

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

TORONTO, CANADA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

[NUMBER 34.]

VOLUME IV.]

Poetry.

[The following imaginative colloquy between the Anglican Church and her Canadian daughter—Church, is from the "Lyra Apostolica," Rivington's, London, 1838.]

MOTHER AND CHILD.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up."

Mother! and hast thou left thy child
With winds unquitting in the wild,
Stretching his feeble arms from far,
Where coldly sets the Western Star?
And is thy fostering bosom dry?

My Child! upon me is a chain,
Mid those who have our Master slain;
And signs I see of coming war,
Temporarily it broods afar,
The night in silence driveth by.

Mother! what'er betide thee, save
The Robe and Arms he dying gave;
That, then, to keep, a sheltering charm,
And these, thy foes, from their own harm;
O watch them wisely, warily!

My Child! I hold them still, but they
Would those things immortal Arms essay,
And rend my sheltering Robe in twain;
But eye with me shall they remain,
With them I live, with them I die!

Mother! 'tis late, with fear I cope,
And from my dangers gather hope!
The world grows ere, and I my bed
Have made of leaves around me shed,
Till come the Day-spring from on high.

My Child! what'er shall me betide,
An Angel's face is at thy side;
He, who amid the Arabian wild
Did with the mother save the child,
Doth o'er thee lean, and hear thy cry.

Mother! some Hand, through sky, o'er sea,
Leads wandering birds protectingly,
Mid floating piles, and ocean dark,
That Hand will guide thy homeless bark;
Then leave them to their emity.

My Child! shall mine forsaken be,
That I may feed thy flock with thee?
Yet know, ere they shall me bereave
Of mine own Arms, I, though I grieve,
Unto thee they will I fly.

Mother! one sun hath gone to rest,
But left behind a gleaming vest;
It lies the western sky along,
And round me comes a starry throng,
From out our Father's house on high.

My Child! as darker grows the night,
Good Angels thus shall o'er thee light;
And memory true to him that's gone,
Shall take his torch and lead thee on,
A moon unlit, but calm and bright.

* Canada.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D.*

There is, perhaps, no living writer of eminence whom the change of times and of public opinion has thrown so much into the rear of events as Dr. Channing. It is but a dozen years since he was regarded by many whose opinions are worth looking back upon, as the master spirit of the age. His pages were transparent with truth, burning with all the glories of hope and anticipation, and even consorted with the divinity of genius. If there appeared to Christian taste and principle a few drawbacks in the march of mind on this side of the Atlantic,—if there seemed a little rancor in dissent, a little pettishness in schism,—if the progress of civilization was thought to bring with it a little increase of vulgarity, and the sacred cause of freedom betrayed a trifling admixture of factiousness, the English child of hope could at once extinguish all qualms and fears by a glance at the Fortunate Islands across the western main. The achievements of unfettered intellect, and the triumphs of political independence, which here are wont to assume so rude and wital so keen an exterior, were there seen like the sword of ancient liberty, entwined with the myrtle boughs of elegance and peace. Fancy pictured by those Elysian meads a venerable group of sagacious and benign, who had long drunk oblivion to the miserable jealousies that rend the ancient world, expounding to many a youthful Æneas the mighty order of nature, and predicting with the calmness of certainty and with numerical exactness the coming fortunes of mankind, the return of a golden age, and the refulgent line of heroes destined to spread and establish the empire of the New Philosophy:

"Dardanium prolem que deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneat Itala de gente nepotes
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras."

