

thoughts suits better the style of Mr. Caird. The illustrations are *brought* to the thought, which is born naked in the shape of a general statement or abstract principle such as that—"There is always a certain degree of solitude about a great mind;" or this, "To combine business with religion, to keep up a spirit of serious piety amidst the stir and distraction of a busy and active life,—this is one of the most difficult parts of a Christian's trial in this world." The illustrations are *brought* to the thought and draped about it, fitting to its form and flowing round in fulness and grace. The illustrations, it has always struck us, are rather apt than original. They do not hold us by their beauty in themselves, like the figures of Dr. Guthrie, or Mr. Ker of Glasgow. And we do not think this is a fault in a preacher's style, whatever it might be in a poet's. It is the office of illustrations to *illustrate*, aiding a great general effect, not to attract conspicuous attention to themselves. But if Mr. Caird has not a striking fancy, he has the higher gift of a great imagination. He conceives *wholes*. His style shows the roll of the wave, if not the sparkle of the wavelet. He has attained that point of excellence distinguishing the Grecian architecture, "the greatest breadth of general effect," if not that other "the greatest beauty of detail;" although, perhaps, in this respect, any greater exuberance would lead into the florid.

After these remarks, we need hardly add, that Mr. Caird's style is exceedingly simple and clear. It is a spoken style—its tone being the conversational from which he gradually rises, with the application of his theme, into the impassioned. And all through, the wheels move oiled with feeling. You are sensible, from the first sentence, that it is a man with a heart that is addressing you. And he must be *heard* in order to be appreciated fully. It is not in print, but in the pulpit, that Mr. Caird is great. Like Whitefield, it is as an orator that we must estimate him, though he is inferior to Whitefield as a speaker, and superior as a writer.

We remember hearing Mr. Caird on a Glasgow Fast-day, now a considerable number of years ago, in St. Andrew's Church, when the audience was not, if we recollect aright, much greater than usual on a Glasgow Fast-day; although the ordinary worshippers, doubtless, marked throughout the edifice not a few vagrant students like ourselves, who had heard of the rising fame of the young minister of Lady Yester's. We heard him again a few years after, when the scene presented was very different indeed. Fast-day as it was this time also, the church was crowded, crammed. Every one was excited. The stream of the passages surged restlessly. The busy hum of the galleries, before the preacher entered, showed that expectation was strained to its highest pitch. But the preacher appears, and all is hushed eagerness as he rapidly ascends the stairs. He sits down in the pulpit with an air of unconsciousness and humility, which in some might be affectation. When he rises, we perceive him to be an exceedingly youthful man, with long black hair, which has a tendency to hang down over a forehead not remarkable for height. His countenance does not appear comely at a distance. The reading of the psalm you would not call fine reading. There is a thickness in the voice. But you are at once subdued and elevated by the prayer, which flows on in a rich, deep, stream of devotion and pathos. Then follows a discourse on the text, "Who can understand his errors?" marked by such characteristics as we have stated belong more or less to Mr. Caird's style of preaching generally. But we noticed in it, what we have observed in all Mr. Caird's discourses which we have either heard or read, something to which we have not as yet referred, and in which lies the "open secret" of his peculiar success. That secret may be betrayed in one word: it is *structure*. It is not so much the constituent elements in Mr. Caird's preaching—his excellent thought, his clearness, his simplicity, his *heart*, his illustrativeness, his passion, that produce such great effects, as the *form* in which these elements are brought to bear upon the audience. We could conceive of them all existing and yet the same effect not