NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVELS ON UNTRODDEN GROUND.

ACROSS PATAGONIA. By LADY FLORENCE DIXIE. With illustrations by Julius Beerbohm. Pp. 251. New-York: R. Worthington.

This is a book belonging to a class which are turned out by the score every year from the English press. The authors are amateur travellers, who have plenty of money and nothing to do, and who run about the world to relieve life from the monotony of dinners, dressing and small talk. When they return they write books, made up without much labor from their diaries and memories. The books are usually thin and superficial, for the motive of the writers is nothing more serious than to be lionized for a season in London drawing-rooms as people who have just returned from distant corners of the earth after wonderful adventures and hairbreadth escapes. It happens once in awhile, however, that among this mass of easily-made and speedily forgotten literature a book appears descriptive of some part of the surface of the globe of which the public has heard but little, and is curious to know more. Such books, although written as carelessly as any of their companions, and with no better purpose, have a value, and can be read with some interest and profit. They may weary the reader with their narratives of petty personal experiences, their accounts of how the writers improvised their dinners under adverse circumstances, and how badly they felt when the last bottle of Bass's ale was consumed, but they add something to the general stock of knowledge.

A book of this type is Lady Florence Dixie's "Across Patagonia." This active, aventurous Englishwoman went to Patagonia, "because it was an outlandish place and so far away." She was tired of civilization and wanted to escape somewhere. So she made up a party consisting of her husband, her two brothers, Lord Queensberry, Lord Douglas, Mr. Beerbohm, who had already published a book on Patagonia, and a single servant. The travellers sailed from Liverpool in December, 1878, and after touching at the Brazilian ports and at Montevideo, entered the Straits of Magellan and landed at Sandy Point, a Chilian settlement, formerly a penal colony, but now a trading town and a point d'appui for the efforts of Chili to occupy and civilize the adjacent country. Across the straits, on the Island of Terra del Fuego, they saw tall columns of smoke rising up to the blue sky, marking the spots where the savage natives had built their camp fires, and remembered that it was the same sight which led the early Spanish voyagers to call the island the Land of Fire. They did not see any of the Fuegians, save a canoe load at a distance, but they heard many stories of their size and ferocity and their cannibal propensities. The natives of the mainland whom they encountered were a good-natured folk, of medium stature, living peacefully in little villages and given to no more serious vice than pilfering. Lady Florence and her companions set out for the interior as soon as they could get horses, dogs and guides. They appear to have had no plan of travel save to reach the base of the high Andes and to return to the Straits in time to catch a return steamer, and no special motive beyond roughing it and hunting the guanaco and the ostrich. They saw a deal of wild country—vast grassy plains, interspersed with tracts of beech woods and stretches of sandy desert, and imposing mountain ranges—camped for a time in one of the high Cordilleras valleys beside a lake of marvellous beauty and in sight of the three huge red needles called Cleopatra's Peaks, which tower aloft from dazzling fields of eternal snow, hunted to their hearts content, and made their way back to the settlement on the straits in safety.

The descriptions of hunting adventures form the best chapters in the book. The guanaco, a first cousin to the llama, is found in Patagonia in great numbers, and as he is swift and sure of foot and expert in escaping from the plains to the broken country, gives the hunt man and his dogs plenty of arduous sport. His flesh is the principal reliance of the natives for food. Here is a lively account of a chase after one of these animals:

