

poets add much new lustre to their master arts, and too many pollute the shrines at which they are supposed to worship. Apart from the promptings and teachings of revealed religion, morality, and civil and social law, and irrespective of the tendency which induces inferior minds to imitate successes of real genius, no subjects tend so largely to control the destiny of art and letters as historical and traditional associations and climatic and typographical conditions.

The Greenlander, shivering in his hut, devouring the last morsel of blubber procured, at the risk of his life, amid the fies, indites no odes to the glittering stars, and has no appreciation of the bright auroras flashing across the sky. The Arab, gazing at the vista of burning sand, scarcely lifts his eyes to the eastern heaven, radiant in morning's glories. But the dweller by the Tiber, amid mementoes of literary and artistic skill, amid flowers and vines, and beneath a canopy of richest blue, pours forth his sweet impassioned verses. And the Teuton from his forest home, amid crumbling castles, sings of brave Arminius, Charlemagne and Fatherland. Milton saw not with the outer sense, and hence was driven to create the visions he describes. Dante possessed the nature of a seer; while Shelly, more like faun than mortal, treats of things unknown to earth, and Gustave Dore paints at times as though half wakened from some frightful dream. But these examples are abnormal, and long before the days of Spencer, Shakespeare and Albert Durer, and thence downwards, we find a list of bards and painters, all more or less affected by their own surroundings.

If, then, both poetry and art demand associations of this nature, the question arises, To what extent Acadia possesses these requirements for æsthetic culture? The student who looks only for those stately structures and giant fabrics which lead the mind into the classic ages, will find nothing to delight him in Acadia. No massive