

he has borne, when in fact he had all along been basking in the sunshine of his own conscience whereto the man entire was turned.

But who will open his heart to the real sufferer, who, his baser propensities rebelling against his conscience, must endure the unremitting stings and arrows of remorse, struggling in vain to resist the increasing current that bears him on in misery?

Though the conscience, weakened by failure, grows dull and indeterminate, the spark is still there and in the acting of a dreadful thing—as the murderous stroke would fall, the smoldering essence suddenly looms up, quick as the lightning's flash and for the moment stays the hand, while the actor, thus warned, is given time to bethink himself and, if he will, shake off the passion that blinds him.

Seeing, then, that no rational individual is without the power of arriving at and discerning the right, cherish the liberty of that conscience, which lies at the basis of all true freedom. It is well, however, before one acts in any thing to be sure that what he thinks is right be not a mere fancy, a dogmatic prejudice. It is the imperial reason that lights the path of ethical truth awakening the nobler sensibilities which in turn beckon the pilgrim to follow. The most of man's mission resolves itself into the simple gist of knowing and doing; to search the truth, to stand by it; to cherish the heavenly sentiments which adorn it; to be an actor in the world's drama of progress, and in the acting to give ear to the decisions of the inward tribunal; to be loyal to the sceptre of conscience. Let these conditions be, and life, a struggle though it be, will be a life of harmony.

W. P. F.

HUMANITY.

Observe its magnitude. How great it is! Where does it extend, and what is its length and breadth? Is not its length equal to that of the equatorial

line which makes a circuit of the whole world, and does not its breadth extend from pole to pole? Is not its magnitude equal to the whole world itself? Then why is it not an important subject for meditation?

The word has two meanings:—

First, the nature of man.

Second, a kind disposition.

Now there are a great many kinds of men. It is said that no two pebbles upon the seashore are exactly alike. I believe the same saying will apply to men, and still all owe their existence to the same Creator. All have likes and dislikes, all have talents greater or less, all have strong points and weak ones, and all have a duty to perform and a place to fill, like the beautiful pebbles upon our lake beach. How grand it is to look upon those glistening pebbles as the light waves wash over them and then recede and leave them for a time to be admired by the looker-on! How smooth the surface appears. Some large, some small, even down to the finest sand, with many different colors and shapes, all smooth and shining, each filling its allotted place without a murmur, each being worn smooth by coming in contact one with another. How similarly is the innumerable host of humanity wrought upon by the *sea of time*. Are *we* not jostled about, continually coming in contact one with another? And by this *All-wise* process, should *we* not have our rough edges worn off that all might be peace (*within and without*)? And were it that we had *used* our "talents" and put them to the *best* use within our reach, this might be accomplished. But as humanity is, or seems to be, we are too liable to murmur and think others have *greater* talents, and therefore we have nothing to do.

Remember the pebbles: They all fill their allotted place. Then where is our place, and what is our duty to perform? "Know Thyself."

Let us go down into our heart and see what is there. How shall we know what to do with what we find there?