drowsy preachers, finding himself in the

same situation with his auditory, or, more literally speaking, *dormitory*, suddenly stopped in his discourse, and addressing himself in a whispering tone to a number of noisy children in the gallery, 'Silence, silence, children,' said he, 'if you keep up such a noise, you will wake all the old folks below.'

Sydney Smith is reported to have said:—"Some men preach as if they thought that sin is to be taken out of man, as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber."

Thomas à Kempis narrates the following anecdote:—

"A certain brother once began to sleep a little at matins, which the brother next to him observing, whispered in his ear this one word, HELL, which, when he had heard, terrified and aroused, he cast off all his desire of slumber. Think, therefore, thou that art idle, of hell; and thou wilt not sleep in the choir through slothfulness."

Bishop Andrewes' sermons are rich in suggestive materials for the young and unaccustomed preacher. But they must be used for this purpose with rare caution. A youthful clergyman once found the state of his health to be such, that he could not sit down to compose a homily for the Sunday following. "Who am I?" at last exclaimed he, "that I should rack my reluctant brain to produce futilities, when I have upon my shelves the discourses of the sainted Andrewes?" He took down a volume, and began to transcribe such passages as the following characteristic specimens of the method of the grand old prelate:—

On the Birth of Christ at Ephrata.

"Even so, Lord, saith our Saviour, for so is thy plea-

sure. And since it is His pleasure so to deal, it is His further pleasure (and it is our lesson out of this *Bethlehem minima*.) Even this, *ne minima minimi*, that we set not little by that which is little, unless we will so set by Bethlehem and by Christ, and all. He will not have little places villified; little Zoar will save the body, little Bethlehem, the soul; nor have, saith Zacherie, *dies parvus*—little times—despised, unless we despise this day, the feast of humility. Nor have one of these little ones offended. Why? for Ephrata may make amends for, *parvula, ex te for tu*.

* * * * * *

“Will ye now to this inglorious *Signe* heare a glorious *Song*; to this *cratch* of *humilitie*, a *hymne* of caelestiall harmonie? If the *Signe* mislike you, ye cannot but like the *Song*, and the *Queer* that sing it. The *song* I shall not be able to reach to, will ye but see the *Queer*? and that shall serve for this time: for, by all meanes, before I end, I would deal with somewhat that might ballance this *Signe* of His low estate. This the *Evangelists* never faile to doe. Ever, they look to this point carefully. If they mention ought that may offend, to wipe it away streight, and the scandall of it, by some other high regard. See you a sort of poore *Shepherds*? Stay, and ye shall see a troope of *God's Angels*. Heare ye one say, *layd in the cratch below*? Abide, and ye shall heare many sing, *Glorie on high*, in honour of Him that lyeth in it.”

“*Vidisti vilia*, (saith St Ambrose) *audi mirifica*: Were the things meane you have seen?”

“Wonderful shall they be, ye now shall heare and see both. *Viliscit præsepe, ecce Angelicis cantibus honoratur*. Is the *Cratch* meane? Meane as it is, it is honoured with

the musike of *Angels*; it hath the whole *Qucer* of *Heaven* to sing about it. This also will prove a *signe*, if it be well looked into; a counter-signe to the other: that of His *humilities*; this of His *glorie*."

"There was then a new *begetting*, this day. And if a new *begetting*, a new *Paternitie* and *Fraternitie*, both. By the *hodié genuite* of *Christmas*, how soone Hee was borne of the *Virgin's wombe*. Hee became our *brother* (sinne, except) subject to all our *infirmities*; so to *mortalitie* and even to *death* it selfe. And by *death* that *brotherhood* had beene dissolved, but for this *dayes rising*. By the *hodié genuite* of *Easter*, as soon as Hee was borne againe of the *wombe* of the *grave*, Hee begins a new *brotherhood*, founds a new *fraternitie* straight; adopts us (wee see) anew againe, by His *fratres meos*; and thereby, Hee that was *primogenitus à mortuis*, becomes *primogenitus inter multos fratres*: when the *first begotten from the dead*, then the first begotten in this respect *among many brethren*. Before Hee was *ours*: now wee are *His*. That was by the *mother's side*; so Hee *ours*. This is by *Patrem vestrum*, the *Father's side*; so wee *His*. But *halfe-brothers* before; never of whole blood, till now. Now, by *Father* and *Mother* both, *Fratres germani*, *Fratres fraterrimi*, we cannot be more."

The young man wrote on and on, saying to himself, "who am I that I should dare to abridge or modernise 'the giant of those days'?" So he wrote out a whole sermon, and preached it at the parish church. He kept the people an hour beyond the usual time of dismissal. One respectable citizen, whose dinner was spoiled in consequence, said to another on leaving church: "Is this Tractarianism?" "Awful, my dear sir, awful!" was the immediate and vehement reply.

RICHARD HOOKER

Was one of three most celebrated preachers of the seventeenth century : Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow. Bishop Heber, in his life of Bishop Taylor, thus describes them :—

“Of such a triumvirate, who shall settle the precedence ? Yet it may, perhaps, be not far from the truth to observe that Hooker claims the foremost rank in sustained and classic dignity of style, in political and pragmatismal wisdom ; that to Barrow the praise must be assigned of the closest and clearest views, and of a taste the most controlled and chastened ; but that in imagination, in interest, in that which more properly and exclusively deserves the name of genius, Taylor is to be placed before either. The first awes most, the second convinces most, the third persuades and delights most ; and (according to the decision of one whose own rank among the ornaments of English literature yet remains to be determined by posterity—Dr Parr) Hooker is the object of our reverence, Barrow of our admiration, and Jeremy Taylor of our love.”

Take the following as a specimen of Richard Hooker's majestic and sonorous periods :—

Music.

“Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony—a thing which delighteth all ages, and bescemeth all states ; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy ; as decent being added into actions of greatest

weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject, yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony, than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind ; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections. There is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity ; there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstacies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and, for the time, in a manner severing it from the body ; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled ; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to

allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections. The Prophet David having therefore singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the House of God, [and] left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely indited poems; and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer, melody both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God—in which considerations the Church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and an help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must show some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity and ostentation of art, wanton or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, these faults prevented the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and very tough,

from whom the melody of Psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth. Be it as Rabanus Maurus observeth, that at the first the Church in this exercise was more simple and plain than we are ; that their singing was little more than only a melodious kind of pronounciation ; that the custom which we now use was not instituted so much for their cause, which are spiritual, as to the end that into grosser and heavier minds, whom bare words do not easily move, the sweetness of melody might make some entrance for good things. St Bain himself, acknowledging as much, did not think that from such inventions the least jot of estimation and credit thereby should be derogated : ‘ For (saith he) whereas the Holy Spirit saw that mankind is unto virtue hardly drawn, and that righteousness is the less accompted of by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth, it pleased the wisdom of the same spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure which, mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey, as it were by stealth, the treasure of good things into man’s mind. To this purpose were those harmonious tunes of the Psalms devised for us, that they which are either in years but young, or touching perfection of virtue, as yet not grown to ripeness, might, when they think they sing, learn. Oh the wise conceit of that heavenly Teacher, which hath by His skill found out a way, that doing those things wherein we delight we may also learn that whereby we profit.”

Let the following extracts from Bishop Jeremy Taylor suffice :

Patience.

“ It is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently

which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble, or prevent the accident; it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to a patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering."

Prayer.

"Prayer is the peace of our spirit; the stillness of our thoughts; the evenness of recollection; the seat of meditation; the rest of cares, and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a great mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness."

Perfection.

"There is a sort of God's dear servants who walk in perfectness; and they have a degree of charity and divine knowledge more than we can discourse of, and more certain than the demonstrations of geometry, brighter than the sun, and indeficient as the light of heaven. As a flame touches a flame and combines into splendour and to glory; so is the spirit of a man united unto Christ by the Spirit of God."

Anger.

"Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities and failings makes the error of his neighbour or servant to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God's pardon, and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the levities, or misfortunes, or indiscretions of another greater than those which he considers that he is very frequently and more inexcusably guilty."

Theology—Characteristics of.

“Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge.”

Meditation, the Tongue of the Soul.

“Meditation is the tongue of the soul and the language of our spirit ; and our wandering thoughts in prayer are but the neglects of meditation and recessions from that duty ; and according as we neglect meditation, so are our prayers imperfect, meditation being the soul of prayer and the intention of our spirit.”

Company—Choice of.

“No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.”

All great preachers have abounded in proverbs. St Bernard once said, “Love me, love my dog.” Dr Sanderson, urging on his hearers the way in which a man sinks in iniquity, exclaimed, “Over shoes, over boots.” Jeremy Taylor has the following passage :—“The crime of backbiting is the poison of charity ; and yet so common that it is passed into a proverb, ‘After a good dinner let us sit down and backbite our neighbours.’” Archbishop Trench quotes many proverbs, which have been utilised by Yorkshire and other northern preachers. For instance : “The devil’s corn grinds all to bran ;” “God’s mill grinds slow, but it grinds to powder ;” “What we weave in time we must wear in eternity ;” “When every one sweeps before his own door, the street is soon clean.” St Augustine says, “There is one case of deathbed repentance recorded,”—alluding of course to the thief on the cross,—“that no one should despair ; and *only* one, that no one should presume.”

Reading Sermons.

“ Behold the picture ! is it like ? Like whom ?

The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again : pronounce a text ;
Cry, *Hem !* and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper, close the scene !”

—COWPER.

“ The practice of writing and reading sermons from the pulpit, now so prevalent, and which is thought to act as a check on the inane fluency and mere word-stringing of some popular orators, was publicly and authoritatively denounced in the time of Charles II., who issued to the University of Cambridge the following ordinance on the subject :—

“ ‘ VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,—Whereas His Majesty is informed that the practice of reading sermons is generally taken up by the preachers before the University, and therefore continues even before himself ; His Majesty hath commanded me to signify to you his pleasure, that the said practice, which took its beginning from the disorders of the times, be wholly laid aside ; and that the said preachers deliver their sermons, both in Latin and English, BY MEMORY, WITHOUT BOOK ; as being a way of preaching which His Majesty judgeth most agreeable to the use of foreign churches, to the custom of the University heretofore, and to the nature of that holy exercise. And that His Majesty’s command in these premises, may be duly regarded and observed, his further pleasure is, That the names of all such ecclesiastical persons as shall continue the present SUPINE AND SLOTHFUL WAY OF PREACHING, be, from time to time, signified to me

by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, on pain of His Majesty's displeasure. Oct. 8, 1674.—MONMOUTH.'

"To condemn, however, without reserve, the practice of reading sermons, is neither wise nor expedient. The danger of a pastoral ministry, which continues to preach extempore in the same pulpit, for, perhaps, twenty or thirty years, is desultoriness, sameness, and insipidity. Intellectual idleness is generally the result of the practice. It must also be remembered that the reading of sermons is often a matter of necessity rather than choice. Dr Sanderson, so well known for his 'CASES OF CONSCIENCE,' had an extraordinary memory, but was so bashful and timorous, that it was of no use in the delivery of his sermons, which he was in a manner compelled to read. Dr Hammond being once on a visit to him, laboured long to persuade him to trust to his excellent memory, and to give up the habit of reading. Dr Sanderson promised to make the experiment; and as he went to church on the Sunday following, he placed in Dr Hammond's hands the manuscript of the sermon he intended to deliver. The sermon was a very short one; but before the doctor had gone through a third part of it, he became disordered, incoherent, and almost incapable of finishing. On his return he said with much earnestness to Dr Hammond, 'Good Doctor, give me my sermon and know, that neither you, nor any man living, shall ever persuade me to preach again without book.' Dr Hammond replied, 'Good Doctor, be not angry; for if ever I persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all those that I am master of.'

"Old Aubrey says, that when he was a freshman at the university, and 'heard Dr Sanderson read his first lecture,

he was out in the Lord's Prayer.' Many divines always have the words of it written in large characters before them, when they go into the pulpit, for fear of making a slip. One eminent bishop always blundered in the final benediction, unless he had his prayer-book open on the cushion of the pulpit.

"When Dr Sanderson's sermons were printed in 1632, it was remarked that the best sermons which were ever read, had never been preached.

"Charles II. asked Dr Stillingfleet, why he read his sermons before him, and preached without book elsewhere. The doctor said, preaching before so great an audience made him distrust his own abilities. But in return, how is it that your Majesty *reads* your speeches in Parliament, having no such reason? 'Why (said the king) the truth is, I have asked my subjects so often for so much money, that I am really ashamed to look them in the face.'

"It is recorded of the great Massillon that he once stopped short in the middle of a sermon, from defect of memory, and that the same thing happened, through access of apprehension, to two other preachers, whom Massillon went in different parts of the same day to hear.

"When another distinguished French orator fell into a similar difficulty, he adroitly requested the immediate prayers of the congregation for a person supposed to be near death. To this solemn task the people addressed themselves in silence, and the preacher had time to collect his thoughts.

"An anecdote is told of a Gascon preacher who, after ascending the pulpit, stood scratching his head for a minute or two endeavouring to collect his thoughts, and

then quietly said to the congregation, 'Ah! my friends, you have lost a capital sermon,' and quitted the pulpit."

DR FIELD,

Dean of Gloucester, was a learned divine of the seventeenth century, whom Fuller has enrolled among his worthies. He says of the Dean, "whose memory dwelleth like a field, whom the Lord hath blessed." He often preached before James I., especially in his progress through Hampshire in 1609. The first time his Majesty heard him, he observed in the same punning spirit with Fuller, and which was the prevalent characteristic of the age, "This is a FIELD for the Lord to dwell in." The king gave him the promise of a bishopric, but never fulfilled it. When he heard of the dean's death, his conscience appears to have smitten him. He expressed some regret, and said, "I should have done more for that man."

JOHN KING

Was another eminent divine, whom James I. used to style the KING of preachers. He became bishop of London in 1611. After his elevation to the mitre, he never missed delivering a sermon on Sunday, when his health permitted. Lord Chief-Justice Coke used to say of this eloquent prelate, "that he was the best preacher in the Star Chamber in his time."

ANDREW CANT.

In the churchyard of Aberdeen lies one Andrew *Cant*, minister of Aberdeen, from whom the Spectator derives the word *to cant*: but, in all probability, Andrew canted no more than the rest of his brethren, for he lived in a

canting age, Charles I.'s time. Still Andrew did not cant a little, for it appears that when a certain Castle was besieged by the Marquis of Montrose, it was defended by the Earl Marechal, by the persuasion of Andrew Cant. The Marquis, according to the barbarous custom of the time, set fire to the country around, which when Andrew saw, he told the noble owner, that the flames of his houses *were a sweet-smelling savour in the sight of the Lord*—supposing that his Lordship suffered for righteousness' sake.

DR THOMAS,

Some time Bishop of Worcester, was, before his elevation to that see, vicar of Laugharn. In the year 1645 a party of the Parliamentary cavalry came to the village, and inquired whether its Popish vicar was still there, and whether he continued reading the liturgy, and praying for the queen? One of them added that he would go to church next Sunday, and if Mr Thomas dared to pray for that —, he would certainly pistol him. Information of the threat having been conveyed to the vicar, his friends earnestly besought him to absent himself; but thinking that this would be a cowardly deviation from his duty, he resolutely refused. He had no sooner begun the service than the soldiers came, and placed themselves in the pew next to him; and when he prayed for the queen one of them snatched the book out of his hand, and threw it at his head, exclaiming, with a coarse expression: "What do you mean by praying for that —?" The preacher bore the insult with so much Christian meekness and composure, that the soldier who had been guilty of it, immediately slunk away ashamed and confused. Mr Thomas continued the service, and delivered an excellent discourse

with great spirit and animation. On his return home, he found the soldiers waiting to beg his pardon, and desire his prayers to God on their behalf. The Parliamentary Committee soon afterwards deprived this resolute pastor of his living; but on the Restoration of Charles II., he was rewarded for his brave loyalty. He was appointed Bishop of Worcester. He faithfully served the Church and State in this see until the Revolution of 1688, when refusing to take the oath of allegiance to King William III., he would have been turned out of his see, had not death intervened to spare him this indignity. His objections to the oath were conscientious, and could not be overcome. In a letter to a friend, he says: "If my heart do not deceive me, and God's grace do not fail me, I think I could suffer at a stake rather than take this oath!"

A curious letter is extant, addressed by Archbishop Sancroft to this prelate in 1683, in which the former complains of a custom which prevailed at that time, and was long afterwards continued, of having a sermon preached in the nave of the cathedral, while the prayers were read in the choir. The origin of the custom was, that, as there used to be no sermon in the parish churches, the inhabitants of the various parishes might, after their own prayers were concluded, attend the sermon of some eminent preacher in the cathedral.

DR ISAAC BARROW

Was remarkable not only for the excellence, but the extraordinary length of his sermons. In preaching the annual Spital sermon before the Lord Mayor and the corporation, he spent upwards of three hours and a half.

Being asked, after he came down from the pulpit, if he was not tired, he replied, "Yes, indeed, I began to grow weary of standing so long."

He was once requested by Atterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, then Dean of Westminster, to preach at the Abbey, but not to make too long a sermon, for that the congregation preferred short ones, and were accustomed to them. The doctor replied, "My lord, I will show you my sermon," and immediately gave it to the bishop. The sermon was divided into two parts, one treating on slander, and the other on lies. The dean earnestly desired him to preach the first part of it only; and to this he consented, though not without some reluctance. This portion of his discourse occupied in the delivery an hour and a half.

On another occasion, Dr Barrow preached in the Abbey on a holiday. It was then customary for the servants of the church on all festivals, except Sundays, between the sermon and the evening prayer, to show the tombs and monuments in the Abbey to such strangers as would purchase the privilege for twopence. Perceiving Dr Barrow in the pulpit after the hour was past, and fearing to lose that time in *hearing*, which they thought they could more profitably employ in *receiving*, the servants of the church became impatient, and most indecently caused the organ to be struck up against him; nor would they cease playing until the doctor was silenced, which was not until he despaired of being heard, or of exhausting the organ blower.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the length of Dr Barrow's sermons was their only fault. "In him," says that excellent critic, Dr Blair, "one admires more

the prodigious fecundity of his invention, and the uncommon strength of his conceptions, than the felicity of his execution, or his talent in composition. We see a genius far surpassing the common, peculiar, indeed, almost to himself; but that genius often shooting wild, and unchastised by any discipline or study of eloquence. On every subject he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness; but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth. Of the truth of the last observation, the following definition of wit in a sermon against foolish talking and jesting will furnish a pleasing specimen:—‘Wit,’ says he, ‘is a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pert allusions to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale. Sometimes it playeth on words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expression. Sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude. Sometimes it is lodged in a sly question; in a smart answer; in a quirkish reason; in a shrewd intimation; in cunningly diverting, or smartly retorting, an objection. Sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech; in a tart irony, or in a lusty hyperbole; in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense. Sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it.

Sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being. Sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting of what is strange ; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up, one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless ravings of fancy and windings of language. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, a reach of wit more than vulgar ; it seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable ; a notable skill, that can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him, together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. It also procureth delight by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, or semblance of difficulty ; by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts ; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirits ; by provoking to such dispositions of gaiety, in way of emulation or complaisance ; and by seasoning matters otherwise distasteful or insipid with an unusual and strong grateful savour."

DR HARRIS,

The minister of Hanwell during the civil wars, frequently had military officers quartered at his house. A party of them, being sadly unmindful of the respect due to the presence of a Christian minister, if not to Christianity itself, indulged in the vulgar habit of profane swearing. The doctor noticed this, and on the following Sunday preached from these words : "Above all things, my brethren, swear not." The soldiers were greatly enraged.

They considered that the sermon was directly aimed at them, and they swore that they would shoot Dr Harris, if he ever discoursed on the subject again. He was not, however, to be intimidated. On the following Sunday he not only preached from the same text, but inveighed in still stronger terms against the odious vice of taking profane oaths. As he was preaching, a soldier levelled his carbine at him ; but he went on to the conclusion of his sermon without the slightest apparent hesitation or fear. His courage was not unrewarded, for they afterwards treated him with the profoundest reverence.

DR LYONS,

Who was preferred to the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, held the benefice for twenty years, though he never preached but one sermon, and that was on the death of her Majesty. He then thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his royal mistress, and, accordingly, he ascended the pulpit of Christ-Church, Cork, where he delivered an able discourse on the sad uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the Queen. He is said to have concluded in the following warm but whimsical manner :—" Let those that feel this loss deplore with me on this melancholy occasion ; but if there be any that hear me that have secretly wished for this event, (as, perhaps, there may be,) they have now got their wish, and may it do them all the good they deserve ! "

The bishop's aversion to preaching is said to have arisen from his not having been originally intended for the Christian ministry. His promotion was altogether singular. The tradition concerning it is, that he was captain of a ship of

war, and distinguished himself so gallantly in several actions against the Spaniards, that on being introduced to the Queen, she told him he should have the *first vacancy that offered*. The honest captain, who understood the Queen *literally*, soon after hearing of a vacancy in the See of Cork, immediately set out for Court, and claimed the royal promise. The Queen, astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against the impropriety of it, and said that she could never confer a mitre on a naval captain. In answer, he pleaded the royal promise, and relied on it. The Queen then said that she would take a few days to consider the matter. She found that he was a devout man, of high moral character, as well as a commander of brilliant intrepidity. So she sent for him, and conferred on him the bishopric, saying, "She hoped he would take as good care of the Church as he had done of the State." But the question arises, Was he ordained deacon and priest by accumulation, and afterwards consecrated bishop?

DR ROBERT SOUTH

Was one of the most celebrated preachers of the seventeenth century. Many interesting anecdotes are told concerning him. On one occasion he preached, as chaplain to Charles II., before the Court, which, at that disastrous period, was composed of the most profligate men of the nation. He soon perceived that his reluctant hearers were fast asleep. He stopped short in his harangue, and changing his tone of voice into one of solemn remonstrance, he called out to Lord Lauderdale three times. His Lordship stood up. "My Lord," said South, within imitable dignity, "I am sorry to interrupt your

repose, but I must beg of you that you will not snore quite so loudly, lest you awaken his Majesty."

On another occasion, when preaching before the King, he chose for his text these words: "The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposing of it is of the Lord." In this sermon he introduced three remarkable instances of unexpected advancement:—

"Who that looked upon Agathocles first handling the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should have come to be King of Sicily?

"Who that had seen Massaniello, a poor fisherman with his red cap and his angle, would have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples?

"And who that beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament House with a threadbare torn cloak, greasy hat, (perhaps neither of them paid for,) could have suspected that in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?" At which the king fell into a fit of laughter; and turning to Dr South's patron, Mr Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Lord Rochester, said, "Odds fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death."

Bishop Kennet says of South, that he "laboured very much to compose his sermons; and, in the pulpit, worked up his body when he came to a piece of wit, or any notable saying."

His wit was certainly the least of his recommendations,

though it was sometimes fearfully pungent and sarcastic. He sometimes indulged in it to excess, and violated the awful sanctity of the pulpit. Sherlock is said to have accused him of employing the doubtful weapon of wit in a controversy on the Holy Trinity. South made but a sorry and unsatisfactory reply: "Had it pleased Providence to have made you a lock, what would you have done?"

In the year 1680, when Dr South was rector of Islip in Oxfordshire, a small chapel in the gift of the rector became vacant. Dr South's curate, who, like too many curates at present, performed the whole duty of the parish without an adequate remuneration, applied for the vacant situation. This was refused. The following Sunday being the fifteenth day of the month, he devoutly expressed his feelings in the regular course of the service by thus reading the seventh verse of the seventy-fifth psalm, "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from *thee* (the), South." The doctor conceded to wit what merit had failed to obtain, and the curate found himself in possession of the wished-for dignity—"passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

The following passages are specimens of his nobler and better method:—

Man formed in the image of God.

"Such was his *understanding*, his noblest faculty. It was then sublime, clear, aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it was not consul, but dictator.

“Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest, but in motion; no quiet, but in activity; it did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible: it did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like the drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In fine, it was vege, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth: it gave the soul a bright and full view into all things, and was not only a window, but itself a prospect. Briefly, there is as much difference between the clear representation of the understanding then, and the obscure discoveries that it makes now, as there is between the prospect of a case-ment and of a keyhole.”

Adam a Philosopher.

“Adam came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names. He could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn, and in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy or the certainties of prediction; till his fall, it was ignorant of nothing but of sin; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have

been as early as the proposal ; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an εὕρημα, an εὕρημα, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty—night watchings were needless ; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man ; to labour in the fire ; to seek truth *in profundo* ; to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory—no straining for invention ; his faculties were quick and expedite ; they answered without knocking ; they were ready upon the first summons ; there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess it is difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant, bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All these arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing linea-

ments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of paradise."

An anecdote is related of South which illustrates the condensation of his style. On one occasion Charles II., complimenting him on his sermon, said, "I wish you had had time to make it longer." The epigrammatic South replied, "I wish, sire, I had had time to make it shorter."

The witty and caustic Dean Swift found a party once indifferent to his observations. He exclaimed with considerable petulance, "My remarks could not be less attended to if they were delivered from the pulpit."

The following pithy lines were especially applicable to the sermons of the seventeenth century :—

"Some take a text sublime and fraught with sense,
But quickly fall into impertinence.
On trifles eloquent with great delight
They flourish out on some strange mystic rite ;
But to subdue the passions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties, they neglect.
Most preachers err, except the wiser few,
Thinking established doctrines, therefore, true.
Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
Amuse the world with airy, idle dreams.
Thus too much faith or too presuming wit
Are rocks where bigots or freethinkers split.

'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
 To make us feel it *you* must feel it too,
 Show yourself warm, and that will warmth impart
 To every hearer's sympathising heart."

The Titles

Of some seventeenth and eighteenth century sermons were strange, and to modern apprehension comical and irreverent:—"Baruch's Sore Gently Opened, and the Salve Skilfully Applied." "The Church's Bowel Complaint." "The Snuffers of Divine Love." "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion." "A Pack of Cards to Win Christ," &c. "A Spiritual Spicerie; containing sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety," written by Richard Brathwaithe, published in 1638; with an odd quotation from Canticles, c. i. 12, and c. v. 13. "The White Wolfe, a sermon," 1627. "The Nail Hit on the Head," 1644. "The Wheel Turned," 1647. "Love and Fear, a marriage sermon," 1668. "Two Sticks made One," sermon, 1691. "The Divine Lanthorne," 1686. "The Best Fee Simple," 1657. And a religious book by one Homer, called Cuckoldom's Glory, or the Horns of the Righteous exalted, with an emblematical engraved frontispiece. "Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace." And again "Deep things of God, or milk and strong meat containing spiritual and experimental remarks, and meditations, suited to the cases of babes, young men, and fathers," &c, 12mo. 2s. boards, Matthews, 1788. "A box of precious ointment for souls' sores." "A Subpœna of the Star Chamber of Heaven," 1623. "A Funeral Handkerchief, to which are added, &c., 1691." "A Divine Balance to weigh religious Fasts in, 1643."

“Leap Year Lectures: a collection of Discourses delivered on the 29th of February to a select society; committed to the press, because improper for the Pulpit.” London: Bladon, 4to, 1777. “The Lancashire Levite Rebuked, a discourse,” &c., 1699. “A Cluster of Grapes taken out of the Basket of the Canaanitish woman,” 1660.

“Matches lighted at the Divine Fire.” “The Gun of Penitence.” A volume containing extracts, among others, from the sermons of the fathers, is called, “The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary.” Another is called, “Sixpenny-worth of the Divine Spirit.” But what shall we say to the following? “Some fine Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation.”

LAWRENCE STERNE

Being once in company with three or four clergymen, related a circumstance which happened to him in the city of York. After preaching at the cathedral, an old woman, whom he observed sitting on the stairs of the pulpit, stopped him as he came down and begged to know where she should have the honour of hearing him preach on the next Sunday. Sterne having mentioned the name of the church, found her seated in exactly the same manner on that day, when she put the same question to him as before. The following Sunday he was to preach four miles out of York, which he told her; and to his great surprise he found her there too, and that the same question was put to him as he came down from the pulpit. “On which,” he added, “I took for my text these words, expecting to find my old woman as before,

‘I will grant the request of this poor widow, lest by her often coming, she weary me.’” One of the company immediately replied; “Why, Sterne, you omitted the most remarkable part of the passage, which is, ‘though I neither fear God nor regard man!’”

A lady once attending York races, met with the strange and eccentric humorist. He rode up to the side of her coach, and accosted her with the words, “Well, Madam, on which horse do you bet?” “Sir,” she replied, “if you can tell me which is the worst horse, I will bet upon that!” “But why, Madam,” asked Sterne, “do you make so altogether strange a choice?” “Because,” replied the gentlewoman, “you know that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!” Sterne was so much pleased with this reply, that he went home and wrote from that text his well known sermon ON TIME AND CHANCE.

Sterne’s sermons abound in curious surprises and startling antitheses: for instance, that one in Eccles. vii. 2, 3:—

“It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.”

“*That I deny;—*but let us hear the wise man’s reasoning upon it,—‘for that *is* the end of all men, and the living *will* lay it to *his* heart: sorrow is better than laughter:’—for a crack-brain’d order of Carthusian monks, I grant, but not for men of the world. For what purpose, do you imagine, has God made us? for the social sweets of the well-watered valleys, where He has planted us, or for the dry and dismal desert of a Sierra Morena? Are the sad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we must sally forth

in quest of them,—belie our own hearts, and say, as your text would have us, that they are better than those of joy? Did the Best of Beings send us into the world for this end,—to go weeping through it,—to vex and shorten a life short and vexations enough already? Do you think, my good preacher, that He who is infinitely happy, can envy us our enjoyments? or that a Being, so infinitely kind, would grudge a mournful traveller the short rest and refreshments necessary to support his spirits through the stages of a weary pilgrimage? or that he would call him to a severe reckoning, because in his way he had hastily snatched at some little fugacious pleasures, merely to sweeten this uneasy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedness of the road, and the many hard jostlings he is sure to meet with?