> The wind got colder and colder, a white cloud crept up on the horizon, and grew and grew, sweeping swiftly toward me till I suddenly found myself enveloped in a furious hail-storm. I came to a standstill and covered up my head to protect myself from the hailstones, which were very large. The squall did not last long, but when I looked up again I found the whole country was whitened over, an atmospheric freak having created a dreary winter landscape in the middle of summer. Suddenly I started; close to me stood, perfectly motionless, and staring me full in the face, a tall guanaco. I was so startled and surprised that for the space of a minute I sat quietly returning his stare. A movement of my horse broke the spell. The guanaco darted up the side of a hill like lightning, and pausing a moment on its summit, disappeared. I meanwhile had unslung my rifle, and was off in pursuit of him. Instead of climbing the hill, I rode quickly round its base, and on the other side, as I had expected, I discovered my friend looking upward, no doubt thinking I should appear by the same road he had come. I had the selfishness, though I am sure sportsmen will excuse it, to wish to kill the first guanaco myself, and I was therefore by no means displeased to find that my companions had not as yet perceived us. With a beating heart I dismounted and walked slowly toward the guanaco, who, though he saw me coming, still remained quietly standing. My weapon was a light rook rifle, but though an excellent arm, it did not carry more than 150 yards with precision, and I was now something over 180 yards from my prey. He allowed me to advance till within the required distance, but then, to my disgust, just as I was preparing to fire, leisurely walked on another thirty or forty yards before he stopped again, watching me the while, as it seemed with an amused look of impertinence, which aggravated me considerably. I slowly followed him, vowing to fire the moment I was within range, whether he moved or not. This time I was more successful. The guanaco allowed me to come within about the necessary 150 yards. "Poor fellow!" I murmured generously, as I brought my rifle up to my shoulder and took aim just behind his. Only one step forward to make quite certain. Alas! I took it, and down I went into a hole, which in my eagerness I had not noticed, falling rather heavily on my face. In a second I was up again, just in time to see the guanaco bounding up a far escarpment, taking with him my last chance of becoming the heroine of the day. There was nothing for it but to walk back to where I had left my horse, and see what had become of my companions.
>
> I took the same road the guanaco had taken, on the remote possibility of falling in with him again. Riding up the escarpment above referred to, I came on to a broad plain, and there an exciting chase was going on, in which, as it appeared, I was condemned to take the part of a spectator only. At some distance, and going across my line of sight, was a guanaco running at full speed, closely followed by a pack of dogs, in whose track, but some ways behind, galloped three horsemen, whom I made out to be my husband, and brother, and Gregorio. The guanaco at first seemed to be losing ground, but it was only for an instant, in another he bounded away with ease, and it was apparent that as yet he was only playing with his pursuers. The pace soon began to tell on the dogs; the less speedy were already beginning to tail off, one of them, probably Gregorio's swift Pie-de-Plata, being far in advance of its comrades, and by no means to be shaken off by the guanaco, who had now given up any playful demonstrations of superiority, and had settled down to run in good earnest.
>
> On, on they go—quarry, dogs, horsemen, will soon be out of sight. But what's this? The guanaco has stopped! Only for a moment, though. But he has swerved to the left, and behind him a new dog and horseman have appeared on the scene, emerging, as if by magic, from the bowels of the earth. The chase is now better under my view. If some lucky chance would only bring the guanaco my way! The fresh dog is evidently discomforting him, and his having had to swerve has brought all the other dogs a good bit nearer to his heels. But on he goes, running bravely, and making for the escarpment, for in the hilly country below he knows he is at an advantage. The dogs seem to be aware of this too, for they redouble their efforts, a splendid race ensuing. Suddenly another horseman appears on the plateau, and the unfortunate guanaco must again swerve to the left, a movement which hurrah! brings him almost facing toward where I am standing. That is to say, he must cross the escarpment at some point on a line between myself and the new-comer, the other horsemen, from the manner the race had been run, forming a circle in his rear which debarred his escape in any other direction. Seeing this, wild with excitement, I dug my spurs into my horse, and flew along the edge of the escarpment, the horseman on the other side doing the same, in order to shut out the guanaco and throw him back on his foes behind. Seeing his last chance about to be cut off, he redoubled his efforts to get through between us. On, on we strain. Nearer and nearer he gets to the edge of the plain, and already, with despair, I see that I shall be too late. But faster even than the swift guanaco, a gallant blackhound has crept up, and in another instant, though the former dashes past me within a yard of my horse's nose and disappears over the side of the escarpment, the good dog has already made his spring, and, clinging like grim death to the guanaco's haunch, vanishes with him.
>
> After them, in another instant, swept the whole quarry of dogs, and by the time I reined in and got my horse down the steep ravine-side, they had thrown the guanaco which Pie-de-Plata had brought to a standstill below; and Francisco, the horseman who had last appeared on the plateau and at so opportune a moment had already given the coup-de-grace with his knife.
>
> One after another the other hunters gradually arrived, their horses more or less blown; and whilst pipes were lit and flasks produced we had leisure to examine this our first guanaco. Looking at his frame his long powerful legs his deep chest and body as fine-drawn almost as a greyhound's, we no longer wondered that guanacos run as swiftly as they do. Indeed this one would have laughed at us had he not been closed in as he was. The fur of the full-grown guanaco is of a woolly texture and in color of a reddish brown on the back the neck and the quarters; being whitish on the belly and the inner sides of the legs. The head closely resembles that of a camel, the eyes which have a strange look on account of the peculiar shape of the eye bones are very large and beautiful. A fair-sized guanaco weighs from 180 to 200 pounds.

