

human figure was established by Polykleitus, who wrote the famous treatise on the canons of proportion, and who embodied its rules in the statue of Doryphorus, which was called the canon. After him Euphranor introduced a variation by lengthening the lower limbs in proportion to the torso, and, still later, Lysippus increased this variation. But all recognized the necessity of a standard of proportion for the formalization of their work. This in no wise restrained their inventive powers, or limited the play of their imagination. Their models they used simply to supply a knowledge of special facts; these facts they varied in accord with their conception of a perfect figure, and into the whole breathed the soul of the work which genius alone is able to give. Thus we see that the ground work of all true art is in nature. It has, as it were, its feet in the clay, but he who rests content with this is not an artist, but an artisan; the true artist builds higher than this; he throws his life, his soul, all that God has given him into his work,

till it rises up above the earth, and the things that are known of men, and a light rests upon it which is divine. I think a perusal of his works will lead to the belief that it is this towards which Bjornson strives with all the power of his great genius, and it is because of this that I prefer to call him an idealist.

Such then is Bjornstjerne Bjornson—a poet and a dramatist who has been likened to Schiller,—a novelist whose stories are read all over the world, wherever good literature finds its way,—a philanthropist who has earned the love of his countrymen by his untiring efforts to instruct and elevate them,—an orator who has not feared to speak whenever his country needed the power of his eloquence, and a patriot who loves that country, rugged and wild as it is, better than any other under Heaven, and who has sung for her in beautiful verse her National Hymn. He belongs of right not to Norway alone, but to us also, and the whole world, and will through all time. Such men do not die.

THE DEAD MASTER-SINGER.

ONLY the heart is still,
And ceased the constant breath,
Yet nevermore shall inspiration thrill
These mute, white lips of death.

An utter silence—dreamless, tranquil sleep,
Without the lab'ring breast;
And features placidly composed to deep,
Eternal rest.

Organ and requiem psalm,
Nor solemn-tolling bell,
Can wake a tremor in that holy calm,
Where all is well.

For art is quenched in him; now discords cease
To vex his cultured ear;
And he hath earned the long, harmonious peace
He vainly strived for here.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.