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Address Delivered at Bowdoin College Upon the Opening of the Walker Art School

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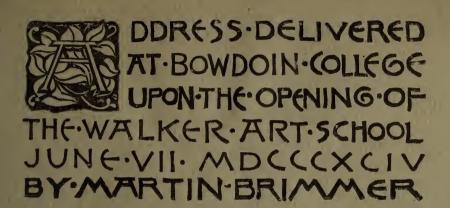


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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE UPON THE OPENING OF THE WALKER ART SCHOOL BY MARTIN BRIMMER



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R. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is an honor and a pleasure to be permitted to say some words of welcome to the Museum which comes into being to-

day, and to congratulate the College upon an accession which is also a new enterprise. Bowdoin has had already a long history of strenuous and honorable effort, and a long record of distinguished service to learning and education. These have been, and will doubtless continue to be, within the paths which have made the American College of such value in the progress of the country.

Bowdoin was established by descendants of the Puritans. The ancestors of its founders had come here to form a new order of society. To them the hopes of this new order rested, more largely than we may now think needful, on the rejection of the old order under which they had suffered in England. The basis they laid may have been narrow, but it was deep and strong; and on it New England was built. They bore on their standard, and carried in their hearts, two words which expressed their ideal of life on earth: Righteousness and Truth. All else was stained by vanity; and most of all, the splendor and beauty of art was

associated in the Puritan mind with world-

liness and superstition.

And now, as Bowdoin College approaches the end of its first century, a generous and gracious gift adds this building, devoted not to religion, nor to letters, nor to science, but to art. The place of the Museum on the College grounds forbids us to suppose that it was put here only that its contents might amuse the leisure of the visitor. It stands here to affirm, conspicuously and deliberately, that Art is a great instrument in man's education, that it rounds and completes a training which would be imperfect without it.

Since we do not inherit a belief in this truth from our New England ancestors, since the Puritan would have thought it strange and even dangerous doctrine, does it not become us to inquire what ground there is for holding it? We long treated art with indifference and neglect. What is it that we have neglected? What is it that we have lost by our neglect?

What we have neglected is a means of expressing thought, feeling, aspirations, ideals, life, in short, in its larger relations, as potent as language, indeed itself a language. "Painting," Ruskin says, "or Art

generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing." It adds vividness of perception to the idea of some great event, instinct with emotion, weighty with destiny. It makes the past present and real. The gigantic figure of Rameses overwhelming his enemies, and grasping a hundred captives by the hair, sculptured on the walls of a temple, displays to us the Egyptian ideals of victory and sovereign power; the serene countenance of Osiris, as he watches the weighing of a human soul in one scale against Truth in the other, brings home to us the Egyptian belief in the calmness and certainty of Divine Justice with a force which a dogma or a ritual fails to convey. Our sense of the Greek conception of Olympian Zeus would be poor indeed if we could not supplement the words of Homer by "the front of Jove himself" in the marble in which the old sculptors embodied the highest ideal of greatness the race had conceived.

The early masters of Italy and Germany reveal to us the religious spirit of the Middle Ages. Nicola Pisano and Mantegna make plain to our eyes the stages of the revival of classical influence in Western Europe. Rembrandt and Van Ostade open to us the character of the men of Holland in

its strength and its weaknesses.

More expressive still are those larger works of art which not merely represent the life of their time, but are themselves bound up with its deepest feeling or its familiar associations, the Parthenon, the Roman basilica, the cathedral of the thirteenth century, the Norman castle, the Venetian palace. Art is not a mere illustration of history; it is history itself in its authentic form of original documents. These examples show one mode of service it may render us. I will not pause to dwell on other modes, nearer than these to our daily thoughts, the expression of human emotion, the interpretation of natural beauty. The range of art, if not the same as the range of literature, is not less wide, nor its examples less full of meaning. The Madonna of Holbein and the Beatrice of Dante are kindred images of a divine pity. Vandyck on his canvas painted the character of Strafford not less firmly than Shakspere on the written page the character of Cæsar. We may find in Turner as in Shelley —

"the waveless plain of Lombardy Bounded by vaporous air, Islanded with cities fair."

