

Nor is that all the evil, nor the worst of it ; for the cause of this famine of Art is that whilst people work throughout the civilised world as laboriously as ever they did, they have lost—in losing an Art which was done by and for the people—the natural solace of that labour ; a solace which they once had, and always should have ; the opportunity of expressing their own thoughts to their fellows by means of that very labour, by means of that daily work which nature or long custom, a second nature, does indeed require of them, but without meaning that it should be an unrewarded and repulsive burden.

But, through a strange blindness and error in the civilisation of these latter days, the world's work almost all of it—the work some share of which should have been the helpful companion of every man—has become even such a burden—  
 which every man, if he could, would shake off. I have said that people work no less laboriously than they ever did ; but I should have said that  
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