

content; the will to judge the world is changed into the will to serve the true aims of humanity, to collaborate in the realization of nobler conditions, worthier of humanity. Not destruction but construction is now his watchword—he recognises that all human relations are determined historically and naturally. Thus there constantly emerges from the ever-changing flux of his opinions that one early-conceived idea, the firm conviction which defies all the storms of life and surgings of doubt, that a harmonic of the sensuous and intellectual in man is possible, and that the feeling of beauty effects this “intermediate state,” that art can elevate man from the one sided, dissipating tendencies of the common-place into a higher sphere of purer humanity.

Here, too, we have a blending of contrasts: Rousseau's worship of nature, its attention fixed on the past, has united with the teaching of Montesquier, pointing forward to the blessings of increasing culture. And a new element is added: the study of the classics, the enthusiasm for the ideal of humanity and art resuscitated by Winkelmann. A vague presentiment of the mind-ennobling influence of a “Greek ram” has already filled the young poet-philosopher, now he fancies he sees in classic humanity an historic realization of his old longing for harmony. Classic art shines before him in its “naivete” but he cannot therefore deny the “sentimental” modern art, his own kind. A new hiatus arises from the feeling of contrast between our own atheised age and the harmonious world of beauty of the Greeks. But the image of the ancient world becomes for the poet who, in his “*Gods of Greece*,” laments the loss of the paradise of childhood, the comforting symbol of an idea, a justification of the ideal striving, which impels him, himself: before his mind stands the image of a humanity in which all sensuous and intellectual forces act in free and beautiful equilibrium—to strive after this ideal becomes henceforward the task of his life and his art. But he cannot conceive this, his life and work, otherwise than in relation to the whole; the social trait in his character and all questions concerning the nature and value of his art, point him to the life and development of society. The whole trend of thought of the young Schiller comes, for the time being, to a close in that poem which contains the philosophical confession “*The Artists*.” Beauty is glorified as the beginning, aim and completion of all intellectual and moral culture, art in its royal, independent dignity is created one of the great powers by the side of morality and science. A double task is thus appointed for art, and it must fulfil; by its own means: education for which beauty is both means and end.

After Schiller has thus with prophetic fury, seized upon the ultimate goal of his life's work, he prepares himself by more thorough self-discipline to carry out that work. For the poet, as Schiller tells us in his criticism of Bürger's poems, can give us nothing but his personality. This personality must, therefore, be worthy of “being revealed to contemporaries and posterity”: the true artist will first perfect himself before he undertakes to produce what is perfect. The ennobling, purifying, perfecting of the poet's personality—this task occupies henceforward the central position in Schiller's scheme. Thus he “lives” his idea of personal culture before he establishes it scientifically and proclaims it as an evangelium to mankind. He realises in himself what he undertakes to teach: with his whole strength he arrays himself in the service of his great ideas. Thus