

he is the poet of the intellectual few, not of the irresistible many. This is a great mistake. His philosophy is exceptional only because of the exceptional inspiration which conveys its courageous but familiar optimism. It is a philosophy not for the recluse and the dreamer but for the man who loves life and lives it to the full, taking and giving blows in the thick of battle, "falling to rise again," "baffled to fight better," "never doubting clouds will break." It is the philosophy of our unspoken idealism, the staunch spirit which serves us when we are facing odds with our backs to the wall, which makes us calm with hope even when our friends are pitying us, which enables us to fight on even after hope is dead, trusting in some ultimate justice, in some unflinching love. One of the most powerful creations of impressionistic art, inspired directly by this aggressive and yet debonaire optimism is Rembrandt's large portrait of himself, in his old age and poverty, now the chief treasure of the Frick Collection. All of his life Rembrandt had been the Impressionist, with his zest for life, his eagerness for self-expression, his knowing eye for single effects. But back of all that he had also been the Romanticist, with his deliberate purpose to express only richness of effect, only depths of observation, only the beauty or the mystery of truth. His best portraits, landscapes and genre studies, are no more accurately true to his own contemporary Holland than his biblical pictures