

His style is *climacteric*; and in this respect Guthrie and he are alike. Spurgeon's force and Beecher's also, are of the epigrammatic kind. They will give a few words or sentences hissing hot, incisive, and piercing as a rifle-bullet. They go directly to the mark without circumlocution and without verbal profusion. Punshon has a style which is cumulative, and abounds in figurative language. He seems to delight in an intensity of colouring in the grand personages of his tableaux. Like the snow-ball, which begins its motion no larger than a boy's marble, on the top of the Alps, and gathers size and power as it goes, until the avalanche becomes irresistible, so he goes from one word picturing to another, dashing the colours on with a lavish brush, here, there and yonder, until the portraiture is complete. He climbs the hill of Antithesis, step by step, until one of the peaks is gained, higher by far than its fellow-crag, and from its brow of eternal sunshine a glorious prospect opens to the view. Herein is Punshon's *forte*, coupled with elegant language neatly fitted together. The voice is husky and far from pleasant in its tones, but that is soon forgotten in the surging tidal waves of beautiful rhetoric. His eloquence is that of a minor Cicero, not so much stirring as pleasing, not the heroic, but the charming, not the rousing, but the musical, and not the thrilling and soul-harrowing, but the soothing anodyne, which does not so much stimulate to acts of noble daring, as allay the maddening and guilty fears of awakened consciences by pointing out a way of escape. The outpourings of eloquence are like the murmuring and rippling stream, flowing in silvered beauty through domestic scenery, sylvan shades, dreamy dales and misty plains. There are few majestic cataracts, impetuous cascades overtopped by grand old grey crags, the eyrie of the eagle, or dark green pines moaning the requiem of departing time in the birthplace of the tempest. The smooth flowing notes of a rhythmic chorus are there, but seldom or ever the battle scenes of a grand Oratorio. When Cicero delivered his orations, the Roman people cried out smilingly, "What a beautiful speaker." When Demosthenes uttered in irony the most bitter, in sarcasm the most cutting, and in invective thrice heated in patriotic ardour and hostility his philippics against the Macedonian king, the Greeks forgot their heart-burnings, jealousies and minor dissensions under the scathing words of the impetuous orator and roused to the highest point of daring, the sound of multitudinous voices rent the air, and above the loudest plaudits rose the battle cry "Let us go and fight Philip." The two orators were types of two classes of men, different in temperament, education and high resolve, but, each had a vocation to fulfil in this respect. Punshon has doubtless taken great pains to perfect his lectures, especially, those delivered in Canada, and which were originally spoken in Exeter Hall, London. As the painter or sculptor perfects his work by degrees and by great pains-taking and skill makes the figures almost instinct with life in appearance, so has he amended, revised, and corrected his creations until they have become models of correct taste, and faultless execution. We are surprised, however, how one of so much versatility in style is satisfied with the iteration and reiteration