To the writings of the author before us, more than to those of any other of his fellow citizens, nay, to them almost solely, were we indebted for this pleasing illusion. His style carried along with it the most phlegmatic and hesitating mind. His arguments were self-evident to the thinking reader, as they were plausible to the superficial. One seemed to find there English sense and French sprightliness; mother wit, and profound philosophy; speculations of the most adventurous daring, cautiously built upon axioms of the most undeniable certainty. To be sure, one's head did sometimes grow rather dizzy; the foundations of the earth were moved under one's feet, the old world was tottering, and the heavens were in a maze. One felt like the unhappy wight in the Arabian Nights, who, having carelessly touched upon the steed that looked so quiet and manageable, found himself suddenly borne with the speed of the storm over the earth, and sea, and clouds. So aerial, so very unearthly and abstract from sense and prejudice seemed one's career, that the world itself one had just left was seen to whirl and travel on, and all the mighty revolutions of the universe were plainly perceptible. Yet amid the labefaction of all things, the reader was comforted and established with the assurance that one position, whether in mind or in matter, was still unmoved, viz., Dr. Channing himself, and the mighty foundations of truth and experience on which he stood. Though he seemed to have opened the floodgates of moral revolution, yet he, and he alone, could stem and control that irresistible tide: so that, if the worst should come to the worst, we had only to keep tight hold of the Doctor's skirt, and we should be safe.

It was, perhaps, nothing wonderful that a writer so bold and lively should take with the "general reader," who reads for amusement and gains little else from his reading; who, feeling that his judgment is of no great weight, takes little pains in forming it, and being capable of no great degree of enthusiasm, readily bestows that

* From the British Critic.

modicum upon the first applicant, just as the poorest are always found the first to part with their pence to a beggar. There were also a good many on our side the water who had so far anticipated the conclusions of the great American teacher, as to make it tolerably clear beforehand what sympathy they would show him. From them it was nothing surprising to hear of his "comprehensive views," his "glowing eloquence," his "wisdom and candor," his "purity and freshness of feeling, his spirit and eloquence such as nothing but the love of liberty can so well inspire," "his admirable appreciation of character," "his splendor of eloquence, soundness of judgment, and nobility of feeling." But even the very watchmen and guardians of old English feelings, authorities supposed to be fortified with a tolerably stout bias against Americanism in every shape, were content to swell the chorus of praise. Blackwood, misled perhaps by its Scotch predilection for the evidences of Christianity, in its review of Dr. Channing's discourse on that subject, which breathes Socinianism in every line, pronounced him "a man of sound judgment and clear understanding; equally correct in feeling and refined taste;" and even the staunch, the orthodox *Quarterly Review*, incidentally noticed him as "one of those men who are a blessing and an honor to their generation and their country."

It becomes then an interesting question, to which however we shall not have space to do justice, how has so powerful and original a writer utterly lost his name, place, authority, and favor amongst us? That he is gone by, and is now a mere nullity as an author on this side the Atlantic, will be proved, we are certain, on the evidence of our reader's own feelings, who will turn with distaste from the very heading of our remarks, as from something beyond his utmost indulgence, stale, flat, and unprofitable. That he is gone by, is as certain as that he was once a great name amongst us.

We cannot better describe the perpetual strain and ambitiousness of Dr. Channing's tone, than by comparing it to Pythian inflation, or something worse. This is not so much in the words, which are often modest enough, but in the sentiment. Taught as we have been "to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God," we cannot go along with the author for a single page without feeling for refuge from his presumption to the blessedness of *Carist's* little ones. Page after page with untired energy he seems to spring, to bound, to climb, to struggle in the vain attempt to extricate himself from the laws of humanity, and scale either heaven, or at least this world's highest eminence. Without the instincts of awe and humbleness, and too wrapt in himself to be rebuked by experience, he still persists, and never seems to feel reaction or recoil. Speculations of pride, designed to excite, to elevate, to make us discontented and self-confiding, appear, as one reads, to chase one another into utterance, and as quick vanish away. Visions of the world's and our own great capabilities are blown up like bubbles out of a froth of words, but utterly elude the grasp of the hand, and will not even endure the gaze of the eye.

"Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged finny walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride."

