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THE
BIBLIOTHECA SACRA,
NO. LIII
AND
AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY,
NO. CV.

JANUARY, 1857.

ARTICLE I.
CHARACTER IN THE PREACHER.¹

By Richard S. Storrs, Jr., D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN, OF THE PORTER RHETORICAL SOCIETY:—As I stand here to-day many thoughts press upon me, inducing an unusual but a natural diffidence, in the performance of this your honorable service. I stand before some to whom I have long been accustomed to look as teachers and exemplars in each power or art that goes to make up the finished whole of pulpit eloquence. I stand as one, and among the humblest, in a series of orators, some of whose clear and venerable names have been consecrated by Death, while others are still borne, more bright and eminent as the years go forward, on the standards of the church.

The theme to which the occasion invites me, is at best a difficult one to treat; since we naturally demand of him who exhibits the principles of the eloquence which takes the pulpit for its throne, that he illustrate in himself the rules which he proposes, and show their successful application to

¹ An Address delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Aug. 5th, 1856.

us. And where this, in years past, has been nobly done, where each main principle, and each special ornament, of the function of the preacher has been set forth and exemplified, it is hardly possible for a younger and less accomplished student, coming up for a day to these calm retreats from the year-long roar and strife of the metropolis, to hope to do more than demonstrate by contrast the importance and the dignity of the art which he admires, but which he vainly attempts to realize.

And yet every man, if he be true to himself, and faithful to the impulses which stir most deeply within his breast, may have something to say to his fellow-men which shall not be all unworthy of their attention. And so it is with no sense of hesitation and disquiet,—rather, it is with a cheerful sense of gladness and gratitude, that the opportunity has been given me—that I appeal to you to-day to hear me on the theme which has assembled us; a theme which hath its own proper dignity, its inward beauty, hardly to be marred by any exhibition.

We stand, at this point, at the head-spring of influences which shall stream forth hereafter across all lands. We meet to confer concerning efforts and methods which have for their object the renewal of the world, by God's truth, and by his Spirit; the allying of the world to him, in love. Deeper than all the forces of politics, wider than the range of commercial relations, more vital and renovating than the influence which breathes through literature and art, go the precepts and inspirations that emanate from each centre of ministerial training. They build no special monuments and trophies, of palace or capital, of epic or of code; but it is because the whole living Future, with its peace and its liberty, its light and its progress, is to be their memorial. They look for no verdicts of human applause, such as await and greet the soldier, or celebrate the statesman in the evening of life; but it is because their honors await them amid the assemblies of seraphim and of saints, beneath the sapphire throne above! And not one State only, revolutionized or confirmed; not one institution only, founded or enlarged; not one branch of

knowledge, enriched or eclaircised ; not one interest of man, made nobler and more firm ; but every State, renewed by the truth, and filled with peace, and grouped with others in kindly fellowship ; and every institution, made a shrine of God's presence ; and every science, and every art, advanced to completeness, and clothed upon with celestial meanings ; and every possession and interest of man, perfected and redeemed ; is to be the fruit, as it now is the aim, of the influence exerted by the preacher of the cross.

The Eloquence of the Pulpit takes the largest importance from its relation to these results. And to cultivate this is the object of this Society ; to gain and to use this, is the effort and the hope of those who have taken the ministry for their work. I invite you to look a little while to-day, then, not at the special rules of this Eloquence, the particular studies or the particular practices that may help us attain it, the particular results that may be reckoned to flow from it ; but at that which lies back of it, indispensable to it, and which, wherever it exists and is manifested, begets such Eloquence, as suns beget light, or as flowers beget perfume ; at

THE CHARACTER IN THE PREACHER, which shall make his words eloquent.

It is character which makes eloquence, and from which that flows, in a natural radiation. It is character which impresses it, with a power of appeal above its own. "The orator," said even the great Roman master in this department, "must needs be a good man." The solid force, the personal verity and pressure of character, interpenetrating one's words, and giving them all a higher meaning and a more urgent impulse, surpass the tricks and ornaments of speech, the rhetorical fervors adding vehemence to phrase, the felicities of fancy weaving silk-work upon it, as the weight of the cannon-ball surpasses and outruns the weight of the football. They make the eloquence mightier and more true. They send it upon the hearer with a grander appeal. Then, only, indeed, is oratory Eloquence, when it utters the great and sincere force of character ; when speech becomes what the poet describes it :

— the light, the morning of the mind,
That spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and shrouded in the soul.

The airy vibration must have a spirit within, and then it is transfigured. The rhetorical form, the argumentative structure, require a personal energy to enforce them. This is the life, that moves the wheels; the fire, that makes the statue step; the power above all fairy dreams, which touches the terms, and transmutes them into values. And he who seeks to be eminent as an orator, in the absence of the qualities which give this thoroughness, personality to speech, becomes a gymnast, not a soldier; an artist in rhetorical flowers and figures, not an eloquent teacher, shedding forces on the soul which shall receive and reproduce them. It is a difference of quality only, between the carbon and the diamond. It is a difference of spirit alone, between literary mechanism and the speech which is living, and therefore life-giving.

What is the Character, then, which the preacher of the truth should aim to realize, that he may make his Eloquence the noblest? that he may make it effective upon others? The question is pertinent to this occasion. It is, in fact, the fundamental question, for which all others may properly wait.

I answer, in general, as the one proposition which underlies, limits, and invigorates all others, in my present train of thought: It must be a LIBERAL, ABLE, AND MANLY CHARACTER; comprehensive, not partial; vigorous and self-reliant, not dependent on others; masculine without severity, not effeminate or weak. "The object," says Ritter, "which Socrates and his disciples kept constantly in view, in their instructions to the young, was the formation of a liberal and able character, fitted for all the duties of life; and not merely scholars and adepts in any single art." And such fulness of character, such a vigorous, accomplished, and well-developed manhood, is especially needed and appropriate in the minister; who has to treat the noblest themes, who has to do the most difficult work, upon whom civilization, as well as Christianity, rests its primary hope. He ought to be the fore-

most man, in all that concerns pure personal quality, in any community in which he is placed. He ought to incorporate all noble traits, and to count no real grace a stranger to him. "Quit you like men," said the apostle to the Corinthians; "quit you like men; BE STRONG." And the preacher, pre-eminently, should seek to make his character so finished that all great utterance, and all high action, shall be its familiar and natural expression.

In developing such a character, then, in some of its chief particulars, it must be said at the outset, that Faith in the character, the word, and the government of God, and personal faith in Jesus, his Son, are presupposed in it. They are its prime and formative principles; from which must proceed the living force that builds up, governs, and beautifies the whole. If a man wants these, he wants the first element of a symmetrical excellence. He wants authority to enter the ministry. According to the instinct of Christendom and of History, he wants the fit introduction to his office. He takes the Divine fire into tubes and vials of a mere earthly mechanism, which will either destroy it, or be melted beneath it. He must step, with Christ, into the waters of that stream which separates Canaan from the lands beyond it; a light from above, as the sun-burst of God's favor, must smite his soul; the dove and the voice, floating downward upon the spirit, must attest his acceptance; or he cannot attain the highest excellence, appropriate to his office, appropriate to his truth. It were better that the hands which are laid upon his head shed idiocy from them, and not benedictions, than that he aspire to lead men to Christ, and to set before them the God who is manifested through him, without himself knowing and embracing the Master.

But the question which I have now before me, is this: Having this organizing element of character, this prime condition to his entrance on his ministry, what shall the preacher seek to add to it,—or rather, in what forms shall he seek to develop it,—to make himself most eloquent for the truth? As a workman, a soldier, an apostle for God, what qualities should he aim to combine in his spirit?

I. I put COURAGE first, in the assembling of these. I mean by it, what its name denotes, firmness of heart; that quality of intelligent and intrepid self-reliance, which enables a man to look dangers in the face, to look an enemy in the eye, without any vein's palpitating; which "mounteth with occasion;" and which is never so apparent, so eminent, I might almost have said so founded and so real, as when drawn out by the contact and pressure of opposition. It is the old *virtus*, manhood, of the Romans. It is that robust and hardy quality, appropriate to man, and befitting his high and spiritual forces, which the elder dramatists continually praise; to have given illustrious examples of which is the glory of the English, or of any other History; which makes its mark everywhere, wherever it is revealed; assuring of solidity in purpose and in action, of energy in feeling, and of success in endeavor.

I find in this courage an immediate and a legitimate deduction from man's nature, as personal, immortal, responsible only, in the last analysis, to Him who made him, independent of any except the Supreme for his highest well-being. I find in it a fruit of the most sublime influence that reaches us during life. I recognize it, therefore, as an element of worth, the very centre and spinal column of all worth, in character; around which the frame of that must be organized and built, to give it real value. And the minister, as leading the hosts of God's troops, through battle, unto victory, peculiarly needs this.

Of course, this courage is not to be confounded with anything lower and ruder in its nature, nor with anything lighter although more showy; neither with violence or indifference on the one hand, nor with an occasional bravery on the other. There is a great deal of boldness in the intercourse of men, which is merely the fruit of superior powers, opportunities, or numbers, on the part of its possessor. Thus the ruffian is bold because five are against three, and because revolvers can hit further and harder than clubs. The advocate is bold, because his talent is more trained, or his witnesses are more practised; or because the popular prejudice

is with him. I need not show that such vulpine ferocity is not true courage. It is irritated timidity, gnashing its teeth.

