

from their rocky fastness are blocks of marble still. Blocks of marble in the hands of a carver are blocks no longer. Chip by chip the meaningless setting departs. Breath by breath the imprisoned existence awakes—Truth and Beauty again. Ah! the Twin Sisters are deceptive. All those long years the monks labored for a divinity of which they knew nothing. They labored but not in vain. Their creed was written in words. It was also written in stone. Day by day as they chanted, day by day as the passionate outgoing of the heart found its culmination in an etching of wondrous sublimity they crept a little farther from Jerusalem. They crept from Jerusalem? Yes, Jerusalem the city; Jerusalem a mortal entity; Jerusalem the humanity, but not Jerusalem the divinity. Flesh and blood were their model. The crucified man-god was their mirror. The redeemed God-man was their master.

Truth is the essence of Religion. Beauty is Truth. At the fabled fountain of immortality the Twin Sisters drank deep. At the same fountain drank Rhyme. Hence in the better sense of the word a Cathedral is a poem. The dim sanctuary, the stained windows, the matchless imagery are all symbols. The pious monk as he shaded the softness of the Madonna's hair and gave it an indescribable beauty was only expressing the indescribable beauty of his soul. The holy father as he wove the spotless draperies for the altar was only symbolizing his own spotlessness. Nothing is more expressive of the spirit than the works of the spirit. A pointed arch is only an arch, you say. Yes, it is an arch. It is also a manifestation, a prayer, a holy aspiration in stone. Long and wearisome is its growth. Long and wearisome is its sacredness. The body of the beginner is the dust of the finisher. Architects of time are architects of mortality, but their reward is without end.

Cathedral building is an art. Religion is an art: the most sacred, the most perfect of all arts. We worship the Trinity and yet the Trinity is one. Both are indiscernible, both are eternal and both are one.

The sentiment of mediæval christianity was deceiving. The world was totally blind, the Church was color blind. Excessive brightness is as misleading as stygian darkness. The old monk as he portrayed the inexpressible tenderness of the Saviour's features did not know that the handiwork of his genius was a representation of what he felt ought to be, not a delineation of what was. He did not know the lineaments of That Face. He did not know the characteristics of That Body. But he did know the dictates of his own benediction. Deep in his heart was enshrined a Saviour. It was distinct from his brother's Saviour. It was his own Saviour; his own estimation; his own conception of Beauty. He fought for Divinity and won it, but Divinity was Beauty.

Michael Angelo was an artist: he was also a worshiper. The architectural triumph of St. Peter's was his conception of Art. The inexpressible something that the art stood for, was his conception of Divinity. If he failed at the crucial test; if he arose above the com-