There is something in this tone which reminds of that very remarkable monument of history, for such it is, the peculiar twang of voice which New England, and indeed all the Union, has derived from the predominance of Puritan elements in its origin. The ethical unsoundness and absurdity of that system, has now worked its way into the physical construction, and the very organs of speech;—a memorable instance indeed of sins punished by being made inveterate even to the third and fourth generation. Now it is this well known tipto pitch of voice, become in our age a physical difference between an Englishman and an American, which an English ear discerns in Dr. Channing's strain of sentiment. It is, if it be not a bull to say so, one continued climax, one protracted excitement, without beginning or end, without definite principles or objects. The only hell he seems heartily to fear, and seek to escape from, is a "monotonous world," (p. 280); or, as he elsewhere calls it, "the spiritless tameness of our characters and lives." (*Self-Culture*, p. 253.)

Dr. Channing seems to have been for a moment startled, as well he, or any man whatever, might be, at that excessive shape of this self-exaltation which arrogates to itself the highest sacred authority, and affects to speak as an inspired apostle or prophet. The passage we refer to occurs in the opening of his remarks on Milton. This happens not to be Dr. Channing's own mode, and therefore his taste refused the unwonted savor; but it is curious to observe how reason, so fertile in backing up conceit, came to his aid, and with what satisfaction and evident sympathy he at last gulps down the whole lump of arrogance.

"The work opens," he says, "with a salutation, which from any other man might be chargeable with inflation; but which we feel to be the natural and appropriate expression of the spirit of Milton." (A most ambiguous compliment.) "Endowed with gifts of the soul, which have been imparted to a few of our race, and conscious of having consecrated them through life to God and mankind, he rose without effort or affectation to the style of an apostle:—John Milton, to all the Churches of CHRIST, and to all who profess the Christian faith throughout the world, peace and the recognition of the truth, and eternal salvation in God the Father, and in our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

"The great swelling words of vanity" that characterize Dr. Channing's works, are of another sort; nor does he wish to express a rivalry set up against every thing which the Christian venerates, though perhaps virtually not the less sitting in the temple of God, as God, and not the less usurping the Apostolic throne. "Great," "lofty," "grand," and "stupendous," are the pedal notes to which this pompous performer is ever recurring; if they do not rather resemble the big drum of the village band, which at a short distance is all that reaches the ear, leaving imagination to supply the flutes and clarionets. The laboring classes of Boston come to him for instruction as to the best mode of raising themselves, and he very eloquently answers this appeal. Most people would be puzzled at such a task, and so was evidently Dr. Channing. How then does he escape out of the difficulty? After many foreible negations, and ingenious exceptions—true elevation is not this, or that, or the other—he takes refuge in the "great ideas within the reach of every man who thirsts for truth, and seeks it with singleness of heart." This of course wants explaining. The charm is of no use without directions. Perhaps

the following passage, which occurs soon after in the same discourse, will be considered a sufficient practical elucidation of the Doctor's meaning:

"The highest social art is yet in its infancy. Great minds have no where solemnly, earnestly undertaken to resolve the problem how the multitude of men may be elevated. The trial is to come. Still more the multitude have no where comprehended distinctly the true idea of progress, and resolved deliberately and solemnly to reduce it to reality. This great thought however, is gradually opening on them, and it is destined to work wonders. From themselves their salvation must chiefly come. Little can be done for them by others, till a spring is touched in their own breasts; and this being done, they cannot fail. The people, as history shows us, can accomplish miracles under the power of a great idea. How much have they often done in critical moments for country, for religion! The great idea of their own elevation is only beginning to unfold itself within them, and its energy is not to be foretold. A lofty conception of this kind, were it once distinctly seized, would be a new life breathed into them. Under this impulse they would create time and strength for their high calling, and would not only regenerate themselves, but the community."

We have read of a country so swampy, that the peasantry were forced to traverse it on stilts, which became by use as natural to them as their own legs. Such appears to us the result of this author's endeavors. He knows to repose, no content, no union of the humble and the great. Like the frog in the fable, he is always swelling.