Hunting the ostrich is even better sport than hunting the guanaco. The ungainly bird gets over the ground at a tremendous pace and can rarely be run down by the dogs. The usual way of catching him is by hemming him in on all sides. If he gets confused and fails to break through the circle he is doomed. Lady Florence describes a hunt of this sort very happily:

> Next morning, the horses being all ready, we lost no time in springing into the saddle, leaving Storer to take charge of the camp, much to his alarm, and in spite of his earnest remonstrance. The poor man vainly protested that, were the Indians to discover our retreat, he would be perfectly powerless to prevent their pillaging the whole camp, especially as his ignorance of the "jargon," as he scornfully termed the Tehuelche language, would place him in a most helpless position. Regardless of his arguments and imploring looks we rode away, determining to risk the improbable intrusion of the Indians, whose camp lay at least twenty miles distant from our own. For about half an hour we followed Gregorio and the Chilian along a line of broken hillocks, after which, calling a halt, we sent forward Guillaume and l'Aria to commence the first and most distant proceedings of the circle. They departed at a brisk canter, and it was not long before several rising columns of smoke testified that they were already busily engaged. The next to compose the centre circle were my husband, Francois, and Mr. B., shortly after supported on the right by the Chilian and my brother. Immediately on their left Gregorio and myself commenced operations, and soon a distinct circle of fires might be seen springing quickly up from all points. I could not help being greatly impressed with the novel sight now before me. From the high plain we were on I could look over miles and miles of untrodden desert land, where countless herds of guanaco were roaming in peaceful ease. In the distance towered the peaks of the Andes, wrapped in their cloak of mystery, lonely and unexplored. The huge columns of smoke and the lurid flames of the circle fires lent a wild appearance to the thrilling scene, to which the frightened knots of guanacos, which were hurrying to escape from the circle, and the eager galloping horsemen, lent additional active animation.
>
> For some time Gregorio and I rode slowly and silently on our way, when a sudden unexpected bound which my horse gave all but unseated me. "Avestruz! Avestruz!" shouted Gregorio, and turned his horse with a quick movement. "Choo! choo! Plata!" I cry to the dog who followed at my horse's heels, as a fine male ostrich scuddled away toward the hills we had just left with the speed of lightning. Plata has sighted him, and is straining every limb to reach the terrified bird. He is a plucky dog and a fleet one, but it will take him all his time to come alongside that great raking ostrich as he strides away in all the conscious pride of his strength and speed. "We shall lose him!" I cry, half mad with excitement, spurring my horse, who is beginning to gasp and falter as the hill up which we are struggling grows steeper and steeper. But the ostrich suddenly doubles to the left, and commences a hurried descent. The cause is soon explained, for in the direction toward which he has been making a great cloud of smoke rises menacingly in his path, and baulked of the refuge he had hoped to find amidst the hills, the great bird is forced to alter his course, and make swiftly for the plains below. But swiftly as he flies along, so does Plata, who finds a down-hill race much more suited to his splendid shoulders and rare stride. Foot by foot he lessens the distance that separates him from his prey, and gets nearer and nearer to the fast sinking, fast tiring bird. Away we go, helter-skelter down the hill, unchecked and undeterred by the numerous obstacles that obstruct the way. Plata is alongside the ostrich, and gathers himself for a spring at the bird's throat. "He has him, he has him!" I shout to Gregorio, who does not reply, but urges his horse on with whip and spur. "Has he got him, though?" Yes—no—the ostrich with a rapid twist has shot some thirty yards ahead of his enemy, and whizzing round, makes for the hills once more. And now begins the struggle for victory. The ostrich has decidedly the best of it, for Plata, though he struggles gamely, does not like the uphill work, and at every stride loses ground. There is another fire on the hill above, but it lies too much to the left to attract the bird's attention, who has evidently a safe line of escape in view in that direction. On, on we press; on, on flies the ostrich; bravely and gamely struggles in its wake poor Plata. "Can he stay?" I cry to Gregorio, who smiles and nods his head. He is right, the dog can stay, for hardly have the words left my lips when, with a tremendous effort, he puts on a spurt, and races up alongside the ostrich. Once more the bird points for the plains; he is beginning to falter, but he is great and strong, and is not beaten yet. It will take all Plata's time and running to pull that magnificent bird to the ground, and it will take a long fierce struggle ere the gallant creature yields up his life. Unconscious of anything but the exciting chase before me, I am suddenly disagreeably reminded that there is such a thing as caution, and necessity to look where you are going, by putting his foot in an unusually deep mole-track his poor little horse comes with a crash upon his head, and turns completely over on his back, forcing me beneath him in a hopeless muddle. Fortunately, beyond a shaking, I am unhurt, and remounting, endeavor to regain the now sole what distant chase. The ostrich, Gregorio, and the dog have reached the plain, and as I gallop quickly down the hill I can see that the bird has begun doubling. This is a sure sign of fatigue, and shows that the ostrich's strength is beginning to fail him. Nevertheless it is a matter of no small difficulty for our dog to secure his prey, even at this juncture, as he cannot turn and twist about as rapidly as the ostrich. At each double the bird shoots far ahead of his pursuer, and gains a considerable advantage. Away across the plain the two animals fly, whilst I and Gregorio press eagerly in their wake. The excitement grows every moment more intense, and I watch the close struggle going on with the keenest interest. Suddenly the stride of the bird grows slower, his doubles become more frequent, showers of feathers fly in every direction as Plata seizes him by the tail, which comes away in his mouth. In another moment the dog has him by the throat, and for a few moments nothing can be distinguished but a gray struggling heap. Then Gregorio dashes forward and throws himself off his horse, breaks the bird's neck, and when I arrive upon the scene the struggle is over. The run had lasted for twenty-five minutes.

