

the one is calm, cloudless and stamped with immortal serenity ; the face of the other is ruffled into a thousand little furrows, as though the cares and troubles of eighty years had run hither and thither over it, blighting the flesh and eating their way through it like sparks in a piece of burnt paper. The meditation of one is rapt, majestic, the uplifting of the soul towards the ideal and unattainable ; the meditation of the other is rapt and calm, but it is the outcome of vacuity of thought, the oppression of fatigue. One stands out in semi-nudity, but withal chaste and grand, the other is wrapped bountifully in blue homespun, with even the head, all, save the brown wrinkled face and its crown of silvery hair, bound tightly in the white folds of a grandmother's cap. To complete the difference, one has arms and the other has not. Surely here is a splendid contrast. What could be better ! Before me is ideality, beside me on the bench, (flavoured with garlic, by the by,) is reality. To sit here is an inspiration. Here is life, there is art. This is a grand opportunity to sketch to you my theory (it may be the theory of others for all I know, but I call it *my* theory because I thought it out for myself) of the origin and true function of art. Let us start then at the bottom of the ladder, at that point in the evolution of man in which sexual generation took the place of cellular germination from within. As soon as life was made to depend on sexual instincts, the power of sympathy, the power to respond to the feelings of others, to experience the same passions at the same moment, was made a prime necessity of existence. In time, this power of sympathy became intensified by natural selection ; it became widened in its range, it became elevated above the mere natural animal instincts in their grossest forms. Other desires and emotions, than merely sexual ones began to be imparted to the more sensitive of our ancestors. Grace, ease, comfort, happiness were reflected back to them