While it is difficult to find traces of any other composer in Grieg's mature work, Mr. Finck, his only adequate American biographer, seems to feel that Grieg was in a measure influenced by Chopin; and Grieg himself states that in the songs of his later period he endeavored to learn from Wagner how to perfect his declamation. Mr. Finck quotes Van der Stucken as saying that at the time he knew Grieg, his favorite composers were Chopin, Schumann and Wagner. He also admired intensely Bach, Liszt, Mozart and Verdi. Grieg in the sphere of his own influence has not only set in motion the idea of national music, but has influenced to imitation composers of his own country, and to inspiration our own Edward MacDowell. Yet MacDowell is MacDowell, and Grieg is Grieg. One composer, filled with the clear, wild music of the New England woods, the other with his ear attuned to the strange echoes and overtones of that mysterious, shimmering, elf-haunted land of the far north. It is something to be thankful for that even if both have had their tragic share of earthly handicap, at least each has been recognized and loved in his native land.

MISTS BELOW THE MOUNTAINS

There is a garden,
A garden high above a lake.
A brown bird sings in the falling rain,
Beyond the gray lake rise the hills,
Beyond the hills are the snow mountains.
A white mist trails low,
It wavers above the lake,
It hides the hills,
Only the mountains are silver shining;
Above the sky is gray,
Below is a gray water.
The mist is caught in the trees,
The black cedars are hidden by mist.
In the garden a brown bird sings,
And is gone.

Ruth Holmes.