

nious and such rich stores of knowledge. A few days after the delivery of this Sermon, I read, in one of the weekly journals of our City, a letter from an Australian correspondent, in which I find the following: "People have scarcely recovered from the shock caused by the announcement of the double crime of murder and suicide by . . . . ., than they are again startled to hear that a leading barrister has deliberately and wilfully sought and found a grave beneath the deep waters of the sluggish Yarrow. About the same time, and not far from him, are found the remains of a learned and eminent professor of languages, bearing but too plainly the evidence of self-destruction. Then, in a secluded spot, within view of his own sumptuous villa, is discovered the ghastly corpse of a leading member of the Turf—young, gifted, whose poetic talents were of a high order—who, by his kind and genial manners, had endeared himself to a host of friends. A tiny hole traced from the roof of the mouth through the brain and out of the skull, and a deadly looking rifle lying suspiciously near, confirm the dreadful verdict—*felo de se*."

But that is the mildest result, the narrowest limit of demoralized intellectual strength. The conjunction of low moral aims with lofty mental endowments is continued in this world, to carry forward its work of demoralization on others. The polluted and polluting streams are flowing forth on every hand, and thousands of lips are sipping the foul waters.

Young men, do not suppose that I am disparaging intellectual strength. No, not that. By rigid discipline every