

# The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XXIV.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1872.

Number 25

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

Suggested by Gerry's Picture of "The Land of Beulah."

Past the shadow of the valley,  
Where Apollyon's forces rally,  
Far beyond the Giant's shouting,  
From the gloomy Castle Doubting,  
Pass, O worn and fainting Christian!  
You have gained  
Entrance to a land where never  
Sun hath waned.  
Day or night it never forsaketh  
Aught its radiant gleam awaketh;  
And, with never-ending singing,  
Lo! the whole vast plain is ringing!

"Tis the glorious "Land of Beulah,"  
And the Bridegroom is its ruler!  
Bordering on the city golden;  
See the white-winged seraphs holden,  
Here to join in holy converse  
With the saint!  
And to breathe sweet words of comfort,  
Lest he faint  
With the dark forebodings dreaded,  
Ere the narrow stream is treaded;  
Ere the distant, longed-for portal  
Opens to the young immortal.

Oh! the enchanting glimpses given,  
In this border land of heaven!  
Yonder, where the sunbeams quiver,  
Flows the life-bestowing river;  
And the rare foundations glisten  
In the light,  
Till the eager eye is blinded  
At the sight.  
And the heart grows sick with longing  
For the richer joys belonging  
To the beautiful home Elysian,  
Never known by mortal vision.

Oh! sweet eyes, whose saint-like glances  
Are my very soul entrances,  
In this Beulah land you've tarried,  
And to hearts without have carried  
Strong assurance of the promised  
Land of rest.  
For your far-off look and rapture  
Have contented  
All the glorious earnest given—  
To the soul just ripe for heaven—  
Ripe in all the Christian graces,  
And prepared for higher places.

Knowing this, how can I wonder,  
That sometimes you with the sinner  
O'er clay bonds that cling tightly  
Hinder us from seeing rightly?  
Yet, dear heart, I cannot  
Give thee up;  
Daily I pray, "O Father!  
Take this cup,  
Only this, so bitter measure  
Surely needful to Thy pleasure,  
Our sad earth doth need thy beauty  
To refresh its paths of duty."

Yet, unless my heart can duly  
Trust His love, and utter truly,  
"Not my will, but Thine" forever,  
Well I know that I can never  
Feast with thee in happy forestage  
Of the joy  
Waiting in the home where eterneth  
No annoy.  
So I bow in meek submission—  
Praying that the glorious vision,  
And the joys of Thy fair Beulah,  
Mine may be, O gracious Ruler!  
—Gregariousist.

From Central Christian Advocate.  
**NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN PULPIT NOTABLES.**  
BY W. K. MARSHALL.  
Brooklyn has fifty been called the "city of churches." You cannot walk more than two or three blocks without coming upon a Christian temple. Most of them excel in plainness within and without, but some are models of architecture. All are spacious and convenient. The centres of pulpit activity in Brooklyn, are Beecher, Talmadge and Cuyler, in New York, Hepworth, Ormiston, Hall and Chapin. I propose a brief sketch of some of them.

**BEECHER AND HIS CHURCH.**  
Beecher draws more strangers than any other preachers in these cities. They flock to his church before the doors are open. Strangers are not permitted to enter until 10 o'clock. Until that time they stand in rows on either side of the stairway and vestibule, clear out to the street and patiently watch the richly attired peep-holders as they quietly pass into the house. The citizens of the place feel that this is humiliating and will not endure it, but strangers from a distance are so anxious to hear Beecher, that they willingly stand in the line and take their chances.

If one desires to address him he must go to him on the platform, where you are courteously received. At the distance Beecher looks young, but a close view reveals the marks of time and labor. There is an exuberance of good nature beaming from his face, and a twinkling in the corner of his eye indicative of lurking but innocent mischief. While he has doubtless made some mistakes (who has not?) and while he will doubtless still make them (who will not?) yet the historian of fifty years hence will write him down as one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived. Every friend of humanity should rejoice that such brilliant talent has been consecrated to the service of Christ.

**DE WITT TALMADGE AND THE TABERNACLE.**  
Talmadge preaches to more people than Beecher, but it is because he has more room. His Tabernacle will comfortably seat 3,500 people, while Plymouth Church will hold 2,500. This Tabernacle is a curiosity as a church structure. Its dimensions are 100 by 150 feet. The seats are arranged in a semi-circle, so that the whole audience faces the speaker. Two or three ushers are stationed in each aisle and all strangers are seated on camp-stools as soon as they enter. When the usher finds that any pew will not be occupied by the family to whom it has been assigned, the strangers on the camp stools are at once conducted to the vacant pews, and in this way all are made to feel at home. It is not so much so at Beecher's. The pews of the Tabernacle are not sold, but are assigned in the order of application, that is "first come first served." The church is wholly supported by voluntary contributions, through the envelope system. The old building known as the Central Presbyterian Church is occupied as a Lay College in which persons are trained for lay preaching and labor. It is said there are five hundred pupils in this College at present receiving instruction for Christian work.

