

pictures and sculpture work, has always had for me a peculiar fascination; and I can truthfully say that few influences have been at once more helpful and delightful to me than the effects produced on me by good music and good pictures. Though I do not profess to be in any way an Art critic, yet there are certain aspects of Art with which my special studies, both of man in the individual and man in the mass have familiarized me, and therefore it seemed to me that I might have some words to say to the ladies of this Association (to whom my words will be specially addressed) which perhaps might be of some interest and some little help. I have been somewhat reassured in this view, by hearing recently from your President that of similar lectures delivered to sister associations in Toronto and Montreal, none were delivered by men who were themselves artists.

Now from your Art, I am sure that you must derive real genuine *pleasure*, pleasure of the sweetest, purest, highest kind. Though, at first, the more rigid studies which are the propaedeutic of Art, may have seemed to you, dry and difficult, still I am sure that of Art may be said what Solomon said of wisdom, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." To one with the artist's soul, Art studies must be like the opening of doors into a great and glorious palace, each door admitting you to some new and ever brighter vision of delight. Then as you begin to turn out work of your own, the joy of creation that comes to you, the gladness that attends the consciousness of dawning powers, the sense of elation which lifts you onward and upward, always striving to reach some as yet unattained ideal of excellence; the things which you *have* done being but the earnest of the things that you *shall* do, all these, I am certain make your Art become to you a very real Source of *Pleasure*. And I trust that for those of you who intend to follow Art as a profession, that it may become to you not only a source of pleasure but of *profit* as well. I know that in a new country like this, there is by no means that pecuniary encouragement to Art which we should like to see. The pressure of business cares, the want of a leisured class living on their means, the imperative demands upon well nigh every dollar that can be earned, the hard material necessities with which a new and struggling population are always confronted; all these make it difficult for Art to obtain that generous recognition which it receives in older countries. At the same time we will hope that—

as our citizens find themselves in easier circumstances, they will see it to be at once their duty and their delight to extend to Art that generous patronage which it should receive from all who can at all afford to give it. But, Ladies—what I wish to speak of to-night is not either the pleasure or the profit which you may get from that Art to which you have devoted at least a portion of your energy and your life. I am going to ask you to contemplate art under a far nobler aspect than either of those of which I have spoken. I am going to try to represent to you Art as a service—a *Ministry*. For as you know my theme is not the pleasure of Art or the profit of Art, but the *Ministry of Art*. The whole plan and purpose of my words to you as artists, is that I may clothe you with a new dignity, raise you to a

new level, charge you with a new responsibility and unfold to you a new vision of the splendid possibilities of good which await those who, under any of the varied forms that she assumes, lay their hearts devotion and their life's service a willing sacrifice at the feet of *Art*. I wish to speak to you of Art as a *service*, a *service* for God, a service for our fellowmen and in the highest and best sense, a service for *yourselves*.

I need hardly remind you ladies, of *the royal dignity of service*—Ich Dien, I serve, is not only the motto of the heir to the British Empire: it is the key-note of each kingliest queenliest life that has ever been lived amongst men. For who are those whom the deathless centuries have crowned with the coronal of a fadeless fame? who are those whom humanity has ever delighted to seat upon the enduring throne of a world wide and age-long honor and renown? *not* the men who, to please *themselves* have waded through rivers of flowing blood to seize a sceptre or subjugate a state: not the men who have heaped heavenward, their piles of sordid gold: no, not these, but the men who have *served*: the men who have given their lives in loyal and loving sacrifice for the glory of their God, or the good of their fellowmen; the men whose whole existence has been one long service undertaken and bravely carried through, that the world might be richer, sweeter, better, because they had lived and died. And keeping in view the supreme dignity of service, it seems to me no unworthy object for your lecturer to try to show you Art as a *Ministry*. This is no new view of Art. Much very delightful and suggestive truth comes to us from the old Greek mythology. Now, we find that the Greeks made Art the daughter of Love—thus voicing their thought that at once in her loftiest ideals and most helpful inspirations, all right Art is born of love, Love to God, and love to our fellows. And we only need to study the lives and utterances of the great artists all down the centuries, to find this truth embedded in their hearts, and expressing itself in the choicest fruit of their lives.

Speaking of Art as *service*, I notice *first*, that Art may be, Art *has* been, Art *ought* to be a *Ministry* for God. They talk about Sacred Art, meaning by that, Art occupied with Sacred themes: but in a far truer, higher, wider sense, *all* right Art is Sacred Art, for it is a service wrought for the glory and honor of God. And here let me say that this distinction between Sacred and Secular is often erroneous and misleading. As if the service of God were a thing limited to certain places, and tied down to certain occupations, and hedged in by certain forms and phrases, and indissolubly bound up with certain phases of life and frames of feeling. The difference between Sacred and Secular is not a distinction of caste or place or occupation; it is a fundamental distinction that lies at the root of *all* conduct and all life, the carpenter driving his plane, the merchant plying his trade, the artist wielding his pencil or his brush, the singer by her song opening for her hearers the very gates of paradise. The work of *all* these may be *Sacred* work, if it be done with the thought that it is God appointed work, and if it be achieved in loving obedience to