Nor is courage to be confounded with insensibility to opposition or danger ; with that chronic imperturbableness which some men exhibit, never recognizing an adversary or perceiving an obstacle, and never admitting or appreciating a peril. True courage is sensitive, as well as self-possessed. It estimates the height and the imminence of a danger, as well as the means for averting or resisting it. It scans it, while it fronts it. We see men, sometimes, in the midst of a pestilence, while the laden air drops miasma upon them, with no more sense of exposure and risk than the tree has when a worm begins to gnaw at the root, or the ivory image when a blow impends over it. The majority among troops go to battle in this way ; and many face the dangers of the wilderness and the sea thus. There is no high quality of manliness in this. It is stolidity, not chivalry. It is leaden indifference ; wanting the ring of that steel-like courage, shining like silver, yet adamantine in its firmness, which makes a man fearless of the enemy whom he sees.

Nor is bravery courage, in the sense which I imply. It is difficult, perhaps, to draw a sufficient distinction between them. But, in general, it may be said that bravery is more hasty, impetuous, and transient ; courage, more calm, enduring, and principled. Bravery is an impulse, or a mere outward habit ; courage is a life, pervading the nature. Bravery takes advantage from plumes and gay equipage. It rises with rapidity and splendor of movement. It calls to its aid the stimulations of music, or the higher stimulations of popular applause ; and it looks for reputation as its trophy and reward. Courage is deeper, more magnanimous, and self-reliant. It holds its own reward within it, and is natively superior to any accidents of incitement. It is ready to bear, as well as to perform ; is as great in the forest as it is in the field ; as great, when announcing a new and strange truth, or resisting the backward rush of a nation, as when treating of themes that have watchwords and champi-

ons, and that kindle the minds of millions with their contact. It sings and is cheerful amid obscure suffering ; and is just as serenely fixed and unconquerable when contemplating obloquy and popular reprobation, as when welcomed with applause, and anticipating victory. Courage is silent, till the crisis arrives. Bravery is demonstrative, and lies in utterance. The one bides its time, secure of itself. The other craves constant exhibition and action. Courage is an essential spirit of character ; which imbues action as the fragrant and subtle fumes of the alchemists were designed to imbue the scimeter of Damascus. Bravery is a special and occasional style of feeling, which would etch upon that action its splendid devices.

When a man has true courage, the real *firmness of heart*, the sense of immortality is like to be strong in him. He rests upon the basis of conscientious satisfaction, not of stimulated passion. He is quiet, self-reliant. He values the unseen, above what is visible. He takes no account of the numbers that are for him, or the numbers against him. He confides in the honesty of his purpose and intent, and freely leaves consequences to take care of themselves. He can say as Kepler said, when he sent his great work to illuminate the ages : ‘ Whether it be read by the present age or the future ones, I have no care. If God has waited so long for an observer, I can wait for a reader.’ He feels himself superior to Time and its accidents ; to the earth and its forces ; independent and supreme, over everything but Truth, over every one but God. He has thus an elastic buoyancy of spirit, which enables him to surpass and overcome dangers, where others succumb to them ; as the wild duck rides untroubled upon the breakers, where vessels ribbed with heart of oak, with all their complex and fabricated strength, are dashed into fragments.

Such a man is generous, even playful, in expression ; comely and proportionate, because always self-poised, in the conduct of his life. A chivalrous manner is natural to him. Not disheartened before others, not distrustful of himself, he sheds his easy courtesies on his way, with as ready a frank-

ness as the bird shows, pouring song. There is no grace of manner, and no grace of character, but agrees with his courage, and is nourished upon it. How beautiful a charm his humility has ; when acknowledging the superior faculty of others, and paying its tribute to their higher results ! How evidently genuine, how replete, his generosity ; when he asks no aid or guaranty from others, but blesses them because he loves to ! How noble his philanthropy ; not springing from any spirit of combat, not drooping and languishing into mere sentimentalism, not crushed beneath the onset of any resistance ; but always vigorous, hearty, timely, working most when most required ! How divine the piety which inspires such a nature ; subliming it by love, renewing it from heaven !

There is no single element which is beautiful in character, which is not more beautiful when combined with this courage. This gives the deep and powerful harmony, on which all special melodies play ; from which they receive a majestic pathos, by which their liveliness is idealized and exalted, or on which their mirthfulness floats and sings, as a bird upon the wave. And the courage itself, beneath all these, the calm, magnanimous, high-hearted spirit, that never shuffles or scrambles through by-paths, that always walks on the open way with fearless mein and steady eye, that bears up with a strength which is solid and central against all opposition, that erects an inviolable front to all force, that will not give way to a nation enraged — how noble it is ! how winning, and how grand !

“Base men, being in love,” Iago tells us, “have then a nobility more than is native to them.” But the nobility of this spirit is native and inherent. It needs no eulogy. It asks no ornament. Description is slurred and shamed before its simple, self-evidencing grandeur. And nothing can greatly move men in character which has not this firm base beneath : not rudeness, not violence ; as far from this as possible ; but a fixed and pure *Courage*, which allows no victory save that of conviction ; which is never disheartened by any opposition ; which assumes the Unseen, and rests upon God, and is

not afraid of what man can do. I look over the records of taste, of learning, of disciplined talent, of genius even, poetic or executive, and wheresoever I find this spirit, in Milton, in Pascal, in Savonarola, I find that genius and learning both bow to it ; that the noblest successes have had this for their element ; that it is attested by History as supreme !

First of all, then, the preacher who would truly impress men, and make his character more eloquent than his words, the fruitful source of eloquence *in* his words, must seek this quality, which all men shall recognize, which all men must honor. He must draw it from the invisible, the ever-abounding and inexhaustible sources of God's truth and grace. He must gather it from the sense and the forecast of immortality. He must subtly imbibe it from communion with the past, with prophets, apostles, martyrs, missionaries ; with all the wise and heroical of earth, who have suffered in one age, to be crowned and revered by the nobler ones that follow ; above all, with Jesus, their leader and their Lord. He must make it apparent against all that confronts him, of popular clamor, of social repudiation, of even the edicts and the penalties of the State. He must make himself serene by it in the midst of all troubles, supreme over difficulties, and fearless of aught but dereliction from duty ; harder than steel to the violence which assails him, while sensitive as that steel, when chemistry has touched it, to each impress of the truth !

Directly, such courage is auxiliary to Eloquence ; securing justness and force of conception, and inspiring an easy and an adequate utterance. And the reason why many men who have knowledge, taste, fancy, judgment, are yet not eloquent to move their contemporaries, is often that they have not this quality beneath ; this unperturbed and entire self-possession. They want supremacy, over hearers and the theme. They want the sympathy which this generates in others. There was useful philosophy in Lord Wellington's reply, when Sir George Murray declined to accept a place in his cabinet, alleging as the reason that he was no public speaker. " Can't speak ! " said the Duke ; " what's the mat-

ter with the man? let him speak as I speak: say what he thinks, and not quote Latin!" Any man who has read the great captain's despatches, or has pondered his pithy remarks in parliament, which so generally carried the conclusion before them, will recognize herein the key to his eloquence. There was nothing in it showy, exciting, or elaborate; but it moved men's minds, and inspired or else overmastered their wills, because it was *solid* with sense and courage. His sentences had a tone in them, untremulous as Helvellyn; which showed the same strong Saxon will that once held the destinies of Europe and of ages suspended on its firmness.

Men's hearts instinctively respond to such speech. We all love to feel that a Man is before us, who speaks his own word, not another's, or a school's; who is confident in the truth, not inquisitive for expediciencies; whose steady mind no tempest ruffles; whose solid force no danger daunts. There is even a tendency—it is incident, perhaps, to our finiteness of faculty; it is shown most clearly when masses are assembled—which inclines us to be pleased *because* we are mastered by the personal force of the man who addresses us. We wish to submit as unconquered peers, doing homage to a monarch; but we love thus to *submit*, and one of the purest satisfactions in life is found when we bow, with inward obeisance, to a spirit whose clear and shining courage sets the diadem of royalty evident upon it. "The common people heard Jesus gladly," because "he spake as one having authority, and not as the scribes." They felt themselves enforced by that Divine soul which brooded above theirs, as the skies above Galilee; and submission imparted a purer pleasure than successful disputes with the lawyers had given. And every firm and high-souled man, who has caught a reflection from the courage of the Master, who has taken strong hold on the pillars of God's truth, and from them has drawn new force upon his soul, who lets the world rush on and rage, and holds his own place undisturbed, who is not afraid of a million against him, because his mind, insphered in God's, cannot be

touched of their assault,—will be sure of a lower but a kindred response. His personal quality, higher than his words, will give to these its consecrating chrism. His courage will energize and inlock his thoughts, and add to them unity, pressure, dignity, as they march upon the hearer.

But Courage must not be alone in the character. Other gentler and more delicate qualities must unite with this, tempering its rigor and giving it finish. Otherwise it will be rude, and tend toward hardness. The character might become like the marble-covered pyramid which Herodotus describes, with a bull within, the only symbol of God. To counteract this, to make one truly proportionate and attractive in the spirit he exhibits, he must also be sensitive as well as courageous; sensitive to all that may properly affect him. And so,

II. **TASTEFULNESS** has a place, as an element, in this character; tastefulness, which is simply, in the sense which I intend, a *Sympathy with Nature*, in its majesty and beauty, and its infinite variety, and equally with the Art which interprets and represents these.

