

than of Johnson. It is the style of Tillotson rather than of Jeremy Taylor. It is the style of the Bible and of John Bunyan rather than that of Robert Hall or of Thomas Chalmers. If he has formed his style on any model, which is extremely doubtful, the great puritan writers and divines of the seventeenth century are his masters. On reading his sermons one imagines there is one of the old Non-Conformists risen again. Baxter, and Bates, and Charnock, and Flavel, being dead yet speak in their devoted pupil, and the sturdy terseness and piercing power of the olden English tongue, with which these great masters were in use to pierce to the dividing asunder of the soul and the spirit, and the joints and the marrow of their hearers, is just the style which rivets the attention, and entrances and enchains the heterogeneous crowds, as it falls from the lips of this gifted man.

His *perspicuity* is another element still of his power. There is no ambiguity about him, or at least there is no studied or affected ambiguity. He does not bury his ideas under a heap of words, and his words are generally fitly chosen. He is the very opposite of the preacher of whom after hearing him one friend said to another, What a deep preacher that is,—not so, was the reply, not deep but drumly. No matter how profound the theme on which he treats, he is transparent, and whether you approve, or coincide, or differ, you cannot fail to understand him. One of the causes of this peculiarity is the fact that he has the rare excellence of clothing the doctrines of the Cross in the language of every day life. He himself says he uses “market language,” and when men go to hear him they are amazed that the preacher thinks as they think and speaks as they speak, even when dealing with their souls and the interests of eternity, and as it was with the Lord himself, not only do the common people hear him gladly, but they go away wondering and saying one to another “we never heard it after this fashion.”

It is necessary also to look at the *personality and directness of his preaching*. He indulges, some would say to a fault, in the use of the personal pronouns. He avoids vague generalities. He makes his hearers feel that it is to them *each one* he is speaking. “I have a message from God to thee” is his motto. “Thou art the man” is his manner of dealing with his audience. His classification of gospel hearers, in general so accurate and comprehensive—his stating and resolving cases of conscience—his manner of disposing of the objections of the wilful, or the hesitating, or the unbelieving, all better treated by a skilful workman in the use of the singular number than in any other—imparts a measure of the individual and direct to his teaching from which almost none of his hearers can make their escape. And thus it is that under his preaching the man is forgotten in the message—the feeling of personal interest awakened by the closeness and pertinency and pungency of the spiritual trial to which he is subjecting them, making them for the time forget that it is one of the chief men of the age who is conducting it, and leading them to fix their thoughts on themselves and on their destiny, inasmuch as the Judge standeth at the door. It was thus that the Pentecostal converts felt and acted under the thundering accusation of the great Apostle. “Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God ye have taken and with wicked hands have crucified and slain.” Wonder at the preacher was overmastered in their souls by sorrow for the crime, and instead of repelling the charge and silencing the accuser by the power of the law or the fury of their own ungovernable anger, they looked each other in the face awe-struck and conscience-smitten, and in an agony of concern cried one to another, Men and brethren what shall we do. It was thus that the French monarch felt under the preaching of Massillon, “When I listen to