

When the pastor of Regent Square introduces into his published discourses the "aside"—"If they had laid their heads together then, what a lot of wood there would have been in one place!" what is there left for the ambitious youth just out of the seminary to say, when he, too, would produce a sensation in his own congregation? If the most conspicuous preacher in London takes his hearers into his personal confidence so far as to tell them in the midst of his exposition of Scripture, "That is what my wife said to me this morning," one may shudder to think what household privacies his bungling disciple may thrust upon astonished listeners who have come to God's house to hear the good news of a far country. The Sermon on the Mount does not lack impressiveness, although in it no one is "sent spinning into hell;" and Paul's great cry to be "delivered from the body of this death" has, perhaps, as positive a homiletic value as the prayer to be "picked from the devil's fingers." If such be the language needed in Regent Square, what is left the Salvation Army wherewith to "catch the ears of the groundlings."

As it is, Aaron no longer wears a sacred vestment. A sack coat or a shooting jacket answers every purpose. But is there to be no such thing to-morrow as a "sacred rhetoric?" With Hamilton, and Hitchcock, and Storrs, will the pulpit orator cease, and the class-leader have full possession of the desk? If one cannot admire a sunset of Turner, there ought surely to be something for him in an Inferno of Dore. The truth is that many of our sermons today are but the unbeaten oil of

the sluggish priest. Step by step the ministry has been descending from homiletical heights to hortatory depths. It is easier to acquire the patois of the peasant, or the slang of the slums, than the rhetoric of the schools; and the temptation is to believe it more effective. For ourselves, we doubt it. We can but fear that, however sweet in the mouth of today, the pulpit "gag" may be, the end of it will prove, as the slow digestion of the little book in the Apocalypse, "exceeding bitter."—*The Interior.*

HOW THE CLERGY LIVE.

It is an undeniable fact that, whereas in all other professions, and in most trades, the general tendency is to increase of remuneration for services rendered, the public show impatience at any effort to increase the domestic comforts of the clergy. How the Israelites managed to get along in the wilderness was a mystery to the nations who opposed their march through the deserts.

How the clergy live as gentlemen, keep their families decently clothed, and practice the grace of hospitality, as they do, many of them on the wages of a day laborer, is often a mystery even to themselves; how much more must it be so to the free and easy livers who wonder, but seldom inquire, how the parson manages to make ends meet on the narrow income which is provided for him by those who save their conscience and their purse with the reflection that they pay their dues, or as much as others pay, and the pious ejaculations, "the Lord knows" and "the Lord will provide." Some suppose that clergymen can multiply the cruse of oil and the handful of