When we read chronicle or poem, we form almost unconsciously in our minds an image of the scene or the man described, — a vague, distorted, vanishing image; but the artist's hand fixes imperishably and prints upon our brain the outer aspect and the inner meaning, the essential character, in a word, of the place or the man. The very image and shrine of divinity not only aid us to conceive what happened in their presence, but they light up with a flash of sympathetic insight the worship and the hopes of multitudes far distant in time and space and thought.

The artist has reared his building, or carved his statue, or painted his picture. We have seen it at a glance, and we have received an impression from it. The artist then has done his part. Have we done ours? Shall we be satisfied with a glance and an impression? If art is a language, do we understand the language? This language must have its own modes of expression, its grammar, its rhetoric, its principles of style. Do we know these by intuition? Shall we assume that these things do not concern us? Shall we dare to say that men of genius, each

one trained in the best skill and knowledge of histime, have given the labor of their lives to the methods of expressing the feelings and thoughts that were most their own, and that a cursory look and a word of admiration or surprise are all the appreciation we owe them? I do not say that we need to know their technical processes, the precise rules of perspective, the receipts for mixing the pigments or the mortar. It is not their tools we need to know, but what was in their minds when they used their tools, and with what intent they used them. We recognize the unity, and harmony, and concentration of effect in a great picture. Shall we not try to see the coördination of lines and masses that give it unity, the brilliancy of light and gradations of shade by which we are guided to its artistic climax, the harmonies and contrasts of color which make the work a melodious whole? The beauty of the picture has been a delight to the eye, but it is only when we apprehend the art of the painter that we see through the beauty to the purpose which created it, through the means to the central and inspiring thought. So, when we stand in admiration before the Parthenon, we shall not truly admire its strength and grace until we have studied

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the balance of its proportions, the significance of its design, the purpose of the subtle curves of its columns and stylobate. The temple seems the perfection of simplicity. The art which created the temple

was far-reaching and profound.

I have spoken of a work of art as created by the conscious purpose of the artist through means he has deliberately used. But we should miss the larger part of its significance if we were content to look no farther. We must know what has fashioned his purpose and his powers. The artist has been trained by a master, and at first he imitates him. Soon, however, he is attracted to the work of others, his contemporaries who are winning favor, and is influenced by them. He develops their aims and methods, and perhaps advances these to a higher perfection. Or else, he is moved to protest and revolt. For every school of art has its decline as surely as it has its rise. The time comes when its special contribution of ideas and resources has been used to the full extent, and its vitality becomes exhausted, its inspiring enthusiasm wanes. Then some man of independent mind breaks with its tradition, strikes a fresh vein, works on a new plan, gives a new impulse to others, perhaps founds a

new school. The history of every great art is full of instances of this. Indeed the record of such action and reaction constitutes the history of art, and gives that history its essential interest in the chronicles of the human mind.

The artist is moved, however, not only by the artistic influences which have preceded or still surround him, but also by the tone and temper and circumstance of his He is led by the ideals which light the path of those he believes in, he floats with the current which bears along the men who are near to him, he reaches out perhaps to grasp some will-o'-the-wisp, wafted on by the popular breeze. It is a condition of his artistic life that he shall be a man of his time. He is of necessity drawn by association and fellow feeling into the life of his time. It is one of his functions to present and interpret that life, not merely by the subjects he chooses, but by the spirit and manner of his treatment. He does this not of set purpose, he may be unconscious of the tendency which directs his steps; but he is human, and, like the rest of us, he largely reflects the ideas and bends to the impulses which move about him, which seem to be in the very air he breathes.

In the eighteenth century French society

was dreaming and dancing on the brink of a volcano, unaware of its coming doom. Imbued with an overwrought refinement, it yet was stirred by visions of a more simple life, enchanted by the legends of a primitive state, charmed by imaginations of a rosy future. Its art reflected its moods. Watteau and Greuze varied the portrayal of luxurious elegance with gay affectations of idyllic simplicity and moving scenes of domestic life.