We might wish for more information about Patagonia than Lady Florence gives, but her book is so fresh and breezy and pictures so well the wholesome pleasure of out-of-door life and adventure in a strange country experienced by a party of young healthy English people, that we cannot find fault with it for being superficial. The writer did not go to Patagonia to study ethnology or geography or botany, but to have a good time.

THE "ENGLISH PHILOSOPHERS" SERIES.

ADAM SMITH. By J. A. Farrer. 8vo. pp. 201. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Adam Smith is so preeminent as a political economist, the world almost forgets that he first achieved fame as a moral philosopher pure and simple. His "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which appeared in 1759, when he was thirty-six, made a sensation in the philosophical atmosphere of Edinburgh and London, and was immediately singled out as worthy of translation by three or four learned Frenchmen, who ran a race to see which should first get the work into the hands of the printers. It was not until seventeen years afterward that the "Wealth of Nations" appeared, the author being then fifty-three. The latter work received as quick and as wide recognition as the former, and has become the corner-stone of the science and philosophy of political economy. It eclipsed Adam Smith, the moral philosopher, but the latter would have been famous if the "Wealth of Nations" had never been written, and it is doing him only deserved honor to practically ignore the political economist in this excellent volume. An additional volume of "Essays" nearly completes the list of Adam Smith's published writings. A little while before his death he caused his manuscripts, including his Glasgow University lectures, to be burned. In his view, good authorship was to ruminate much and write little, and the durability of his work has long justified his practice. It is said that he had a disappointment in love and settled down thereafter to quiet bachelor-life, sweetened by a most amiable and profound philosophy. He held that "the man of the most perfect virtue, the man whom we naturally love and revere the most, is he who joins to the most perfect command of his own original and selfish feelings the most exquisite sensibility both to the original and sympathetic feelings of others." And again, he says, "what can add to the happiness of the man who is in health, who is out of debt and has a clear conscience?"

Lady (who has been looking at calicoes without finding what she wishes): "I want Merrimack calicoes." Shopkeeper: "My gracious, Madame, *Mr.* Merrimack ish dead long ago!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A READER.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

XXI.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

THE CLERGY OF THE OLD REGIME—MR. PEPYS'S CRITICISMS—BACON'S IDEA OF A SERMON—FORCIBLE METHODS OF CONVERSION—BISHOP LATIMER'S PREACHING—DR. SOUTH ON LONG SERMONS—A VERY SHORT SERMON—JEREMY TAYLOR—PREACHING THE SERMONS OF OTHERS—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ESTIMATE OF CLERICAL DUTY—PREACHING FOR THE TIMES—SIR THOMAS MORE'S ESTIMATE OF VAINGLORIOUS PREACHERS—PREACHING IN SUSPENSE—COWPER'S LINES ON A PULPIT FOP.