It is not limited, in this just and high sense, to any unusual nicety of eye, enabling us to discern fine lines of form, or to separate the subtler varieties of tint. It is not at all a knowledge of rules, or a cultivated faculty for artistic effects. It is a sense of the glory that encompasses us, in the visible world; and a sympathy with it, as worthy of God's hand. It is the inward response of the soul to that living, voiceful, and inspiring creation, amid which we move; which is full of lights, and tints, and sounds, and motion; full of wonder and of beauty, of the elements of power, and the pure laws of grace. Sensibility to this is always appropriate to the soul which God hath formed. It is specially appropriate and needful in the minister, who would represent the Divine Mind to men. Yet the differences between persons, in respect to this quality, are marked and wide; and there are some things in the office of the preacher to lead him to neglect it.

Put two men beneath the shades of a wood, on a summer's afternoon, when every leaf is twinkling in the heat,

and every sound is hushed to stillness beneath the slumberous brilliance of the scene. The one reposes, in all his nature, amid the vivid yet quieting beauty. His eye discerns the distant pond, its mirror-like surface shimmering through the trees. He catches the infinite azure above, swimming vaster than before as rifts among the trees contrast its far and clear expanse. His ear is filled with insect-harmonies, busily, drowsily pervading the air. The lines of trees become populous to him, with a presence above that of dryads or of fauns, a presence which makes the scene religious. Each separate tree, with mosses on its trunk, with broad-armed branches sheltering the sod, with verdurous coronal of leaves above, with relics of other years scattered about its foot, with sweeping roots heaving the soil and twining around rocks,—each tree becomes to him a presence, vital, ancestral, rustling with legends. The pacified sense takes in the fine aroma of the scene. Each personal force is refreshed and baptized in this contact with nature. The soul draws near to nature's Author, and drinks, through all its frame, mysterious influence.

The other is tense and eager, amid it all; dry as a parchment; restless and prompt as the shuttle of a loom. The beautiful religion of Nature in her temple has touched his spirit with no attraction. His talk is of everything but the glory around him. The bones of propositions rattle and shake on the pavement of his speech. The clatter of syllogisms breaks the sweet silence. Of doctrines beaten out by dialectical hammers, his mind is full; of distinctions wire-drawn in hot and dark scholastic retreats; of themes as far remote from the life which showers its charm and bloom around him, as snapping twigs that died last year from the rush and surge of the waterfall in its leap; of dissected theories, scientific analyses, the criticism of criticisms, gleaming and lifeless as skeletons bleaching on the track of a caravan! The bird-note, pouring its blessing on the air; the dreamy hum of insect-life, rising as the low praise from humbler hearts; the infinite verdure around and over-head; the massy shade, the distant outlook, the skyey presence;—all these,

which show the thoughts of God, filling the earth with beauty and with grace as purpling clusters fill the vase,— all are to him as though they were not. He finds in them no old evangel. He finds in them no form or light to wile his eye. He might as well be a fish without eyes, like those they hook up from the Mammoth-cave rivers. He might as well have been born with a tympanum of leather, a deaf machine for manufacturing syllogisms. He should have been born on the desolate moon, without water, without verdure, volcanic in its surface, with an imperceptible atmosphere, the every glory of the day-break only visible once a month, alternately burnt and frozen as it turns, every mountain a cusp, every valley a crater; and then he would have had his deserts in *this* life!

Of course, this dulness to Nature and its aspects supposes an equal dulness to Art, whose office it is to render these and idealize them. It is perfectly natural that when such a man travels, he should go as the companion of a friend of mine went, 'checking' everything he saw, and satisfied to check it. Here blushed a Madonna, still radiant with the light that streamed of old from Raphael's pencil. It was 'checked' on the guide-book, like a bale of dry-goods. Here rose the Laöcoon: father and sons wrestling in utter agony against the enwreathing folds of the serpent:

— the long envenomed chain,
Drawing its living links,

until the very marble seems quivering and contorted in the excess of pain. It was 'checked' on the guide-book; and all that wonderful and masterly genius, subordinating the exactest knowledge and skill to render in the stone the most terrible imagination, for the marvel and awe of after-centuries, could not arrest the hasty pencil. Where the 'ar-rowy Rhone,' with its blue swiftness, rushed through Geneva; where Chamouni looked out upon Mont Blanc; where the rich valley of the Arno recalled the strains of Tuscan poets; where the cathedral of Bourges or of Strasbourg soared upward like a Psalm incorporate in stone, and poured its peaceful blessing back from every pinnacle;

where Rome first lifted against the horizon her domes and towers, shadowing the campagna with the majesty of Eld ; where Paestum raised its solemn Doric, a mausoleum of the past, overlooking for ages the gulf of Salerno ; still everywhere, the check-mark noted it, and all was over. The man was going because others went. He wished to stop where others stopped. He had no sense of the meaning and the mystery, the rhythm and the grace, that are in Nature, and in all true art. He was 'doing the Continent,' at an average expense of a pound a day, and in imminent risk of being cheated by his courier ; that was all he thought about it. And the pole of a Broadway omnibus, as it stands at the Battery pointing out over the bay, might as well undertake to find enjoyment in the view, as a man of this class when he looks upon Nature. He belongs to the order called by naturalists " pachydermata." The delicate voices have no eloquence for him. The scope and the charm are powerless to impress him.

In any man, as I said, this deadness to Nature and to the Art which represents it, is odious and degrading. In the Preacher it is *most* so ; because most unbefitting his character and office, and in its effect on his eloquence disastrous. It is not seemly, that he who stands to represent God, in his ways and his word, should be oblivious of the charm of His creation who touches the daisy with golden brightness, who gives the lily its creamy purity, who paints with such inimitable pencil the pendent fuchsia, who makes the bird more splendid in his plumage than art of man can ever picture, who hides the brilliant veins of color in wood-knots and in rocks, who carpets the earth with malachite and pearl, and spreads above it the azure roof, who makes the morning a herald of his glory, and lifts along the glowing west the standards of the sunset. It is not comely, that the minister of Christ who thought of the lilies, the sparrows, and the springs, who loved to walk on the shores of Genesaret, and to climb the summits of Tabor and Hermon, who made all nature contribute to his instructions, and overlaid Palestine with a beauty of parable distilled from its scene-

ries, but more lasting than its mountains ; that *he* should be a mere student of books, forgetful of nature, or even a vigorous wrestler for truth, without this soft and Divine sensibility pervading his spirit. To make the creation as God has made it was worthy of Him. To feel and observe it, with "open sense," was glorious in Christ. To neglect and shut it out, is unworthy of the preacher. He wants the bounteous love of beauty, to be like God. He wants the sense of all this sweet prophetic grace, to be most meet for his great Future. No light of color adorns the earth but has some office for man to fill. No majesty erects it but should reënforce and ennoble our thought. And the minister, above all men, should have an eye to see all this, a heart to feel it. His soul should drink from this great beaker the nectar which it pours. His nature should be toned, by the majesty of earth, and the brilliancy of clouds, to sympathy with Him who saw all these before they were!

Only from this can he beautify speech, with a healthful, pure and natural grace, and give to his thought a manly freshness. His books may give themes ; and his brain may spin arguments. The costly ornaments may come from reading. And sentences elaborated in the workshop of the study may string their fretted wealth on his page. But the clear and fresh beauty, like that of the dawn ; the easy, proportionate flow of discourse, that is like that of the brook in its bed ; the facile rise and sweep of thought, as natural as the tree and more majestic ; the sentences that succeed each other as the hours go by on Grecian monuments, with airy step and singing voices ; the broad, serene "discourse of Reason," that opens its bright expanse to the thought as a valley stretches onward until lost in the ocean : — these are not learned from lexicons and logics ; they come from attentive observation of Nature, an affectionate sympathy with her finer forms. And the general air of manly calmness, and sweet sensibility, pervading a discourse, and making it teem with attraction to the hearers as hay-fields teem with evening balm, — it is not embraced in the logical categories ; it is not learned in the lecture-room or the study ; it is caught as

one muses at eventide, or walks in the morning where God hath been!

This inward and rich sensibility to Nature, this spiritual responsiveness to its harmony and charm, are therefore essential to the spirit of the Preacher. He cannot be a full man without them. He cannot touch to finest issues the delicate spirits. Not the sharp quartz-crystal should be the emblem of his mind, all bright and hard, a cutting edge on every angle; but rather the precious and many-hued opal, without peer among stones for its excellent beauty, because inlaced by filmy air-veins, like the veins of this Tastefulness interpenetrating his nature. The giant was refreshed when he touched the earth. And the contact of the soul with this bounteous mother, whose living form encircles us everywhere, will erect its stature and replenish its force, will modulate its voice to that music too delicate and grand to be written; will instil into its frame a subtle influence, the teacher of thought and the parent of form, like that which inspires the oldest and noblest productions of the race. The ministry of this, God ordains for our nature; and then he wisely adapts us to it.

III. But another element must be added to this, to carry toward completeness the character of the preacher; and that is SYMPATHY WITH HUMAN LIFE; a quick sensibility not only to nature, and to the art which interprets it, but also especially to the Life of Man, to which nature is the platform; to the grandeur of that Life; to its fortunes and destinies; indeed to its presence. And this the minister often wants.

