

But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
 By virtues that diffused, in every part,
 Spirit Divine through forms of human art:
 Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blew loud,
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;
 And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
 Under the grave of things; Hope had her spire
 Star-high, and pointing still to something higher;
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice,—it said,
 'Hell-gates are powerless phantoms where we build.'

Certainly there are peculiar feelings that steal upon one in the noble fanes erected by our Christian forefathers. The unobtrusive fitness, the unworldly grace, the eloquent symbolism of plan and ornament in all around, direct in a marvellous way the thoughts to God and Heaven. Some may undervalue such prompters and guides of the emotions? But do not the means of grace affect the emotions? And do not the emotions in turn influence the life? And, were it otherwise, are not the emotions a part of the microcosm which in its integrity is to be offered "a willing sacrifice acceptable unto God?"

I must not dwell on the peculiar excellencies of the Minsters of England,—on the richness of Ely, the grace of Salisbury, the massive strength of Durham, &c., nor particularize the marvels of Gothic Art that adorn them; such as the "Angel-Choir" of Lincoln, the oak canopy work, "all carved out of the carver's brain," of York, the pendant bosses in the ceiling of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, &c. To be appreciated such things must be seen; and once seen they can never be forgotten.

THE DECAY OF ART.

This, after the Florid Gothic, was very rapid. In Italy and France the *Renaissance*, the *Quincento*, and the *Louis Quatorze* styles came in succession; and before they had run their course, Art was completely separated from Religion. Decorations became simply æsthetic—a chaos of fruits and flowers, and shells and ribbons, and birds and butterflies—display, and gold, and glitter—crimping, and coquillage, and bravura, and flutter. And so the ninth life of Ornamental Art came to an end with the bizarre Rococo, the last gasp of the Louis Quatorze.

In England the declining pulsations shewed themselves in the Elizabethan form of the Renaissance; in the monstrosities of the