

gor.\* Such a preacher, though his worth may be overlooked by the unreflecting now, will one day have a name that 's above every name, whether it be philosopher, poet, orator or whatever is most revered among mankind." As examples of simplicity, without vulgarity in the pulpit, I might name Fenelon, Cecil, Bradley, Payson, and perhaps John Robinson.

The second quality requisite in the style of Sermons, is **FRIVOUSNESS**.

In some departments of oratory, ridicule may be employed with propriety, and with great effect. In the hands of the senator or pleader, this instrument often has an irresistible edge, when argument is unavailing. But the dignity of the pulpit rejects the aid of this weapon. I do not say that satire in sermons is never admissible; but it is always dangerous, and almost always mischievous.

If the graver sort of irony, employed for sober purposes, can seldom be indulged in the pulpit, what shall we say of that unmeaning levity and witticism of language, which is sometimes heard in sermons? The preacher trifles in this manner, under the pretence of keeping up the attention of his hearers. But what attention does he desire; and for what purpose? Not the attention of the theatre or the circus; but the attention of immortal beings, to a message from God. Let him not then degrade his office and himself, by a profligate levity.

But soiousness in the pulpit is inconsistent, not merely with great sarcasm and witticism, but with that affected smartness of expression, and that exuberance of sparkling embellishment which betray at once a puerile taste and a heart unaffected with the great subjects of religion. Bates says, "This is like Nero's lading his galleys from Egypt with sand for the wrestlers, when Rome was starving for want of corn."

This leads me to notice a third excellence in the style of sermons, which is **EARNSTNESS**.

Let me not be understood to recommend that false animation which characterises every species of artificial eloquence. All that vain parade and pomp of elocution in which the speaker's effort is to exhibit himself, and not his subject, is contemptible in a lawyer, but in a minister of the gospel it is unpardonable. "Shall those," says Fenelon, "who ought to speak like apostles, gather up those flowers of rhetoric which Demosthenes, Manlius, and Brutus trampled on? What could we think of a preacher who should, in the most affected jingle of words, show sinners the divine judgment hanging over their heads, and hell under their feet? There is a decency to be observed in our language, as in our clothes; A disconsolate widow does not mourn in fringes, ribands, and embroidery; and an apostolical minister ought not to preach the word of God in a pompous style, full of affected ornaments. The Pagans would not have endured to see even a comedy so ill acted. I love a serious preacher, who speaks for my sake and not for his own; who seeks my salvation, and not his own vain glory. He best deserves to be heard who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. A man who, has a great and active soul needs never fear the want of expressions. His most ordinary discourses will have exquisite strokes of oratory, which the florid haranguers can never imitate. He is not a slave to words, but, slowly pursue the truth. He knows that vehemence is, as it were, the soul of eloquence."

When a prelate inquired of Garrick, why the theatre exhibited so much more eloquence than the pulpit, the actor replied—"We speak of fictions as if they were realities; you speak of realities as if they were fictions." Let a stammering peasant be put to plead for his life, and he is eloquent. Let a minister of the gospel be deeply impressed with the weight of his business, and he will be eloquent. He will make you understand him, for he understands himself. He will make you feel, for he feels himself. The highest order of pulpit eloquence is nothing but the flame of enlightened piety united with the flame of genius. When this glows in the bosom it sanctifies and concentrates all the powers of the mind. It makes even the stripling warrior "valiant in fight," and enables him to cut off the head of Goliath with the sword wrested from his own hand.

Would you know the difference, then, between the pulpit declaimer and the pulpit orator? It is this: the former preaches for himself, the latter for God. One seeks the applause of his hearers; the other, their salvation. One displays before them the arts of a fine speaker; the other assails them with the lightning and thunder of truth. One amuses the fancy; the other agitates the conscience, forces open the eyes of the blind, and storms the citadel of the heart.

The style of declamation may, indeed, be perspicuous; but its perspicuity differs as much from that of fervid eloquence, as the transparency of ice differs from the glowing transparency of melted glass issuing from the furnace.

"Do Youz Best."—"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one evening, "I paid a visit to my grandfather, a venerable old man, whose black velvet cap and tassel, blue breeches, and huge silver knee-buckles, filled me with great awe. When I went to bid him goodbye, he drew me between his knees, and placing his hand on my head, said—Grandchild, I have one thing to say to you: will you remember it? I stared into his face, and nodded, for I was afraid to promise aloud.—'Well,' he continued, 'whatever you do, do the best you can.'

