

in our work lies our chief happiness. Let the workman, no longer a mere tooth in a wheel, no longer the man only who sets a machine in motion, have work to do which he delights in and in which, as in his own creation, he takes an honest pride, and the sharp antithesis between work and pleasure is destroyed. Thus the revolution that the art reformers have in view has its social as well as its artistic side, and the former is, need we say, vastly more important than the latter.

One of George Eliot's favourite characters is the honest workman, Caleb Garth, upon whom the sight of the various forms of labour "had acted as poetry without the aid of the poets, had made a philosophy for him without the aid of philosophers, a religion without the aid of theology," who "thought very well of all ranks, but would not himself have liked to be of any rank in which he had not such close contact with 'business' as to get often honourably decorated with marks of dust and mortar, the damp of the engine, or the sweet soil of the woods and fields." Caleb Garth's "virtual divinities were good practical schemes, accurate work, and the faithful completion of undertakings: his prince of darkness was a slack workman." Now such a character as Caleb Garth, with his delight in honest work, is the ideal of the true prophets of the art movement, and not the manufacturer of wall paper and *bric-à-brac*. But this ideal George Eliot drew from the country life in which her earlier days were passed. It would be hard to find many who could serve as models for Caleb Garth among the artisans of the world's great manufacturing centres. It is when Mr. Ruskin and his followers turn their attention to the life of the city workmen, with its mechanical routine of piece-work, its dwarfing effects on the mind and soul of the worker, that their hearts feel sick and they almost despair for the future of civilisation. And when they look to the past and the work of the guilds, the massive English cathedrals that took centuries to build, they see in labour raised into art the true cure for the ills of life. "Sympathetic historians," writes Mr. Purcell, "and students of the Middle Ages, who have little knowledge of the arts, have tried in vain to minimise or explain away the misery of prevailing lawlessness and oppression, since with all the misery of it, the people, they know, were not really miserable at all. The truth then is that cloistered piety was not the sole nor the surest refuge from an evil world, that the true solace of the oppressed was the arts,