

and gradually realizing the fact that Canada, and this Province in particular, will one day become a country of no mean manufacturing skill. In our manufactures, let us humbly imitate those of nature. While making them as serviceable as we can, let us not forget that it is also our duty to make them, as far we can, beautiful to the eye and sense. Taking a low ground on the subject, among civilised nations, art in manufactures always pays. One kind of manufacture is even now characteristically our own. We children of the pine forest and cedar swamp, are essentially workers in wood. All workers in wood by nature have a natural aptitude for carving in wood. The Norwegian carves his drinking cups and bowls, the Bohemian his boxes and tobacco pipes, and the Swiss carves everything from his house to his spoon. Now these are all by nature denizens of the forest. In natural taste and talent, the French Canadian is no exception to the general rule. He only wants a proper amount of artistic instruction to set him in the right path.

The time will come, and I hope soon, when Canada will follow the example of Europe in establishing Schools of Design throughout the country. \* This will do more for our own manufactures than all the protective duties in the world. There are existing in Canada elements for creating a style of ornamental design eminently novel, original and national. I mean if Canadian art will consent to go hand in hand with Canadian botany. It is a fine exemplification of that connection between nature and art with which I started, that national art in ornamental design has generally originated in national botany. The Egyptian loved the palm—it shaded him from the sun's rays. He loved the lotus—it was present at every feast; so he carved them both on his temples. The Greek loved the crisp spiky acanthus—he trod it under foot in his daily walks; so he moulded it into a Corinthian capital. The monks of the middle ages loved the quiet repose of the Convent mead,

“ Nor herb, nor flowret glistened there  
But was carved in the cloister arch as fair.”

What care we for the lotus and acanthus? Yet I have seen the one on our iron castings, the other on almost everything from the Montreal Bank to a bill-head. What do we want with English water lillies and hedge row hawthorns? Yet I have seen them in Canadian plaster work. With a little more cultivation of national taste, and a little judicious in-

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\* See Note C. Appendix.