The following passage is equally characteristic. It is extracted from his sermon on SHIMEI:—

“There is not a character in the world which has so had an influence upon the affairs of it, as this of Shimei. Whilst power meets with honest checks, and the evils of life with honest refuge, the world will never be undone: but thou, Shimei, has sapp’d it at both extremes; for thou corruptest prosperity,—and ’tis thou who hast broken the heart of poverty; and, so long as worthless spirits can be ambitious ones, ’tis a character we shall never want. O! it infects the court, the camp, the cabinet!—it infects the church!—go where you will,—in every quarter, in every profession, you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay!—

“—Haste Shimei!—haste or thou wilt be undone for ever.—Shimei girdeth up his loins and speedeth after him.—Behold the hand which governs everything,—takes the

wheels from off his chariot, so that he who driveth, driveth on heavily.—Shimei doubles his speed,—but 'tis the contrary way ; he flies like the wind over a sandy desert, and the place thereof shall know it no more :—stay, Shimei ! 'tis your patron,—your friend,—your benefactor ; 'tis the man who has raised you from the dunghill !—'Tis all one to Shimei : Shimei is a barometer of every man's fortune ; marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations from scorching hot to freezing cold upon his countenance, that the smile will admit of.—Is a cloud upon thy affairs ?—see,—it hangs over Shimei's brow.—Hast thou been spoken for to the king or the captain of the host without success ?—Look not into the court-calendar ;—the vacancy is filled up in Shimei's face.—Art thou in debt ?—though not to Shimei,—no matter ;—the worst officer of the law shall not be more insolent.”

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH

Was born in 1602, and died in 1644. The fame of Chillingworth, as an author and controversialist, is world-wide. His excellence, says Barlow, consisted in “his logic, both natural and acquired.” Lord Mansfield pronounced him to be a perfect model of argumentation. Tillotson calls him “incomparable, the glory of his age and nation.” Locke proposes for the attainment in right reasoning, the constant reading of Chillingworth, who, by his example, “will teach both perspicuity and the way of right reasoning better than any book that I know.” His sermons are nine in number, of which that on the following text is, by common consent, admitted to be the masterpiece :—

The form of Godliness without its power.

“This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.”—2 TIM. iii. 1-5.

“To a discourse upon these words,” says Chillingworth, “I cannot think of any fitter introduction than that wherewith our Saviour sometime began a sermon of his, ‘This day is the Scripture fulfilled.’ And I would to God there were not great occasion to fear that a great part of it may be fulfilled in this place.

“Two things are contained in it: first, The real wickedness of the generality of the men of the latter times, in the first four verses. For by ‘men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, boasters, proud,’ &c., I conceive is meant, men generally shall be so; otherwise this were nothing peculiar to the last, but common to all times; for in all times, some, nay many, have been ‘lovers of themselves, covetous, boasters, proud,’ &c. Secondly, We have here the formal and hypocritical godliness of the same times, in the last verse: ‘Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof;’ which latter ordinarily and naturally accompanies the former. For as the shadows are longest when the sun is lowest, and as vines and other fruit-trees bear the less fruit when they are suffered to luxuriate and spend their sap upon superfluous suckers, and abundance of leaves; so, commonly, we may observe, both in civil conversation, where there is great store of formality, there is little sincerity; and in religion, where

there is a decay of true cordial piety, there men entertain and please themselves, and vainly hope to please God, with external formalities and performances, and great store of that righteousness for which Christ shall judge the world."

JOHN BUNYAN,

The "Shakspeare among divines," as he has been often termed, was born in the year 1628, at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, the son of a travelling tinker. In his youth he led a wandering and dissipated life; and it was not till twenty-five years of age, that he joined a dissenting Baptist community in Bedford. Three years subsequent, he became a preacher; and after the Restoration, in common with many others, he suffered much under the reign of Charles II., and was finally thrown into Bedford jail, where he was immured for nearly thirteen years, and where he wrote, among other works, "The Pilgrim's Progress." Upon his release he became a very popular preacher, attracting immense congregations, whether in his own meeting-house at Bedford or on his visits to London and other places. After sixty years of unwearied toil, he ended his labours Aug. 31, 1688, and went up to sit down with the shining ones of the celestial city.

"The excellent and learned Dr Owen," says a Non-conformist writer, "sometimes heard John Bunyan preach, and never exhibited both piety and tenderness more truly than when he made answer to king Charles's reproof for going to hear an illiterate tinker prate, '*Please your majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning.*' Owen was right, and the anecdote is exceedingly to his credit, for

Bunyan's abilities for preaching, Owen well knew, resulted from the teachings and influences of the Holy Spirit, without which all human learning, even in God's Word, would be vain ; and, moreover, Bunyan's abilities for preaching were precisely the same gifts of incomparable genius and piety that produced 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

Good Advice to the Pulpits.

A quaint and curious volume, entitled "Good advice to the Pulpits, delivered in a few cautions for keeping up the reputation of those chairs, and preserving the nation in peace. Published with allowance. London, 1687,"—was intended as a caution to the preachers of that age, who, considering the political dangers of the times, were sorely tempted to preach nothing but discourses upon State affairs. The writer exhorts them to beware equally of giving currency to the gossip of the coffee-house and other clubs. He quotes, among many others, the following passage, as proof that his caution was needed. Thus, the Rev. William Orme, preaching at Guildhall, March 27, 1681, said—

"A Jesuit being once asked, What ways and means the Papists designed to take for the introducing their religion into England? gave this reply—'We intended at first to do it by persuading and convincing the people with strength of reason and argument; but because these have proved so often vain, therefore of late years we have pitched upon two new methods and resolutions. The one is to debauch and vitiate the nobility and gentry, and to bring them off by degrees from all sense and care and kindness for religion; which is easily to be done, by representing to them a sinful, pleasurable life, both lawful

and safe. The other is to divide the commons into several sects.' Now, how far the Papists have thriven in these designs I shall leave to the judgment and determination of every sober and unprejudiced hearer."

ROBERT ROBINSON,

Of Cambridge—the predecessor of Robert Hall—of whom the latter said "that he had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased"—was born at Swaffham, in Norfolk, October 8, 1735. He was unsound in the faith, but remarkable for his clearness and strength as a preacher. His varied and chequered career was full of interest, and the story of his life will well repay perusal. The following are fair samples of his preaching:—

"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

"Imagine one of these primitive fairs. A multitude of people, from all parts, of different tribes and languages, in a broad field, all overspread with various commodities to be exchanged. Imagine this fair to be held after a good hunting season, and a bad harvest. The skimmers are numerous, and clothing cheap. Wheat, the *staff* of life, is scarce, and the whole fair dread a famine. How many skins this year will a man give for this necessary article, without which he and his family must inevitably die? Why, each would add to the heap, and put *skin upon skin, for all the skins that a man hath will he give for his life.* Imagine the wheat-growers, of which Job was one, carrying home the skins which they had taken for wheat.

Imagine the party engaged to protect them raising the tribute, and threatening if it were not paid to put them to death. What proportion of skins would these merchants give in this case of necessity? *Skin upon skin, all the skins that they have will they give for their lives.* The proverb then means, that we should save our lives at any price. Let us apply it to ourselves."

The following anecdote is characteristic of the satirical humour of the man, and the temper of the University students at the time when he preached at Cambridge:—

"One hot summer's day, when he was nearly in the middle of his sermon, a clergyman fifty or sixty years of age entered. Pew doors were thrown open in vain. He walked to the table-pew, took his seat, and began quizzing, and so disturbing the congregation, to the great annoyance of the ladies. Robinson's spirit was stirred within him. Having paused long enough to regain thoroughly the diverted attention of the audience, he proceeded thus: 'I was speaking about complex and simple ideas, but as few are acquainted with logical terms, I will give an illustration or two. If, walking in the vicinity of the India House, I were to meet a person wearing powder, and silver buckles, and carrying a gold-headed cane, I should have the complex idea of a wealthy merchant. This would be made up of a number of simple ideas;' and the peculiarities of a successful merchant were enumerated. 'Again, suppose I walk in Pall Mall, I might there meet some one wearing a cocked hat, a red coat, gold epaulettes, &c., and I should have the complex idea of an officer of high rank in the army. This, as in the former case, includes a number of simple ideas. Once more: If I were walking near St Paul's, I might see a portly gentle-

man, in a shovel hat, full-bottomed wig, black coat, black silk stockings, silver buckles,—describing the dress before him,—‘and I should have the complex idea of a venerable dignitary of the Church of England. As in the former cases, *this* complex idea would include many simple ideas, the gentleman, the scholar, the divine;’ and then followed an eloquent description of the good minister of Jesus Christ. ‘But, my friends, you may have forgotten the text. I will repeat it. “Judge not according to outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment.”’ Fixing his keen eye on the stranger in the table-pew, he began to reverse the picture, and describe impertinence and folly in a black dress. The intruder vanished in haste.”

Robinson had a singular aptitude both in the administration of reproof and the conveyance of instruction. His congregation in Cambridge having been frequently disturbed by junior members of the University, he observed one day, when officiating in his chapel, some of these young gentlemen present, and, as usual, bent upon mischief; and stated in his sermon that it had long been a disputed question among philosophers, “whether there is such a thing as a vacuum in nature;” but that the difficulty is now solved, it having been ascertained that there is a vacuum in the head of every undergraduate who disturbs a worshipping assembly in a Dissenting meeting-house.

Addressing a congregation of labourers in a country-village, and observing that a word sometimes has several meanings, he gave them the following illustration:—“A sharp man, with a sharp scythe, on a sharp morning, mowed an acre of grass before breakfast, which was sharp work;” calling upon them to ascertain the meaning

of the word sharp in every instance of its application in this sentence.

Suppose!

“Before I read my text, give me leave to open my heart to you. As I was coming hither this evening, and meditating on my text, I thought, *suppose*—instead of going alone into the assembly this evening, as I shall—suppose it were possible for me to have the honour of leading by the hand, through this numerous congregation, up to the place of speaking, the Lord Jesus Christ in His own person, ‘the first-born of every creature; the image of the invisible God.’ Suppose I should then open the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, and, with a clear and distinct voice, summon each of my hearers to give an answer to the questions in the forty-second verse: ‘*What think ye of Christ? whose Son is He?*’ Affection for you set me a-thinking further on such answers as the most strict attention to truth would compel you to give. I thought, suppose one should say, ‘I have never thought about Christ; I never intend to think about Him.’ Suppose a second should say, ‘I have never thought of Him, and I despise Him, because He is not a *minister of sin*.’ And suppose a third should say, ‘I hate Him; and as it is not in my power to persecute Him, I express my hatred of Him by ridiculing and tormenting all who respect and resemble Him.’

“My brethren, it is not for me to pretend to know your hearts, or to pronounce anything uncertain; but the bare apprehension of such dispositions excited in me, as it must in every one that loves his neighbour as himself, a thousand suspicions and fears.

“Dreading such answers as these, I thought again, What

if I should bend my knee to the insulted Friend of sinners, and humbly ask, 'O, Son of David! what think you of this people? whose children are they?' Alas! I thought I saw Him '*look* round about on you with anger, being grieved for the hardness of your hearts;' then turning about, melting with compassion, going down the steps, walking slowly out of the assembly, and all the way weeping and saying, 'O that thou hadst known, even thou,' the most inveterate of this congregation, 'at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.'"—*R. Robinson.*

THE REVEREND HENRY VENN,

An eminent Evangelical minister of the Church of England, the contemporary of Cecil, Newton, and Simeon, has the following suggestive remarks on the choice of a text:—"I am persuaded," he observes, "that we are very negligent in respect of our *texts*. Some of the most weighty and striking are never brought before the people; yet these are the texts which speak for themselves. You no sooner repeat them, than you appear in your high and holy character, as a messenger of the Lord of hosts. Within these few weeks I have found it so. In London I preached on, 'Thus saith the Lord: Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh, but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not

see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit,' (Jer. xvii. 5-8.) I contrasted the character described in the first verse, with the child of God in the latter. The very reading of my text fixed the attention, and raised, as I could see, the expectation of the hearers; and much affected they seemed to be. Last Sunday I saw the same impression from, 'And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth,' (Exod. xxxiv. 5, 6,) on which I am to preach again, God willing, next Lord's day. I feel the good of selecting these passages to my own soul. I have to lament and bewail my ignorance and great defects for so many years, one-thousandth part of which I do not yet perceive. I wish you may attend to this point, and be led to make the chief and vital parts, as they may be called, of Scripture, your subjects of discourses."

Religious Indifference Rebuked.

A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this commotion, the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease

their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than anything he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated and solemn countenance, addressed them thus: "In one quarter of an hour from this time, the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled; the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them will vanish; you will return to your carnal occupations, or sinful pleasures, with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard 'as a tale that is told!'"

ANTHONY FARINDON,

One of the most accomplished divines and eloquent preachers of the seventeenth century—an age, not of intellectual indolence and stupor, but of profound genius and industry—was born at Sonning, in Berkshire, in 1596. Early in life he became conspicuous as an orator. He suffered much from the troubles of the great rebellion. An excellent life of him has been lately prefixed to a new edition of his sermons, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. He died October 9, 1658. All his contemporaries speak of him as a most famous preacher. The following brief extracts exhibit the philanthropic views which he entertained concerning the welfare of the whole human family, and the paramount duties which one Christian man owes to another, and to the sinners with whom he is surrounded:—

"As therefore every bishop in the former ages called himself *episcopum catholicæ ecclesiæ*, 'a bishop of the Catholic Church,' although he had jurisdiction but over one diocese, so the care and piety of every particular Christian, in respect of its diffusive operation, is as catholic as

the church. Every soul he meeteth with is under his charge, and he is the care of every soul. 'In saving a soul from death,' every man is a priest and a bishop, although he may neither invade the pulpit nor ascend the chair, (James v. 20.) 'I may be eyes unto him,' as it was said of Hobab, (Num. x. 31.) I may take him from his error, and put him into the way of truth. If he fear, I may scatter his fear; if he grieve, I may wipe off his tears; if he presume, I may teach him to fear; and if he despair, I may lift him up to a lively hope, that neither fear nor grief, neither presumption nor despair, swallow him up. Thus may I raise a dead man from the grave, a sinner from his sin; and by that example many may rise with him who are dead as he; and so by this friendly communication we may transfuse ourselves into others, and receive others into ourselves, and so run hand in hand from the chambers of death."

"'For as the grace which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men,' (Titus ii. 11, 12,) so must our charity enlarge itself, and, like the sun, *non uni aut alteri, sed statim omnibus in commune proferri*, 'display its beams universally on all, on every man that is a brother and a neighbour;' and now under the gospel every man is so. *He* is my neighbour and brother *who* loveth me, and *he* is my neighbour and brother *who* hateth me. *He* is my neighbour *who* bindeth up my wounds, and *he* is my neighbour *who* gave me those wounds. *He* is my neighbour *who* taketh care of me, and *he* is my neighbour *who* passeth by me on the other side, (Luke x. 30-37.) And my goodness must open and manifest itself to all men: must be as catholic as the church, nay, as the world itself. Whosoever maketh himself our debtor, maketh himself also the object of our

mercy ; and whatsoever the debt is, forgiveness must wipe it out and cancel it."

"In Christ they are called to the same faith, baptized in the same laver, led by the same rule, filled with the same grace, sealed with the same seal, ransomed with the same price, comforted with the same glorious promises, and shall be crowned with the same glory. And being one in these, they are to be as one in all duties and offices which are required to the perfect accomplishment of these. They must join hand in hand to uphold one another on earth, and to advance one another to that glory which is prepared for one as well as for another in heaven. Now this union, though the eye of flesh cannot behold it, yet it must appear and shine and be resplendent in those duties and offices which must attend it. As the head infuseth life and vigour into the whole body, so must the members also anoint each other with this oil of gladness. Each member must be busy and industrious to express that virtue without which it cannot be so. Thy charity must be active in thy hands, in casting thy bread upon the waters, (Eccles. xi. 1;) vocal in thy tongue, in ministering a word of comfort in due season ; compassionate in thy heart, leading thee to the house of mourning, and making thee mourn with them that mourn, and lament with them that lament. It must be like the sun which casts its beams and influence on every man.

"Each member is lame and imperfect by itself, and stands in need of this uniting. What the hand is, that is the foot ; and what the eye is, that is the hand, in that respect it is a member : for all are members. St Paul in the pulpit was no more a member than the Thessalonians to whom he writ. He that is a perfect man is no more a

member than he that is a new-born babe in Christ : and he that is least holds his relation as well as he that is greatest in the kingdom of Christ. Now, if all be members of the same body, each must concur to cherish each other, that the whole may be preserved. Take but an arm from the body, but a hand from that arm, but a finger from that hand, and the blemish is of the whole. In the church of Christ, *communis metus, gaudium, timor* : Here we are all one, and 'all men's joys and sorrows and fears are one and the same.' As each man, (as I told you before,) so each Christian, is as a glass to another ; and they are mutually so. I see my sorrow in my brother's tears, and he sees his tears in my sorrow : he sees my charity in my alms, and I see his devotion in his prayers : I cast a beam of comfort upon him, and he reflects a blessing upon me."

The Introduction of Greek and Latin Quotations into Sermons, a practice condemned by the Westminster Assembly —Farindon's Theological and Personal Character.

During the reign of James I., a sort of learned pedantry was introduced into the English pulpit, and soon became fashionable. Men who aspired to eminence as preachers, and to the reputation of learning, brought into their sermons not only a multiplicity of divisions and terms of art, but also a profusion of Greek and Latin quotations, partly from the Heathen moralists, and partly from the fathers of the Church. A few of them were doubtless able to do this from memory ; but the probability is, that others accustomed themselves to the reading of those ancient authors for the express purpose of selecting from them pithy sentences and half-sentences, as the ornaments of

their public discourses. To such an extent was this practice carried, that some of the sermons which were preached at that period may be almost said to be written in three languages—English, Greek, and Latin; devout and sensible men conforming to the custom, simply because it had become the law of the *caste* to which they belonged: just as many otherwise upright men have violated their consciences and good sense by submitting to what are popularly called “the laws of honour.”

Anthony Farindon, of course, fell into this practice, which was not generally abandoned by the Episcopal clergy till the following age, when Tillotson, Barrow, South, Scott, and Sharpe superseded it by their own example. Yet it may be fairly doubted whether any man, from the reign of James I., when the custom was generally introduced, to that of Charles II., when it was as generally discontinued, ever succeeded in it better than Anthony Farindon. The learned quotations which he has embodied in his sermons are often so beautiful in themselves, and are so appropriately introduced, that few modern readers, it is presumed, would wish to see them expunged. His method of citing ancient authors will teach theological students “the right use of the fathers” as well as of the classics. Unlike a great portion of our old divines, he employs them only as his servants, not as his masters. Whenever he is wishful to use a stronger expression than usual in the enunciation of his sentiments, if a phrase from one of those master-minds, which may answer his purpose, be brought to his recollection, he instantly enlists it into his service, and gives it in the emphatic language of the original, with a forcible English translation as its accompaniment. Among the fathers,

Tertullian was his chief favourite, on account of his frankness and terseness ; and Nazianzen, Hilary, and Augustine held the next place in his affections. But his reading was vastly excursive, embracing the entire range of human knowledge ; and his discourses display the result—in the immense compass of varied erudition which they embody, and which he had the rare art of rendering perfectly easy of comprehension to men of ordinary capacities.

But though Farindon avoided the chief blemishes of this practice, yet such a mode of addressing mixed assemblies in the name of God, and on subjects which affect their everlasting destiny, is not to be commended. It is not in good taste : for a Christian preacher is supposed to be so impressed with the truth and importance of his message, and so concerned for the salvation of his hearers, as to have no time to tax his memory, for the purpose of recalling corresponding thoughts and expressions in languages with which his hearers are not familiar. Nor has the practice any tendency to the use of edifying ; for what possible benefit can a popular assembly derive from sentences which they do not understand ? Many of our old English divines, in the true spirit of their own Articles and incomparable Liturgy, vehemently censured the Church of Rome for praying in an unknown tongue ; and yet it never seems to have occurred to them, that in the delivery of God's word they violated their own principles by a partial use of languages of which only a few favoured persons among their hearers had any knowledge.

It is worthy of observation, that the Westminster Assembly of Divines, who acted under the sanction of the Long Parliament, in their "Directory for Public Worship," which they published in the year 1644, condemned this

vicious pedantry, as being incompatible with that simplicity of purpose which the evangelical ministry requires. They suggest that the preacher of Christ's gospel should "perform his whole ministry plainly, that the meanest man may understand ; delivering the truth not in enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect ; abstaining also from an unprofitable use of unknown tongues, strange phrases, and cadences of sounds and words ; sparing citing sentences of ecclesiastical and other human writers, ancient or modern, be they never so elegant." Considering the spirit of party which then prevailed, and the quarter from which this advice came, it might be expected that the Episcopal clergy would not immediately change this learned mode of addressing their congregations. Nor was it quickly adopted by their own brethren, the English Presbyterians, as may be seen in the "Morning Exercises ;" some of the sermons in which have as many Greek and Latin quotations as those of their Episcopal contemporaries. Yet the recommendation of the "Directory," being dictated by sound sense and Christian piety, after having been long neglected, is now generally acknowledged to be the more excellent way, even by the most learned preachers, when they address auditories as learned as themselves. The most accomplished college and university preacher in these times would be unable to preserve his own gravity, either in the composition or the delivery of his sermon, if, after selecting a text from St Paul, he were required to support both his doctrine and phraseology by citations from the whole train of Greek and Roman moralists, poets, and historians, and from the principal fathers, both of the Greek and Latin

churches. Yet in certain quarters, two hundred years ago, unless something of this kind were attempted, a pulpit orator would have felt that he had scarcely maintained the proper dignity of his order, or presented a sufficient display of his own acquirements.

Farindon had many requisites of a good preacher ; and when we read his discourses, recollecting at the same time that two-thirds of them are posthumous, not having been written for the press, but published just as they were delivered, we can easily account for the esteem in which he was held by his congregation. His mind was richly stored with the treasures of both ancient and modern learning ; and his correct judgment qualified him so to apply it as to insure the full benefit of it to his readers. He had a readiness and force of expression, in which few men have excelled him ; and great richness and power of imagination, enabling him to embellish any subject, and represent it to the best advantage. He was a man of ready wit ; and possessed an admirable insight into the vast variety of human character,—a faculty of incomparable service to a Christian philosopher engaged in the momentous duty of instructing mankind respecting the divine method of salvation devised by Infinite Wisdom, which, when accepted by the penitent, alters the natural tendencies of their spirits, and exerts the most benign influence on the final destiny of themselves and others. He had a manly firmness of mind, attempered by gentleness, kindness, and generosity ; so that he did not shrink from the task of exposing mischievous error, by whomsoever it was advanced and patronised, yet with a just decorum both of spirit and manner. He was familiar with his Bible, and understood theology as a science ; and was evidently addicted to

prayer, which sanctified his studies, and gave a holy unction to his expostulations and appeals to the conscience ; his spirit having been disciplined and softened by disappointment, persecution, and sorrow. His sermons are free from that multiplicity of artificial divisions which disfigured the pulpit discourses of many of his contemporaries, and perplexed their hearers and readers. In this respect they are models of simplicity, and of the manner in which popular instruction should be imparted. In regard of their general tone and cast of thought, they reflect as in a mirror a perfect image of Christianity as it was taught and practised in the early Church, but without the errors which many even of the most eminent fathers mixed with evangelical truth. To the leading dogmas of Popery he was decidedly opposed ; and in the course of his ministry he bore a strong and persevering testimony against them, as a sinful and dangerous departure from the doctrine of Christ, and of His inspired apostles. On this subject his testimony is the more valuable, because of his intimate acquaintance with ecclesiastical antiquity, which enabled him from his own knowledge to denounce the peculiarities of Rome as pernicious novelties and errors.

The imagery of Farindon's sermons is eminently beautiful, original, and varied, equal to that which characterises the compositions of any writer who was his contemporary, except, perhaps, those of Milton and Jeremy Taylor. He had, however, no sympathy with the bitter sarcasm of Milton's prose writings ; and if his sermons do not rival the occasional gorgeousness and splendour of Taylor, they excel them in their general elevation of thought and uniform clearness of diction, as well as in their superior doctrinal purity. In these qualities they very far surpass the

unimaginative discourses of his contemporaries, — Andrewes, Brownrigg, and Sanderson. Numberless passages occur in the sermons of Farindon which might be cited as specimens of a true, powerful, and well-sustained eloquence ; the sentiments being impressive, the illustrations elegant and appropriate, and the phraseology terse, nervous, and stirring.

BERNARD GILPIN.

The great northern apostle, Bernard Gilpin, who refused a bishopric, did not confine his Christian labours to the church of Houghton, of which he was minister, but at his own expense visited the then desolate churches of Northumberland once every year to preach the gospel. Once when he was setting out on his annual visitation, Barnes, Bishop of Durham, summoned him to preach before him ; but he excused himself, and went on his mission. On his return he found himself suspended from all ecclesiastical employments for contempt. The Bishop afterwards sent for him suddenly, and commanded him to preach ; but he pleaded his suspension, which, however, the Bishop immediately took off. Gilpin then went into the pulpit, and selected for his subject the important charge of a Christian bishop. Having exposed the corruption of the clergy, he boldly addressed himself to his lordship, who was present. “ Let not your lordship,” said he, “ say these crimes have been committed without your knowledge ; for whatsoever you yourself do in person, or suffer through your connivance to be done by others, is wholly your own ; therefore, in the presence of God, angels, and men, I pronounce your fatherhood to be the author of all these evils ; and I, and this whole congrega-

tion, will be a witness in the day of judgment that these things have come to your ears." It was expected that the Bishop would have resented this boldness ; but, on the contrary, he thanked Mr Gilpin for his faithful reproof, and suffered him to go his annual visitations in future without molestation.

About this period the Northumbrians retained so much of the custom of our Saxon ancestors as to decide every dispute by the sword : they even went beyond them ; and not content with a duel, each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commenced a kind of petty war, so that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

In one of Mr Gilpin's annual visitations there was a quarrel of this kind at Rothbury. During the first two or three days of his preaching the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early to church, and just as Mr Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They did not stand long quiet, but, mutually inflamed at the sight of each other, began to clash their weapons. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased, and Mr Gilpin proceeded with his sermon. In a short time the combatants again brandished their weapons, and approached each other. Mr Gilpin then descended from the pulpit, went between the combatants, and addressing their leaders, put an end to their quarrels for the time, although he could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised, however, that until the sermon was over they would not disturb the congregation. He then returned to the pulpit, and devoted the rest of his time to

endeavouring to make the combatants ashamed of their conduct. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that at his further entreaty they agreed to abstain from all further acts of hostility while he continued in the county.

On another occasion, Mr Gilpin, going into the church, observed a glove hanging up, which he was told was a challenge to any one that should take it down. He ordered the sexton to give it to him, but he refused. Mr Gilpin then reached it himself, and put it in his breast. When the congregation was assembled, he went into the pulpit, and in the course of his sermon severely censured these inhuman challenges. "I hear," said he, "that one among you has hung up a glove even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who should take it down. See, I have done this," holding up the glove to the congregation, and again inveighing in strong terms against such unchristian practices.

"I hate," said Gilpin one day, "to see a thing done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly and completely ; if it is wrong, leave it altogether undone !"





CHAPTER VII.

REMINISCENCES OF PREACHERS AND PREACHING DURING
THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES—
QUAINT AMERICAN PREACHERS—WHITEFIELD AND
THE TWO WESLEYS.

CHRISTMAS EVANS.

THE style of this celebrated Welsh Nonconformist orator is thus sketched by a competent American writer :—

“Christmas Evans was born at Ysgarwen, Cardiganshire, South Wales, on the 25th of December 1766. On the 16th of July 1838, he preached at Swansea, and said, as he sat down, ‘This is my last sermon ;’ and so it proved ; for that night he was taken violently ill, and died three days afterwards, in his seventy-third year, and the fifty-fourth of his ministry.

“Evans’s descriptive powers were perhaps never excelled. His imagination was of the imperial order, and absolutely knew no bounds ; and his facility in the ready use of language altogether wonderful. Besides this, he was a man of the liveliest sensibilities, and always spoke out of a full heart, sometimes storming his hearers with his impassioned earnestness, and sometimes himself overwhelmed with the magnitude and grandeur of his theme. Add to this his pre-eminent faith and holiness of life, and we dis-

cover the secret of his astonishing pulpit eloquence—which, according to Robert Hall, entitles him to be ranked among the first men of his age. Of course no translator can do him full justice, but the wide popularity of these discourses is the best evidence of their real merit, though in a foreign dress. Perhaps there is no one, upon the whole, superior to that, a portion of which is here given. It contains one or two passages, which, for originality and brilliancy of conception, and for force of utterance, are absolutely unrivalled.”

The Fall and Recovery of Man.

“For if through the offence of one many be dead ; much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.”—ROMANS v. 15.

“Man was created in the image of God. Knowledge and perfect holiness were impressed upon the very nature and faculties of his soul. He had constant access to his Maker, and enjoyed free communion with Him, on the ground of his spotless moral rectitude. But, alas ! the glorious diadem is broken ; the crown of righteousness is fallen. Man’s purity is gone, and his happiness is forfeited. ‘There is none righteous ; no, not one.’ ‘All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.’ But the ruin is not hopeless. What was lost in Adam is restored in Christ. His blood redeems us from bondage, and His gospel gives us back the forfeited inheritance. ‘For if through the offence of one many be dead ; much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.’ Let us consider : *first*, the corruption and condemnation of man ; and, *secondly*, his gracious restoration to the favour of his offended God.

