

Interpreter's house: "Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door. Then said the Interpreter: 'Come in; I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee.' So he commanded his man to light the candle. Then he took him by the hand and led him—." Here, in a series of unforgettable pictures, the glorious dreamer gives concrete embodiment to the truth of the deepest experiences of human life. He sets forth with vividness the things that are of eternal worth, and makes us forget, for a time at least, the trivial and the base. To interpret truly and nobly is to make real, to bring home with conviction to the minds and hearts of men the beauty and wisdom and experience of the world's greatest thinkers. The prime force that contributes to this end is dramatic instinct. This gift woman possesses in a marked degree. This instinct, this impulse to treat objectively as well as subjectively all that touches deeply and intensely, is the warp of the interpreter's web, into which the dark or bright colours of memory and imagination and emotion are woven. Imagination deals with the spiritual realities which material realities only shadow forth; it penetrates the mystery of the universe of which all visual appearance is but the vesture that reveals it to the eye of sense, so that things which are unseen are known by the things which are seen—

"And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape."

The poet's pen, the imagination's bodying forth! But beyond and behind are the forms of things unknown, images of beauty, things for which the speech of mortal has no name, the city that lieth foursquare, a pure river of water, the Ancient of Days! The Interpreter in the dream lit his candle; the artist brings to her work illumination—the illumination that gives to dramatic instinct that artistic insight without which art sinks to the level of artifice; the illumination which betokens delicate intellectual poise, with its strength and harmony in every conception, and an emotional nature sensitive to every finer intuition.

When one considers the intellectual and emotional qualities which make women successful in the field of the modern novel, even the modern historical novel, the wonder grows why she has not accomplished more in strictly historical research and reconstruction. Such powers of description, narration and exposition of things of the real world, as are shown in the letters of Madame de Sévigné, Lady Mary Montague, and Jane Welsh Carlyle, or in the essays of Madame de Staël, are an earnest of what yet may be achieved by women in this department of literature. But if women have not written history in the grand style, they have made it. The influence of woman in history is the history of the world. Every crisis in history, political, ecclesiastical, domestic, has been controlled by a woman. Upon her the social structure rests, and when she sinks ruin is imminent. The corruption of woman is a sure sign of a