

to disappear. In another moment all will be changed. The hush will be broken. The fairy footfalls will cease. The light will fade away, or grow, and lose its tenderness. That exquisite colour in the sky, it cannot linger. For all things pass, the fairies of our dreams, our youth itself, and music, and sunsets, and those twilights in the woods when our wistful souls are at rest. It is not Death we think of but simply Change, like sleeping and waking. We are happy in Corot's Borderland, but happy with the vague unrest, the vain regret we feel in listening to music. Spirit and sense are at one, but only for moments. Art marvellously perpetuates these moments, but art itself must change. Why then the spirit of romantic comedy which Corot symbolized with wood nymphs dancing in the dawn, or the shepherd piping to the late lingering afternoon? It is the indomitable instinct of buoyant faith, smoking and singing at its work, the same faith which made Abt Vogler sure that his palace of music would abide.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself. No beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When Eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky —
Are music sent up to God — by the lover and the bard.
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by."