

there. You will have dreadful torments; to whom much is given, much will be required. How dreadful to have minister, and preacher, say, *Lord God, I preached, but they would not hear.* Think of this, professors, and God make you possessors!"

Such a mode of address, fraught with the emotions of Whitefield, could not but interest a popular audience. How does it contrast with the polished phrases and formal mannerism of the pulpit generally! Who could go to sleep addressed in this direct style? Who could divert his attention from the subject to think of the speaker? I do not say that a more refined style is not appropriate to the pulpit; but, let its refinement be what it may, it should have these characteristics, of simplicity, point, and colloquial directness. This is the style of true eloquence; ornament pertains to imagination, and imagination belongs to poetry; but poetry and oratory are distinct. Genuine oratory is too earnest to admit of much ornament. Its figures are few, and always brief.—Its language is the language of the passions, not of the fancy, and the passions never utter themselves in embellished phrases, but always directly, pungently. The great mistake of modern oratory, especially in the pulpit, is, that we have confounded it with poetry.

Conscience is merely our own judgment of the moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions.

Of all our infirmities, Vanity is the dearest to us: a man will starve his other vices to keep that alive.

A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM.

BY J. WOOD JOHNS.



We left Jerusalem in the morning almost at the time of opening the gates, a very early hour in the eastern climes. Passing out by the Jaffer Gate, we were immediately implored by the beseeching looks and armless hands of some of the lepers, who still have their quarters in the Holy City, for the love of Allah to give them foddah.* Throwing a few paras to these descendants of the ancient lepers—for the disease, once inherited, seems, like that of Naaman the Syrian, to cleave to their descendants forever—we turned to our left with our faces toward the south. Descending, we passed the Valley of Gihon, in which is the pool called the Lower Pool of Gihon. Within this enclosure were the busy husbandmen, some tending the "unmuzzled oxen" treading out the wheat, whilst others were winnowing in the most simple manner imaginable, by throwing the threshed portion into the air, the wind carrying away the lighter particles, the chaff, and the heavier part, the wheat, falling to the ground, reminding us of the expression, "What is the wheat to the chaff, saith the Lord." A short distance beyond on the right were the ancient quarries whence, in olden time, were taken the stones used in the construction of the "City and Temples of old." The perfection to which the ancient quarriers carried their art may be imagined from the exactitude of the surface, both vertical and horizontal, which they display to

* Name applied to the smallest Turkish coin.