

THE BUDDING LEAF.

While Winter's blast around me cast
His robe of virgin white,
I nestled in my mantle thin
Deprived of heat and light.

When far around the dreary sound
Of stern Aquilo's breath,
Bore through the trees his stern decrees,
To tender buds, of death.

Deep in my bed, I hid my head ;
And while chill Boreas blew,
My natal gown of softest down
I closer 'bout me drew.

I thought : Ere long, sweet Robin's song
Will fill the morning air ;—
Fresh brooklets glide down mountain side,
And sparkle everywhere.

While, in such dreams, the gurgling streams
Flow on o'er hill and plain,
And charming notes from warblers' throats
Burst forth in sweet refrain;

With whistle shrill o'er distant hill
Came Auster's fiery host :—

Before their blows recede the *Snows*,
Despite the aid of *Frost*.

Though fond of life, to view the strife,
I pierced my prison walls;
And, still concealed, could see the field,
Where many a hero falls.

With trumpet loud, Eolus proud
Cheers on his airy train;
And to the war Apollo's car
Flies noiseless o'er the plain.

Each burning shaft, his legions waft,
Sinks deeply in the *Snow*;
Where strike his beams, uncolored streams,
Like crystal fountains flow.

Their courage lost, Aquilo's host
To Auster's forces yield;—
The battle 's done—the day is won—
The *white-coats* flee the field.

From long repose, I then arose
To greet the southern king,
Whose genial train broke Winter's chain;—
Restored the reign of Spring.

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"ART FOR ART'S SAKE."

THE object of art, all men admit, is to paint the beautiful, whether moral, intellectual or physical. If it be granted further that the beautiful, in a general sense, is that which pleases, it would naturally follow that the immediate object of art is to please. On this principle there is little divergence of opinion, but a question of serious difficulty presents itself when we come to its practical application, namely the question, is pleasure the only object of art. A certain school of modern artists and critics which has its advocates on both sides of the Atlantic, but whose representatives are found chiefly in the art centres of continental Europe, have answered the question in the affirmative. Adopting the hedonistic view of life as their Gospel, they not only maintain that to please is the immediate

object of art but that it is its sole and exclusive end, in fact, that we must cultivate art for the sake of art. Art, they insist, has its own law and its own religion, and the artist has nothing else to do but to plan, and he has accomplished his highest mission when he has accomplished this task. "Art for art's sake" is the motto which has been adopted by the upholders of this doctrine—a doctrine which, though by no means new, has never before been formulated with such distinctness, nor maintained with so much boldness and pertinacity against the positive teachings of Christian ethics.

The principle, in its moral tendency, is one of fundamental importance, and its claims must stand and fall with those of morality and religion. It is the natural outgrowth of those infidel and materialis-