“ 1. To find the cause of man’s corruption and condemnation we must go back to Eden. The eating of the ‘forbidden tree’ was ‘the offence of one,’ in consequence of which ‘many are dead.’ This was the ‘sin,’ the act of ‘disobedience,’ which ‘brought death into the world, and all our woe.’ It was the greatest ingratitude to the divine bounty, and the boldest rebellion against the divine sovereignty. The royalty of God was contemned; the riches of His goodness slighted; and His most desperate enemy preferred before Him, as if he were a wiser counsellor than Infinite Wisdom.

* * * * *

“Verily, ‘the misery of man is great upon him!’ Behold the wretched fallen creature! The pestilence pursues him. The leprosy cleaves to him. Consumption is wasting him. Inflammation is devouring his vitals. Burning fever has seized upon the very springs of life. The destroying angel has overtaken the sinner in his sins. The hand of God is upon him. The fires of wrath are kindling about him, drying up every well of comfort, and scorching all his hopes to ashes. Conscience is chastising him with scorpions. See how he writhes! Hear how he shrieks for help! Mark what agony and terror are in his soul, and on his brow! Death stares him in the face, and shakes at him his iron spear. He trembles, he turns pale, as a culprit at the bar, as a convict on the scaffold. He is condemned already. Conscience has pronounced the sentence. Anguish has taken hold upon him. Terrors gather in battle array about him. He looks back, and the storms of Sinai pursue him; forward, and hell is moved to meet him; above, and the heavens are on fire; beneath, and the world is burning. He listens, and the judgment

trump is calling; again, and the brazen chariots of vengeance are thundering from afar; yet again, and the sentence pierces his soul with anguish unspeakable—‘Depart! ye accursed! into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!’

“Thus, ‘by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.’ They are ‘dead in trespasses and sins;’ spiritually dead, and legally dead; dead by the mortal power of sin, and dead by the condemnatory sentence of the law; and helpless as sheep to the slaughter, they are driven fiercely on by the ministers of wrath to the all-devouring grave, and the lake of fire!

“But is there no mercy? Is there no means of salvation? Hark! amidst all the prelude of wrath and ruin, comes a still small voice, saying: ‘Much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.’

“2. This brings us to our second topic, man’s gracious recovery to the favour of his offended God.

“I know not how to represent to you this glorious work better than by the following figure:—Suppose a vast graveyard, surrounded by a lofty wall, with only one entrance, which is by a massive iron gate, and that is fast bolted. Within are thousands and millions of human beings, of all ages and classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave. The graves yawn to swallow them, and they must all perish. There is no balm to relieve, no physician there. Such is the condition of man as a sinner. All have sinned; and it is written, ‘The soul that sinneth shall die.’ But while the unhappy race lay in that dismal prison, Mercy came and stood at the gate, and wept over

the melancholy scene, exclaiming, 'O that I might enter! I would bind up their wounds; I would relieve their sorrows; I would save their souls!' An embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, paused at the sight, and heaven forgave that pause. Seeing Mercy standing there, they cried: 'Mercy! canst thou not enter? Canst thou look upon that scene and not pity? Canst thou pity, and not relieve?' Mercy replied: 'I can see!' and in her tears she added, 'I can pity, but I cannot relieve!' 'Why canst thou not enter?' inquired the heavenly host. 'O!' said Mercy, 'Justice has barred the gate against me, and I must not—cannot unbar it.' At this moment Justice appeared, as if to watch the gate. The angels asked, 'Why wilt thou not suffer Mercy to enter?' He sternly replied: 'The law is broken, and it must be honoured! Die they or Justice must!' Then appeared a form among the angelic band like unto the Son of God. Addressing himself to Justice, he said: 'What are thy demands?' Justice replied: 'My demands are rigid; I must have ignominy for their honour, sickness for their health, death for their life. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission!' 'Justice,' said the Son of God, 'I accept thy terms! On me be this wrong! Let Mercy enter, and stay the carnival of death!'"

The Journey for the Young Child.

"Herod said to the wise men, 'Go and search diligently for the young child.' The Magi immediately commenced their inquiries, according to the instructions they received. I see them approaching some village, and when they come to the gate they inquire, 'Do you know anything of the young child?' The gateman comes to the door, and,

supposing them to have asked the amount of the toll, says, 'O, three-halfpence an ass is to pay.' 'We do not ask what is to pay,' reply they, 'but do you know anything of the young child?' 'No; I know nothing in the world,' answers he; 'but there is a blacksmith's shop a little farther on; inquire there, and you will be very likely to obtain some intelligence concerning him.'

"The wise men proceed, and when they come to the blacksmith's shop, they ask, 'Do you know anything of the young child?' A harsh voice answers, 'There is no such thing possible for you as having the asses shod now; you shall in two hours hence.' 'We do not ask you to shoe the asses,' say they; 'but inquire for the young child, if you know anything of him?' 'Nothing in the world,' says the blacksmith; 'but inquire at the tavern that is on your road, and probably you may hear something of him there.'

"On they go, and stand opposite the door of the tavern, and cry, 'Do you know anything of the young child?' The landlord, thinking they call for porter, bids the servant attend, saying, 'Go, girl; go with a quart of porter to the strangers.' 'We do not ask for either porter or ale,' say the wise men; 'but something about the young child that is born.' 'I know nothing in the world of him,' says the landlord; 'but turn to the shop on the left hand; the shopkeeper reads all the papers, and you will be likely to hear something respecting him there.'

"They proceed accordingly towards the shop, and repeat their inquiry, 'Do you know anything of the young child here?' The shopkeeper says to his apprentice, 'Reach half a quarter of tobacco to the strangers.' 'We

do not ask for tobacco,' say the wise men, 'but for some intelligence of the young child.' 'I do not know anything of him,' replies the shopkeeper; 'but there is an old rabbi living in the upper end of the village; call on him, and very probably he will give you all the information you desire respecting the object of your search.'

"They immediately directed their course towards the house of the rabbi; and having reached it, they knock at the door, and being admitted into his presence, they ask him if he knows anything of the young child. 'Come in,' says he; and when they have entered and are seated, the rabbi refers to his books and chronicles, and says he to the wise men, 'There is something wonderful about to take place; some remarkable person has been or is to be born; but the best thing is for you to go down yonder street; there is living there, by the river side, the son of an old priest; you will be sure to know all of him.'

"Having bid the old rabbi a respectful farewell, on they go; and reaching the river's side, they inquire of the bystanders for the son of the old priest. Immediately he is pointed out to them. There is a 'raiment of camel's hair about him, and a leathern girdle about his loins.' They ask him if he knows anything of the young child. 'Yes,' says he, 'There He is: behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world! There He is; He will bruise the dragon's head, and bring in everlasting righteousness to every one that believeth in His name.'"

The Beam.

"Then I saw the beam of a great scale; one end descending to the abyss, borne down by the power of the atonement; the other ascending to the heaven of heavens,

and lifting up the prisoners of the tomb. Wonderful scheme! Christ condemned for our justification; forsaken of His Father, that we might enjoy His fellowship; passing under the curse of the law, to bear it away from the believer for ever! This is the great scale of redemption. As one end of the beam falls under the load of our sins which were laid on Christ, the other rises, bearing the basket of mercy, full of pardons, and blessings, and hopes. 'He who knew no sin was made sin for us'—that is His end of the beam; 'that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him'—this is ours. 'Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor'—there goes His end down; 'that we, through His poverty, might be rich'—here comes ours up."

Christmas Evans was kind and tender to dumb animals. The following account of his death is so characteristic of the man, that it ought to be had in remembrance. To several persons standing round his bed, he said:*

"Look at me in myself, I am nothing but ruin; but look at me in Christ, I am heaven and salvation." He added in a joyous strain four lines of a Welsh hymn; then waving his hand, he said in English, "*Good-bye, drive on!*" Was it another instance of the labour of life pervading by its master-idea the hour of death? For upwards of twenty years, "the one-eyed man of Anglesea"—("an eye, sir," said Robert Hall of that one eye, "that might light an army through a wilderness")—for upwards of twenty years, as he had gone to and fro, his friends had given to him a gig, that he might go at his ease his own way, with a horse, called Jack, which became very old in his master's service. Jack knew from a distance the very tones of his

* Paxton Hood's "Lamps, Pitchers, &c."

master's voice ; with him Christmas Evans in long journeys held many a conversation ; the horse opened his ears the moment his master began to speak, and made a kind of neighing reply ; then the rider said, as he often did, "Jack *bach*, we have only to cross one low mountain again, and there will be capital oats, excellent water, and a warm stable." Thus, while he was dying, old mountain days came over his memory. "Good-bye," said he, "drive on !" They were his last words ; he sank into a calm sleep, and awoke no more.

John Wesley's last words were, "BLESS THE CHURCH AND KING ! THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US." Napoleon expired amidst the roar of a thunderstorm, muttering, "TÊTE D'ARMÉE, TÊTE D'ARMÉE." Dr Adam, the celebrated Scottish schoolmaster, said, "IT IS GROWING DARK, BOYS ; YOU MAY DISMISS !" Lord Tenterden arose suddenly in his bed and said, "GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, you may now retire and consider YOUR VERDICT !" Goethe, the poet, said, "MORE LIGHT !" By the side of these let the last words of the indefatigable itinerant of Anglesea not be forgotten, "GOOD-BYE ; JACK BACH, DRIVE ON !"

A Young American Preacher,

Whose aspirations for celebrity as a preacher were only equalled by his want of all the essential elements except confidence, and who was finally discontinued from the work, was once discoursing on the expansive character of the human mind, and said, "Yes, my friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, and from satchelite to satchelite, and from seraphene to sera-

phene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the center of the doom of heaven."

All attempts at soaring above a man's natural capacity John Wesley used to call "grasping at the stars and sticking in the mud."

An Irish orator once said, in his sermon, "Could I place one foot upon the sea, and the other upon the Georgiumsidus, dip my tongue into the livid lightnings, and throw my voice into the bellowing thunder, I would wake the world with the command, "Repent, turn to God, and seek salvation."

It is said that a young American divine, thinking that very sublime, once tried in the pulpit to take the same flight, saying, "Could I place one foot on the sea, and the other on—ahem—on the Georgiumsidus—ahem, ahem—I'd howl round this little world." He choked on the big word, forgot the rest, and down he came a howling.

Quaint American Modes of Arresting Attention.

Some instances of quaint methods have been quoted from the lives of eminent French preachers, showing how they endeavoured to arrest attention. The following, drawn from American sources, have at least the merit of originality:—

An old preacher, while holding forth on one occasion, finding that his hearers were listless and sleepy, stopped in the midst of his discourse, and, after a pause of sufficient length to cause them all to look up, pointing upward, he said, "The fork of that tree would make a good pack-saddle." He thus arrested their attention, and then proceeded with his sermon.

Another, on one occasion, preached on the subject of

hell. When he was about reaching the climax of his descriptions of the infernal regions, language seemed to fail under the weight of some wonderful forthcoming thought, when, after a little pause, he pulled a match out of his pocket, and, striking it, held it up, saying, "Do you see that? See its blue blazes and curling smoke; and, oh, what a smell! and yet this is a very small matter compared with the dreadful hell to which sinners are hastening." That was a silly trifling with the subject and the occasion.

Another, a man of considerable power, was preaching one night to a large audience, but failed to arrest their attention. In the midst of his sermon three young men came into church, to whom he addressed himself as they were entering, saying, "If I had known you were coming in with that dagger to arrest these men, I could have had the whole matter amicably adjusted, and avoided all this trouble." The people were so startled that many sprang to their feet, and he had to assure them that there was no danger, and that he had only adopted that plan to wake them up, before he could get them quiet. He succeeded in arresting attention, but "paid too dear for the whistle." It was an uncertain sound of the trumpet. His hearers felt that he had been trifling with them, and the reaction was very unfavourable.

LORENZO DOW.

It is said that, at one time, when Lorenzo Dow preached under a large spruce pine, in South Carolina, he announced another appointment for preaching in the same place on that day twelve months. The year passed, and as Lorenzo was entering the neighbourhood the evening preceding his

appointment, he overtook a coloured boy who was blowing a long tin horn, and could send forth a blast with rise, and swell, and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills.

Calling aside the blower, Dow said to him: "What's your name, sir?"

"My name—Gabriel, sir," replied the brother in ebony.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, massa, I'se been dar many a time."

"Do you remember a big spruce pine tree on that hill?"

"O yes, massa, I knows dat pine."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow had an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?"

"O yes, massa, everybody knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go, to-morrow morning, and climb up into that pine-tree and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa, I takes dat dollar."

Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in the tree-top in due time. An immense concourse of persons, of all sizes and colours, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scenes of the resurrection and grand assize, at the call of the trumpet peals which were to wake the sleeping nations. "Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, that this should be the hour. Suppose you should hear, at this

moment, the sound of Gabriel's trumpet." Sure enough at that moment the trump of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast; some ran; others fell and cried for mercy; and all felt, for a time, that the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the driving storm till the fright abated, and some one discovered the coloured angel who had caused the alarm, quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying, "I forbid all persons from touching that boy up there. If a coloured boy, with a tin horn, can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will ye do when you shall hear the trumpet thunder of the archangel? How will ye be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?" He made a very effective application. That was better than a long, dry sermon, conveying no impression, except that the tidings of gospel mercy were of no moment at all, and sinners in no danger, or in danger so trifling as not to wake up the souls of either the preacher or his hearers. The deception involved in the latter case is quite as great, and much more fatal than the temporary deception of Dow's stratagem. But still, while that may have been admissible for Lorenzo Dow, such a thing, with all kindred stratagems, is not necessary to effective gospel preaching, and should not be resorted to.

An American preacher of considerable power and great celebrity, among other fanciful pictures drawn, on one occasion, for the entertainment of his audience, represented an "angel running on a rainbow with a basket of stars in each hand."

Another, speaking of a conveyance to the better world,

said, "I will jump astride a streak of lightning, put spurs to it, and dash off to glory." Such fancies may arrest the attention, but represent no reality in this world or the next, illustrate no truth, convey no definite instruction, and are hence inappropriate.

Another once arose and said to his audience, "I have got up here to display my ignorance before you all." He did all that he proposed to do.

A man once went to Vincennes, in the United States, to hear Lorenzo Dow preach on backsliding. He said, "An immense concourse of people assembled in the woods, and waited for Dow's arrival. Finally he made his appearance, and at the time all expected the sermon, he arose, climbed up a smooth sapling, and cried out, 'Hold on there, Dow; hold on.' Then he began to slide down, now and then stopping, and repeating, 'Hold on there, Dow; hold on.' He soon slid down to the ground, and put on his hat and left. That was all the sermon we heard that day."

"In these allusions to Lorenzo," says an American writer, "it is not meant to cast any reflections on his character or precious memory. When I was stationed in Georgetown, D. C., a number of years ago, I took 'Reformation John Adams,' of new Hampshire, to see Lorenzo's grave, in a cemetery in the northern suburbs of Washington City. Adams wept over it and said, 'Precious man of God, he was my spiritual father, and I have no doubt that I will meet him in heaven.' Many, I have no doubt, will in heaven record sweet memories of that eccentric servant of God; but we should not imitate his oddities."

An American minister, of fine descriptive power, was, on one occasion, preaching about heaven; and, to show

the absurdity of Emanuel Swedenborg's ideas on the subject, drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborgian heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine horses, cows, and pretty women ; and, in the midst of his glowing description, a good old sister, carried away with the scene, went into raptures, and shouted, "Glory, glory, glory !"

The preacher was so disconcerted that he paused, seeming hardly to know what next to do, till the presiding elder in the stand behind him cried out to the shouter, "Hold on, there, sister ; you are shouting over the wrong heaven."

On this incident another American, Mr Taylor, in the "Model Preacher," remarks, with much practical wisdom and acuteness :—

"The degree of excitement which you wish to produce by an illustration should be graduated by the character of the subject to be illustrated. The background of a picture may be so clearly drawn, and so highly coloured, as to weaken or destroy the effect of the principal figure. So the exciting character of a mere incident may be such as to carry the feelings of the hearer away from the subject, instead of carrying them to it."

Laughing and Crying in Church.

A good old American doctor of divinity went to hear a preacher who always woke up the people. The doctor, determined to maintain his standard of ministerial dignity, would neither laugh nor cry, not he. He listened for a time with his face in his hands, looking as if he was asleep. By and by he ventured to raise his dignified head, and cast his eyes over the audience, but before he knew it he caught the prevailing sympathy, and both

laughed and cried ; for which he became so displeased with himself that he would not go to hear that preacher again.

The doctor was a very good man, and a good friend of the said preacher ; but such were his ideas of the solemn decorum befitting the house of the Lord, that he could hardly forgive himself for giving way to his feelings, and would not again risk his ministerial dignity under the preaching of that man.

A minister who had led the van to many a battle, in which hundreds of souls were rescued from the power of the prince of darkness, preached on one occasion to a very large audience with good effect ; but, because some of the auditors smiled during the sermon, one of the church members accosted the preacher, as he was passing down the aisle, thus, " I'll never go to hear you preach again, sir. You make the people laugh, and I can't stand such a thing in the house of God. I hope you will never preach here any more ;" and on he went abusing the strange minister in the presence of the dispersing multitude, in a loud, angry tone, till some of his brethren commanded him to be quiet.

" Smiles and tears," says Mr Taylor, " are both alike liable to misuse and abuse. Many persons waste their tears over a novel or a farce, just as many laugh at things trifling and silly. Many, too, on occasions worthy these spontaneous expressions of the soul, laugh or cry to excess. Levity in the house of God is execrable, but the risible emotions excited by the appositeness of a happy illustration of truth, and serving to swell the sails that bear the soul heavenward, or that arise from religious joy in the soul, are just as appropriate in divine worship as tears.

This last is an assertion so questionable with many persons, that I will stop a moment to examine the law and the testimony on the subject."

Crying in the wrong place.

I remember, (says Foster, in speaking of Robert Hall,) at the distance of many years, with what vividness of the ludicrous he related an anecdote of a preacher, long since deceased, of some account in his day and connexion. He would, in preaching, sometimes weep, or seem to weep, when the people wondered why, as not perceiving in what he was saying any cause for such emotion, in the exact places where it occurred. After his death, one of his hearers happening to inspect some of his manuscript sermons, exclaimed, "I have found the explanation; we used to wonder at the good doctor's weeping with so little reason sometimes, as it seemed. In his sermons, there is written here and there on the margins, 'cry here.' Now, I really believe the doctor sometimes mistook the place, and that was the cause of what appeared so unaccountable."

Directness and Personality in the American Pulpit.

"During a revival of religion in Greenbrier county, Virginia, a man by the name of Armstrong was converted, and in relating his experience said:—'Having heard of this revival, and that so many of my neighbours had obtained religion, I came, one night, to see how it was done.

"The preacher, that night, instead of preaching to the people, as I expected, got up and talked to me, and told me how I had been living, and what I had come for, and what I was thinking about, and exposed me publicly

right there before all my neighbours. I never felt so much ashamed in my life before, but was mad to think that anybody should be so mean as to go and tell the preacher all about me. I was sure somebody had done it; for I knew the preacher was an entire stranger to me.

“The next night I came in early, and hid behind the door. I thought if the preacher did not see me, he would let me alone, and preach to the people; but the first thing he commenced on me again, and raked me so severely, that I cried, and when he called for mourners I went forward and prayed. The next night God, for Christ’s sake, pardoned my sins, and now I love that preacher more than any other living man.”

FELIX NEFF.

Amongst the great and good men whose names illustrate the Genevese annals in modern times, that of Felix Neff should not be forgotten. He was born in a village near the city in the year 1798. Twenty years later he became a sincere Christian in the city itself. And thither in ten years more he returned to die. Yet in those ten years how much of intense and devoted labour was crowded! Measuring life by years, we mourn over the premature death of the youth who passed away at thirty. Measuring life by labour and achievement he had attained a good old age. Few men have done more during a lifetime than he in the brief interval between his conversion and his departure. Of the nature of those labours the following extract from one of his own letters may serve as an illustration:—

“I preached,” says Neff, “on the Sabbath at Dormilouse, and early next morning took my departure, in order

to cross the Col d'Orsière, a mountain which separates the valley of Fressinière from that of Champsaur, through which the river Drac runs. I had two guides to direct me in crossing this mountain. At this season of the year the passage is seldom practicable. Having left the village of Dormilleuse, we proceeded onwards towards the Col, along the foot of the glaciers, walking for three hours through snows, some of which had recently fallen, but the greater part probably had lain for centuries. The sky was clear and beautiful, and, notwithstanding our great elevation, the cold was not unusually severe. In many places the snow was firm, but in others quite soft, and we often sank in it up to our knees. The peasants had, however, been considerate enough to envelop my shoes with wool; and we had furnished ourselves with a plentiful supply of provisions for our journey. Since the fall of snow in September only two persons had effected this passage, and we followed in their track, which was crossed at intervals by the footmarks of wolves and chamois, and traces of marmot hunters. After we had gained the summit of the Col, we had still the prospect of a dreary walk of two hours before we could reach the first hamlet of the Val d'Orsière, lying at the foot of the snows near the sources of the Drac. Here my guides left me, and I proceeded alone towards Mens."

In the month of January (1824) Neff writes:—"Last Sabbath I preached twice at Violin, after which I retired to a cottage, where I read a portion of Scripture, and commented upon it until ten at night, when my congregation withdrew. Many of them had come from remote distances, and as the night was dark, they had provided themselves with torches to guide them through the snow.

“The next morning I began my ascent towards Dormilleuse, the last and most elevated of all the hamlets in the valley of Fressinière. Its inhabitants, descended in an unbroken line from the ancient Vaudois, have rendered it celebrated by their resistance, during six hundred years, to the efforts of the Church of Rome. Their brethren in some of the adjacent communes, whose habitations were not so guarded by rugged ramparts and precipices, were often surprised by their foes, and compelled either to dissemble their faith, or become the victims of cruel persecution. Many of them fled to Dormilleuse, where they found an impregnable refuge. This place stands upon the brink of a rock which is almost perpendicular ; it is completely surrounded by glaciers ; and a dark forest stretches along the flank of the mountain, presenting a striking contrast to the snow which covers its summit. The only place where the ascent is practicable is a steep and slippery footpath. A mere handful of men stationed here could with ease repel the attacks of a numerous army, and hurl their assailants into the frightful abyss beneath. For six hundred years Dormilleuse was the city of refuge for the Christians of these valleys, who had successfully resisted both violence and seduction ; and, during this long period, had never crouched before the idols of the Church of Rome, or suffered their religion to be tainted by any of its corruptions. There are yet visible the ruins of the walls and fortresses which they erected to preserve themselves from surprise, and to repel the frequent assaults of their oppressors. The sublime, yet frightful aspect of this mountain desert, which served as a retreat for the truth when nearly the whole world was shrouded in darkness ; the remembrance of so many martyrs whose

blood once bedewed its rocks ; the deep caverns to which they resorted for the purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures, and worshipping the eternal God in spirit and in truth—the sight of all these tends to elevate the soul, and to inspire one with feelings which are difficult to be expressed.”

The Preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield.

“In London, Whitefield could no longer be content with his spacious tabernacle, but took again the open field. The most riotous scenes at Moorfields were usually during the Whitsun holidays. The devils then held their rendezvous there, he said, and he resolved ‘to meet them in pitched battle.’ He began early, in order to secure the field before the greatest rush of the crowd. At six o’clock in the morning he found ten thousand people waiting impatiently for the sports of the day. Mounting his pulpit, and assured that he ‘had for once got the start of the devil,’ he soon drew the whole multitude around him. At noon he again took the field. Between twenty and thirty thousand swarmed upon it. He described it as in complete possession of Beelzebub, whose agents were in full motion. Drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, were all busy in entertaining their respective groups. He shouted his text, ‘Great is Diana of the Ephesians,’ and boldly charged home upon the vice and peril of their dissipations. The craftsmen were alarmed, and the battle he had anticipated and challenged now fairly began. Stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and dead cats were thrown at him. ‘My soul,’ he says, ‘was among lions ;’ but before long he prevailed, and the immense multitude were

‘turned into lambs.’ At six in the evening he was again in his field pulpit. ‘I came,’ he says, ‘and I saw; but what? Thousands and thousands more than before.’ He rightly judged that Satan could not brook such repeated assaults, in such circumstances, and never, perhaps, had they been pushed more bravely home against the very citadel of his power. A harlequin was exhibiting and trumpeting on a stage, but was deserted as soon as the people saw Whitefield, in his black robes, ascend his pulpit. He ‘lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound.’ At length they approached nearer, and the merry-andrew, attended by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of the preaching, got upon a man’s shoulders, and advancing toward the pulpit, attempted several times to strike the preacher with a long, heavy whip, but always tumbled down by the violence of his motion. The mob next secured the aid of a recruiting sergeant, who, with music and straggling followers, marched directly through the crowd before the pulpit. Whitefield knew instinctively how to manage the passions and whims of the people. He called out to them to make way for the king’s officer. The sergeant, with assumed official dignity, and his drum and fife, passed through the opened ranks, which closed immediately after him, and left the solid mass still in possession of the preacher. A third onslaught was attempted. Roaring like wild beasts, on the outskirts of the assembly, a large number combined for the purpose of sweeping through in solid column. They bore a long pole for their standard, and came on with the sound of drum and menacing shouts, but soon quarrelled among themselves, threw down their pole, and

dispersed, leaving many of their number behind, 'who were brought over to join the besieged party.' At times, however, the tumult rose like the noise of many waters, drowning the preacher's voice. He would then call upon his brethren near him to unite with him in singing, till the clamorous host were again charmed into silence. He was determined not to retreat defeated; preaching, praying, singing, he kept his ground till night closed the strange scene. It was one of the greatest of his field days. He had won the victory, and moved off with his religious friends to celebrate it at night in the Tabernacle; and great were the spoils there exhibited. No less than a thousand notes were afterwards handed up to him for prayers from persons who had been brought 'under conviction' that day; and soon after upwards of three hundred were received into the society at one time. Many of them were 'the devil's castaways,' as he called them." —*Stevens' History of Methodism.*

Dr Franklin, in his Memoirs, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr Whitefield's preaching in America, and relates an anecdote equally characteristic of the preacher and of himself:—"I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which, I perceived, he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At

this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to, perhaps, the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely ; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.' "

Whitefield and Wesley compared.

"Why was it that Whitefield had such power over the masses, and preached the gospel with such success? Because, as a man of great natural force, and called of God to the work of the ministry, he conformed to the Master's model. He had clearness—a clear conception of his points, arguments, and illustrations, and hence presented them clearly. He had earnestness—a soul of fire, thrilled with 'the burden of the Lord' to perishing sinners, and the tidings of mercy for stricken hearts. He had naturalness. He used to say that he talked to the people in their 'market language.' He had literalness. He brought great gospel principles to light through literal facts and figures, and had but little to do with metaphysics in the pulpit. He wisely adapted the truth to the condition of his hearers.

"The same is true of Wesley. He had greater clearness than Whitefield, equal earnestness of soul, though less physical force and vehemence of manner. He also

possessed an equal degree of naturalness and literalness. Wesley used many literal figures of illustration, but more literal facts. Metaphysical abstractions in the pulpit were out of the question in his ministry. His wise adaptation of truth to the occasion and circumstances of his hearers was a leading feature of his preaching."—*Taylor's "Model Preacher."*

A shipbuilder used to say that under most men's preaching he could build a ship from her keel to the mast-head ; but under that of Whitefield, he could not lay a single plank.

Though the name of George Whitefield is a household word, his sermons are little known and still less read. They owed much to his inimitable delivery. The following specimens fairly represent his method :—

When he was preaching from the text, "Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the fires?" Isa. xxiv. 15, he said, "When I was some years ago at Shields, I went into a glass house, and standing very attentively I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took one piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, then into a third. I asked him, 'Why do you put that into so many fires?' He answered me, 'O, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third, and that will make it transparent.' O, thought I, does this man put this glass into one furnace after another that it may be rendered perfect? O my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as He is."

The Kingdom of God.

“For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink ; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—ROM. xiv. 17.”

* * * * *

“Here, then, we will put the kingdom of God together. It is ‘righteousness,’ it is ‘peace,’ it is ‘joy in the Holy Ghost.’ When this is placed in the heart, God there reigns, God there dwells and walks—the creature is a son or daughter of the Almighty. But, my friends, how few are there here who have been partakers of this kingdom ! Have you so ? Then you are kings, though beggars ; you are happy above all men in the world—you have got heaven in your hearts ; and when the crust of your bodies drops, your souls will meet with God, your souls will enter into the world of peace, and you shall be happy with God for evermore. I hope that there is none of you who will fear death ; fie for shame, if ye do ! What, afraid to go to Jesus, to your Lord ? You may cry out, ‘O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?’ You may go on your way rejoicing, knowing that God is your friend ; die when you will, angels will carry you safe to heaven.

“But, O, how many are here in this churchyard, who will be laid in some grave ere long, who are entire strangers to this work of God upon their souls ! My dear friends, I think this is an awful sight. Here are many thousands of souls that must shortly appear with me, a poor creature, in the general assembly of all mankind before God in judgment. God Almighty knows whether some of you may not drop down dead before you go out of the churchyard ; and yet, perhaps most are strangers to the Lord Jesus Christ in their hearts. Perhaps curiosity has brought

you to hear a poor babbler preach. But, my friends, I hope I came out of a better principle. If I know anything of my heart, I came to promote God's glory, and if the Lord should make use of such a worthless worm, such a wretched creature, as I am, to do your precious souls good, nothing would rejoice me more !

* * * * *

“Christ is willing to come into any of your hearts that will be pleased to open and receive Him. Are there any of you made willing Lydias? There are many women here, but how many Lydias are there here? Does power go with the word to open your heart? and find you a sweet melting in your soul? Are you willing? Then Christ Jesus is willing to come to you. But you may say, Will Christ come to my wicked, polluted heart? Yes, though you have many devils in your heart, Christ will come and erect His throne there ; though the devils be in your heart, the Lord Jesus will scourge out a legion of devils, and His throne shall be exalted in thy soul. Sinners, be ye what you will, come to Christ, you shall have righteousness and peace. If you have no peace, come to Christ, and He will give you peace. When you come to Christ, you will feel such joy that it is impossible for you to tell. O, may God pity you all ! I hope this will be a night of salvation to some of your souls.

