

upon the toes of loyalty, there will be stern and decided remonstrance.

The above are the views and teachings of the serial we are publishing, so far as we can gather from its pages. We do not imagine our readers will agree with every historical detail; every writer, however candid, will naturally give expression to his own peculiar views as they have been created and modified by circumstances, and coloured by his surroundings; but we think our Canadian and English readers will generally and heartily endorse the sentiments, feelings and teachings of the writer.

Did you ever visit one of those treasuries of art, a cabinet of rare, old paintings, carvings and sculpture, and wrapt in admiration at the skill and beauty surrounding you, stand gazing until you felt the stirrings of a mysterious influence, a strong, almost uncontrollable desire to attempt something similar? You were then standing upon the very threshold of the temple of art, and inhaling the escaping incense filling the wondrous interior with its inspiration. Possibly in your case, the influence upon your mind was so permanent that you were impelled to try your own skill: you did try, and—and you failed! but you do not regret it! you are not ashamed! It did you good. You enjoyed the pure, ennobling pleasure of that stimulus, while it lasted, and why should it not continue its influence? You enjoyed, moreover, the sublime creations of true genius,—perhaps the conceptions of those pre-eminent masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael; or you revelled in the pure, broad colouring of Titian, where extremes blend imperceptibly, or in the gorgeous contrasts of Rubens; no matter who the master; you admired, wondered, attempted to imitate, and failed; what then; there is nothing surprising in this,—thousands have failed before you. These masters of art were specially endowed with surprising faculties of form and color, which were still further enlarged and developed by continued, active exercise. The God of nature gifted them, and they went direct to Nature to produce their wonderful imitations.

Have you ever looked at the chisellings of carving and sculpture till you imagined the figures were instinct with life? till you felt that—

"Marble breathes
Responsive to the thought and touch of Him
Whose inspiration waked it into life?"

If you have not felt these promptings, you have yet to enjoy a mental luxury, which thrills the soul with ideal beauty, and gives you longings after the unseen, the spiritual creations of the Divine artist, of which some of the rarely gifted have received faint conceptions, but which they have vainly endeavoured to embody in their works. While contemplating the works of art, has it never occurred to you that the various steps, the mechanical details are all unseen, that *there is no grandeur in art but true art, and true art conceals art*? Nature is true art, for it is the fountain of art, and there you see no crudities, all is beautiful harmony in light, color and sound. Do you want to paint by your pen or pencil, a water-