

man had committed suicide, and they were upon the point of retiring with those who had accompanied them into the house of woe, when, just as they were moving off, a voice exclaimed from amongst the crowd, "Calas has killed his son, because he was to have abjured to-morrow." It never was known who spoke these words, but Satan had found some fitting instrument. The malicious suggestion was eagerly adopted by many of those present. Immediately David de Baudrigue saw every thing in a new light. His colleague in vain endeavoured to reason against his fanatical zeal. "I take all upon myself," he said—arrested the whole family, with their servant and Lavaïsse, and transferred them and the dead body to the town's house. John Peter Calas was leaving a lamp burning on the corridor. "Put it out," said one of the officials, with a bitter smile, "you will not come back so soon."

(*To be continued.*)

Fragment Basket.

THE SPLENDID PREACHER.—He (Richard Baxter) preached as feeling that the truths of God were too great and glorious in themselves to be covered up with the little trappings of human adornments. He would as soon have thought of hanging the rainbow with tinsel. His eloquence consisted not in rounded sentences. . . He never preached a sermon to display his scholastic learning, or his power of logic; but his aim was ever to win souls to Christ. If fine and elegant sermons are tolerated at all, it is in the press only, when they are to be read as discussions of a subject, and read either as an intellectual exercise or as a discipline of conscience. In the pulpit splendid sermons are splendid sins. They dazzle, and amuse, and astonish, like brilliant fireworks, but they throw daylight on no subject. They draw attention to the preacher, instead of the subject. The splendid preacher, like the pyrotechnist, calculates on a dark night among his attendants; and amid the coruscation of the pulpit his skill and his art are admired and applauded, but Christ is not glorified. If angels weep and devils mock it is at the pulpit door of a splendid preacher. —*N. Jenkyn.*

PREACHING—WHY IT FAILS OF EFFECT.—Instead of coming right out in the strength of God, with the naked sword of the Spirit, to do battle with sin and error, it is too common for the preachers of our day to study to be ingenious, original, eloquent, to make literary sermons, popular sermons, as one says. To this end, instead of confining itself within its proper commission, that of delivering God's message in God's way, it ranges abroad over creation to find novel and strange subjects; and then it seeks to handle them in a new and original way, decking them out in tropes in figures, and all fine things, just suited to make the whole exhibition elegant and popular, it may be, but utterly ineffective and powerless as to all spiritual impressions. Preaching it seems to me, often fails of effect, because it does not aim at effect. It stops in itself, or is satisfied with doing its task, with making a sermon and delivering it, without aiming so to construct, to point, and push it home as to make it felt by the hearer. It is not enough addressed to man as man, to man in his every-day walks and wants as related to God and eternity. It has not enough of the lawyer-like element in it, which having stated its case to the jury, bends all its energies to get it. It is too abstract, too much in the form of an essay or dissertation, stopping with the proof, but not applying what has been proved. This is like preparing a medicine without administering it, or like planting a battery and fixing the guns, and then spiking them, lest by letting them off they should do execution in the ranks of the enemy.—*Dr. Hawes.*