

on every side the detractors of art belauding science and decrying the work of the artist as a thing long past use to the world, he will recall similar periods of history and smile to think how art has always been entirely equal to the task of absorbing whatever innovations science might unfold. He will keep in mind forever and ever the necessary place of art in the general economy of the state, and no temporary de-thronement of his mistress will cause his loyalty to swerve. While the artist, then, ponders the word of God in the wind through the tree, he will be glad and brave before all other men.

But the artist will be the gladdest and bravest of men only if he is great. For the same sensitiveness of inward vision which makes the great artist the happiest of his kind will make a lesser spirit the most miserable. Revelation will come to him as a burden too heavy to be borne, not as a rapture too keen to be expressed. So you will find all the minor poets of a nation piping in a minor key, while their greater and robuster brothers are bearing up the eternal chorus of the world, refrain after refrain, to the final triumph of right and love and beauty and goodness, to the final assurance of gladness and the contentedness of peace.

The true artist, therefore, in these qualities of courage and hope must be distinctly the most manly of his fellows, and there is no more manly note in American letters to-day than that which rings through the lyrics of the little lady of *Auburndale*. She can put more valor in a single line than one can squeeze from our periodical poets in a twelve month. For it is a sorry but certain fact that our magazines are fast becoming the *nincompoopiana* of literature. And this not because they are ill-conducted, but because their practical success depends upon it. We must always make allowance in any art for the influence of popular demand. When we consider the circulation necessary to make a book or a mag-