

mon faults of humanity ; if his Ideal was as far removed from the Real as the east is from the west his conception was still the standard of universal christianity. Our conception is his and the image that hangs from the rosary but faintly expresses what one great genius worshiped as the Most High, the Beautiful, the True.

Briton once had an unique conception of Divinity. The hoary Druid-priest bent low in the sacred groves of Mona. His God was our God, but the oak leaves deceived him. Christians from Rome said : " See !—He worships the mortal," and in his bewilderment the old priest could not deny their accusation. So from the lands of Light they brought him the faith of the Mighty. It appealed to him. It could not help but appeal to him. In righteous anger he cut down the Oaks of his infidelity. He cut them down, but he built them into Cathedrals. Year by year he carved out the persons of the Trinity. Year by year he glorified the structure, till even the rabble were awed by its sublimity. He died, and they that came after him died, and neither he nor they ever knew that in their ignorance they had both worshiped the same Great Spirit. They worshiped the Trinity. He worshiped the Oak-leaves. Beauty gave the groves their sacredness and Beauty is Truth.

Aestheticism is that which distinguishes man from the beast. Aestheticism is the one unconditional evidence of the soul. The *canaille* are little better than beasts. They move and have their being, because they cannot help but move and surely they cannot help their being. They are machines of force ; their lives a circle. The monks were aesthetes. Cathedral building is a product of aestheticism. The Mediaeval Church enjoined solitude. The holy men of that Church enjoined solitude, but not because it was commanded. Their natures were too fine to endure the carnality of the world ; their divinity was not the divinity of the people. The divinities were the same, but not in degree. The people dimly comprehended sublimity. The clergy were the creators of that sublimity that the people could but faintly comprehend.

Perhaps this natural out-going of the heart, this passion for cathedral building might be criticised. If the cultivation of the Beautiful is Religion then surely Religion should be as universal as nature. Religion should be as universal as nature. Religion would be as universal as nature were man a spiritual equivalent of nature. The trees, the flowers of the field are as much symbols of divinity as the cross and the altar. The stars, the moon and the sun are as much evidences of a Being as cathedrals and scriptures. But man is mortal. Give him a human conception. Give him a mythical injunction and he is a believer. Give him the world and he is an atheist. The monks, though god-men, were yet mortal. They knew that Nature was Reality. They felt that Ideality was far sweeter. The conditions of worship must not hamper the worshiper. Christianity was theirs but not theirs of their choosing. True the mountains and the woods were sanctuaries, but trees are not images, neither is solitude privacy.

Emotion, not Reason then is the mainspring of life. Gray, grand