

will look forward to the evening sermon for instruction rather than for entertainment. It may not "attract" quite as much as an expensive musical service, but it will be more profitable. For the week-day exhortation we must ask of the Bishop to let us have 15 minutes, although he says that when he was Vicar of Paddington he found his seven-minute sermonette a great attraction and his audience increased as the sermon shortened. When a preacher of Dr. Moorhouse's popularity asserts this, it is, to say the very least, worthy of consideration. For the last 30 years he has been a preacher of whom people never wearied.

Expression in Reading.

THE late Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, the Methodist preacher, was beyond question one of the most gifted speakers of modern times, and it is interesting to find a critic of the eminence and culture of the Rev. Canon Fleming quoting the Methodist preacher as a great example of one who possessed the art of expression. Canon Fleming says (in his *Religious Review of Reviews*): "Who that ever heard Morley Punshon recite Macaulay's 'Lay of Horatius' is likely to forget his 'word-painting?' As, for instance, in that stanza in which the bridge falls:



"But with a crash | like thunder—
Fell every loosened beam;
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As, to the highest turret-tops,



Was splashed | the yellow foam.'

"It is not too much to say that, as Morley Punshon recited that stanza, you (mentally) *saw* the bridge fall, you (mentally) *heard* the 'CRASH,' and you (mentally) *beheld* the 'yellow foam' 'SPLASHED' to the 'highest turret-tops.' This is only another way of saying that it was REALISTIC in a high

degree. He threw the very *sound* into a word.

But how came he to possess this coveted power of 'word-painting?' Some one may answer, 'By genius.' I prefer to answer, 'By study.' He had studied this scene till it became a picture in his own mind. He *saw* it in the way in which the great chessplayer Morphy—when he played 12 games *simultaneously*, without seeing the board—peopled each board with all its pieces, and *saw each piece* as if he was looking at the board. But can we ordinary readers and speakers attain to this? Yes, in our measure, by the same process—'by study.' In the first place, learn by heart what you wish to express; learn it *perfectly*, so that you are quite independent of your book, and are left free to the guidance and promptings of your own mind. Then, when you have *memorized* the words, close your eyes, and *infit* the thoughts and feelings of the author in the mind in such a way that there shall be an entire *re-production* of them. This will not make you *artificial*, but *natural*. The effort will become almost *involuntary*, as was the case when little Jim whistled in a ragged school. His teacher corrected him, but the lad exclaimed, 'Please, sir, it was not me as whistled; *it whistled itself.*' "

Services for Cyclists.

THERE has been a commendable difference of opinion among clergy as to whether it is compatible with clerical dignity to ride a bicycle, and whether cycling is not a desecration of the Lord's day. But there is abundant testimony that some very hard-worked pastors in London and other places have found "wheeling" a most valuable auxiliary in the visitation of the sick and dying.

But now another question arises, namely, what can be done for the spiritual benefit of those thousands of young men who cycle on Sundays?

The parish church of Woodford is situated near Epping Forest, in the