In the early part of this century the minds of the French people were filled with old suggestions of Republican austerity, and more recent memories of military glory; their thoughts recalled the congenial history and art of ancient Rome, and their own art became classical, symmet-

rical, of a cold severity.

When these feelings yielded to fresh incitements, the love of freedom, the love of romance, the stirring of wider and more varied emotions, the bonds of art gave way. A new art arose, vehement with action, vivid with color, delighting men with its picturesqueness and passion. If one need to be assured of this, it is easy to observe the same movement in literature, and to note that the stream of tendency is not limited to one people, but may pervade a gen-

eration. The wave that broke in France may have had its rise beyond the frontier. Seventy years ago Goethe had widened the horizon of men's minds, Scott had clothed the Middle Ages in a mantle of Romance. When the French felt the new impulse, this found expression in the stormy vigor of Delacroix and Géricault, as in the passion of Victor Hugo or on the picturesque and living pages of Dumas. Presently, however, it began to be suspected that this brilliant art, like the feeling in which it originated, was sometimes violent and even superficial. Graver thoughts took possession of men's minds, and their eyes were opened afresh to the quiet beauties of nature. Their feeling was translated into their art. The infinite charms of the landscape were sought and rendered by painters whose skillful work was guided by poetic feeling. Corot and Rousseau and their peers studied the forest, the field, the river, and the sky in their vast variety of mood and subtle suggestion, and fixed the images of these upon canvases which were a delight to their time as to ours. Millet turned away from the knights and ladies of romance to simpler and deeper themes, to the life of labor, its toil and weariness, the rest and the joys of peasant homes.

He gave expression to the solicitude awakened by deep and pressing problems. He dwelt on the need and the effort which lie at the foundation of society. He made visible the endurance and the pathos which are not the product of an age or an accident, but are wide and lasting as humanity. He proved once again the power of genius to strike the keynote which was sounding dimly in the hearts of his generation, and to make it resonant and clear.

I might carry on the history of these successive phases to the present day. I might point out the analogy between the eagerness for material progress on the one hand, and the proneness to glorify technical skill as the summit of artistic excellence on the other. I might dwell on the resemblances between contemporary art and literature in France, and a prevailing drifttowards what is often perversely called realism. Now, realism is an honest word, sometimes put to false uses. It properly indicates the belief that the word or the symbol used expresses a reality beneath it. In painting, a true realism would aim at representing through the surface of an object the nature, the essence of that object: in the portrait of a man the character of the man, in the picture of a mountain the solidity, the strength, the slope of rock or the abruptness of cliff which constitute the character of the mountain. It would insist upon a detail or an accessory where either illuminated the essential nature of the man or the thing. A false realism, on the contrary, is content to depict the surface of things, and with scrupulous pains to omit no detail, however transitory or trivial. Careless of the influence of art, it reproduces the vulgar or the brutal, because vulgarity and brutality are a part of life. It slights what is essential for fear of suppressions the participants.

ing the accidental.

False realism is a natural reaction against the false idealism which would sacrifice reality to smoothness or prettiness or some other conventional substitute for beauty. In the vehemence of its protest it scorns composition, for the reason that composition is the arrangement of line and light and color which gives unity and coherence, while the confusion of a chance arrangement is more often seen in the objects about us. It hardly shrinks from pronouncing the expurgation of beauty anact of artistic virtue, since the quality of ugliness, being more widely distributed, is presumably more natural. It emphasizes ugliness by dwelling on it. It tends assuredly towards the mechanical imitation which is simply an avoidance of art.