Mr. Talmadge is tall from being a prepossessing man. He is of medium height and slender form; face swarthy-tinted, with long nose and sandy hair and side whiskers. He wears a business suit every day, and when preaching too. There is nothing in his appearance, in dress, that is clerical.

The service of the tabernacle is introduced by the whole congregation singing the long metre doxology, followed by the Lord's prayer. Then a portion of Scripture is read, interspersed with pointed expositions and applications, followed by the singing of a familiar hymn and tune by the whole congregation. There is no choir. The organ, which is the largest in the country, is located in the rear of the platform and directs the congregation in singing, keeping time with his hand. I never heard such singing before in my life. Everybody sings for three reasons. First, everybody has a book; second, everybody knows the time; third, everybody is urged to sing. It may well be supposed that such singing is soul-inspiring. It lifts one up into the very heavens. It is like the "voice of many waters." As the great organ rolls forth its deep-toned harmonies, accompanied by thirty-five hundred human voices, it makes one think of the grand choruses of heaven's harpists. Let all the people sing; yes, let all the people make a joyful noise unto God!

Mr. Talmadge's prayer is a model in every respect. He talks to God not to him; he addresses the Mercy Seat, not the audience; he prays as if he believed that men were needy, and God would hear. There is *unction* in it, and the people evidently feel the presence of the Lord of hosts. His sermons are models of conciseness. He plunges at once into the subject; he uses no unnecessary words. Every sentence is as sharp as a two-edged sword, and flows like a swift arrow to its mark. He uses some plain phrases and terms, but he throws some important earnestness into them, that they seem like dead men risen from the grave to speak. He is poetic, dramatic, incisive, de liberative, impulsive, pungent, powerful as the subject demands. Every blow strikes some where, or some person. He is bold, and even defiant in his assaults upon sin in high and low places. He seems to be no respecter of persons. He copies after no one. He is unique in his manner of presenting and illustrating truth. He is clear out of the old grooves and into the new. You can't measure him with the rule of pulpits. You can't measure him with the books, or criticize him by the schools. He is a law unto himself. He is like a war-horse, leaping out of its orb, flying through the air, emitting its strange light upon every hand, and there is no telling where it will bring up, or what, or who it will bring down. He paces the platform like a caged tiger, and roars something like a lion. He speaks through his arms, his legs and his head. He reaches a climax, he shakes his head, fearfully, like unto the cracking of a driver's whip, and makes one feel that there is danger of his head snapping off. His voice is far from being pleasant, and he is a most miserably poor reader. He violates all the rules of elocution except diction. He can be heard all over the vast assembly. In short, he is a mystery, a phenomenon, a contradiction of all the rules and books, and a most potent power for good in the city of Brooklyn, and the world. He speaks to more living people in this city than any other man, and his sermons, being published both in this country and in England, his influence is felt by a larger number than any other Protestant minister in the world. May Heaven's blessings rest upon him!

**MR. HEPPWORTH.**  
has recently been brought into unusual prominence before the public by his abandonment of Unitarianism, and his confession of faith in the divinity of Christ. He is a man of fine personal appearance, and is entirely unclerical in his dress. His voice is good, and he speaks in a clear and distinct manner. I have heard him on the platform twice; first in Cooper Institute at the University of the National Temperance Society, and next in the Academy of Music at the reunion of the American Congregational Union. Both were fine opportunities to try his metal, but he fell far below the reputation the newspapers had given him. While his speeches were passable, they were only ordinary, lacking both brilliancy and profundity. Nor is he an orator. I have heard hundreds of workmen Methodist preachers that are his superiors in this regard. Strip him of

the cheap reputation that followed his late leap from Unitarianism into the lap of Orthodoxy, and he will at once fall back upon a lower plane. He boasts of his intention to build a church in New York, where "the rustling silk and the needless calico shall sit side by side." Many who heard this utterance thought that it would have to lay aside the large gold ring which he sports on his little finger before he would realize the fulfillment of this design. Others thought that the only possible way to carry out his purpose successfully would be to put wheels to his church, and run it as a street car. That is the only place where the "rustling silk and the needless calico" affiliate in this city. There they sit lovingly side by side.

