

manner of their behaviour, and what I expected of them at a time so unexceptional. Much to my gratification, these habitual rebels were quite considerate; I had less neuralgia than usual; and throughout the discourse the restlessness of pain was at its minimum. No doubt I was indebted to the Bishop for this result, since in all effective preaching the body of a hearer has to be brought under the speaker's control before any specialized influence can be exerted on the mind. But this aside. The introductory services over, the preacher took his seat. From the outset I was interested. Look, tone, general air and bearing recommended him with instancy of charm to eye and ear, so that in five minutes my expectations were sufficiently indicated to acquire a new impulse. What struck me was that the oratory, though singularly graceful and energetic, was an exact counterfeit to the native eloquence of the man, a pure reflex from his inmost being, and no room was left to think of oratorical ability. Pleasant it was to be freed from that critical abatement—pleasant indeed—for I had no image of art or of artistic culture to intervene between the beautiful naturalness of the speaker and my listening heart. How quickly souls rush together sometimes.

Of course, then, his unconsciousness soon won upon my sympathies; not a particle of effort was traceable in either thought or expression. The facial vocabulary—in fact, the entire physiological language—kept even pace with the functions of words, most harmonious they were. It struck me on that Sabbath morning, as it has frequently done since, that Bishop Pierce has this fine interblending of natural and acquired language to an extent remarkable even among the remarkable men. I recall at this far-off day the symmetrical balance in all his faculties, the perfect equipoise of body and mind—the gentle deference of the one to the other in the inter-related offices of thought and representation—the soft flush of fervour that irradiated his manly face, the quick response of every nerve and muscle to the demand of the moment, the facile embodiment of the Greek idea of expression as pertaining to the whole physical system, and the concert of utterance led by a voice of singular melody and compass in which there was no hard, dry tone of mere logic or isolated intellect, but a most felicitous union of spirit and matter, which, by some mysterious oneness of functional activity, was able to articulate most impressively the blessedness of the Gospel.