of much vividness of color and action; and there is also Mrs. Lamb’s work as a portrait and landscape painter.

How often the artist seems to delight in limiting himself to what he terms his métier, to landscape alone, even one kind of landscape, or to portraits, or to the remote and symbolic, the greater the limitation the greater the pride. Specializing in art as in medicine.

And yet we find this very busy mother not only designing decorations for churches, universities and homes, but engrossed in doing peculiarly sympathetic portraits in oil or color crayons of “young men and maidens, old men and children.”

Her landscape work is most often sketches in color of the pasture land surrounding the country home, flower studies from the walled-in garden, patches of the vegetable gardens, a vista down by the cedar borders, the children everywhere, a blue blouse in a clump of purple iris, a child at work, at play, equally happy, and so she seems to relate all of life to all of art, and there is apparently in this home no end to the joy of life or the beauty of its expression—the ideal of happiness realized through the completest opportunity for labor.

**A CHRISTMAS SONG**

IN EVERY babe that gains the light
Through rack of human pain,
In each new-breathing soul tonight
The Christ-child lives again.
In every drop of anguish, pressed
From pallid woman’s brow,
In every virgin mother-breast
His Mother whispers now.

And wise men through the darkness hie,
Lo! In the East—a Star!
O little Christ who is to die
Was your soul’s journey far?
Strange meteor wounds of death and birth
Lighting an endless sea;
A little child has come to earth
And He must die for me!

MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA.