

The questions answer themselves. Eloquence is the speaking out of the man not through lip alone, but through eye, through body, through hand, and the pulpit is what Paxton Hood well calls it, "the Throne of Eloquence." He has no business there who makes it the footstool of dulness, despite Dryden's assertion,

"Dulness is decent in the Church and State."

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**"As Though God did Beseech."**

THE constant holding in mind of these words by which the apostle describes his appreciation of his office and its function, will serve to stir any man engaged in the work of the ministry to earnestness in his deliverance of his message. "Beseeching" constitutes no small part of his duty to his fellows. It should be as direct, as importunate, as tender, as though it were infinite love

that was beseeching—God beseeching. What a standard for ministerial earnestness! How insignificant, how criminal, in its presence, the dilettante namby-pambyism of certain pulpits, in which "beseeching" is not regarded as good form, and anything that savors of downright earnestness is thought to be off-color, in which icy regularity and splendid nullity are the order of the day! When one remembers the abandon of Jesus as He looked down upon the city of Jerusalem and poured out His heart over it, anything short of the intensest earnestness seems like sacrilege. "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," said the apostle. He was intensely in earnest. His preaching was no mere intellectual gymnastic. He was willing to be accounted even a fool if he might but save some. May the ministry of to-day receive the baptism of such folly as was his!

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**BLUE MONDAY.**

EVEN the most devoted admirers of the great laureate who has recently passed

To where beyond these voices there is peace will not fail to enjoy the occasional stories that are told of his oddities and what naturally ensued thereupon. It seems strange that one who was so painstaking about the proper dress of his verses should have been so indifferent to his own, or, if not indifferent to it, at least devoid of a sense of fitness concerning it. The story goes that when he took his degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, on Commemoration Day, the hall was filled to overflowing with the students, their friends, and the judges. As he dramatically stalked up the aisle, his solitary figure looming up like that of a giant, his attire so peculiar, his hair flowing down over his shoulders, his hands covered and superabundantly covered by his white gloves, each finger of which seemed to give an extra joint to the finger within, the *tout ensemble* was too much for at least one of the

undergraduates, who cried in a voice that reached to the farthest corner of the hall: "Did your mother call you early, Alfred, dear?" It is needless to say that the tinder was ready for the spark. The shout that went up was like the noise of many waters, or—not to destroy the metaphor—like the roaring of mighty flames. But the poet and his garments passed through all without the smell of smoke adhering to either of them.

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SOON after Rev. Heman Humphry, for many years President of Amherst College, was settled in the ministry, he was called to marry rather an uncouth and illiterate couple, and was asked by the man to "make as short a job of it as possible." Thinking that some advice was proper, Mr. Humphry protracted the ceremony beyond the endurance of the male partner, who broke out as follows, "Well, well, we understand all that; put us together, put us together!" It was not long after that before the knot was tied