

men; and certainly were our ministers content to accommodate themselves to their expectations, the result would be most unhappy for the congregations as well as for the preachers. The pulpit was never designed to be a place of critical discussions or metaphysical essays; and to complain of sermons because they are marked by simplicity of style, and deal rather with familiar and primary truths, and pass by curious questions that tend not to edifying, is to forget the great end which all preaching should seek to accomplish. The man who can gather numbers to hear the Word of God, and who by his appeals can arrest their attention, convince their judgment, stimulate their conscience, and quicken their whole spiritual being, may fail to conciliate these exalted critics, who may brand his sermons as feeble and unintelligent, but he is in the highest sense of the term a great preacher.—*British Quarterly Review*.

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Men and actions, like objects of light, have their points of perspective—some must be seen at a distance.

Want of employment is the most irksome of all wants.

Many gain favour because their enmity is not dreaded, and others because it is.

Success is the child of cheerfulness and courage.

The terror of being thought poor has ruined thousands.

Wine and passion are racks oft used to extract words from us.

Most men know what they hate, few what they love.

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## Poetry.

### THOUGHTS ON WORDS.

*From "The Sectsman."*

Like fairy forms that in the greenwood play,  
 Like mermaids sporting in the deep blue sea:  
 Like children laughing round the glowing hearth,  
 Our pure thoughts rise, bright, innocent, and free.

Like evil satyrs roughly handling beauty,  
 Like sharks remorseless seizing on their prey:  
 Like tyrant pedagogues on children scowling,  
 Men take our words to torture and to slay.

Like roses glittering with the dews of heaven,  
 Like clear drops falling from a fountain pure:  
 Like bright sparks flashing from a deathless fire,  
 Our thoughts rise upwards, and our sorrow cure.

But, in the soil of words transplanted, soon  
 Decays the roses' bloom: the water clear,  
 Hot-bubbling from the spring, in the cold air  
 Is changed to icicles: such fate we fear.

For when we seek to melt the golden ore,  
 And make it current coin, how great's the loss;  
 Words, what are they but gilded ornaments,  
 Gold beaten thin: not substance, merely gloss.