There is a strong tendency in the literary life to draw men away from persons to themes; to absorb them in studies which are general and speculative, and so to limit or quite prevent a wide and warm sympathy with men and their interests. The description which Burke gave of the thorough metaphysician, a description which makes it of doubtful expediency to mention his name in an assembly like this, was only an emphatic recognition of this tendency. It is shown, more or less, in all classes of students. The man of

science seeks out the quivering nerve with his instrument, as insensible to the pain which flames along that living filament as the steel which he handles. The geometrician thinks only of his problem, while cities blaze and are ravaged before him. The psychologist has the same kind of interest in men that the astronomer has in stars, the chemist in gases, or the entomologist in insects. And the historian recounts the founding of dynasties in blood and spoil, or the overthrow of empires with the infinite violence of conflagration and war, without a thought of all the myriad particular woes which grouped themselves densely in that hideous category; intent on tracing the event to its causes, and illustrating the fitness of his theory to life. So it hath been through ages in the past; and so it shall doubtless continue to be, till the glory of life, through the teachings of Christ, is everywhere recognized, and science and art, in all their forms, are touched with sympathy!

The preacher of the truth often shows the same tendency. There is something, perhaps, in his seminary-training, succeeding the years of collegiate exercise, which contributes to set him apart from men, to make him less interested in their character and pursuits, more enamored of principles, a devotee of the abstract. And the literary studies which engage him in his ministry, carry forward the same influence. He admires the great theologians of past time; he does not feel a gushing sympathy toward those to whom these masters ministered. He has a quick sense of intellectual fellowship, a warm and beautiful affection perhaps, for those who are his equals or his leaders in the ministry. He does not feel that life, wherever revealed, is royal; that alike in the shop, the fore-castle, and the palace, on the stone floor of prisons, in the galleries of mines, on the frontier's edge, on the shelf of the mountain where the woodman sets his trembling cottage, as well as at the homestead, as well as in the pulpit, it is worthy of reverence and a profound love. His heart does not throb back the beat of all the million hearts around him. He examines opinions, but forgets that the souls which are moving around him are grander than opinions;

each one of them a microcosm! The miracle of Humanity fails to impress him.

Yet this is not just; is not fitting to his office; is a sheer defect and weakness in character, and is certainly fatal to the highest forms of Eloquence. There is nothing else on earth so great as Human Life, and nothing whose contact so instructs and inspires. It hath mystery in it; the mystery of God's working, the very hiding of his power. It hath forces combined in it, the forces of thinking, of feeling, of deciding, in comparison with which gravitation is coarse, and light is tinsel. It hath portents upon it, of an endless Hereafter. It is the source of all that is great in action and in history; the personal essence, for which the earth was created at first, and for which it now is maintained in being. It takes up the mountains and weighs them in its scales. It bridges the seas, and makes nations a neighborhood. It measures the stars, and prophesies their orbit, running its fiery zigzag before the comet. It is the element of all human relations, and it throbs into utterance on all forms of speech.

To sympathize with this, inspires every power; it vivifies language, and dignifies action. To be insensible and careless concerning it, is to be untrue to our intimate instincts and our highest examples.

There was nothing more noticeable in Christ, our Master, than his intense and constant sympathy with Human Life. He knew how great it was, for He had created it. He felt how great it was, for its mystery filled him. He sought it out everywhere; in the booth of the publican, and the boat of the fisherman; in the fair face of John, and the rough mien of Peter; in the cottage where dwelt the sisters whom he loved, and under the dishevelled locks of the penitent, who poured her tears, more odorous than the ointment, upon his feet. There was nothing to Him that compared with this life. And he won his way to the hearts of his disciples, he wins his way now to barbarians and islanders, to the poor and the young, to the deaf and to the blind, because all feel him in sympathy with them. This shows him the absolute typical Man, whose wisdom and purity tran-

scend all others, but whose soul is inlocked through sympathy with all ; who perfectly infolded, and who perfectly represents, all the forces of our life.

And the same was as clearly shown in his disciples : in even that ardent Hebrew student, who, when touched by the quickening glory from Christ, rose up suffused in each grand power with a similar sympathy. He marshalled such arguments as no intellect less commanding could ever have convoked. He urged such appeals as showed the fiery heart within, fusing logic and thought, and pouring them forth with invincible fervor. But he wrote to all the churches in turn, those epistles which pulsate with the tenderest sympathy. He took for his first two converts in Europe the woman by the water side and the jailer at Philippi ; and neither the darkness of the Mamertine prison, nor the splendors of Cæsar's palace above, the beauty of Athens, nor the wealthy and profligate commerce of Corinth, could ever hide from his clear mind, from his outreaching and bounteous soul, the world of LIFE, that struggled around ; that heaved and moaned as it lay in darkness ; that was inarticulately prophesying doom !

And every man who has greatly and richly moved his contemporaries, has shown the same. Augustine had it : with all that hot Numidian zeal, which makes the 'flaming heart' his symbol, wherever the arts illustrate the past. Chrysostom had it : " the alms giver," as men called him. Luther had it, more than either ; and in Wesley and Whitefield it flamed out in splendor. It is fitting to our nature ; and it is a prime secret of the eloquence which moves. Since sympathy touches more deeply than reason, while life stirs a higher enthusiasm than thought.

Sometimes such sympathy comes to vivid exhibition in a pure yet passionate zeal for the welfare of men ; especially for their highest, their eternal well-being. It is then a real hunger of the heart for their good ; a thirst, which no physical craving can parallel, for their rescue from loss, and their fitness for heaven. And in this form the most retired and austere men have often displayed it ; Edwards at North-

ampton, and Hopkins at Newport, among our great New-England fathers ; Calvin at Geneva, and Baxter at Kidderminster. But in order to realize its truest development, it needs to exist as a permeating force, in forming each power, and showing itself in the total career.

Then it is kindness and ardor toward friends ; a kindness more true, tender and prompt, than if this inmost sympathy with Man did not inspire it. A tender and sorrowful sympathy with the bereaved ; compassion for the poor, the unfortunate, the erring ; reverence for true nobleness and dignity of character ; admiration of great achievements and powers ; a ready appreciation of every excellence in others ; a joy that mounts higher with the prosperity of the successful ; anxiety for those who are exposed and in peril ; a longing for the release of those who are oppressed ; a sense of the loveliness and loftiness of life in the commonest walks ; an intimate interest in those struggles of soul which mark the biography of some thoughtful spirits, like Kirke or Blanco White, who walk through history, their " brows stamped with the hieroglyphics of an eternal sorrow ;" — all these will spring, as instant growths, from this vital and quickening Sympathy with Life. Generosity in action is not so much an offshoot from it, as the ready and natural vesture of it ; the radiant language, by which it is uttered spontaneously to others. And politeness, wherever it is genuine, is its evidence ; the blush to its blood, the form to its frame. It diffuses a sweeter aroma through the house, as one by one the hours lift calmly their alabaster lids. It makes the whole character more genial and winning, more sunshiny and free.

And yet there is nothing in it timorous or weak. It is not inconsistent with any most hardy and positive attribute. Indignation at wrong-doing shall only take a firmer hold on all our nature, the hatred of oppression shall only flame out to fiercer exhibition, because this force urges beneath. Hypocrisy we may hate, all knavery and cunning we may trample beneath the feet of reprobation and punishment, an unjust violence we may bind and destroy, in obedience to the same magnanimous sensibility which makes the tears start

for misfortune, or which flushes the face, and gives a welcoming melody to the voice, when the gleeful child springs into our arms. Democracy has its guardian, as it has had its parent, in this Sympathy with Man. The bayonet and the cannon, as well as the type, have been its instruments. It has argued in parliament, and thundered in battle, while trembling upon music, or aspiring in song; has given enterprise to philanthropy, and shot resolution into all highest action, while distilling its balm on wounded hearts. It is not a crevice in the firmness of the soul. It is *the magnetic property* in that soul; induing it with a new, peculiar force, while confirming its solidity; enabling it to indicate with prophetic celerity, as the needle does the pole, the courses of feeling which are prevalent around it; enabling it to draw, as the magnet does the filings, the minds and hearts of others to itself. We always respond to the man who shows this. The eloquence that *electrifies*, never wants this main force; and the character which wins something warmer than respect, more devoted and tender than admiration or esteem, has this within it. It is the element of dramatic variety and success; one element of poetry; the secret of persuasion; the inspirer of appeals which grapple our hearts. Genius itself wants this to complete it. More than anything else, it is the source of perpetual youth in the soul; to carry on which, into all after discipline, is the chief mental grace.

The preacher, therefore, who would in the highest sense move and impress men, who would carry their souls by the contact of his to nobler thoughts and higher effort, must have and must show this sympathy with them. His faculty and his culture are both blunted if he wants this. They are edged and directed, and made grandly effective, if it preside in him. It will uncap their hearts to him. It will open the wants which the Bible comes to meet. It will enable him to take hold of those whom he reaches, with a personal attraction more potent than words. It will animate and enforce every power in himself. It will make his speech vigorous, ductile, persuasive, as it never can be while moulded by the pressure of thought alone. It will fill that speech

with a personal enthusiasm, before which its usual words become *winged*.—This mystic and marvellous Life of Man, it rears itself on earth the noblest force beneath the skies; it wears all achievement and enterprise upon it, embossed as ensigns and ornaments on its robes! Complex but personal, spiritual but mighty, it is caught as a spark from the Infinite Mind. It anticipates immortality. Law guards it; literature cherishes it; religion interprets and equally anoints it; it is the theme of angels' thoughts; it is God's highest terrestrial work; it is the occasion of Redemption itself! And every soul, in which this is, hath its secrets and histories, and its marvels of destiny! 'Heaven's splendors are over its head; Hell's terrors are under its feet.' Tragedies, comedies, poetries are in it; and a history for Eternity.

