

surely flows from the consciousness of being fully employed in harmony with one's capacities. And who can say with one of this noble peerage of industry, "I feel when I stand at my desk that I serve God with every movement of my pen!" The highest life is religious, *i. e.*, rebinds to God. Activity the most intense is ever the most quiet. The cataract by its sheer force and impetuosity appears very glass. And this very globe, on whose broad surface all our little activities transpire, is at this very moment being whirled through space with a velocity inconceivably great, although with a stillness with which the rustle of a feather is by comparison as a thunder-clap.

"To be happy, contented and blessed."—Life must be characterised by activity energy, enterprise, conquest, but herein lies only one factor in happiness. "Did the Almighty," says Lessing, holding in his right hand *Truth* and in his left hand Search after Truth, "deign to tender me the one I might prefer—in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search after truth." And in the same spirit said Malebranche, "If I held Truth captive in my hand I should open it and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it." "The intellect," says Aristotle, in one passage,— "is perfected not by knowledge but by activity." And Scotus declared that a man's knowledge is measured by the amount of his mental activity *tantum scit homo, quantum operatur*. A profound and vital truth is imbedded in these and kindred dictates, but not the whole truth. To be ever seeking and never coming to a knowledge of the truth is to the individual a curse and to the community no gain. It is not mere agitation, but progress that marks the happy mind. The unrest and disquietude that is the outcome of unsettledness as to the primary truths of Knowledge and Destiny, is a condition from which deliverance should be devoutly prayed. Happy the soul that in its intellectual excursions acquires and lays up well tested principles, that like the bird of passage, when prepared for her winter flight, across the ocean, plumes for departure without a feather ruffled or a nerve shaken, and so speeds on her dim and perilous way to the desired haven.

And must there be no cessation? No rest? If we interpret that text "There remaining a rest," as prophetically descriptive of the future (which I do not), and anticipate that its felicity proceeds from its inertness we err—for *there* they rest not night or day. They cease not in the fulfilment of imperious, yet gracious, obligations.