

of things. Human love will do much, and religion will do more, to supply the deep-seated needs of the human soul. But even to those who find solace in these, there come hours of weariness and confusion, times when they feel themselves groping in a formless world. The moralist knows moods of discouragement, when his power is at ebb, and the force of evil press him sorely, entering even his own heart in the form of temptation, sloth and despair. The scientist encounters facts which his theories cannot embrace or explain. The philosopher at times grows tired of attempting to guess the answer to "the weary riddle of this world." Love has its tragedies, and faith its hours of eclipse. The world, in a word, is too big for us. Facing its vast whirl and glitter with our modest kit of senses, intellect and spirit, we are blinded, deafened, dizzied, completely bewildered. And then, recalling with a wistful regret our partial insight, we fancy them gone forever, and ourselves wholly lost. It is just at these moments, when the mind momentarily fails in its unequal struggle with reality, that we discover the deep meaning and supreme service of Art. For Art is the tender human servant that man has himself made for his solace. He has adjusted it to his faculties and restrained it within its scope. Fashioning it from the infinite substance, he has impressed upon it a finite form. It is a voice less thunderous than nature's, a lamp that does not dazzle like the great sun. It simplifies the wealth that is too luxurious and complex, and makes tangible a fragment of the great ethereal beauty no mortal can grasp. Thus Art is visible or audible rightness—a

particular symbol of the universal harmony. When we are too weary to be comforted by the remote, abstract good that religion promises—when our faith in "that far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves," becomes feeble and dim, Art comes with an immediate, substantial, caressing relief and beauty. Seeking to prove nothing, requiring of us no activity, saying nothing of aught beyond itself, it is supremely restful. Finding us defeated in our search for rationality, it says: "Search no more—at least not now! Puzzle no more—at least not yet! Merely listen and look! Here is pure beauty! Delight and rest."

Art, therefore, answers our problems, not directly, but by making them, for the time being, irrelevant. Like morality, philosophy, love and religion, it deals with life, but it eliminates and excludes all it cannot unify. Selection and imagination are its fundamentals. Though the eye cannot shut out the ugly or the superfluous, the painter can. He can exclude from his picture the building, the tree, the colors that would mar its composition or beauty. Actual men and women present all sorts of incongruities of face and figure, but the sculptor can suppress the stooping shoulders, the knobby hips, the bandy legs. He can remodel the receding forehead, the upturned nose. It is the same with the literal arts. Language bristles with trivial and vulgar words, but the poet uses only such as are descriptive and euphonic. So also with art that is audible. Out of the infinite number of sounds that knock on our auditory nerves, musicians have selected about ninety definite tones, preordained to congruity, with which to weave their mar-