

Fragonard and Boucher, we should never lose sight of the conditions under which those works were produced. The wonder is that their lapses were so few.

Though one can never forget that side by side with this intense *joie de vivre* the most appalling misery existed, he who would enjoy French eighteenth-century art to the full must be content to accept at its own valuation the life of the time; he must regard the life of the boudoir and the salon as that alone which dominated France; he must forget the misery and the injustice existing beneath the surface, and only think of society, which alone inspired the artists of the period. It is the art of youth and gallantry, of good living and love, of wondrous taste in dress and environment.

The verve and vivacity of Fragonard's brush have never been excelled; and if the subject of some particular pictures of his leaves us with a regret that such consummate talent was not expended in a more worthy direction, the magic of the technique can never be forgotten.

Religious art found but little favour in France, and the works of the few men who ventured on that path had no profound or moving qualities.