

### DANIEL QUORM'S NOTIONS ABOUT PREACHING.

It was as he cobbled away one Monday morning that a talk of the previous day's sermon with young Cap'n Joe gave an opportunity of expressing his opinion on this matter.

"Well, Cap'n Joe, my advice to everybody is this: Don't you preach if you can help it. 'Tisn't enough for a man to want to preach. Nor yet for a man to fancy that he could preach. If that was all, good preachers would be as common as blackberries. An' 'tisn't enough for other folks to think that a man's got a call to preach either; though there is something in that. No; afore ever a man have got any business in the pulpit, he must feel like it was 'long with Jeremiah the prophet. You know, he thought he'd give up preachin', an' take his name off the plan. 'I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name.' that is what he said. An' if a man can hold his tongue an' be comfortable about it, 'tis the best thing he can do; there's gabble an' cackle enough in the world a'ready, what with geese and other folks. But, bless 'ee, Jeremiah could no more hold his tongue than he could fly: 'His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.' There; when a man do feel like that, he'll preach somehow; he must. An' if a man have never felt like that, well the heavenly Father may have meant him for a decent shoemaker, Cap'n Joe, or a carpenter, or somethin' o' that sort; but he was never meant for a preacher 't all, an' nobody could ever make a preacher out of him either.

"Why, you can tell 'em in a minute—a'most before they do open their mouths; for there's nothing in this world that's farther off from each other than them two: the preacher that men do make and the preacher that is sent by God. I've noticed that the old prophets always had 'a burden' afore they spoke. Like as if the message o' the Lord laid heavy upon 'em, an' pressed them day an' night. That's the difference, Cap'n Joe, between men that can preach an' men that can't. The prophet that is come from the Lord do feel the truth all over him. It do take up all his thoughts, an' do press 'pon his heart, givin' him a thrill o' joy in it his own self, or else makin' him tremble at it with very fear. It'll be ringin' in his ears day an' night, a-followin' him wherever he goes, an' whatever he's a-doin' of. Why, when the word of the Lord comes 'upon me like that, I can't help hammerin' my shoes to the text that I got runnin' in my mind, an' stitchin' 'em with it, like as if it was the application. The very clock will keep tickin' it in my ears, and a'most everything that I see do come to be mixed up with it. There 'tis, seemin' to me, the word must be a burnin' fire shut up in the man's bones; an' then he'll preach, then he'll preach." and old Dan'el tapped away at the sole as if that settled the matter. Cap'n Joe was turning the notion quietly over in his mind, without saying a word. Presently Dan'el looked up again, the little eye twinkling merrily:

"An' talkin' o' bones do put me in mind of another thing. I've heard tell about 'Skeleton Sermons.' Now, seemin' to me, Cap'n Joe, that there's only one way for a sermon not to be a skeleton. It must come out of a man's own heart, wrapt up in his own flesh an' blood, an' breathin' with the man's own life. If it don't, then there'll be bones; dead bones; nothing but bones. Put together all in order, I dare say, but bones only, Cap'n Joe, for all that. No naturalness about 'em—I do mean no life an' no realness, but a sort of a ghostly thing that you can see through. All varnished an' shinin', may be, but dead bones still. Why, I should every bit so soon expect for to see a passle o' skeletons a-walkin' about, as to meet them there kind o' good people that you hear about sometimes from the pulpit, or them there dreadful sinners. I should so soon expect for to see a skeleton standin' up to young Palsue's smithy a-pullin' the bellows, or to see a couple o' 'em sittin' down here alongside o' me, mendin' shoes, as to see them there kind o' sermons anywhere out o' the pulpit. They'm skeletons, Cap'n Joe; an' all they're good for is to be kept locked

up in a box, and brought out every two or three years, so dead as dust an' so proper as nothin'. There's no life in 'em; no kind o' brotherliness for to shake hands with 'e an' for to wish anybody brave speed. I've very often thought when I've been listenin' to them that these here kind o' skeleton sermons would do very well perhaps for a lot o' skeletons to listen to if you could only get 'em together; very good for them that aren't troubled with any flesh an' blood, an' so haven't got to work for their bread an' cheese, an' never need a new suit o' clothes, much less a button put on or a pair o' stockin's for to be mended. You see, Cap'n Joe, if you happen for to step 'pon their corns, why, they can't feel it, an' that makes a deal o' difference; so 'tis no wonder that they do stand all the day long smilin' with such a lovely smile, like as if nothing couldn't put 'em out.

"Though, there—it won't do for me to set myself up for knowin' how to do it better than other folks; but I have learnt this here lesson: a man may think about his text so much as ever he mind to, an' get ever so much light 'pon it; but when he've made his cake, he must take an' bake it down by the fire o' his own heart: and that do mean that he've got some fire down there. Skeletons haven't; they'm all head and ribs. There 'tis, Cap'n Joe, depend 'pon it. A man must take the text down to his own heart an' find out what 'tis to his own self; then he can talk about it. He must get the blessed Lord to be to his own soul what he is tellin' about to other people; then it will come for to have some real flesh an' blood an' life about it. Never mind what a man do think or what he do see; my belief is that he can't preach any more o' the gospel than he have got in his own heart."

