

gods." Froude, in his "Science and Theology," has the following, "The early Greek or Roman directed his whole life by the reference of every particle of it to the gods as entirely as the most devout of Catholic Christians." What must one be taught to expect from the artist of such a community? In the morning of life he lisps of Olympus, at early noon he ponders on the ways of the gods, at maturity he holds converse with deity, and with true artistic instinct seeks to embody what had before been but a mere conception, in very fact attempts to give to airy nothingness, for he had not seen deity, a local habitation—it had already for him a name, and something more, a real though invisible existence. But the semblance of the worshipped must be enshrined in a fitting tabernacle, and the imperfections of this earth would hardly do for models of Olympian grace—the excellently formed, indeed, fall far short of the ideal—what then is the alternative? Fancy is called into play; the rude outline of the human form divine with all its irregularities and incongruities is but the framework of artistic composition, round which is built a more excellent body, fit representative of Olympian dignity and grace, and forthwith springs into being or is rendered possible the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medici, the Venus of Milo, and a thousand other perfections which else had had no existence. We of the nineteenth century do not believe in Apollo or in Venus, therefore being without the vigorous inspirations of the past, we cannot produce the idealistic work of the ancient Greek. The northern mind, like the northern climate, is not susceptible to Olympian flights of fancy; we have no classic fount of inspiration—our human form divine is hampered with corsets and collars; so, when we attempt to chisel an Apollo from the block, we hew out a social autocrat or a love-sick ex-

quisite—a Venus—and we depict a fashionable dame or a simpering chamber-maid. Why is it that the Hebrews—a people one would imagine peculiarly susceptible to the subtle influences of artistic conceptions—had no art and but little literature? Because they had no inspiration. It had been killed, nipped untimely in the bud. The decree, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in the Heaven above or in the earth below or in the water under the earth," was the death-blow to Hebrew art. The lightnings of Sinai scathed and warped the artistic faculty for all time. The golden calf was the beginning and consummation of Israel's art gallery.

Turn to the paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo and what do we see? The embodiment of physical well-being, the perfection of physical vigour, but without the exquisite finish or spirituality of the Greek—we have men and women, heroes and heroines, demi-gods and goddesses, but human, gross and sensual, and with reason. This representation was the outcome of an age of corporeal vigour, of nervous strength, of physical excellence; the mental was subordinate to the corporeal, angels were athletes plus wings, the virgins were by Raphael sketched—presumably from models—naked, before being covered with garments. Physical prowess, sensual appetite had hardly yet developed into poetry, mysticism, or mental philosophy—by and by we shall have a different style, many different styles, according to the proclivities and mental idiosyncrasies of the age. Turn, now, to literature at any given period and what do we find. An exact analogy of construction to that of painting and of sculpture. Do we find a rudimentary literature, primitive, broken, disconnected, tumultuous, explosive, a mingling and a repetition