

ductive reasoning—which go to make what is commonly called “business ability.”

And here we come upon our Architect in an aspect quite different from any in which we have hitherto viewed him. An aspect, too, which perhaps most of all differentiates him from his brethren who take the Arts for their trade.

For, consider his position who is entrusted with an important work of Architecture, and how his conditions vary from those of the Painter or the Sculptor. These last produce their work, agree to terms of its purchase, and there’s an end to the transaction! A mere matter of interchange so far as finance is concerned.

But the Architect, from the moment the building Contract is signed, is invested with the discretion of an almost unfettered Trustee. Vast sums of money are at his disposition, and are disbursed by his direction. None can tell, till such time as the work is completed and the cost reckoned, whether or no he has wisely and honestly acquitted himself of his stewardship, and obtained full value for the moneys entrusted to him.

A Trustee, did I say? Nay, more; a very Judge. As the Employer lays down his gold, so the Builder bestows freely his work at the word of the Architect, neither doubting but that justice shall be done them. When I think of the unlimited trust and confidence which are placed in us day by day, year by year, by men of opposing interests, strangers moreover for the most part, who know us not at all in private life; when I think, too, that among both small and great, high and low, that trust and that confidence are justified—I profess I am proud of my calling. Mistakes are made, no doubt, “to err is human”; I have known cases of unpardonable oversight—but (I speak of those who rightly bear the title) who ever heard of a dishonest Architect?

To prolong the list would weary you. I could speak of the necessary knowledge of Accounts; of some familiarity with the Law, as it affects the drawing of Contracts, the rights of dominant and servient owners of Easements, the complexities of Building Acts and such like mysteries; of the need that he should be able to express his views with clarity and terseness, whether in writing or in speech; of the Architect as the “Polite Letter Writer,” dealing daily with the correspondence of a Bishop.

You will say—I fear—that my sketch of the “Complete Architect” is but a fancy portrait, that so many accomplishments cannot crowd into the few years of a working life. My picture, it may be, is exactly true of none of us, as we are—I freely disclaim its likeness to the author—but it may stand for all of us—as we would be.

Be this of the Workman as it may be. What of the Work?

It will not have escaped you that, although the quality of Artist stands foremost in the making of an Architect, I have described in greater detail his faculties of Construction and Administration. It is with intention that I have chosen for my discourse these less familiar aspects of our art. To cultured minds, the æsthetics of Architecture are a perennial interest, and, since buildings make appeal to the sense of beauty, the emotions they inspire must form the measure for their criticism. Yet it is seldom realised how much of the greatness of the art of Architecture is due to the severely practical nature of its medium, to the necessity of expressing the artist’s Ideal in terms of cubic Reality. When the enthusiast speaks of it as “frozen music,” he is apt to forget that the freezing inspired, and is the very essence of, the music. For Architecture is, above all, Building; the calculated, right disposition of proportioned solids and voids—in other words, Plan and Construction; not the cornices, mouldings, and carvings which define the masses, add desired emphasis to light and shadow. To create it, no dexterous suggestive sketch suffices; no magic wand, nor lamp, nor potent incantation will raise it from the ground. Patient complex diagrams of geometrical projection, sown with myriad notes and figures, must show how bricks are placed in unseen foundations, and how joints of cunning fashion couple the roof-beams.

But, for all that I have dwelt upon the material, I would not be thought unmindful of the spiritual aspect of our calling. “Morality, in fact, is architectonic; and goodness, for human nature, is the queen over truth and beauty.” I quote from Addington Symonds. “Experience leads me,” he adds, “to think that there are numerous human beings in each nation who receive powerful and permanent tone from the impressions communicated to them by architecture.” Very great, therefore, is the importance of a prevailing standard of good design, of logical, comely compliance with our domestic and commercial needs.

I am not now thinking of great monuments. Placed in the hands of competent designers, the Government Housing scheme may effect ethical results of more value to the nation than the satisfaction of its physical demands. The clerk and the artisan, on their way to the morning train, pass by rows of dwelling-places, ill-planned within, monotonously vulgar without. “One of these days,” thinks our friend, “I will have a house of my own,” and in his mind the house of his desire shapes itself, like to those he daily sees. What an Ideal! Yet how should it be otherwise? The only effective education of