

arrogance for any school of painters, or closely banded clique of critics, to vapor about "soundness" in painting or in appreciation. Soundness lies in that kind of catholicity which can see the beauty of a fine work of art—an appreciation which is wholly outside the allegiance of its creator to any set of ideas or to any school. All the greatest painters have been supremely indifferent, so far as their own work went—though, of course, not in the matter of sympathy—to their forerunners and contemporaries, to their followers and copyists.

It seems that the first great quality for a picture to possess is that of design; it must be a fine pattern both as to form and as to color. It is a popular error to imagine that design and pattern are only possible in the case of pictures of an avowedly symbolic, decorative or legendary character. So keen a thinker and writer as Mr. Walter Crane has strangely enough been betrayed into this view. No doubt Mr. Crane would be right in excluding landscape art from this high dignity, if he judge that art by the works of ninety-nine to a hundred landscape painters. It is some

years now since I first ventured to claim for landscape that it was the highest form of the painter's art. Properly considered, it makes the greatest demand upon the imagination and the designing power of the artist. The highest landscape art is as decorative, in the true sense of the word, as the most elaborate and admirably balanced pattern. Indeed, it is a pattern, and one of the most excellent perfection, in that it is enriched by all those aids of suggestion, allegory and literary significance which are the groundwork of decorative art. A really fine landscape is as much the result of arrangement and adaptation, of the balancing of forms and the juxtaposing of colors, the accentuation or attenuation of objects which have a direct story to tell, of, in short, careful and conscientious selection and comparison, as any avowedly decorative, design or pattern.—*F. Staley Little, in the Artist.*

Let it be remembered that he who has money to spare has it always in his power to benefit others; and of such power a good man must always be desirous.—*Dr. Johnson.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — America has lost her best-beloved writer. There have been greater writers than Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; there has been none who appealed so directly and effectively to the hearts of the American people. He had the qualities which are most engaging in an author—wit, humor, grace, fancy, common-sense, and, above all, geniality.

Dr. Holmes's supreme merit as an author is the admirable and unflin-

gently tact with which he observes the golden mean. He wrote less as a philosopher or poet or professional story-teller than as a man of the world, amusing himself with current foibles. He avoided extremes as he would a plague. He laughed gently at transcendentalists on one hand, and the prosaically practical on the other. He was equally successful in avoiding the commonplace and the eccentric. Shrewd, affable, and tolerant, he never made the mistake of pushing things too far. He was, in-