

feeble, I give to them the milk which has nourished myself. When some of us become stronger than the rest we will together demand the bread of the strong." Hence the entire freedom from cant, the naturalness, the wise and attractive reasonableness of the discourses composed in such a spirit; contrasting, oh, how strongly, with the wild extravagance, the vulgar exaggeration, the frank egotism which is displayed by more than one prominent pulpit of our day. Surely popularity is purchased at too great a cost, when it involves the sacrifice at once of the sacredness of the sanctuary and the self-respect of the preacher.

There is still another characteristic of Vinet's sermons, too striking to be passed over even in this brief estimate; they are marked by a certain tinge of sadness—marked, not marred; it is in part even the secret of the charm which they have for the sensitive reader. For the tone of melancholy, if one must designate it by such a term, which pervades them, is that of a pure and gentle spirit, saddened and chastened by the sight of human sin and human suffering. One has only to listen to its strains to confess their spell. "Every soul, doubtless, carries within itself a treasure of sorrow. It is even a condition of our nature, that in all our joys, even the most intense I know not what sorrow ever mingles, as in a song of gladness, a hollow murmur, or a stifled groan. It might be said that the very voice of joy awakens in the depths of the soul a slumbering grief;" or again "Life is passed amid temptations to joy incessantly repressed. Joy has moments, sorrow the whole of life. That is a moment of joy when a cherished hope is realized; that is a life of sorrow, when we feel that the successive realization of all our hopes has not filled the infinite abyss of the soul. That is a moment of joy, which gives us the smile of a beautiful day; the sun so pleasant to behold, the free development of any of our powers, the feeling of existence in the plenitude of health; that is a life of sorrow which hurries promiscuously to the abyss before us our good and our evil hours, our pains and our pleasures, nay more, our soul itself; for the thoughts and affections of which it is composed precede us to the tomb, while of all that we possess and all we have been, we can retain nothing, no, not even our most cherished griefs." Or once more "From the very sources of our happiness spring forth bitter sorrows. Our most tender attachments arm death with some of his sharpest darts; for although St. Paul has said with truth that "the sting of death is sin," it is true that this sting multiplies itself and makes sharp points of all the flowers with which we deck our heads. Every crown of