

well-divided cells is giving way to the animal type, where the cellular outlines are blurred and confused, less perfect in their outlines, although more perfect in themselves and contributing to a higher type. Modern means of communicating thought tends to the formation of wider circles of influence and a deeper organization. Cosmopolitanism is the watchword of the day. When an artist finds the Canadian atmosphere too stifling for his needs, without even leaving his country or his home, it is possible for him to come into a considerable measure of contact with the richer minds of more developed lands. Who can estimate what every modern artist owes to "the fair foster-mother—France," with her wealth of pictures and the simplicity and directness of her style? In this wide contact it is possible for the artist to grow quite out of reach of the people among which he lives, who, although they may open their foolish mouths in amazement at what is to them such an advanced degree of culture, yet are not able to apply that real appreciation which must underlie all worthy admiration. The artist is thus dwarfed in his development, and learns to cater to the love of speculation, to pride and vanity, and other motives more common than the love of art, or in his struggle after real estimation is forced to leave the land that gave him birth.

But it is not only in the lives of artists that the lack of art may be shown to be a serious thing. Although in happy—no, in unhappy ignorance thereof, the people suffer too. The vulgar pretentiousness of our cities with all their modern improvements, the bare discomfort of our school-rooms, the false voluptuousness of our house-furnishings that stands in the road of real voluptuousness that we want the display of crude decoration, of hideous pictures that blind

men rich and poor alike hang upon their walls to fill a vacant space and mark their social standing, all show clearly the serious effects of a lack of artistic feeling. The most of what man has done in Canada, in as far as it appeals to the eye, is in a state of sheer ugliness. Small wonder that the artist and the poet betake themselves to the woods and to the fields. But it is just here it we will that our salvation lies. The reformation must begin at the top, although it is a pity for us if it end there. We have already in Canada good artists, especially of landscapes. What we want is a community to appreciate them and their work. That being given, the details of architecture and house-furnishing will surely follow. The art of painting embraces and transcends the others. And further, as in Germany and France, the higher development of the artist means also the development of the artisan. Trade and manufactures will derive more vital stimulus from the heightening of public taste than from any protective tariff, however necessary that may be.

If this particular cell of the world, Canada, is to remain such, it must be able to retain its artists and give them employment and the opportunity of development. All the manifold occupations of manufacturing, commercial and professional industry are necessary for Canada. Every man will not be a farmer. We must fill the capacities which we are able to generate. If Canada is to be a living part of the world it must have no less than the life of the world in itself. Cosmopolitanism is the watchword, but it depends upon ourselves if it is to be a destructive cosmopolitanism like that of the Greeks in the time of Alexander, or a cosmopolitanism which shall intensify and strengthen every part.

To supply what is lacking is as much