

Emerson believed that "there is a music of strength as well as of sweetness," and to that he aspired.

Lowell, too, is an American poet of note. His aim was to be the poet of the people, and to be praised for simplicity and clearness rather than for greatness. He wrote on both serious and humorous subjects with ease and grace; but he made his fame on his humorous poems alone.

Other poets there were, but their work was not of a lasting character; and, even now, short poems and long are accumulating without number and adding but little of value to the New World's poetry. The songs are pretty, and attract the ear for a time, but then are forgotten. At the present period, the country boasts no master poets, and it seems as though the poetry which had its sunrise light in Bryant were destined to sink to its setting without the full glory of the noon-day sun. But this darkness may be no more than a passing cloud which will soon clear away and reveal bright lights in the firmament of poetry.

### THE MAN WONDERFUL.

On such a subject as this, what can be said that is not unworthy? However, let us contemplate a few of the marvellous characteristics of this unique and crowning work of creation.

"We wonder through the earth," says one, "yearning to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instrument through which we see it." Scientists tell us that there are eight hundred contrivances in every eye. Time forbids to tell of the optic nerve and its expansion, the retina, with its rods and cones; of the outside casing, with its window; and of the iris, with its pupil. Suffice it to say that the waves of ether pass in through the pupil of the eye to the retina, where the rods and cones transmit the vibration through the optic nerve to the brain, and we can see the stars myriads of miles away, the prismatic colors of the rainbow, the delicate tints of the flowers, and the forms, lights and shades of all the beautiful things that God has made. Surely, a being endowed with a telescope and microscope in the same contrivance is deservedly called wonderful. In him we find also the most marvellous of all musical instruments: a flute, a violin, and an organ combined; yet,

capable of producing sounds that can be heard distinctly above a thousand singers and instruments.

Some one has said, "The human voice is God's eulogy to the ear."

The ear,—what is it? Is it merely the visible cartilage? No! "The cartilage is only the porch of the great temple which lies out of sight, next to the immortal soul." That mysterious pathway to the human ear has never been fully trodden, but by sound and God: Yet men have seen enough of its infinite over-mastering architecture and divine machinery to lead them to exclaim, "How complicate, how wonderful, how passing wonder."

St. Charles Bell, in accepting an invitation to write an essay on the power and wisdom of God, as manifested in creation, selected the hand, "which," he says, "ought to be defined as belonging exclusively to man." In many respects the sense of touch, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses; while all the others are passive, it is active, when necessary, it becomes eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and tongue to the dumb. As a piece of mechanism it is indubitably wonderful. It can pick up a needle, yet there is no implement which its muscular servants cannot wield.

The hand, indeed, the whole body is in touch with a telegraphic system—the nerves. Besides which there is a system of healing, which does its work so quietly and mysteriously, that it took man five thousand years to discover its process.

To-day, although men have been so long exploring this temple of life, they are only beginning to understand how it is being torn down and built up perpetually. Yet, long before Guyers fine comparison of the human fabric to a whirlpool, and Leibnitz's simile of a river, it had been likened to the famous ship of Theseus, which was always the same ship, though from being so often repaired, not a single piece of the original was left.

Let us turn, for a moment, to the consideration of that instrument which rules the world—the human intellect. "Gladly," says Emerson, "would I unfold in calm degrees a natural history of the intellect, but what man has yet been able to mark the steps and boundaries of that transparent essence." The intellectual man is nevertheless, himself, continually unfolding his own history, and marking the steps and boundaries of the intellect. The being of a day