

will thrive on little encouragement if judiciously administered, but in this I fear our schools and colleges are doing little. It is impossible to communicate an artistic pleasure. I might try to express, in a lame sort of a way, what I felt in following the flowing lines in a painting by Burne Jones or Rossetti, and, in as lame a way, you might try to follow and at the end be as far from actual enjoyment as you were before I began, although during the process something might appeal to you that in the course of mental evolution would bring, in time, a deeper appreciation of its merit as a work of art than had the one who first set the seed germinating. Consequently, if an appreciation of the Beautiful is a virtue worth possessing, some little effort should be made to foster and develop such artistic faculties as each one possesses.

This can never be accomplished by setting up a cup or vase upon the master's table for a half-hour each week and compelling the students to destroy reams upon reams of good drawing paper without any other incentive than a desire to complete the sacrifice of time and material with the least possible outlay of mental energy.

It is an accepted fact, I think, that mothers by being surrounded with beautiful objects have given an antenatal direction to the mental energies of their offspring, and it is reasonable to suppose that if these children could be raised amid surroundings of a like nature, the result would be even more marked.

The lack of beautiful objects at home and upon our thoroughfares could be in a way made up for in our schools by a very small outlay, if our Educational Boards would devote the amounts squandered in a little cheap patriotism to the procuring of photos and reproductions of works of art to be framed and hung in all the schools and colleges. There the students could become acquainted with what

were recognized as the masterpieces of art and gain some inspiration for their other studies.

A man may be talked over to a conviction of any material or scientific fact, but what amount of talk can provide a man with a capacity for the appreciation of the Beautiful, who is wont to demand a logical reason for everything he accepts? As Eric MacKay so nicely puts it:

"Facts are good, and reason's good,
But fancy's stronger far;
In weal or woe we only know
We know not what we are."

Consequently, the representation of actual phenomena with an irreproachable fidelity of color and line, whatever it is, is not art. And any transcript from nature is only interesting when we unconsciously reproduce ourselves. As Millais once said, "Nature is one thing and Art is another;" and this thought is beautifully illustrated by the following incident in the life of Rodin, the French sculptor.

He had just exhibited to a friend a small piece of work called "Thought and Matter," a subtly modelled head slightly bent forward, barely emerged from a roughly hewn block of marble, and to all appearances unfinished. The chin rests on the untouched block and the eyes look out in a sad meditative way from beneath a slight hood that throws the upper part of the face into shadow, with a strange mysterious expression.

"But what does it mean?" said the friend.

"*C'est une fleur sur un rocher*," replied the sculptor. And that is just what Art is in the life of to-day,—just a flower on a rock.

We are constantly being reminded of the relationship between the arts. Coleridge is credited with the statement that he had to but close his eyes and he saw pictures that it were beyond his power to describe, and what pictures they must have been, for the poet who wrote: