

We assert without fear of contradiction, that in proportion as a writer clearly comprehends his subject, in the same ratio will his expression be clear. We need only appeal to the works of nature and literature to verify this statement. The works of nature all indicate the thoughts of the Creator, and yet how simple they are. We read in the granite ledges, in the teeming populations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in the bony frame work within which life acts, in the starry firmament, and even in those portions of organized and unorganized matter which are too minute to be detected without the aid of the most powerful microscope,—in all these we read the inscriptions of a mighty hand. Though these inscriptions are so simple in form, yet for depth and originality they cannot be surpassed in the whole realm of thought.

Constituted as we are, we cannot but believe that the Creator sees along the same line that man does. The only difference is that man's view is more limited and consequently does not extend as *far* on this line. Thus, it would appear, that the thoughts of both, as they deal with truth, may be subjected to the same test. And as simplicity is a marked characteristic of the thoughts of the Infinite, we may, with utmost propriety, adopt it as a standard for testing the thoughts of the finite. In applying it to the thoughts of men, literature affords the most inviting field, as it is here that man's greatest thoughts are preserved.

If we traverse the whole domain of literature, gathering only the choicest and most brilliant gems of thought, we return with a vast collection of simple yet imperishable forms. The rarest products of philosophy, history, poetry, are invariably found in thoughts expressed with ideal simplicity. This simplicity is natural, neither is it the result of ignorance; for the most learned authors of every age have stamped their best works with it. The "thoughts that breathe" when crystallized in "words that burn" have ever assumed a simple form.

It never entered the minds of those, who have devoted their lives and talents to an eager pursuit after truth, that they should clothe their thoughts in unintelligible and mystified terms. Their time was spent in earnest thought and not in word-framing. Their mission has been something higher and nobler than to leave to posterity a voluminous compilation of words. The old scholastic writers attempted to dazzle and delude the mind, and thus impose upon mankind, by encasing a faulty and unsound interior in a somewhat elegant exterior. But they, like all others of their class, soon found their true level. Their works now do little more than adorn the shelves of the bookseller; the cultured reject them as bankers do spurious coins.

The mere jumbling together of euphonic words, or the mixing of over-drawn figures, may soothe and please the external ear,