

sanctuary. What an admirable arrangement of Divine Providence, that one day, out of seven, should be set apart for relaxation from business, and for religious exercises. How diligently should its privileges be improved, how strictly the command to keep it holy should be obeyed, for on the wise observance of this sacred day depends much of the happiness not only of the ensuing week, but also of time and eternity.

## Congenial Spirits.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life,  
Is there a joy so sweet,  
As when amid its busy strife  
Congenial spirits meet?  
Foylings and thoughts, a fairy band  
Long hid from mortal sight,  
Then start to meet the master-hand,  
That calls them forth to light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,  
How fondly do we pause,  
That dear companion to engage  
In answering applause;  
And when we list to music's sighs,  
How sweet at every tone,  
To read within another's eyes,  
The rapture of our own!

To share together waking dreams,  
Apart from eorid men;  
Or speak on high and holy themes,  
Beyond the worldling's ken:  
These are most dear—but soon shall pass  
That summer of the heart.  
Congenial spirits, soon, alas!  
Are ever doomed to part.

Yet thou to whom such grief is given,  
Mourn not thy lot of woe;  
Say, can a wandering light from heaven  
E'er sparkle long below?  
Earth would be all too bright, too blest,  
With much pure ties of love;  
Let kindred spirits hope no rest,  
Save in a rest above.

## The Fine Arts of Nature.

"When I want to read a novel," said Sir Walter Scott, "I write one." If a man wishes to possess a collection of landscape pictures, combining all the suavity of Claude, with more than all the power of Salvator—inexhaustible in variety, unfading in freshness, resistless in the force of spiritual suggestion—his best course will be to educate his eye, his imagination, and his taste, into a capacity to perceive, in the noble scenery which our country contains, those rich ef-

fects of composition, colouring and beauty which ever exist there for the mind which has learned the mystery of unsphering them. The love of Nature is one of the most potent of the natural aids of purity and virtue; but in order that we may love it, we must learn to perceive and to enjoy its beauties. A certain amount of preparation, and a long course of experience, are necessary for this purpose. What there is of moral significance in a mountain, or a sea-side view, may be appreciated by any intelligent and thoughtful mind; but what there is of picturesque will be apprehended only by one whose fancy has been taught to seize and feel those combinations upon which the power of the pencil chiefly depends, and to bring in aid of it those accessories which contribute so importantly to its perfection. The pleasure to be derived from the purely creative arts—painting, music, sculpture—cannot be fully appropriated, even by the most enthusiastic follower of them, without much knowledge, familiar usage, and studious reflection; and for a participation in the delights of Nature regarded as one of the Fine Arts, even higher capacity and a more potent reaction of mind in the observer is called for. Yet the acquiring of such information and ability is well worth any one's while. To a lover of art, in this country—to one piping and thirsting after the living inspiration that is hoarded up in the master-pieces of foreign cabinets—we would recommend a study of the theoretic principles upon which landscape painting exists, and then the habit of applying these principles himself, to the task of perfecting and finishing those rough sketches of great pictures with which the banks of every river and the shores of every lake abound. We have, ourselves, been practitioners in this mental limning for many years, and we owe to it hours of the loftiest enjoyment that our life's register records. The highest charms of Nature rarely lie unbosomed to the eye, in open, formal and visible completeness. Those charms are not material and external; they are, to a large extent, mental and associative. Nature, in truth, rarely furnishes more than the elements and components of a fine landscape; the picture must be painted by the intellectual eye that gazes; or, if the outward and apparent view be admirable in itself, there is, nevertheless, always an inner