

Every one frames his own picture. In viewing the external world our vision is bounded by the horizon; so, we can only perceive and reason as far as our mental horizon extends, but this is limited in a great degree to that in which we are interested; and outside of what our minds centre themselves upon appears only as the frame of a picture, merely the surroundings which help to make our conception of it, but which is not the important feature. We always know whether a picture that we have seen was framed or no, but what kind of a frame it was we could not tell, unless it were more conspicuous than the picture. One whose business was manufacturing frames, would no doubt be far more interested in the frame, and would remember it when the picture had been entirely erased from his mind. Then we might still say that he framed his own picture, for the frame is his picture and the real picture forms the frame.

One of the greatest pleasures of travelling is due to that faculty of the mind, by which we reproduce the many scenes, which have been presented to our view. It is not only a pleasure to ourselves, but to others to whom the many scenes may be described. But with what varied impressions we will listen to different people describing the same scene or relating an identical incident. No two people see a thing in exactly the same light and so cannot describe it in a similar manner. Ask for a description of Venice and many will say "It is a most disagreeable damp place, and makes one feel so mournful to see the tall dark buildings on narrow streets of muddy water, with the funeral looking gondolas silently gliding along; it is really a most disappointing place not at all like that which might be expected from pictures." Ask others whose minds are too strong to be affected by mere feeling and they would say, "Venice is one of the most interesting places in the world on account of the history connected with it. We might almost imagine that we were transferred back to the fifteenth century when walking through the Doge's palace with its magnificent works of art, its historic rooms and gloomy cells—referred to by Byron in his 'Childe Harold'—where languished many prisoners of note. Cross the 'Bridge of Sighs' leading from this grand structure to that awful dungeon from which no prisoner ever returned alive, and we

shudder as an indescribable feeling comes over us as if we were being hurried to our doom. When we stand on that magnificent bridge of marble "The Rialto" with its many gorgeous shops, we can almost imagine that we see Shylock with his stooping figure and miserly revengeful face, as he makes that inhuman bargain with Antonio. One of the most important edifices in Venice is the famous 'St. Mark's Church' which suggests many illustrious names. It was from one of the towers of this church that Galileo made his many observations which led to his grand discovery. When we enter the church we find it adorned with the master-pieces of that great artist, Titian, whose magnificent coloring few have equalled none surpassed." This last description would be a fragment of what might flow from an enthusiastic mind, yet what a difference one discerns! How extended is the horizon of minds like this to those of the other description? If the former had visited Venice at a time of a festival, where by day the glistening canals were brightened by gorgeous decorations and brilliant pageants, and in the evening the soft beauty of the moonlight were enhanced by the sparkling lights of the gondolas decorated for the gala day, and where the dreamy music of the harp and other instruments would be mingled with the voices in song and laughter, then their description of Venice would certainly be a bright one; but how much better is it to have a mind which can read between the lines, as it were, for out of the hidden recesses of the treasure-houses of the mind memory will bring rich fabrics with which to drape stern reality.

With what diverse thoughts three men of different occupations and dispositions would look upon Niagara Falls for the first time. Here are three as different as one could imagine—a mechanical engineer, a scientist, and an artist. If by some power we could read their minds, and see just what they see, we might from the stand-point of the first one perceive only the wonderful power and velocity of that body of water. "What an immense force that would be to propel machinery," he might mentally ejaculate. The scientist meanwhile thinks of that power as related to geology, and immediately begins to calculate how long it would take that force to wear away a certain amount of rock, and from this reasons how