

feelings almost exclusively. I speak of the love of God to him, and perhaps of that of his mother, and tell him for the sake of God and his mother not to tell that lie or commit that theft again. But as the boy grows older, he grows in a knowledge of God's works, God's mercies, and God's commands. If his understanding be properly developed, I must get at his heart through his understanding. It may be a yielding tissue or an obstinate wall of granite, or it may be a fortress armed with truth, telling me that I am wrong. There is in the world now a rising class of "sensation preachers." I speak of no particular denomination; they abound in all classes, both Catholic and Protestant. I confess, as a clergyman, I feel humiliated when I hear men, if not asserting, at least almost insinuating, that the heart is God's work and the understanding the devil's. Those who appeal to the feelings alone are the scoffer's ready prey. On the ignorant they make a transient impression—an impression often so transient that as its power fades away the poor, crude, undigested understanding leads it into wrong paths.

I am no foe to teetotalism, but I was horrified the other day when a leading member of a Temperance organization, well qualified to speak on the subject, told me of the number of professed teetotallers who had broken their pledges. This has been one of the effects of sensation oratory—that of appealing to the heart at the expense of the head.

BÉNARD.—But to return—you surely are not going to depreciate the great oratorical efforts of the end of the last century?

PARSON.—I will take your own countrymen, Bénard, as examples. The most eloquent as well as the most estimable members of the French revolutionary assembly were the orators of the Gironde. That the eloquence of Verguian did not save his own head, is no disgrace to him. But, much admired as it was, it was powerless; it was rhetorical not logical, impassioned not argumentative. He sought for illustrations in Greece and Rome, when he should have found them in the streets of Paris.

RUFUS J.—But your own great orators, Burke and Chatham.

PARSON.—Would, I believe, now-a-days hardly be listened to. If any present member of the House of Commons were to treat it to an oration in the style of Burke's "Nabob of Accot's debts, I fear a "count out" would be the result. Or if Chatham had, in the present generation, informed a noble lord that "his ancestor frowned from the tapestry to tell him that he was a disgrace to his country," it would be likely to produce a burst of merriment similar to that which greeted Mr. John O'Connell when he declared his intention of "dying on the floor of the house."

BÉNARD.—There may be much, Parson, in the abuse of oratory, but the possession of the faculty of moving multitudes is surely not one to be despised. That power of improvising, possessed by the ancients and even by the Italians, must have been a wonderful gift.