Nobody, I believe, has ever written a History of the Christian Pulpit, albeit the material for such a book is ample—a profusion, indeed, and I may say an embarrassment of riches—while the work, if well done, could hardly fail to be at once interesting and instructive. It would be full of examples of sublime faith, of unquestioning self-abnegation and of absolutely heroic martyrdom. The hand of unbridled and raging bigotry has usually fallen heaviest upon those dedicated to the task of disseminating and defending Christian truth. It was notably so during the French Revolution, that perpetual resource of those who would illustrate human nature at its worst and at its best. It is customary to speak of the clergy of the Old Regime as utterly depraved and worthless; but I was impressed by what De Tocqueville says upon this point. He admits that the vices of some of the clergy were startling; but he affirms that at the time the Revolution broke out "they were enlightened; they were national; their private virtues were not more striking than their public qualities; they were largely endowed with faith sufficient to bear them up against persecution." "I began," adds this admirable writer, "to study the Old Regime full of prejudice against the clergy. I have ended my task, and I feel nothing but respect for them." This passage may be commended to those who are ever ready to sneer at them; who do not hesitate to denounce them as hypocrites and dissemblers; who eagerly listen to every scandal against them, as if they were found guilty of heavier crimes than it is possible, in the nature of things, for any other class to commit, upon evidence which any respectable civil tribunal would laugh at and disallow. Mr. William Howitt, as became a Quaker, wrote a sharp book about "Priest-craft in All Ages," which exhibited "a kindling ministry" in a light by no means agreeable; but such books are usually one-sided and of no value. As much might be said of most criticisms of sermons which scorn Sunday dinner tables. Mr. Pepys used to go home from church and write in his diary such comments as this: "A lazy sermon upon the Devil's having no right to anything in the world;" or this: "Heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplain make a simple sermon; among other things reproaching the imperfection of human learning, he cried, 'All our physicians cannot tell what an ague is, and all our arithmetic cannot number the dayes of a man,' which God knows is not the fault of arithmetic, but that our understandings reach not the thing." Honest Pepys! He certainly had a quaint as well as a sharp way of putting things. Lord Bacon made a capital estimate of what a sermon should be when he said: "Wines which at first tun do ferment and are pleasanter than those which are pressed from the wine press, for those hurried in the stamp full of the husk of the grape; so those discourses are exceedingly wholesome and sweet which flow from the Scriptures gently pressed and not wrested and wire-drawn into controversies and contemplations."

That a sermon should be adapted to the needs of a congregation goes without saying. Bishop Latimer mentions one which was preached to the boys at Poole Street in Rome. They were allowed to sit still and listen for an hour. "But it is," says Evelyn, "with no much malice in their countenances, spitting, coughing, hemming and motions that it is almost impossible that they should hear a word from the pulpit." I should think so, in versions through such means are naturally unknown. Apropos of this I may mention an odd story told by Edward Bourne, one of our Thomas. He says that the Portuguese Inquisition adopted this way of making heretics in the Christian religion: "they put a cord about their necks, the end of which is put through a hole in a great post, so that they on the other side may straighten or slack the rope, choke or screw them again as they please, which they do till with the extremity of the pain, they profess what they will have them, and then immediately strangle them—an ingenious expedient, hardly adapted, however, to our own times." Evelyn mentions a plan which that pious monarch, James the Second, had of forcing all the blacks in the American plantations to be baptized: "His Majesty proceeds in his resolution to have it universal, which pasty the bishop likewise him for." Somebody, it seems, had opposed the scheme upon the ground that the blacks, if baptized, would be *ipso facto* free—"a mistaken opinion," says Evelyn.