One cannot help being struck by the universality with which the moral quality of Socinianism pervades every thought and suggestion in these pages. It exhibits itself on every subject in an indisposition to admit facts, which cannot readily be squared into theory. Nay, rather, it perceives, it realizes no facts, no persons, no things, not the merest historical truisms, not the plainest evidence of the senses, not even the existence and characters of the nearest friends, except only as parts of theories. It results, therefore, in a most flagrant and absurd impracticalness, an unlimited ignorance of human nature, and the most ridiculous projects for its improvement. Dr. Channing's notion of human nature is a shadowy something that a drunkard might dream of, but which the first act of the body, the first real movement of the limbs, must detect. The things that one hears of in nursery rhymes are not more contrary to fact, more impossible, and altogether more external to humanity, than what every page before us abounds with.

If one takes the commonest form or species of fact that one thinks of, viz., a particular statement respecting certain persons and things, it is wonderful how few, how next to none, there are in this immense mass of disquisition, on every variety of subject, human and divine, filling 559 large and very closely printed pages. A few proper names, indeed, are studied here and there, as there are ships on the ocean. If any sound-minded person, proof against the infection of theorizing, wishes to increase his relish for facts, for pieces of positive information, let him read Dr. Channing, for after a few pages his heart will begin to yearn after facts. "Oh monstrous," he will exclaim, "but one half-penny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sick!" One most striking display of this deficiency is the almost entire absence of quotations from Scripture, which are pre-eminently the facts of a religious writer. Dr. Channing never shrinks from the most serious subjects, but even in his sermons you hardly find a text, or so much as the faintest allusion to sacred history. It is said of a certain writer, that if the Bible were lost, it could be recovered from his works. We wonder what infinitesimal fragment could be picked, like a few grains of gold dust from the mud of a vast river, out of the book before us. But in truth this writer cannot handle facts; he cannot take them in; his stomach has no solvent for them; his nature cannot assimilate them; he lives on jellies, and revolts from solid food. The effect is, that these fifty discourses are fifty deserts of dry generalities, each fifty parasangs long. Those portions which are applicable to certain particular times and places, might be condensed into ten pages. The rest would suit the moon as well as this sublimity sphere. It is a book of arithmetic, full of ingenious calculations, but only just a few facts about weights, measures, exchange, and so forth, barely enough to work the rules with.

We cannot help dwelling a little on this characteristic of the writer, because to our minds it is very significant. There is an utter want of *personality* or *personal* interest in Dr. Channing's mode of stating his views and describing things. One cannot "see the man," at least for our part we can only have some rather ugly suspicions. He does not write as a man, as a friend, as a brother, as a father, as a companion, as a Christian minister, or in any definite human capacity. He writes as an abstract declaimer. He philanthropizes by steam. He gives out his universal love as the revolution of the glass cylinder generates the electric fluid. He is a mere machine for essays; you pull out the march of mind peg or the progress peg, or the old abuses peg, and as long as you choose to turn the crank, you may have an unending continuity of lucubration, with a very respectable average of meaning and a good deal of briskness. In about half an hour you begin to reflect that you have gained nothing tangible except an aching arm, and a little giddiness in the head. Though it is all about man, yet man is not in it. Dr. Channing never stands confessed; he does not even loom through the mist of his speculations.—Nor does he raise up others to the mind's eye more than himself.

There is scarcely a symptom of personality more than skin deep in the course of half a hundred lengthy discussions on every kind of topic. Each sentence seems to bristle with a certain horror of entanglement. Though his spirit be ever so wearied, yet can he find no rest for the sole of his foot, for all the world to him is lined for his destruction. He burns with unquenchable zeal against every human affinity, and holds that man to be a traitor to the human race who loves any one of his fellow creatures more than any other.

