

fiercer sports and graver duties,—each fulfills its mission. The blade of grass is as much an expression of a perfect God as is the majestic sun. The little vine, clinging with its delicate tendrils to the giant oak tree for support, is sharing in the great scheme of the universe no less than the swiftly gliding river, bringing verdure and plenty to the land. The chirp of the cricket is as necessary to the full chorus of creation, as is the music of the spheres.

It is interesting to watch the crowd of human beings that throng the busy streets. Every kind and condition of men is here represented. The street is the only place where rich and poor, small and great, are on exactly the same footing. The philosopher issues forth from his sanctum and mingles with common mortals for a while,—no doubt from force of circumstances, (it may be that his tailor become importunate in his demands for has payment,) whatever is the reason of his descent from the clouds, he treads the pavement as one who has little sympathy with the busy whirl around him. Here is the merchant, intensely practical, and wide awake, eagerly pressing on to fortune. A group of dirty children, that might perhaps, have charms for an artist's eye, have no interest for the man of business. The butterfly of fashion, attired in her gaudiest wings, flits past the man on whose shoulders rest grave responsibilities while the millionaire and the factory hand alike pause before the chariot of death. It is a great commonwealth—this life of the streets, where under God's blue sky one man is as good as another. It takes all classes of people to form society, and which is the most important? One may well pause before answering such a question. The inventor, who facilitates labor of every kind, the politician, versed in the science of good government, the man of letters, the man of keen intellect—our great men, are surely worthy of our admiration and appreciation, for they lead the march of advancing civilization; but let us not despise the honest toilers for bread, the work-a-day world. The former depend upon the latter for support, while they perform their lofty duties. The

architect plans the building, the hod-carrier assists materially in the realization of the plan. The scholar owes not a little to the man who bakes his bread. Both the general's brain and the soldier's arm bear important parts in the plan of attack. A king is not a king without a subject. Perhaps the most narrow and mechanical life is that of a fireman on an ocean steamer, yet the thousands who yearly cross the sea reap the benefits of his honest toil. Each man, who though in the humblest station of life, bravely and earnestly does his duty, fulfills the highest purpose of his being, and what more could he do than this?

The mind of man is endowed with faculties great and small, differing in their scope and power. His reason, on which he sits enthroned, passing sentence on all that is brought to the bar of his consideration; his imagination, on whose wings he soars into the realms of the ideal; his memory, whose pages are engraved with scenes long since past; his capacity for worship, his awe, reverence, love,—all these are qualities which truly merit for him the title "lord of creation." There is another side to man's nature. His sympathy with the suffering, his benevolence and beneficence towards the needy, forbearance, kindness and charity, these are the little cogs on the wheels of life's machinery, the oil that makes all run smoothly. The hearty handshake, the word of greeting, the little sacrifice for another's pleasure, faith in our fellow-men—these snave amenities of daily life are like the bees, searching for honey from flower to flower. Let us not devote all our energy to the cultivation of our higher qualities to the neglect of these homely virtues, for we know that "a farthing candle is more convenient for household purposes than the stars."

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"Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hutch'd unpledged comrade."

Shakespeare.