He who is manly, then, must sympathize with this; feeling that the builder is greater than the capital, the statesman than the State, the child who lisps his evening prayer than the grandest orbs which watch above him; that in man's life we touch the hereafter; that in it is the Eon of transcendent operations. Especially must he who would mould men feel this, and know how grand his subject is! "I am he," said the hermit of Engaddi, and multitudes of the Romish priesthood might have repeated it, "I am he through whom the rays of heavenly grace dart, like those of the sun through a burning-glass, concentrating them on other objects till they kindle and blaze, while the glass itself remains cold and uninfluenced." But not such is the office, in any time, of the Protestant preacher. He is to be not a torch-bearing scholar, enlightening a little by what he carries, but not at all by what he is; nor a mere armed athlete, striking fire from the shields of those who confront him; but a living Man, with hearty, quick, responsive soul, reflecting life from every side, appealing to men through his out-reaching sympathies, while ever bringing to them the messages of God! And to do this while 'cold and uninfluenced' himself,—it were as easy to make the aurora, which palpitates distantly up the heavens, replace the morning in its influence upon nature! The beauty is there, in fainter forms;

but the vivifying glow, the ardor that quickens, is entirely wanting

IV. Still another trait, too, claims place in this series, to complete still further the character of the preacher; and that is, **SYMPATHETIC ENTHUSIASM FOR TRUTH**; a sympathy with Truth, as distinguished from mere professional zeal; a sympathy with *all* Truth, and not merely with that which is special to us.

It is not positive knowledge which is needful, to quicken, illuminate, and dignify the character, or to give it the strongest hold upon others. This depends upon circumstances. It may come with due effort; or it may be limited by inevitable disadvantages, imposing a disability largely to gain it. Variety of accomplishments may not make one a full man. For sometimes men gain these, as the speculators in Holland used once to buy tulips; not in love of their beauty, but in commercial emulation; spending a fortune on a single showy plant. And in this there is nothing winning or admirable. But what one requires to invigorate and really irradiate his character, is an ever-fresh sensibility to Truth; a clear and generous sympathy with it, whencesoever it is brought, and whatever it concerns.

There is nothing of a credulous temper in this. It does not imply any readiness to believe where proof is not given, or in independence of the fulness of that proof. It does not imply any oversight of the final authority of Revelation; or any disregard of the claims of theology, as the supreme science to which others are tributary, which brings God to us; and which is in the midst of the highest pomp of letters,

— another morn,
Risen upon mid noon;

a morn that makes the noon look dim! On the other hand, this spirit exalts theology as naturally the mistress of all other sciences, and seeks to explore and search them out as knowing beforehand that they always at last must illustrate her verities. It is at once a discriminating spirit, and a spirit of entire candor and catholicity. It implies that one values

the truth in each part, as important in itself, and as vitally inlocked, throughout its extent, with those grand principles which are the basis and the life of all knowledge. Such a spirit is a secret of dignity to any man, and a source of power to his every address. It is just to the intellect; whose various discursive and rational powers prepare it to appropriate truth on all sides, and which owns, when justly and normally active, an inward aptitude and calling to this office. It is just to the truth; which is throughout connected and organic, as an empire with provinces, as a body with members. It is honorable to God; to whom no truth is unimportant, who created all beings, forces, and forms which that represents, who comprehends all in his perfect Intelligence, and who

No more rejoices
In the stars' anthem, than the insects' hum.

It is a bond of communion with all the wisest; with even those pure and eminent beings who from higher points of view, with faculties and with instruments transcending ours, survey the creation. To them, as to God, no truth is unimportant. The curved shell on the sea-beach, as well as the ocean whose roar seems echoed from its 'smooth-lipped convolutions,' the anemone in the fields, lifting its modest influence on the air, as well as the star ringed with a glory, or the vast sun leading his troop through infinite space, are doubtless to them the occasions of praise. The man who would be like them, in intellectual spirit, must share this bounteous sympathy with truth. The mere scholastic, the bookish pedant, who wants such fine responsiveness of mind, who is buried in one theme, and perfectly satisfied with his own dialectics, who puts the chiming sciences aside, convinced when he covers his head with his hat that into that hat has gone the very sum of all knowledge in the universe, wants fellowship with these whose power of traversing the universe at their will is imaged by our thoughts; whose feet and eyes run further than the ether, and swifter than the light, and yet outrun by no one step our fleet analysis!

This Sympathy with Truth is itself a vital intellectual grace; and in its influence it exalts, while also it endows one. It ensures a knowledge appropriate to each theme; a knowledge which adorns and gives weight to all utterance. It prophesies soundness and luminousness of mind; a general liberality and dignity of character. It is an element of constant vivacity and freshness, an element of growth and of true mental progress, to the mind which it animates. It brings each of the faculties successively into use, unfolding them on the one side as well as on the other; allowing no predominance to the judgment over the reason, to the sensibility of taste over the faculty of analysis; developing all, as, one after another, philosophy, natural science, poetry, come before one; as logics train him, or as history and law unroll before him their mighty progress. We *believe* in the mind which is thus liberal and broad; for we do not expect any party heats in it. We delight in such a mind, and love to repeat our intercourse with it. It is not a mere convenience to us. It is a friend, full of society, full of stimulation. It refreshes our force, and enlarges our view, every time we approach it, and sets our finest powers in action.

Some minds are like spy-glasses. We use them, but never love them. They are good for one purpose; but aside from that, they have no virtue to charm us. They see the outside of many things, but only the outside; and so they gain no influence from them. Their knowledge shuts up and draws out again when wanted, with mechanical exactness; but it does not increase. Their frame is polished, their lenses are clear, but their whole construction was finished long ago. They have gained nothing since. Other minds are less finished and accurate, perhaps, but are far more spontaneous; full of personal life, motion, and moods; imperfect at first, but always growing; as ready to look at the moss as at the star; alive with impulse, predetermined to action; inventive, suggestive, as well as acquisitive; finding something new in every morning, and something fresh in every season; a perpetual source of impulse to us. And we love such minds, and clasp our hearts delightedly around them. In dulness

they cheer us ; and in our highest activity of mind they meet us as mates, and are ready for any career of thought. And there is nothing to take the place, in producing this alertness and variety of mind, of an intimate and unfettered sympathy with truth. This makes one a generous student of the Cosmos, and impregnates his mind with all vitalizing forces.

Directly, therefore, and indirectly also, the effect of this on his utterance is the noblest. It redeems it from anything narrow and common-place. It makes it affluent, free, intellectual ; full of variety, and of quickening energy. The speech of some men, who are experts in their departments but not the disciples of Truth at large, at once shows their specialty. It is curtly scientific. It is stringently logical. Or else it is that of the ornate narrator. On particular themes, either one of these is appropriate. As presenting great vital and spiritual truths, and addressing hearers of different classes, neither one is sufficient. But he who is inwardly enamored of all truth, and accustomed to ponder any treatises that present it, who is not afraid of any science, and who finds a helper in every thinker ; who seeks the true wisdom as the miner seeks gold, in northern mountains and in tropical islands, in the vains of the valley where scholars muse, and the gulches of streams through which argument pours ; gains naturally a style whose easy, diversified, and flexible beauty, its compass, its force, and its liberal movement, derived from all studies, are apt for all themes. It is compact and logical ; for he has pondered, with a kindred enthusiasm, the arguments in which the great masters of reasoning have set forth their thought. Again it runs, with fluent grace, between emerald banks, as the historical writings with which he is familiar impart to it of their abundance, and their easy measure. It catches a fervor from the energy of tragedy. It is inwardly modulated, where the thought inspires that, to the harmonies of song. And again it is exact, with scientific analysis ; picturesque in description, as the story of explorers has taught it to be ; hurried and headlong, in its smiting appeal, as the dense and tumultuous utterance of men, involved in great crises, and sounding

their thought through trumpet-words, stirs a like impulse in it. Philosophy, poetry, eloquence, history, all forms and parts of human learning, are involved; they effloresce, in a style so developed. The Truth itself is the only fit measure of its various grace. Not ornamented by art, it is beautiful by instinct; not loaded with outward weapons and armor, it is regal and commanding in the copious power which is natural to it. And so it is meet for grandest themes; adapted to present, with a changeful variety like that of the Bible, the truths which the Bible first brings to our view. We never fail to be impressed by such an utterance; each one finding something adapted to him in it, while all admire its paramount freedom. It satisfies the highest demand of art; yet the quickening spontaneity that is evident in it indues it with a power which Art cannot parallel.

This Sympathy with Truth is thus needful to any man who would be truly eloquent. It will make his mind, not like a workshop, as too many are, the light clear, but the air close, with a shut threshold and a limited outlook, although the processes going on within may be costly and refined; but like a spacious and decorated chamber, which is the better and the Biblical symbol, 'filled with all precious and pleasant riches,' with pictures on its walls, with windows covering a diversified landscape, the heavens' breath swelling woefully through it, the doors of it open to friendship and to childhood, with all forms of literature familiar in it, although the Bible is evermore supreme there. Near such a mind, all love to dwell. The highest thoughts spontaneously come to it, as Goethe said his often did, 'like free children of God, crying Here we are!' And from it, when they go again, their flight is freer, their song is sweeter, for their having been domesticated in it.

