

THE HUMAN MIND.

A strange, but beautiful work is the human mind; a mysterious, incomprehensible volume, which you may always read, but never finish. The greater the exertion to exhaust, the more full and replete it becomes. A musical instrument giving forth a variety of sounds. Touch its cords tenderly, and deliciously sweet is the response. Strike it roughly, and it yields not melody, but harsh and discordant sounds.

It is like a beautiful palace, knock gently at the door, and it will be opened. Tread softly through its wonderful aisles, and gaze upon the wonderful mechanism displayed in its creation. Enter its banquet-hall and feast. Fear not to eat, for you are but increasing the stores of your entertainer. Examine its apartments. They but increase in number as you count them. Look at the diamonds; fear not to handle them for they will sparkle at your touch. Look at the touch; they will shine more brightly by contact; wear them, for you cannot lose them if you would. Steal them you may, but return them you must.

It is like a murmuring stream, gliding quietly, gurgling sweetly in its harmonious nature. Fall, evening dews, on its polished surface, ye will not disturb its placidity. Descend, gentle showers, it will tremble with delight at your sweet kisses. Come not, ye torrents, children of the tornado, for it will rise at your approach, come not in your anger, for turbulence is not in its nature.

Like a mountain, from whose towering heights genius has scattered its gems, and intellect hurled the thunderbolt of its power; from whose summit have flowed streams of moral, to cleanse and purify a diseased world.

Like a quiet valley, where in security we may repose. Where intellect may indulge in its *siesta*, and arm itself for new achievements and greater triumphs.

Truly, the human mind is all these. Incomprehensible, yet ever inviting investigation. An inexhaustible reservoir, from which a world may drink and but add to its contents. A mystery to itself, yet never satisfied with its own interior workings, and constantly seeking to elucidate its own intricacies. A tangled skein, from which the thread runs smoothly, yet ever in a snarl; a myste-

rious ball, ever unwinding, yet never unwound; always speaking, yet never understood; ever familiar, yet new to itself; giving forth, but ever retaining; casting abroad, yet ever collecting.

Will a future world reveal its wonderful mechanism? It never will! Immortal in its nature, it must never be understood. A complete analysis of its material elements would destroy its immutability. Most perfect in its parts, yet can never attain perfection.

Go on then, thou immortal creation! I know thee not, and yet I know thee. I cannot comprehend, yet deeply have I studied thee. Farewell to thee; but in vain do I speak the word. Thou wilt not go? Then stay; but let me not think of thee! Thou wilt not? Then assist me, but let beauty, harmony and goodness be the results of thy secret working; become attuned to sympathy and love, pour forth melody from the sweetest chords; work on, move on, for Immortality is thy name. Here I must cease to dwell upon thy wonderful mechanism, thy secret workings, thy mysterious power.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Get a single solitary thought in your mind, and that thought the precious love of Jesus, and go and live it out, and come what may, you will be respected though abused. They may say you are an enthusiast, a fanatic, a fool, but those names from the world are titles of praise and glory. The world does not take the trouble to nickname a man unless he is worth it. It will not give you any censure unless it trembles at you. The moment they begin to turn at bay, it is because they feel they have a man to do with. So it will be with you. Be men, each one of you, stand up for Christ, and the word you believe, and the world will respect you yet. I met with a coachman some time ago, who said to me, 'Do you know the Rev. Mr. So-and-so?'

'Yes, I do know him very well.'

'Well,' said he, 'he's the sort of man I like; he's a minister, and I like him very much; I like his religion.'