There is a striking illustration of this distorted realism in the impressionist landscapes now so much in vogue, and the method used to obtain their luminous and brilliantly colored effects. These landscapes are interesting, and they are instructive, because they call the attention of both artists and critics to effects of color and light perhaps not generally recognized. They also show how, on scientific principles, by clever juxtaposition of complementary tones, effects may be produced which can, at a certain distance, give a near imitation of the facts of nature. But it is in this very imitation that Art — which does not imitate, but represents or suggests - that Art suffers; for the artist is no longer seeking to express his feeling of the nature and character of his subject, but is endeavoring to reproduce the thing he sees. Thus it may justly be said that the new methods are helpful, so far as they serve to remind students of a truth the great masters in color have always known, that all color is some more or less subtle subdivision of the three primary colors; and they are hurtful, so far as they serve to persuade students to substitute imitation

for suggestion, fact for truth, and mere reproduction for the noble rendering which is born, not of the eye alone, but of the mind and soul of the artist.

The seeker after a false realism defends his misapplication of conscience as being an adherence to truth. He forgets the relation of truth to the conditions of painting. No picture represents an object as it truly is, but only as it is shown to be by what it seems to our eyes. This is done not by mere imitation, but by a process of continual suggestion. The movement of a man walking, the play of facial expression, the brilliancy of sunlight, cannot be imitated on canvas: but they can be so suggested as to produce upon us a sense of movement or of light almost as vivid as in nature.

We are not always aware how little our impression of a man or a landscape depends on the surface we see, how much on our own quick and unconscious insight beneath the surface.

Practice, memory, association, imagination, enable us to draw unconsciously a series of rapid inferences as to the character of the objects before us. The true value of our vision lies largely in the force and justness of our imagination guided by

the appearance we see. So with the painter: in his picture, our minds are seized by the penetration of his insight, and it is by the truth of his imagination that he holds us. I have tried to illustrate my meaning from pictures because the art of painting, by the breadth of its range, the variety of its resources, the rapidity with which its effects can be produced, is more quickly sensitive than any other art to the tone and movement of the day. The moral atmosphere that envelops the painter is more immediately reflected in his work.

Again, I have illustrated my meaning from painting in France, because through originals and reproductions, modern French pictures are more familiar than any others

are, to us in America.

The dependence of the painter's art on the feeling of his time is equally close in every country and in each generation. It is his sympathy with that feeling which makes him the unconscious but sure interpreter of it. To understand it we need his pictures. We see again the splendor and largeness of Venetian existence on the canvases of Titian and Veronese. We read in Copley's portraits the formal manners, the thinness of life, the vigor of character,

the sense of personal dignity, which marked our colonial times.

In sculpture and architecture the development of these arts from those of the preceding generation, and their relation to the life of the age are as instructive as in painting, but far less quickly manifested. In sculpture tradition has a stronger hold. The durability of his material, and the permanence he expects for his work, perhaps affect the sculptor's mind. His range of subject and possible variety of treatment are much more limited. Sculpture concerns itself with more typical forms of beauty and power; less with the expression of passing moods. Yet the transition from the serene perfection of Phidias to the grace and human tenderness of Praxiteles marks a change of tone as strongly as the passage from Sophocles to Euripides. The strenuous energy and ample forms of Michael Angelo's work express the tumultuous and sensuous life of his Italy. His figures even in repose, are instinct with impulse and alive with unrestrained individuality.

In architecture the sense of permanence is even more impressive. The structure of monumental art has been governed by slowly changing needs, and largely adapted to abiding forms of religious worship.

These compel and restrain the builder. In the Egyptian temple, a solid encircling wall prohibited the entrance and shut out the view of the people. The single central doorway admitted only the solemn approach of the king and priests. In the Greek temple, though less stern of aspect, a like elevation and an equal paucity of openings suggest the mysteries of religious rite. The broad wall surface of the Romanesque church was forced to open into the ample entrances and lofty windows of the Gothic cathedral, which admit and express the participation of multitudes in the worship. In the noble's castle the necessities of defense give way to the impulse of hospitality. The portcullis disappears, the loophole widens into a generous opening for light and air, the castle becomes a mansion, and, with the spread of common needs, the mansion subdivides into multitudes of modern homes.