And most of all is this sympathy with truth appropriate to the Preacher; more than to any other scholar or man; because his science is central and highest, and because his relations with all thoughtful persons are most intimate and necessary. It is true, as Coleridge said, that the "least of the animalculæ, to which the drop is an ocean, contains an

infinite problem of which God omnipresent is the only solution!" It is true that the universe is a one-centred system, with the verities which the Bible reveals for its core. And therefore there is no truth not connected with theology, which does not, as touched and illuminated by this, show forth more brightly the glory of the Supreme. There is none to which this does not give, in turn, illustration, and a basis.

The mistress whom we serve quickens what's dead,
And makes our labors pleasures.

He, then, who would keep his mind active and fresh, and fill it with the spirit most inspiring to the thoughtful, should make his thought as inclusive as the science which he treats. Taking theology for his centre and home, he should roam abroad, winged and observant, on every field where mind has toiled. Not only where philosophy has brought ethereal principles from far, and has clothed them in the lofty and spiritual body of her perspicuous and sublime enunciation; not only where poetry has caught the fancy that flashed before it, and has sent that fancy to sing along the centuries; not only where history has recorded the Past, in its efforts and endurances, and its great acquisitions, and has made that move again before us; but wherever truth has been gathered and presented, wherever men's thoughts have searched out and uttered it, there may his mind be attracted and at home. Where science has made the earth transparent, and has shown its simplest elements to be mighty, has traced the progress of its physical formation through cycles whose annals are engraved upon the rocks, or, by its observations, and still more by its clear and vast analysis, has made audible to our ears that spherical music which he upon the hills of Greece hearkened to hear; where statesmanship and legislation have taught the truths which concern the duties, and affect the destinies, of communities and of states; where law has applied to all human relations its great commands, and growing up through ages, over settlements and continents, has expressed the social attainment of the world; where even geographic or topographic explorations have uncovered

the surfaces of the earth to our view, or have opened the deep, and shown us the hills and the vallies that lie there, untouched of icebergs and untroubled by currents; where foreign expeditions have investigated the habits, the histories, and the life of other tribes, and have made their forms of existence rise before us; where the chemist interprets aerial forces, or the botanist spreads out in beauteous ranks the productions of the spring; where the microscope watches the embryo insect, or where the telescope hunts, beyond Sirius and the Pleiades, for the rim of the universe: — still, everywhere, with a welcoming enthusiasm, with the interest of sympathy, the Preacher should ponder all forms of truth. It is all like the tree of the poet's fancy :

And in each branch there lies a budding gem ;
 And in each gem there is a hidden stem ;
 And in each stem a leafy diadem ;
 And every branch of that prophetic tree
 Is emblem of some mightier mystery.

And as one thus looks abroad over Nature, and backward upon history, and upward to philosophy, and sees throughout one Mind supreme, every detail subordinate to one governing purpose, the whole creation a sphere of crystal lighted from within by the calm thought of God ; he shall be able to gather illustrations from all sides, wherewith to illustrate his own special truth ; he shall be able to set this in different lights, and to make its fullest majesty apparent ; he shall be able to approach other men more directly, as the studies which to them are special and beloved, are shown to be also familiar to him ; and he shall find his vigor reinforced, his spirit toned to a higher beauty, his mental force made far more quickening, as he marshals the harmonies of all these around him, and gathers their secret influence upon him. The breadth of his studies should be reflected from his mind. The vivacity and the dignity of his speech shall represent them !

I look upon the intellect, so princely and capacious, so apt for truth, so subtly attuned to it, deriving new force from all efforts to gain it, serene in each attainment, yet reaching

after higher ones at every moment of its being; and I know this to be true! I look upon the truth, so real and essential, although impalpable, so vitally connected with all good in life, and so constantly pointing upward to one supreme Fact, as the pinnacles of the building point upward to the skies; and I know this to be true! I look at my own remembrances of this Seminary, and recall one thin, debilitated frame, which wintry winds and summer heats alike had smitten, but within which dwelt a soul instinctively and deeply enamored of truth, a soul that turned with quick attention to every thought which would utter this to others, a soul that counted no science strange, that revelled in letters, overflowed upon study, and was jubilant in speech; I remember the beauty, above all that of Greek Apollo's, which was thus on that mind, the vital force with which it touched and animated others, the reverence, more precious than frankincense and myrrh, which attended it on its way; and then I *feel* that such sympathy with truth is a glory in the Preacher! No special accomplishment, and no definite power, can ennoble one like it. It makes his words teem down upon the hearer as summer light swarms through the skies! It makes the soul a centre of inspirations, perpetually arousing all others around it. And the lightest word spoken by such a mind, becomes freighted with suggestions!

IV. Yet neither should this be alone in the character. As the sympathy with Nature needs sympathy with Life to supplement and enforce it, so this sympathy with Truth needs a parallel sympathy with Righteousness to complete it. In other words, a thorough and governing CONSCIENTIOUS EARNESTNESS, must unite in the character with the traits which I have mentioned, to make it commanding; especially in our times; especially in our country. And to this I come next. It is only too evident to require illustration.

Beneath all phenomena, above all formal laws of being, at the heart of all facts, lies this vital truth: that the universe was created, and is governed, by a *Just One*. Advantages and pleasures were not his ends, policy was neither his measure nor his guide, in this administration. But he

created, and he now governs, to promote his own glory, and thus to secure the well-being of his creatures. And he does this by the utterance, and the steady application, of the principles of Right, to communities and to persons. These are the primitive and the supreme laws, the architectonic and unalterable forces, dear to God's mind, and to all who are inwardly in sympathy with him, by which he would build up, advance, and perfect the moral creation. And because he loves these,—not because his power and his knowledge are infinite, not because the great ranks and cohorts of his purposes advance from eternity, and never fail—but because that power is guided evermore by an absolute righteousness, because that knowledge is glorified by this, and is made to subserve it, because those purposes have this for their end, and forever protect it; therefore his character is the ultimate good: the one supreme glory that conditions and dominates all others in the universe. Because they in this are in sympathy with him, principalities around him maintain their thrones. And no man is really divine in character, is what the Preacher should aim to be, who does not share, and on earth reproduce, God's spirit in this; who has not this earnest enthusiasm for righteousness.

The tendency of man is, it is the proof of his depravity, to value advantages more than justice; the instant pleasure, the solid profit, above the remoter and ideal good. The tendency of society is, to put comfort and gain, commercial success and political quietness, above the unseen but inviolable Equity. A million of treasure reconciles to a wrong. A thousand square miles of fertile territory is accepted as an equivalent for diplomatic chicanery, for national bad-faith, for the vast crime of war. And History herself sometimes lifts men to her thrones, whose consciences have been overmastered by their passions, and whose splendid successes have been wrought out by wrong. There is ever a tendency, therefore, subtle but mighty, abroad in the community, infecting its literature, corrupting its politics, and silently governing its public opinion, to lead all men—the minister among them—to postpone the Right for immediate successes; at least, to

divert their highest enthusiasm from that which is invisible, and to fasten with a gush of more fervid joy on the vast material progress of the State; on the million masts that shadow its docks, the lines of lightning that traverse its surface, the internal communications which make the nation one mighty whole, on the ceaseless march of an emigrant population, subduing the wilderness, changing the lake to a basin of commerce, and making the mountain laugh with harvests.

This tendency is always in silent operation, in a land like ours. And sometimes, in periods of special agitation, it rises to fit and terrible expression in the utter denial of any Law higher than the law of the State; of any interest more ultimate to man than the political interest of the society which surrounds him. It says to the scholar: 'Explore hieroglyphics, and meditate the Greek, but leave to others practical ethics.' It says to the editor: 'Make a family paper, with stories and anecdotes, and good moral extracts. Be sad over the heathen, uncompromising on the Pope; but meddle with politics at the peril of your bread.' It says to societies: 'Condemn such sins as have come to be outlaws, and criticise those that have few to uphold them. But when righteousness meets with a vigorous resistance, when the utterance of it brings peril in its train, be careful of your words; speak lightly, or be dumb!' It says to the Preacher: 'No themes in the pulpit that touch modern times! Denounce the Pharisees, whose tomb Titus built, and glorify the Reformers, whose names ages celebrate; but take care how you handle the sharp sword of Righteousness, for somebody may be cut by it!'

My friends; this is just the old heathenism revived! It is not Christianity. It is exactly opposed to that. It is not a high philosophy, even. It is at best a worldly shrewdness, taking counsel for interests, and forgetful of that which is the highest of all; not capable of looking 'before and after.' The Preacher who yields to it cuts himself at a stroke from the chains that communicate the highest inspirations. He transforms his eloquence into wordy dissertation; and he

cannot make up for the absence of the light which should be within this, by any imposition of gold-leaf upon it. The soul must be smit with love for the Right, in order to be itself developed ; in order to realize any truly grand mission. Taking hold upon this, Eternity comes near us ; Eternity and God ! We drink an inspiration from fountains older than those of Thessaly, from fountains purer than any famed ' Pierian spring.' We are lifted above the earthly atmosphere, to communion with Him whom seraphim adore ; to whose perfect heart this Righteousness appealed before the worlds were ; who formed these worlds to manifest and obey it, who sets it now supreme above them, and makes all history confront its Tribunal ! We make our present thought sublime, by associating it with that which angels saw before the stars were rounded from the mist, before the light curtained a world. And we advance man's true well-being.