**DR. ORMISTON**  
is a Scotchman imported from Canada a year or two ago, and is now pastor of a Dutch Reform Church in New York. He was formerly a Scotch Presbyterian. He is a very common man in his personal appearance. He looks more like a country "quire," than the distinguished man he is. His hair stands straight up all over his head like the bristles of a swine. But when he speaks, you at once forget his plain appearance and are charmed by the brilliancy of his utterances. His Scotch brogue and his keen wit add fragrance and force to his sayings. He is the greatest man in many respects I have yet heard in New York or Brooklyn. He is a giant in intellect, and possesses uncommon personal force. He will outwear Hepworth, and will endure more and be remembered longer than Talmadge. He is the very antithesis of Beecher, and yet he is free from his erraticisms.

clearly defined ideas, expressed in the plainest language of the people. Such, too, was the style of the early Methodist preachers; such must our free preachers endeavor to adopt if they would have "common people hear them gladly."

As to read discourses, they may be tolerated in ministers of other denominations, but ought not to be endured in our own. One secret of our power as a Church lies in extempore speech from the classroom to the pulpit. Our people are educated to it, and few trials are greater to them than to endure a reading preacher. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." A read discourse precludes those outward circumstances which play upon the feeling, as well as those effusions of the Spirit which, affecting the heart, give birth to those reading sermons that defies the scholar, and without suspicion there can be neither eloquence nor power. Other denominations, having discovered our secret, are cultivating extempore address; while among some of our fine preachers there is a disposition to wear the cloak which others are casting away. It is curious how those who defend the practice of reading sermons take shelter under the broad expanse of Chalmers, (for he is invariably quoted,) as if St. Paul and Wesley were not far safer models for the Methodist preachers than the Calvinistic yet eloquent Scotchman. Besides, if Chalmers, enchained by his reading, was a power in the United Kingdom, what mightier achievements could he have wrought had the shackles been broken, so that his unbound spirit could have been poured out upon the people in unbound words?

**DANGERS TO METHODISM—FINE PREACHERS.**  
BY C. C. NORTH

Costly churches create a demand for fine preachers. The church is large and the seats must be filled; or perhaps they are pewed and must be rented. The church debt is crushing the few, and the many must be drawn in to share the burden. How is this to be done? A fine preacher is the only remedy. He must be young—old men are not wanted in these progressive days; they have outlived their usefulness, especially in costly churches. There is still a place, for them in the old churches, in the suburbs, and in mission stations. His personal presence must be attractive and his manner elegant; these qualities will draw the young as well as the old of the better class. He must be cultured, so that the few highly educated members shall be abundantly fed. It is not necessary to stop to inquire about the unclean that accompanies his discourses, about his success in leading others to prayer meetings, nor his adaptation to the Sunday-school; the thing to be considered is, can he draw a congregation? Thus all things are in keeping; a costly church, a respectable congregation, and a fine minister.

But the demand is greater than the supply. The increase of the churches for the year past is 700, while the increase of ministers is 506. It is altogether probable that of the 506 recruits to the ministry, very few are of the sort to meet the demand of the costly churches; hence competition. Competition leads to large salaries, large salaries lead to sore throats, sore throats lead to vacation, and vacation leads to California or Europe.

Bear in mind I am not stating facts, not entering a protest. These results may be only natural and inevitable. But there are dangers in at least two directions—first, in the tendency to create a privileged class, where churches accustomed to a certain order of preachers, will tolerate no others, and where preachers habituated to favored appointments are mortified to accept those of an inferior grade. Is not this a growing evil? Are not some Churches liable to the charge of dialyism, who looking no farther than their own wants, and even whims, violently reject certain preachers from fields of usefulness, already in process of successful cultivation, resulting in discord and heart-burning, and leaving among weaker congregations a feeling that "might makes right?" A Church will have only the best, and denied this, is ready for independence, is disloyal, and should at once seek another communion. A preacher who interprets the commission, "Go ye into all the world," as meaning, "Go where the pay is largest and the society the most refined," and ready at the first prospect of opposition to shrink from the itinerant yoke and enter into relations elsewhere, alike easier and more permanent, should be allowed to go. It seems proper in our itinerant system that inferior Churches should be more frequently favored with star preachers, and that star Churches should occasionally enjoy the unction and power of preachers less literary, perhaps, but equally useful.

