

bewitched. Here, as usual, the negligent style coincides with negligent thought. For that early familiarity which Mr. Brooks supposes, on the disciples' part, that absence of wondering awe, in their intercourse with Jesus, as contrasted with their later behavior toward Him, appears to be a mere figment of fancy, when you recall, for instance, Peter's abashed exclamation to Jesus uttered *before* he was properly a disciple, a "follower," at all: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

To say that Mr. Brooks does not always master his pronouns completely is only to say that his style stops short of perfection. Certainly there would have been added pungency in the pungent sentence following had the true reference of the "it" in it been more instantly and more unmistakably apparent: "I cannot know—perhaps you do not know yourself—how much there may be in your heart which is so bound up with old sin that you do not want *it* destroyed completely." Macaulay would not have scrupled to use his noun over again and say: "that you do not want to have *that old sin* destroyed completely." I remember one place in which Macaulay repeats a substantive, and that a proper name, no less than four times within the bounds of a very short sentence—just to avoid a slight ambiguity that would have resulted from the substitution of pronouns.

Of careless, as broadly distinguished from careful, repetitions of words in a sentence, Mr. Brooks furnishes too many examples. If he had been in the habit—and every writer, but especially every writer for the public ear, should be in the habit—of *hearing* (imaginatively) his sentences in process of flowing from his pen, he could hardly have suffered himself to write for example thus: "More than all of *these*, we who are preaching in such days as *these* need to understand *these* methods," etc.

One feels like thus referring such a point to the ear. Still, Mr. Brooks's ear itself may be at fault, and thus perhaps is to be accounted for a certain lack of rhythm, of harmony as it were of prose numbers, in his style. For that consummate grace of the orator's rhetoric this great preacher does not command. A nice ear in him would alone, even without a nice literary conscience to enforce reference for verification, have prevented his making the strange transformation he does in one place of a striking poetical quotation introduced by him. Coleridge's fine lines:

Yet haply there will come a weary day,  
When *overtasked* at length  
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.  
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,  
And both supporting, does the work of both—

are set running narrowly down Mr. Brooks's page, as follows:

"There will come a weary day  
When *overtaxed* at length,  
Both hope and love beneath