

according as the act of the will is either good or evil."

The workings of the soul, then, could not have been entirely lost to the Greek masters; they caught a glimpse of them at times, and reproduced it in their masterpieces.

But Revelation and Orthodoxy alone could furnish a more perfect ideal than that which was to be gathered from creatures.

The School of Nazareth, with its doctrinal teachings regarding spirituality, with its sublime code of morals so compatible with human nature, supplied the deficiency.

"The development of Christianity," says Clement, "has furnished artists from age to age with subjects for novel compositions. And since the Catholic Religion, above all others, is that one which adapts itself most thoroughly to human nature, whether to direct its actions or to judge and to condemn; whether to give the highest and most disinterested motives or to offer man in perspective eternal rewards; all the conditions of life can be seen under an aspect sufficiently noble to afford artists a theme, an object, a subject of observation and imitation. In the spiritualized mirror wherein Christianity shows us humanity, all becomes susceptible of being rendered great, all may merit our admiration."

In Christ, the Man-God, all the beauties of the human and the divine nature were centred. In his Virgin Mother, all the loveliness of the spotless maiden and the kind and gentle matron made itself manifest. These became the types, the models of the Christian artist; from them he received his inspiration; and it is no wonder, then, if his conception of beauty, the ideal which he vainly endeavored to give expression to, far surpassed anything ever harbored in the mind of man. But to whom was he indebted for these models, if not to the Catholic Church, which had preserved them and transmitted them to him as fresh and unimpaired as the doctrines she inculcated?

This was not however the full extent of her contributions to art.

There were certain passions in the human soul, there were certain sentiments in the human heart—and the very noblest—which lay dormant ever since sin's sombre

shadows had stolen in through the gates of the terrestrial Paradise in the wake of the infernal serpent. Her magic wand touched these slumbering powers. They awoke and shed a new splendor over the human figure.

They were the portion of man's original beauty that "died the death" when he fell from primal innocence. She revived them. They were the great virtues that were shocked at Adam's disgrace, and went back to heaven, as it were, with the spirits, guardians of Eden, whence they returned to earth only with the new Adam. The Church received them in her keeping, and generously bestowed them on her children, who, in turn, bound them to earth forever by immortalizing them in their artistic productions. Pagan art never revealed them, for the Pagan artist knew them not. And yet there could be no true beauty in their absence. Faith, Hope, Charity, Patience, Fortitude,—these never appeared in the most renowned models of the ancients. They were unknown to them. Yet, could that be considered artistic perfection, which neglected to give them expression? It is well said therefore, that the Pagan master excelled all others in perfection of form; but what they lacked was the ideal, the soul of art, the real plenitude of beauty, which only the source of all beauty could bestow and which He did bestow through the instrumentality of his Church. Then, followed what is so aptly expressed by the poet when he says; "*Recedant vetera; Nova sint omnia, corda, voces et opera.*"

Yes the old forms fell back to give place to the new, which Catholicity introduced.

The thundering countenance of the Olympian Jove melted into the mild, but forcible features of a dying Saviour; the war-like physiognomy of a battle-equipped Minerva softened into the angelic face of a Virgin Mother standing beneath the cross of a self-immolated Son; the lewd figures of a Venus, of a Bacchante, exchanged places with the chaste charms of maiden saints and martyrs; and the chisel of the Christian artist, ever guided by the Church, put a tongue in a thousand marble blocks that proclaimed to man the beauties which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," and urged him to labor for their acquisition.