

power working in obedience to law. In short, Bersier's excellence is of just that rare kind, the irreproachable, the perfect, which, as it is the most difficult to achieve, is likewise the most difficult to display. It is like a sphere that you could not take in your hand to show, because it is too large to grasp, and because it offers no protuberance, no irregularity, upon which you might seize.

I must at once guard myself against being misunderstood to imply that Bersier's excellence is negative merely or mainly, that it consists in exemption from fault. This is far from being the fact. Bersier was a man of genius, or of a talent approaching to genius. He had passion enough, imagination enough, to have made him successful by sensational oratory; had he not had also taste enough, judgment enough, conscience enough, will enough, to refuse to those qualities the necessary over-indulgence. The result in him of the exquisite balance thus indicated, of qualities mental and moral, was a pulpit orator in whom everything desirable was present and everything present in desirable proportion—in fact, a pulpit orator, for completeness and symmetry of intellectual and ethical equipment, as nearly ideal as any age or any race could show.

What I have thus far said might be true of the orator Bersier as he appears in his printed sermons, and quite fail of truth in application to the living man as he appeared in the pulpit. Most felicitously, however, the correspondence between the oratory that is still to be read in Bersier's sermons, and the oratory that was silenced forever when Bersier died, is absolute and complete.

The present writer has, in the case of Bersier as well as in the case of every other pulpit orator here treated by him, with the sole exception of Canon Liddon, enjoyed the opportunity of personal observation, in hearing the preacher's living voice no less than in reading his printed sermons. He writes these words under the vivid sense of personal impression recently renewed in meeting the distinguished subject face to face after an interval of more than a quarter of a century elapsed since, during a memorable winter in Paris, he was a somewhat regular attendant at the services of the church (*L'Église Évangélique*, then so called) in which Bersier was at that time one of the several associate pastors.

How brightly I remember the Eugène Bersier that then was! His fame was still before him, but the manifest potentiality of fame, granted only the necessary years, was already his. In the bloom and promise of that manly juvenescence, he was a mirror of everything noble and beautiful to look upon in face and form; and when maturity touched him to the mellowness of a manhood in which the triumph of youth yielded to a benignant prophecy of approaching age, he became a reverend figure, to the last unbent, wearing a crown of silvering hair above a brow calm with power and a countenance heroically moulded and illumined with benevolence; a reverend figure, I say, one as to which you would on reflection be uncertain whether its chief effect was that of grace or that of majesty. Ber-