

stones and their altars with a vigor and a pertinacity that brook no desecration, even when made on the plea of art. But it cannot be denied that the evil, also in England, has struck deep roots, and is growing apace, fostered by an evolutionary science, and an agnostic philosophy.

What, then, in the face of all these facts, is the future which we must predict for art? The question here, is not concerning the special form which the literary art may assume in the future, whether it will be in prose or verse, whether lyric, dramatic or epic, but our inquiry is concerning the spirit, the soul of art, its ideal representation of what is beautiful and sublime in nature and in man? Is the muse, heaven's fairest daughter, doomed to a speedy and inglorious death, or is she fated to drag her white robe of purity through an existence still more ignominious? No, ladies and gentlemen, a thousand times, no! Art, with her sister, Religion, is firmly implanted in the heart of man, and ever has been its guiding star, and its buoyant force.

Let us in mind glance through the dim ages of the past, what is it that, at the farthest prospect of time, meets our wondering gaze? A glorious temple looms up towards heaven, which, solitary and grand, is erected by the hand of man to the One True God. And in the sacred shrine of that temple there lies a Book, which, having issued from the mind of God Himself, and being penned by His chosen messengers, heralds to the world the mandates of the Divine will in language so sublime that it has been, not only the consolation, but also the poetic inspiration, of the noblest of our race. Now let us turn to the South to that mysterious river, whose waters lave the hoary pyramids. Here, likewise, a strong civilization has sprung up, embodied in a vigorous art; but what a contrast when we compare it to that spiritual art by the Jordan. The lofty elevation of the Jews has here suffered material degradation. The mind of the Egyptians, unable to soar above the skies, has expanded itself upon the earth. Their art especially shows this tendency. In the pyramids, those epics in stone, matter stands before us in its massive grandeur, but the divine as well as the human is symbolized in the beast, and the unsolved mystery of human

life is still guarded in the brazen brow of the sphinx.

If now we turn from the gloomy east and follow the path of civilization towards the West, to the sunny shores of Greece, what a glorious prospect meets our view! Forms of ethereal beauty rise before us, and the songs that strike upon the ear have borrowed the harmony of the spheres. What is it that has taught the Greek to fashion beauty in such wondrous shapes? Is it the stimulating influence of a beautiful nature that surrounds him? No, ladies and gentlemen, no! Soil and clime may tint our skin and steel our nerve, but they cannot elevate our hearts above their own sphere. The elevation of the Greeks emanated from a nobler source. Their philosophers and poets had cast behind them the gross, degrading superstitions of the East, and lifting their looks on high they caught a glimpse of that eternal truth so long lost sight of by the human race. To them, indeed, that truth appeared only in a dim adumbration such as human reason, unaided by a helping hand from above, is able to attain. But it was sufficient to call up in their hearts and in the imagination of their poets ideals of beauty such as the world had never beheld since it had discarded the guidance of that noble book in the Temple by the Jordan. Yet, though eminently great, neither their philosophy nor their art reached that perfection of which it is capable. Its structure lacked that solid foundation on which alone it can be reared to its perfect height, namely, a clear and unshakable knowledge of the divine and the human nature, and of the relation of the latter to the former. Consequently it remained suspended between heaven and earth: it lowered the divine element, but it elevated the human far above the conception of the other Pagan nations around them. It was the apotheosis of man. But if in the ideal element Grecian art lacked perfection, in the formal, the purely æsthetical element, its excellence transcends all that has been achieved in the history of the past.

If now we direct our glance farther towards the West, we behold enthroned upon Tiber's seven hills, Rome, the eternal mistress of the world. The majesty of empire characterizes not only her outward linements, but also her inner life, and