

### Dr. Alexander on Extemporaneous Preaching.

Theodore Cuyler, in the *Zion's Herald*, gives the following reminiscence of Dr. James W. Alexander:

After a fine tribute to Summerfield, Dr. Alexander took up four or five huge packages of sermons, tied up in brown paper with whip-cord, and kicking them all over playfully into a corner he said to me, "There, Mr. Cuyler, goes the labor of my life. And now, after twenty years of experience, I declare to you candidly that if I could live my life over again, I never would take one of those manuscripts with me into my pulpit! I would take them in my head and heart, and not on paper. We are sacrificing preaching to essay-reading. Yet I would have thorough preparation, with a good concordance, which is worth to me more than my library, and then I go for a free delivery with great enthusiasm. My young friend! aim at a high degree of passion in preaching, especially when you are preaching the doctrines. Arguments made red-hot by passion and holy fire is what pleases people and holds them. Argument admits of great vehemence and fire. But no man can be a great preacher without great feeling. Aim at a high and holy enthusiasm. The old Greek tragedies used to stir people up, and keep open the founts of rage and tears. Many ministers are enthusiastic about other things, such as art, poetry, history, authorship, or politics. Their week-day conversation is full of entertainment, but their Sabbath sermon is like a sponge from which all the moisture has been squeezed out. Live for your sermon; live in your sermon. Get some starling to cry *sermon, sermon, sermon*. The best discourses are the efflux of a man's best thoughts and feelings during the whole week.

"If you would preach well, pray. Even æsthetically considered, one hour of prayer is a better preparation than a day of study. Keep your mind in a glow. Write when you are in a glow. Our young preachers are too much in the habit of frying all the unction out of a sermon over a lamp." (That is a capital expression.) "Read as much as you can; but prepare your sermons with as total a forgetfulness of the language of books as possible. I am growing jealous of even looking into a book, while making my sermon. The Bible is after all the one book of the preacher. We may be exhausted, but the Bible never! Make the Bible your prayer book; cut off all superfluous studies, and come back to the word of God. Make scripture the interpreter of scripture. When I prepare my best discourses I have nothing by me but my Bible and my concordance."

**A CONVENIENT REMEDY.**—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes: This is the season of the year when *cholera infantum* and *diarrhea* are very prevalent among infant children. I, therefore, send you an excellent remedy: "An equal part each of laudanum, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor, (mix.) Dose for a child six months old, two drops; dose for a child twelve months old, four drops; dose for a child two years old, eight drops. To be given in sweetened water and repeat the dose if necessary once in twelve hours. This is a very cheap medicine for the poor, as half an ounce of the mixture (a drachm of each ingredient) will cost you but a few cents.

A lady in one of the papers relates a sweet little instance of a child's delicate thoughtfulness. She says: I asked a little boy last evening, "Have you called your grandmamma to tea?" "Yes," he replied, "when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't want to *holloa* at grandma, nor to *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

### Harriet Hosmer—Charlotte Cushman.

A correspondent of the *Chicagoan* writes from Rome: Miss Hosmer's studio is the prettiest in Rome. The little entrance court, with its beautiful flowers and singing canaries, is a delightful change from the hot, dusty streets. When we went in it was her reception day, and she was showing to some strangers the fountain in the centre of the first room. Below, in the basin, three charming little fellows are bestriding dolphins, lying on the broad leaves of aquatic plants. They are fascinated by the music, and one has his dimpled hand at his ear, listening intently, when the water spouts from the shells above. Miss Hosmer has a peculiar mode of tinting the marble. I think she must have caught the better part of Gibson's idea, for she does not give it a flesh color, but a bright creamy tint, which adds greatly to the expression of the statue, and seems like the true color of old marble. She spoke of this, and said, pointing to the fountain, "all these babes have got to be washed before they go away." Miss Hosmer has a very vivacious manner, a little abrupt and very decided, and when she speaks, in clear, ringing tones, in moments when you or she have just said something that pleases her, her expression and manner are exceedingly charming, and her laugh, which came often while we were there, is one of the most musical I have heard. She wore a little velvet cap, which reminded me of Raphael's.

