

is his countersign. The scarlet woman in Revelation is a red flannel female, an Apocalyptic Mrs. Gamp, and no more. The four beasts full of eyes are very abnormal creatures, like the Irishman's elephant. They should not be loose in the Better Land, their proper place is behind the wires of Barnum's menagerie. Being blind, individuals of this stamp naturally lead the blind, and, as a united happy family of bipedal moles, they clap one another on the back and exclaim, as they tumble pell-mell into the ditch of their own obfuscation, What a glorious thing is darkness, brother Ophthalmia! How miserable must be the light! Let us eschew it. Let us denounce Ruskin. Let us rather endure Bunkum and the Jesuit. And, above all, let us be chaste; because, you know, we cannot be anything else. And because we cannot sing like an angel, let us not attempt to sing at all, we will sit still, and — croak, not unhappily like Poe's Raven, "Nevermore" but evermore!

It is all very funny, this rhodomentade of men, who tell you they believe in progress and found their hopes on heaven; who prate of art, that never drew a line or coloured a canvas; who cannot tell a good picture from a bad one; who could not, perhaps, strike a perpendicular to save their lives, or insert a middle distance that would not appear beyond the horizon, or a foreground that would not be beyond the middle distance; men, who never with loving touch drew the mist-veil across the mountain-brow, or sent the light-shaft from the cloud rift; who never suggested the shadow of the impending height, or mirrored a sail in the responsive mere; who never even attempted to imitate the artist in their diction. These tell you with grave faces of Ruskin's defects, of his super-enthusiasm, of his conceits and self-contradictions. Well would it be for

this age of iconoclasts and bankrupt Jacks of all trades, Nihilists. Socialists, and platform mountebanks were there more Ruskins to hold up the ideal to men's faces, to show them the mockery of the image and the beauty of the reality, to preach God to them, first hand, through God's own best works, and not through the gesticulating and self-interested Punchinello of a grotesque, prejudiced and abortive fashion.

"Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye," sang Byron, and well may the lover of true art to-day re-echo the sentiment, substituting Ruskin for Pope, and any one of the hooting and blinking souls of Mammondism for Pye!

There remains the crowning sins of this illustrious sinner! Ruskin was pre-Raphaelite in his leanings, that is to say, he took Nature for his copy, and represented things as they are, not as men would have them to be. He preferred the sunshine of Italian plains to the lime light and stale sandwiches of a Ritualistic social gathering in an impossible Agape-mone. The gloom of Alpine precipices under the twilight was dearer to him than Tartarian shades, even when these latter were supplemented by blue-fire and Apollyon horns, hoofs, forked tail, trident, and top-boots thrown in. There have always been men that prefer chronic spine curvature to the line of natural and healthy female beauty, that endure acute elephantiasis rather than feminine grace and slenderness of limb, that like their beauties as they do their porter, treble X. Peace be unto such, well may the refined of Artdom say, We love them not. But on the other hand there have always been, and always will be, men that see more beauty in the tint of a petal, or the seven-fold splendour of a dew-drop, than in a pagan procession of dumpy and fat-legged cherubim, with no clothing to speak