

Form and Spirit.

THE spiritual is the one sweet chord in the human harmony. The notes are low and sweet and the melody wanton,—as though the soul of Circe and her sirens were ever floating down the stream of Sorrow unto the still waters of Death. It is the destiny of man to see through a glass darkly. It matters not that the Knight lies mouldering in the chapel corner. It matters not that the Lady slumbers in her tomb. The harmony is old but never hackneyed. It is the same human nature only in another garb, the familiar old tune as it were with a new set of variations.

It was always so. The human heart has ever thrilled with ecstasy. The human hand has ever picked the strings and placed the notes with sweet precision in a melody it could not guide or key. "One touch of nature makes the world akin," and the Israelite by the waters of Babylon, the Grecian maiden on the shores of Aulis, the Christ on Calvary all caught the wild cataract and drank the sweetness of Self till the flesh became as it were a gossamer web, and that blown out to sea. What is most beautiful will be most melancholy and the shepherd that pipes on the hill-side for his Phyllis, the sailor lad that whistles for the mermaid will some day know that of all the tremulous strings, that which gives the sweetest music is one men are wont to call grief.

We discover one star by the movements of the others. May bursting with flowers presses back with both hands the shades of the evening. That is only an allegory, the voices whisper, and if you had us take it in the literal we would have a poet's phrensy and be the strange creatures of a dream-land. You would wish us in the "honey pots of optimism."

The World Form is co-relative with the World Spirit,—beautiful shapes and airy figures, soft leaves and green herbage, delicate buds and dim colors. Representations of what are may become symbols of what is to be "What is he but a brute whose flesh has soul to suit" and if the stars be numbered will the flesh-frame be found empty? "Half dust, half deity" is the echo of the answer and the silent voices are already hushed upon the harp and the fingers numb with waiting.

There is more about than you are aware of. Nature is a kindly mistress and her foot-steps across the void are isles of loveliness. Upon the shores of shell and sand waves of the finite wash. If the head of man was as clear as his heart he would know who it was that sent them forth on their mis-