

in which there is room for a free treatment of a number of fundamental melodic ideas, than to a short opera, in which the score, from too much compression, would lose flexibility if built wholly of fixed ideas. Bizet in "Carmen" and Verdi in "Otello" made use of this modification of the *leit-motif* system, but it is much more effective in a short work than in a long one.

It cannot be doubted that the present movement in Italian opera is beneficial. The elements of the old Italian works were admirable; it was the undramatic combination of them that was to be censured. Mascagni and Leoncavallo are not men of creative genius; but Scarlatti and Meyerbeer were not, and yet each set a fashion in operatic writing. The two young men of to-day have shown how to make the opera swift, direct, and irresistible in its effects. It will be strange if the public approval of their methods does not produce a school of followers.

W. J. Henderson.

A Memory of Whittier.

IT was about sunset one Friday that I went to see Mr. Whittier, in answer to his message. I found him lying on the sofa of a square, old-fashioned room the two front windows of which faced the setting sun. He insisted on leaving the reclining position, and showed all his old interest in life; indeed, the illness which had come to him seemed at first hardly more than an indisposition in one always delicate.

"I want thee to go out on the balcony," said Mr. Whittier, "and get my glimpse of the ocean."

It was a glimpse of broad meadows, with great elms, over the Hampton marshes, then a golden brown, to the strip of sea where the white sails were. When I stepped back to the room, Mr. Whittier said, "Now I want to tell thee all about myself, and to-morrow thee will come again."

The next morning, after a night of good rest, came a sudden change, and with it the speech was less free and clear for a few hours. Later, in spite of increasing weakness, there was a return of power to talk, and the few words he cared to say were perfectly clear to accustomed ears. With great sensitiveness to sights and sounds, he could bear only the presence needed to administer to his wants, and it was advised that none save those in immediate attendance should be admitted to his room. At times we thought he gained, but he knew better than we. Food and medicines were a weariness; yet, for the sake of those who longed to help him, he would try to take the offered nourishment.

Sunday was a serenely beautiful day. The wonted peace of the lovely little village seemed even more peaceful because of the dying poet. The smell of the sweet clover, the silence broken only by the rustle of the leaves, come back to me when I try to put in words the story of that time. There were no dramatic incidents in those last days; the quiet end was like the quiet life. With a full appreciation that it must be good-by, he said to his niece, "Love only—love—to—the—world"; and she answered "Yes, dear," and gently laid him back on the pillow.

As I held his hand I heard him say, more to him-

self than to me, "There are so many beyond;" and a little later, "It is all right."

The thought of immortality was never far from this sweet singer through his long, busy, active life; sometimes accompanied by a speculative inquiry into the unknown, more often with a trustful belief that "the dear Lord ordereth all things well." Shortly before this last illness he had said to an old friend, "As I grow older, a future life seems to me more certain, though I think less and less of definite details." Now, as I sat beside him, the last journey seemed the natural, simple thing; the other life seemed a present reality.

During that day and the two following, at intervals, we replaced one another, that he might never miss the human grasp for which he evidently cared. Monday came with little change, Tuesday was also a record of some pain and restlessness; but notwithstanding the weakness of body, he expressed in broken sentences gratitude for the offered help.

Tuesday evening he motioned an attendant to raise the curtain to admit the last rays of the setting sun. That night, when we had given up all hope of his recovery, the friends who were in the house assembled for the first time about the bedside. While the poet lay sleeping, that sleep from which he never awoke on earth, one with a saint-like face under the Friends' cap repeated in her beautiful voice Whittier's own words:

On my days of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unshaded spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,

The end seemed to us a translation. When the dawn came in at the balcony window, over the marshes and the meadows, the spirit had gone so gently that we listened for the breath, and it had ceased.

Sarah Ellen Palmer.

American Artists Series.

HORATIO WALKER.

HORATIO WALKER was born in Listowell, Canada, thirty-five years ago. His initial step in art was in miniature painting in the studio of J. A. Fraser. Later he came to New York, where by dint of inborn talent and careful and conscientious study of the best available examples of art, he has earned for himself a creditable position in the ranks of American artists.

He has a delicate color-sense, is a fair draftsman, and besides his own veracious observation of nature, possesses in a marked degree the power of assimilating the best in both foreign and native art.

The painting, an engraving of which appears on page 46, was exhibited in the rooms of the Society of American Artists in the spring of 1893.

W. Lewis Fraser.