One cannot, indeed, read a dozen of the pages before us, without seeing that the writer is in a false position with every thing practical. He cannot go along with anybody in any definite word. All action he views externally. Somebody somewhere indulges in a very gratuitous speculation on what would be thought of our ways by an angel, or a native of some more obedient planet than ours, who should be suddenly introduced into this earth without any previous information of our

moral condition, and only a few angelic notions of goodness, and love, and duty. Far be it from us to say there is anything angelic in our author's style; but yet such an abstraction, such a nakedness from human sympathies does he aim at; and so does he endeavor to survey the world.

Thus there is no existing mode of action whatever that Dr. Channing can acquiesce in. His antipathy to the Church as a known, prevalent, and authorized mode of teaching and living, great as it must needs be, is the least of his antipathies, because, perhaps, he stands least in fear of it. His protests against societies and every mode of religious agitation are far more numerous and energetic.

It is the natural result of all this, that when Dr. Channing does attempt to be practical, his suggestions being in defiance of the facts of humanity, are contemptible and ludicrously disappointing. His wish and purpose is not merely to reform the world up to some moderately respectable standard of virtue, but to push on mankind some steps towards the universal prevalence of universal love, towards the happiness of all men, or some such lofty consummation. If his purpose only were to supply a little short-lived stimulus or encouragement as amusement, he would succeed, as indeed any man would who condescended to the task. Measured by this standard, Punch and Judy, as well as the most frantic and blasphemous street preaching, is successful. But looking up to any object worthy of religion or philosophy, Dr. Channing cannot be a less ineffectual performer than they are. For what are his remedies? Excitement, and that without venturing to specify the particular drugs, doses, intervals, and so forth. As if the physician were to leave his anxious patient with the simple admonition, "You must stimulate the system, but there is so much nonsense in all the usual specifics for this purpose, that the only advice I can give you is to warn you against them." Or if Dr. Channing does put the drugs into our hands, he seldom assists us to more than the root, or mineral, or perhaps a dozen unprepared ingredients, leaving us to reduce, compound, and manipulate. Sometimes he merely says to the patient, "You must get well," or "I wish I could see you on your legs," or "A little sleep will compose you wonderfully," or "One solid meal would do you a world of good." But all the while, as the Doctor has a keen eye for failures, and a head full of the evils of excess or inadequacy in every mode of treatment, he falls into infinite inconsistencies. His advice only amounts to "Yes" and "No," "Do this" and "Don't do this." But one continually desiderates the middle course between these extremes, the reconciliation of position and negation. He never indeed pointedly contradicts himself—there is not enough practical aim and modification in his writing for him to be in much peril of that—but if one attempts to put him together and make him out, there results nothing but a maze of the vaguest contrarities;—an endless series of doings and undoings, backwards and forwards, marches and countermarches, reminding one of the kind of goodness and energy displayed by a well-known counterpart of the Doctor's:

"Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then,
And when he whipt them he made them dance
Out of England into France,
Out of France into Spain;
Then he whipt them back again."

Yet it is the very object and profession of the moralist to find out the mean between these extremes. Not to say, Seek excitement, or Be quiet; nor to say, Retire into solitude, or Go into society. Nor again is it the moralist's office merely to say there is a mean between these. It is of little use to say—at least we need no Channing to say it—Beware on the one hand of excitement; and on the other hand beware of inertia; nor, Beware of loneliness, and also beware of a crowd. This is using the whip and the voice, and not the reins: flogging your horse when he pulls you and your carriage into the right hand ditch, and also flogging him when he gets into the left. The moralist must aim at a definite, practicable line, midway between the extremes. He must chart it, and describe it by its marks and bearings and distances; the danger being really in slight deflexions from the right path, not in great aberrations, which in moral matters are comparatively infrequent, but when they do occur, are generally final and irremediable. Yet there is hardly such a thing as a mean dreamed of in these pages; that is, there is no attempt to lay it down, for when a person decries excess, we admit he does grammatically imply a mean.

