TO THE DONOR OF SUNDRY APPLES

cess? Perhaps so, for he was no ordinary man. Yet some of our editors are saying that Abbey was “not a great artist, but a conscientious worker, who met with a measure of success!”

On one of the decorations at Harrisburg, Abbey has put this quotation: “Art deals with things forever incapable of definition and that belong to love, beauty, joy and worship, the shapes, power and glory of which are forever building, unbuilding and rebuilding in each man’s soul and in the soul of the whole world.” With these words in mind it seems hasty to try now to pronounce judgment on even the Boston paintings. When the “building, unbuilding and rebuilding” of our ideas of art has gone on for a few years we shall see all of Abbey’s work by a truer light and in a saner way. In the meantime I feel confident Abbey will hold his place as one of America’s foremost colorists, as one of her rarest draftsmen, as the most poetic painter of Mediaeval subjects in his time, and as the greatest illustrator that America has yet produced.

TO THE DONOR OF SUNDRY APPLES

MAY every day that makes the year
As luring to your eyes appear
And fragrant to your sense, as those
Your apples streaked with gold and rose:
Like them in beauty manifold
Be curved and exquisite to hold—
All flavored with the wind and sun,
And brimmed with sweetness every one.
Could ordinary mortals know
The western orchard where they grow,
And watch the artist hours put on
New saffron and vermillion,
How master a more delicate art
For joy to ripen in the heart?
Or who could covet after these,
Mere gold from the Hesperides?

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.