

Imperfect English, again, is no insignificant barrier to hero-worship; for how can you kneel at the shrine of a prophet who tells you he "ain't a-goin' to do it," and he "don't care nothin' for them people, anyways"? No matter how great your reverence for the man's character, his misuse of his own language is to you a constant and unwelcome reminder of—not his ignorance, for many a college graduate who would scorn to misconstrue a passage of Hebrew or Greek, will relentlessly and persistently ignore the elements of his mother tongue—but of his lack of refinement. And, indeed, the greater your reverence, the greater the sense of irritation experienced. You wish to forget that your prophet is not beyond you in all things, and he will not allow you to do it.

The influence of a noble soul whose utterances are hampered by inability to deliver them according to the generally received rules of syntax affects one something as does the recital of the brave act of a faithful Newfoundland.

The dog who has risked his life, who has done the deed we had scarcely courage to contemplate, we have thought of as an animal—a soulless animal; and now, in the presence of his godlike self-surrender, we stand rebuked—he is no more an animal, he is divine, and we worship. But the worship is tinged with pain; for the divine is not imprisoned in the form wherein we are wont to look for it, and we feel humiliated that this fact should obtrude itself; we would crave pardon of our shaggy, brown-eyed divinity for having, never so remotely, deemed the vesture of his grand, unselfish soul inferior to the differently patterned garment which enshrouds our little cowardly self. Does not the same psychical nerve twinge when our prophet prophesies in faulty English?

It would be beneficial, though probably mortifying, for some ministers to discover how many of their sermons have just missed carrying a life-lesson to some listener on account of a grammatical error or a mispronounced word, which diverted the mind from the subject. And this, because their parents did not, or could not, teach them the first accomplishment which a child is supposed to learn.

Channing, in his lecture on "Self-culture," says:—"There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others does not