

Darwin is but an adult Lucretius. And so with art; not only are artists with pencil and pen carving the same deities, painting the same scenes, telling the same tales and singing the same songs, which were carved and painted and told and sung thousands of years ago, they are merely repeating nature's earliest promptings, as when first the great arch - artist moulded our pendent sphere, painted its varied surface with inimitable hues, and bid the jubilant stars, nature's first poets, sing together the morning hymns of creation.

Art repeats itself in kind as in degree. A Raphael and a Michael Angelo are born, and they leave their immortal creations as an heirloom to wondering posterity—painters we call them, and what do they paint? Perfected physical humanity, men with the muscles of Hercules, women with the limbs of Amazons, and upon them the stamp of superlative health, rosy-cheeked Madonnas, athletic martyrs; even Christ as Taine remarks is a crucified Jupiter, and so Pulci called him. Is this an exceptional style? Are the authors alone in the category of art? In that certain line, perhaps, yes; in another, no. By and by, soon, or through the countless ages, or, may be, co-existent, but as yet unknown, or possibly preceding are found a Ben Jonson and a Shakespeare, and they leave their immortal creations as an heirloom to wondering posterity—dramatists we call them, and what do they dramatize? Perfected physical humanity just escaped from the womb of the dark ages, replete with pristine physical vigour. These men do not know they have stomachs; they never heard of the anatomy of the nerves; dyspepsia is a word not yet coined; sick headache a thing undreamed of. They roar, they swear, they bluster and bully, they quaff hogsheads of wine and ask for more; they fight and

carve each other in the very exuberance of animal spirits. And as the creations, so are the creators. Green dies after an excess, Marlowe in trying to stab a rival kills himself, only thirty years old. Kyd dies in misery. Massinger dies unknown and is recorded in the parish register as "a stranger." Shakespeare is a deer stealer, Ben Jonson, a duellist and roisterer, ends his days "alone, forsaken, waited on by an old woman," and all this is the result of physical excellence and unbridled passion.

Well, life is a drama, so let us change the scene. Here is another great artist, a Northman, a German, Albert Durer; what is his conception of art, of humanity? Let me quote the words of one who is an authority. "He cares not for expensive and happy beauty; to him nude bodies are but bodies undressed; narrow shoulders, prominent stomachs, thin legs, feet weighed down by shoes, his neighbour the carpenter's or his gossip the sausage seller's. The heads stand out in his etchings, remorselessly scraped and scooped away, savage or commonplace." This it must be confessed is a forbidding picture of art; but is Durer alone in his conception? With what literary type shall we compare him? We have not far to reach. He is the Calvin of the brush, the supralapsarian of the easel, as pitiless in his delineations as Calvin in his doctrines, as Milton in his learned denunciations of King and prelate. Go we now a step farther, where the sensuous goddesses of Tintoretto and Giorgione laugh from out the canvas in all the voluptuous abandon of Arcadian love, soft and beautiful as the summer landscape which surrounds them—this, too, must be true art, for we shall find the spirit reduplicated in other forms in other ages, Anacreon and Ovid wrote what Tintoretto and Giorgione painted, Byron and Moore testify to the re-