

ing form and face divine of humanity ; and hears not only music in the choristers of the grove, but also in the glorious strains of anthems and oratorios, and chants and hymnal melodies. These see with ecstasy the painter's cunning on the canvass, or the sculptor's genius on the block of marble. They live, they do not vegetate. They read the book of nature startling, voluminous, and beatific in every page with quickening pulse, beaming eye, and gladdened heart. The more perfect man is he who grasps in intellection both the subjective and objective—the substance in soul and the material in external nature, and who travels in wonder and delight subdued and sanctified, through the wondrous labyrinths of nature's great metropolis. Many have minds so constituted as to be incapable to analyze subjects of thought. They never use the scalpel to probe and cut into mystery. They fear to draw aside the vail which hides the known from the unknown. They climb the tree of knowledge as far as others have climbed it and they only scan the landscape which others had explored before them. They push their shallops from the shore and follow in the wake of more daring explorers. They step upon the continent of partially explored human thought, but they have no inspiration, to them there is "no pent up utica:" but, the ardent lover after truth,—the impetuous adventurer in quest of unknown regions—the fiery soldier on the advanced skirmish-line of those who do, and dare, and die, in the battles of science, and truth knows no fear and is never discouraged by disaster. What a theme is that of humanity ! What a strange creation is man !

" Ah ! what a motley multitude.
Magnanimous and mean."

From this it might be inferred that different minds looking upon nature, would naturally by their idiosyncrasies have multifarious ways in communicating their thoughts to others, by words, and gesture and expression. The voluble tongue, or the ready pen, in every accent and in every word photographs the orator or the *litterateur*. These are the *exuvie* which show the outlines of the modes of thought. Many writers and speakers delight in giving expression to bare facts and abstract thought without adornment. Metaphor, simile, and rich imagery are to such "love's labour lost." Such appeal only to the intellectual in our nature. The most powerful writer or speaker is he who plays skilfully on all the strings of our nature. The word-picturing has a response in the soul as well as the severe logic. The embellishment of the oration is the setting of the jewel. The verbal colouring of passions, emotions, desires and sensations is as necessary to fill the void of the insatiable mind as the rigid investigations of metaphysics. To this latter class belongs Punshon. He is not an extraordinary man, but he is remarkable. He is not as an orator, nor as a composer, unrivalled, but, he is far above mediocrity. He is not unique in his superiority, but, he has peculiarities not found among his compeers, and which command attention. He has husbanded his resources and used them well, and be they many, or be they few, the talents have not