

is form. The brotherhood of art is no empty word; each artist is a student of the same science, the science which gives form. The learner of to-day can stand in spirit without effort by the teacher of the Past. But he who enters on the study of art through the gate of literature has ever to create for himself by a mental process the conditions which complete the work under observation, before he can see its import. As a consequence he stands admiring, moved rather by cold and conscious pressure than because he has given himself over unreservedly to his impressions. The skilled musician, on the contrary, reads a sonata of Mozart's unchecked by reflections on the conditions of life in Austria when Mozart wrote; and the Venus of Milo is to the artists of England as she was to the sculptors of Greece. And even when we speak strictly of the content—the "geistige Inhalt"—we must remember that works of the finest art develop generally some simple strain of passion, eternal in human nature, which, as such, speaks straight to the heart of all time in spite of unaccustomed mode of manifestation. It is only after having made these limitations that we can give a qualified assent to Dr. Grimm's proposition—"the art of the day is the best for the day." It is, indeed, the outcome of the day's striving, fashioned of the thoughts common to us all. Doubtless to the German, Potsdam is more lovely than the Parthenon; the frescoes of the Ludwigskirche surpass the hand of Raphael in the Vatican; and Frederick, brave in the Berlin square, breathes a holier inspiration than the god-born sorrow of Niobe.

Yet, out of what may seem to some onesidedness and defect, comes the special point and value of these essays. Dr. Grimm has confined himself to criticism and interpretation in that province in which he is a master. He does

not pretend to offer us here speculative theories, or aesthetic criticism for which he has no gift, but seizes on the relation of the artist to the thought and life of his time. And he has given us in every instance a suggestive and vivid picture, without affectation in thought or manner. In the paper on Michel Angelo and Raphael he has indicated the relative position of both by happy touches, which discriminate them not only as artists but as men. The grand figure of Michel Angelo is treated with a sympathy rare even in those ready to do him just honour, and the stress which is laid on the depths of tenderness and sensitiveness in his nature shows considerable power of insight into character. Wherever there is any falling short in judgment, it would seem to arise rather out of the influences of early association and training than from any defect of natural power. It appears, indeed, in the highest degree improbable that one who so warmly enjoys modern German work, and who can speak of the Cornelius movement in terms of such enthusiastic admiration, should be able to bring to his task full appreciation of the qualities which are essential to a genuine work of art. If, however, certain signs are here noted which the English critic, in common with the non-German world, holds to be marks of imperfect or improperly trained perception, it is with much reserve of judgment, and with a strong desire to bring into full relief the valuable qualities of Dr. Grimm's book. No one who reads it will fail to see its freedom from pretension and phrase-making, or to be attracted by the way in which he sketches the leading lines of each age, the power with which he individualises each man, connects him with his time, and reads him in his work.

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