

## PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

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## PUNSHION.

One of the wonders of nature is, that of all the forms of the material world, whether the grains of sand on the sea shore,—the crystals of minerals,—the blades of grass,—the drops of dew,—the leaves of the forest, and stranger still, the multitudinous faces of humanity, no two are precisely alike. The same can be said of men's temperaments. Some are so phlegmatic that a bombshell might burst at their ears and yet, they would scarcely wink. Others are almost examples of perpetual motion. They are on the move constantly. To be still would be fatal to their longevity. Some are on the move intermittently. Their actions are spasmodic. They are all fuss and fury to-day and all *inertia* to-morrow. At one time you would think them *the* lever which moves the world of society, and at another they are so sluggish that spiders could almost make cobwebs between them and their work. The machine is good in its component parts, but, it lacks a balance-wheel to regulate the power, and moderate its  *jerkiness*. Others are slow, regular, and sure. They have a certain jog-trot out of which the crash of the universe and the general mixing up of all things, could not spur them forward or backward. All these are representative men and seen every day in the walks of life. There is the same dissimilarity in mind. Many are planning but never executing. Some are born to execute what others devise. Many draw conclusions rapidly from fallacious premises and are thus constantly in trouble through ill-devised schemes, or by being the dupes of cunning cupidity, or of their own short-sightedness. Some see glory and renown in the merest delusions and follow the glimmering of every will-o'-the-wisp, which blinks over treacherous bogs, and through the murky darkness. Many love reflection not only on the stories of memorial incidents, but, also, on the rich fields of imagination and in abstraction and the phenomena of the mind chew the cud of sweet content. Others revel in the beauties of external nature. They live in the world of sensation and perception. They see loveliness in every sparkling dew-drop, and meandering and singing rivulet—in the humming-bird drinking ambrosia from every opening flower, and in every morning lark with burnished wings singing its matin song over the flowery lea;—in every insect which builds its cozy "biggins" and constructs its battlements, parapets, minarets, halls and thoroughfares on the sunny side of some miniature hillock, or in the folds of a tropical plant,—in every diamond which sparkles on the brow of beauty, and in every planet which adorns the face of night, resplendent in glory and marching in starry paths to "the music of the spheres,"—in the outlines of animal and vegetable life, fossilized in the petrified sands of time, and in the liv-