

speakers. The inimitable are the second and third rate ; and you will imitate the worst part of them, not the best.

In order to attain facility of expression, I strongly recommend a copious use of translation. For this purpose, French sermons are the best and the easiest. Few German preachers will give much help, although some of the sermons of Schleiermacher and Rothe are very fine. But whether translating or composing, the greatest pains should be taken to secure accuracy and purity of language. The same may be said with regard to pronunciation. Those who come before the church and the world as preachers profess to be able to speak ; and it is shameful that they should not take the pains to master the language in which they have to express their thoughts. Faults of language, which in other men are venial, are intolerable and unpardonable in public speakers. Along with purity of pronunciation, you should give great attention to distinctness of articulation.

It is difficult to give rules for gesticulation. It is said that some men have practised before a looking-glass. I cannot recommend this method. I doubt whether gesticulation can be successfully taught. Some brief hints may be given. Be natural. Repress action rather than increase it. Great orators have seldom used anything like violence of gesture except in moments of passion or of great excitement, in which it becomes natural. Note defects of action in others and avoid them. Get some "candid friend" to point out anything excessive or ungraceful in your own gestures, and watch against the repetition of them.

WILLIAM CLARK.

#### THE REVEREND HOOKEY WALKER BROWN.

The Reverend Hookey Walker Brown

Was ordained exactly a week ago ;  
And now he is ready to teach the whole town  
What everybody should do and know.

He is tall and slender. His face is fair,  
And void as the new-born babe's of guile ;  
He has bright blue eyes and curling hair,  
And his mouth wears the sweetest possible smile.

You can see he's a gentleman born and bred.  
He has taken a regular college course ;  
It is really surprising how much he has read,  
And he reasons and argues with cuteness and force.

At the Bishop's "exam." he wrote with speed ;  
And his answers were full, to the point, and plain ;  
And his Lordship said "very nice indeed,"  
As his sermon he handed him back again.

On his sacred office he enters at last  
With ardour firm, with hope elate ;  
The parish will go on improving fast,  
The deluge of wickedness must abate.

The reprobate cold and hard with age,  
The headstrong youth, the frivolous maid,  
With eloquence, logic, and counsel sage,  
He will touch, enlighten, convince, persuade.

The swearer, of course, will cease to swear,  
And the wretched drunkard will give up drink ;  
The careless will now begin to care,  
And the thoughtless will soon be made to think.

No more, when church bells summon to pray,  
Will idlers roam over valley and hill,  
Nor profligates revel the hours away ;  
The taverns will empty, the church will fill.

He preaches, and all the ladies declare  
There was never on earth such a thrilling divine.  
"What exquisite hands! what a heavenly air!  
Oh, doesn't his face like an angel's shine?"

Twenty years have speedily past away,  
Past, as the years do, not to return ;  
And now his reverence sees each day  
More clearly how much he has got to learn.

A. B.

#### THE SONG OF THE QUEEN MERMAID.

(FROM "THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.")

At dawning of day or the gloaming,  
When darkness o'ershadows the land,  
And laddies and lassies are roaming  
In laughter and love on the strand,  
I sit where the cataract, foaming,  
Leaps out o'er the quivering sand.

For, oh, it is joyous to falter  
While preans of melody rare,  
Sweet psalms from Eternity's Psalter,  
Sublime and surpassingly fair,  
Rise up to the Holiest Altar  
Which gleams in the sanctified air.

At dawn, in exuberant gladness,  
The lark carols gaily above,  
At eve in impassionate madness  
Poor Philomel pipes in the grove  
In the silvery tones of her sadness  
Bewailing her destitute love.

With perfumes of Araby laden,  
And whispers of golden Cathay,  
The soft breeze of Orient Aiden  
Sweeps on through the infinite day,  
And in passing, it sings to the maiden  
Glad songs which re-echo for aye.

It lingers and toys with my tresses,  
It woos me with sweetest of sighs,  
Till heated with ardour it presses  
And kisses my cheeks and my eyes,  
While voicing in loving caresses  
The softest and saddest good-byes.

Far down in my coralline bower  
Where fancy may militate free,  
Where the gems in their radiance shower  
The wealth of their glories on me,  
I reign in my pride and my power  
As queen of the measureless sea.