What preaching was in England in the time of Bishop Latimer and in the sixteenth century, may be gathered from the reports which we have of the sermons of that plain preacher. In a sermon delivered at St. Paul's in 1552, taking as his text "Who is the diligent preacher and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office?" the Bishop answered his own question thus: "I will tell you. It is the Devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he never sleeps, he never is idle, he is never from his cure, he shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording or loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you." Latimer did not mind putting Latin into his sermons. Thus, still treating of the devil, he says: "I know he is Peter, which saith of him: *Sicut leo rugiens, ut dentes quaerens quem devoret*, he goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." It is mentioned of Jeremy Taylor's rural congregation, when he was plain rector of Uppingham, that nothing edified them in his sermons more than his classical but to them unintelligible quotations and allusions; and perhaps the rude citizens who gathered about St. Paul's to listen to Latimer liked him none the less for his Latin, especially as he took particular pains to translate it for their benefit. There is another sermon by Bishop Latimer, quoted in the "Life of Bernard Gilpin," which would astonish a modern audience accustomed to our pulpit proprieties: "My father," he said, "was a yeoman, and had no land of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost; and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had a walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the King an harness—with himself and his horse. I remember to have buckled on myself my father's harness when he went to Blackheathfield. He kept his son at school till he went to the University and maintained him there. He married his daughters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, apiece. He kept hospitality with his neighbors and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did out of said farm. Whereas he that hath the same farm now, I am informed, pays sixteen pounds by the year; and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, or his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor." One can imagine a sermon like this preached by the Rev. Benjamin Franklin or the Rev. William Cobbett, if either of those economical paragons can be figured wagging his head in a pulpit.

The present age has fairly outgrown the passion for prolixity which has been thought a characteristic of Puritan discourses, but which has been confined to no particular sect or era. Pious George Herbert laid down the rule that "a sermon should never exceed one hour in length." "All ages," he said, "have thought that a competency"—it would be thought somewhat more now by most congregations. Dr. South wittily said of a long sermon: "It inevitably puts us upon an act of religion; if good, it invites us to a profitable hearing; if otherwise, it indicates a short penance, and gives us an opportunity to the gift of patience." There is one preacher, a legend of whose longwindedness has come down to us. This was John Cameron, a Scotchman by birth, but who was a Huguenot preacher in France in the seventeenth century. His sermons were usually two hours long, and it is related that when he was told of it he was "greatly grieved," and actually quitted Bordeaux, where he was preaching at the time. His main fault is stated to have been "random digression to subjects which nobody understood." Incomprehensible sermons two hours long must have severely tested the admiration of the flock for its pastor. Somebody has medically divided sermons into "the opiate, the drastic, the laxative, the alterative, the sedative, the carminative and the corroborant." We are not told in what way Dr. Cameron medicined his sheep, but the endless digressions in which he indulged would seem to point to opiates or sedatives. Bishop Andrews used to say: "When I preach twice a day at St. Giles's, I prate once," and the remark will apply to all long sermons which, for all the matter that is in them, should be short. One of the pithiest on record was preached by a Florentine named Arbothus, upon the feast of St. Lawrence. It will be little trouble to give the whole of it, for, translated from the original Latin, it was no more than what follows: "To-day is the feast of St. Lawrence. You have heard me relate his life during the last year. Nothing to be added presents itself; nor am I willing to trench upon your leisure. If any were absent from the church during the last year, let them be informed of the matter by those who were present." Apropos of long and short, I am tempted to give as an illustration of the force and dignity of a long sentence, a passage from one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, which is fairly illustrative of his ability to pile up words without losing his lucidity: "As when the sun approaches toward the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and, by and by, gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brow of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God, and still while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers; *even so is a man's reason and his life*." I need not point out to the reader the wonderful force of the conclusion of this admirable instance of prolonged and well sustained rhetoric. The mind, a little tired of the tension, welcomes it as a relief, and the perfection of the passage fixes its interesting idea fully in the memory. It is the whole history of human life told in one long breath.

English literature is so rich in sermons that I am sometimes tempted to think well of Bishop Bull's advice to young divines "not to preach their own sermons, but to read homilies, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man." Setting aside this modest portion, and no attempt at deception, there seems to be nothing interesting in such use of the property of others. But it is notorious that young preachers, and the wisest, do this sort of thing, or declare that it was unintentional, and that he cropped some twenty pages of another man's work and then commenced it over the pulpit cushion without knowing that it was not his own, attributing it all to some intellectual aberration or to a blank psychological phenomenon. I have heard this excuse, but I have never for a moment believed it. The reader will perhaps remember Sir Roger de Coverley's parson, to whom the good knight proposed to sell all the good sermons which have been preached this twenty years, going that every Sunday he would pick one out from the pulpit. Accordingly, he fixed them into such a series "that they followed one another like a string of beads, and made a continued chain of practical divinity." But this collection came to the knight's ears, "he thought it a pity so many excellent discourses should be lost, and, therefore, purchased the whole parcel of his parson, and preached them every Sunday for the space of a year, without ever mentioning a word of the matter." Upon this, he first used