This Righteousness is primordial ; and it is the source, the guardian, and the measure, of all order in the world, and of all true advancement. It governs among celestial beings, as the unbiased force of gravitation among the worlds, directing them all in their musical order, and holding all up on the one solid centre. It hath the element of millenniums in it ! To incorporate the light of the heavens in the eye ; to incorporate the power of the lightning in the arm ; to make the whole frame a perfect embodiment of the highest celestial beauty and force, so that miracles shall drop from its every motion ; this were not so great an office, if it were possible, as that of enthroning Righteousness in the soul, and making this akin to angels' and to God's !

And so the wise have always judged. " If any young man," says Landor, speaking in the person of Pericles, " if any young man would win to himself the hearts of the wise and brave, and is ambitious of being the guide and leader of them, let him be assured that his Virtue will give him power." The real leaders and chieftains in the history of the world have not been those who have had great resources, before whom shining battalions have marched, before whom senates have been silent, terror-stricken. They have not

been those who have sought, as their highest end on earth, to enrich or adorn a country or a state. If a man strives for this only, the onward tread of the world above him tramples out the every memorial of him soon. To try to secure this by the overthrow or neglect of the principles of equity, is like trying to drive a steamship over the continent. No force can accomplish it. Press it up with the heave of a thousand horse-power, give it smooth seas to ride on, fifty miles for a race-way, and the moment it touches the coast it is stranded, and is left there to rot! The really imperial leaders of the world have always been those who have served a higher master, and an interest more intrinsic, than any which the popular passion proclaimed; who have truly received, and fully appropriated, the principles of righteousness, and then have wrought for them with unconquerable earnestness.

It is because we miss this in the highest forms of art produced by the old world, that these fail to impress us as worthiest of our homage. The colors, the letters, the marbles and the speech, into which was suffused the very serenest glory of the Grecian sky; the arms and the combinations which made the fervid Macedonian phalanx the conquerors of the earth; the literature, the politics, which gave to Rome its mighty name;—they have no hold on the reverence of the world, except in so far as the life-giving force of Righteousness pervaded them; as they took a charm from this supreme essence, which northern skies welcome as native to them as to the tropics, to which the heart of the world responds. And the roughest phrase that has held this within it, the crudest art that has striven to express this, the smallest band that has struggled for it, yea, the humblest life, the cruelest death, that were made to subserve it, and that still bear its impress, march on through Time, unconquered ever! We pardon everything where this is found; Luther's violence, Wiclif's rashness, the vehemence of Huss, the too delicate and timorous sensibility of Fenelon. We value nothing, in the highest degree, where this is not! It makes the name and the influence of the Puritans imperishable in

history ; although they scourged quakers, and drove out Roger Williams, though they preached with a definite nasal tone, and were believers in witchcraft. That they held to some errors, that they suffered from many infirmities of spirit, that there was little esthetic or humorous about them, no man can deny. But they tried, at least, to realize righteousness. With a noble fervor they loved and revered it. With a true and great heroism they strove to incorporate its principles in their institutions. And till the hills where they once trode have sunk in the seas across which they were borne, till these coasts of New England cease with their smile to greet the sunrise, till the sentiment of duty has lost power among men, and loyalty to Righteousness has ceased to be revered, their influence must be felt !

It is for us, their descendants, in these days more prosperous but not therefore less trying, to emulate their quality ; for us to carve from marble and from gold the same grand form which they wrought out from rocks and woods ; for us to make universal on the continent what they gave their life to make local in this province ; for us to vindicate fellowship with them by a similar enthusiasm for the same sublime Law ! As I said, it is the tendency in any society, especially in one so prosperous as ours, so wide in its relations, so commercial and wealthy, and in its politics at once so complex and so free, to overlook the ideal right, and to substitute for it material advantages. More powerful than Rome, more luxurious than Antioch, and more wealthy than Corinth, American society is fast becoming as worldly as either ; in its prevalent spirit hardly less pagan.

It is for the Preacher, then, now preëminently, allowing nothing to detain or divert him, to be himself a lover of Righteousness ; its adept and devotee, as well as its champion. He must love and revere it, as the primeval force, preceding all others, and supreme in God's thoughts ; as the highest in its quality, the most benign in its working, of all the forces that operate in society ; the only one that can make the earth and the heavens strike hands again, that hath germs and predictions involved in its nature of that grand

issue which the Apocalypse prophesies. He must gather the truest dignity of character from its contemplation. He must energize by it every faculty he possesses. He must occupy with it those noblest powers, of the Reason and the Conscience, which only distinguish his nature from the brutal. He must kindle by it an enthusiasm in his soul which shall burn as the fire burns when it leaves the splinters and masters the coal, hotter, ten times, than any literary interest! He must rise by it to communion with the Infinite Soul. And then he must apply it to all man's life, and be ready to meet every force that resists it. With intuitive quickness he must separate by it whatever is wrong from whatever is right, in the person or in the State. With undaunted zeal he must bring its august and commanding authority to confront the Unjust.

Then he will realize a triumphant manhood. Then, too, he will touch the souls of others with a tone that is deeper than musical utterance, a tone that is grander than theologic discussion, a tone that hath in it an under-beat from the verities of Eternity, from the assize of the Judgment. The conscience is, after all, central in the soul. And the conscience will respond, in individuals and in masses, to the words of such a man, as it never does to learning, as it never does to genius. The world will be moved, the world will be blessed by him; for his Character shall be to it the grandest instructor!

My brethren, let us *feel* this. God has written it in our spirits; in the consciences that are there. He has written it in his word; installing the Right over all present good, accepting its devotee as his prophet and seer, and making the 'burning marl' beneath fling back to the crystal sea above its witness unto this! He has written it in History; where Righteousness is always revealed as supreme, the one grand power that never fails, that outlasts empires, that conquers the kingdoms, that must underlie all or it overrides all, that hath it for its office to purify the world; to 'lay its stones with fair colors, its foundations with sapphires, to make its windows of agate, and its gates of carbuncle;' and so to fit

it for the dwelling of God! If we would be the champions of God, his fit and eloquent messengers to men, we must be inspired with this Divine spirit, which touched of old prophetic lips, which burst to exhibition in apostolic example, which shone like a Divine fire-tongue over each scene of Christian martyrdom, which carried the Lord himself to the cross, and then made that cross his centre of Empire! Not with the calm and tempered severity of ethical discussion, not with the raging and impetuous phrenzy of an errant fanaticism, disdaining all good, but with the magnanimous principled earnestness of Christian hearts, devoted to the Right, and determined to advance it, with a zeal that flames higher as resistance is more ardent, with a steady enthusiasm which no obloquy can bear down, and which worlds cannot break,—we must labor for the Right; to declare it to the world, and to make it supreme there! The true priest of God is He who manifests God to men! And the mitre of our priesthood shall be evident upon us when we thus honor Righteousness. This saintly white shall wrap us as a surplice!

V. One element more, and I have done. Encompassing all the forces I have named, renewing and crowning them, and adding to them all its higher glory, must be a thorough CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE; which loves all Being, wherever this is found; which desires its good, and seeks by every means to promote and secure that.

This is different from courage, and different from tastefulness. It is other and more than sympathy with men. It is not a mere enthusiasm for truth. It is not simply a conscientious earnestness. It involves the highest affection of the soul, and directs that affection, with a proportionate ardor, and an absolute continuance, toward all moral beings. It is piety toward God. It is a constraining philanthropy toward man. It reaches to all that lives around us. It loves ourselves, as we ought to be loved. And this is the ultimate glory of character. It is the parent of all other virtues, containing them within it. It is the sum of all other virtues; for "the greatest is Charity."

Humility, truthfulness, patience, magnanimity, the chasteness of temper that makes the soul white, the spirit of forgiveness that makes the soul God-like, every excellence that exalts, every trait that adorns, is the child of Benevolence. And yet this is simple as light, as air!

In the crowded and hurrying marts of trade, where men from all races and climes are jostling, where no man knows or heeds his neighbor, where each is intent on his personal ends, stands the open Asylum, to give rest to the weary, to give medicine to the sick, to give healing to the wounded, with an almost creative, re-quickening hand, to pour light upon the sightless and speech upon the deaf, and to open the tidings of salvation and peace to the vagrant and the magdalen. And that is a work of benevolence toward Man.— On the stony roof of the august cathedral, amid the barren wilderness of slate, where no foot strays except by accident, where the builder himself goes up with trembling, on the tapering top of the utmost spire, is set an image of consummate design, of elaborate workmanship, the study and labor of patient years, representing the Lord as he lay in the manger. And that is a work of affection toward God. “Not a name is in it, not a letter, not a mark,” says Michelet, describing such an one; “it is left for God’s eye, an offering unto Him!”

Where this great affection, in both these expressions, too often dissevered but inwardly harmonious, and each of them really essential to the other,— where this unbounded and constant Love, going out to all beings, reaching down to the humblest, rising up to the Highest, transcending the present and encompassing the future, is realized in the soul, we know that the crown of its excellence is attained! A true splendor of soul is manifest there, to which the Golden Palace at Rome were a tawdry setting; before which the seraphim shall have no supremacy! The character is heroic, and its apotheosis is not far.

Then effort is easy, and speech is noble, by a natural law. Then work is transfigured; and even the outward costume of manner drops a virtue from its folds. Then the soul has a

spring of pure zeal within it, and needs no incitements to stimulate its action. Then the character becomes a perpetual discourse; and the whole moral life is a medium of God's influence, transmitting that influence to communities and through ages. The humblest powers, as consecrated by this pure essence, take a radiance from on high. Their memory and their influence become immortal. The most splendid genius wants a glory if it wants this; is swiftly and certainly shaken from its place, on the pedestal of power, or the entablatures of History. The most accurate learning is but as the cup of the Arab's tale, which only the magical touch of this transmutes into diamond. The minister who has it becomes the real representative of the Lord, his apostle and witness among all tribes of men.

