

peats with eloquent enunciation the famous lines graven on the entablature: "One, and indivisible now and forever." Not only in church, military and political life, does art wield its great influence. It enters the social and domestic sphere with perhaps more vital force. *Genre* pictures awaken a love for the humbler walks of life, and a consequent respect for those therein depicted. We are touched by their sorrows and we are cheered by their joys, as we enter with unfeigned affection into the spirit of rural life. An illustration of the effect of this class of subject may here come with convincing effect. In the American galleries at the Columbian Exhibition there was a picture by Hovenden of Philadelphia, entitled "Breaking Home Ties." It was surrounded by severe classical subjects, as soulless as their golden casements. But Hovenden had a story to tell, and he told it with modest simplicity. The little group of rustic folk gathered at the doors, and the interior of the cottage, showed a happy home. The young man who was about to take his departure had arrived at manhood's years; looking with tearful eyes upon his aged mother, his sister and his brother, he bade them farewell and followed with lagging footsteps the honored father who bore with bent head his son's light luggage to the door. I would rather have that one picture by Hovenden than acres of the academic trash that drew the encomiums of the technically clever academicians. It is truly a wonderful picture. Returning to their homes, widely scattered over the entire continent, cherished recollections were awakened in those who looked at this famous picture; in memory they revisited the scenes of their childhood: the old school days were recalled: down the lonely paths by the winding rivulet again they wandered, and they gambolled anew at the old-time sport upon the green. These and many such like scenes must have been re-

vived in meditating on that beautiful picture. We may fairly conclude that in the awakening of such associations, the love of home which broadens into national pride is fostered and developed. But more than this: such art tends to pull down the false barriers which society so cruelly constructs, and gives us a glimpse of the healthful nature of simple natural life. Our great halls of learning are transforming the whole course of the stream of our national life from the gentle valleys to the thronged streets, to what end I cannot say, quitting the natural for the artificial life. The *genre* and landscape painter is forever presenting the beauties of rural life, entreating by the most subtle charms which art from nature wins, for men to again return to the more noble walks of life. And if not to return, to at least cherish a spirit of affectionate regard and honorable respect for those whose toil is in the field. Is this not a national work? The moral influence of art it is not, however, our aim here to discuss, but in passing we might say that the pictures of Hogarth came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky striking with telling effect the calloused heart of England. Families breaking up take to their new and distant homes the pictures that have hung upon the walls of the old. Some of these pictures were painted in the locality of their childhood, and now in their new home, far from the old associations, these, ever before them, keep in memory the stately elms, the old church towers, and, with each returning Sabbath, the sounding of the evening bells—fresh, forever fresh, through all the vicissitudes of life. I can recall many families, who years ago left the eastern provinces of our Dominion, to dwell in the far west. How dear to them must be every relic which they have brought with them, but dearer far are the pictures of pastoral life drawn where they spent their early days