

greatest warrior of our race, and ought to be considered the King of men.

One other phase of the subject may be noticed — the beauty of the useful and the use of the beautiful. In all beauty there is a use “if we but know how cunningly to distil it out,” and there is loveliness in all the adaptations of nature to our wants. There is a fine harmony in the correspondence between our being and the objects of gratification which may be modulated into divine songs; and that which awakens and delights the finest sensibilities of our minds and souls, become transformed to the noblest uses. The lowest faculties of our nature are the most necessitous, but the cultivation of the highest demands the more serious and sedulous attention. He who is satisfied with food and clothing is more akin to the brutes, but he who seeks for order, and beauty, and moral harmony, is rising to the angelic. Nature gives to the invocation of toil the daily bread that, being sustained, man may cultivate the superior fields of the affections. Science is the culture of knowledge, literature the product of taste, and religion the bread of the soul. All are beautiful, — all are useful. Thus harmonize all the elements in nature and man — industry, art, science, poetry, religion; and the grand result is the exaltation of the human to the divine.

A MOST UNORTHODOX GHOST.

BY M. A.

I HAVE often wondered how it is that people are, to me, the only creations to whom, or to which, I can truthfully apply the term “interesting.”

I flatter myself that I am as fond of what is commonly called “scenery” as most folks, and that I have had as many opportunities of indulging and cultivating a taste for it as the generality of mortals.

How very disconnected those two sentences seem as I read them over, and the last one looks so egotistical that I dread to read it aloud, knowing that the egotism would be intensified by sound;