An eastern fable, quoted by Mrs. Jamieson, in one of her volumes, represents our Lord as once passing, with his disciples, where a dead dog lay; and while most of them laughed at an object so mean, and some repulsed it with violent disdain, he tenderly stooped to it, and said as he touched it: "Ah, but its teeth! pearls are not whiter!" And through the fable there shines upon us that all-including inestimable love, to which no object was too abject, for which no being was too high! Not where Pericles crowns the Acropolis with its diadem of temples; not where Cesar leads his legions, from Persia to the Thames; not where Innocent fulminates his edicts; not where Napoleon thunders through Italy, do we see this realized. But in that meek majestic form which treads the hills of Galilee and Judea, with timid women and humble fishermen for his only attendants, with no shelter but the woods, and no home but the fields, a fishing boat for his navy, and the well-side for his throne, but with a kingly sceptre in his soul, which the Ages acknowledge! There every grace is set in order. There every virtue finds its complement. There Courage and Tastefulness are perfectly blended with Sympathy for Man. There a loving and constant Enthusiasm for Truth unites with supreme fidelity to Righteousness. There Benevolence is a nature, and its fervor is complete. There God comes down to human

view ! And that is the character of the preacher's great Master ! the character to which faith should inwardly liken us !

' Not to the grandest of Earth or of History ; not to the angel, who lifts on high perpetual song ; not to the purest poetic ideal, whose images fall on human passion as moon-beams fall on heaving waves ; not to any of these, but to Thee, O Immanuel ! to THEE would I be likened ! ' has been the supreme aspiration of the soul, wherever God hath touched it with his Spirit ! In chapel and in cloister, in the dungeon, at the stake, wherever Christian hearts have wrought, wherever Christian souls have throbbled, hath risen this appealing cry. *This should be ours !*

My friends, do I seem to have asked too much in this series of traits ? more than man has attained ? more than we can attain, in our limited sphere ? But remember that what we aspire to be, that we become, if our longing be a true one, and our effort express it. And remember how vast is the work of the minister ! How grand his office, in any age : to open to men the character of God and His infinite plans, to work righteousness among them, and to lead them unto Him ! Remember how grand and eminent in *this* time ! when all the forces that act in society are doubled in their power ! when resistance to Truth becomes more urgent, but when, also, the instruments we may master and use are mightier than ever, and when the field we may sweep with our enterprise is as broad as the world ! We have to conquer for God and Christ the Master-Race, on earth, in history. ' Our iron sinks,' said the Hindoo to the Englishman, ' you build yours into ships, and yonder it swims ! Our wire is silent ; yours talks in the air, a thousand miles away ! Our fields bring nothing to us but wheat ; you open the sod, and lo, coal is beneath it ! We have journeyed for ages on foot or in palanquins ; you ride in chariots snorting fire ! ' To make this people, whose iron swims, whose wire talks, whose power is grander, whose science richer, whose passion more terrific in its heat, than any other's — to make this people obey one Law, and worship one Lord, and through

them to subjugate the whole earth unto Him, — this is our office! We need for it the grandest fitness!

It is a work for men, for heroes! A gentleman now justly prominent in this country, as a candidate for the highest office in its gift, in his early life was inclined toward the ministry. He felt that he could not find scope enough in it; and so he chose the office of the Explorer, and carved his honored name on the pinnacles of rock that pile their cones above the Pacific. We ought to live so that no man hereafter shall find his noblest powers unaddressed by the office of the ministry!

A little while since, there stood up before an assembly in New York a young man of delicate frame and mien, bearing the evidence on all his aspect of the affluent and indulgent culture that had trained him. He was reading a paper descriptive of hazards, and of their possible mastery. With the utmost precision of scientific language he unfolded a theory which had won his enthusiasm, of the unexplored conformation of "those regions of unknown northernness," to use his own intense expression, whither no boat or foot of a returning voyager had ever penetrated; where the eider-duck, the polar-bear, and the mammals of the sea, are man's only guides. In simple, but earnest and touching terms, he adverted to the yet undiscovered situation of that veteran explorer who for years had been hidden from the gaze of the world, behind mountains of ice. With the fine touch of the natural painter, he outlined briefly yet graphically the scene; the severe but grand features of that austere and wintry realm which ever guards the access to the pole. And then proceeding, in the tones of a courage so deep and central as to show itself a nature, making his soul invulnerable to assault, he said in closing, as step by step he had conducted his hearers from the ice-laden seas, over the hummocks and solid ribbed fields of the frozen land, to the point where, as he conceived, the fan-like land abuts upon a sea surrounding the pole: "Once there, if such a reward awaits us, we launch our little boats, and bidding 'God speed us,' embark upon its waters!" — A nobler spectacle, the World bears witness, this age, with all its discoveries and campaigns, has nowhere

seen, than that of this young fragile man, tasteful not more by nature than by culture, of scholarly habit, of liberal acquirements, instinct with a courage which precluded defeat and which ice-fields could not crush, going forth on a voyage of immeasurable hazards, in the impulse of philanthropy, and in devotion to science!

But ah, my brethren, our work is nobler! We need a character nobler still! For our work is to redeem the Race, which hath fallen into ruin, unto holiness and God! It is Speech that shall do this! the speech of the faithful! As God's word first created the world, so God's words now, repeated by his servants, shall take up that world and make it more beautiful, through the victory of virtue, than when it shone in morning innocence on radiant skies! But that Speech must be more than an impulse of air. It must have a power above all music; a *quality*, to which rhythm shall be only an accident. It must be living, mighty, DIVINE, with a personal, spiritual life in its tones; or the world will be held by it no more than is the earth by yonder thin dissolving clouds!

And we have much to help us gain this. We stand on a height to which centuries have brought us; the labors and the life of sixty generations, since Christ appeared; the labors and the life of sixty centuries, since Eden was a memory. We are nearer the Millennium than any others have ever been. We have a more copious Past to inspire us! As Coleridge says of Poetry, that it is "the blossom and the fragrantcy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human emotions, passions, language," so we may say of our present character, that it should be the 'bright consummate flower,' springing out of the long experience of the Past; nourished by all the blood and sweat that have enriched human history; matured by the penetrant influence of Christianity, and touched with hues of beauty and of grace by all the lights of nature and of knowledge! The sweep of yonder lordly elms should be imaged upon it. The light that flushes on yonder hills should mingle its fire with every part. Yet sympathy with Truth should kindle it as a vision, and

Righteousness shine in it like the very Shekinah! It should be invigorated by contacts with the living. It should be inspired by the memories of the dead! Looking up, it should catch on glowing brow the light from Heaven!

They who have gone from this Seminary should teach us! He, whose place is vacant now, but whose eye glanced out as genially over nature as if it had never been familiar with letters; whose soul drank a baptism from all the beauty which God hath poured as a blessing on this spot; who was ever suffused with the tenderest love for Christ and his cause; who was meek, sympathetic, conscientious, courageous, all to a proverb, and whose calm benevolence, inspired by the Master, enfolded all men! They, who have gone up from missionary fields! They, who have laid their bodies down on western prairies, or under the hill-sides of our New England; whose souls gleamed fair with intellectual light, whose consciences were strong as the pillars that hold up the mountain-crest, or whose sympathetic and excellent grace has consecrated their pulpits! An influence from these should rain upon us, and make us nobler, more admirable men, the leaders of our time, and the heralds of the Future! The years fly on with velvet foot, and never tarry. The world cries out for grandest work. And heaven draws nigher every day! Let it then be our purpose to give to Eloquence the grandest appeal, by making the Character which is uttered upon it most lofty and complete! to save this land by our spiritual energy, more than by words! to glorify speech, by a personal force to which eloquence is an instinct! to be in truth God's messengers to men!

Throughout the Scriptures, there flames one high cherubic symbol: revealed to the fallen as they went out from Eden; carved out from the gold that made the mercy-seat, in the most ancient tabernacle; erected by Solomon, colossal in size, in the temple which he reared; embossed on tapestry, veil and ceiling, all over that temple; flashing forth as a glory before the prophet at Chebar, and there sustaining the throne of God; revealed at last in the living creatures whose vision blazed above him of Patmos! And that is a

symbol of the Ministry of God ; of those who survey and set forth his grace ! Patient strength, undaunted courage, winged power, the vision of reason — the ox, the lion, the eagle, and the man — are combined in this image. ‘ And they went, every one, straight forward,’ Ezekiel says ; ‘ whither the Spirit was to go, they went ; and they turned not when they went. And when they went, the wheels went by them ; and when they were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up. And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters ; as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech ; as the noise of a host. And over their heads was the likeness of a throne. And upon it was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord !’ ‘ And when I saw it, I fell upon my face ; and I heard the voice of One that spake !’

How argument fails, and fancy is dumb, before this vision ! And yet to bear to men tidings from God, to bring to their souls his wisdom and grace, to carry abroad on living wheels his mighty kingdom, to do his work which connects the eternities, to speak his word into which angels look, and then to serve him more loftily in heaven, and spread, perhaps, to other worlds his great Evangel : — the symbol is not too grand for the office ! The demands which it implies are not too vast ! And that is *our* office ; and so may God prepare us for it !