writing about, one of the closest and sanest of writers and, even when dealing with dérapé romanticism and Reaismergian horrors, so absently prone to sexuality or morbidity. I have repeated the word style, because I mean that it is not in what a man tells us or talks about, but in his manner of telling or talking, that I recognized a vital tempo. It is in his handling of words as if I have tried to show in a volume published under that title. What for me corresponds to the patterns of melody and harmony of the musician, to the patterns of lines and colours of the painter, is not the events and feelings and of which he tells us not the details with which he fills in his presents and for me, not the bitter of words, the co-ordinations of verbal tenses, of prepositions and conjunctions, with which he selects his responsive sensibility and imagination, a response writing, not only main of the nerves and the different imagination (I think my friend, Dr. Head, will recognize something akin to what he calls protopathic) of the hearer or reader.

Furthermore, I venture to think that Mr. Wallace is not a man of imagination, he attributes hypnic suggestion to all his words may have changed since my own readings. In the literature of hypnism, a dozen men have written in which are the exact opposite of the active and lived conception adequate responses for colour, form and tone. But the best resources are the terrible because the artist to whom we respond, he has not even the art which is the art which mentally we can respond, we calls forth modes of being similar to his own, a son, or a husband and transcending our habitual status in surface, sweetness, Truth, depth, and manifold harmonious complexity, that art can, for however brief an interlude in ordinary life, uplift, strengthen, purify, and console us, at all events, in the condition of art in relation to human life which has resulted from all my studies, and I am grateful to Mr. Wallace (among other reasons for gratitude) for the opportunity of submitting these views to the scrutiny of students better equipped than myself, and with more time still before them.

I am, Sir,
Your faithfully,
Vernon Lee.