

to see our guests, in their eagerness, swallow large draughts of it, almost boiling hot.

Our festival was merry and joyous; for all were happy, and the spirits of our party were at the highest. The feast was at length concluded; and tobacco, from which the hunters had been some time debarred, being furnished to them, the *tomaagans* were lit, and we seated ourselves in a circle, to listen to the adventures of the beaver-trappers.

THE HUMAN MIND.

"THE sea is His and He made it;" and He made too the mind of man to traverse its wide waters, to measure its broad circumference, to improve it as a thoroughfare of nations—the sole portion of this globe on which no division of mankind can erect a barrier to mark their limits, and say to another, thou shalt not pass beyond. Mind loves to contemplate the ocean, traces its laws, names, and classes its inhabitants, finds innumerable marvels in its waters, brings up countless treasures from its depths.

It trends the surface of the earth, combines its properties, examines its productions, delights in its beauty and loveliness;—descends into its bowels and discovers the apparently dark mass to be full of wonder and interest: the depository, the magazine of centuries.

It wanders through the air, analyzes the atmosphere, studies the clouds, controls the lightning, tracks the course of each luminous globe, almost makes the moon its own, investing it with intelligence and sympathy, and loving it as a friend. After scanning all outward creation, rejoicing in his beauty and admiring its magnificence, mind turns to gaze upon itself, to find there a structure more sublime and wonderful than all.

Wonderful indeed is that spirit and understanding which the inspiration of the Almighty hath bestowed. Its energies will not be restrained, its power cannot be destroyed. It is alike invincible in the prison and the palace—in the hut of the slave and the home of the free. The body may be loaded with chains, the rack and the dungeon may waste its flesh and subdue its strength, but mind still retains its vigour and its freedom, still unconquered and unconquerable.

That spirit which will exist for ever, independently of physical organization, must surely be far beyond the reach of physical restraint. Its energies are manifest in the thousand potent movements of science, knowledge, and

virtue; in the "strength to suffer" and the "will to serve," no less than when changing the destinies of nations, by planting its foot upon the neck of kings, and trampling upon the thrones of the mighty.

If so wide its agency, so irresistible its power when clogged with the fetters of flesh, what will be its action and its progress, when, freed from material bondage, it reaches that boundless field, where the expansion of its energies will be commensurate with its own infinity.

"Now while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in——,"

can we attempt to follow it to such an elevated condition—contemplate its powers, enlarged, ennobled, purified, without measure and without end?

But where will this disembodied intelligence abide? Will it inhabit any one of those shining worlds, so often the subject of its meditations while a tenant of the body? Or will it hover over the sunny places, and linger around the green spots of its former abode?

It has dropped the sins and frailties, does it still retain the affections of its mortal existence or will it henceforth wing a flight too lofty for remembrance of its embryo condition. Can all be forgotten? Is that pure and holy love, so far above all selfish considerations, second only in intensity to the worship of Divinity, is that to be no more remembered for ever?—Can all sweet and pious words of counsel, all precious and holy examples, employed perhaps as means of its present beatitude, can all these pass for ever from the mind, leaving no record of gratitude or love?

Is that beautiful chain of memory an association, by which the mind could trace its own progress in knowledge from the time it became conscious of a being, an immortality independent and superior to sense, is that bond dissevered by the great separation? or are its links united in that exalted and glorified existence. Will its progress hereafter be proportioned to its discipline and improvement while on earth? How, and to whom, can the mind become useful, where all are perfect, all happy? And how supremely blest, without a consciousness of utility.

But I forbear, for I fear to trespass upon sacred ground. Speculation must yield to duty, imagination to revelation, the human mind to the will of its Creator. A mystery it is unto itself, and a mystery it must remain until "mortality is swallowed up of life." "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."