

where they have not been offended by the leading parishoner. 'Heaven has many gates; there are no sects there, and I shan't be asked when I get there what way I came. I'll choose the way I like best.' *'When you get there—'* wait, I shall keep that for my sermon this evening—if I ever get there. Twice I've nearly capsized and the horse is fagged out,—'go on!' I can see the old church at all events, though there is a big hill to climb before I get there. What a great ugly thing that church is! the packing case style of architecture somebody called it. I should prefer early Canadian. It's just like several hundred others. High walls, enormous windows with little panes of glass and pointed arches at the top, square tower with four pinnacles, all painted (years ago) white—glaring white. What are those pinnacles for? There are no buttresses to need dead weights, and no spire was ever thought of. And those windows—what are they for? Vast seas of glass, letting in at least four times too much light; so much that they have to put up yellow cotton blinds to keep some of it out; immense expanse of thin panes, letting so much heat escape and admitting unnumbered draughts of Canadian wind. All this done in days when glass was so expensive! That pulpit, too; I shall have to climb the thing to-night—if I ever get there—go on, will you! I always think when I look at one of those mighty structures, the early Canadian pulpits, how much material might have been saved by letting it down from the ceiling instead of raising it from the floor. But timber was cheap in those days. Why for a small church have such a gigantic pulpit? I believe that there is one answer to all these questions and to some more questions like them. The settlers did not perpetrate such things because they thought them beautiful, and they certainly did not wilfully build ugly things. No; they simply did not like anything at all very much. They were not architects,—did not know about different styles and cared less; what they wanted was a church. They had all come lately from the 'old country,' and knew a church when they saw one. Nine-tenths of them would tell you that a church was a big building with a high pulpit to preach from, large painted windows, a tower and four pinnacles; and that would be a very true description as far as it went of nine-tenths of the parish churches of England at the time. They had been little altered externally since the Perpendicular Architects had reared them there centuries since. Square pinnacled towers and large windows they certainly had, but with good reason. The great 'three-decker' pulpit had also long held its place in front of the sanctuary, with some reason, too, if not very good reason. These points fixed themselves upon the mind of the emigrating colonist, and so he reproduced a sort of caricature in wood—and painted it white. He did it all with the best intention—did it because he thought it was right, because he had never seen a church without big windows and pinnacles. What did he care *why* they were so?—why

the pulpit was big or at what angle the windows were pointed? He wanted a church and so he built one, from memory; and all honor to him. I wish he had built a few hundred more, ugly or not, and we should have fewer dissenters now, with their much more powerful caricatures of art and religion. Why don't the settlers imitate a few more of the things they saw in the 'old country?' If, for instance, they had taken the trouble to plant hedges when they first came here, our country would look far more lovely than it does. They seem quite satisfied with those horribly ugly zig-zag rail fences; why, it would be hard to say. They used to be cheap, and splitting rails gave the men something to do in the winter. Now they are the most expensive of ordinary fences, yet there they are and there they are likely to remain as long as material can be got to make them. 'What is must be right,' even if it costs a lot, looks ugly, and takes up unnecessary space. I shall have no time for tea before service. Never mind; the prospect of delicious milk and home-made bread will sustain me till afterwards. I wish those dear, good people would put that only on the table, but the cold pork, flat apple pie and biscuits must be there too. That is one of the pieces of complete conformity amongst country Canadians. You'll find people of Scotch extraction, of English, Irish, Dutch, American parentage, you'll find houses built of logs, bricks, stones, frame houses and clad houses; you'll find houses of well-to-do farmers and houses of simple farm laborers, houses of all varieties, of all sorts of inhabitants, with all kinds of manners and languages, but the one universal bond of union amongst them all is the flat apple pie, the pork and the biscuits. They are always to be found. Now I am not finding fault with them, don't think that for a moment. They are old and well-tried friends, I only state this as an instance of the conservatism of our people. Find fault with them! no, never, I should starve if I did.

In the shed at last,—whoa, pet. Supposing that organist is away again and I have to start the hymns! I always pitch them too high or something. Dear me! I have forgotten my sermon notes, too. Well, there's nothing for it now. I hope I shan't break down, that's all."

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

From the commission of Raphael to decorate for Pope Julius the Second the walls of the Vatican has been dated the downfall of European art. Upon opposite walls of the first chamber he decorated he placed representations of the Kingdom of Theology as presided over by Christ, and the Kingdom of Poetry as presided over by Apollo; and on those walls, says Mr. Ruskin, he "wrote the Mene Tekel Upharsin" of Christian Art.

However arbitrary this great critic's strictures may be regarded in the matter of art, it must universally be conceded that this was essentially an art-epoch, this the first