“My dear friends, I would preach with all my heart till midnight, to do you good, till I could preach no more. O, that this body might hold out to speak more for my dear Redeemer ! Had I a thousand lives, had I a thousand tongues, they should be employed in inviting sinners to come to Jesus Christ ! Come then, let me prevail with some of you to come along with me. Come, poor, lost,

undone sinner, come just as you are to Christ, and say, If I be damned, I will perish at the feet of Jesus Christ, where never one perished."

* * * * * *

John Wesley's Life and Sermons are well known. Dr Southey, a most competent judge, considers the following magnificent paragraph, "one of the finest examples of impassioned eloquence in the English language:"—

"This doctrine," Mr Wesley says, "represents our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ the righteous, the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth, as a hypocrite, a deceiver of the people, a man void of common sincerity; for it cannot be denied that He everywhere speaks as if He were *willing* that all men should be saved. You represent Him as mocking His helpless creatures, by offering what He never intends to give. You describe Him as saying one thing and meaning another; as pretending the love which He had not. Him in whose mouth was no guile, you make full of deceit, void of common sincerity. When nigh the city, He wept over it, and said, 'Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, and ye would not!' Now, if you say *they* would, but *He* would not, you represent Him—which, who could hear?—as weeping crocodile's tears, weeping over the prey which Himself had doomed to destruction. Oh, how would the enemy of God and man rejoice to hear these things were so! How would he cry aloud and spare not! How would he lift up his voice and say, 'To your tents, O Israel! Flee from the face of this God or ye shall utterly perish!'"

It may be fairly questioned whether the following is not more remarkable for simplicity and terseness :—

Preaching.

“To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God. Just hovering over the great gulf; till, a few moments hence, I am no more seen; I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way. For this very end He came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price, give me the book of God! I have it. Here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be *homo unius libri*. Here, then, I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone. Only God is here. In His presence I open, I read His book; for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of Lights—‘Lord, is it not thy word, ‘If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God?’ Thou ‘givest liberally, and upbraideth not.’ Thou hast said, ‘If any be willing to do thy will, he shall know.’ I am willing to do, let me know thy will.’ I then search after and consider parallel passages of scripture, ‘comparing spiritual things with spiritual.’ I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. If any doubt still remains, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God; and then the writings

whereby, being dead, they yet speak. And what I thus learn, that I teach."

When Mr Whitefield was in Scotland, the Seceders vainly endeavoured to persuade him to preach only for them. "Why should I preach only for you?" said Mr W. "Because," replied Mr Ralph Erskine, "we are the Lord's people." "But," rejoined Mr W., "has the Lord no other people than yourselves? And supposing that all others were the devil's people, have they not so much the more need to be preached to, and shall I say nothing to them?" Having thus failed in their attempt, it is confidently stated by contemporary authorities that some of the more intolerant of the Seceders then *charitably* represented Mr Whitefield as *the agent of the devil*.

This anecdote may remind us of another told of the celebrated Robert Hall:—"A member of his flock, presuming on his weight and influence in the congregation, called upon him and took him to task for not more frequently or more fully preaching *Predestination*, which he hoped would in future be more referred to. Hall, the most moderate and cautious of men on this dark question, was very indignant; he looked steadily at his censor for a time, and replied: "Sir, I perceive that *you* are predestinated to be an ass; and what is more, I see that you are determined to 'make your calling and election sure!'"

The celebrated Lord Chesterfield is said to have once wandered into Tottenham Court Road Chapel. It is not generally known that this building was enlarged partly at the expense of Caroline, the Queen of George II., who, passing by in her carriage during a heavy thunderstorm, saw crowds in the yard unable to enter. Was this the part once called the *oven*, from its great heat and low roof?

Whitefield was preaching, and Lord Chesterfield was conducted into Lady Huntingdon's pew. He listened with close attention while Whitefield compared a benighted sinner to a blind man on a path full of danger: his dog escaping from him on the verge of a precipice, the old man has nothing but his stick to guide him: on the edge of the cliff, he drops it, and it falls down the abyss. Not knowing his danger, the beggar endeavours to pick it up, and missing his footing—"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, leaping from his seat in order to rescue him from his perilous position.

HEATING APPARATUS IN CHURCHES.

John Wesley, as a rule, did not allow fires in his chapels. He thought that if they were crowded with devotional people, there would be warmth enough in the building. A young clergyman was one day asked by his congregation to allow a stove to be placed in the church. He replied, "I am surprised that you did not make a similar request to my predecessor." "Ah! sir," they rejoined, "the case was different then, and there was a good fire in the pulpit."

MATTHEW WILKS

Was for many years one of the successors of the Reverend George Whitefield at the Tabernacle, Moorfields. He was odd and eccentric, but highly esteemed. He used to quote proverbs, fables, and anecdotes in his sermons with very happy effect. On one occasion he gave out the text, "Walk circumspectly," adding, "like a cat upon a wall covered with broken glass bottles." A friend from the United States once called upon him; Mr Wilks received

him with courtesy, and entered into conversation, which was kept up briskly till the most important religious intelligence in possession of each had been imparted. Suddenly there was a pause—it was broken by Mr Wilks. "Have you anything more to communicate?" "No, nothing of special interest." "Any further inquiries to make?" "None." "Then you must leave me; I have my Master's business to attend to — good-morning." "Here," says the minister, "I received a lesson on the impropriety of intrusion, and on the most manly method of preventing it."

JOHN STRANGE,

An old American Methodist preacher, was of the "Boanerges" type. His ministrations were full of striking, telling episodes and overwhelming bursts of surprise power. Brother S., an old presiding elder in Indiana, relates—"When I was an irreligious young man, I went, in company with a lot of wicked young men, to a camp meeting. We entered within the circle of the tents while John Strange was preaching, and as we passed down the aisle John paused, and straightening up his tall form to its utmost height, looking right at us, he cried, 'Here they come! Lord God, shoot them! Load and fire again!' Every hunter present understood that. I felt," said Brother S., "something like a sharp pain strike right through my body, and for a moment thought I was shot, and every one of us dropped down almost as suddenly as if we had been shot." It was very common under the preaching of Strange for men to fall prostrate like men shot down with a Minié rifle.

JOHN COLLINS

Possessed an equal degree of naturalness and literalness with Strange, but of a milder type ; he was more “ a son of consolation.” Rev. J. B. Finley bears the following testimony of him :—“ No preacher had the power of rousing the masses, and holding them by his eloquence and power, to so great an extent as the meek and sainted Collins. Often have we heard him relate the story of the lost child, describing with inimitable tenderness the feelings of the mother, whom he tried to comfort, but who, like Rachel, ‘ would not be comforted, because her child was not,’ and then, when the child was found, with the utmost pathos would relate the joyous emotions of the mother. No tragedian ever succeeded better in transferring the feelings of a character to his audience in his impersonations than did the inimitable Collins. So far was he from falling under the charge made by a tragedian to a minister of the gospel, of representing fact as if it were fiction, that he became the living embodiment of his theme, and, with a soul on fire, he poured out the living truth till every heart was moved. Often have we seen thousands borne down by his impassioned eloquence, like the trees of the forest in a storm. And it was irresistible. Steel your heart as you might ; summon all your philosophy and stoicism ; and nerve up your soul to an iron insensibility and endurance, surrounding it with a rampart of the strongest prejudices, the lightning of his eloquence, accompanied by the deep-toned, awfully sublime thunder of his words, which came burning from his soul, would melt down your hardness, and break away every fortification in which you were intrenched. while

tears from the deep, unsealed fountains of your soul would come unbidden like rain. The only way to escape his power was to flee from his presence and hearing.”—*Sketches of Western Methodism, (American.)*

VALENTINE COOK

Combined in a good degree all the elements of a good preacher. A glance at his literalness may be seen in the following extract from Morris's Miscellany :

“Cook, as a preacher, was altogether above the medium grade. His pulpit performances were marked for appropriateness, variety, fluency and extraordinary force. While Cook was remarkable for solemnity, both of appearance and deportment, there was in his natural composition a spice or eccentricity, sufficient to attract attention, but not to destroy his ministerial influence. On one occasion he commenced his public discourse—in a country place—thus: ‘As I was riding along the road to-day, I saw a man walk out into his field with a yoke under his arm; by the motion of his stick, he brought up two bullocks, and placed the yoke upon them. At another place I saw an ass standing by a corn-crib, waiting for his daily provender.’ Then he read for his text, ‘The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.’ He was a ready man, had a fruitful mind, and, no doubt, what he had seen on the way suggested the subject of his discourse.”

The Experiences of a Plagiarist.

One of the most popular pulpit orators in Indiana

(United States of America) gave a friend his experience, a few days since, in regard to plagiarism. "Having to preach on one occasion," said he, "soon after I entered the ministry, in a large town, where I supposed I would have in my audience a great many learned critics, I was afraid to risk one of my own productions, and hence selected and committed to memory one of the best published sermons I could find. It was a masterpiece, and I thought I might make it do a great deal of good, and fixed it indelibly upon my mind. I never thought of the impropriety of such a thing till I got into the pulpit, when it struck me that I had stolen another man's sermon, and was about to pass it as my own, and something seemed to say to me, 'Thief, thief! steal a sermon and pass it hypocritically as your own. Hypocrite, hypocrite, you need not think to escape detection. Many of these intelligent men have read that sermon, and will expose you all over town before the setting of the sun. Thief, thief! hypocrite, hypocrite!' It appeared to me that the devil was let loose to torment me, for 'thief, thief,' rang in my ear till my hair seemed to rise on my head, and the perspiration rolled off me. I could not tell what to do. The hour for preaching had come, and I had no other sermon available. So I got up in that sad plight, and repeated the stolen sermon as best I could. As I came down from the pulpit, the accuser assailed me again, saying, 'Thief, thief, you'll be found out. These men are looking on you with contempt now.' I hastened out of sight, and cried to God with the anguish of a condemned criminal, and said, 'O Lord God, pity me. For Christ's sake, forgive me. By thy grace I will never attempt such a thing again as long as I live. Let those men tell it; let them

publish my shame to the world. I will tell it myself, and confess my guilt to God and to men, and solemnly promise never to be guilty of the like again while God gives me breath.' ”

Conversion of an American Infidel.

It is said that a celebrated minister prepared and preached a course of sermons against infidelity for the purpose specially of convincing and bringing over to Christianity an intelligent infidel neighbour, who was a regular attendant at his church. Just after the close of the series, the infidel professed to be converted, and the preacher was anxious to know which of his sermons had produced such a good effect.

Soon after, the new convert, in relating his experience, said : “ The instrument God was pleased to use for my awakening and conversion was not the preaching of those sermons against infidelity, but the simple remark of a poor old coloured woman. In going down the steps of the church one night, seeing that the old woman was lame, I gave her my hand, and assisted her. She looked up at me with a peculiar expression of grateful pleasure, saying, ‘ Thank you, sir. Do you love Jesus, my blessed Saviour ? ’ I was dumb. I could not answer that question. She said ‘ Jesus, my blessed Saviour, ’ with so much earnest confidence, that I could not deny that she had a blessed Saviour, and felt ashamed to confess that I did not love Him. I could not dismiss the subject from my mind, and the more I thought of it the clearer my convictions became that the old coloured sister had a Jesus, a blessed Saviour ; and I thought of how kind a Saviour He must be to impart such joy and comfort to such poor,

neglected creatures as she was ; and I soon began to weep over my base ingratitude in despising such a Saviour."

JAMES AXLEY,

Familiarly called "Old Jemmy," was a renowned and redoubtable preacher of East Tennessee. The following is an account of a sermon which he addressed to a rough backwoods' congregation. The narrator was Hugh L. White, a judge of that State, and afterwards a leading member of the American Federal Senate :—

It was noised through the town of Jonesborough that Mr Axley would hold forth on the morning of the ensuing Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favourite—with none more than with Judge White. At the appointed hour the judge, in company with a large congregation, was in attendance at the house of prayer. All were hushed in expectation. Mr Axley entered, but with a clerical brother, who was 'put up' to preach. The congregation was composed of a border population ; they were disappointed ; this was not the man they had come to hear, consequently there was a good deal of misbehaviour. The discourse was ended, and Mr Axley rose. It is a custom in the new country when two or more preachers are present, for each of them to have something to say. The people opine that it is a great waste of time to come a long distance and be put off with a short service. I have gone into church at eight o'clock in the morning, and have not come out again until five o'clock in the afternoon. Short administrations are the growth of thicker settlements.

Mr Axley stood silently surveying the congregation until every one was riveted. He then began :—

“It may be a very painful duty, but it is a very solemn one, for a minister of the gospel to reprove vice, misconduct, and sin, whenever and wherever he sees it. But especially is this his duty on Sunday and at church. That is a duty I am now about to attend to.

“And now,” continued the reverend speaker, pointing with his long finger in the direction indicated, “that man sitting out yonder behind the door, who got up and went out while the brother was preaching, stayed out as long as he wanted to, got his boots full of mud, came back and stamped the mud off at the door, making all the noise he could, on purpose to disturb the attention of the congregation, and then took his seat; that man thinks I mean him. No wonder he does. It doesn’t look as if he had been raised in the white settlements, does it, to behave that way at meeting? Now, my friend, I’d advise you to learn better manners before you come to church next time.—*But I don’t mean him.*”

“And now,” again pointing at his mark, “that little girl sitting there, about half-way of the house—I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—that’s her with the artificial flowers on the outside of her bonnet and the inside of her bonnet; she has a breast-pin on, too, (they were very severe upon all superfluities of dress,) she that was giggling and chattering all the time the brother was preaching, so that even the old sisters in the neighbourhood couldn’t hear what he was saying, though they tried to. She thinks I mean her. I’m sorry from the bottom of my heart for any parents that have raised a girl to her time of day, and haven’t taught her how to behave when she comes to church. Little girl, you have disgraced your

parents as well as yourself. Behave better next time, wont you?—*But I don't mean her.*"

Directing his finger to another aim, he said, "That man sitting there, that looks as bright and pert as if he never was asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but that, just as soon as the brother took his text, laid his head down on the back of the seat in front of him, went sound asleep, slept the whole time, and snored; that man thinks I mean him. My friend, don't you know the church ain't the place to sleep? If you needed rest, why didn't you stay at home, take off your clothes, and go to bed? that's the place to sleep, not church. The next time you have a chance to hear a sermon, I advise you to keep awake.—*But I don't mean him.*" Thus did he proceed, pointing out every man, woman, and child, who had in the slightest deviated from a befitting line of conduct; characterising the misdemeanour, and reading sharp lessons of rebuke.

Judge White was all this time sitting at the end of the front seat, just under the speaker, enjoying the old gentleman's disquisition to the last degree; twisting his neck around, to note if the audience relished the "down-comings" as much as he did; rubbing his hands, smiling, chuckling inwardly. Between his teeth and cheek was a monstrous quid of tobacco, which, the better he was pleased, the more he chewed; the more he chewed, the more he spat; and behold, the floor bore witness to the results. At length, the old gentleman, straightening himself up to his full height, continued, with great gravity:—

"And now I reckon you want to know who I do mean. I mean that dirty, nasty, filthy, tobacco-chewer,

sitting on the end of that front seat"—his finger, meanwhile, pointing true as the needle to the pole—"See what he has been about! Look at those puddles on the floor; a frog wouldn't get into them; think of the tails of the sisters' dresses being dragged through that muck."

The crest-fallen judge averred that he never chewed any more tobacco in church.

JACOB KRUBER

Was one of the vehement, energetic, rough Americans, who denounced with all their hearts polite and fashionable preachers, who diluted the facts and doctrines of the New Testament into mere empty truisms. Thus did he satirise them:—

He chose for his subject the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Ananias, who resided at Damascus, was made to represent the velvet-lipped modern preacher. He thus introduced the subject: "A great many years ago, a bold blasphemer was smitten by conviction when he was on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians. He was taken to Damascus in great distress. Ananias, after hearing of the concern of mind under which Saul was labouring, started out to find him. It seems that he was stopping at the house of a gentleman by the name of Judas, not Judas Iscariot, for that person had been dead several years. The residence of this gentleman was in the street which was called Strait. I suppose it was the main street, or Broadway of the city, and hence it was not difficult to find. Arriving at the mansion, he rang the bell, and soon a servant made her appearance. He addressed her thus: 'Is the gentleman of the house, Mr Judas, within?' 'Yes, sir,' responded the servant, 'he is at home.' Taking out

a glazed, gilt-edged card, on which was printed Rev. Mr Ananias, he handed it to the servant, and said, 'Take this card to him quickly.' Taking a seat, with his hat, cane, and gloves in his left hand, his right being employed in arranging his classical curls, so as to present as much of an intellectual air as possible, he awaited an answer. Presently Mr Judas makes his appearance, whereupon Mr Ananias rises, and making a graceful bow, says—'Have I the honour to address Mr Judas, the gentleman of the house?' 'That is my name, sir; please be seated.' 'I have called, Mr Judas, to inquire if a gentleman by the name of Mr Saul, a legate of the high priest at Jerusalem, is a guest at your house.' 'Yes, sir; Mr Saul is in his chamber, in very great distress and trouble of mind. He was brought here yesterday, having fallen from his horse a few miles from the city on the Jerusalem road.' 'Oh! I am very sorry to hear of so painful an accident. I hope he is not dangerously wounded.' 'No, sir, I think not, though the fall has affected his sight very much, and he complains considerably, and prays a good deal. 'Well, I am very sorry; but that is not very strange, as I believe he belongs to that sect of the Jews called Pharisees, who make much of praying. How long since he received this fall, Mr Judas?' 'About three days since, and all the time he has not taken any refreshment or rest.' 'Indeed! you don't say so! he must be seriously hurt. May I be permitted to see Mr Saul?' 'I will ascertain his pleasure, Mr Ananias, and let you know if you can have an interview.' After being gone a short time Mr Judas returns, and says, 'Mr Saul will be much pleased to see you.' When he is ushered into his presence, Saul is reclining on his couch in a room partially darkened. Approaching

him, Ananias says, 'How do you do, Mr Saul? I understood you had done our city the honour of a visit. Hope you had a pleasant journey. How did you leave all the friends at Jerusalem? How did you leave the high priest? We have very fine weather, Mr Saul. I thought I would call and pay my respects to you, as I was anxious to have some conversation with you on theological subjects. I am extremely sorry to hear of the accident that happened to you in visiting our city, and hope you will soon recover from your indisposition.'

AMERICAN PULPIT PUNGENCIES.

A volume has been recently published in New York bearing this title. It contains anonymous extracts from sermons, and gives one a good impression of the epigrammatic and cynical style adopted by many American preachers. The following extracts will give some notion of the book :—

He never Blacked his Boots on Sunday.

“There is a man who goes to the judgment, and claims to have been a man of unexceptional piety. He bears witness that he never violated the Sabbath-day; that he never spoke loud or laughed on Sunday; that he never did any secular work on Sunday; that he never blacked his boots, or shaved, or cooked on Sunday, that he never rode in the cars or the boats on Sunday. He was always very scrupulous about what he did on Sunday. On any other day he would not hesitate to take advantage of his fellow-men; he would not hesitate to gouge the poor woman that put his carpet down; he would not hesitate

to cheat his customers ; but, then, he kept Sunday.”—*Evening Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

Men like Beasts in Menageries.

“ Men, when quiet, are like beasts in menageries. When full-fed, they lie down and stretch themselves, and sleep. The tiger and the lion, full-fed and sleepy, are as quiet as lambs : not so, when they are hungry ; not so, when they are roused. Men, in days of prosperity, when their feelings are placated, are gratified and purr, who roar when they are touched by the sharp point of iron adversity.”—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

Ballooning to Heaven.

“ He goes on say, ‘ And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh—the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure ; that is, lest he should go ballooning to heaven before God summoned him ; he was tied down to earth with a rope.’”—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1857.*

Mobs God's Providential Asses.

“ I think mobs are God's providential asses, which He makes harrow up the ground in time of seed-sowing ; and I think there is no other means by which a plentiful harvest is more effectually insured. I am sorry for any State that never had any mobs. I believe New Jersey never had one.”—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Ain't as Good as he is.

“ When they go to your funeral, and the minister

makes a saint of you, they won't be so indecent as to laugh there ; but they say when they get home, ' I guess you and I are safe if he is. The minister sent him right straight to heaven, you see. If we ain't as good as he is, it's a pity.'"—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Ado about the Sprinklings and Drenchings.

" It is not particularly agreeable to be rained upon ; and yet, what if a man, being caught in a shower while on his way to visit a friend, should say, ' Oh, what an unfortunate circumstance ! Oh, my raiment ! oh, my skin ! ' And what, if arriving at his friend's house no more drenched in body than in mind, he should say, ' A sad calamity has befallen me ; I am in great trouble ; I have met with a serious misfortune ! ' Why, everybody would laugh at him except the host : he might refrain from laughing from politeness ; but every child, and every servant, and all the rest of the household, would be convulsed with laughter. And I suppose the angels have abundant occupation to laugh at us, when they see what an ado we make about the sprinklings and drenchings that we receive in the showers which God sends upon us, in the shape of trials and sufferings. God's sons ought to be heroes."—*Morning Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

DR BEDELL OF PHILADELPHIA.

One Sunday, while he was preaching, a young man passed by, with a number of companions, as gay and thoughtless as himself. One of them proposed to go into the church, saying, " Let us go and hear what this man has to say, that everybody is running after." The young man made this awful answer, " No, I would not go into

such a place if Christ himself was preaching." Some weeks after, he was again passing the church, and being alone, and having nothing to do, he thought he would go in without being observed. On opening the door he was struck with awe at the solemn silence of the place, though it was much crowded. Every eye was fixed on the preacher, who was beginning his discourse. His attention was instantly caught by the text, "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding," (Prov. vii. 7.) His conscience was smitten by the power of truth. He saw that *he* was the young man described. A view of his profligate life passed before his eyes, and for the first time he trembled under the feeling of sin. He remained in the church till the preacher and congregation had passed out; then slowly returned to his home. He had early received infidel principles, but the Holy Spirit, who had aroused him in his folly, led him to a constant attendance on the ministry of Dr Bedell, who had been the instrument of awakening his mind. He cast away his besetting sin, and gave himself to a life of virtue and holiness. He afterwards declared openly his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his desire to devote himself to His service.

INFLUENCE OF FAULT-FINDING.

The Reverend Mr Beckwith says:—"I was once conversing with a young and successful minister of the gospel, who related to me the following circumstances. When he was quite a child, he heard a minister preach on repentance. This was on the forenoon of a Sabbath. His feelings were excited, and he had almost determined, before the conclusion of the sermon, to perform the duty without delay. In this state of mind he went to the house

of God in the afternoon, and heard the same minister on the judgment. He was still more deeply impressed, and came to the resolution to attend to religion immediately. But, as he passed from the sanctuary, he overheard two professing Christians conversing on the sermon. 'A very solemn discourse,' said one. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'but'—and he proceeded to make some critical remark, the effect of which was, for that time at least, to erase all serious impressions from the mind of the youth. How often do we witness this evil!"

DR LYMAN BEECHER,

The well-known American Presbyterian minister, once engaged to preach for a country minister on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers.

Whether to preach to such an audience was a question, and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and

the benediction, with only *one* hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his congregation, but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man; "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

Proving an Alibi.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

This second-hand mode of clerical instruction is not new. Mr Toplady mentions it as existing when he was quite a young man. In a letter, dated February 1775, he says, "In the spring of 1762, a month or two before I took deacon's orders, I was cheapening some books of Osborne, Dr Johnson's bookselling friend. After that business was over, he took me to the farthest end of his long shop, and, in a low voice, said, 'Sir, you will soon be ordained; I suppose you have not laid in a very great stock of sermons; I can supply you with as many sets as you please; all originals, very excellent, and they will come for a trifle.' My answer was, I certainly shall never be a customer to you in that way; for I am of opinion that the man who cannot, or will not, make his own sermons, is quite unfit to wear the gown. How could you think of my buying ready-made sermons? I would much sooner, if I must do one or the other, buy ready-made clothes. His answer shocked me: 'Nay, young gentleman, do not be surprised at my offering you ready-made sermons, for I assure you I have sold ready-made sermons *to many a bishop* in my time.'"

REV. MR TOPLADY.

The following seems a specimen of evangelical painting, as well as pious liberty: it is by the Rev. Mr Toplady, vicar of Broad Hembury, who wrote the well-known hymn beginning "ROCK OF AGES:"—"The painter," he says, "chooses the materials on which he will delineate his piece. There are paintings on wood, on glass, on metals, on ivory, on canvas. So God chooses and selects the persons on whom His uncreated spirit shall, with the pencil of effectual grace, re-delineate the holy likeness which Adam lost.

Among these are some whose natural capacities, and acquired improvements, are not of the first-rate: there the image of God is painted on *wood*. Others of God's people are not those quick sensibilities and poignant feelings by which many are distinguished; there the Holy Spirit's painting is on *marble*. Others are permitted to fall from their first love, and to deviate from their steadfastness; these the *Holy Spirit paints on glass*, which perhaps the first stone of temptation may injure. But the celebrated artist will in time repair those breaches, and restore the frail brittle Christian to his original enjoyments, and to more than his original purity: and what may seem truly wonderful, divine grace restores the picture by breaking it over again. It is the broken-hearted sinner to whom God will impart the comforts of salvation. The ancients painted only in water-colours; but the moderns (from A.D. 1320) have added beauty and durability to their pictures, by painting them in oil, *applicable to hypocrites and true believers*. An hypocrite may outwardly bear something that resembles the image of God but it is only in *fresco* or *water-colours*, which do not last, and are at best laid on by the hand of dissimulation. But, (if I may accommodate so familiar an idea to so high a subject,) *the Holy Spirit paints in oil*: He accompanies his work with unction and with power," &c.

The Popular Preacher and his Plagiarisms.

A reverend divine in the west end of London was what is called a popular preacher. This reputation, however, had not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own eloquence and erudition, but by the ingenuity with which he appropriated the thoughts of the great divines who had

gone before him. His sermons were full of petty larcenies. A fashionable audience is not deeply read in pulpit lore. With such hearers he passed for a model of knowledge and pathos. Nevertheless, he was once detected. A grave old gentleman came one Sunday, seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The preacher had scarcely finished his third sentence before the stranger muttered loud enough to be heard by all those around him, "THAT'S SHERLOCK!" The preacher frowned, but went on. He was glibly proceeding when the tormenting interrupter broke out with "THAT'S TILLOTSON!" The preacher bit his lips, and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "THAT'S BLAIR!" was, however, too much, and completely exhausted his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, he cried, "FELLOW, IF YOU DO NOT HOLD YOUR TONGUE, YOU SHALL BE TURNED OUT!" Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the imperturbable old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the preacher full in the face, retorted, "THAT'S HIS OWN!"

Unintentional Plagiarism.

Some years ago, a clergyman attended divine service at one of the largest churches in the west end of London. The preacher delivered, with great unction, a sermon of remarkable power. The clergyman imagined that he was familiar with the argument, and on reaching home, discovered that he had listened to John Wesley's celebrated sermon, "By grace are ye saved." The clergyman told these circumstances to a friend of the preacher, who in turn remonstrated with the latter. The preacher strongly disavowed any intention to copy another man's sermon,

and showed his friend a proof-sheet of the discourse, which he was about to publish with others in a volume. It afterwards turned out that the printer, having complained of the meagreness of the volume, the preacher selected this manuscript, having entirely forgotten that he had copied it when a young man from John Wesley.

JOHN BERRIDGE,

Some time vicar of Everton, was born in February 1716, and died on the 22d January 1793. He was one of the notorious eccentricities of the last century. The following extract illustrates his manner of discussing a text :—

Sergeant If.

“ The doctrine of perseverance affords a stable prop to upright minds, yet lends no wanton cloak to corrupt hearts. It brings a cordial to revive the faint, and keeps a guard to check the froward. The *guard* attending on this doctrine is Sergeant If; low in stature, but lofty in significance; a very valiant guard, though a monosyllable. Kind notice has been taken of the sergeant by Jesus Christ and His apostles; and much respect is due unto him, from all the Lord’s recruiting officers, and every soldier in His army.

“ Pray listen to the sergeant’s speech :—‘ IF ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed,’ John viii. 31. ‘ IF ye do these things ye shall never fall,’ 2 Peter i. 10. ‘ IF what ye have heard shall abide in you, ye shall continue in the Son and in the Father,’ 1 John ii. 24. ‘ We are made partakers of Christ, IF we hold fast unto the end,’ Heb. iii. 14. ‘ Whoso looketh and continueth (that is, IF

he that looketh does continue) in the perfect law of liberty, that man shall be blessed in his deed,' James i. 25.

“ Yet take notice, sir, that Sergeant IF is not of Jewish, but of Christian parentage ; not sprung frum Levi, though a son of Abraham ; no sentinel of Moses, but a watchman for the camp of Jesus.”

Street Preaching in San Francisco, California.

“ The brethren knew that if the gamblers should regard my attempt to preach on the Plaza, thrilling every one of their saloons with the echoes of an unwelcome gospel, as an interference with their business, and should shoot me down, there would be no redress. It would simply be said, ‘The gamblers killed a Methodist preacher.’ At the appointed time I was on the Plaza, accompanied by Mrs T. and a few friends. I got Mrs T a chair, and put her in care of Dr B. Miller, and appropriated a carpenter’s work-bench, which stood in front of the largest gambling saloon in the place, as my pulpit. At that moment Clarkson Dye, thinking I might need some protection against the rays of the burning sun, went across to Brown’s Hotel, and asked for the loan of an umbrella to hold over the preacher. He was met with the reply : ‘I won’t let my umbrella be used for such a purpose, but if I had some rotten eggs I’d give them to him.’ He had to pay nine dollars per dozen for eggs, and couldn’t afford to throw them at the preacher.