\* Augustine says, "Of what value is a golden key, if it will not open what we wish?—and what is the harm of a wooden one, if it will accomplish this purpose?—since all we seek is to obtain access to what is concealed."

"This in fact was my grandfather's legacy to me, and it has proved better than gold. I never forgot his words, and I believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home, my uncle gave Marcus and me some seed to do in the garden. It was Wednesday afternoon, and we had laid our plans for some thing else. Marcus fretted and was ill-humoured at his disappointment, had not more than half done his work; and I began pretty much like him, until my grandfather's advice came into my mind, and I determined to follow it; in a word, 'I did my best.'—And when my uncle came out, I shall never forget his look of approbation, as his eyes glanced over my beds, or the sounpence he slipped into my hands afterwards, 'because,' as he said, 'my work was well done.'—Ah, I was a glad and thankful boy, while poor Marcus was left to studge over his beds all the afternoon.

"At fifteen, I was sent to the academy, where I had partly to earn my own way through the course. The lessons came hard at first, for I was not fond of study; but grandfather's advice was my motto, and I tried to do my best. As a consequence of this, though I was small of my age, and not very strong, my mother had three offers for me before the year was out, and one was from the best merchant in the village, a place, in whose store that was considered very desirable. When I joined the church, I tried to do the Lord's work as well as I did my own; and often when I have been tempted to leave the Sunday-school, or let a small hindrance keep me from the prayer-meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, 'Do the best you can,' have given me fresh courage, and I would again try; for if we do what we can, we can safely leave the rest with God."

Here, then, was the key of this man's character. He is considered one, of the best business men, one of the best citizens, one of the best officers in the church, one of the best friends of the poor, one of the best neighbours, fathers, husbands, friends, in a word, he is universally beloved and respected. And what is the secret of it all? He always tried to do the best he could. Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. Acted upon, it will do wonders for you. It will bring out powers and capabilities which will surprise and delight yourselves and your friends. "Do your best," or as the Bible has it, "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it heartily as to the Lord."

#### A CONTRAST.

Kirwan, (the Rev. Dr. Murray of Elizabethtown,) has written another contrast between Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio, and Dr. Duff. Speaking of the departure of Bedini, he says—

A day or two previous to the sailing of a steamer for England, a few men, muffled, and looking suspiciously around, might be seen crossing to Staten Island, where they were hidden away by some friend, as were the spies of Joshua in Jericho by Rahab. On the morning of the sailing of the steamer an old "Tag" might be seen prancing its way to an adjacent wharf. As it put forth no pretensions to be a boat for passengers, no decent person thought of noticing it. As the noble steamer fired her signal guns for departure, the muffled gentry made their way to the Tag, which swung from her moorings as soon as they stepped on board. She paddled into the stream. Bedini was smuggled on board the steamer; and thus he passed from our shores amid appalling fears and terrors, which made the little hair left by the priestly razor on his head to stiffen into straight lines, and without a solitary being to bid him farewell. We take it for granted that his priestly attendants were rejoiced to get rid of him.

It is said that when he got fairly on board, he commenced most devoutly kissing a crucifix, and that when he got quietly seated he read his missal with race-horse rapidity. When during the voyage, the winds of February rolled up the waves of the Atlantic into stormy billows, it is said he manifested great terror. And when he got safely to London he wrote back for our edification, the famous letter of Feb. 17th, to the Archbishop of Baltimore, in which he seems to weep with rage, to pray like Lucifer, to laugh like a hyena, to deny alleged charges so as to prove them, and in which, after gravely informing us that he sent "a number of pictures of the Blessed Virgin of Rimini," "the portentous moving of whose pupils" has rendered it "a picture so blessed and so full of celestial inspiration," he offers the following prayer to "the blessed Lady of Rimini;"—"O may this most powerful mother of the God-Man, console with her celestial glance, so many of her children who will seek in her maternal heart, the fountain of so many graces; and may she in so many others also, who, bathed in the blood of her Son, still obstinately refuse to call her their mother, work not the less rare prodigy of opening their eyes." This letter should be preserved in every museum of the world as a fair specimen of the literature of the Roman priesthood—of the progress of the Italian mind—of the animus of papal ecclesiastics, and as the most wonderful sample of unadulterated balderdash which this age has produced. With this famous letter poor Bedini has disappeared from view; but whether he has gone to Thebes, or has taken some other route to Brazil; or whether he is stirring up the Holy Father to seek redress for his "discourteous and insulting treatment," which was sufficient to cause "any nation to descend a thousand degrees in the scale of its dignity," is not known. Only one thing is certain, we shall not soon again see the like of Monsieur Archbishop Gaetano Bedini.