The secret of all this is to be found, first, in Dr. Channing's utter impracticalness; secondly, in his intense abhorrence of any thing like authority. A mean implies authority, as reins imply hands. A mid-course implies self-restraint, regard to precedents, submission to near and continual guidance through fear of distant and infrequent dangers; it implies a practical existent system found to answer. A mid-course is usually one which we take, not quite because we see it to be good, but because it is recommended to us by extrinsic considerations. On these accounts a mid-course requires a humble and believing temper. Whereas an extreme, a single principle, recommends itself by its own simplicity; it goes on by its own momentum; it is perfectly intelligible; it accounts for itself; it is self-sufficient, requiring no *dubium* for further progress except the direction it has already come.

Thus, though our author's words be many, yet there is nothing in them but the bare enunciation of principles. If you want a practical direction, it is like "looking for a needle in a bundle of hay." Though contrary principles may in turn receive their due, yet there is no reckoning; just as an honest but slovenly book-keeper puts down his receipts and his payments, but never strikes a balance. Dr. Channing is what the Greeks called *peripetous*, like a man in a balloon carried now this way, now the contrary, as the different currents catch him; or to use more unhappily a more familiar image, he "reels to and fro and staggers like a drunken man." This is the character of his teaching and argumentation. His opinions of history, i. e., of the broad outlines, for there is not a symptom of so much as a schoolboy's knowledge of history, are rather more fixed and defined: though they still are all of the same kind. The practical moralist marks the calendar of past history with the same alternations of brightness and darkness that have chequered his own brief existence; nor does he allow his future anticipations to wear a more uniform hue. But past, present, and future, are universally characterized by Dr. Channing as follows: a universal deep black and festering mass of corruption; past, ditto, with a faint streak of light and beauty here and there, especially at Boston, U. S.; future, all bright-

ness, beauty, order, happiness, glory, and Unitarianism, "and something worse." On these points there is no variety, no alternation of sentiment in our author. They are, to his mind, as immutable landmarks as the mountain shore; as sure and sacred guides as the stars of heaven. It is not of his historical prejudices, but of his advocacy of principles, his moral speculations, that we are speaking. And in this we assert, that he has no other secret of navigation, than to run full sail in one tack, till the man at the watch calls out "breakers ahead," and then to run with equal impetuosity on another, perhaps the contrary one.

WRITING SERMONS.

It is by no means an easy thing to write a good sermon. It may be thankfully admitted, that the Holy Spirit of God, who is in reality the Converter, the Teacher, and the Edifier, is bound by no rules, and can work by the meanest instruments; and that sermons, therefore, may be often useful, which have no claim, in a literary point of view, to be called good. Still, without derogating from the power of the Divine Agent, there may be fitness for accomplishing their end in the means he ordinarily employs; and at least the minister of the gospel will always wish to make the vehicle of the message he bears as perfect as possible; and to offer as spotless an offering as he can, upon the altar of the God he serves. It is this which renders the requisites for a good sermon a matter of interest to the Christian preacher, and which must bear excuse for venturing upon a few short remarks.

Assuming then, that the doctrine of a discourse be sound, and the tone healthy and unaffected, we would lay it down as the chief requisite for a sermon that it be plain. By plainness, however, we mean neither vulgarity nor homeliness; but the quality of stamping a strong and definite impression upon the hearer's mind—a character which is compatible not only with the most polished elegance, but also with the most ornamental rhetoric.—Indistinctness and confusion either of matter or expression weary the attention, and take no hold on the memory; it is only a sharp, clear outline which the mental eye apprehends and retains accurately. Hence it follows, that one of the first excellencies of a sermon is unity of purpose, without which there can be no plainness. Perhaps the rock on which many preachers split, is the attempt to introduce too much into one discourse, as if every sermon must needs be an epitome of the whole Bible, a complete summary of Christian belief and practice. Half an hour is a very short time for such a task; and he who passes a multitude of images in rapid succession before the eye, produces no distinct impression of hues and forms, but a confused and colorless blending of them all. In expository sermons, indeed, a greater variety of subjects may be introduced, because the sacred text carries along the mind and memory, and binds the parts together. Yet even here unity of design should be preserved, if the impression of the whole is to remain; the passage chosen, of whatever length, should be complete in itself, and a oneness of tone should run through the exposition. In textual sermons the preacher's tactics should, we think, be like those of Buonaparte. He should concentrate his attacks upon one point. On this he should bring up his arguments and illustrations in successive masses, till the impression is made, and the position won. The shock will be felt through the whole line. General exhortations and reproofs seldom reach the conscience; and vague, discursive teaching is rarely grasped by the understanding. But convince a man on Christian principles of one sin, or persuade him to one duty; and by the grace of God he will be urged to entire repentance and efforts for universal obedience; and instruct him thoroughly in one truth, and it will be at the same time to prepare him to receive and value others.

