

ladies' education, of Latin and Greek in boys' education. They consider—and I agree with them in considering—that no community can be in a thoroughly healthy condition if its whole interest is turned in the direction of material prosperity, even if it adds solid learning. After all, our instincts for what is beautiful form as much a part of our original nature, and as much deserve cultivation, as any other part of our being; and if this Art School contributes in any way to the cultivation of these higher instincts and higher tastes which we all possess, though, as regards some of us, in a somewhat rudimentary condition, it is eminently worthy of the care of those who have at heart the best developments of our social institutions. I admit that the number of those who can take advantage of an art school is necessarily far less than those who may take advantage of a public library. Literature is more universal than any other form of human activity, because, in one sense, it includes them all. Literature is art, but it is not art alone. It is also science; it is also learning; and, therefore, the number of those to whom literature appeals is necessarily greater than those who are appealed to, either by painting, or by music, or by architecture, or by any one of those arts which are more strictly and properly designated the fine arts. And further, it has always appeared to me that it is more within our power to render literature accessible to the generality of the community than it is within our power to render any fine art accessible to the masses of our countrymen. Music, indeed, can be, and ought to be, made a democratic art, and I rejoice to see the progress which musical education is making in the general culture of the country; but I confess that with regard to pictures I do not think the same results can be attained with the same meas-

ure of success. I express my private opinion only when I say that I believe there is more innocent hypocrisy talked about the admiration of picture galleries than about any other subject connected either with religion or culture. People get their sentiments on these matters, not from the pictures they look at, but from the guide books. They read about the pictures, and they struggle wearily through foreign gallery after foreign gallery—taking up little, I am afraid, in many cases, except a catalogue of names of the great masters of old times; and, if they are industrious, they get a small smattering of art terms from Murray's guide book. Now this is not wholly the fault of the spectators. The truth is, that most of the pictures that we look at in galleries never were intended to be looked at in galleries at all. They were painted to be enjoyed under very different surroundings, and those who were genuinely fond of art may be pardoned if they look with dismay on the thousands of masterpieces which they are expected to enjoy in the course of a morning's walk through some great gallery. No such limitation attaches to our interest in books. They are far more independent of place, of time, and of surrounding circumstances than are the masterpieces of pictorial art. It is no doubt the case that your true bibliophile has a taste for rare editions and precious bindings which cannot be satisfied in a public library. His taste, I admit, cannot be made general or popular; but I entertain very grave doubts whether the collection of a book collector ever gives much satisfaction except to its possessor. We may all enjoy—a collector, of course, must understand it—rare and unique editions and precious bindings of the old masters of binding; we may all enjoy other people's parks, other people's pictures, other people's houses—very