### ATTRACTIVE PREACHING.

There is a manifest difference between attractive and sensational preaching. Attractive preaching appeals to our affections and confidence—sensational to our admiration and wonder. The one improves the heart by the sweetness of its spirit—the other startles by its novelty and abruptness. The attractive fixes our minds upon the theme discussed—the sensational inspires our regard for the speaker. In the one case the truth appears in its most winning form—in the other it is covered up and lost in the meretricious ornament of a gaudy fancy. We yield a cheerful and willing faith and obedience to the one—while the other excites a momentary impulse that passes away with the allusion. When a minister adopts the sensational rather than the attractive, he tacitly confesses his incapacity for the higher service of his calling, and descends to the ignoble plane of seeking the praise of men rather than the honour of God. The true minister of Christ only wants Moses and the prophets and the teachings of Christ and the Apostles as the sum and substance of his preaching—while your sensational ministers would join in the request of the rich man to Abraham, to "send Lazarus," or some other spirit from heaven or perdition to startle, without convincing. It is as true to-day as it was in the days of Christ that if people will not hear Moses and the prophets, "they would not be persuaded though one should rise from the dead." If Divine truth cannot convince, what can men or even angels do?

### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

FARADAY'S IDEAS ON THEIR RELATION.

Faraday's religion was of the life rather than of the lips. "In my mind religious conversation is generally in vain," he said, yet he was never ashamed to express his religious belief. "I am," he wrote in answer to a lady who wished to study science with a view to its bearing on religion, "of the very small and despised sect of Christians known, if known at all, as Sandemanians, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ." Again he wrote, "The Christian is taught of God, by His Word and the Holy Spirit, to trust in the promises of salvation through the work of Jesus Christ. He finds his guide in the Word of God and commits the keeping of his soul into the hands of God. He looks for no assurance beyond what the Word can give him; and if his mind is troubled by the cares and

fears which may assail him, he can go nowhere but in prayer to the throne of grace and to Scripture." "The Christian religion is a revelation. The natural man cannot know it. . . . There is no philosophy in my religion! . . . But though the natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things that belong to our future existence, and must with everything concerning Him ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow creatures that which is religious and that which is philosophical have ever been two distinct things."

In 1854 he delivered a course of afternoon lectures at the Institution, Prince Albert in the chair. In the opening sentences of the lecture on deficiency of judgment Faraday said: "I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the highest; I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe 'the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and God-head,' and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future, which he cannot know by that spirit."

Faraday came to the study of the laws by which God governs the forces of nature, fully convinced that there could be no more noble subject for the exercise of man's intellect. But he approached the Deity in his rule over man now and forever saying, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." In that sense the devout philosopher did keep his religion and science apart, but he could not, and probably had no wish to keep them absolutely separate. Take for instance the following extract: "When I consider the multitude of associated forces which are diffused through nature—when I think of that calm balancing of their energies which enables those most powerful in themselves, most destructive to the world's creatures and economy, to dwell associated together and be made subservient to the wants of creation, I rise from the contemplation more than ever impressed with the wisdom, the beneficence and grandeur, beyond our language to express, of the Great Disposer of us all.—Sunday Afternoon.

### A TRUE HISTORY.

Henry C. was born in an obscure farm-house in the north of Ireland, but though in humble circumstances, he was blessed with the example and training of good, honest, industrious and religious parents. He was fond of knowledge, and from his very infancy showed a strong desire to understand everything and to investigate every subject.

The instruction of his nursery years consisted in "ballads, songs, legends, tales of border warfare and Celtic fanaticism," with such solid and more important instruction of a religious nature as a child of his years could receive. Like other proper children, Henry went to school. The school-house was a thatched cabin, with black oak sticks for seats, which were furnished by a neighbouring bog, and a fire of Irish peat smouldered in the middle of the room, sending out by a hole in the roof whatever smoke was not required to half suffocate the children. This academy stood just a mile from Henry's home, far enough for a little child to walk every day. His teacher is described as a man with "an enormous nose, a tow wig, a long coat of rusty black, leather tights (close fitting pants), gray stockings, brogues (coarse shoes), and a formidable hazel rod." On state occasions he wore "a huge pair of black horn spectacles," with the hazel rod raised to his shoulder like the awful sceptre of an Oriental despot. He was a faithful teacher, nevertheless, and did not neglect to deal out to his appreciative pupils such lessons as the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Psalms of David, the Shorter Catechism, and, when necessary, sealed home the instruction with the heavy end of his hazel rod! Our little hero, however, was too fond of study