

the minor graces. It may even afford some manual training, although drawing simply means the power to see. The hands are not necessary. The mouth might hold the pencil just as well. One of the cleverest artists of Europe works entirely with her feet, her arms being paralyzed; and this is no wonder at all to anyone who knows. There is only one advantage which we must forego: drawing will never afford a relaxation from more intellectual pursuits.

If drawing can yield its proper service only in relationship to art, the question broadens into a larger one. Of what value are the Graphic Arts in education; what good are they in the community; what use in life? The general relationship of these arts to life from the historic and sociological standpoint would, if we had the time, prove exceedingly interesting. In the Japanese, for example, we have a nation of artists arrived, in many points, at a higher state of development and civilization than ourselves. Their delicate cleanliness, their exquisite sense of decoration, the true refinement of their lesser manners are greatly beyond our present attainment, while, for a happy and contented political condition, until recent contamination by western ideas, they were hardly to be equalled on the earth. Such may be shown to be the direct outcome of the artistic spirit in Japan, and many other countries would prove equally interesting and instructive. The high estimation, too, in which the Graphic Arts have been held by authorities on education might have its weight with those who are capable of taking advice. A striking instance is that of Carlyle. In conversation with Woolner and Wm. Bell Scott, he said, that he never in the course of his life so earnestly desired anything as in his youthful days he desired to learn the art of drawing; but that in the circumstances of his

life there was no possibility, and it had been to him a life-long regret. He said he believed that no man ever took more pleasure in reading than he had done all his life, and that most of what he knew had been obtained from books; but were he asked which alone would be of most advantage to a man during his career, for sharpening his faculties, giving him a clearer perception of facts and a love of truth—the power to read or the power to draw—he would say that on the whole drawing was the more valuable.

But it is principally from the Canadian standpoint that I desire to speak. Is it not possible to show that Art is a good thing for us, and to be worth the labour of seeking after, and, if so, that we are responsible for the search, and in this department, as well as in others, must face the fate that follows those who fail to keep ahead? For if our Canadian life is to be a real thing, however widely related to other life in other lands, it must be independent, self-contained, and capable of permeating every part. We cannot afford to have a vital department of thought and effort like that of Art remain unused and undeveloped. Like an unused arm it will not only become atrophied itself, but spread the elements of weakness throughout the whole.

The artist and the community must always be in reciprocal relationship, and such we find to be the case in Canada. There are no great artists, as there is not a great community. But there is this difference, that the artists are a great deal in advance of their community. Much more so, too, than were Titian or Rembrandt in advance of theirs. And, for this reason, modern advancement is breaking down the old lines of nationality. In the course of evolution the plant type of organization with its separate