It seems fair that those who enjoy the highest advantages of the itinerancy should partake of the disadvantages as well. If not, where are the lessons of humility and self denial embodied in the idea of itinerancy? There is danger of antagonism between the favored few who circulate among costly churches and the large body who are excluded from them. Perhaps the remedy can be found only in pressing the work of ministerial education until every itinerant shall be a cultured man, and the distinctions in the ministry shall be those only of natural gifts and spiritual power.

The second danger in this connection is the temptation to maintain ascendancy in the pulpit by elaborate and highly-finished sermons, many of which are written and not a few read. Our fine preachers embody too many ideas in their discourses and mystify them with too many learned words. They attempt to meet the supposed demands of the cultured few in their congregations instead of the simple minded many. Consequently the few praise the preacher while the many go away unfed. Nine tenths of the hearers of such preachers can give no intelligible synopsis of their sermons and for the reason that they are over-crowded with thoughts expressed in language beyond the comprehension of the people. I often wonder while listening to such discourses, what models do such preachers follow. Certainly not Christ and his apostles. Their discourses were simple talks, with few but

but from silks and satins, how disgusting! The vilest cant—enough to make religion stink in the nostrils of the world. Does that saying pay the minister's stipend? Will it pay his accounts? Fancy him going to his baker and butcher, and instead of money, turning up the whites of his eyes to say, "Your reward is above." I fancy they would reply, "Oh, no, my good sir, that does not pay the bill!"

There are two ways in which congregations sometimes display their niggardliness: 1. In their shabby contribution to their minister in the days of his activity. They take all his care from him and give as little as possible in return. 2. In their miserable provision for him in the days of his infirmity and old age. The pretext of leaving him to be paid at the resurrection, as in the case of Evans, is a barefaced hypocrisy which must be utterly abominable to God.

**THE CONFERENCE OF 1872.**

The Melbourne Conference of 1872 will be regarded as one of the most—if not the most important of the Australasian Conferences. In numbers it was the largest, in time it was the longest, and in the important questions which were considered and decided it has had no equal.

For many years the question of Annual and General Conferences has been discussed, but any decision has been uniformly deferred—"the time had not yet arrived." The late Conference has resolved "the time has come" to make the change in our plan. We are glad that there has been so much unanimity in arriving at this decision. Ninety-nine votes were cast, of which seventy-four were in favour of the change, and fifteen against it. It is determined that there shall be for the present four Annual Conferences, viz.—1. New South Wales and Queensland; 2. Victoria and Tasmania; 3. South Australia; 4. New Zealand. The South Sea Missions are to belong to the New South Wales Conference. A General Conference, composed of representatives chosen from the Annual Conferences, and possessing legislative power will meet once in three years.

Of course, before these changes take effect the consent of the British Conference must be obtained. The "plan," which has been carefully prepared, will be forwarded to the President of that Conference, as well as to the Missionary Committee, by the outgoing mail. It is expected, the British Conference will meet in July sanction the "plan" it may be expected to come into operation after three years.

The question of lay representation in Conference did not occupy much attention. It was felt that until the new arrangements of which we have been speaking came into operation, it would be useless to think of any change as to the constitution of the Conference. Meantime, also, we shall have the experience of the older Wesleyan communities of England and America, since this question is under discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. With Colonial Annual Conferences, we have no doubt that some plan of lay representation will follow.

The question of Sunday schools occupied much attention, and we are glad that a code of rules has been adopted and published in the minutes. We think these rules will be found to supply a long-felt want, and to supply it well.

Other topics tempt us, but the inevitable "want of space" compels us, though with great reluctance, to pass them by.

The Conference altogether was the best we have ever attended. The President conducted the business in such a manner as to command the respect and esteem of all. The length is the enemy of strength. The delivery of a discourse is like the boiling of an egg. It is remarkably easy to overdo it, and so spoil it. You may physic a man till he is ill, and preach to him till you make him wicked. From satisfaction to satiety there is but a single step. A wise preacher never wishes his hearer to pass it. Enough is as good as a feast, and better than too much.—Spurgeon.

**GETTING READY TO LEAVE CHURCH.**

An exchange says: "If, instead of the closing anthem, some of the ministers should, at the close of the service, give the orders, 'Attention, worshippers! For hats, dive! For overcoats, go! Jerk, twist, plunge! Make yourselves ridiculous all!' the effect would hardly be a variation from the present style of getting ready to go out of church. The singing of the doxology seems to be the signal for a general putting on and adjustment, and when the benediction is about to be pronounced the ruffled congregation look more like jumping out of the windows, or melting in a crushing and crowding race for the door, than listening to the solemn words of the good pastor. At one of our well-filled churches, on a recent Sunday evening, it was observed that at least

every third man was going through these ridiculous motions while the services were closing, although the sermon had been excellent. Why do not people wait until the proper time to do these things? There is a time for everything, but that time does not always occur during church services."

