

that it should have been so long and so utterly neglected.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that the true solution of this question, so far as such a solution is attainable, will be found in the habitual practice of both methods by all preachers whose natural capacities at all qualify them for doing so. There will probably be found in almost every congregation, a part of the hearers who are most effectively addressed in the one way, and another in the other—the select few who enjoy and profit by the precision, the beauty, the measured and balanced thought, the terse, sententious force of a read discourse, and the promiscuous many who crave the incitement and kindling fire of a free and face-to-face address. Why should not both have their share? Why should not every earnest and painstaking pastor, as most wisely recommended of late by some of the bishops, speak freely to his flock, with all the spontaneous freshness and fervor, and heart-to-heart directness he can command on one part of the day, and discourse before them with his ripest thoughts and choicest diction on the other?

After all, however, it is the burning heart alone that can give the tongue of fire. Writing or not writing, reading or freely speaking, this is the grand matter, the one thing needful. Let our ministers preach as Goethe teaches his orator to speak, and the world will no longer lend them a listening ear:

"Unless you feel you ne'er will hit the mark,
Unless right from the soul it comes,
And with a native power and sweetness
Subdue and win each listening heart,
Go sit forever, gine together,
Cook your poor hash from other's feast,
Blow hard the putry flame to kindle
From out the ashy heap within;
Children and apes may sure applaud you;
If for such praise you stoich care;
But never other hearts you'll waken
Save by a spell drawn from your own."

HOW TO DO GOOD.

Is any little girl who reads this wondering how a child can do good? I can tell you one way, which I learned from the story of one of the sweetest little girls I ever knew. A minister told me that when he was preaching to a new congregation, he was struck by the attention of a lovely child whose eye was fixed upon his lips,

except now and then only when she looked under her mother's bonnet with a smile, as if something pleased her. The next Sabbath he found her in the same spot, ready to catch every word of his sermon; and he was so delighted with her apparent desire to hear of heaven and learn the way, that he waited at the close of service to tell her mother how it gratified him to have such an interested listener. From the mother he learned that this little girl had no pleasure equal to that of going to church and treasuring up the sermon for an old and infirm grandmother, to whom every Sabbath she carried so much instruction, that the poor woman would say that it was almost as good as going to church herself.

Was not this a very pleasant and a very easy way of "doing good?" Is there any child who cannot do as much good, if she will? Have not each of you some sick friend, some infirm friend, or some old friend deprived of the privilege of going to the house of God, to whom you might carry the sermon you hear, if you would only take the pains to remember it? Will you not try, on the next Sabbath, and see how much you can remember? If you will hear all the minister says, you will find, as that good little girl did, a great deal to do the *you of good*, as well as an old grandmother. You will not only be in the way of doing good, but you will be getting good. You will not only be making others happy, but increasing your own happiness—for the way to be happy is to be good; and then you will be kept from the great sin of wasting in idle thoughts the precious hours you spend in the worship of God. Oh, my dear child, how you would shudder, did you realize your wickedness in thinking so much more of every thing else, when you are in God's house, than you do of him! It is because you are thoughtless, that you lost so many opportunities of growing wiser and better, and of knowing "how to do good." Only think for yourself, and you will soon possess the secret of "doing good."

A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"