

Those glad Auroral eyes shall beam not anywhere hence-  
forth on me.

"Up with the banners on the height, set every matin bell  
astir!

The tree-top choirs carouse in light; the dew's on phlox and  
lavender;

Ah, mockery! for, worlds away, the heart of morning beats  
with her."

The exquisite touch is here, the lightness of hand, the perfection of temper. Not to be overborne by the turbulence of our days, nor too much moved by any sadness, is the first lesson of art,—art, that helper and continual solace of the world's life. So that the great artist must be first of all joyous, then assured, then fervent, then unrestrained and out of all bounds save those of his own conscience and contriving. His only patent is originality. And while he says something new about all the facts of experience, he brings them all to the touchstone of his unjaded spirit. He must not merely see Homer's world with an eye trained to minuter vision and wider sweep, he must bring to its appreciation a zest as wholly unspoiled as that of a savage. If the revelations of knowledge mean for him the dissolution of old faiths and historic creeds, he must not despond; he must have merely so much faith the more, believing that what has come safely so far may be trusted to journey to the end without any anxiety of his. He must know that while dogma, which is only fossilized creed, can never be anything more than a curiosity, the need of worship is a craving of the human heart, a living desire neither to be ridiculed nor overthrown. If the discoveries of science seem for the time to overshadow the achievements of art, he must only rejoice, remembering that art has been the mother of science, and that all science has returned the benefits of its parent a thousand fold. When he hears