“ Taking my stand on the work-bench I sang :

“ ‘ Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin’d sons of nature.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns !' &c. &c.

“By the time the song ended, I was surrounded by about one thousand men. Restless hundreds, always ready for the cry, ‘A whale ! a whale !’ or any other wonder under the sun, came running from every direction, and the gambling-houses were almost vacated.

“I had crossed the Rubicon, and now came the tug of war. Said I, ‘Gentlemen, if our friends in the Atlantic States, with the views and feelings they entertain of Californian society when I left them, had heard that there was to be preaching this afternoon in Portsmouth Square, in San Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion, and riot ; but we who are here believe very differently. One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those stars and stripes floating on the breeze, (pointing to the waving flag of our Union,) and who loves the institutions fostered under them ; in a word, there is no true American but will observe order under the preaching of God’s word anywhere, and maintain it if need be. We shall have order, gentlemen. Your favourite rule in arithmetic is the rule of “loss and gain.” In your tedious voyage round the Horn, or your wearisome journey over the plains, or your hurried passage across the Isthmus, and during the few months of your sojourn in California, you have been figuring under this rule ; losses and gains have constituted the theme of your thoughts and calculations. Now I wish most respectfully to submit to you a question under your favourite rule. I want you to employ all the mathematical power and skill you can command, and patiently work out the mighty problem. The question

may be found in the twenty-sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of our Lord's Gospel by St Matthew. Shall I announce it? "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

"Every man present was a 'true American' for that hour. Perfect order was observed, and profound attention given to every sentence of the sermon that followed. That was our first assault upon the enemy in the open field in San Francisco, and the commencement of a seven years' campaign, which is illustrated in my book on 'Street Preaching in San Francisco.' I preached in the chapel that evening to a crowded house, and four men presented themselves at the altar as seekers of salvation. I preached every night during that week, and three persons professed to experience religion; the first revival meeting in California. The little society was greatly refreshed, and especially encouraged by the fact that God could and did convert sinners in that land of gold and crime, a thing almost as incredible, even among Christians, at that time in California, as the doctrine of the resurrection among the Sadducees."—*Taylor's California Life Illustrated.*

An American Preacher's Ideas on the Necessity of Arresting the Attention of the Congregation.

To preach the gospel effectively, you must first arrest the attention of your hearers. The mind of every man, woman, or child you meet in the country or in the city is preoccupied, either revolving some theme, or, more probably, indulging a reverie.

The same is true, also, of every person who comes to hear you preach. Every memory and imagination constitute the scene of a vast panoramic display of images

and associations as wide as the world. If, like the prophet Ezekiel in the ancient temple of Israel, you could "dig a hole through the wall," and look into the secret chambers of the souls of your hearers, you would see, right there in the Lord's house, farms and farming implements; horses, hogs, and cattle; lumber yards and merchandise of every kind; railroads and canals; bank stocks; commercial contracts; deeds and bonds; houses of every style of architecture, household furniture, and instruments of music; an association of old friends and new ones, engaged in public discussions and private confabs on all the exciting subjects of the times. In many minds you would see a train of gloomy associations—mistakes, forgets, mishaps, and wrongs unredressed. All these images, and a thousand more, preoccupy the minds of your hearers, and hold their preoccupation, passing in and out in almost endless succession and variety.

Now, sir, it avails nothing for you to arise before such an assembly and say, "Please to give me your attention." They can't do it. Not one in a thousand has sufficient mental discipline to give you undivided attention, till you arrest it by some power stronger than the sparkling reverie tide which bears him along so gently as scarcely to awake his consciousness of the fact. High intellectual development and piety on the part of your hearers, do not enable them to give you their attention unless you arrest it.

Your friend selects a good position in the audience room, from which he can see every gesture and catch every flash of your eye, determining to give you undivided attention. Just as he gets himself well fixed for receiving and digesting every word of truth you may dispense, his attention is arrested by the opening of the door behind

him ; he involuntarily turns his head towards the fellow-worshipper, as he walks up the aisle looking for a seat, and says to himself, "That man looks very much like an old friend of mine—my old friend. He went to Chicago and bought land—increased in value—sold it for one thousand dollars per acre—went to California—wrought in the mines—made a pile—went to trading and lost it—made another raise, and went to Oregon—was in the Indian wars there—came very near losing his life—went to Australia—was shipwrecked on his voyage, and came very near going under. I wish I could hear what has become of him. Fudge ! What am I thinking about ! I've lost a part of the sermon."

He then tries to gather up and connect the loose ends of the chain of your discourse, riven and cast out of his mind by the ghostly image of his old friend, and now he is intent on hearing you through without interruption. Eyes and ears open, sir, to receive some stirring truth that will wake the sympathies of his soul. Following along in the path you have marked out for his thoughts, he hears you say, "Some fastidious persons are like the old pharisees, of whom our blessed Saviour said, 'Ye strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.'"

"Yes," says he to himself, "the boys at school used to read it, 'Strain at a gnat and swallow a sawmill.' A great set of boys ! Bill Moore married his cousin. Bart got drowned, poor fellow ! Andy Snider went to Shenandoah and learned the blacksmith trade. Bob M'Cown is a poor old bachelor," &c. He chases those boys nearly all over creation before he wakes up, arrests his reverie, and comes back to the subject of discourse. Now, sir, he's your friend, and doing his best to give you his attention.

Around him are others who don't care much whether they hear you or not. There sits the architect criticising, not your sermon, but the style of your church.

In the next seat is the physiognomist, scanning the faces of his neighbours, and by his side the phrenologist, counting the bumps on their heads.

Farther back is the young lover, casting his glances toward the other side of the church.

Up in the amen corner sit the good old fathers, looking up at you with longing eyes and thirsty souls, thinking about the good times they had, long ago, when old Father Miller travelled the circuit.

The good sisters on the other side are as variously and fully engaged ; some examining bonnets and ribbons, some taking patterns of the new style of dress, some pricing goods.

The mother imagines she sees her boys in neighbour Jones's orchard stealing apples, which excites her holy horror ; another just remembers that she forgot to return the clothes-line she borrowed last week, and regrets it. Another wonders if poor little Jimmy mightn't get into the well before she gets back ; another is wondering who did up your linen, saying to herself, "It's a pity our preacher can't find somebody who can do up a bosom for him."

Others are praying, and trying to get their "spiritual strength renewed," but in spite of their efforts to "gather in the wanderings of their minds," and to have their souls watered under the "droppings of the sanctuary," their roving thoughts will run to and fro in the earth, while you are proclaiming the tidings of mercy to guilty souls.

They are there to hear the tidings, and waiting to be

arrested and interested. Some, to be sure, care not for you nor your message, but you have them within range of your gospel gun, and ought to draw a bead on them and fetch them down, as Daniel Boone did his coon.

Frank Dodge once said in my hearing: "The best time I can get for maturing a commercial scheme, or planning a sea voyage, is at church while the preacher is preaching. Away from the care and bustle of business, under the soothing sounds of the gospel, I have nothing to disturb my meditations."

Now, my brother, don't suppose that these cases of inattention I have enumerated are rare cases. I have only given you a glimpse at the mental workings, or rather wanderings of every congregation you address, and of every congregation that assembles anywhere, till their attention is arrested. Not all indulging in "vain thoughts," to be sure, for many are thinking of God, and in "His law do they meditate day and night." All occupied with their own favourite themes and thoughts, but none closely following the train of your thoughts, till you take them captive and draw them after you by the power of truth and sympathy.

You have no right to complain of their inattention, and it will do no good to scold them about it. It is your business to arrest them, knock their thoughts and reveries into pi, and sweeping them away, insert your theme in their minds and hearts. To do this, you must wake them up, stir the sympathies of their souls, and thrill them, by all sorts of unanticipated means, with the joyful tidings of sovereign mercy, or the thundering peals of coming retribution.

Do you imagine, my brother, that any commonplace

performance will effect all this? Just try your hand and see. Select a good text—give to your audience, by way of introduction, a brief history of the author, and the circumstances under which he wrote it. Then tell them how you are going to treat the subject. Announce your divisions in advance—I., II., III., and IV.; state your subdivisions and propositions, and argue them out by a process of abstract reasoning; prove your positions by judicious selections from the Scriptures, as “saith the prophet,” or as “the apostle says.” Let the people see that you are not a mere talker, but a first-class sermoniser. You will thus command their respect and confidence as a theologian. An occasional quotation from Young’s “Night Thoughts,” or Pollok’s “Course of Time,” will add interest and beauty to your sermon. Don’t waste the precious time necessary to bring out the logical deductions of your propositions in telling anecdotes. That would lower your ministerial dignity. Don’t descend to personalities in your delineations of character, for some of your hearers will think you designed it for them, and will take offence. When through your general divisions, and their appropriate subdivisions, then give a brief synopsis of the whole, and close with three or four additional divisions, by way of application.

Peep into the pulpit encyclopædias of this enlightened age, and see if the model I have given you an’t according to Gunter. Follow it as closely as possible, and I’ll warrant your congregation a good time for an undisturbed reverie, or any mental speculation into which their desires and habits may lead them; or a nap of sleep, according to their taste, till arrested by the joyful sound of “receive the benediction,” and then they’ll feel as did my little

Charlie on one occasion. I was leading my little boy through the wild wood, one bright spring morning, and said to him, "Charlie, wouldn't you like to kneel down with pa in this pretty grove, and pray?"

"Yes, sir! Here's a good place, pa."

When I got through with my devotions, I said to him, "Charlie, have you prayed any?"

"No, sir; but I kneeled down all the time."

"Don't you want to pray?"

"Yes, sir; won't you tell me how to pray, pa?"

"Yes, my dear boy, the Lord is listening, and I'll tell you what to say to Him."

The little fellow then repeated after me a prayer adapted to his years, with great seriousness, till we came to that solemn word, Amen, which he pronounced as the first of a list of about ten other words in a single breath; in the meantime springing to his feet, and running a rod after his dog. "Amen; where's my hat? here Trip, here Trip, here Trip;" and away he ran, in a chase after his little dog.

Before you have reached the closing amen of your benediction, half the men in the house have seized their hats, and stand ready for a move in double quick time toward the roast turkey, or other welcome sights awaiting them in the wide world without. As they press their way along the side walk, you may overhear the question, "Well, brother, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "O, very well. It was a good, sound, doctrinal sermon."
—*Taylor's Model Preacher.*

Gabriel Barlette, the Neapolitan Dominican, has a parallel passage to the above quotation from the *American Methodist*. He wishes to rebuke the distracting

thoughts which too often beset men in prayer. He illustrates the point by introducing a priest engaged in his morning devotions, and saying, "Pater noster qui es in cœlis—I say, lad, saddle the horse, I'm going to town to-day!—sanctificetur nomen tuum—Cath'rine, put the pot on the fire!—fiat voluntas tua—Take care! the cat's at the cheese!—panem nostrum quotidianum—Mind the white horse has his feed of oats!" These men did not mean to suggest irreverential ideas, but rather to rebuke the mere parrot-worship which is the besetting sin of formalists.

Dr Mason's Criticism.

On one occasion, it is related of Dr Mason, of New York, that after the delivery of a discourse appointed for the day, and which he and others were expected to criticise, he was observed to remain silent much longer than usual for him on similar occasions, apparently absorbed in thought, and hesitating whether to express his opinion of the performance or not. At length he was appealed to by some one, and asked whether he had any remarks to make. He arose and said, "I admire the sermon for the beauty of its style, for the splendour of its imagery, for the correctness of its sentiments, and for the point of its arguments; but, sir, it wanted *one* thing"—and then, pausing till the eyes of all were fixed upon him, he added—"it needed to be *baptized* in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to entitle it to the name of a CHRISTIAN sermon."

Long Pulpit Exercises.

Complaints against long religious services are very frequent. Few things appear so bad to some persons as to

be kept in the house of God more than one or two hours. Let us see how it was in the seventeenth century. Mr Howe was then minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His labours here were characteristic of the times. On the public fasts it was his common method to begin about nine in the morning, with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day, and afterwards read and expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent about three-quarters of an hour, then prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. After this he retired, and took a little refreshment for a quarter of an hour or more, the people singing all the while. He then returned to the pulpit, prayed for another hour, gave them another sermon about an hour's length, and so concluded the service of the day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, with half an hour or more of prayer.





CHAPTER VIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED—MODERN PREACHERS AND
SERMONS—MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ROWLAND HILL,

FOR so many years the minister of Surrey Chapel, in the Blackfriars Road, London, was a strange compound of wisdom, good sense, drollery, and piety. Of these qualities Mr E. Sydney, his well-known biographer, gives many illustrations:—"When about to make a collection, he shouted out, 'There is a perpetual frost in the pockets of some wealthy people ; as soon as they put their hands into them, they are frozen and unable to draw out their purses. Had I my way I would hang all misers, but the reverse of the common mode ; I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of their pockets, and make a famous scramble for you to pick up and put in the plate.' On a wet day, when a number of persons took shelter in his chapel during a heavy shower, while he was in the pulpit, he said, 'Many people are greatly blamed for making their religion a *cloak* ; but I do not think those are much better who make it an *umbrella*.'" When he was told he did not preach to the elect, upon an early opportunity, in the pulpit, he said, 'I don't know them, or

I would preach to them. Have the goodness to mark them with a bit of chalk, and then I'll talk to them.' 'I don't like those mighty fine preachers,' he said, 'who so beautifully round off all their sentences that they are sure to roll off the sinner's conscience.' 'Never mind breaking grammar,' he said to his co-pastor, Theophilus Jones, 'if the Lord enables you to break the poor sinner's heart.'

On a public occasion Dr Chalmers was invited to preach at his chapel, and Mr Hill, in common with some of his leading friends, was somewhat alarmed when they heard the broad dialect of the distinguished northern divine. Mr Hill placed himself in the front gallery, that he might note the temper of the congregation as the sermon proceeded. His apprehensions were soon removed. The attention of the people was riveted, and a strange murmur ran through the assembly when the preacher paused at the end of a paragraph. Mr Hill could not contain himself for delight. He thumped loudly on the book-board before him and exclaimed, quite aloud, "WELL DONE! WELL DONE! THOMAS CHALMERS!"

A contemporary critic thus describes Rowland Hill's preaching—"Sanctiloquence, the eloquence of the pulpit, is of so little value in the judgment of this celebrated preacher, that it is not to be supposed he will pay the least degree of attention to any observations of mine on his oratorical qualifications. What I shall remark, therefore, can only benefit those who may wish to avoid the errors which so palpably characterise his fashion of preaching. His very faults have raised him friends, and his extravagances found imitators. Of the style of singing early adopted, and still practised, in his chapel, it must with justice be asserted, in the versification of Pope, that—

‘The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng ;
And Heaven is won by—violence of song !’

Perhaps it is owing to this violence of song, as the poet by anticipation described it, that Mr Hill is so sensibly agitated when he enters his pulpit, and first surveys, in all directions, his surrounding congregation ; frequently demonstrating, during this period, by alternate movements of the head or arm, how properly his mind is then engaged in imploring blessings on the people ! Notwithstanding this display of pious precision, there is, in this preacher, a negligence degenerating into slovenliness. Decorum really becomes the pulpit. It is painful, it is worse than painful, to see a divine, so placed, turn his back on his hearers the instant he has finished his prayer ; then, having pulled his robes into order, loll upon his cushion, rub his face, feel his mouth, or pick his nose.

“Language must not hope to picture the look with which Mr Hill first takes the pulpit. So vacantly risible is the expression of his countenance, there is such idiotic shrewdness in it, that to stifle laughter, which yet must be done, when one contemplates his face, is an effort almost too great to bear. Strange as is this trait in him, I leave the truth of it to those who have seen and heard him.

“Mr Hill gives his text very indistinctly, and almost inaudibly. The character of his discourses is generally known,—sameness in substance, incoherent in arrangement, whimsical in illustration, commonly colloquial in language, and abounding in strange flights of fancy, and apt but humorous stories. He absolutely labours for his metaphors ; and, in his zeal to lower himself to what he conceives to be the ‘aptitude or capability’ of his audience, he constantly mistakes vulgarity for simplicity. Let us

try, from memory, some of those passages by which Mr Hill's sermons are distinguished.

“‘Some preachers,’ he lately significantly observed to his hearers, ‘had need be Doctors of Divinity in order to carry their nonsense down!’ He shortly after declared, however, by way of concession to, or compromise with, other clergymen, ‘I don’t blame those who must preach bad sermons, if they read good ones ; for it is certainly better to read good ones of other people’s, than to preach bad ones of their own.’ He, then, by no unnatural transition, began to descant on village preaching ; and preferred for ‘this evangelical work,’ men with ‘less learning in their heads than grace in their hearts,’ to all the dignified divines in existence. I shall only spoil his description of these village missionaries, whose labours are so piously seconded by the ‘money dug,’ to record Mr Hill’s strong simile for sacred begging, ‘from the London mines,’ were it attempted by me to retrace it on paper. When other giddy fellows are setting out in their whiskeys, Sabbath after Sabbath, then it is that these simple persons, the village missionaries of the London Itinerant Society,—start for the ‘evangelising work ;’ and, as Mr Hill remarked, ‘what a comfortable employment it is for young men !’ While others are spending money, these are saving it ; and while others are whiskeying along the broad way that leadeth to destruction, these are sociably trotting, two by two, the narrow path that must inevitably lead to blessedness.’ So, at least, Mr Hill assures us. Is he not a most admirable recruiting-sergeant in the service of his evangelical church militant ?

“Strenuously as he objects to the ‘sounding brass’ or ‘tinkling cymbal’ of oratory, it is here that himself can

be really oratorical. Not only does he exert himself in mouthing the sounding brass, but, like those profane wenches who play the triangle through our streets, most aptly can he intimate, by the dexterous motion of his fingers, the jingle of the tinkling cymbal. Such is, nevertheless, his sovereign contempt, his sublime detestation, of either the 'sounding brass' or 'tinkling cymbal,' and so fearfully does he refrain from the judicious admixture of both, that it is by no means easy to pronounce to what genus of eloquence his preaching belongs."

Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite. His eccentricities were of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless infesters of places of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill, to bring him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. "Do you, sir," asked Rowland, "hold the ten commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or other property in the hall."

DR THOMAS CHALMERS.

Of this prince of Scottish preachers a personal acquaintance wrote:—

"I have heard all the greatest pulpit readers of my time, and not one of them has formed an exception to the rule. Even Chalmers, their chief and head, whose mighty ministrations I have very frequently attended,

matchless reader though he was, came most fully within the rule. That distinguished man, indeed, made no attempt to look at his audience such as is made by a multitude of readers ; the finger of either hand was never for a moment removed from the MS. ; there was nothing beyond a passing flash of the eye as he occasionally darted his head upward. Once fairly in motion, he rushed along like a locomotive of the highest power at full speed, heedless of everything before, behind, or around him, with a sort of blind, though inspired fury. He could, I verily believe, have performed the magnificent feat equally well in Westminster Abbey alone, and with the doors shut ! The fires which, on these occasions, raged so strongly within him, were wholly independent of external circumstances. As a consequence of this, power, all-subduing power, was the prime characteristic of the achievement. He was generally altogether wanting in pathos, that ethereal something which, proceeding from a melted heart, has the power of melting all around it. The effect of his sublime effusion was a feeling of intense excitement, oft-times of overwhelming admiration, from which the auditor was often strongly tempted to clap his hands and shout applause ; but he was rarely visited with compunction or moved to tears. Even in his death-scenes he awakened in the assembly scarcely any emotions other than those of awe or horror ; the most sympathetic even of the gentler sex seldom wept. The most striking exception I ever remember was on the occasion of his farewell sermon on leaving Glasgow for St Andrews. The discourse on that occasion was a sublime affair, not in its matter, for he was obviously by no means well prepared, but in its delivery ; and the prayer was even more touching than the sermon.

The discourse appears in his Collected Works, where it occupies but a very secondary place.

“How great soever, in a certain way, Chalmers might be with MS., he would have been incomparably greater with free speech ; he was so in his partial attempts at extemporising. Nothing I ever listened to might be likened to his off-hand flights, whether in the pulpit or the classroom, the social meeting, or the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The style was then much more natural and idiomatic, much less figurative, and the matter much more simple, condensed, and business-like, and the intonation in keeping with it. It was nature perfected. On these occasions he was scarcely at all Ciceronian, oftentimes quite Demosthenic.

“Again, in the case of Chalmers, there was a most material circumstance which greatly abated the offensiveness of the MS. to the public, as well as lessened its inconvenience to himself. His discourses were written in short-hand—which he read with a facility almost miraculous—on a sheet of foolscap folded into eight pages, so that there were only four leaves to turn during the entire exercise—a process barely perceptible. One of these short-hand manuscripts—a much-prized treasure—is now before me, consisting of only eight pages, although it occupied forty minutes in the delivery.

“The power of Chalmers with MS., however matchless in its own way, was, I repeat, impotent compared with the might of his extempore bursts. The difference was early perceived by discerning men. His memoirs contains a singularly interesting passage in relation to this subject. The celebrated Andrew Fuller, during one of his Scottish journeys on behalf of the Baptist mission, before Chalmers

had become famous, having spent some time with him at Kilmany, laboured hard to wean him from the habit of reading. Dr Hanna, his son-in-law, says:—

“Under the very strong conviction that his use of the manuscript in the pulpit impaired the power of his Sabbath addresses, Mr Fuller strenuously urged upon his friend the practice of extempore preaching, or preaching from notes. “If that man,” said he to his companion, Mr Anderson, after they had taken leave of Kilmany manse—“if that man would but throw away his papers in the pulpit, he might be king of Scotland.””

Dr John Brown, of Edinburgh, thus graphically describes the preaching of Chalmers:—

“The drover, a notorious and brutal character, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. . . . We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker. . . . How beautiful to our eyes did the Thunderer look, exhausted, but sweet and pure. . . . We went home quieter than when we came; we thought of other things—that voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice.”—*Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, pp. 90-93.

It may be seriously doubted whether Chalmers would ever have become celebrated at all as a preacher if he had delivered his sermons extempore. When in the middle of a discourse he broke off to illustrate some point which he deemed insufficiently dealt with in his MS., those who remember his preaching will call to mind the almost blundering simplicity with which he spoke, and the contrast to

the imperial utterances, the cataracts of eloquence, which came from his well-thumbed notes.

When Dr Chalmers came to preach the opening sermon in the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, St Pancras, London, his former subordinate, Edward Irving, for whom the spacious edifice had been built, prayed before the sermon, and read the Scriptures. He chose for that purpose one of the longest chapters in the Old Testament, and prayed for nearly two hours. The overcrowded congregation were quite fatigued before the sermon began, and Dr Chalmers did not hesitate to express his pain and annoyance to some of his friends when the service was concluded.

One of the admirers of Dr Chalmers, who was always running after the latest variety of popular preacher, sent her compliments to him one day, and asked him if he intended to preach at St George's Church on the morning of the following Sunday? Dr Chalmers' reply was characteristic of the man. He said, "Present my respects to Mrs So-and-So, and tell her that divine service will be celebrated as usual next Sunday morning, and that it commences at eleven o'clock."

THE FREE CHURCH.

Landseer once painted a celebrated picture called "The Free Church." It represented a congregation of Scottish shepherds with their *collies* or dogs, seated each by his master in the pew. A wag observed on this custom, "I suppose the Presbyterian minister will preach on *dogmatical* theology." A clergyman from a distant part of Scotland, came to officiate to one of these shepherd congregations. It is usual in the Presbyterian Kirk, for the people to rise when

the minister pronounces the final blessing. The shepherds continued seated. The strange minister was scandalised, and sharply exclaimed, "What, is there not enough devotional spirit amongst you to make you rise to receive the blessing?" An old shepherd mounted the pulpit stairs, and whispered in the preacher's ear:—"Meenister, it's just to cheat the doggies." It appeared that directly the congregation rose to receive the final blessing, the *collies* thought the service was over, and rushed through their masters' legs with mighty yelpings into the churchyard.

CHARLES SIMEON.

This excellent but somewhat weak man has contributed perhaps more than any other person to the composition of dull sermons. His "*Horæ Homileticæ*" no doubt contains much valuable matter in the hands of a judicious reader; but if he be incompetent or uninformed, they resemble sharp tools placed in the hands of a clumsy apprentice. But whatever may be the value of his writings, he lived a life of singular usefulness, and expired at the ripe age of seventy-eight, supported by divine consolations. It is said that once a friend asked him, during his sickness, what he was thinking about. He replied with animation, "I do not think now: I am enjoying." At another time he exclaimed, "God cannot do anything against my will!" In other words, that he was entirely resigned as to the future. On another occasion, seeing a large number of persons around his bed, he said, mistaking the circumstance, "You are here on a wrong scent, and all in a wrong spirit. You want to see what is called a deathbed scene. That I abhor from my inmost soul. I wish to be

alone with my God, to lie before Him as a poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinner, but I would also look to Him as my all-forgiving God." As the time of his departure drew near, he faltered forth, "It is said, O death, where is thy sting?" Adding, with expressive warmth, "Do you see any sting here?" The bystanders replied, "No, it is all taken away." He then added, "Does not this prove that my principles were not founded on fancies or enthusiasm, but there is reality in them, and I find them sufficient to support me in death." As his disembodied spirit passed away, the loud and solemn bell of great St Mary's in Cambridge began to toll for the university sermon which he himself was to have preached.

EDWARD IRVING.

The following sketch of the popularity of this remarkable but eccentric man, is extracted from Mrs Oliphant's "Life," published in 1862 :—

"The immediate origin of Irving's popularity, or rather of the flood of noble and fashionable hearers who poured in upon the little chapel in Hatton-Garden all at once, without warning or premonition, is said to be a speech of Canning's. Sir James Mackintosh had been by some unexpected circumstance led to attend the new preacher, and he heard Irving in his prayer describe an unknown family of orphans, belonging to the obscure congregation, as now 'thrown upon the fatherhood of God.' The words seized upon the mind of the philosopher, and he repeated them to Canning, who, as Mackintosh relates, after expressing great admiration of the passage, made an instant engagement to accompany his friend to the Scotch church on the following Sunday. Shortly after this had taken

place, a discussion arose in the House of Commons in which the revenues of the Church were referred to, and the necessary mercantile relation between high talent and good pay insisted upon. No doubt it suited the statesman's purpose to instance, on the other side of the question, the little Caledonian chapel and its new preacher. Canning told the House that, so far from universal was this rule, that he himself had lately heard a Scotch minister, trained in one of the most poorly endowed of churches, and established in one of her outlying dependencies, possessed of no endowment at all, preach the most eloquent sermon that he had ever listened to. The curiosity awakened by this speech is said to have been the first beginning of that invasion of 'society' which startled Hatton-Garden out of itself."

It is difficult to do justice to the matter of Irving's orations in a brief quotation. They have much of the lofty and ornate character of Hooker and Milton. He owned himself a great admirer of the poet. The following contrast between his own position and that of St John the Baptist is a gem in its way. He is preaching from the text, "O generation of vipers," &c. :—

"It doth not become me, who have been educated in the softness of civilised life, to affect the rough and scornful language so becoming in the son of Zacharias; and though this country has been disgraced by martyrdoms of the Lord's servants no less than Israel was, still, as by the singular providence of God upon the liberties of the land, we are not likely again to be troubled with such inhuman spectacles, I shall not use the reproachful language of the Baptist, and salute ye as a generation of vipers; but I will not fear to salute ye as a cold-hearted generation, who

are not moved as ye should be by the overtures of God. Else why this standing upon the porch of salvation, and never entering in? Why feel conviction, and never obey? Why admire saintliness, and not seek it? Why weary of the world, and not rise unto the world to come? Why apprehend death, and not think of it? Why foresee judgment, and not prepare for it? Why shudder at doom, and not flee from the wrath to come? Oh! flee from the wrath to come, for you are often warned. Already the axe is laid to the root of the trees, and they are falling fruitless into the fire unquenchable."

BISHOP SHERLOCK

Must be distinguished from the Dean of the same name. The latter was attacked by Dr South for his want of orthodoxy. South dedicated his volume to the Dean's admirers, and to HIMSELF, THE CHIEF OF THEM. When Dr Nicholls waited on Lord Chancellor Hardwicke with a copy of the first volume of Bishop Sherlock's sermons, in November 1753, his lordship asked him whether there was not a sermon on St John xx. 30, 31? Dr Nicholls having replied in the affirmative, the Lord Chancellor desired him to turn to the conclusion, and repeated, word for word, the animated contrast between the Christian and Mohammedan religion, beginning, "Go to your natural religion," &c., to the end of the discourse.

This sermon had been published singly not less than thirty years before. The chief circumstance which serves to account for the lively impression it had made on the mind of Lord Hardwicke, was not, after all, its remarkable eloquence, but the fact that he had probably heard it when Sherlock was Master of the Temple; an

office which he held from 1704 to 1753. In the farewell letter which he addressed to the Treasurer and Masters of the Bench, he declares that he esteemed his "relation to the two Societies of the Temple to have been the greatest happiness of his life, as it introduced him to some of the greatest men of the age, and afforded him the opportunities of living and conversing with gentlemen of a liberal education, and of great learning and experience."

Dr Blair, in his lectures on rhetoric, points out the very passage which Lord Hardwicke so much admired, as an instance of personification carried as far as prose, even in its highest elevation, will admit. The well-known critic remarks, "This is more than elegant; it is truly sublime."

When Sherlock was promoted to the Mastership of the Temple he was only in the twenty-sixth year of his age. So early an elevation gave some offence; yet it took place at a time when preferments were not lightly bestowed. Mr Sherlock in a short period exhibited such unusual ability, and made such a lively impression, as removed all prejudice against him. He exerted the utmost diligence in the cultivation of his talents; his learning and eloquence were conspicuous; and in the course of a few years he became one of the most celebrated preachers of the age. He had a slight natural impediment, a sort of thickness of speech; yet he delivered his sermons with so much propriety and power as to rivet the attention and command the admiration of the hearer. His portrait represents a man of more than ordinary largeness of brain and breadth of intellect.

