

were towers and spires and crenulated walls, and the sculptured fronts of houses and churches and monasteries, and close at hand was the greenness of wood and meadow, the freshness of the unsullied country. Think only what that meant; no miles on miles of dreary suburban waste to travel, no pert aggressive modern villas to make day hateful, no vile underground railway stations and subways, no hissing steam, no grinding and shrieking cable-trams, no hell of factory smoke and jerry builders' lath and plaster; no glaring geometrical flower beds; but the natural country running, like a happy child laden with posies, right up to the walls of the town.

"The cobbler or craftsman, who sat and worked in his doorway and saw the whole vari-coloured life of a mediæval city pass by him, was very different to the modern mechanic, a cypher amongst hundreds, shut in a factory room, amongst the deafening noise of cog-wheel and pistons. Even from a practical view of his position, his guilds were a much finer organization than modern tradesunions, and did far more for him in his body and his mind. In the exercise of his labour he could then be individual and original, he is now but one thousandth part of an inch in a single tooth of a huge revolving cog-wheel. . . . Read Michelet's description of a Flemish burger, and contrast it with the existence of a shop-keeper in a modern town. Read Froude's description of a sea-going merchantman of Elizabeth's days, and contrast it with a captain of a modern liner. You will at once see how full of colour and individuality were the former lives; how colourless, unlovely, and deprived of all initiative are the latter. . . . Beauty is the safest stimulant, the surest tonic, the most precious inspiration; natural beauty first of all, and the beauty of the arts closely following like handmaids to Aphrodite. But to perceive this the mentally blind are as incapable as the physically blind. . . .

"Every year all cities, and even all towns, are severed farther and farther from the country; every year the electric wires multiply for telegraph and telephone, the tramways and railways increase the sickening, grinding noises common to these methods of locomotion fill the air, and the extraordinary ugliness, which seems attached like a doom to any modern invention, is multiplied on all sides. . . .

"The modern temper resembles those children in Victor Hugo's romance, who, being left alone with the beautiful and ancient *Horæ*, find no prank so delightful as to tear from end to end the illuminated text of the book and its perfect miniatures, clapping their hands as each fair thing perishes. Nor is there any indication of the advent of any one who will take the book of the world from the destroying hands, and save what still remains of its beauty. . . .

"We hear *ad nauseum* of the gains of modern life, of what is called civilization; does no one count its losses? It might be well to do so. It might act as a corrective to the insane self-worship which is at once the most ill-founded and the most irritating feature of the age. Perhaps other ages have in turn adored themselves in like manner, but there is not in history any record of it. Its prophets, heroes, sages, each age has either admired or execrated; but I do not think any age has so admired itself as the present age, which has its prototype in William of Germany, standing between two sandbanks and thinking himself greater than Alexander, because his engineers have succeeded in cutting for him a ditch longer than usual. . . .

"The great beauty which animal and bird life lends to the earth is doomed to lessen and disappear. The automatic vehicle will render the horse useless; and he will be considered too costly and too slow to be kept even as a gambling toy. The dog will have no place in a world which has no gratitude for such simple sincerity and faithful friendliness as he offers. When wool and horn and leather and meat foods have been replaced by chemical inventions, cattle and sheep will have no more tolerance than the wild buffalo has had in the United States. But the human race will be indifferent; it will be occupied with schemes to tap the water in Mars and transfer it to the thirsty moon, whose mountains will have become the property of a colonizing syndicate and will nightly blaze with illuminated advertisements. . . .

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall it profit the world to put a girdle about its loins in forty minutes when it shall have become a desert of stone, a wilderness of streets, a treeless waste, a songless city, where man shall have destroyed all

life except his own, and can hear no echo of his heart's pulsation save in the throb of an iron piston. . . . And when all is said of its great inventions and their marvels and mysteries, are they more marvellous or mysterious than the changes of chrysalis and caterpillar and butterfly, or the rise of the giant oak from the tiny acorn, or the flight of swallow and nightingale over ocean and continent?"

I think I am entitled to assume that all readers of THE WEEK are thoughtful readers. I have attempted no description of Muskoka, nor even referred to any guide book of that delightful region of shimmering lakes, refreshing breezes, and rocky isles, which have hitherto defied the ravages of civilization." Words of mine, superadded to those of Ouida which almost dazzle one by their unusual brilliance, would be an impertinence.

But thoughtful readers, as I say, will not fail to appreciate the charm of our lovely summer resort, and to share with me a passionate admiration for it.

SAGITTARIUS.

* * *

Bereft.

Sleep, sweet Spring, in the storms and glooms
Of wintry skies,
Wake not to scatter thy lap of blooms.
Dark be thine eyes!

Sleep entombed in the drifted lea,
On frozen earth,
Nor stir with the old sweet mystery
Of life at birth.

Sleep in the seeds and scaly hoods
Of buds fast sealed,
Sleep for aye in the naked woods,
Die unrevealed.

Die in the firstlings of the flock
And shivering herds
Blight, upon tree and moor and rock,
The loves of birds.

Sleep with the spawning frog and fish,
In crystal cave;
Loose not, at Nature's ardent wish,
The fettered wave.

Sleep in the unborn Pascal moon
And veil her horn;
Freeze in the bells their holy tune
For Easter morn,

Shroud the sun as he rises fast
To zenith blind,
Darken his day with garment vast
Of cloud and wind.

Sleep, sweet Spring, in the purple gloom
Of the dawning year,
Nor hither come with thy balm and bloom,
Thy smile and tear.

Sleep! she sleeps who with burning brow
Longed sore for thee,
Possess thy soul in her patience now,
And, where she sleeps in the grave, sleep thou, Eternally.

Academy.

L. DOUGAL

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Art Notes.

WE have made Mr. Abbey, as I mentioned last week, an Associate of the Royal Academy, but I am afraid we can hardly claim him as a fellow countryman. It is some consolation, however, to reflect that there is more than one Englishman who stands high in the ranks of the illustrators; and if we have none who draw with the delicacy, charm and refinement of the American, we can boast a few men who are hardly to be equalled in point of force. Dudley Hardy, Greiffenhagen (doubtfully English) Hatherell, Raven Hill, Paget, Phil May, and Caton Woodville are all accomplished draughtsmen, and Greiffenhagen, Paget, and Woodville are painters as well. With the works of the latter Canada has recently become familiar through the battle pic-