

tery does he possess over the instrument which he wields in the English tongue, that the thought takes at once and without effort the fitting form; the allusive metaphor, the ornament, when there is any, comes naturally, spontaneously and not as having been sought. The language is always precise and clear, often beautiful, but the hearer no more thinks of the simplicity and beauty of the terms in which the thought is couched, until attention is called to it, than the spectator charmed with the distant landscape, thinks of the purity of the atmosphere through which it is seen. There the rugged mountain peak or the river gleaming in the sunlight, is everything; here the supernatural fact, or the spiritual truth. This I need scarcely say is the very perfection of style. And it does not only possess a great charm, in the sermon at least it possesses high ethical value. It betokens a mind too serious, too strongly seized of the truth, too much in earnest concerning the ends to be served by it, to lend itself to rhetorical ornamentation. It betokens the preacher's confidence in the power, his sense of the majesty, of the truth which it has been given him to proclaim. Any studied beauty of expression in a sermon, any beauty of form which detains the mind is at once a rhetorical mistake and a moral fault, and the latter is the worse blemish—the more injurious—of the two. Let us be thankful then, at a time when frequent recourse to rhetorical artifice, labored ornamentation of the thought and accompaniments still less defensible, seem to proclaim in so many quarters the speaker's distrust in the ability of the thought itself to hold men, for preachers like Newman, who have the courage to stake all upon the naked truth—who are too reverent, too much in earnest, to furbish with the trappings of rhetoric that sword of the Spirit which is the word of God.

Third:—Once more, and more important than all else as explaining the great influence undeniably exerted by these sermons, there is the obvious and unmistakable sincerity of the preacher; a something in his method of presenting truth, which gives to his statements, even when most directly spiritual, a distinct note of reality. For one thing there is the entire absence of exaggeration—of the swollen phrases, which are born of the craving for immediate impression, as distinct from the desire for lasting good. There is the absence also of conventionalism—of modes of expression that belong to the pulpit only and are not heard at all in common life. All is simple and natural. The preacher speaks about God and Christ and sin and salvation, and heaven, always with reverence indeed, never with the vulgar familiarity and still less

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