

utes; then suddenly close your eyes. In place of a red spot you will see a green one. Try another experiment. Gaze in the same way at the sun. On closing the eyes, strange colors seem floating about. In proportion as the sun is red, will those colors be more or less green; in proportion as he is yellow, more or less violet. This teaches us that green is the complement of red, and yellow of violet. If then our room should have too much red about it, correct it by introducing objects of a green color. If our yellow curtains appear to us too prominent, place a violet cover on our table. Another thing in a room is very necessary, completeness. Nothing is worse than one piece of furniture a great deal too elaborate for the rest, or vice-versa. Garrick was one day playing a new part, in which he had to represent a man in a state of intoxication. The actor, after the performance, asked Reynolds the painter what he thought of it. "As an imitation of nature," said he, "it was almost perfect; but I think that your left leg was a little too sober." Applying this principle to ourselves, how often have we not seen the effect of a nicely furnished room completely marred, by something more shabby than the rest, by some chair out of keeping in design, by some left leg a little too sober. It is very difficult to say what, in this country, we should hang on our walls. Pictures or drawings of a moderately good class; are in Canada, hardly to be found—not even in the Picture Exhibition of the Mercantile Library. But we may at least content ourselves with good engravings and photographs; and if our purse is no too low, with one of those exquisite crayon sketches of Mr. Lock's. And I hope we may have the good taste to avoid those furiously colored French lithographs so popular in Montreal, consisting of damsels with pink cheeks, saucer eyes, and scanty clothing, grinning on black grounds and labelled "La Reverie," "la Pensée" or "l'Etoile du Soir."

In conclusion, gentlemen, I cannot help saying a few words on the duty that man owes to his Creator, to cultivate his taste. For old and young, rich and poor, has He made nature beautiful past man's understanding. To satisfy man's wants has He made the soil productive; to gratify man's eye, has He made those productions fair. To supply man's commonest necessities has He given him hands to work. To effect still greater marvels, has He given him a mind to direct their motion. Look at that little instrument, a man's hand. With genius to direct it, what cannot that hand do? It can propel the shuttle, weave the imperial robe, launch a Leviathan and navigate a rapid, write a "Paradise Lost," and, still more, depict the awful splendor of a last judgment. We are slowly