Unity of design is mainly secured by what appears to us another requisite of a good sermon, viz., that it should flow easily and naturally from the text. A religious essay with a scriptural motto prefixed is one thing; a sermon on a text is another; and the latter has these advantages, that it has a principle of unity in itself, formed as it is on the nucleus of a proposition of holy writ; and that it enriches with its own proof in the portion of God's word which it is to illustrate and enforce. These advantages, however, it possesses only on condition, that it flows readily from the text, and requires not to be connected by artificial links or tortuous inferences.

One exception to these remarks may perhaps be made. There are some points which, though they seem to require to be explained or enforced, are not of sufficient importance to be the subject of a whole discourse. These may be conveniently treated in the introduction of a sermon, before the text is opened, and the necessity for strict unity commenced, provided the connection with the subject itself, be easy and appropriate.

Another requisite, as it appears to us, of a good sermon is simplicity of division. That oral teaching should be divided in order to be remembered, seems clear; and it is as clear, that numerous or arbitrary divisions load the memory and distract the attention. Those texts therefore are the best, which divide themselves, or which suggest a classification of the subject to the hearer almost before the preacher points it out.

But after all, the most important requisite of a sermon is, that it be scriptural; by which we mean, not merely that its doctrines be agreeable to Scripture, but that they be supported by Scripture. The majority of hearers are incapable or impatient of following a long train of argument; and if they were not, none could be found in general so convincing as the simple reason, *Thus saith the Lord*. It may be fairly assumed in most congregations, that all the hearers acknowledge the authority of the Bible; and this becomes therefore to the preacher the great armoury of reasons and principles, of major premises and middle terms. It is not that abstract and moral reasoning, arguments from analogy, and even arguments *ad homines* may not be sometimes profitably employed; but they should appear as auxiliaries and corroboratives, while the main body of Christian proofs should always be drawn from scripture.—*Christian Remembrancer*.

EPISCOPACY.

From one root, even from our Lord's own powerful word, "As my Father sent me, so send I you,"—He has caused to spring a progeny that is older in lineage and descent, more direct and demonstrable in succession, and incomparably wider in extent of spread, than any human government that ever yet existed. Where a rightfully ordained bishop can be found, there is a direct descendant of the twelve whom our Lord chose to represent Himself, the one great apostle of the Father, and to bear his name and authority through every age, to every climate. Wherever the sun shines on earth their sway has been extended. Dynasties have risen and sunk in darkness, while their long extended line has gone on, in unbroken self-perpetuation. Wave after wave of barbarism and devastation has rolled over East and West, and swept away learning, wealth, arts and civilization, but has broken in powerless ragings upon the rock of the Church's polity. Empires which are even yet the world's wonder—Nineveh, and Babylon, and the Medo-Persian throne, and the iron sway of Rome—were each of less duration and of less extent, than this dynasty of the Galilean fishermen has proved. Even now, in what remotest nook of earth, is it not self-propagated? Australasia, an empire but of yesterday, and Hindostan, with its seemingly eternal