In the same room with the fountain is a fine copy of her "Puck." She has a mate for him in her later "Will-o'-the-Wisp," or at least a comrade, but the latter is not quite so bewitching. But the glory of her room is a head of "Medusa." I have always thought that to fulfil the true idea of the old myth, "Medusa" should be wonderfully beautiful; but I never saw one so before. This is the head of a lovely girl, her rich hair kept back by a fillet from the noble forehead seems at first to recede in waves; when you see that these waves terminate in serpents, it strikes you with no feeling of repulsion. The face, whose eyes look upward, is full of glorious sadness to which the serpents add an idea of mystery and gloom, which makes the beauty more fascinating and thrilling; and the folded wings which come down over the hair on each side of the face give an air of majesty to the head which enhances the effect. It was hard for me to look away from the statue; if long gazing would have turned one to stone, the old tradition would have been fulfilled. In the neighboring room was a full length, and several busts, of the stately "Zenobia," whom you doubtless saw in Chicago a few years ago.

Miss Hosmer asked us into her inner room where she herself works. Just beyond the entrance stands the work on which she is now engaged—"The Waking Faun." It is the sequel to the lovely "Sleeping Faun," which was exhibited at Paris. "The Waking Faun" is yet only clay, and is duly undergoing the molding of the sculptor's hand. I was to see it in this form, as it shows one how entirely the whole expression of the statue is due to the sculptor himself, and how mechanical is the work which the chisel afterwards performs. Miss Hosmer played upon it with a hose, as we went in, saying: "I think sprinkling improves his expression." Here the "Waking Faun" has caught the offender in the act, with one hand grasping the little mischief by the hair, is bending back his head and looking in his face, with a countenance into whose sweetness and good humor he tries in vain to introduce a look of sternness. "You see he takes it coolly," said Miss Hosmer. "Fauns, don't get angry, you know. I should be ashamed to tell you how long I have been on that statue—but—no, I shouldn't. Mr. Gibson used to say, when I was in his studio, and working so long on that 'Medusa'—'Nobody asks you how long you have been on a thing but fools, and you don't care what they think.'"

Miss Cushman, whose beautiful house opens

wide its hospitable doors to her countrymen here, is very much like her friend, Miss Hosmer, in manner. Miss Cushman's Saturday reception seems to assemble the pleasantest elements of artistic and social life in Rome. She herself is a host in entertaining her guests; her singing is something peculiar and characteristic; it is intensely dramatic, and impresses one powerfully. Her singing of Kingsley's, "Mary, go on and call cattle home," is something I shall never forget. One holds his breath and shivers as she brings out "the cruel foam—the hungry, crawling foam."

### MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers;  
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;  
Let them give life to your loneliest hours—  
Let them bring light to enliven your gloom;  
Make your own world—one that never has sorrowed—  
Of music and sunshine, and gold summer air:  
A home-world, whose forehead care never has furrowed,  
And whose cheek of bright beauty shall ever be fair.  
Make your home beautiful—weave round its portal  
Wreaths of the jessamine, and delicate sprays  
Of red-fruited woodbine, with gay immortelle,  
That blesses and brightens wherever it strays.  
Gather the blossoms, too—one little flower,  
Varied verberna, or sweet mignonette,  
Still may bring bloom to your desolate bower,  
Still may bring something to love and to pet.  
Make your home beautiful—gather the roses  
That hoard up the sunshine with exquisite art;  
Perchance they may pour, as your dread darkness  
Closes,  
That soft summer sunshine down into your heart!  
If you can do so, O, make it an Eden  
Of beauty and gladness! remember, 'tis wise:  
'Twill teach you to long for that home you are need-  
ing,  
That heaven of beauty beyond the blue skies.  
Make your home beautiful—sure 'tis a duty;  
Call up your little ones—teach them to walk  
Hand in hand with the angel of beauty;  
Encourage their spirits with nature to talk;  
Gather them round you, and let them be learning  
Lessons that drop from the delicate wings  
Of the bird and the butterfly—ever returning  
To him who has made all these beautiful things.  
Make a home a hive, where all beautiful feelings  
Cluster like bees, and their honey dew bring;  
Make it a temple of holy revealings,  
And love its bright angel with "shadowing wings."  
Then shall it be, when afar on life's billows,  
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,  
They will long for the shades of the home-weeping  
willow,  
And sing the sweet song which their mother had  
sung. —[Eliza Cook.

**WHAT ONE SIN WILL DO.**—There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out, and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unclouded point of character may cause us! Onespark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body—one sin destroy the soul.

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin; Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all his hopes. The strength of a chain is to be measured, not by its strongest, but by its weakest link, for if the weakest snaps, what is the use of the rest? Satan is a very close observer, and knows exactly where our weak points are; we have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not. Either our pride, or sloth, our ignorance, our anger, or our lust would prove our ruin unless grace interposed; any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yea, our very virtues and graces might be gates of entrance to our enemies. O, Jesus, if thou hast indeed bought me with thy blood, be pleased to keep me by thy power even unto the end.—[Spurgeon.

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