

it will, as we journey upward as well as onward, be ever advancing higher and higher, drawing us nearer to perfection itself.

If then taste be a sense of, or craving after perfection, do we not elevate it at once into the region of those superior faculties, which are man's immortal inheritance in right of the animating breath of Divinity?

Perhaps it is so, perhaps since the day when man fell through gratifying his taste, not merely his bodily taste either, for it was the beauty of the fruit conveying a pleasurable emotion to the mind which ensnared our mother Eve; our taste, though liable to grossness and perversion, to waste and decay, like all else that we possess, through that same fall, has yet been the spiritual sense through which our bodily powers could be brought to the appreciation of the refined and lofty pleasures of a purified humanity. Perhaps, if we watch that it dwell not too much on externals, or become tied down to earthly beauty, it may be the medium through which yet deeper delight shall be revealed to our inmost souls. Perhaps, in its wonderful power of adaptation, of refinement, of exaltation, it may be that special gift through which our body, as well as our spirit and soul, shall be enabled to appreciate and become fitted for a higher life than any we can now understand or imagine; by the etheralizing and purifying of our bodily senses, without our losing our individuality, without our ceasing to be ourselves.

But here, taste can never be wholly satisfied, for it follows the highest art in the struggle after beauty and perfection, and here, art must ever be incomplete, but it ever

"Leads and tends to further sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own."

To a refined and cultivated taste, art is the world's interpreter, the teacher of nature's unknown tongue, To it belong

"Those finer instincts that, like second sight
And hearing, catch creation's undersong,
And see by inner light."

Taste, the appreciative is, as it were, the handmaid to art, the creative faculty listening to her voice, waiting for her teaching, yearning to understand her dreams of beauty, striving to catch the faintest echoes of the glorious and solemn music which she hears:

"I cannot soar into the heights you show,
Nor dive among the depths that you reveal,
But it is much that high things ARE to know,
That deep things ARE to feel."

R. H. S.