

words, the mind of a man, who is surrounded by beautiful objects, if he be in a proper frame of mind, will imbibe their beauty, and become, in its turn, beautiful.

The masterpiece and crowning glory of Creation, distinguished from all other objects, animate or inanimate, by its perfect adaptation as an instrument used by the most perfect finite intelligence for the government of the world, is the Human Body. There is a passage in Carlyle's "Lectures on Heroes" in which this thought is brought out with such exquisite beauty that I cannot refrain from quoting it, although only part of it is pertinent to the subject immediately under discussion: "But now if all things that we look upon are emblems to us of the Highest God, I add that more so than any of them is man such an emblem. You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying in reference to the Shekinah or Ark of Testimony, visible revelation of God among the Hebrews: 'The true Shekinah is Man!' Yes it is even so; this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself 'I,'—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals itself in Man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all a vesture for that Unnamed? 'There is but one Temple in the Universe,' says the devout Novalis, 'and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hands on a human body!'"

Worshippers of every nation, in all times, have devoted their wealth and skill in order to make their temples and churches beautiful, and worthy of the Deity in whose honour they are