When Bishop Sherlock had published his fourth volume of discourses, some friends were expressing a wish that he would give orders for his occasional sermons, which he

had printed separately, to be collected into a volume. Dr Newton said upon it, that perhaps Bishop Sherlock was of the same mind as Bishop Manningham, for when Dr Thomas Manningham, his son, who was afterwards Prebendary of Westminster, applied to him in the name of the booksellers, that they might have leave to collect into a volume the different sermons which he had printed at different times, for there was a sufficient number to make a volume, the Bishop replied, "Prithee, Tom, let them alone, they be quiet now; put them together, and they will fight." This fourth and last volume of his discourses Bishop Sherlock was prevailed upon to publish, at the request of his friend Gilbert West. The Bishop was against publishing any more sermons, saying, he was drawn to the dregs. "Why then," replied Mr West, "let the ungodly of the earth drink them and suck them out."

The following passage on miracles has always been considered by critics as peculiarly cogent:—

"Miracles are a supernatural proof of a divine power and providence; and no man who believes that there ever was a true miracle wrought can be an atheist. And therefore it is no wonder that atheists are such professed enemies to the belief of miracles; but it is a great wonder that they can persuade themselves to reject all those authentic relations we have of miracles, both from the law of Moses and from the gospel of Christ, which are the most credible histories in the world—if we look upon them as no more than histories—and have obtained the most universal belief. Especially this is very unaccountable in those men who pretend to deism, to acknowledge a God who made the world. For cannot that God who

made the world, and made nature, act without, or above, or against nature when He pleases? And may it not become the divine wisdom and goodness to do this, when it is necessary, for the more abundant conviction of mankind, who are sunk in atheism or idolatry? when signs and wonders are necessary to awaken man into the sense and belief of God and His providence? which was the case in the days of Moses; or to give authority to prophets to declare and reveal the will of God to men; (which was a reason for miracles as long as God thought fit to make any new and public revelations of His will;) when it is as reasonable and credible that God, who can, when He pleases, should sometimes work miracles, as it is that He should take care to preserve the knowledge of Himself and His will, and to restore it when it is lost; or to make such new discoveries of His grace as the fallen state of mankind requires; when, I say, the thing itself is so credible and worthy of God, what reasonable pretence can there be for rejecting miracles, for which we have the authority of the best attested history in the world."—*Sherlock.*

THE ORKNEY ASSISTANT CURATE.

Sir Hugh Dalrymple, a Scottish baronet, during the last century, once paid a visit to the Orkneys, and was much struck with the eloquence of a poor assistant minister, whom he accidentally had the pleasure of hearing. He wrote to Sir Lawrence Dundas, father of the late Lord Dundas, in whose gift was the church where the curate officiated, requesting the reversion gift for the assistant. The letter, which quaintly blends humour and benevolence together, was in the following terms:—

“DEAR SIR,—Having spent a long time in the pursuit of pleasure and health, I am now retired with the gout ; so joining with Solomon that ‘all is vanity and vexation of spirit,’ I go to church and say my prayers. I assure you that most of us religious people reap some little satisfaction in hoping that you wealthy voluptuaries have a fair chance of being lost to all eternity, and that Dives shall call on Lazarus for a drop of water ; which he seldom tasted when he had the twelve apostles in his cellar.

“Now, sir, that this doctrine is laid down, I wish to give you a loop-hole to escape through. Going to church last Sunday, I saw an unknown man in the pulpit ; and rising up to prayer, I began, as others do on the like occasion, to look round the church to see if there were any pretty girls in it, when my attention was roused by the foreign accent of the parson. I gave him my ear, and had my devotion awakened by the most pathetic prayer I ever heard. This made me more and more attentive to the sermon. A finer discourse never came from the lips of man. I returned in the afternoon, and heard the same preacher exceed his morning’s work by the finest chain of reasoning, conveyed by the most elegant expressions. I immediately thought on what Felix said to Paul, ‘Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.’ I sent to ask the man of God to honour my roof, and to dine with me. I inquired of him his country and what not. I even asked him if his sermons were of his own composition, which he affirmed they were. I assure you, I believed they were ; never man had spoken or written better.

“‘My name is Dishington,’ said he ; ‘I am assistant to a mad minister in the Orkneys, who enjoys a rich benefice

of fifty pounds a year, of which I have twenty-eight pounds yearly for preaching to and instructing twelve hundred people, who live in separate islands. Of this sum I pay one pound five shillings to the boatman, who by turns transports me from one island to another. I should be happy if I could continue in this terrestrial paradise, but we have a great lord, who has a great many little people about him, soliciting a great many little things that he can do and that he cannot do ; and if my minister was to die, his succession is too great a prize not to raise up too many rivals to baulk the hopes of my preferment.'

"I asked him if he possessed any other wealth. 'Yes,' said he, 'I married the prettiest girl in the island, and she has blessed me with three children ; and, as we are both young, we may expect more. 'Besides,' said he, 'I am so beloved in the parish, that I have all my peats led carriage free.' This is my story ; now to the prayer of the petition.

"I never before envied you your possession of the Orkneys, which I now do, to provide for this innocent, eloquent apostle. The sun has refused your barren isles his kindly influence ; do not deprive them of so pleasant a preacher ; let not so great a treasure be lost to that inhospitable country ; for I assure you, were the Archbishop of Canterbury to hear him preach, he could do no less than make him an archdeacon. The man has but one weakness, that of preferring the Orkneys to all the earth. The way, and no other, you have a chance for salvation,—do this man good, and he will pray for you. This will be a better purchase than your Irish estate or the Orkneys, and I think will help me forward too, since I am the man who told of the man, so worthy, so elo-

quent, so deserving, and so pious, and whose prayers may do so much good. Till I hear from you on this head, I am yours in all meekness, love, and benevolence,

“ H. D.”

DR HORNECK,

Who was preacher at the Royal Chapel of the Savoy from 1671 to 1696, enjoyed much popularity on account of the eloquent and pathetic style of his sermons. His hearers were gathered from all parts of London, so that Dean Freeman used to say that Dr Horneck's parish was by far the most extensive in London, for it reached from Whitehall to Whitechapel. It is, however, remarkable, that when he was mentioned as a suitable person for the living of St Paul's, Covent Garden, the inhabitants of that parish were so averse to him that Archbishop Tillotson says, “that if the Earl of Bedford had liked him, (which it would seem, he did not,) he could not have thought it fit to bestow the living on him, knowing how necessary it is to the good effect of a man's ministry that he do not lie under any great prejudice with the people.”

Dr Birch remarks that the grounds of the great hostility to Dr Horneck, on the part of the Covent Garden people, are not very apparent. Bishop Kidder, his biographer, sets him forth as one of the brightest examples of eloquence and piety. “He had,” says Kidder, “the zeal, the spirit, the courage of John the Baptist, and durst reprove a great man. Perhaps that man lived not who was more conscientious in this matter.”

A SEAMAN'S CRITICISM.

A clergyman preaching in the neighbourhood of Wapping, observed that his hearers were for the most part in

the seafaring way. He therefore embellished his sermon with several nautical metaphors. "Be ever on the watch," said he, "so that on whatsoever tack the evil one should bear down upon you, he may be crippled in action." "Ay, master," muttered a jolly tar, who was devoutly listening, "but let me tell you, that will depend on your having the weather-gage of him." A just, though whimsical remark.

DR WILLIAMSON,

Was, during part of the last century, the Vicar of Moulton, in Lincolnshire. It is narrated of him that he had a violent quarrel with one of his parishioners of the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the following Sunday the doctor is said to have preached from the following text, which he pronounced with much emphasis, and with a significant look at Mr Hardy, who was present: "THERE IS NO FOOL LIKE THE FOOL HARDY." An irreverent but witty perversion, illustrating the manner and taste of the period.

DR MOSSMAN,

A Scottish Presbyterian minister, is said to have made the following singular distinction in preaching on the Third Commandment. "O Sirs, this is a very great sin! For my own part, I would rather steal all the horned cattle in the parish, than take that holy name in vain!"

ROBERT HALL'S

Method of preaching is thus described by Dr Olinthus Gregory, his biographer:—

"Mr Hall began with hesitation, and often in a very low and feeble voice. As he proceeded, his manner be-

came easy, graceful, and at last highly impassioned; his voice also acquired more flexibility, body, and sweetness; and in all his happier and more successful efforts, swelled into a stream of the most touching and impressive melody. The further he advanced, the more spontaneous, natural, and free from labour seemed the progression of thought. . . . In his sublimer strains not only was every faculty of the soul enkindled and in entire operation, but his very features seemed fully to sympathise with the spirit, and to give out, nay, to *throw* out, thought and sentiment and feeling."

The following passage from one of his sermons will make the reflective reader desire to know more of them. He was unquestionably the first Nonconformist orator of the age:—

"It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from that sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flow of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders—it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilised world.

Go, then, ye defenders of your country,* accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you all her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms.

“While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to men) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period, (and they will incessantly revolve them,) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine that the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable

* A company of volunteers attended public worship on this occasion.—ED.

issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell where you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, *gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty*, go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with thine own; and while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! *Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.*"

Mr Hall was born at Arnsby, near Leicester, May 2, 1764. He was for some time the Baptist minister of Cambridge. He afterwards removed to Leicester, and from thence to Bristol, where he died in the year 1831.

The sermons of Robert Hall were not only remarkable for close reasoning and brilliant declamation, but for proverbs and apothegms, aptly quoted to point an argument. Some of these have remained in the minds of the hearers, like cannon-balls deeply set in a wall. One quaint saying of his is still remembered in Leicester: "Family prayer, sir, is the edge and the border which keeps the web of life from unravelling."

Robert Hall, desiring a license to commence preaching, was appointed to deliver an address in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel from 1 Tim. iv. 10: "Therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, and, covering his face with his hands, exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face.

The failure, however painful as it was to his tutors and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish, if once he acquired self-possession. He was therefore appointed to speak again on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week.

This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and, on retiring to his room, exclaimed, "If this does not humble me, the devil must have me." Such were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents; and who, for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendour of his pulpit eloquence.

Vanity of Clerical Authorship.

A poor vicar in a very remote county had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so exceedingly acceptable to his parishioners, that they entreated him to print it, which, after due and solemn deliberation, he promised to do. This was the most remarkable incident in

his life, and filled his mind with a thousand fancies. The conclusion, however, of all his consultations with himself was, that he should obtain both fame and money, and that a journey to the metropolis to direct and superintend the great concern, was indispensable. After taking a formal leave of his friends and neighbours, he proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in town, by great good fortune, he was recommended to the worthy and excellent Mr Bowyer, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know how many copies he would choose to have struck off. "Why, sir," returned the clergyman, "I have calculated that there are in the kingdom so many thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies." The printer bowed, the matter was settled, and the reverend author departed in high spirits to his home. With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two months was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly wrote to Mr Bowyer desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr B.'s convenience. Judge of the astonishment, tribulation, and anguish, excited by the receipt of the following account, or something very much resembling it:—

	<i>Dr.</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
The Rev.—				
To printing and paper, 35,000 copies of sermon,		785	5	6
<i>Cr.</i> By the sale of 17 copies of said sermon,		1	5	6
Balance due to Mr Bowyer,		784	0	0
			u	

They who know the character of this most amiable and excellent printer, will not be at all surprised to hear that, in a day or two, a letter to the following purport was forwarded to the clergyman :—" Rev. sir,—I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I knew better than you could do the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but fifty copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome, in return for the liberty I have taken with you," &c., &c.

Pulpit Flattery.

One of the first acts performed by George III., after his accession to the throne, was to issue an order prohibiting any of the clergy who should be called to preach before him, from paying him any compliment in their discourses. His Majesty was led to this from the fulsome adulation which Dr Thomas Wilson, prebendary of Westminster, thought proper to deliver in the Chapel Royal; and for which, instead of thanks, he received from his royal auditor a pointed reprimand, his Majesty observing "that he came to chapel to hear the praises of God, and not his own." This circumstance operated wonderfully on the reverend orator, as from that moment he became a flaming patriot. The Doctor took part with Wilkes, was made liveryman of the Joiners' Company, and lavished large sums upon Mrs Macauley, the republican historian, in whose honour he caused a small statue to be erected in his church at Walbrook; though before he died he ordered it to be removed, not indeed so much from a sense of the impropriety of the thing, as out of resentment to the lady, who had displeased him by her marriage.

The Good Preacher.

“Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design ;
I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impress’d
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man.”

Cowper’s Task, b. ii.

Whimsical Interruption.

When Dr Bradon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from was, “Who art thou ?” After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words ; when a gentleman in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied :—“I am, sir, an officer of the seventeenth regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here ; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry.” This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation, that though they attempted to listen with decorum, he could not continue the discourse without considerable difficulty.

Electioneering Sermon.

At an election for the town of Bedford, Mr Whitebread and Howard the philanthropist were opposed to Sir W. Wake and a Mr *Sparrow*. A clergyman of the Established Church, a warm supporter of the former candidates, one Sunday morning, during the heat of the election, took for his text that passage of St Matthew's Gospel in which the question is proposed by our Lord to his disciples, "Are not two *Sparrows* sold for a farthing?" Whence this encouragement to their perseverance and their faith deduced: "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many *Sparrows*."

THE REV. MR FAWKES.

The Rev. Mr Fawkes, in the year 1739, being at that time curate of Doncaster, thought fit to preach a sermon on the erection of an organ in the church. After having wound up his imagination to the highest pitch, in praise of church music, he adds, addressing himself to the organ, "But what! O what! what shall I call *thee* by? thou divine box of sound!"

Ingenious Method of Exciting Attention.

A clergyman preaching a charity sermon, Feb. 4, 1778, at a church in the City of London, during his discourse pulled out of his pocket a newspaper, and read from it the following paragraph, viz.—"On Sunday the 18th of January, two ponies run on the Uxbridge road, twenty miles for twenty guineas, and one gained it by about half a head; both ponies ridden by their owners." Also another paragraph of the same kind, of a race on the Romford road on a Sunday. He made an apology for reading part of

a newspaper in the pulpit, said he believed it was the first instance of the kind, and he sincerely wished there never might be occasion for the like again. He then pointed out the heinous sin of Sabbath-breaking.

WILLIAM HUNTINGDON

Published an account of himself, which he called "God the Guardian of the Poor, and the Bank of Faith." His name was William Huntingdon, and he styled himself S. S., which signified Sinner Saved. The tale which this man told was truly curious. He was originally a coal-heaver, but finding praying and preaching a more profitable trade, he ventured upon the experiment of living by faith alone; and the experiment answered. The man had talents, and soon obtained hearers. It was easy to let them know, without asking for either, that he relied upon them for food and clothing. At first, supplies came in slowly—a pound of tea and a pound of sugar at a time, and sometimes an old suit of clothes. As he got more hearers, they found out that it was for their credit he should make a better appearance in the world. If at any time things did not come when they were wanted, he prayed for them, knowing well when his prayers would be heard. As a specimen, take a story which is annexed in his own words:—"Having now had my horse for some time, and riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my *breeches* out, as they were not fit to ride in. I hope the reader will excuse me mentioning the word *breeches*, which I should have avoided, had not this passage of Scripture intruded into my mind, just as I had resolved in my mind not to mention this kind providence of God. 'And thou shalt make linen breeches to cover their nakedness, from the loins even unto the

thighs shall they reach,' &c. Exod. xxviii. 42, 43. By which and three others, (namely Ezek. xliv. 18, Lev. vi. 10, and xvi. 4,) I saw that it was no crime to mention the word *breeches*, nor the way in which God sent them to me. Aaron and his sons being clothed entirely by Providence ; and as God himself condescended to give orders what they should be made of, and how they should be cut, and I believe the same God ordered mine, as I trust it will appear in the following history. The Scripture tells us to call no man master, for one is our master, even Christ. I therefore told my most bountiful and ever-adored master what I wanted, and He who stripped Adam and Eve of their fig-leaved aprons, and made coats of skins and clothed them, and who clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, must clothe us, or we shall soon go naked : and so Israel found it when God took away his wool and his flax, which they prepared for Baal, for which iniquity were their skirts discovered, and their heels made bare, Jeremiah xiii. 22. I often made very free in my prayers with my valuable Master for this favour, but He still kept me so amazingly poor, that I could not get them at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business, to bespeak a pair ; and to get him to trust me until my Master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop I forgot it ; but when I came to London, I called on Mr Crowder, a shoemaker in Shepherd's Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not ; I opened it, and behold there was a pair of *leather breeches* with a note in them,

the substance of which was, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:—‘Sir, I have sent you a pair of breeches, and hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them; and if they want any alteration, leave in a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them, I. S.’ I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if I had been measured for them; at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather breeches maker in London. I wrote an answer to the note to this effect. ‘Sir, I received your present, and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of leather breeches to be made, because I did not know till now that my Master had bespoke them of you. They fit very well; which fully convinces me that the same God who moved thy heart to give, guided thy hand to cut: because He perfectly knows my size, having clothed me in a miraculous manner for near five years. When you are in trouble, sir, I hope you will tell my Master of this, and what you have done for me, and He will repay you with honour.’ This is as nearly as I am able to relate it, and I added, ‘I cannot make out I. S., unless I put I. for Israelite indeed, and S. for Sincerity: because you did not ‘sound a trumpet before you as the hypocrites do.’ About that time twelvemonths I got another pair of breeches in the same extraordinary manner, without my ever being measured for them.”

Step by step, by drawing on his Master, as he called Him, and persuading the congregation to accept his drafts, this Sinner Saved got two chapels of his own, a house in the country, and a coach to carry him backwards and forwards.

“During the space of three years,” says Mr Huntingdon, “I secretly wished in my soul that God would favour me with a chapel of my own, being sick of the errors that

were perpetually broached by some one or other in Margaret Street Chapel,* where I then preached. But though I so much desired this, yet I could not.

“I will now inform my reader of the kind providence of my God, at the time of building my new chapel, which I named Providence Chapel, and also mention a few free-will offerings which the people brought.

“The name that I gave to the chapel has offended many. However, since it was named, I have seen a place called Providence Court, and a chapel called Trinity Chapel, where the Trinity is little known, I believe. This was not the case at the naming of Providence Chapel.

“But to return. They first offered about eleven pounds, and laid it on the foundation at the beginning of the building. A good gentleman, with whom I had but little acquaintance, and of whom I bought a load of timber, sent it in with a bill and receipt in full, as a present to the Chapel of Providence. Another good man came, with tears in his eyes, and blessed me, and desired to paint my pulpit, desk, &c., as a present to the chapel. Another person gave half-a-dozen chairs for the vestry; and my friends, Mr and Mrs Lyons, furnished me with a tea-chest well stored, and a set of china. My good friends, Mr and Mrs Smith, furnished me with a very handsome bed, bedstead, and all its furniture and necessaries, that I might not be under the necessity of walking home in the cold winter nights. A daughter of mine in the faith gave me a looking-glass for my chapel study; another friend gave me my pulpit cushion and a book-case for my study; another gave me a book-case for the

* Where now stands the stately and celebrated church of All Saints, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square.

vestry. And my good friend, Mr E., seemed to level all his displeasure at the devil ; for he was in hopes I should be enabled, through the gracious arm of the Lord, to cut Rahab in pieces. Therefore he furnished me with a sword of the Spirit—a new Bible, with morocco binding and silver clasps.”

THE REV. WILLIAM HOWELS,

For many years the minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Long Acre, London, was born near Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, in the year 1777. He stands conspicuous in the group of devout men who commenced and formed the evangelical party in the Church of England—such as Cecil, Simeon, Venn, John Newton. Like many other eminent persons—such as St Augustine and St Bernard, Bishop Hall and Richard Hooker—he left on record his grateful acknowledgments to the care of his pious mother. The character of Mr Howels' preaching has thus been described by one of the most eminent living orators of the Church, the Rev. Canon Melvill :—

“ Mr Howels possessed a mind of uncommon power ; whilst others were passing on slowly, step by step, he could leap at once to the conclusion. Logical in the arrangement of his thoughts, but quick-sighted to discern truths afar off, he knew how to lead others from stage to stage, but needed not for himself the intermediate demonstration. His faculties were of that class which would have pre-eminently qualified him for mathematical investigation. And when these faculties were turned on theology, they enabled him to bring out truths in such condensed and concentrated form, that less powerful minds could not receive it till broken up and expanded. The

style, whether of his preaching or conversation, accorded precisely with the character of his mind. It was a sententious style; one of his paragraphs would have been another man's sermon. His ideas were great ideas; and when they struggled forth in their naked and unadorned grandeur, there was a nervousness in his speech which vastly more than compensated the want of the beauties of a highly polished diction. Yet he required to be heard often to be duly appreciated. He was a preacher who, of all others, grew upon his hearers. The stranger who came once might go away disappointed; but each succeeding time he would be admitted so much further into the mind of the speaker, that he would quickly refer his disappointment to his own want of discernment.

There never was a preacher who more magnified Christ, and never one who more insisted upon holiness. He would show the sinner at the gate of hell, and then, introducing the Saviour, lift him to the gate of heaven. He held, in all its fulness, the doctrine of election, but flung from him, as dishonouring to God, a being of gratuitous love but not of gratuitous hatred, the doctrine of reprobation. And whilst he believed in the predestination of God's people, how he would insist on human responsibility! He knew that free agency was essential to man's being accountable for his actions; and he therefore held no terms with systems which reduce man virtually to nothing but a machine. He took, moreover, the doctrine of justification by faith, in all its power and all its simplicity. He allowed nothing to be mixed with it. But then, a faith not productive of holiness, a faith not working by love, he spurned the thought as an absurdity. Whilst preaching that man is justified by faith, he pursued sin

into all its corners and doublings, and, according to an expression of his own, summoned believers to take no quarter from the world, and to give none; and what he preached he practised. I know he must have had faults, because he was but a man; but I am bold to say that, though I knew his singularities, I did not know his faults. Without question he had them, and he was conscious of them. I remember his speaking of the dangers of ministers. He said that, when preparing sermons for others, he found himself in danger of destroying his own soul. If the confession showed that intellectual pride would sometimes struggle for the ascendancy, it also showed that he was on his guard against the enemy; and a Christian on his guard is a Christian half a conqueror."

The following passages will give some notion of his method, but not convey an idea of the vehemence, pathos, and unction with which they were delivered:—

"I John iii. 16. We are not called upon to lay down our lives for the brethren; but we are commanded to seek their good upon all occasions; to execute their slanderer, and pull out the tongues of the backbiter, and to ask him, Have you any objection that these things should be fairly and clearly represented to him whom they concern? It was well said by Dr Southey, that the tale-teller and the tale-hearer should be hung back to back—one by his tongue, the other by his ears. I am not fond of executions, but I think I would like to see this."

"'I will maintain my own integrity,' said Job. There are many little Jobs here at the present moment: perhaps I am one. Well done I. This is Satan's opportunity; the devil shoots flying; when we *soar*, he takes his successful aim; when in the dust, we are safe from his attack.

The child climbing up the chairs excites the alarm of his parents, who immediately run to his aid; but when replaced on the carpet, they know that their child is safe."

"There are two errors abroad, both equally awful. Some conceive God to be all mercy; some believe him all holiness and justice; some elevate mercy and grace at the expense of justice; some the contrary. Many look to decrees alone, and before they do anything, travel back to see what interest they have in the book of life. This is like a child refusing to learn his letters because he does not know how to read."

"Acts xiv. 19. The men who were about to worship St Paul one day, stoned him and left him for dead the day following. My young friends, you will meet many in life who profess the greatest friendship; prove them before you trust them. Human nature is fickle, and many of them might be among your bitterest enemies. I by no means speak against your forming friendships; quite the reverse. God never intended we should be stoics; cling to a friend when you meet him. None ever tasted human solace with more pleasure than the Saviour; none ever sucked the honeycomb of human friendship with more gratification than Jesus! None of you wish to be pious monsters."

"Man is invariably a fool till the wisdom of God enlightens his soul. Let him fathom the depths of science and mathematics, and though he treads the surface of the sky, measures the limits of space, and discovers worlds which Herschel never saw, still is he a fool till knowledge from on high takes possession of his soul. I cannot help entertaining the idea that the redeemed, besides being eminently holy, shall also be eminently scientific: their

eyes shall be opened to behold unnumbered worlds ; they shall stretch their ideas far beyond what telescopes could reach. God shall make room in their breasts for these things besides infinite holiness and infinite love."

"1 Pet. i. 2. The foreknowledge of God implies nothing more than the love of God from all eternity. You cannot beat election into the head ; it is a matter of the heart. I do not like controversy, but if obliged to argue on the subject, I would sift the heart, as I once did with a Quaker, who used to tell me, 'I can do this thing and that thing, and restrain from such other thing.' Well, then, I replied, and when you do this and that, and restrain from the other, you plume yourself on your own power, you exalt yourself, and say, 'Well done I,' and not, 'Well done God.' He was immediately convinced. It is thus you should sift the hearts, and not try to drive the doctrine into the head, which is out of your power : convince men of the infernality of their hearts, and then they will love the doctrine of election. The decree of election was absolutely necessary to save men, and the Bible, in the clearest language, proclaims such a decree ; but there is not the shadow of a decree to drive men from God : the sinner in hell will have to confess that he is a suicide."

The First Wesleyan Methodist Triumvirate.

On the death of Mr Wesley there arose three distinguished men to continue his work. Their names were—

SAMUEL BRADBURN.

His divine Master having endowed him with extraordinary gifts for the work of the ministry, he soon became remarkably popular, and it was frequently with pleasure that

thousands listened to his discourses. For several years, he was considered not only as one of the first preachers in the land, for all the higher powers of persuasive eloquence, but as a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. Bradburn wrote some remarkably good rules for preachers and preaching. He died July 26, 1816.

Some General Rules to be observed in preparing for the Pulpit.

1. Never be anywhere, nor in any temper that would unfit you for preaching. It is a reproach to a minister of Jesus Christ to have at any time to say I am not prepared to preach.

2. Have always a number of texts on a slip of paper in your pocket, as a *corps de reserve*, with the subjects of which you are well acquainted, so that you can never be taken by surprise.

3. In studying a sermon in your common duty, be more concerned about what the people stand in need of than about gaining their applause for having preached a *fine, useless* sermon.

4. It is not easy always to have the mind determined on the text, so that it is sometimes perplexed in the midst of variety what to choose, even during singing and prayer. In this case be firm before you take the pulpit, and, as much as possible, in **FIXING, FIX.**

5. If possible, be alone an hour, and in the pulpit five minutes before the time, that you may be in the spirit of preaching, and have Christ with you.

Some General Rules to be observed in Preaching.

1. Remember you are speaking for God. Keep a sense

of His presence on your mind, that you may say nothing unbecoming the dignity of a Christian minister.

2. Never lose the absolute command of your voice and temper. Avoid every appearance of haughtiness and rash anger. If doors should be violently shut when people come in late, or if dogs should run about, and children cry, or whatever disturbance may be made, recollect instantly *where* and *who* you are, that you may not speak one unguarded word. The people who assemble to hear the Word of God from you, demand from you, at least, respectful treatment.

3. Speak, if possible, so as to be heard by all present who are not deaf. Look, when you give out the page of the hymn-book, to the farthest person, and you will easily perceive if he hear you, and, of course, how you are to regulate your voice. Should the place require a louder voice than usual, speak more deliberately, so as to preserve a steady command of the attention of your hearers, without injuring the beauty of your discourse, or being out of breath. You cannot long speak *loud* and *fast*.

4. Always suppose men present who may hold opinions opposite to yours, and that they are sensible, learned men. This will have a good effect in guarding you against asserting anything rashly, or without the best proof you can produce in favour of your thesis. Yet beware of disguising your real sentiments, however you may respect your auditory. "The fear of men bringeth a snare." You may speak with becoming modesty and candour, and yet use great plainness of speech. Say nothing merely to irritate a supposed adversary, as provoking language is no argument, and "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." In general, observe a proper dis-

inction between *doctrines* and *persons*: argue upon one, but speak sparingly of the other.

5. Be truly humble in your own soul, as if Jesus Christ were visible with you in the pulpit. Feel your total insufficiency to do any good without the aid of His Spirit. At the same time, avoid the despicable affectation of pretending to think yourself unfit to be so employed. This sort of cant is generally considered by judicious hearers as mere egotism, and a contemptible way of fishing for praise. Even in prayer before the sermon do not draw the attention of the people to yourself, by mentioning your own unworthiness, calling yourself, in speaking to God, Thy *poor dust*, Thy *unworthy worm*, &c. Strive to draw the attention of all present to your subject, not to yourself in any way, nor on any account.

6. In your manner of preaching beware of making apologies for what you have said, or are going to say. To apologise to *man* for delivering to him a message from *God* must be utterly improper. If you "speak as the oracles of God," you will need no apology; if you do not, no apology can excuse you. With a manly, becoming firmness, be at home in the pulpit, feeling a degree of confidence in your own ability to tread with propriety the argumentative part of your subject. And being satisfied as to the uprightness of your *design* and *motive*, expect without fear or doubt the assistance of the Holy Ghost in your work. With the honour of Jesus Christ and the good of mankind in view, feel the importance of all you say, and enforce it with zeal and energy, ever attentive to the sacred suggestion of the divine Spirit enlightening your mind, helping your memory, and affecting your heart; still recollecting that "no rhapsody, no incoherency, whether the

things spoken be true or false, cometh of the Spirit of Christ." (See Wesley on Matt. v. 9.)

