

wards kept that young man from making a fool of himself.

The wit of Spurgeon and South, the humor of Beecher and the sarcasm and drollery of Talmage and Small have had much to do with their ministerial success. Few great preachers ever lived who did not make use of their powers of wit and ridicule. If you cannot shame men from wrong doing, it may be possible to make them afraid of being ridiculous. There is an old couplet which reads :

“Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and the world laughs at you.”

There are people who turn away from humorous writings. They say that fun is dangerous, wit a waste of time, humor frivolous. They are wrong. Porson said: “Wit is the best sense of the world.” A conceited poet once asked him what he thought of his last production. “Your verse,” replied Porson, “will be read when Virgil is forgotten, not till then.” Here was wit and the best kind of sense all in one. And here is another of the same character. “Doctor, may I ask how you live to be so old and so rich?” “By writing prescriptions, but never taking them,” was the sensible and witty reply.

And yet there are people who entertain a sovereign contempt for the man who amuses. To be successful, they imagine a man should be as solemn as a mule. To be profound he should be as dry a limeburner's shoe. In the days when men were burned for their opinions and beheaded for their principles, this idea was far more prevalent than it is to-day. Sin is sure to burrow in the gloomy soul. This life would not be worth living if not enlivened by all lies of wit and flashes of humor. I love to meet a man with a smile on his countenance. I hate to meet a fellow in whose cast-iron visage I can read of wars, cloudbursts, earthquakes, plagues, shipwrecks, cyclones, hailstorms and railroad disasters. A cheerful woman with sunshine in her