With the new purposes comes the new style that can satisfy them. The genius of the architect discloses the way to respond to the new demand. The buttress, the pointed arch, the elaborate vaulting made possible the transition from Romanesque to Gothic. The adaptation of classical models substituted the palace for the cas-

tle, and modified the palace to meet modern needs.

Not in these examples only, but in the whole history of the art of building, we may trace a general tendency of progress in two forms: the one towards the more wholesome and convenient life of the mass of men, the other towards largeness and freedom of public use. The great amphitheatres of Rome were built for the people, it is true, but this was only a politic provision for their amusement. To promote in them the more refining influences of daily life, to welcome them to a share in religious observance and political power, these have been the slowly advancing purposes of Christian civilization to which architecture has responded. And at every step of genuine progress, architecture has responded under the guidance of true real-This is indeed the foundation of the art, not more certainly than it is of every other art, but more obviously. It rests on two great principles. The first is that the leading lines of a building shall declare and accentuate the method of construction. The pier in its solidity, the buttress in its strength, the arch in its vaulting, must not only do their work, but must make plain to the eye the work they do. And the second

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principle is that the outer aspect of a structure shall reveal its purpose. The distribution, the proportion, the ornament of the exterior must befit, and, so far as possible, express the inner character and use. When these principles are not held in view the great lines become false, and the adornment, foolishness.

As yet it would be vain to look to our own country for the development of one national style from the decadence of another, such as we have been considering. Whether we are to have a national style

is far from being determined.

Style of building depends largely on habit of life, and habit of life depends largely on climate. The requirements of Maine differ from the requirements of Florida. Apart, however, from this influence, remember how anomalous were the circumstances under which America was settled. For the first time in recorded history, a civilization well advanced entered upon a new continent. Its first steps were full of danger and difficulty. It brought in its hands small material resources. To supply fundamental human needs was its first care. It remembered its traditions, but in the new surroundings traditions were of little avail. Generations had to pass through

great toil and a vast variety of experiment, before the civilization which had come could apply its knowledge and develop its fruits.

The first settlers, under the pressure of their needs, threw up sheltering walls out of the material nearest at hand. They had brought with them, indeed, recollections of the simpler churches and houses of England and Holland, and these were their models when leisure and resources began to increase. Presently, however, urged by the rapid growth of the country, and without the time or the skill to develop an architecture which should fitly express our own life, builders began to borrow from the art of every race, as individual taste or fancy dictated. The architecture of America, as seen to-day, is therefore an assemblage of buildings taken, so far as style is concerned, from examples set by every nation, — by nations as far removed from each other, for instance, as ancient Egypt and modern France. Hence it frequently offends against the laws of art, because our structures do not primarily express the purpose for which they were built, do not bear witness to the life or methods of the community, and do not scruple to mimic with pine boards and white paint the marble front of a Greek temple or the stone arch of a Gothic church. Such buildings are exotics, when they are not caricatures.

There are, however, signs of better things. Some styles are practically discarded; others display unexpected resources and are carefully cultivated. The Gothic is used in churches, but is thought ill-suited to our civil architecture. Richardson, a man of genius, employed with great effect in works demanding dignity and space the Romanesque of the south of France.

We have seen to-day in this beautiful Walker Art Building more than a sign of better things; we have seen an achievement of them. The architect, adopting a form of the Italian Renaissance which adheres closely to classical models, has clearly expressed in the exterior the purposes as well as the construction of the building. Both without and within, he has charmed us by the beauty and fitness of its proportions and ornament.

