

was not broken by failure, whose spirit conquered circumstance. In the Frick portrait he sits as on a throne, old, sick, shabby, yet triumphant. Fate may do its worst. He defies it. Some day men will know that in his chosen way no man ever did better. Conscious of his deathless genius — believing in some ultimate justice, in some unfailing love, his eyes bear a challenge. After death — judgment? Let it come.

It is a curious truth known to all art lovers, that when an impressionistic style expresses a romantic spirit it is difficult to distinguish one quality from the other. Rembrandt's magic of arbitrary light and shade is of course exactly what we mean when we speak of his impressionism, in other words his art of producing desired effects, but it is also exactly what we mean when we speak of the romance of his personal vision. He employed this magic to reveal the secret of a troubled soul, or the inner beauty of a landscape, or the richness of a dream of colour. Colour modulated by light and shade, this was the technique which interpreted his moods. Nature or human nature, darkening or lightening in moments of elemental exposure, this was the thought which dominated his soul. It is impossible then to separate the man from the artist. When Stevenson said that the particular triumph of the artist is "not simply to convince but to enchant," he meant that an impressionist should also be a romanticist. It is of course a matter of opinion