

of the eternal realities, — of life, of labor, and of love, — one reads anew assurances that beyond the temporal is the immemorial, beneath the local and the partial is the everlasting whole.

So much for the comforting insights and prophecies of art. Yet it must be confessed, they do not help us much. Art is timeless; and in the meantime the songs of the workmen increase in depth and bitterness. In our American ears also, they sound ever louder and more hoarse, bringing with them images and emotions which rudely shatter the lingering dream of Tubal Cain. The statue itself was, it is true, never

erected; and for that we may be truly glad. But the great iron-master of Pittsburg has caused to be painted on the walls of his temple to the industrial arts a glorification of labor which may, perhaps, take its place beside the monument of Meunier. Before these idealizations of Alexander what shall we say? Is our feeling here also predestined to be one of unbearable irony — the burden of Nineveh, of Egypt, or of Rome? — or is it to be a feeling rather of exultation, as before one of those rarer prophecies of art which have at last come true? Who shall say?

AFTERWARDS

BY J. E. RICHARDSON

THE days fade; and the perfect silence lies
 So deep that almost one might wake to know
 The rooms speak and the dark halls answer low.
 There is no sound of her, no keen surprise
 Of her returning steps the whole day long;
 Yet I have thought at times, when daylight dies
 And memories of her here more thickly throng,
 The trembling air has been an instant stirred
 With faint scents and soft clangs of golden stones;
 Or when the clocks' chimes mingle their dim tones
 And thrill with sudden music the pained hours,
 It almost seems as if one subtly heard,
 In darkened woods, among the pale, still flowers,
 The flutes and bells of her low laugh and song.

THE EXCITEMENT OF FRIENDSHIP

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

My friends, I can say with truth, since I have no other treasure, are my fortune. I really live only when I am with my friends. Those sufficient persons who can pass happily long periods of solitude communing with their own thoughts and nourishing their own souls fill me with a despairing admiration. Their gift of auto-stimulation argues a personal power which I shall never possess. Or else it argues, as I like to think in self-defense, a callousness of spirit, an insensitiveness to the outside influences which nourish and sustain the more susceptible mind. And those persons who can shut themselves up for long periods and work out their thoughts alone, constructing beautiful and orderly representations of their own spirits, are to me a continual mystery. I know this is the way that things are accomplished, that 'monotony and solitude' are necessary for him who would produce creative thought. Yet, knowing well this truth, I shun them both. I am a battery that needs to be often recharged. I require the excitement of friendship; I must have the constant stimulation of friends. I do not spark automatically, but must have other minds to rub up against, and strike from them by friction the spark that will kindle my thoughts.

When I walk, I must have a friend to talk to, or I shall not even think. I am not of those who, like Stevenson, believe that walking should be a kind of vegetative stupor, where the sun and air merely fill one with a diffused sense of

well-being and excluded definite thought. The wind should rather blow through the dusty regions of the mind, and the sun light up its dark corners, and thinking and talking should be saner and higher and more joyful than within doors. But one must have a friend along to open the windows. Neither can I sympathize with those persons who carry on long chains of reasoning while they are traveling or walking. When alone, my thinking is as desultory as the scenery of the roadside, and when with a friend, it is apt to be as full of romantic surprises as a walk through a woodland glen. Good talk is like good scenery — continuous yet constantly varying, and full of the charm of novelty and surprise. How unnatural it is to think except when one is forced to do it, is discovered when one attempts to analyze one's thoughts when alone. He is a rare genius who finds something beyond the mere visual images that float through his mind, — either the reflection of what he is actually seeing, or the pictorial representations of what he has been doing or what he wants or intends to do in the near or far future. We should be shocked to confess to ourselves how little control we have over our own minds; we shall be lucky if we can believe that we guide them.

Thinking, then, was given us for use in emergencies, and no man can be justly blamed if he reserves it for emergencies. He can be blamed, however, if he does not expose himself to those crises which will call it forth. Now a friend is such an emergency,