

And again, the artist may be, has been, not only God's prophet and priest, but his *workman* as well. What Art has done for religion, is too well known to need more than a passing reference. Architecture has found its noblest achievements in those grand old cathedrals, dreams in marble, poems in stone, which are the pride and glory of the cities of the old world. And as with architecture, so with music, painting, sculpture—all these have counted it their highest privilege, with the ripest fruitage of their genius to adorn the temple of God, or to enoble and enrich the services of his sanctuary. And through all this Sacred Art, there runs the distinct consciousness of a Divine Mission and Ministry.

"Why do you take such pains with that statue; away up on the cathedral roof, no one will see it there?" was asked of a great sculptor, his reply is memorable. "True, he said, *men* will not see it but *God* will, and it's for Him I'm working, *not* for the applause of men." And this answer was just one instance, of the whole spirit of deep religious devotion which inspired much of the noblest work that has crowned with fadeless honor, the names of the great painters, poets, sculptors and musicians of the past. May we not well say of the artist, as God's Messenger and Minister:

Heirs of more than mortal race,
Framed by heaven's peculiar grace;
If the word be not too bold,
God's own work to do on earth,
Giving virtue, a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old.

It is time now to speak of another Ministry of Art, the Ministry of Art for *men*. Did I say *another* Ministry? nay, is it not the *same* Ministry, only viewed from another side? For is not the service of our fellowmen one of the most fruitful spheres in which our love to God can display itself. Is it not just by the measure of our love for our fellow men and our willingness to serve them, that Christ gauges the reality of our profession of Love to God? "In as much as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*," thus does Christ by a single sentence. lift all manward service to the loftier level of a God-ward service; as by the touch of the philosopher's stone, transmitting the commoner metal of ordinary kindness and self denial for other's sake into the fine gold of a ministry for God.

Whenever through the ages rise,
The altars of self-sacrifice;
When love, its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings out-spread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head.

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How then does Art minister to the best interests of our fellowmen?

In the *first place*, Art emphasizes and expands the *ideal* element of life. Art has well been defined as "The representation of the ideal under the forms of the actual" The artist sees in what we call common scenes and objects, far more than what meets the ordinary eye. A great Italian sculptor stopped at a marble dealers, and closely examined a piece of rough marble at his feet. A friend asked him what he was going to do with that rough block. "I see an angel imprisoned in that block of marble, and I'm going to let the angel out," was the suggestive answer. And isn't this the artist's mission for men? The musician, the sculptor, the painter: in the common scenes of nature and life, do they not see the angel of some inspiring sentiment, some noble thought, some tender or pathetic association? And do they not just let the angel out to brood with the white wings of an unutterable gladness over our poor, cheap often sordid lives, and then taking our very souls upon those outspread pinions, to bear them upward for a brief space away, away from care and sorrow, and toil and strife, to spend a little while in the very heaven of imagined glories and ineffable delight? Yes, if the artist is a true artist, and not a mere imitator, then he will always endeavor to make us see *through* the picture to some great thought, some noble conception that lies back of it. As Ruskin well says, "All great Art is revelation." The artist sees into the truth of things, for the sense is but the veil of the spirit, and he is the true artist, the real seer, who can penetrate back of the veil, to the ideal glory that it hides. "I assert for myself," said the poet-painter, William Blake, "that I do not behold the outward creation and that to me it is a hindrance and not an action. "What, it will be questioned when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire, something like a guinea?" Oh no no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts." I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning sight, I look *through* it, not *with* it.

On every mountain range, there it not only altitude and outline, but also an under-meaning of majesty that appeals not to the eye, but to the *Soul*. In every human countenance, there are lines and features which serve correctly enough to distinguish one man from another; but the Art that only gives these, even though it be with the minutest exactitude, is not the highest Art; there is the *Soul* of the man, his character, aye the very man himself, looking out through the eyes and breathing itself forth in that subtle something, we call expression. The artist who can catch *these* for us, and make them live for us on canvass, he is the master artist indeed.

The great heavens will glass themselves in a little pool at our feet. And so it is the true artists aim, to make the small compass of his picture reflect some great, wide stretching, heaven reaching idea, which will give the spirit the same outreach and uplift that comes to us as we gaze upward on the star-crowned brow of midnight, or have our hearts depths stirred, as wandering on some lonely shore we listen to the mysterious music of the sounding sea. And in thus touch-