

Of Ruskin, Tolstoy has a very high opinion. I have heard him say, "I don't know why you English make such a fuss about Gladstone—you have a much greater man in Ruskin." As a stylist, too, Tolstoy speaks of him with high commendation. Ruskin, however, though he has written on art with profound insight, and has said many things with which Tolstoy fully agrees as well as some things he dissents from, has, I think, nowhere so systematised and summarised his view that it can be readily quoted in the concise way which has enabled Tolstoy to indicate his points of essential agreement with Home, Véron, and Kant. Even the attempt to summarise Kant's æsthetic philosophy in a dozen lines will hardly be of much service except to readers who have already some acquaintance with the subject. For those to whom the difference between "subjective" and "objective" perceptions is fresh, a dozen pages would be none too much. And to summarise Ruskin would be perhaps more difficult than to condense Kant.

As to William Morris, we are reminded of his dictum that art is the workman's expression of joy in his work, by Tolstoy's "As soon as the author is not producing art for his own satisfaction,—does not himself feel what he wishes to express,—a resistance immediately springs up" (p. 154); and again, "In such transmission to others of the feelings that have arisen in him, he (the artist) will find his happiness" (p. 195). Tolstoy sweeps over a far wider range of thought, but he and Morris are not opposed. Morris was emphasising part of what Tolstoy is implying.

But to return to the difficulties of Tolstoy's task. There is one, not yet mentioned, lurking in the hearts of most of us. We have enjoyed works of "art." We have been interested by the information conveyed in a novel, or we have been thrilled by an unexpected "effect"; have admired the exactitude with which real life has been reproduced, or have had our feelings touched by allusions