

PER CONTRA.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

It is impossible to find two things exactly alike in nature. The leaves on the same tree differ. The sands on the seashore are not alike. The dewdrops which sparkle in the morning sunbeams are only similar. The stars, that shine in the blue immensity of heaven, have only a family resemblance. No two human beings of all the myriads of humanity have exactly the same appearance; and no two minds are alike. One man is so phlegmatic that *inertia* is his normal condition. Were a bombshell to burst at his ear, he would scarcely wink. He believes in a division of labor, his part, however, is not to work, but to inspect. Like the Indian, his delight is to sit on the fence and see white man mow. Old or young Mr. Sluggish would delight to personate the patient fisherman, and allow cobwebs to grow between his nose and the adjacent bushes, rather than take the trouble to move near the next ripple. His mind is semi-dormant, and to make him useful would require a new creation. His neighbor is, on the contrary, all life—a sort of perpetual motion. He is wound up by sleep, once in 24 hours, and then runs the rest of the time, with a sort of jerky motion—irregular and spasmodic. He is full of all sorts of plans and projects, each of which is sure to give fame or fortune. The initiatory steps are taken to secure the riches of some El Dorado, but ere success is reached, a new project draws a glamour over his eyes, and away he goes after his new love, leaving the first and each antecedent one, to wreck and ruin. The golden cup is where the rainbow touches the ground, but the spot where "The Holy Grail" can be found ever recedes, until old age comes on apace, and nothing is left but sad reflections over fragmentary projects never completed, from want of stern resolve, and sound judgment. Between these two extremes are many phases of changeful and diversified humanity. Thoughts, affections, desires, and emotions, all present, but in diverse proportions. The English alphabet can produce its 100,000 words and not be exhausted. The eight notes of the musical scale can vary their combinations from lyric to anthem, and from simple melody to the intricate grandeur of the Oratorio. The tinsels of the kaleidoscope are few, but the views are forever new. The changes are endless, although the substratal instruments are few. Thus it is with the human mind. The cardinal motive powers are not many, but only eternity can unfold their diversity. This is seen by every observant teacher, in the routine duties of the school-room. His scholars are as various as their fancies, in mental bias, or aptitude for certain studies. The one delights in figures, unravelling arithmetical, or mathematical problems, with little effort, and as a labor of love. Another looks upon the work with horror, and sees only mazes of intricacy, which make the dizzy brain reel. The next neighbor on the same form, glories in the construction of wheels, pulleys, triangles, and all kinds of machinery, and can construct with a pocket-knife marvels of mechanism, whether ships, or mills, or images, or clocks. Some one unexpectedly develops a talent for drawing, or painting, or sculpture of everything seen, with pencil, or brush, or chisel, and with almost intuitive artistic skill. The soul-longings, the idiosyncrasies, the peculiarities, and natural outcroppings break out in multifarious forms. A fellow-traveller and the writer once went