

sounds: that pure enjoyment which all artists—be they singers, painters, poets—understand, and they only—the delight in mere creation, quite distinct from any sympathy or admiration of others, and oh! how far removed from any mere vanity or love of praise.

More indirectly, but none the less surely, is the home made attractive by the beauty that appeals to the eye. Nothing adds so greatly to the appearance of a house as the pictures which decorate its walls; they relieve the otherwise blank surface, as clouds which, in their varied hue, break the monotony of a summer sky; they people the room with ideal scenes and faces. Drawing the mind beyond the narrow walls, they fix it upon some lofty eminence, or rouse it with a glimpse into some unexplored region, or startle it with the sight of half-revealed glory.

If, from our windows, we behold the hill and dale of a luxuriant country, how greatly we prize the view! Yet no number of windows could give us the variety afforded by a few pictures. On one side we may have the deer, which Landseer delights to paint, thrown out by the snowy mountains of Greenland, and by the still, frosty lake; and immediately opposite the soft beauty and varied coloring of Autumn, or the bold lights and shades of summer at noonday. *There* may hang the sweet face of some Evangelist, whose sorrowful eyes follow us round, and haunt us with their "constant anguish of patience." And again, the fitful light of a watch-fire may break upon us, and all the weird appendages of a gipsy encampment: the wagons in the distance; the tired horses tied to a neighboring tree; the grim faces of the fireside group; lean, prowling dogs; sleeping forms of little children;—these all open to our view a world as new to us as it is sadly familiar to many a prodigal in a far country. Thus unknown faces become our close, home friends; foreign scenes are woven into our little lives; the room is longer than it looks, wider than it seems.

Indirectly, Art exerts a much wider, though less marked, influence. The medium of this influence is the æsthetic faculty which it cultivates, the keen sense of what is right and proper in so far as the eye is concerned. The Domestic Life is *woman's* sphere. Through her hands must flow in upon the

home those refining, beautifying influences which, acting upon the inmates, shall, through them, react upon future generations. Yet, in the past, a woman has never stood side by side with Michael Angelo, nor rivalled the great Beethoven. Should we then be justified in saying, that as all the indirect influence of the Fine Arts must come in upon the home through her instrumentality, that as she has seldom hitherto risen to eminence in the practice of the Fine Arts, therefore their influence upon the Domestic Life has been over-rated? Should we be justified in saying that, apart from the pictures which adorn the walls, apart from the music which enlivens its silence, a home owes nothing to Art? *Certainly not*, for acknowledging the fact that woman has as yet occupied a very secondary position in her practice of the Arts, and without waiting to inquire into her prospect for future years, it need by no means be inferred that she is not capable of admiring and producing the beautiful. The artistic taste of an average woman rises high above that of an average man; and we find more of the *higher* feminine qualities in the artist in proportion as his genius is greater or less, which qualities, though including all that is delicate and sensitive, by no means render a man effeminate. The artist *woman* makes the home her canvas, the domestic circle her key-board, and brings forth beauty of sight and sound by her well-directed touches. In the words of Mrs. Stowe, "Is not that a species of high Art by which a house, in itself cold and barren, becomes in every part warm and inviting, glowing with suggestions, alive with human tastes and personalities?" In such a house one involuntarily lingers, reluctant to leave; it has a charm about it which the beholder feels, but does not stay to define, which will attract him by some mesmeric influence when he is surrounded by other scenes. A home of this high, artistic type is, next to Nature, the best unwritten book; its illuminated pages are full of beautiful thoughts and ideas, under which the mind expands and is enriched as a flower under the soft, spring showers. Every elegant trifle has a lesson to teach in its perfection of beauty, every frail ornament is finished with the seal of a master hand. Unlike the delicate snow-flower, which dissolves under the slightest