**IRISH METHODISM.**  
(From the Watchman.)  
It has occurred to us that some of the readers of the Watchman might wish to know something of the efforts of Irish Methodism during the Methodist year now about to close, and of its prospects in the future.  
We do not forget that many English readers have very little interest in, and are very little attracted by, anything appearing under the designation "Irish." They seem as if disposed to repeat the question once asked, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? We do not wonder at the state of mind thus manifested when we remember the several causes which have long been at work to produce this effect. For it is only the natural effect of causes long in operation, since there are few things in the history of Ireland that present many points of attraction to such readers. Every picture of things earthly, when true to nature, must give a commingling of light and shade. And in pictures of things Irish there must be much shade to correspond with the reality. However, we are happy to say there is one exception to this in the case of Irish Methodism. The Homeist Church in this land has long been, and still is, the plague spot on Irish society, and to remove the curse England has hitherto tried her skill in vain. The late Established Church and the Presbyterian Church have also in the past been a source of trouble and expense to England. But Irish Methodism has never yet occasioned England any trouble or expense whatever. Her influence has always tended to promote peace in Ireland and good-will to England, and, like the good Samaritan, she has ever laboured to bind up the wounds of our bleeding country.

Hence we think that the labours of Irish Methodism during the year contain elements of interest worthy of the attention of all connected with Ireland and who may wish her well.  
From the district returns now to hand we have no ground to hope for an increase this year in our church members. We rather fear we shall have to mourn over a slight decrease. However our numerical returns should not be regarded as a test either of labour or of success. At present the Methodist Church, like other Churches in this country, is in a somewhat critical and transition state. It is to hold the extended position she has gained by much toil, she must increase her agency, and afford religious instruction to her people, and give those she has gathered in from the world will be under the sad necessity of seeking pasture elsewhere. This state of things was well understood last year by the Irish Conference, and on a careful examination of its financial resources the pressing applications made for additional ministers had to be refused. This was very painful, but under the circumstances it could not be avoided. However, several of the circuits whose applications the Conference had to refuse, themselves made a noble effort to meet the requirements of the times, and grapple with their difficulties. They succeeded in securing the services of intelligent and pious young men as self-denial have been graciously offered of God. In several instances the spirit of revival has been poured out, and there are few circuits in Ireland which have not been favored with the divine presence and blessing. And on a careful scrutiny we think there is reason to believe that Methodism has struck her roots more deeply into the Irish soil than ever, and give us the promise of richer and more abundant fruitfulness. We feel as if Providence is opening up for her a glorious future. May she prove equal to her high destiny, and faithful to her Divine Master.

But it may be asked, if God has so graciously blessed the labors of Irish Methodism, why is not her membership greatly increased? To this we need not go far for a satisfactory reply. Emigration, as in former years, has robbed us of much of the fruit of our toil. Those who are not well acquainted with the state of things in Ireland are not in a position to appreciate the force of this reply. Where the population is large the removal of a few individuals is scarcely noticed, unless by immediate friends. But when we consider that in Ireland the Protestant population is sparse, and that of this the Methodist element is only small, we can understand that the removal of one often creates a vacancy that cannot be filled up. The mere loss of members is, however, only one result of emigration; there are others far more serious still. Leaders, local preachers, and other church officers are lost to us year by year through emigration. Pious young men, the hope of our church, are lost to us by emigration. Methodist families, residing in destitute localities, where the Wesleyan ministers have been accustomed to lodge for a night and preach the Gospel, emigrate to a distant land, and thus we are shut out from many neighborhoods where our presence is most needed. Besides, our financial resources are lessened, and in many ways our aggressive action is hindered.

Many important subjects will demand the attention of the approaching Conference in Dublin next month. But we need not anticipate the action of Conference or guess at its decisions. We will only pray that the Divine Head may be present and direct everything, so as to promote his own glory and to advance the interests of his cause in this and other lands.

**TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.**—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolations of religion; and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart." So said John Howard, who spent his life in visiting the wretched in prisons and in hospitals, wherever he knew of human misery. He was a happy man, and the source of that happiness was found in ministering to the wants of others.

