

1.

THE MIND OF MAN.

Thought and the power to think,
Lifts man above the beast, gives him wings
That carry him to the uttermost ends of earth;
Nor bounded there is he, but on to vastness
Greater than the mind can grasp or hold,
Thought takes him on journeys to the stars
And leaves him for awhile to gaze around
On jewel'd worlds that pluck away the breath;
Dream worlds of shimmering phantasy provoked,
Wherein no evil dwells or deeds of force abound;
Whose very air is peace and quiet serenity,
Where death and decay abide not, and love's profound.

At times we dwell upon our thoughts,
Perhaps in wonder what they are, from whence they come;
Oft'times in awe at what their vision conjures up.
Is man equipped with mind subdued,
To strive that others mastered be, become as slaves
For some machine, whose clamor'd monotony
Drives men to self destruction and to death ?
Is this all that mind can form or will ?
Or is there another road, a way more straight,
The mind can discipline itself to take ?

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Ah yes there is, for thought can set us free:
At liberty among the stars, a milky way
Of this great universe becomes our road,
And as we journey on, fresh scenes we see:
Visions but dimly dreamed, yet like a thinning mist
Unveiling new horizons, whose far flung limits
Are bounded only by our will to think.
This then the answer, though groping and inept;
That man by thought through space can glide
Faster than light or sound or even sight itself:
Can identify himself with matter
But briefly touched on, still more briefly guessed.
Returning then to this our earth and work anew,
Refresh'd and quicken'd by the starry road he'd trod,
Become one with all nature and the universe:
For by active thought his mind has left it's earthly shell
And in one short interval of time,
Is purified and cleansed of guilt and fear,
In that brief commune with the Great Mind of God.

Norman Leslie Turnbull.