

imaginative powers of painting and sculpture, they are necessarily associated with substance, as they are the representation of objects in nature.

The sculptor chisels the stubborn marble, with the human form as an original,—the painter copies the gorgeous hues of the setting sun, while the musician can learn nothing to advance his art from the sweetest notes of the nightingale.

Music is ethereal, a mysterious spell, a subtle influence, an invisible power which entrals, we know not why. Now we are sunk in a delicious languor, a lake of sound bathes us in its sweet waters; now the tears drop from our eyelids, but they are tears of joy; our whole frame is permeated with the exquisite influence. What study can be more elevating, more refining, if undertaken in the true spirit of art?

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