

And the Minstrel, in a fine fit of moral superiority, may ask—

Vain Man! Is grandeur given to gay attire?  
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid.

But such moral reflections will not uproot the love of beautiful dress from the human heart. Beautiful dress? Rather love of beauty, for dress is only a necessity of our sin, and a part of our punishment, or rather, moral discipline. Paradise needed no clothes, nor as far as we recollect have the angels pants or stove-pipes, or bonnets or shawls or frills. But the human form divine, being covered, must have somewhat in the clothing to compensate for the hidden beauty. And then, what colours, and textures, and forms of tailorism shall compensate fully? Only think of trying to improve the Medicean Venus or the Apollo Belvidere by satins and broadcloths. No doubt some tailors or mantua-makers would try by the arts of dress to improve the artist's conceptions, but we will find no sculptor to think such a thought. In conformity with our manners he must copy men and women in dresses, but when he chisels gods,—that is another affair.

When the pioneer clears the farm he contents himself with a log hut, which has small pretensions to beauty: indeed it has a grim and forbidding form, into which we do not willingly enter, save for shelter. It is hardly capable of taste. The spruce, notched with an axe, the interstices stopped with clay, the roof covered with bark, almost defy the efforts of the settler to beautify his rough structure. He contents himself with thinking that in a few years, when the settlement has grown, and the children are a little advanced, he will have a frame house, clapboarded and shingled, which it will be possible to make pretty.

Of course, in all natures there is not the same need of the beautiful. You can tell that when you see Mrs. Slattern with her ragged gown, dirty face and unkempt hair. And Mr. Slattern, poor man, he has not much eye for the beautiful, or his house would not stand bare and bleak, with not a tree to keep it company; nor would his bit of garden be overgrown with weeds, nor his rail be down, nor the window be paned with old hats and rags. For a time we could not understand why the farmers here had such a grudge against trees. It is the "struggle for life." Terrible work have the pioneers with the old forest. What chopping and burning and piling and rooting; and then what a lot of young sprouts and