

eter. The tones may reveal the soul more unmistakably than the words. The whole matter of reality in utterance may be put in a single utterance, *Be natural*. Not nature cramped and perverted by slavish imitation (for what sin against pure speech have not men blessed with naturalness?), but each man's nature freed, enlarged, and sanctified. Let us be the same men in the pulpit that we are out of it; and the same men out of the pulpit that we are in it.

As the attempt has been made to grasp and set forth in words the ideal before the mind of the preacher's work, one life has constantly taken the form of that ideal. It is he, in fact, that has largely made the ideal possible; and his thought finds more than one echo in the words of this discussion. He is the noblest embodiment in our generation of the Gospel conception of the preacher. All men speak his name.

In this critical age, Phillips Brooks was spiritual and sympathetic. So lofty and pure his vision of truth that the watchword of sect and party cannot be fastened to his teachings. He grasped the essential message of the Gospel, and with an insight that searched the age to the depths of its consciousness, and with a purity and variety and splendor of speech, the perfect voice of his generous manhood, he gave the message to his fellow-men. They listened to it because he lived it—because it came from the

"Straight manhood, clean, gentle, and fearless,
Made in God's likeness once more as of old."

It poured forth with the earnestness of a great passion the joy of a great faith. Phillips Brooks was a prophet of God and an interpreter of man; he was a witness and messenger—a witness of the reality of the spiritual life, a messenger of the living Lord. He believed in the Fatherhood of God and the sonship of man, and in this faith he spoke. As the song of the minstrel found the imprisoned king, so his word found the soul long shut in the hopelessness of sin. He made a simple and rational faith possible to multitudes who without him would have been left in darkness, and made it impossible for men to doubt the reality of religion and the final triumph of truth. To him most truly have been applied the words of the poet he loved:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

No one need be faint-hearted at this vision of the preacher. Before this life, the noblest gift of God to our generation, every true heart opened to the message of God, intent only on its utterance, may say with humble and confident joy, "I, too, am a preacher." But our eyes have been heavy if we can be satisfied with a growthless perfunctory service of our lips.

Whatsoever is worthy the name of preaching requires the training