**PULPIT MANNERS.**  
BY A HEARER.  
This subject has recurred to us by listening to distinguished clergymen of different denominations who attract the multitude. It may be said of them that they are men of power, and succeed in doing about what they undertake, notwithstanding any imperfections in their manners. One loves to see them and hear them. They present live subjects, and treat them familiarly and practically, yet with an originality of thought and expression that carries conviction to the heart. Ministers without their attractions would be discarded for their defects. Success, like conversion, hides a multitude of sins, in a way of its own. Mr. A. is a preacher in middle life, and of considerable distinction. From the general appearance of the man, and once hearing him, we judge that he is not disposed to be severe on worldly amusements, and would be more disturbed by earnest and devout piety among his people than by free and easy sociability. His movements in the pulpit seemed to indicate that he intended to do a pleasant thing and please the people, and so he did. Though he used brief notes, they did not embarrass him. He took a wide range, and developed many appropriate thoughts and expressions. But his attitudes were remarkable; not awkward, indeed, but unmeaning and unimpressive. His clean white handkerchief played a prominent part. Being drawn from his pocket and unfolded before the audience at an early period in the discourse, it was first placed under the Bible, but was soon withdrawn, and passed over the speaker's mouth and nose, which was in perfect order without it, and then deposited elsewhere. Nearly every new proposition was heralded by some similar display of this useful article of outfit.

The intervals were filled up with various manipulations of the fingers, indicating nothing connected with the subject, such as adjusting the speaker's hair, feeling of his forehead or cheek, or, what seemed particularly ridiculous, pressing his nasal organ on one side or the other with the fore finger in imitation of snuffy boys on the street when they wish to express triumph or contempt. While we enjoyed the sermon, we could but wonder that some of the preacher's admirers had not corrected these little damaging habits by their kind suggestions.

We next listened to a gentleman of another persuasion, whose thoughts were thoroughly evangelical, whose language was superlatively beautiful. His gestures, too, were admirable, not only tallying with his thoughts, but often expressing them more forcibly than did his well-chosen words, which were sometimes so uttered as to be distinctly heard. Yes that grand discourse was wonderfully damaged by frequent nasal explosions which rang through the house like a trumpet, showing by its clearness that that effort was a mere habit, and a very indelicate one—the condition of things in the speaker's breathing apparatus requiring nothing of the sort. How a gentleman of such high culture could fall into so disagreeable a practice is unaccountable. Could he see it as others do, he certainly would abandon it at once and forever. Let his friends advise him.

**LONG SERMONS.**  
The speaker's time should be measured out by wisdom. If he is destitute of discretion, he will amuse them more than a little. In one house the pudding is burning, in another a child is needing its mother, in another a servant is due in the family; the extra quarter of an hour's prolixity puts all out of order. A country hearer once said to his pastor, "When you hear on beyond half-past four, in the afternoon service, do you know what I always think about?" "No," said the orator. "Well, then—I tell you plainly, it is not about what you are preaching, but about my cows. They would milk, and you ought to have consideration for them, and not keep them waiting." How would you like it if you were a cow?" This last remarkable inquiry suggested a good deal of reflection in the mind of the divine to whom it was proposed, and perhaps it may have a similar beneficial effect upon others who ought to confess their long preachings as among the chief of their shortcomings.

In general, a great sermon is a great evil. Length is the enemy of strength. The delivery of a discourse is like the boiling of an egg. It is remarkably easy to overdo it, and so spoil it. You may physic a man till he is ill, and preach to him till you make him wicked. From satisfaction to satiety there is but a single step. A wise preacher never wishes his hearer to pass it. Enough is as good as a feast, and better than too much.—Spurgeon.

**GETTING READY TO LEAVE CHURCH.**  
An exchange says: "If, instead of the closing anthem, some of the ministers should, at the close of the service, give the orders, 'Attention, worshippers! For hats, dive! For overcoats, go! Jerk, twist, plunge! Make yourselves ridiculous all!' the effect would hardly be a variation from the present style of getting ready to go out of church. The singing of the doxology seems to be the signal for a general putting on and adjustment, and when the benediction is about to be pronounced the ruffled congregation look more like jumping out of the windows, or melting in a crushing and crowding race for the door, than listening to the solemn words of the good pastor. At one of our well-filled churches, on a recent Sunday evening, it was observed that at least

every third man was going through these ridiculous motions while the services were closing, although the sermon had been excellent. Why do not people wait until the proper time to do these things? There is a time for everything, but that time does not always occur during church services."