

There was the fire of Divine inspiration in early Methodist preaching. Let us beware, lest, in the transition to higher culture among preachers and people, the ancient fire die out; for nothing can take its place. Without it, philosophic thought, elegance of diction, force of oratory will be unavailing, and great sermons will be great failures. Let our culture appear rather in our freshness of thought and clearness of expression than in any elaborate refinements of style; let our dependence for success be rather on the demonstration of the Spirit than on the wisdom of words; whether our natural powers be great or small, whether our education be excellent or but indifferent, whether our opportunities be wide or narrow, let us consecrate our all without reserve to Him, to them, whom we love and whom we serve; let us "follow the instinct for saving souls;" then we shall not lack the power from on high, and the Divine fire shall come and kindle a conflagration of holy thought and feeling wherever we shall preach. "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

Dean Stanley has a celebrated and graphic account of the scene on Easter day in the church of the Holy Sepulchre—the dense mass of pilgrims wedged around the chapel in which the sepulchre is supposed to be—the Turkish soldiers keeping order—the frenzied cries, races, gambols of wild and half-clad men—the procession with embroidered banners defiling round the sepulchre, the exit of the troops, the entrance of a bishop within the chapel—a moment of awful suspense