

of the same lectures. Ordinary mortals would find them wearisome at least, and to avoid their cloying taste, would seek in new explorations of thought a field of excitement of expansion and of investigation. An old story loses to the reciter its novelty and power in much repetition and is thus blunted in pungency and force and pathos. Not so with Punshon, he tells the oft-told truths with the same earnestness and beauty, as when first penned, and it matters not to him if his lecture is forestalled by the enterprising printer, and the audience in possession of the whole discourse in pamphlet form, he delivers his address with the same unction, unabashed and undismayed. I do not think that his mind is endowed with the analytical in an eminent degree. His lectures and sermons do not shew it. He possibly will never excel in dissecting concrete truths and in unravelling mystery, but, he will build a goodly structure on a foundation which others have laid, with material of his own devising, like LePlace on the substratum laid down by Newton in his *Principia*, or, like the busy bee, he gathers honey from the flowers everywhere, and gives to the world a rich verbiage, pleasant to the taste, if not unique to the understanding. Such men belong to no one church in reality, but, to humanity at large. They are not perfect in style, composition or delivery. Who is? Their sphere of usefulness is contracted by no walls of sectional partition, and although they do not reach the height of elocutionary transcendentalism, nor the depth of a cold and logical materialism and the pseudo-profound lore of rationalism, nor the circumference of brilliant talent, and striking genius, yet, in all enobling qualities, they stand Sauls, head and shoulders above their fellows in the entirety of manhood, and stride, with gigantic steps, in the van of rhetorical influence. What a contrast such men are to the vast majority of public speakers! This age is one marked for its much speaking, from after dinner speeches over the "flowing bowl" to the trashy political effort in the forum, and from the "them is my sentiments" of the stump orator, delivered to gaping rustics, to the classic and *icebergian* frigidity of the polished monitor, whose predelections may be clear as a winter's sky and studded as with planetary splendour, but, cold as that of a northern clime. We are glad when the Almighty in his beneficence gives to the world, men, whose words warm human hearts, and whose thoughts embodied in choicest phrases stir profoundly the "better angels of our nature."

MINKTAN PELLIDEE'S SERENADE.—A STORY OF A WRONGED HEART.

I am naturally of a timid, unobtrusive quiet disposition, somewhat nervous and easily excited. I am no coward, that is, in some things. I would feel perfectly at home on a gory battle field with bullets and dead bodies flying about like a peck of popcorn over a hot furnace. I could stand at my gun on board of a man-of-war and blaze away at