THE LEISURE OF SOME WINTER HOURS AT GENEVA, DEVOTED TO A FEW SERMONS

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The Leisure of Some Winter Hours at Geneva, Devoted to a Few Sermons by George Kennard

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BY THE

REV. GEORGE KENNARD, M.A.

OF ST. ALBAN'S HALL, OXPORD; AND GAYTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

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TO THE

REVEREND GEORGE BUTLER, D.D.

CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH,

AND

RECTOR OF GAYTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

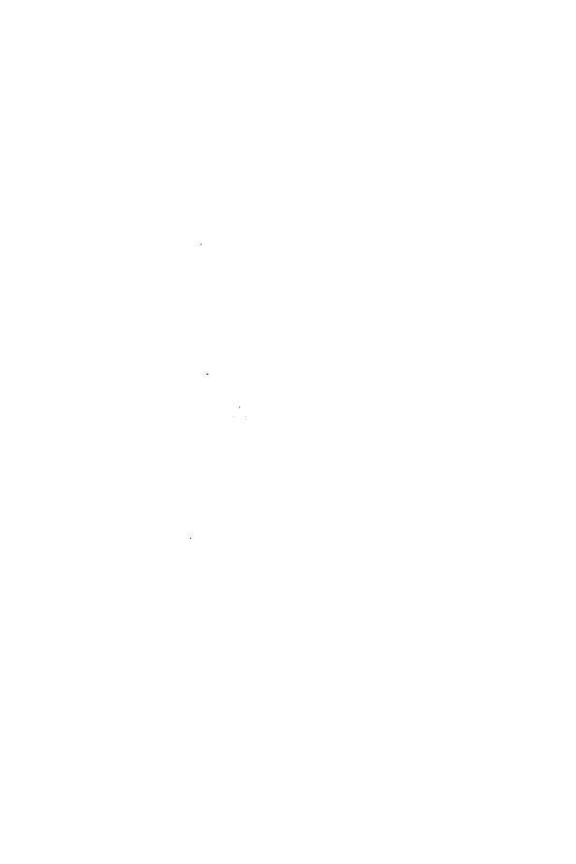
THIS SMALL VOLUME

IS DEDICATED,

AS A MARK OF RESPECT AND REGARD,

BY THE AUTHOR,

G. K.



PREFACE.

It is with some trepidation that I, who have never ventured before the literary world as a writer, now commit this volume to the ordeal of public opinion. It was suggested by a masterly Reviewer in the Quarterly, on the Sermons of the late lamented Augustus Hare, where the editor lamented the degeneracy of modern sermons; and that from no lack of qualification in the writers, but because they, either, by using abstruse terms, wrote above the capacity of their hearers, choosing argumentative and doctrinal subjects of little real practical bearing; or, on the

other hand, mistaking prosiness for plainness, enlisted none of the graces of literature, and content with proclaiming the truth, made it as little attractive as they could; and thus glided over the surface without engaging the careful attention, and influencing the heart. I think the only scriptural way of trying to reach the soul of a man is to feel his danger as it were your own, and to describe your peace and happiness and joy and assurance in the truths you hold, that he may share them with you; and if this is the overruling feeling in the preacher or writer, he will make his way through every obstacle, because it is precisely the state of mind that God will bless. This has been my endeavour; if I have failed, it has been in the machinery, and not in the spring; and I now offer it to God with one remark. In a small bark I have here

freighted the inmost convictions of my soul: they are my all of earthly treasure; if it contains his precious truth, and is likely to bring souls to a knowledge of Christ's redeeming and saving love, then I know no sea can be so rough, and no wind so adverse, but that it shall glide over its surface and reach many a distant port, and be again as the angel messenger to the Palestine shepherds, a herald of good news. But if it is not thus, if too little of heaven is discernible, then let it sink in the calmest waters, and be lost in the depths of the ocean.

ΘΕΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΣΑ.

