THE ANGEL IN THE STONE

his manner. She watched him silently. "You will be back for dinner, Dick?"

"Don't wait for me. I am going down to the club to see Walters. I want to talk to him about a possible order. I may find it necessary to stay and dine with him." With a light good-bye he went out the door down the stairs.

Madeline stood where he had left her. Her eyes wandered to the angel, going it over with the careful detailed study characteristic of the stunned moment of pain, realizing acutely, too, with another section of her consciousness, its mysterious, unfinished perfection. Her eye traveled down to the angel's feet and then she saw Maxwell's medal. Her heart contracted; her mind still worked separately on; he could do better, she had told him—but she had lied; he would never do better. With the relentless truth-perceiving mind of the critic she knew that and had always known it, but she had not cared.

She heard the outer door close. He was gone. And then she no longer saw either medal or angel for a mist of tears.

THE SPIRIT OF ART

"NOTHING so reveals the true life of a people or an epoch as its art. Neither history nor religion offers such a sure test of the heights to which the spirit of an age has risen. View it as you will, art is molded by the forces that environ it, revealing on the one hand the art and soul of its creator, and on the other hand the heart and soul of his age. However much an artist may think himself detached from his surroundings, however passionately he may turn to other ages for inspiration—nay, even though he feels himself gifted with prophetic prescience, and can project himself into ages yet unborn—still he can no more throw aside the mantle of his environment than he can escape the intangible, viewless air which gives him breath and life."

—Edwin Wiley.