

PENCILINGS OF THOUGHT.



LITTING through the mind in dim shape, clustering in close companionship with the thoughts of business or devotion, clinging to every aspiration of present and future happiness; we always hear their voices, those twin sisters, Ideality and Imagination, as whispering soothingly, they beckon to hope and joy. Ideality loves the post of observation, she dwells where more sedate powers would feel insecure. She delights to light up the citadel, and throw beams of radiance into the innermost chambers of the mind; and point out to the weary and sorrowing a land of Beulah—a land of peace—where, fast by the river of life, shall bloom and thrive those

ardent anticipations which have cheered it in this vale of tears.

Thought, swifter than light, passes over mountains, and yawning precipices, and roaring cataracts; threads its electric pathway across oceans, pursues the circuit of rivers, and, in the twinkling of an eye, circumnavigates the globe. Ideality rushes onward in the same pathway, to gather up beautiful forms, and transfer bright tints for her pictures. Circumstances may damp the ardor of this friend of man; but she will ever and anon, soar aloft beyond the reach of poverty and pain. She will career and revel in the sunshine, and seat herself on the rainbow; she will trace out the path of the stars, and sail in the glorious blaze of the zodiacal clusters, and fly near the pearly gates to hear angelic melody. It is her delight to return laden with spoil, ravished from the wonderful creation of God; and calling to her aid memory and conception, her sister powers, they spread out a rich treat, which the poor man may enjoy equally with the more fortunate.

The faculty of representing scenes and transactions to the mind is variously named,—in common language we call it imagination. It is possessed in different degrees by different minds.