

tradition to call the hero of Switzerland out of the mists and uncertainties of the world of legends into the world of actual heroism; while "Wallenstein" is read by serious students everywhere as one of the masterpieces of dramatic composition. No one places Schiller in the front rank of poets. He belongs, not with Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe, but with Æschylus, Corneille, Milton, and Victor Hugo, poets of the second rank.

The later years of Schiller's life were passed in or near Weimar, enjoying with the maturer Goethe a frank and cordial communion of heart and soul such as the annals of literature nowhere else record. It is true that Schiller's mother died on the very day on which he moved into the modest house at Weimar, now regarded with such reverence by the good people of that hallowed town, and that shattered health, like a grim spectre, dogged his path thereafter; but step by step he contended his ground with death.

From his æsthetic studies Goethe won Schiller back to poetry and the drama, and repeatedly inspired him to greater production and nobler attainment; and Schiller in turn gave to Goethe all the rejuvenating force of his ardent soul. Together, as friendly rivals at Karl August's humble but brilliant court, they worked in noblest emulation, Goethe writing his "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann und Dorothea," and parts of the "Faust," and Schiller composing "Das Lied von der Glocke," "Wallenstein," "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," "Die Braut von Messina," and "Wilhelm Tell." And here in Weimar, on May 9th, 1805, after gloriously requiting the prince who had welcomed and helped him, Schiller passed away, at the age of forty-six, none the less beloved by his fellow-citizens than everywhere

hailed as the star of his struggling nation.

Schiller's early demise was due not only to a naturally weak constitution, but to indiscretion, poverty, and overwork. Even while the guest of Körner in Dresden he devoted the better part of his nights to study. This sapping habit, continued in health and in sickness, grew upon him until, at Jena and Weimar, Schiller gave the day to reading, to walking in the parks, while he studied or composed in the quiet of the night. Sublime thought then exhilarated him; and what cheated Nature further demanded he tried to supply through strong coffee, wine-chocolate, old Rhenish, the aroma of rotten apples hoarded in a half-open drawer, or cool water kept beneath his desk in a tub, into which he thrust his feet for hours!

When at last Schiller enjoyed the home circle so dear to every German heart, there was no happier husband in Weimar; he proclaimed the sanctity of the home, and tradition says that in leisure moments he gave himself up to his several children like a rollicking school-boy, lying on his back on the floor while they climbed upon him, or rolling over and over with them under the table and chairs.

In a charming article in *Acta Victoriana*, our own Professor G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., speaks thus of Schiller's associations with Weimar:

When Schiller first entered Weimar on July 21st, 1787, and put up at the still flourishing Erbprinz, it was a town of some six thousand people. Herder spoke of it as "dreary Weimar, a miserable cross between village and court residence." It is situated near the southern edge of the undulating country that forms the gradual transition from the great northern Prussian and Saxon plain to the picturesque hill-country of Thuringia.