

vellous fabric. This is ever the method of art; it excludes the irrelevant or the discordant, in order to secure a salient and pure integrity. By sacrificing something of the richness of experience, it gains a rationality unknown to experience. For the truth of this, consider a few representative examples. Browning's Pippa is a gentle, noble soul, bringing goodness everywhere; in real life she would be a poor millhand, insulted by a thousand sordid and accidental details. Shelley portrays Beatrice Cenci in the transfiguring light of poetic truth; actual experience would show her tortured by a sinister and ignoble fate. No Greek youth ever matched the perfect plastic beauty of the Discus-thrower, and no Italian woman ever symbolized cruel, sphynx-like loveliness as does the Mona Lisa. Corot's nature is grayer and softer and more harmonious than ever existed on earth. And in the same way some songs pulsate with a passion as intense, but far less torn and fragmentary, than that by which they were inspired. This serene perfection, which wraps like a mantle all works of genuine art, is attained only by excluding irrelevancies always present in nature. Whistler was wise as well as witty when he exclaimed that "to ask the painter to copy nature as he sees it, is to invite the pianist to sit on the key-board!" To be sure, were there a perfect adjustment between nature and our faculties, were we able to discern the unity that doubtless exists even in the infinite complexity of this old world, and of that great universe of which it is but a fragment of stardust, then such a dictum would be outgrown, and selection would cease

to be a condition necessarily precedent to all forms of art expression.

Meanwhile, the conditions that govern art have, of course, their inevitable and accompanying limitations. If art be more orderly than nature, it will be far less rich and various. Effects that nature presents in a bewildering drench of experience, a work of art will have to isolate and develop alone. A pictured landscape, however perfect, is but one phase of the reality; in nature there is ceaseless play and change; mood succeeds mood, and the charm is more than half in the wayward flux and transformation. A portrait shows but one character; a human face is a whole gallery of personalities. Art unconsciously, and perforce, has to adopt a narrower standard, and this fact marks its boundaries and limitations.

The application of the foregoing to the art of music, is, I think, apparent. Though the most modern of all forms of art expression—music as we know it is but some four centuries old—it has had from the first certain advantages over its sister arts in the struggle for richness and clarity, the goals to which all art is eternally struggling and progressing. These advantages proceed from the fundamental nature of music. Musical tones are unique in our mental experience as being at once more directly expressive of the emotional inwardness of life than any other art-material, and more susceptible of orderly structure.

That music is beyond all the other arts directly expressive of man's deeper passionall life scarcely needs theoretic proof; the fact is in the experience of everyone who has listened to a military band, or to a ragged