

proud of his workmanship, for the masterpiece proclaims the Maker. When man was made of the dust his body was as a silent musical instrument; but when God breathed life into him there was beauty, strength and music. Man is more than an animal; he is a poem of God's own making. The Infinite Poet began to sing in the morning of creation, and at the closing of the day, when the song was finished, there stood forth a man as the embodiment of the song. Body, mind and soul, as the stanzas of a poem fitly joined together, man was made a poem of life. As there is music in the leaves, and in the lashings of the billows of the ocean, so there was music in the man as God made him. Let the gentle zephyrs blow, and the heart sent forth its tones of sweetness; and let the gale sweep among the trees, and the human soul sang low its painful dirge, which reached the ears of God. Man was a perfect poem, his features saintly, his mind and passions pure and strong, and his soul soaring above the clouds in peace and joy. The harmony and beauty of the divine poem were marred by sin. As a blot on the page of the scholar's copy-book, sin left an ugly mark on the human form made by God. You may see on a table in the compositors' room in a large printing office the type which has been swept up and is known as "pi." It is