

as he proceeds, the trammels of the school become less circling, and, in the upshot, are broken. There he is national—there, his success begins. Thus nature always succeeds over art in the mind, where the scaffolding of syntax has not utterly impercepted the palace of sentiment of view. As if called upon by the little ones for whom he pleads, he leaves the stilts of scholastic aid for those who, less poor in intellect than education, need them, and, descending to the level of his fellow men, he never ceases to be persuasive till he ceases to be plain. It is true, that one long lifted above the clouds don't like to pluck daisies when there be sun flowers on the green, and one passes simple flowers by for a time to catch at sunbeams, and, though convinced of the unprofitableness of the chase, still one lingers for golden and silvery showers.

The Rev. Doctor's cultivated mind avoids this; for, when once free from the class-book of rhetoric, he pleads the cause of religion or benevolence with potent effect. Flesh and blood, which at first were angry at his imperative diction, became delighted by the philanthropy of his design. First he fired the sense with splendour; but, as it is only by simplicity the soul is won, he makes appeal to the grosser passions, well aware that when they are awake to a sense of duty, the more ethereal will follow. He brings to view the uncertainty of riches and life, yet he indulges men to use them both as if they were never to end, that, thus fostering the delusion he may draw therefrom a greater measure of good. He says "Aye, aye, live on, ye rich ones, and enjoy; I will not disturb ye from the mazy dance or the luxurious banquet. Tabor and pipe be yours, hear

your musician and eat your costly meals, and let the gorgeousness of your robes emulate the mid-day sun. But what glitters and sings through the air so? Is it the arrow of death. And what robe? A shroud? And who feasts now? The worms! But what can blast death's arrow? Charity. What can change 'this muddy vesture of decay' into a spiritual garment? Charity. And who can rob the grave of its prey, but those who feed the poor?" Then he proceeds till, as said before, Avarice grows alarmed, and thinks no coin so precious as the tear which it may gather from the cheek of hunger, and no coffer so valuable as the heart that is empty of covetousness.

He is an eloquent panegyrist without labouring under the disadvantage with which anonymous ones have to contend. See the Rev. Dr. Miley laying aside the vesture of his sacerdotal profession, and mingling with the pious and patriotic citizens who honoured their religion by erecting the magnificent Cathedral Church in which he officiates. Environed by the men who made their country free, and attending before the altar and the archiepiscopal patriarch, who gloried in being surrounded by his people, who builded the house of the most high, he, at one particular period, raised his voice on a subject which Ireland should never forget. He studiously digressed from the cause of the meeting—the crection of the porticos of the cathedral—and established upon a great man one of the most brilliant eulogiums which natural gratitude has left upon record. Upon the footstool of the assembled peers and baronets present, he stooped not to pour the myrrh of metaphoric adulation. He covered not their coronets and escutcheons with the virgin gold