ures, indeed, but we escape the pains, black looks often hurt more than kicks and cuffs, neither are we exposed to "the lust of the eyes," that temptation against which St. John so earnestly inveighs. The truth is that every condition brings with it its own advantages and disadvantages, and may prove a gain or a loss, a blessing or a curse, according to circumstances, depending partly upon environment, and partly upon the mental and moral fibre of the man himself; with every considerable change in age, rank, station, attainment, or condition of life, a new set of temptations and opportunities arises.

In architecture, sculpture, and painting our loss is total; to us, their forms are as though they were not, and their materials hard and unyielding, especially when met with too suddenly. These arts have, indeed, done much for civilization, but they are, as arts, altogether lost upon us. Still, we have music, the sweetest, and poetry, the noblest, of all the arts. We