

The Friendship of Art

It is the time for rejuvenation upon the earth, when age looks on youth with an envious eye, and the soberest beef-eater among us is wont to put by his accustomed habit of prudence for the gayer garb of some more reckless virtue. It is not enough to be sound citizens, forsooth, and scrupulous upholders of things as they are; we must revert to the days of our pupilage and taste once more the intoxicating savour of romance. Perhaps we have accumulated an enviable store of worldly wisdom, venerable with the dust of time, and are hoarding it against ravages of age. Of no avail is our fatuous precaution. The first breath of spring wind blows it all away, and we go merrily forth upon the great adventure as empty-handed and daring as when we first began. It may be hard to learn instruction from our elders; it is a hundred times harder to forget the counsels of our own youth. The heart's great by-laws of intrepidity and hope need neither to be written nor taught; they were promulgated long be-