

of the acts and presence of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation. And if but for one out of many this was true—if yet, in a few, you could be sure that such influence had indeed changed their thoughts and destinies, and turned the eager and reckless youth who would have cast away his energies on the race horse or the gambling table, to that noble life race, that holy life-hazard which should win all glory to himself and all good to his country—would not that to some purpose be—political economy of art?”

Let me wind up my paper with the beautiful words of our own poet as he recites the value of art from another aspect—that of eloquence, the art of the tongue, that art which moves us to tears, inspires us to heroic deeds, or soothes the disappointments that would else unman us. You all know William Kirby's beautiful poem, 'The U. E. Loyalists,' and will recognize the lines.

“But passed the riders on till Lundy's Lane
 Crossed the round hill that tops the glorious plain
 Whose thirsty sands once drank the reeking gore
 Of dense battalions from Columbia's shore,
 Who vainly rushed when England's cannon crowned
 The flaming summit of the guarded mound.
 O glorious spot!—the true Canadian pride—
 How oft thy story thrills the ingle side;
 When some old warrior shows his honest scars,
 Re-fights his battles and renews his wars!
 Such, brave old Secord! didst thou used to stand
 The admiration of our youthful band
 Who, keen to hear of battle's martial roar,
 Hung on thy lips and thirsted still for more,
 While thy true eloquence our bosoms gave
 To feel the thrill that animates the brave.”

S. A. CURZON.