

gination was united with manliness of reason. In pitiable contrast with this undivided whole, stands the modern dissipation and stunting of energies. Then every individual was a "representative of his time", now-a-days "we have to question one individual after another in order to get at the totality of the race." "Eternally fettered to a tiny isolated fragment of the whole, man develops only as a fragment: the monotonous noise of the wheel he drives for ever, in his ear, he never develops the harmony of his being, and instead of expressing humanity in his own person, he becomes a mere reprint of his business, his science. Thus the concrete life is killed so that the abstract entity can prolong some wretched existence."

Does it not seem as if these phrases were coined expressly for our present time? The lack of higher interests in our hired workmen, our jaded business-men, all our modern specialists are hit by them. Also the other evils which Schiller describes and laments, become greater and greater with the increasing multiplicity and differentiation of our duties, with the increasing complexion of social and political life. By exceptional fostering of individual faculties, our modern development tends more and more to further one-sidedness and dissipation, to rob life of its unity. Our restless life is divided between nervous excitement and narcotics; confusion of culture and chaos in all spheres of activity are the distinguishing features of our time. In short, the extremes that Schiller contends against, exist now in greater profusion than ever. Therefore the ideal of aesthetic culture, which Schiller strove to attain in his own life holds as good for our time as for his.

This ideal is that of personality in the fullest sense of the word. Schiller cannot and will not renounce his belief that we are capable of advancing to a new civilization which shall combine all the gain of thousands of years of toil with personal perfection: to a harmony which shall proceed from the highest development of the sensuous and intellectual powers in man, and shall include both head and heart. Thus personality appears as an aim set before us and all humanity seems to be developing towards an infinitely distant goal, a goal which individuals of perfect intelligence can reach at any moment and which must hover before us all during our weary pilgrimage through life, promising us happiness and lavishing on us its blessings. But the only thing that can lead man to this goal, and quicken him on his way, is art, beauty, high, true art which never merely aims at some ephemeral dalliance, momentary intoxication and dream of freedom and deliverance, but which makes us truly free and delivers from every burden and pain of earth. The man who, through true art, is born again becomes a new creature, a blessed child of God, a lord who "has all power" and whom "nothing can take captive."

We cannot here point out in greater detail, how Schiller founded and formulated the educative value of art and connected it with all the great ends of civilization. Certainly no one before him recognized art as such an independent realm, complete in itself and valued so highly the role of beauty as a factor in social and political life. We must emphasize just one point more: the ideal of Schiller is far removed from that life-shy sentimentalism of the aesthete, from that revelling in the apotheosis of art, calculated only to alienate men from