

harangue assembled nations, and forget altogether that he is in the house of God, deputed to deliver a message to those whose souls are precious in their Father's sight?"

He took for his text the words of the prophet Ezekiel—"And lo! thou *art* unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they *do* them not." He began by enlarging upon the importance of the message, which the preacher of the Gospel was commissioned to bear; its divine and lovely character, and man's urgent need of the gift; its eminent suitability to human wants and weakness, and the immortal and glorious goal to which it led. Yet vivid and graphic as were his words, strong and well-chosen as were his arguments, I felt that one thing was wanting—the power which sincerity and earnestness alone can give. I knew as certainly as if I had read his secret soul, that on his own ears, the eloquent words he poured forth fell as cold and barren as the words of the text could ever have fallen on those of the stiff-necked nation to whom it was first addressed; but as I listened to the splendid imagery in which they were enveloped, the musical tones in which they were uttered, and the zealous warmth with which he insisted on the most high-wrought Calvinistic dogmas (for just at that time, Calvinism was the most popular form of Christianity in Ireland), I did not wonder that others less accustomed to displays of oratory, and wanting that intimate knowledge of the preacher's character and its manifestations that I possessed, should mistake the fascinations of eloquence and imagination for the influence of fervent piety and Christian zeal. But when he came to the second part of his subject, any mind of ordinary acuteness might have noticed the change; there was all the difference between one making the most of an uncongenial subject, and embellishing with every ornament and aid genius could bestow, and the fervid outpouring of the same gifted mind on its darling theme; the difference between the fountain sparkling through the greenwood at its own sweet will, and turned from its natural channel to fertilize a strange and barren soil. After enlarging on the stronger attraction every earthly good possesses for the volatile nature of man than the heavenly blessing which only is immortal, immutable, all-sufficient—the fervour and constancy with which men pursue the worldly objects that gratify their favourite passions, compared with the neglect and indifference bestowed on the Gospel; he described the career of some mighty and ambitious soul,—ambitious after the fashion of earth's conquerors and rulers, and followed it from its dawn to its close. And now, indeed, I thought I looked upon the very impersonation of impassioned eloquence; now his voice truly kindled, his eye burned, his whole form seemed instinct with power and enthusiasm,