

visible to the senses, and in like manner we know nothing of the mind of others but through matter. May we not even go so far as to say that we know little or nothing of our *own* mind, but through the veil of matter—know it only by what it does or experiences? And may it not be true that even in future stages of being, matter shall play a more important part than we often conjecture? I would offer this definition of happiness. *Happiness consists in the consciousness of being fully employed in harmony with one's capacities.*

It may be attained here and now, and its first constituent element is simply activity.

1st. To be happy we must have something to do. Man's prerogative is the right to acquire dominion. The Royal Commission is "subdue the earth and replenish it." It is his alone privilege to conceive, execute and bequeath. *He* may labor intelligently. Every man is happy by birthright and if he forfeits it 'tis but as another Esau for a mess of pottage. It is his capacity for happiness that enables him to be miserable. The experience of *ennui* is a credential of immortality. Why brutes never suffer it, is simply because they are incapable of noble delights.

Oh! among all the saddening sights of that melancholy world man has reared upon the elder creation of God none is so saddening as the listless, purposeless countenance of those whose cry is "I've nothing to do," who are at a loss how to "kill time" and thus waste their portion of the great entailed inheritance Time; who are spinning on their own axis in the dark, whose souls are roaming through dry places, blindly seeking rest and happiness and finding none; who are ever doing, but like the restless sea, never bringing forth any product of their toil, but a handful of mangled weed and breaking foam. To such may the seven wonders of the world speak as with trumpet voice, up! thou child of the Eternal one. The realm of the unknown is before thee. Thy soul must first burst upon the lonely sea of enterprise. None but thyself can be the Columbus of thy destiny!

In this question as in others, men learn by a subtle inversion. The child is wholly absorbed by the imposing spectacle of the visible universe; the mysterious and sublime world within only engages the contemplation of the man. We are a mystery to ourselves, a microcosm of wonder. We know more of the stars than of our souls. The nearer we approach our true selves the greater the margin of darkness. Happiness, successive generations from a perverse disregard of.