

helpless, half-defiant prayer going up past him, out of the eager, hoarse cities, out of the slow, patient fields, to God?

Does he overhear it, I wonder? What does he make out that we are like?

I should think it would sound like music to him.

It would come to seem, I should think, when he is alone with his God (and will he not please be alone with his God sometimes?), like some vast ocean of people singing, a kind of multitudinous, far-away singing, like the wind—ah, how often have I heard the wind like some sad and mighty people in the pine-tree tops go singing by!

I do not see how a President could help growing a little like a poet—down in his heart—as he listens.

If he does, he may do as he will with us.

We will let him be an artist in a nation.

As Winslow Homer takes the sea, as Millet takes the peasants in the fields, as Frank Brangwyn lifts up the labour in the mills and makes it colossal and sublime, the President is an artist, in touching the crowd's imagination with itself—in making a nation self-conscious. He shall be the artist, the composer, the portrait painter of the people—their faith, their cry, their anger, and their love shall be in him. In him shall be seen the panorama of the crowd, focused into a single face, and there shall be put in him in the foreground of the nation's countenance the things that belong in the foreground. And the things that belong in the background shall be put in the background, and the little ideas and little men shall look little in it, and the big ones shall look big.

They do not look so now. This is the one thing that is the matter with America. The countenance of our nation is not a composed countenance. All that we want is latent in us, everything is there. The face merely lacks features and an expression.