

droop, and lucky are they if they do no more. In intellectual things as well as in others they should take the food adapted to their natures, and if they wish to rise to higher flights, they must go slowly step by step, as the great thinkers before them have done, and not hope to jump at the height which they have obtained without a grievous fall.

And here Art may come to the rescue. Let the one balance the other; the true artistic nature *perceives* what intellect cannot always explain; it *knows*, by that something which corresponds within itself, what logic cannot prove, and thus it is of inestimable importance to cultivate the artistic part of a child's nature as much as possible alongside of the intellectual.

People say, "I'm not at all artistic; I never was taught to draw; I can't play and I can't sing." But Art is something above and beyond that; it is true, the drawing, the playing, and the singing are its outward expressions; but Art may be within, though unexpressed—you would not say that a man was incapable of great and noble thoughts because he was dumb. It is almost impossible to define what I mean, but it seems to me that to have an artistic nature means more than anything else that you possess the power of appreciation

and perception of true Beauty, and this can, no doubt, and should be, highly cultivated.

How unedifying is the spectacle of a man or woman who will stand before a priceless work of art and criticise some minor detail of whether one side is not a little crooked, or one corner rounder than the other!

You may show them one of Raphael's masterpieces and they will see in it but a painted canvas, with figures in red and blue grouped on it. They will stand silent and absorbed before it for several minutes, and at last you will begin to think with remorse that you had not given them credit for so much appreciation; but as you turn to see what especially appeals to their admiration, you will find their eyes fixed on some obscure spot in the background, and you will experience a revulsion of feeling as they remark to you, "I have just been calculating that that lizard on the wall would be six feet long if its tail were straight out." Or again, if you lead them up to one of Titian's glorious portraits, where the eyes of some great figure in history seem looking and looking down the vista of future ages, as they have looked and looked for past hundreds of years, and from whose lips the gentle words of wisdom seem ever ready to come—if you

take them up to such a picture, they will not this time stand silent before it, they will turn round to you at once with rapture and exclaim, "Isn't it *wonderfully* like Mr. * * *?"

These, and such as these, are hopeless; but while our children are young we can at least save them from that!

And now to sum up. We have seen, or think we have seen, the value of Art's influence in training the mind in habits of observation, in teaching the relative value of things, and imposing self-restraint; but there still remains that with which we began, and that with which we must end, and that is, setting before the mind an ideal to look up to, an ideal to work for, and an ideal to achieve. All our lives through we shall be striving after it, it will always be a little higher, and yet a little higher, but insensibly we shall ourselves rise higher in stretching after it. Still we shall strain our eyes through the mist of gloom and darkness, dimly we shall look through the glass darkly, till at last our eyes will close for very weariness; but when they re-open, as one day they will, and we awake after that Likeness which alone can fulfil the aspirations of the human heart, we shall behold with our eyes the vision of perfect Beauty—and be satisfied with it.

M I S T A K E N .

By IDA LEMON.

BECAUSE you are so poor you will not speak,
Nor tell the passion in your noble heart,
Nor stretch your hand for that which others seek,
But sternly stand apart?
Dear, you are wrong. God gave me wealth indeed
For this alone—to help you in your need.

Because you are so weary and so sad,
So worn with life's hard struggles, that is why
You will not throw your gloom on one so glad
And young and fair as I?
Dear, you are wrong. God placed me in the light
That I might make your shadowed pathway bright.

Because you are so lonely, and none care
If it be well or ill with you, you say;
You will not come my love-gilt life to share,
Nor change your night to day?
Dear, you are wrong. God gave me love, 'tis true,
But not to keep. I give it all to you.



A USE FOR OLD PIANOS.

THERE came into my possession, many years ago, a very old-fashioned upright piano.

We found a place for it in my study, more for the beauty and quaintness of the case, which was of rosewood, and of the usual excellent workmanship, than from any hope of deriving comfort from any sweet music the mellowivories might produce. It was old, and its time and power for discoursing sweet music were past and gone; try as we would, by a new string here and another there, it refused to send out any but shrill and discordant notes, and in despair we locked it up. And so it

might have stood for many years to come, pleasant to look upon, but utterly useless, had it not been that a good many books were scattered about the house and demanded a case.

While trying to reconcile ourselves to parting with the piano to make room for the bookcase, the thought struck us, "Surely this would make a splendid bookcase if its inside could be bodily taken out without injury to the frame?"

We sent for a workman, who saw the possibility of doing this for us at a moderate sum,

and the result is, that we have a beautiful piece of furniture and bookcase combined.

The upper part, consisting of about two-thirds of the height, contains three shelves for books, and a writing desk—the former key-board—running the whole depth and width of the piano, while the under third forms a famous cupboard for manuscripts and magazines.

Thinking that many people may have a piano similar to mine, and that rather than sell it they would desire to keep it and make it useful, I send you this short account of what we have done with ours.