

reading to have his portrait painted for some other person's pleasure. Behind him are shelves of books; he holds one in his hand, and on the desk beside him is another. The touches of rich red in the cushion of his chair, the red edges of the books, and the strong white of the collar he wears on his black coat, are well put in and make the picture a warm, kindly whole. A "Portrait of a Young Woman" is another fine piece of Terberg's work. There is an air of puritanical stiffness and severe simplicity amounting almost to luxury in this young Dutchwoman's toilette. The filmy lace resting on her hair must be costly, the whiteness of her deep collar and cuffs, the riche texture of her black gown, and the social significance of the black fan and gloves she holds in her hand, tell their own tale of the coquetry of youth. The background of the picture is dark and the tones throughout are low, but not cold. "The portrait of a Lady" carries a touch of something softer. This prim little person in her costume of black and grey, with a fan in her hand, and standing near a table covered with a crimson cloth, on which lies a book with gold clasps, may have been guilty of romantic dreams, and tender sighs, such as her practical young countrywoman would have despised, and this feeling is carried out in the faded cloth, and the generally soft tones of the whole composition. (To be continued.)

## MUSIC

### Music in the New

#### Encyclopædia Britannica

BY  
ERNEST NEWMAN

#### II.

One main defect of the musical scheme of the new volumes is that there are no articles on general subjects of all-round interest. There is nothing on Opera, nothing on the Symphony, nothing on Programme Music, nothing on the recent investigations into Plain-Song—all topics of which the average reader has a right to expect an up-to-date treatment in a work of this kind. Programme music is severely banned; it is not even mentioned in the much-praised Index, though there is some incidental discussion, or rather disparagement, of it in Mr. Dannreuther's article on Liszt. I have already alluded to this as something quite unworthy of Mr. Dannreuther's pen. Its standpoint is that of thirty years ago, not that of today. You may abhor programme music if you like, but at any rate you will be expected to discuss it in terms of the latest

## RODIN

### X

#### La Main de Dieu

The Hand. From mystery that is cloud control  
The mystery that is emptiness of air,  
Purpose, and power. What blossoms do they bear?  
Stability and strength inform—what soul?

*Turn to me, love! the banks of air are soft.*

*Turn to me, love! the skies are blue,  
Fledged with the clouds that hang aloft,  
Buds that may blossom into dew.*

*Turn to me, love; lie close and breathe  
The smooth waves of the wind!  
The zephyr in thy locks I'll breathe,  
The breeze entwined.*

*We are so safe; so happy we:*

*Our love can never falter; fate can never close  
Hard on the flower of land and sea.*

*Lift, O rose petals of my rose,  
Toward me, rest, dream on, we are here, we love.  
There is no shadow above,*

*No ghost below: we are here. Kiss! Kiss!*

*For ever. Who would have believed, have  
[thought of this?]*

Outside is nothing, Let what will uproll,  
Within all's certain. Are we not aware  
(Who see the hand) What brain must know—and care?  
What wisdom formed the racers, find a goal?

Careless and confident, let us love on.  
Life, one or many, rises from a seed,  
Sprouts, blooms, bears fruit, and then is gone—is gone.  
Let go the future, ominous and vast!  
Loose the bound mind from the unavailing past!  
Live, love for ever, now, in every deed!