7. As explaining the holy Scriptures is one grand part of a holy minister's work, take care that you attempt nothing of the kind till you have examined thoroughly the *clear* and *full* meaning of the Holy Ghost according to the utmost of your powers, using every help you can get to this end. Beware of allegorising, or, as some call it, spiritualising, lest the true sense of the divine Word should be lost in the figurative, which proves nothing. Therefore, whatever *doctrines* are to be believed, whatever *duties* are to be performed, or whatever points of *inward religion* are to be experienced, have well-chosen texts to confirm what you advance. The truths being thus established, you may endeavour to impress them on the minds and hearts of your hearers by historical facts, by the illustration of figures, parables, allegories, similes, and various comparisons; nor fear using the full force of language, adorned with all the fire of poetry, and the beauties of a glowing imagination. No; nor when rightly managed, shrink from giving free scope to your *active* and *feeling* powers, in the richest charms of pulpit eloquence. Only remember, before you begin to enforce or apply anything, it must be clearly defined and proved in a calm and rational manner, with all the cool firmness of a Christian philosopher. In every part of your pulpit engagements, be neither an air-balloon nor a *steam engine*; but be as the *moon walking in brightness*, and as the *Lord in all His glory*.

8. Keep in mind, on all occasions, that though your subject is, above all others, important to rational and immortal beings, yet you are speaking to those who are encompassed with human frailties, and engaged in various

callings in the world, so that they have, in general, neither *time* nor *taste* for *long sermons*. How seldom do any persons complain of the *shortness* of a sermon; how often of its being *too long*! What a fool then is he who spends his time and strength merely to be blamed! Besides, long preaching is mostly owing to the subject not being studied enough. Nor must you forget that mere preaching, be the matter ever so good, is no part of the worship of God. And as the worship of God—namely, *praise, thanksgiving, adoration, and prayer*—is the grand design of Christian assemblies, or ought to be so, then be sure always to conclude your sermon so as to leave time for singing and prayer. In general, on the *week nights*, a sermon should not exceed *half-an-hour, or thirty-five minutes*. The same after dinner. On Sunday, *forenoon and evening*, it may be forty-five or *fifty minutes*; certainly, unless on some *very extraordinary occasion*, the sermon ought to be finished *under the hour*. Consider yourself, and remember what you have felt on hearing long sermons.

Upon the whole, let the *use* of your sermon appear to your hearers. Let your terms be *clear* and simple, and your manner loving, yet forcible and dignified. Better always to be *twenty minutes under* than *one minute over* the hour. Beware of long introductions and definitions. Leave room for a close and warm application.

Oh, my God and Saviour, assist me!

I first drew up these rules in the city of Cork, in Ireland, in the year 1779.

ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.

The ability and fervent zeal with which for so many years he preached the gospel of the grace of God, and so

enraptured thousands in almost every part of the United Kingdom, will long be remembered with the liveliest gratitude to their divine Redeemer by multitudes to whom his labours were greatly blessed, both as the means of their conversion and of their general edification. No man in any age of the Church was ever known for so long a period to have attracted larger audiences; no herald of salvation ever sounded forth his message with greater faithfulness or fervour—the fervour of love to Christ, and to the souls of perishing sinners; and few ministers of the gospel in modern times have been more honoured by the extraordinary unction of the Holy Spirit in their ministrations. To this unction chiefly, though associated with uncommon talents, must be attributed the wonderful success and popularity of his discourses. In preaching he had the happy art of combining great originality and depth of subject with the utmost plainness of speech and manner. Nor was his simplicity at all destroyed, but rather augmented, by the glow and animation of his soul when applying the offer of salvation to all within the sound of his voice, and reasoning strongly on the grand and vital doctrines of the gospel. The ardent feeling which in others sometimes leads to a rapid invention of elegant or pompous language, in him was confined to the increased accumulation of great and noble sentiments. His favourite and most successful subjects in the pulpit were the love of God to fallen man, the atonement, repentance, faith in Christ as the grand principle of the spiritual life and of practical holiness, together with the undoubted assurance of adoption by the direct witness of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the believer. On these subjects he would often rise to the genuine grandeur of evangelical preaching,

pouring forth like a torrent the unostentatious eloquence of a benevolent and loving heart. Energy was indeed one very peculiar characteristic of his mind.

He died, in the seventy-second year of his age, on the 26th of August, 1832.

Dr Adam Clarke abounded in humour. He used to say of Irish bulls, that they were delicate strokes of wit, which the crass Anglo-Saxon mind was unable to appreciate. One day, in order to relieve a beggar, he borrowed a halfpenny of a friend, without thinking that he should have to answer the question officially put in the conference of his brethren, "Are you in debt?" When it was put, he answered, "I can say, with a good conscience, not a penny." For many years he preached in a dark blue coat, and never used any canonicals.

JOSEPH BENSON.

His talents as a preacher were of an extraordinary kind. Distinct and accurate in his representations of divine truth, powerful in argument, inflamed with the love of Christ, and full of compassion for the perishing souls of unconverted men, he frequently appeared in the pulpit like a messenger from the eternal world. His applications at the close of his sermons were energetic and impressive, almost beyond example. On many occasions, when thousands of hearers were hanging on his lips, the special blessing of God accompanied his ministrations; his own mind was deeply affected with the awful realities of eternity; the people wept aloud, and appeared to be bowed down beneath the power of the Holy Spirit; and, in innumerable instances, these impressions were permanent. Few ministers in modern times have been so successful in

the conversion of sinners to God ; and many spiritual children will be his joy, and the crown of his rejoicing, in the day of the Lord. He continued his pious labours in the cause of Christ with unremitting ardour, and maintained by the grace of God an elevated character as a Christian minister for more than fifty years, when he gradually sunk under the infirmities of age, and fell asleep in Jesus.

He died February 16, 1821, aged seventy-three years.

The Second Wesleyan Methodist Triumvirate.

DR JABEZ BUNTING

Was born on Ascension Day, May 13, 1779. He manifested great talents in early life. His first address to a public assembly was an exhortation in the open air on a Sunday afternoon in Salford, near Manchester ; and on the 12th of August, 1798, he preached his first sermon in a cottage, in a place called Sodom, near Blakeley. The following account of his preaching is extracted from a sermon preached on the occasion of his death by my venerable father, his old and familiar friend :—

“No sooner had Jabez Bunting entered upon the duties of his circuit, than it was manifest that he would take his rank among the first preachers of the age. There was nothing juvenile in his sermons. They rather presented the sobriety, the judgment, and the solidity of advancing years. His voice was musical, and his utterance singularly clear, distinct, and graceful, without anything to which the most fastidious ear could take exception ; and his manner was animated. His discourses were evidently prepared with great care, the matter of them being arranged with logical accuracy, so that one thought prepared the way for

another ; and every discourse possessed a character of completeness, and left its appropriate impression upon the minds of the hearers. He used but little action in the pulpit, yet his tones and manner otherwise attested the depth of his feeling.

“The purity of his diction, as an extemporary speaker, forced itself upon the attention of every hearer of correct taste. In the expression of his thoughts it appeared as if, without any effort on his part, the most suitable words in the language suggested themselves to his mind. He therefore never paused for the right word ; he never had occasion to recall any word that he had uttered ; every sentence seemed to be as correct and complete as if it had been prepared with the nicest care ; and its meaning was perfectly clear and transparent. After hearing him preach, the celebrated Robert Hall—himself one of the most eloquent men of the age—pronounced his style ‘a limpid stream of classic elegance.’

“But his ministry had still higher qualities. It was thoroughly scriptural. He had a deep impression of the authority of the Bible, as the undoubted word of God, written at the dictation of the Holy Ghost, and therefore as the sure basis of all evangelical instruction. Never was he known to speak lightly or irreverently of any part of Holy Scripture, or to utter a word that was calculated to weaken the faith of any man in the sacred records. He was not accustomed to select a text as a mere motto, but as containing the principles which the sermon was intended to unfold ; the sermon itself generally embraced a considerable amount of scriptural quotation ; and almost every passage that might be cited was more or less elucidated by some appropriate remark ; so that his hearers,

who paid a due attention to his discourses, obtained a growing acquaintance with the oracles of God. His was an expository ministry.

“Nor was it less remarkable for its evangelical character. He remembered that the message he was sent to deliver was “THE GOSPEL;” and he never lost sight of his high commission. Christ was the great subject of his preaching, after the example of the apostles; Christ, in the glories of His person as God incarnate, combining every divine perfection with every human excellence; Christ, in the spotless purity of His nature, and the completeness of His righteousness; Christ, in the perfection and universality of His sacrifice; Christ, in the perpetuity and prevalence of His intercession; Christ, in the tenderness of His mercy to sinners, and the greatness of His saving power; Christ, as a Saviour from sin, as the sympathising Advocate of His suffering people; Christ, in the all-sufficiency of His grace; Christ, in the holiness and equity of His mediatorial government; Christ, as an Example whom every believer is bound to imitate; Christ, as the Sovereign Lord of all, the Almighty Judge of the living and the dead.

“It was one great excellence of his preaching that it presented no affectation of novelty, or of what in modern phrase is denominated ‘originality.’ He had no sympathy with the men who seek to bring in ‘another gospel,’ different from that which Christ committed to His apostles, and which the body of the faithful have always recognised. The man who would found a new school of philosophy must be prepared to advance something of which the world has never heard before; but he who would fulfil Christ’s commission must ‘preach THE WORD;’ not as a

matter of human discovery, or as requiring the support of philosophy, but as 'the testimony of God,' which mankind are bound to believe upon God's authority. What if the preaching of Christ crucified be to the self-righteous Jews 'a stumbling-block,' and to the speculative Greeks 'foolishness;' it is, after all, 'the power of God, and the wisdom of God;' and to no other preaching has He promised to give the sanction of his blessing.

"Our late friend, in the course of his ministry, gave great prominence to the office and work of the Holy Spirit, in connexion with the mediation of Christ; representing Him as enlightening the dark minds of fallen men, as awakening the conscience, softening the heart, drawing sinners to their Saviour, imparting to them the power of saving faith, witnessing the adoption of individual believers, regenerating their nature, helping their infirmities in duty, carrying on and completing their sanctification, filling them with peace and joy, and sealing them as the property and heirs of God unto the day of redemption. To the Holy Spirit he was accustomed daily to look for the success of all his ministrations; and not in vain, for His word was with power.

"Yet, in expatiating upon the absolute freeness of the gospel salvation, he never made Christ the minister of sin, nor ever gave the least countenance to the Antinomian delusion. To show men their need of salvation, he laid bare the deep depravity of the human heart, the fearful amount of guilt arising from that depravity, the terrible penalty of transgression, and the certainty of its infliction, unless justification be sought and obtained through faith in the blood of the cross. Hence his calls to repentance were earnest and importunate. He warned the careless

and delaying sinners in his congregations, he expostulated with them ; he inquired of them why they would die ; he persuaded, he entreated, he besought them to repent, and do works meet for repentance, that so iniquity might not be their ruin. And hence his ministry was eminently awakening in its tendency, as well as in its purpose. He preached as a man who felt that the end to be accomplished was the conversion and salvation of men ; and that if he failed in this grand object, through any want of zeal and energy on his part, he would be charged with the blood of lost souls,—souls for whom the Son of God came down from heaven and died in agonies upon the cross.

“ On the other hand, in dealing with the contrite and the broken-hearted, he was singularly tender, affectionate, and encouraging.

* * * * *

“ In this most important part of his work he was often successful. Many were by his instrumentality converted from the error of their ways, and won to Christ. Several of them now adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour by a holy and upright life, and not a few of them have gone to their eternal rest. If we might recognise the distinction among ministers which has often been made, we should say that Jabez Bunting belonged to the class of Revivalists, but not to that class only.

“ For, while his preaching was well adapted to alarm the careless and the worldly, and to bring the penitent to his Saviour, it was no less adapted to the edification and encouragement of believers. It was remarkable for its variety, embracing the whole range of revealed truth, as it is presented by the Holy Ghost in the form of doctrinal statement, in types, in parables, in historic narrative, in

the examples of holy men, in warnings, in invitations, in promises, in prophecies, in prayer, in praise and thanksgiving. He set before the children of God their high privileges and calling, pressing upon them the duty of going on to perfection ; he warned them of the dangers that beset their path ; he set before them the necessity of universal obedience to the precepts of Christ, often going into detail on the various subjects of Christian duty, and answering every plea for neglect that the deceitfulness of the human heart is apt to suggest ; never forgetting to remind them that their great strength lay in the all-sufficient grace of Christ, which He will never withhold from them that call upon Him.

“In one word, the pulpit labours of this very able minister presented an exact conformity to the model which St Paul thus describes : ‘Christ in you, the hope of glory : whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom ; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus : whereunto I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily.’ This was the secret of his power as a preacher. The unction of God was upon him, and that unction was rich and abiding. He availed himself of every opportunity for hearing the best preachers of the age ; yet he himself was an imitator of no man, but a pattern from whom the ablest of them might receive instruction.

“Such a ministry, being in every respect agreeable in its manner, and at the same time evangelical, comprehensive, awakening, converting, instructive, edifying, practical, encouraging, could not fail to be popular, in the true and best sense of that term ; and, in fact, we find that, until he was borne down by the infirmities of age, eager multi-

tudes flocked to the places where he was expected to officiate, listening with silent and delighted attention to discourses which it was, indeed, a privilege to hear. They were often long ; for he was full of matter ; but they were always replete with instruction, and always interesting.

“ Let no one suppose that a ministry like this can be attained by the mere force of genius or of natural talents, let them be what they may. It was not thus attained by Dr Bunting. He studied the best sermons in the English language ; he studied the best models of preaching ; he prepared his own sermons with the utmost care, and subjected them from time to time to a strict revision. As a preacher he desired great things, he aimed at great things, he laboured patiently to accomplish great things, and hence his success.”

This remarkable man fell asleep, full of years, June 16, 1858.

DR ROBERT NEWTON

Was born at Roxby, near Whitby, September 8, 1780. He was a man of remarkable eloquence and nobility of manner and form. He expired on Sunday, April 30, 1854. His character as a pulpit orator is thus sketched by his biographer :—

“ As a preacher he is well known to have enjoyed eminent advantages ; such as a fine open countenance, expressive of perfect frankness, generosity, and honesty of purpose ; his features, as it has often been observed, bearing a strong resemblance to those of Milton. In his person he was handsome and well-proportioned, possessing a strength of constitution which seemed to be capable of enduring almost any amount of labour ; and he poured

forth the truth of God with a deep bass voice of such compass and power as even rivalled the tones of a cathedral organ. Of this voice he had a perfect command, so that without an effort he could adapt it to every variety of audience. He could, with equal facility, send forth a volume of sweet sound through the largest and most dense assemblies; and address, with ease and simplicity, a company of peasants at the end of the dining-table in a farmer's kitchen, or behind a chair in the cottage of a day-labourer. To nervous excitement he was an entire stranger; and hence his incomparable voice never faltered; and he never betrayed any uneasiness at the sight of large and overwhelming congregations. His action was easy and free, and his mode of address always becoming and respectful.

“His language was entitled to high praise. His words and idioms were thoroughly English; and his style possessed that first of all excellences, perspicuity; so that, to borrow the thought of an ancient critic, the meaning of his sentences fell upon the mind of the hearer as the light of heaven falls upon the eye. Persons of cultivated intellect admired his correct and energetic diction; and ‘the common people heard him gladly.’ They understood all that he said; they felt the power of his word; they had entire confidence in his integrity; they believed that he meant to do them good; and hence, while they hung upon his lips, their hearts often throbbed with delight. The readiness of his utterance was to him a mighty advantage; and it may be fairly doubted whether, in the entire course of his ministry, embracing a period of more than fifty years, he was ever known to pause for a single moment for an appropriate word in which to express his

thoughts. Yet we shall greatly mistake his character as a public speaker, if we conclude that his facility of expression led him into the vice of a redundant and unintelligible verbiage. His diction was terse and forcible, and his sentences *told* upon his congregation often with thrilling effect.

“As to the substance and matter of his sermons, it may be truly said, that he never lost sight of his Saviour’s charge, ‘Preach the GOSPEL.’ Whoever went to hear him was sure to hear ‘the gospel,’ in some of its great and leading truths; such as the glory of Christ’s person as God incarnate; the nature and benefits of His atonement; the gift and work of the Holy Ghost; the Christian salvation, and the method of its attainment; the power of divine truth and grace to elevate and sanctify the characters of men, and prepare them for the heavenly paradise. In his preaching there was nothing dark and cloudy, nothing mystical, nothing merely speculative, nothing that was intended to dazzle and amuse, no affectation of nice criticism, or of metaphysical argument, no darkening of counsel by words without knowledge. All was clear as the noon-day, presenting truth in all its transparency. Neither in his preaching was there anything rhapsodical or incoherent. All his sermons presented an appearance of just arrangement and of careful preparation; and it was invariably manifest that he had made himself thoroughly master of the subject that he was going to discourse upon before he entered the pulpit. With him the essential verities of the gospel never lost their interest; he preached them, in all their simplicity, through a long life; he lived upon them; they were the nutriment of his spirit; they sustained his faith and hope; and, when he was enfeebled

by age, they fell from his lips with as much freshness as they did when he left his father's house to preach them to the scattered peasantry upon the Yorkshire wolds.

“Having had the happiness of much private intercourse with him, having often conversed with him and heard him preach, and having, at two different times, been associated with him as a colleague in ministerial labour, I hesitate not to affirm that he was an admirable theologian, thoroughly acquainted with revealed truth; and that, in the circuits which he occupied, he brought it before his congregations in all its comprehensiveness, to their delight and edification, especially in the morning and evening of the Lord's day. He was familiar with the phraseology of Holy Scripture, as well as with its facts and doctrines; and hence his sermons were not only rich in evangelical sentiment, but often contained beautiful forms of expression, derived from the oracles of God—those pure fountains of sacred truth—which gratified a just taste, while they conveyed valuable instruction. One of the transatlantic universities, therefore, showed a just estimate of the man, when they conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Divinity. This was a mark of respect to which he was fairly entitled; yet it added nothing to him. His intellectual and moral worth was so prominent, and so generally appreciated, that neither this nor any other degree could increase the public respect; and hence the name by which he was popularly known, was that of plain ROBERT NEWTON. There was no apprehension that any mistake would arise from the omission of his title; for every one felt that there was only one ROBERT NEWTON in the world.”

RICHARD WATSON,

One of the most eminent preachers that Wesleyan Methodism has produced, was born at Barton-upon-Humber, in Lincolnshire, February 22, 1781. The following admirable account of his preaching is extracted from his Life, which was written by his friend and fellow-labourer, the venerated father of the compiler of this volume :—

“As so many of Mr Watson’s discourses have been published, it is the less necessary to say much on the subject of his preaching. His sermons were never crude and undigested, but were invariably prepared with great care. Those which he preached on public occasions were generally written at full length ; in the latter years of his life especially, he was accustomed to write a copious outline of each discourse before its delivery, that the subject might be the more deeply impressed upon his mind. All the sermons contained in his printed works, except the first eleven, which he wrote expressly for publication, may be regarded as specimens of that preparation which it was his practice to make before he addressed his congregations.

“The great aim of his preaching was usefulness ; and hence, except in very peculiar cases, he decidedly disapproved of those sermons which consist mostly of elaborate metaphysical discussion, and the texts of which are used merely as a motto. The business of a Christian preacher, he thought, was to explain and enforce the pure word of God. ‘What is the chaff to the wheat ? saith the Lord.’ No man could have appeared to greater advantage than he as an intellectual preacher, had fame been his object, and had he chosen to address himself only to the understanding and imagination of educated persons ; but

he felt that his business was especially with the consciences of mankind, and that his Lord had sent him, not to shine or to amuse, but to convert sinners, and to build up believers in holiness: and these ends, he saw, could not be obtained but by the instrumentality of divine truth, faithfully and plainly declared, and graciously applied by the Holy Spirit. To the end of his life, therefore, he became increasingly partial to the expository mode of preaching; and in his ordinary ministry his sermons consisted entirely of deductions from his texts, the several parts of which he was careful to explain, and apply to the purposes of practical godliness. His sermons were evangelical in the strict and proper sense of that much-abused term. Christ crucified was his favourite theme. He preached Christ in the glories of His Godhead, the infinite merit of His passion, and the plenitude of His grace and saving power; and so practical and impressive were the views which he presented of every truth upon which he expatiated, that those hearers must have been callous indeed who were not seriously affected under his energetic ministry.

“Mr Watson’s manner in the pulpit was very solemn. Preaching, with him, was a very serious business. He felt the responsibility of standing between God and redeemed sinners, proposing to them, in the divine name, the terms of reconciliation and acceptance; and he often trembled at the thought of being to some of his hearers ‘a savour of death unto death.’ His pallid countenance was therefore paler than usual when he entered the pulpit; and he frequently commenced the public services of religion with a quivering lip and a faltering voice. In the delivery of his sermons he stood perfectly erect, and nearly all the action that he used was a slight motion of the right hand,

with occasionally a significant shake of the head. He was generally calm and deliberate, and often gave strong indications of deep feeling ; but his preaching was never declamatory. His appearance was dignified, and calculated to command respect and silent attention ; and when he began to speak, his hearers felt that they were in the presence of a man who was qualified to instruct. From everything approaching to affectation he was perfectly free ; his pronounciation was chaste and elegant, and his language remarkable for simplicity and strength. He excelled equally in argument, exposition, and persuasion. In some of his sermons there was a remarkable tenderness of sentiment ; but the tone of thought which principally characterised his preaching was that of sublimity. His conceptions often appeared to be even superhuman. The truths of Christianity, as they fell from his lips, were invested with peculiar authority, and were proposed, not as subjects of speculation, but to be received with meekness and submission, to be believed and practised. In his mind every feeling was lost in the desire to be useful—the intense solicitude to save his own soul, and them that heard him. There were not unfrequently in his sermons bursts of eloquence which were absolutely irresistible, and the impression of which was scarcely ever lost. After hearing him preach on the subject of the atonement, in the Methodist Chapel at Leicester, Mr Hall, who was then resident in that town, declared that for a long time he could think of nothing but Mr Watson's sermon. He preached the substance of it to his own congregation, and for several successive Sundays he referred to it in the course of his ministry, and earnestly pressed his people also to hear 'that great man,' as he denominated Mr

Watson, should they ever have an opportunity. Speaking of Mr Watson's preaching, in conversation with the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, whom he honoured with his friendship, Mr Hall said, 'He soars into regions of thought where no genius but his own can penetrate.' It has been also remarked by Mr Montgomery, who often heard Mr Watson, and knew him well, 'It was the character of his great mind to communicate its own power and facility of comprehension to all minds that came under his influence. He so wholly possessed us with his spirit, that, during his progress through regions of intellect or mazes of argument, we were not aware of the speed at which we were carried, or the elevation to which he had borne us beyond ourselves, till some mighty thought came rushing by, like a roll of thunder beneath the car of an aëronaut, reminding him that he is far above the clouds.'"

There is reason to believe that some of the most powerful and stirring appeals ever uttered by Mr Watson from the pulpit were extempore, and were called forth by the occasion. His printed sermons, however, contain many passages, which will give some conception of his power as a public speaker. We will adduce two,—one relating to the state of the heathen, and the other to the gospel as the means of salvation.

State of the Heathen.

"Are we the only strangers and sojourners before God? Look at the crowds which pass you in your busy streets. Cast up the population of Europe; plunge among the countless millions of India and China. They are all strangers and sojourners; their days on earth are as a shadow, and there is no expectation, no 'delay.' They

are hastening onward ; and death and the grave are moving towards them. Under what affecting views does this consideration place our fellow-men, and especially those of them who are living, or rather dying, in the darkness of paganism ! They are indeed 'strangers ;' but they know no better home. No word of reconciliation has opened to them a vista through the grave, and brought to light the distant immortality. They are 'sojourners,' too, and see the frailty of their tents ; and often shudder whilst they hear the rents of their canvas flapping in the midnight wind ; but no Redeemer has cheered them with the hope of a continuing city, and said to them, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' You are indeed strangers, with a home in prospect ; they are strangers and sojourners without one. What a shadow to them is life ! With us, indeed, it may be somewhat substantiated by its connexion with religion and eternity. To them its discipline is not referred to correction ; its changeful scenes carry no moral lesson ; its afflictions no humility ; its blessings, no hope. O pity your fellow-sojourners in travel, without food, without the cheering impulse of a home, in depressing heartlessness, and painful anxiety ! Around your camp, as around that of the Israelites, the manna falls. Invite them to it. The rock has been smitten for you, and follows all your steps with its pure stream. Call, shout to them, lest they perish, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters !' Bid them behold your pillar of fire by night, and cloud by day, and join your camp, that they may have the same blessed guidance. Show them your altars, the smoke of your atonement ; bid them come up to your tabernacle ; and make them know that the desert of life itself may be

cheered with songs, songs of salvation, even in the house of their pilgrimage; and that, although here they have no continuing city, they may seek and find one to come."

Missions.

"Where, then, is the remedy? It is in the gospel of the grace of God. There the deep and pressing want of the world is met. A God is given back to them who have lost the knowledge of Him; and stands confessed before His creatures in all His majesty and in all His grace. A system of morals is ushered in, pure as their Author, and commanding in all their sanctions and motives. The lovely majesty of religion is presented; not the form arrayed in the wild habiliments of superstition, agitated with demoniacal inspirations, stained with gore, and reveling in human misery; but the form of truth and love united, inviting confidence, distributing blessings, and spreading all around her an atmosphere of light, comfort, and healing. The true Propitiation is presented,—the dying Saviour, the powerful Advocate with God, the Friend of Man, Jesus the Saviour; and the nations look unto Him from the ends of the earth, and are saved. O glorious visitation, and 'not in word only, but in power!' Here lies the efficiency of the gospel; this it is which distinguishes it from everything else. All else is human; this only is divine. Wherever there is the gospel, there is God: for 'lo, I am with you.' It is not the cloud of the divine majesty only, but the cloud of the divine presence. It is the voice of God, calling the prisoners of earth to come forth and show themselves; and the arm of God, throwing back the bolt of their dungeon, and leading them into liberty. It is the rain which falls upon

the desert heath, and the vital spirit in it which gives it its fertilising energy. It is the Word of God ; but it is His inspiration, the breathing of His Holy Spirit ; like the gales of spring, not violent, not rushing, but everywhere wafting life, and converting the wintry heath into fruitfulness and health. It is the mighty chariot of salvation, Messiah's moving throne, instinct with life, every sweeping wheel full of eyes and full of energy. It moves with resistless velocity ; before it fly ' the gods,' the vain idols, ' who have not made the heavens and the earth,' and yet have usurped the honours of God. Affrighted as the lambs at the sound of mighty thunderings, they fly before ; whilst, behind, it leaves in its progress a train of light and blessing ample as the earth, and welcome as the day-spring to them who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death."

The following pithy advice to preachers by old John Byrom was much admired and followed by some of the foregoing Methodist ministers, and may be read with advantage by all :—

“ To speak for God, to sound religion's praise,
Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise ;
T'infuse the contrite wish to conquest nigh,
And point the steps mysterious as they lie ;
To seize the wretch in full career of lust,
And soothe the silent sorrows of the just :
Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich ?
But who must talk ? Not the mere modern sage,
Who suits the soften'd gospel to the age ;

Who ne'er to raise degenerate practice strives,
 But brings the practice down to Christian lives :
 Not he who maxims from old reading took,
 And never saw himself but through a book :
 Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace
 Soon sinks extinguish'd as a comet's blaze :
 Not he who strains in Scripture phrase t' abound,
 Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound :
 But he, who silence loves, and never dealt
 In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.
 Guilty you speak, if subtle from within
 Blows on your words the self-admiring sin :
 If unresolved to choose the better part,
 Your forward tongue belies your languid heart :
 But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind,
 Above self-seeking blest, on God reclin'd,
 Feels Him suggest unlabour'd sense,
 And ope a shrine of sweet benevolence.
 Some high behests of heaven you then fulfil,
 Sprung from His light your words, and issuing by His
 will.

Nor yet expect so mystically long
 Till certain inspiration loose your tongue :
 Express the precept runs, " Do good to all ;"
 Nor add, " Whene'er you find an inward call."
 'Tis God commands : no further motive seek,
 Speak on without, or with reluctance speak :
 To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,
 And kindle, till you catch the gospel fire.

* * * * *

The specious sermons of a learned man
 Are little else but flashes in the pan,

The mere haranguing (upon what they call
Morality) is powder without ball :
But he who preaches with a Christian grace,
Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place."

—*John Byrom.*

Old Yorkshire Sermons.

A jocose and amiable clergyman was proceeding to supply the "duty" at a church some miles distant from his own home. Cantering leisurely along on his Galloway, he overtook one of the local preachers, trudging on foot to a village, where he was to hold forth in a barn. The clergyman entered into conversation with the worthy preacher, whom he knew well; and being a wit himself, he was the awakener of wit in others. "My friend," said he, "I am afraid you are poorly paid for your zealous exertions." His companion gravely assented. "Now, I get a guinea for my sermon this morning; what may you get?" "Whaa?" answered the preacher. "Ah do not expect much at t' present time; but when my great Master comes to reckon with his servants at t' last, ah hope, if ah be found faithful, to get a CROWN!" An admirable reply, in the solemn humour of which the clergyman entirely acquiesced.

The local preachers, being for the most part men of very humble social position, did not receive the consideration from pew-openers, chapel-keepers, and others, which was accorded to their "travelling" brethren. One happening to reach the meeting-house vestry wet and tired, after a long walk in the rain, accosted the old lady in attendance, and said, "I am very weary, Mrs —, and wet through; could you find me a glass of wine?" She

did not reply, like the old Scotchwoman, "Get up into pulpit with you; you'll be dry enough there;" but with a sly twinkle of the eye, as if she perfectly knew the meaning of her blunder, she added, "A've got noa port wine for you; you LOCUST preachers have drunk it all up!"

