

by the presentment of their concrete equivalents, in order to stir up, through the innate power of sympathy, these emotions in other men. Here then we see the difference between life and art. Life is complete in itself, art can never be, should never be. The scope of art is not the world of matter, it is the world of mind. Matter is only needful to art as the vehicle for conveying thoughts and emotions from mind to mind. Realism is not true art, because it makes more of the vehicle conveying, than of the message conveyed. It attempts to create living things in the world of life, instead of living things in the world of mind. Life and art are therefore essentially opposite. In life we work with numbers, in art with x 's and y 's. Life is arithmetic, art algebra; one concrete the other abstract. But I am getting further and further out of my depth; and the poor, old woman has gone without my knowing it, and the rooms are being deserted, and Venus stands out silent and spectral. I must go before I am turned out.

Byrne and I have made some nice acquaintances here, though nearly everybody is away. I had the great privilege of an introduction the other day to H. Errington. He was over here getting up some part in *Louis XI.* which is to be produced in London next winter. He has asked me to call on him when I return, and has partly promised me an opening in his company, if I can satisfy his requirements. This looks as if I were in earnest, doesn't it?

By the by, Errington is an old friend of Lady Massy's in my father's parish, so I may have interest there. With love to you and yours,

Your affectionate friend.

E. H.