

speaker, acquires almost unlimited power to hide in that speaker a fundamental reality of natural endowment; nay, to work, by reflex reaction of influence, or well-nigh, for the uses of public speaking, to work, as it were, an utter extinction of some inherent personal trait in the man. I have misinterpreted a certain signal public utterance of this great orator, if, on one occasion at least, breaking through the exterior crust of calm which Dr. Storrs before an audience usually exhibits to observers, there did not appear an escape of noble elemental passion in speech, betokening within the central core of his being the presence of power originally his to have become a shaker of assemblies like Demosthenes himself, or, to use a fitter comparison, like Chrysostom preaching in the basilicas of Antioch and Constantinople.

Such, however, is not in fact the character in which Dr. Storrs is familiar to the public, and in which he will be known in the history of later pulpit eloquence. We properly deal here with what he is, rather than with what he might have been; and still what he might have been is, in its measure, necessary to be considered in order to estimating accurately and adequately what he is.

Dr. Storrs, if you count by generations, stands fourth in a long and splendid line of hereditary ministerial succession. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, were ancestors to him in office as well as in blood. Something of an hereditary cast of character, ennobled perhaps with each successive transmission, has, so it is easy to imagine, descended along the whole line from sire to son. It does not seem to be the separate single individual alone who looks upon you from Dr. Storrs's pulpit with that commanding mien, and who speaks to you thence in those commanding tones. Your imagination beholds also the invisible faces, your imagination hearkens also to the inaudible voices, of an illustrious dead ancestry standing with solemn and impressive port, behind the living speaker. You somehow feel besides that the speaker himself is not unconscious of such influence, sympathetic and collaborant with him, derived from his own ancestral past.

It is very easy, very delightful, and, in the present case, to the present writer, almost irresistibly instinctive, to dwell thus in imagining and admiring. I must not, however, be beguiled to forget that my business now is neither to imagine nor to admire, but to criticise. Happily, to criticise is to judge, and not merely to find fault. To praise, certainly not less than to blame, is the critic's true office. Blaming where blameworthiness is found, praising where praiseworthiness, and balancing the two against each other in the nice equipoise of justice and truth,—that, in short, is the genuine critic's oft-misapprehended duty and delight. But I have not completely stated the business of criticism until I have gone farther and said that there is to be adjoined the still more delicate and difficult task of merely distinguishing, and designating with accuracy, qualities and quantities—through all the varying