The opportunities for works of monumental art are rare; but when, for a great and memorable purpose, such a work was demanded, the architects of America rose to the occasion. The site fixed upon for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago was

a swampy ground near the lake. On the plans of Olmsted, our greatest master of landscape art, the ground was raised, or it was dug into lagoons, and, on the ample space at command, buildings of immense size were required. The managers were wise. They needed the best talent, and they called upon it. They selected some of the first architects in the country, and asked them to work, not in competition, but together. These men met, and agreed upon a style which should govern the design of every building, a style derived through many stages of descent from the Roman, classical in its great features and its ornament. Every arch was to be a round arch, every cornice was to be at one height above the ground. A building was assigned to each architect, and, subject to these simple conditions, controlled by one central thought, each one was free to do his best. And so the White City rose: not a mere collection of buildings, but in truth a monumental city. A triumph of enterprise, it was also a triumph of art. Within, the vast buildings were adapted to the exhibition of every form of industry. Without, they drew us in admiring multitudes to a spectacle, the like of which had never before been seen. Made from necessity of

perishable materials, these structures pass away, but the lesson of them stands. The architects had discerned a great guiding method of monumental art, which had indeed already governed the design of noble works of other days: unity in conception, freedom in adaptation, variety in execution. They had rejected competition. They had avoided the dividing and distracting effect of giving a free hand to individual taste. They had recognized that great purposes are accomplished through the concentration and harmony of competent minds, through the curbing of personal ambitions for the attainment of a common end, through the restraint of emulation within limits prescribed by the common weal. How easily could they have spoiled the result by using other means! How fortunate it would be for any large undertaking, even for the government of a nation, if it were guided by a like principle! In fact, it may be conceived that, if we could apply these springs and rules of action to our own national affairs, we might, perhaps, be even better governed than we are now.

If it is true, as I have tried to show, that art is a language, with so wide a range and so true a meaning, are we not justified in thinking that it is a great, even an indispensable instrument in the complete education of men and women? If this language in every branch is complex and rich, taxing by its difficulties the utmost powers of those best endowed for its mastery: if art has a history showing by visible proof the forming of its traditions, the expanding of its resources, its gains under high leaders, its losses when these have failed it: if it makes the past live again in our view: if, for generation after generation, it reflects the color, the character, the thought of the time: if its value in representation rests at last on its interpretation of reality and its revelation of beauty, then we may unhesitatingly declare it worthy of careful and appreciative study, entitled to a place in every sound scheme of liberal training. Through the doors of the Walker Art Building which we have had the happiness to see opened to-day, Bowdoin College offers the opportunity for this study.

You are fortunate in having had for many years a valuable collection of pictures, the nucleus round which this museum has grown, and will grow to goodlier stature still. James Bowdoin may have inherited from his Huguenot ancestors the keen love of beautiful things which is in the nature of

the French race. He cultivated his taste during his residence in Europe, and brought back with him the paintings which he left to the College in 1811. It was a publicspirited act, the act of a man whose thought was in advance of his time. Museums of art for public use were then rare. Princes had indeed been proud to bring together many works of the masters in cabinets which were royal luxuries; but a stronger hand than theirs overruled them. leon, when he conquered their capitals, swept the gems of their collections into the galleries of the Louvre, and threw them open to the world. He made the first great public museum. The works which composed it were returned to their former owners at his fall; but the example he gave had not been lost. The great pictures had aroused a great and fruitful enthusiasm. England acquired the sculptures of the Parthenon. The Berlin museum was founded. Every important state and city collected works which artists could study and the world could enjoy.

The museum of fifty years ago was, for the most part, a collection of pictures. The museum of to-day has a broader scope. We, in America, cannot indeed hope to possess the masterpieces of painting and

sculpture. Almost all of them are gathered within ten or twelve European cities: and it is only in three or four of these that original works can be exhibited with some approach to historical sequence. Yet our museums may furnish the student with an almost complete introduction to the three great arts, mainly through improved and extended processes of reproduction. By the photograph we may see the exterior, and even the interior of every important building. Plaster casts of all the best statues and bas-reliefs are to be had. Photographs of the famous pictures now give truthfully the gradations of light and shade. The rare coin is hardly distinguishable from the electrotype reproduction. Examples of glass and pottery, of woven fabrics and embroidery, of bronze and iron castings are readily obtainable to illustrate these lesser arts.

We mustadmit at once some limitations of these resources. The plaster cast gives perfectly the form of the statue, but fails to give the texture of the marble, on which the play of light brings out the delicacy of the sculptor's modeling. The photograph of the picture offers no hint of its color. Yet, even in these respects much is to be hoped for at no distant day. The plaster

will surely receive an artificial polished surface. Recent experiments show the probability that photographs correctly reproducing the color of the original picture will be made.

