

tenderness and contrition; souls are not shaken by the powers of the world to come. No man can preach the Gospel effectively until he is brought by the power of the Holy Ghost into real, vital, personal sympathy with Christ. And such a sympathy will give a divine pathos and power to his words. The sense of eternal things in the preacher will awaken a corresponding feeling in the hearer. Whitefield is a remarkable example of this spiritual power, and he was the most successful preacher since apostolic times. "What ardent, fervent, pungent logic! What flaming evangelism! What glowing enthusiasm! What a divine earnestness! His mingled simplicity and sincerity, tenderness and directness, quelled the rabble at Moorfield, the rough colliers at Kingswood, and the murderous miners at Cornwall; and enchanted the versatile Garrick and the elegant Chesterfield, the philosophical Franklin and the skeptical Hume, as well as the ignorant, degraded outcasts of society." So with Jonathan Edwards. His famous sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," was preached with such tenderness and solemnity of manner that his audience at Enfield shrieked and groaned aloud until their cries drowned the preacher's voice, and he was forced to pause and quiet them.

When the ministry comes to recognize and realize the indispensable need of *unction*—the unction of the Holy Ghost anointing their spirits and diffusing the divine odor through all their speech—then will begin a new era of Pentecostal blessing.

A JERKY STYLE.—We once heard a preacher announce that he was going to give his sermon to the people in "chunks." He meant that he should not be at the pains to prepare it in the shape of dainty morsels, as if they were a company of dyspeptics or dialecticians, or babes that needed to be fed with a spoon. It was a hit at order, system, elaboration, painstaking in style and method. He would cut the Word into huge pieces, and fling them

at the heads of his hearers! Not a very wise method, we opine; but not much worse in its effects than is what we call a *jerky style*—a far more common fault than dealing out the truth in "chunks." It has the same effect on the æsthetic and moral nature of the hearers as a sudden and severe putting down of the brakes has on the passengers in a railroad car, giving them a tremendous jarring and shaking-up in general. It is a poor time to think, or moralize, or admire the scenery along the road. Your nerves are so shocked that you are sensible of nothing but extreme discomfort. So have we felt, on reading or listening to a sermon characterized by this fault. No matter what its ability, its originality, vigor of conception and expression, all will be spoiled in its effect by this glaring fault. Instead of the limpid, natural flow of thought in a graceful and spontaneous style of expression, like the gentle, even flow of a running stream through valley and meadow to the sea, the thought is broken, disjointed, and given in fragments, while the sentences, paragraphs, divisions and sub-divisions, instead of gliding quietly into each other, or dovetailed like a beautiful piece of mosaic, are all in confusion, and present to the eye and the ear a scene of discord and physical and mental disquietude highly unfavorable to a deep impression. There lies before us a sermon of this description, preached by a minister of considerable reputation before an association of brethren. Whatever the intrinsic merits of the sermon may be, in the nature of the case it must have been a failure on the audience. Each sentence, paragraph and division stands out by itself; there is no unity, fellowship, flowing together and onward rush. To listen to its delivery must have been a sore tax upon the nerves; to read it seems like wandering through a forest, "in mazes lost," amidst all sorts of trees scattered about in wild confusion, with no paths, or guide-boards, or clews of any kind to direct your way out of it.

THE OLD MASTERS.—I do not set my-