

and capacity for the duties of every-day life. It were not less absurd to attempt to live without eating than without playing the vagabond occasionally. Some would-be muse-invoking hypocrite has poured out a dolorous effusion about eating, grieving that it is necessary to do so unpoetic a thing, yet his animosities were not noticeable at dinner time.

This brings us back to the hypothesis that man, normally, is not a society fop nor an office machine, but has the qualities of a vagabond; at least, he enjoys both amusement and eating. His natural inclinations may be restrained and covered up as much as possible; but there are times when his real character creeps out in spite of him. The human has the instincts and appetites of an animal, and when he cultivates and improves the mental and moral parts, and neglects and crushes the physical, he is not a perfect man and can be regarded only as an abnormal specimen of the race. In order to reach the most satisfactory results the moral, mental, and physical man should be cultivated simultaneously.

SCAEVOLA.

COMPOSITION AS A FINE ART.

By composition I mean the rhetorical structure of language, not that crude and massive combination of words and thought, but those close and studied sentences that constitute style and determine the artistic beauty of language; for there are comparatively few men who read, that can not write the common wants and dictates of self. But to penetrate farther to give each thought its proper force and arrangement, to give each word its logical order and relative strength, is as much an art and as broad a field for human ambition, as ever allured the artist's brush or enticed the sculptor's chisel.

Every art, whether culminated in the dark labyrinths of Egypt, or flourished in the arched domes of Nineva, or even

owes its consummation to modern research, has only been attained through the various combinations of nature guided by the genius of humanity. Destroy this combination, dissolve this subject matter, and that composition of material, that symmetry and beauty of formation, which we call art, like its creator perishes in the silent dust.

If the artist draws upon canvas the landscape around him, and within it there glow the symbols of life and activity, he owes his achievement to no one element, but to all the infinite shades of color, blended and arranged as his ingenuity dictates. So language, whose origin carries us back through thousands of years, owes its luster and characteristic shades, not to its primitive momentum, but to an unseen artist that has crested the tidal wave of every social and political revolution that has swept over humanity. The scene of the artist, if perfect in its transposed state, highly characterizes his profession. Here, there stands boldly forth his imagination; there, the material obedient to his magic touch. Every move of the brush, carries with it representative life. There is force in every color. There is beauty in every shade. Symmetry pervades every outline. The scenery marred by the delicate tip of the tinsel brush, shows plainly the work of the destructive elements. All this combined in work, at the instigation of the actor, is the composition of material and human ingenuity. This composition, perfect in its consummate sublimity, we call art.

Nor is the sculptor held by less stringent laws. His work, to be perfect, must conform to his ideal, painted vividly in his imagination. Every stroke of his mallet, every chip from the block, adds additional force and expression to the image before him. With the requisites of art at his command he carves, from the rough marble, a Laocoon, tugging with the coils of a huge serpents, every muscle braced upon one desperate struggle, and the writhing agony of the human counten-