

where will you find a body of sermons better than Mr. Spurgeon's? Where will you find so large a body of sermons, proceeding from a single man, so good? Is not Mr. Spurgeon the foremost of preachers? Multiply his quality by his quantity, and your product—where else will you equal it among the Christian preachers of all races and all ages? Nowhere, I think. But the quantity is a factor of which I make much, in saying this. The quality—when you appraise it by the right standard—is good, is excellent; but the quantity is immense, is overwhelming.

You must not look for mere elegance of style. You must not look for clairvoyant psychologic intuition, for fruitful philosophic analysis. You must not look for originality and suggestiveness of thought. You must not look for elaborate and artful climaxes, for passages of imaginative splendor, for bursts of passionate ecstasy. None of these things. You must look for straightforward, clear, plain, strong, telling utterances, such as brings truth home to the average man's "business and bosom." You must look for order and arrangement, effective, rather than gratifying to the sense of ideal perfection in form. You must look for those great commonplaces of truth which are justly the staple of all right preaching. You must look for illustration apt rather than aesthetically beautiful, for lively presentation to the understanding of ordinary men, for pungent application to the conscience, for practical application to the will. Look for these things, and you will seldom look in vain in Mr. Spurgeon's preaching.

Power of expression as completely commensurate with the thought to be expressed, as was Mr. Beecher's, thought, too, in supply equally unfailling, belongs to Mr. Spurgeon. The difference at this point between the two men is that Mr. Spurgeon's thought is more commonplace, and that, therefore, a more commonplace expression serves him. Mr. Spurgeon has no fine-spun sentiment, no poetic reveries, to find words for. He does not need, so much as did, for instance, Mr. Beecher, to call in the aid of the imagination. But why disguise the fact? Mr. Spurgeon evidently possesses no such supreme imagination as was that great gift which made Mr. Beecher the magnificent poet in oratory that he was. Mr. Spurgeon travels stoutly on foot, whereas it was Mr. Beecher's to "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus." Mr. Spurgeon, accordingly, does not venture at all into those empyreal regions of thought and of fancy to which Mr. Beecher had buoyancy of genius enough not only to rise easily and familiarly himself, but to raise his hearers also with him, when he rose, sustaining them there as long as he might, on any occasion, choose to keep his pinions weighed and spread. Mr. Spurgeon is as strong as the strongest to climb, but he is no eagle, as was Mr. Beecher, to soar. He likes to keep where he can feel the solid earth under his feet; but on that his tread is the tread of a giant. The comprehensive intellectual difference, in short, between Mr. Spurgeon