There is another limitation that is never wholly overcome. No work of art worthy of a place in a museum was ever made for a place in a museum. The Greek statue was formed to stand in the sunlight, or in the brightness of an open portico. The frieze of the Parthenon is wrenched from its place in deep shadow, high above the eye; and it was for this position that the sculptor chiseled the low relief and the deep-cut outline. The altar-piece was painted for the solemn light of the church choir, where its surroundings would be in affinity with its sentiment. Whatever is on the walls or in the cases of a museum is apart from the purpose it was meant to serve, is out of its right relation to the objects about it; and we should remember that a just allowance for this incongruity makes some demand on the reflection and the imagination of the spectator. In truth, every work of art, however placed, does make such a demand. We may criticize it as if the artist owed a duty to us. It is true that he does; but I must again remind

you that we owe a duty to him. If his art is a language, it is addressed to us. We have our part to bear in the colloquy. We must seek to appreciate his purpose, and to respond to his feeling in thought, if not in words. If we do not, his language has failed of its effect, not by his fault, but by ours.

Let me make one suggestion on the use of a museum, perhaps a needless one, because so obvious an inference from what I have been saying. We cannot, unaided, master the value of its collections. We should have help from those who have made the arts and their relations a study. We can gain this help from books, but far better from the qualified teacher who, in the presence of the works themselves, shall point out their qualities, and illustrate their meaning from other works, from mythology and history, from æsthetic philosophy and from nature.

As I draw towards the close of this conference, I feel that I owe you a word of explanation, if not of apology. The subject which this occasion suggests has vast extent and variety. I have sought rather to touch its fringes than to follow it through its warp and woof, and I have done this with intention. I have spoken to you not

so much of art in itself, as of its relations to other human interests, and especially of points at which it connects itself with the studies of this place, with the range of the humanities, with the story of its own development, with history, with the nature and faculties of men. And thus, in the great circle of art, we have only taken some steps together on the circumference, we have not reached down toward the centre.

We will not part, however, without at least remembering that there are depths to be sounded where great treasures lie. I have spoken about the artist's work; but what, in truth, is his work? We may justly say that it is drawn from the technical skill he has acquired, from the teachings he has followed, from the traditions handed down to him, from the tone of the life about him which he reflects. All these we shall find in his work; but all these together do not constitute his work. In the whole range of art, in the widest sense of the word, the artist's work is in the imagination which is his own and not an-There must be a spring within him which, if his work be art at all, is creative, not derived. This stamps the word which he alone could use, this moulds the conception which by him alone could pass into being. All the influences under which he has come are fused in the crucible of his own heart. His mind modifies their form, they take color from his temperament. Through channels complex and mysterious, the nature of the man finds its inevitable way to the point of the poet's pen, to the edge of the sculptor's chisel. It penetrates and informs his work.

The painter has painted his picture. He has done more: he has painted himself, his power or his weakness, his refinement or his coarseness, his temper, whether ardent or restrained.

In the uncounted succession of works of art, each one bears the impress of a personality. To this impress the work owes its originality, its distinction, its style. For its inspiration we must look back again into the artist's heart, and there see with him his new vision of the Divine.

In the soul of the artist the love of beauty is essential, for the province of art is the expression of life in terms of beauty. Through that love he is moved to search for and reveal the charms of nature that are hidden from the careless eye. By that love he is guided to the multiplied forms whereby, within our ever-widening hori-

zons, the ideal can be expressed. Native in him, he may impart something of its essence to those who behold his work, he may exalt its power in the world.

We have said that our Puritan ancestors founded New England on ideals of Right-eousness and Truth. We would not abate a jot from those ideals; but may we not crown them by a yet larger hope: expand them to a more complete and consummate form, and so recognize as essential elements of a more perfected life, Righteousness, Truth, and Beauty?