The sermons of the most remarkable of these self-taught preachers were sometimes bizarre, grotesque, and, to a highly cultivated and sensitive understanding, ridiculous; but there were specimens among them, never reduced to writing, the memories of which yet live in the breasts of aged Yorkshiremen, that might compare with Dante for sublimity and gloom, or with the rude but impressive sculpture on and around the portals of a mediæval cathedral, for bold word-painting. With a voice of high-pitched recitative, sometimes approaching a scream, with wild and vehement gesticulation, they laid firm grasp, through the power of sympathy and the spell of imagination, on their bucolic auditory. There was no denying one thing—they believed, and therefore they spoke. One of them went by the familiar name of "Our Billy." He has been known to take a pair of scales into the pulpit, and literally to weigh in the balance the several characters he described. He once summoned a lost spirit from the grave to give an account of the manner of his life, solemnly inviting him to take his place in the front seat of the gallery, behind the clock, that he might be better seen and heard. The people in the pew started and turned pale, as if they were really conscious of the presence of a departed soul. On one occasion, discoursing on David slaying the Philistine giant with a sling and a stone, he paused for a moment, as though contemplating Goliath's prostrate form, when a burly farmer, sweating with excite-

ment and heat, for the chapel was crammed, could contain himself no longer, but rose and stood on the seat, shouting at the top of his voice, "Off with his head, Billy ; off with his head !"

Such are a few illustrations of old Yorkshire religious life. The men and their manners have for ever passed away ; the present age produces none like them, nor can it, for the world moves on, and all is changed.

DR ROBERT STEPHENS M'ALL

Was born at Plymouth on the 4th of August 1792. He became an Independent minister early in life. His chief popularity may be dated from the year 1827, when he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Moseley Street Chapel, Manchester. He died July 27, 1838. He was in many respects similar in character to Robert Hall, and, like him, in the latter days of his life was afflicted with acute pain. For many years he stood in the foremost rank of Congregationalist preachers, his friendly rivals in popularity being Thorpe of Bristol, James Parsons of York, and Richard Winter Hamilton of Leeds. The following passage fairly represents his ornate and brilliant style :—

Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

"With the utmost justice, therefore, not less than with the utmost magnificence, may this doctrine of redemption be described under the appellations here employed ; and it is not without reason that so eminent a place is assigned it, when the apostle calls it by the names of two great attributes which stand foremost in the array of the divine perfections—WISDOM and POWER.

“ Many are the modifications of glory associated with them in the adorable character of God ; but these are essentially connected with the very thought of his existence. They are those with which we come earliest into acquaintance, and which stand related to his largest and most varied range of operations ; and, having to do with the formation as well as the government of all things, they meet our view, not less in the constitution and primary condition of every creature, than in its preservation or its after circumstances. And it must be so ; for without consummate wisdom, a being of unlimited power would be most inapt to the control of numberless free and accountable agents ; but without power equal to his intelligence, a being of infinite wisdom, baffled by his own designs, and lost in the immensity of his own purposes, would be supremely and infinitely miserable. Their combination in equal measure, therefore, as it is inseparable from his nature, is required alike in order to his rectitude and his felicity.

“ His manifestations, accordingly, are numberless, and their diversity without end ; and though, in particular instances, when we attempt their distinct celebration, we are often confounded by the difficulty of deciding between them, yet their essence is as dissimilar as their glory is alike. Each has its own sphere of action, and each its standard of independent excellence.

“ It is power which brings out of nothing ; wisdom which arrays and beautifies. Power is the source of elements ; wisdom, of affinities : power, of innate forces and undirected energies ; wisdom, of useful adaptations and beneficial results. Power might create a chaos ; wisdom must fabricate a world.

“When we think of God’s power, it is natural to contemplate Him as ‘speaking, and it was done ; commanding, and it stood fast ;’ when of His wisdom, as ‘preparing the heavens, and setting a compass upon the face of the depth.’ His power presents Him as He ‘stood and measured the earth, He beheld and drove asunder the nations ; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow ;’ His wisdom, as He is arrayed with a serener majesty, ‘weighing those mountains in scales, and those hills in a balance.’

“His power finds its witnesses in the lightning and the whirlwind ; His wisdom in those delicate and just proportions, which fit the most destructive of elements to sustain and nourish life. His power, in the immensity and innate properties of matter ; His wisdom, in those exquisite organisations which minister to hearing, sight, or touch ; which sustain the flight of the insect, or give residence and action to the intellect of man.

“We look for the emblem of His power in the vast and fathomless ocean, which is yet held in the hollow of His hand ; we find the demonstrations of His wisdom in the arrangement and the splendour which makes every dew-drop an abyss of wonders.

“But they are usually presented with equal clearness and indissoluble union ; and, whether we regard them on the scale of an atom or of the universe, their greatness is the same,—while, from their concurrence, each becomes more glorious, and is productive of effects more variously perfect. Meeting, in every department of the divine workmanship, with specimens as elaborate in execution as they are consummate in design, we are unable often to determine which most we should admire, and must content

ourselves with the sublime reflection of the prophet, 'This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.'

"Perhaps it is power which most astonishes us in the productions of nature; wisdom, which excites our greatest admiration in the disposals of providence; but the union of both which we behold with the sublimest ravishment in the mystery of redemption.

"It is a high and sovereign exercise of power to pardon sin, but an arrangement of profoundest wisdom to make that pardon consistent with the honour of the Lawgiver and the security of His dominion. Power might rescue; wisdom would redeem.

"It is benignant power we witness when, after the formation of this wonderful economy, and all its preceding evolutions, Jehovah at length goes forth in His chariot of salvation; but it is the voice of wisdom which we hear crying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.'

"We behold almighty power raising up from among the nations the ancestry of the Messiah,—preserving His lineage unbroken through so many ages,—and fulfilling, by continued miracle, what had once been uttered by an unalterable decree: 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to Him shall the gathering of the people be.' We hear its awful proclamation in regard to the mightiest of surrounding states: 'I will overturn, overturn, over-

turn, until He come whose right it is to reign :’ and we acknowledge its effects, when an invisible hand is found going before those on whom the fulfilment of this purpose is anywise dependent, ‘to loosen the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates ; to break in pieces the doors of brass, and to cut in sunder the bars of iron.’ But we discern not less of wisdom, so ordering all things by the co-operation of natural causes, that, when the long-looked-for Messiah actually came, the state both of the world and of His own people should be such as to insure His rejection, and to issue even in His death ; and yet to make the consequences of His ministry the most extensively effectual, causing their tidings to spread, and their influence to be experienced, with the greatest speed and certainty, over every land.

“How illustriously is the agency of omnipotence revealed, when at length, though lifted up upon a cross, He becomes the conqueror of death, the spoiler of the grave, the deliverer of captive souls, and the emancipator of an enslaved world ! And yet, conspicuous as are these discoveries, the features of unerring and awful wisdom are at least equally discernible. It is the part of such wisdom to attain the greatest ends, without profuse or ineffective expenditure ; to restrain the premature disclosure of its objects ; to provide, infallibly, against emergent occasions, and contingent events ; to neutralise opposition and hinderance ; or to convert opponent forces into auxiliaries and useful allies ;—and thus to secure its results in a manner exempt from complication or embarrassment, as well as from ostentatious or unmeaning display. Now, in each of these is revealed,—and revealed as if each stood alone,—‘the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and

knowledge of God,' in the process of redeeming mercy. An illustration of this may be derived from the life and ministry of Jesus, where we see everything conducted in a method of consummate regularity and order,—nothing precipitated, nothing delayed,—not a step taken unadvisedly, or before its time,—even from His first miracle in Cana, to the day when Moses and Elias, like the ambassadors of some great empire, appeared with Him in glory on the Mount, holding a solemn and final conference respecting “the decease He was to accomplish at Jerusalem,” and all that must yet precede that hour of agony and triumph when He should exclaim, on a review of the whole, “It is finished.”

JOHN ANGELL JAMES

Was, for many years, the well-known minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham. He wrote a work entitled, “AN EARNEST MINISTRY,” which contains the following remarkable passage upon sermons and preaching: “Will any one deny that, in the present state of modern society, we want an earnest ministry to break in some degree the spell, and leave the soul at liberty for the affairs of a kingdom which is not of this world? When politics have come upon the minds and investigations of our people for six days out of seven, invested with the charms of eloquence, and decked with the colours of party; when the orator and the writer have thrown the witchery of genius over the soul, how can it be expected that tame, spiritless, rapid common-places from the pulpit, sermons without either head or heart, having neither weight of matter nor grace of manner, neither genius to compensate for the want of taste, nor taste to compensate for the

want of genius, no unction of evangelical truth, no impress of eternity, no radiance from heaven, no terror from hell; in short, no adaptation to awaken reflection or to produce conviction; how can it be expected, I say, that such sermons can avail to accomplish the purposes for which the gospel is to be preached? What chance have such preachers amidst the tumult to be heard or felt; or what claim have they upon the public attention, amidst the high excitement in which we live? Their hearers too often feel that in listening to their sermons on the Sabbath, as compared with what they have heard and read during the week, it is as if they were turning from the brilliant and tasteful gaslight, to the dim and smoking spark of the tallow and the rush. Who but the pastor that can speak in power and demonstration of the Spirit—a man who shall rise Sabbath after Sabbath in the pulpit, clothed with a potency to throw into shadow, by his vivid representations of heaven and eternity, all these painted nothings, on which his hearers are in danger of squandering their immortal souls.”

PREACHING.

(*From the Table-Talk of John Selden.*)

“ Nothing is more mistaken than that speech, *Preach the gospel*; for 'tis not to make long harangues, as they do now-a-days, but to tell the news of Christ's coming into the world; and when that is done, or where 'tis known already, the preacher's work is done.

“ 2. Preaching, in the first sense of the word, ceased as soon as ever the gospel was written.

“ 3. When the preacher says, This is the meaning of the

Holy Ghost in such a place, in sense he can mean no more than this : that is, I, by studying of the place, by comparing one place with another, by weighing what goes before and what comes after, think this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost ; and for shortness of expression I say, The Holy Ghost says thus, or, This is the meaning of the Spirit of God. So the judge speaks of the king's proclamation, This is the intention of the king ; not that the king had declared his intention any other way to the judge, but the judge, examining the contents of the proclamation, gathers by the purport of the words the king's intention ; and then, for shortness of expression, says, This is the king's intention.

“ 4. Nothing is text but what was spoken in the Bible, and meant there for person and place ; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well ; but 'tis his Scripture, not the Holy Ghost.

“ 5. Preaching by the Spirit, as they call it, is most esteemed by the common people, because they cannot abide art or learning, which they have not been bred up in. Just as in the business of fencing, if one country fellow amongst the rest has been at the school, the rest will undervalue his skill, or tell him he wants valour : *You come with your school tricks ; there's Dick Butcher has ten times more mettle in him.* So they say to the preachers, *You come with your school learning ; there's such a one has the Spirit.*

“ 6. The tone in preaching does much in working upon the people's affections. If a man should make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress would not regard him ; and therefore he must whine. If a man should cry ' Fire ' or ' Murder ' in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him.

“7. Preachers will bring anything into the text. The young Masters of Arts preached against *non-residency* in the university, whereupon the Heads made an order, that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words, *Abraham begat Isaac*. When he had gone a good way, at last he observed, that *Abraham* was resident; for if he had been non-resident he could never have begat *Isaac*; and so fell foul upon the non-residents.

“8. I could never tell what often preaching meant, after a church is settled, and we know what is to be done; 'tis just as if a husbandman should once tell his servants what they are to do, when to sow, when to reap; and afterwards one should come and tell them twice or thrice a day what they know already. You must sow your wheat in *October*, you must reap your wheat in *August*, &c.

“9. The main argument why they would have two sermons a day, is because they have two meals a day; the soul must be fed as well as the body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two noses because I have two eyes, or two mouths because I have two ears. What have meals and sermons to do with one another?

“10. The things between God and man are but a few, and those, forsooth, we must be told often of. But things between man and man are many; those I hear of not above twice a year at the Assizes, or once a quarter at the Sessions. But few come then; nor does the minister exhort the people to go at these times to learn their duty towards their neighbour. Often preaching is sure to keep the minister in countenance, that he may have something to do.

“ 11. In preaching they say more to raise men to love virtue than men can possibly perform, to make them do their best; as if you would teach a man to throw the bar, to make him put out his strength, you bid him throw farther than it is possible for him, or any man else : Throw over yonder house.

“ 12. In preaching they do by men as writers of romances do by their chief knights, bring them into many dangers, but still fetch them off : so they put men in fear of hell, but at last bring them to heaven.

“ 13. Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do. But if a physician had the same disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing, and he do quite another, could I believe him ?

“ 14. Preaching the same sermon to all sorts of people, is as if a schoolmaster should read the same lesson to his several forms. If he reads *Amo, amas, amavi*, the highest forms laugh at him ; the younger boys admire him : so 'tis preaching to a mixed auditory. *Objection.* But it cannot be otherwise ; the parish cannot be divided into several forms : what must the preacher then do in discretion ? *Answer.* Why, then, let him use some expressions by which this or that condition of people may know such doctrine does more especially concern them ; it being so delivered that the wisest may be content to hear. For if he delivers it altogether, and leaves it to them to single out what belongs to themselves, (which is the usual way,) 'tis as if a man would bestow gifts upon children of several ages, two years old, four years old, ten years old, &c., and there he brings *tops, pins, points, ribands*, and casts them all in a heap together upon a table before them ; though the boy of ten years old knows how to choose his *top*, yet the child of two

years old, that should have a *riband*, takes a *pin*, and the *pin*, e'er he be aware, pricks his fingers, and then all's out of order, &c. Preaching, for the most part, is the glory of the preacher, to show himself a fine man. Catechising would do much better.

“ 15. Use the best arguments to persuade, though but few understand ; for the ignorant will sooner believe the judicious of the parish than the preacher himself ; and they teach when they dissipate what he has said, and believe it the sooner, confirmed by men of their own side. For betwixt the laity and the clergy there is, as it were, a continual driving of a bargain ; something the clergy would still have us be at, and therefore many things are heard from the preacher with suspicion. They are afraid of some ends, which are easily assented to when they have it from one of themselves. 'Tis with a sermon as 'tis with a play ; many come to see it, which do not understand it ; and yet, hearing it cried up by one, whose judgment they cast themselves upon, and of power with them, they swear and will die in it, that 'tis a very good play, which they would not have done if the priest himself had told him so. As in a great school, 'tis [not] * the master that teaches all ; the monitor does a great deal of work ; it may be the boys are afraid to see the master : so in a parish 'tis not the minister does all ; the greater neighbour teaches the lesser, the master of the house teaches his servant, &c.

“ 16. First in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root ; yet I confess more are taken with rhetoric than logic, because they are caught with a free expression, when they understand not reason.

* *Not* is omitted in the orig. ed.

Logic must be natural, or it is worth nothing at all ; your rhetoric figures may be learned. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt commander at *Cadiz*, who showed himself a good orator ; being to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose : *What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and brewess, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons !* and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a more learned oration. Rhetoric is very good, or stark naught : there's no *medium* in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded I laugh at the orator.

“ 17. 'Tis good to preach the same thing again ; for that's the way to have it learned. You see a bird by often whistling to learn a tune, and a month after record it to herself.

“ 18. 'Tis a hard case a minister should be turned out of his living for something they inform him he should say in his pulpit. We can no more know what a minister said in his sermon by two or three words picked out of it, than we can tell what tune a musician played last upon the lute, by two or three single notes.”

THE THREE SCOFFERS.

In a seaport town on the west coast of England, notice was once given of a sermon to be preached there one Sunday evening. The preacher was a man of great celebrity, and that circumstance, together with the object of the discourse, being to enforce the duty of strict observance of the Sabbath, attracted an overflowing audience.

After the usual prayers and praises, the preacher read his text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who assembled that evening were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intention of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in the pulpit. Accordingly, they had not attended long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said, 'It would be better altogether to give up the design which has brought us here.' At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men! The first was hanged many years ago at Tyburn for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's

agitation here became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you! Listen to him!"

Cecil on Long Sermons.

"The sermons of the last century were like their large unwieldy chairs. Men have now a far truer idea of a chair. They consider it a piece of furniture to sit on, and cut away from it everything that encumbers it. One of the most important considerations in making a sermon is to disembarass it as much as possible. A young minister must learn to separate and select his materials. Some things respond; they ring again. He must remark, too, what it is that puzzles and distracts the mind. All this is to be avoided. It may bear the garb of deep research and acumen and extensive learning, but it is nothing to the mass of mankind."—*Cecil's Remains*, p. 74.

Archbishop Whately somewhere says, "Many a wandering discourse one hears in which the preacher aims at nothing, and hits it." "Some speakers resemble an exploring party in a newly-discovered island, they start in any direction, without aim or object."

THE REVEREND GEORGE WAGNER.

One of the Brighton clergy of the Church of England has lately gone to his rest. His biographer records a practice of his which is well worthy of the imitation of every Christian minister:—"Every July when the anniversary came round of his first entrance on his parochial charge, it was his custom to preach a sermon upon the nature, the purpose, the duties, the responsibilities, or the

authority of the Christian ministry ; recalling the thoughts of his people and himself to the relations which subsisted between them, and urgently pressing home the question, What results had arisen from it? Thus, in July 1847, (for instance,) he preached a sermon on 1 Sam. iii. 19 : ‘Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground ;’ in which he set forth with luminous clearness, deep pathos, and rich abundance of anecdote, what ought to be the marks and evidences of a successful ministration of God’s word, sadly contrasting the ideal of his hopes with the reality of his experience.”

Say your Prayers in Fair Weather.

A sea captain, of a profligate character, who commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America, during the last war, once took on board a man as a common sailor, to serve during the voyage, just as he was leaving port. The new-comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome, untractable disposition, a furious blasphemer, and, when an opportunity offered, a drunkard. Besides all these disqualifications, he was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or counterfeited ignorance to escape duty. In short, he was the bane and plague of the vessel, and refused obstinately to give any account of himself or his family or past life.

At length a violent storm arose, all hands were piped upon deck, and all, as the captain thought, were too few to save the ship. When the men were mustered to their quarters, the sturdy blasphemer was missing, and my friend went below to seek for him ; great was his surprise at finding him on his knees repeating the Lord’s prayer,

with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless reiterations. Vexed at what he deemed hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, exclaiming, "*Say your prayers in fair weather.*" The man rose up, observing in a low voice, "God grant I may ever see fair weather to say them."

In a few hours the storm happily abated, a week more brought them to harbour, and an incident so trivial passed quickly away from the memory of the captain; the more easily, as the man in question was paid off the day after landing, and appeared not again.

Four years more had elapsed, during which, though the captain had twice been shipwrecked, and was grievously hurt by the falling of a spar, he pursued without amendment a life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period he arrived in the port of New York, after a very tedious and dangerous voyage from England.

It was on a Sabbath morning, and the streets were thronged with persons proceeding to the several houses of worship, with which that city abounds; but the captain was bent on far other occupation, designing to drown the recollection of perils and deliverances, in a celebrated tavern which he had too long, and too often frequented.

As he walked leisurely towards this goal, he encountered a very dear friend, a quondam associate of many a thoughtless hour. Salutations over, the captain seized him by the arm, declaring that he should accompany him to the hotel. "I will do so," replied the other, with great calmness, "on condition that you come with me first for a single hour into this house, (a church,) and thank God for His mercies to you on the deep." The captain was ashamed to refuse, so the two friends entered the temple together. Already

all the seats were occupied, and a dense crowd filled the aisle ; and, by dint of personal exertion, they succeeded in reaching a position right in front of the pulpit, at about five yards distance. The preacher, one of the most popular of the day, riveted the attention of the entire congregation, including the captain himself, to whom his features and voice, though he could not assign any time or place of previous meeting, seemed not wholly unknown, particularly when he spoke with animation. At length the preacher's eye fell upon the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused, still gazing upon the captain, as if to make himself sure that he laboured under no optical delusion ; and, after a silence of more than a minute, pronounced with a voice that shook the building, " Say your prayers in fair weather."

The audience were lost in amazement, nor was it until a considerable time had elapsed, that the preacher recovered sufficient self-possession to recount the incident with which the reader is already acquainted ; adding, with deep emotion, that the words which his captain uttered in the storm, had clung to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears ; that he felt the holy call as coming direct from above, to do the work of his crucified Master ; that he had studied at college for the ministry, and was now, through grace, such as they saw and heard.

At the conclusion of this affecting address, he called on the audience to join prayer with himself, that the same words might be blessed in turn to him who first had used them. But God had outrun their petitions ; the captain was already repentant before his old shipmate had ceased to tell his story. The power of the Spirit had

wrought effectually upon him, and subdued every lofty imagination. And so, when the people dispersed, he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher, with whom he tarried six weeks, and parted from him to pursue his profession, with a heart devoted to the service of his Saviour, and with holy and happy assurances which advancing years hallowed, strengthened, and sanctified.

THE REV. THOMAS ROBINSON

Was sometime Vicar of St Mary's, Leicester, and the author of the well-known volume, entitled "Scripture Characters."

"Who ever heard him," says Robert Hall, of Leicester, his personal friend and admirer, "without feeling a persuasion that it was the man of God who addressed him; or without being struck with the perspicuity of his statements, the solidity of his thoughts, and the rich unction of his spirit? It was the harp of David, which, struck with his powerful hand, sent forth more than mortal sounds, and produced an impression far more deep and permanent than the thunder of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagrations of Cicero. The hearers of Mr Robinson were too much occupied with the subject he presented to their attention to waste a thought on the speaker; this occupied a second place in the order of their reflections, but when it did occur it assumed the character, not of superficial admiration, but of profound attachment. Their feelings towards him were not those of persons gratified, but benefited; and they listened to his instructions, not as a source of amusement, but as a spring of living water. There never was a settled pastor, probably, who had formed a juster conception of the true end of preaching, who pursued it

more steadily, or attained it to a greater extent. He preached immortal truth with a most extraordinary simplicity, perspicuity, and energy, in a style adapted to all capacities, equally removed from vulgarity and affected refinement ; and the tribute paid to his exertions consisted not in loud applauses, it was of a higher order ; it consisted of penitential sighs, holy resolutions of a determination of the whole soul to God, and such impressions on the spirits of men as will form the line of separation betwixt the happy and the miserable to all eternity."

From the memoirs of this distinguished preacher it appears that, during the first seven years of his ministry, he composed all his sermons before preaching, and delivered them without alteration or addition from the manuscripts he had prepared. After that period he preached from short notes. These contained the main divisions of his subject, and a sketch of all the leading ideas which he meant to introduce, together with his formal references to the Holy Bible. The impression produced by his written, and by his extemporary sermons, is said to have been much the same ; only it was remarked that he was slower and more deliberate in the delivery of the latter than of the former.

Puritans.

In the time of the civil war of Charles the First, it was quite a common practice among the Puritans to inform God of the transactions of the times. "Oh my good Lord God," says Mr G. Swathe in his volume of prayers, "I hear the king hath set up his standard at York against the Parliament and city of London. Look thou upon them. Take their cause into thine own hand ; appear thou in the

cause of thy saints, the cause in hand, it is thy cause, Lord. We know that the king is misled, deluded, and deceived, by his Popish, Arminian, and temporising, rebellious, indignant faction and party," &c. They would, says Dr Echard, in their prayers and sermons tell God, that they would be willing to be at any charge and trouble for Him, and to do as it were any kindness for the Lord ; the Lord might now trust them and rely upon them, they should not fail Him : they should not be unmindful of His business : His work should not stand still, nor His designs be neglected. They must needs say, that they had formerly received some favours from God, and have been, as it were, beholden to the Almighty ; but they did not much question but that they should find some opportunity of making some amends for the many good things, and, as I may so say, civilities which they had received from Him. Indeed, as for those that are weak in the faith, and are yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that they should keep at some distance from God, should kneel before Him and stand, as I may say, cap-in-hand to the Almighty ; but as for those that are strong in all gifts, and grown up in all grace, and are come to a fulness and ripeness in the Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to take a great chair, and sit at the end of the table, and with their cocked hats on their heads say, God, we thought it not amiss to call upon thee this evening, and let thee know how affairs stand. We have been very watchful since we were last with thee, and they are in a very hopeful condition. We hope that thou wilt not forget us ; for we are very thoughtful of thy concerns. We do somewhat long to hear from thee ; and if thou pleasest to give us such a thing, *i. e.* victory, we shall be, as I may so say, good to

thee in something else, when it lies in our way. The rebellious too, would in their prayers, pretend to foretell things, to encourage people in their rebellion. The following instance is to be met with in the prayers of the above-mentioned Mr George Swathe, minister of Denham in Suffolk. "Oh! my good Lord God, I praise thee for discovering last week, in the day time, a vision, that there were two great armies about York, one of the malignant party about the king, the other party, Parliament and professors; and the better side should have help from heaven against the worst; about, or at which instant of time, we heard the soldiers at York had raised up a sponce against Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces against Hull; against which fort, Sir John Hotham, keeper of Hull, by a garrison, discharged four great ordnance, and broke down the sponce, and killed divers cavaliers in it. Lord, I praise thee for discovering this victory, at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected three or four days, and no arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching; but when she had prayed to be established in faith in thee, then presently thou didst by this vision, strongly possess her soul, that thine, and our enemies should be overcome."

ACTION AND DELIVERY.

Advice to Young Preachers.

Diaconus. Is there anything against which you particularly guard me in delivering my sermons?

Pastor. Yes; guard against speaking in an unnatural and artificial voice.

D. I am glad that you have mentioned this; for I perceive that almost every minister in the pulpit speaks in a voice which he never uses on any other occasion, and I am well assured that it is that which makes sermons in general so uninteresting. Can you tell me how I may manage to find, as it were, my natural voice?

P. Yes; before you read your sermon at home, speak some sentence in a whisper to your chair, or writing desk, if you please, as to a living object; and then suppose this imaginary auditor to recede from you to the distance of five yards, ten yards, twenty yards, and strengthen your voice progressively in proportion to the distance; and then again, suppose him to approach you gradually, in the manner in which he had receded, and let the force of your voice proportionably abate, till, on account of his proximity, you find a whisper will suffice. Do this; and if your whisper at the beginning and end be a natural whisper, you may be sure that you have kept your natural voice. If you speak to two thousand people you should not rise to a different key, but still preserve your customary pitch. The only difference you are to make, is from the piano to the forte of the same note. You know that on a violincello, you may sound scarcely to be heard; or that you may strike it with such force, that it shall twang again. So it is with your voice, it is by the strength, and not by the elevation of it that you are heard. You will remember that a whole discourse is to be delivered, and if you get into an unnatural key, you will both injure yourself and weary your audience.

D. And is this the plan you would recommend for reading the prayers?

P. No. I have an easier and better plan for that

never *read* the prayers, but *pray* them. Utter them precisely as you would, if you were addressing the Almighty, in the same language in your secret chamber; only of course you must strengthen your voice as in the former case.

Ungraceful Delivery.

“To other causes of the unpopularity of sermons may be added the extremely ungraceful manner in which they are delivered. The English, generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad manner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plenitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted on his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium; if, by mischance, his hand slips from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigorous sameness. Is it wonder then that every semi-delirious sectary, who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two days preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with *his mouth alone*, but with *his whole body*; he articulates with every limb, and talks from

head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field-preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice, numbed into quiescence, stagnation, and mumbling?

“It is theatrical to use action, and it is methodistical to use action. But we have cherished contempt for sectaries, and persevered in dignified tameness so long, that while we are freezing common sense for large salaries in stately churches, amidst whole acres and furlongs of empty pews, the crowd are feasting on ungrammatical fervour and illiterate animation in the crumbling hovels of Methodists. If influence over the imagination can produce these powerful effects, if this be the chain by which the people are dragged captive at the wheel of enthusiasm, why are we, who are rocked in the cradle of ancient genius, who hold in one hand the book of the wisdom of God, and in the other grasp that eloquence which ruled the Pagan world—why are we never to rouse, to appeal, to inflame, to break through every barrier, up to the very haunts and chambers of the soul? If the vilest interest upon earth can daily call forth all the powers of the mind, are we to harangue on public order and public happiness, to picture a reuniting world, a resurrection of souls, and to unveil the throne of God, with a wretched apathy which we neither feel nor show in the most trifling concerns of life? This surely can be neither decency nor piety, but ignorant shame, boyish bashfulness, luxurious indolence, or anything but

propriety and sense. There is, I grant, something discouraging at present to a man of sense in the sarcastical phrase of popular preacher ; but I am not entirely without hope, that the time may come when energy in the pulpit will be no longer considered as a mark of superficial understanding ; when animation and affection will be separated ; when churches will cease (as Swift says) to be public dormitories ; and sleep be no longer looked upon as the most convenient vehicle of good sense."—*Preface to Sydney Smith's Sermons.*

Bell on the Action of the Hand.

"On expression in the hand. Before we conclude let us speak of the hand as an organ of expression. Formal dissertations have been composed on this topic. But were we to seek for authorities, we should take in evidence the works of the great painters. By representing the hands disposed in conformity with the attitudes of the figures, the old masters have been able to express every different kind of sentiment in their compositions. Who, for example, has not been sensible to the expression of reverence in the hands of the *Magdalens* by Guido, to the eloquence in those of the *Cartoons* by Raphael, or in the significant force in those of the *Last Supper* by Da Vinci ? In these great works may be seen all that Quintilian says the hand is capable of expressing:—'For other parts of the body assist the speaker, but these I may say speak for themselves. By them we ask, we promise, we invoke, we dismiss, we threaten, we entreat, we deprecate, we express fear, joy, grief, our doubts, our assent, our penitence ; we show moderation, profusion ; we mark number and time.'"—*Murray's edit. of Bell, 1854, p. 262.*

Addison on Action.

“We can speak of life and death in cold blood, and though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. In England we see people lulled to sleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowings and distortions of enthusiasm. If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men’s minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with becoming fervour, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture?”—*Addison’s Works, by Bp. Hurd*, vol. iii. p. 386.

Dr Johnson on Action.

“Whether action may not be of use in churches where the preacher addresses a mingled audience may deserve inquiry. It is certain that the senses are more powerful as the reason is weaker, and that he whose ears convey little to the mind may sometimes listen with his eyes, till truth takes possession of his heart. If there be any use of gesticulation in the pulpit, it must be applied to the ignorant and rude, who will be more affected by *vehemence* than delighted by propriety.”—*Rambler*.





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