

“anterior to and independent of,” are examples of undesirable usage. Conjunctions or conjunctive adverbs occur without properly grammatical terms of relation; e. g., “the mystery of the Self-sufficing and Blessed Life of God *before* He surrounded Himself,” etc. False concord: “When once pious affection or devout imagination *have* seized the reins,” etc.; “At one while”; “Hallucinated”; “It *would have been* better to *have gone* elsewhere”; “They have every means of verifying its truth or falsehood.” A *statement* may be verified, but not the “truth” of a statement; and certainly not its “falsehood.”

The minor faults thus exemplified are not numerous enough in Liddon to constitute anything like a striking infestation of his pages. They are, however, such in kind, and to such a degree numerous, as to indicate, not indeed that Liddon did not exercise care in writing, but that he lacked that certain native instinct of felicity in expression, possessing which one may almost dispense with care, and not possessing which one is doomed to exercise care partly in vain. The mere habit of reading aloud as he wrote, or of imaginatively hearing his words pronounced, would have sufficed to prevent his displeasing the ear with repetitions of sound in the same sentence like those indicated with italics in the following citations: “To those persons the Apostle *points* out that, however unconsciously, they are in *point* of fact giving up Christianity altogether”; “they contributed largely to *form* the system of fantastic error which took definite *forms*,” etc.; “like a reckless man who rides at *full* tilt down a street *full* of children at play”; “some persons who would be distressed at the *idea* that they were bad *Christians*, have no *idea* at all of the truth that the *Christian* Revelation, if accepted *at all*, must be accepted as a whole.”

All the minor faults hitherto enumerated are such that they might conceivably have been splendidly eclipsed; but there was one central defect in Liddon's equipment which inevitably left him hopelessly short of great mastery in style. He had not sufficient imagination. He could write, for example, of a “*burden of fathomless* sorrow.” He could write (Bampton Lectures, p. 284) of “*outbursts* [in Paul] *by* which argument suddenly *melts* into *stern* denunciation, or into versatile expostulation, or into irresistible appeals to sympathy, or into the *highest strains* of lyrical poetry.” “Argument” here “*melts* by outbursts” into “*stern* denunciation”—“*melts*” also into the “highest strains of lyrical poetry.” That is well thought on Liddon's part, but not well imagined; in fact, not imagined at all. And without imagination there is no such thing as great style.

But without imagination there may be something better than great style. Moral earnestness may be a buoyant force that shall triumphantly bear the subject of it, even without the eagle's wings of imagina-