Western art movement has gone far enough to insure certain definite results. The importance of art, however the word may be defined, has been publicly recognized. Art collections of various kinds are placed within the reach of the people at large. Facilities for education in art have become accessible. If there were nothing more than this, the results would represent at least an elevating influence.

But this movement comes at a time when we are rapidly accepting the ideas that training of the hand should accompany training of the brain, and that educated application of art to industry is a valuable economical end. England, Belgium, Germany, and France later, have learned the lesson, and the agents of even Russia are studying the museums and schools of applied art which are in every German city. In the fifteen years since Massachusetts took the hint from South Kensington and made drawing a part of her common-school curriculum, these ideas have taken shape in one way or another, West as well as East. All this has met with opposition, of course, as the Boston artists ridiculed the adoption of South Kensington theories and practices. Yet Massachusetts is now building an ampler home for her State Normal Art School, and her publicists in speeches and reports are demanding more popular education in art that the State may not lose her supremacy in the finer industries. The same demand is felt and has been answered in a greater or less degree in many of our cities. It is this demand based upon the practical value of art-training in industrial work which will broaden the usefulness of the Western art museums and schools.

But there is something more than the familiar argument of money value, the dwelling upon the differences in the compensation of clay-shoveler, brick-maker, tile-maker, potter, and sculptor. It is not merely on account of higher wages that this training is so necessary, but to awaken in our people a love of art if only in its simplest forms, an appreciation of beauty of line or color though it may exist in the humblest article in daily use. With this love of beauty aroused by familiarity with the work of our artist artisans, we may hope for the growth of that National Art which, as William Morris rightly said, must, if it deserves its name, take its roots among the people. The collecting of paintings and the making of Artists (with a capital A) have been our first consideration. Now we are beginning at the beginning, and something is being done to make art tell in the daily lives of the people about us. The task of the West is to help in substituting a vital principle for the idea of art as something "appealing only to the connoisseur, unintelligible to the masses, who pass before it as though it were some splendid idol weird and dumb."

Ripley Hitchcock.

painting and sculpture. But the expenditure of fortunes for paintings which go to private galleries is not so healthful a sign of interest in art as the unselfish activity in behalf of art education which is now to be noted in the West, but not in the East. At present the East seems content with its earlier achievements, but this apathy can hardly be expected to last.

JOHN BURROUGHS AND HIS LAST TWO BOOKS.

"WHAT crop have I sowed in Florida or in California, that I should go there to reap?" questions the author of "Signs and Seasons,"* urging closer and more expectant study of nature on the home ground. Yet have we good reason to rejoice that Mr. Burroughs decided he had sowed some crops in Great Britain, which required his going there to gather the increase. We who remained at home have been richly benefited by his husbandry in "Fresh Fields."* From no writer British born and bred, and from no previous accounts of our visiting countrymen, have we gained so complete a view of the characteristic differences between nature in England and in America, as we obtain from Mr. Burroughs's vivid pages. What emphasized impressions we receive of Great Britain's moist and teeming fertility, when he compares the undulating lines of the landscape to the effect produced by a deep snowfall, every projecting crag clothed as with clots of green fleece; when he records the novel spectacle of mowers at work in a grassy forest; or when he recounts his experience in climbing some of the Scotch mountains, where not rocks and precipices but swamps impeded the ascent. To his eye the pastoral fields are "stall-fed," and the very hillsides are "wrinkled and dimpled like the forms of fatted sheep." It is worth a volume of technical information about the geology

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

John Burroughs

of the British Isles to be told that the building stone is of such softness that one with a penknife might cut out the key of the arch of the old Brig o' Doon, and that the secret of nature in England is "granite grown ripe and mellow, and issuing in grass and verdure." He carries the New World along with him into the Old, and compares the two in detail. He notes the greater horizontal spread of leafage under the less fervid sun of England; the bumblebee is more hirsute than its American cousin; the trout are less beautiful than those in the brooks at home; the wild flowers are more abundant, but inferior to our own in point of variety and delicate sylvan grace; he hears "little birds with big voices," brilliant songsters, but wanting in the qualities of wildness and plaintiveness which distinguish the songs of our native birds.

Some time since Mr. Burroughs took to task several of our poets for certain alleged infractions of the letter of the law according to the naturalist's rubric. It is pleasant to find this flagellator of the peccant muses relaxing from his severity, as appears by some later comments on the subject. If any one have doubts as to Mr. Burroughs's genial attitude toward the poets, let it be observed with what zest the descriptions of the British nature-loving bards are verified by our rambler through their haunts. Wordsworth's golden daffodils, Tennyson's speedwell's darling blue, Burns's modest crimson-tipped flower, Wordsworth's skylark, and even poor Keats's nightingale wooing to oblivion, are tenderly identified with the living bloom or bird. Yet withal, our pride for what is our own in nature receives a justifiable gratification when Mr. Burroughs confesses to have found the British muse of rural poetry "a gentle, wholesome, slightly stupid divinity of the fields"; and when, touching upon the vaster woodland privilege of our poets, he attributes to such of our nature-poetry as is not imitative a "piny, woodsy flavor that is unknown in the older literatures." It is for the grateful reader, inhaling the pungent and invigorating aroma of "A Spray of Pine," to add John Burroughs to the number of our poets who have caught the desiderated balsamic flavor. Poet also, in spirit if not in metrical form, when he chants of the sea — its sounds, waves, breath, and its dual nature of suavity and cruelty. His resonant notes on this theme make a great proportion of the scannable rhapsodies we have heard about the sea seem thin and artificial.

It is not alone the wholesome and alluring tang of wildness, nor the fine observing faculty bent upon nature and her operations, nor yet the sturdy and stirring quality of his style, that so wins us to Mr. Burroughs. 'Tis the strong heart-beat, the generous glow of sympathy felt in all he writes, that completes the charm for us. The author of "Winter Neighbors," who, sitting in his rustic study, and hearing the soft foot of the little gray rabbit under the floor, thinks he feels her good-will and hopes that she feels his, surely meets all requisitions of the great prayer test —

> "He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small."

He would seem a true naturalist, in the royal sense of the word, who reckons man as the crowning-piece of his studies in nature. Burroughs should be loved wherever home and homely life are loved, for the beautiful things he says in "Roof-Tree" about the new house and its building,—"Another four walls to keep the great cosmic out-of-doors at bay," and "The heart moves in long before the workmen move out."

It is a fashion to speak of Thoreau and Burroughs in one connection; but when we have taken account of a common love of nature, a common assiduity and painstaking in natural-history study, there remains a wide world of difference in the moods and motives of the two. Thoreau, it will be remembered, had lost a bay horse, a hound, and a turtle-dove, clew to which no inquiring of travelers availed to discover. Burroughs has no fugitive or fugacious property of this sort. He is rich in tangible, present having. Thoreau heard for years a night-warbler whose species he was unable (or cared not) to distinguish. There will always be a few who, listening at the suggestion of Thoreau, will catch the strains of this Arabian bird embosomed in night and austere serenity, but more will hear with Burroughs the multitudinous carols in the sunny fields, or along the border of the breezy woods.

Edith M. Thomas.