

man did not seem to be blind. Sitting down, he looked around upon the congregation as if searching for some one. After watching him closely for some time I noticed that quick, nervous movement of the head from side to side, so peculiar to the blind, and came to the conclusion that those eyeballs must be sightless. After drumming upon the pulpit with his fingers, rolling around upon his seat in an uneasy, nervous manner, he suddenly arose with the words, "Let us pray." "Thou, O Lord, art our portion," was his opening sentence, and seemed to be the text for his prayer. It was a meditation rather than a supplication. He dwelt upon the audacity of making such a statement, and the blessed privilege we enjoyed in being allowed to call God our portion. During the prayer his body swayed back and forth with every sentence in a very fantastic manner.

His text was taken from Gen. xiii, 16-18, "I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth, so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it. For I will give it unto thee. And Abraham removed his tent and dwelt in the plain of Mamre." He repeated these verses as if reading them, and without any introduction announced his divisions:

I.—The seeming want of originality in the promise of the text.

II.—The seeming ignoring of the Cross in the text.

III.—Its seeming incentive to pride.

IV.—Its seemingly lame conclusion.

They were very peculiar heads, but by no means destitute of brains. Each point was analyzed, elucidated, illustrated, and driven home with great power. Perhaps the most striking feature of the sermon was that it was thoroughly Mathewsonian.

Sometimes I felt a slight revulsion at a mild touch of egotism that showed itself. "This passage has puzzled all the commentators but myself," "Do you know so and so?" "No, you don't,