

To "*Moonshine*"

THERE is a delightful Oriental superstition, my dear "*Moonshine*," which declares that on the last day every artist will be called upon to endow each of his creations with a soul. I should be the last one to feel perfect confidence in denying the possibility of such a fancy, or in affirming that only living beings can have real personality. I prefer to believe with the Greeks that every stream and tree has its own indwelling divinity, a spiritual as well as a material identity, bestowed upon it by the Creator to be the informing principle of its growth and beauty. Why, then, may we not think that the creative work of men's hands is imbued with a similar essence, — that every abode, like every shrine, is pervaded by its distinct and individual tutelary presence?