

manhood with the tender charm of early youth, or showing a mother with grown-up sons and daughters in the full possession of healthy beauty: what does he else than remove that which is unessential, time? If, according to the remark of one who well knows, every product of nature has only one moment of truly perfect beauty, we may also say that it has only one moment of full and complete existence. In this moment it is what it is through all eternity: outside of this it is only becoming or vanishing. Art, representing its essence in that very moment, lifts it out of the sequence of time: she lets it appear in its true being, in the eternity of its own life.”¹

Had Schelling been content to remain at this point of his speculations, he would have saved himself and his admirers the many disappointments of his later career. When he delivered his address, which ranks in substance as well as in form as one of the finest specimens of writing in the German language, he was already passing into a different stage of his philosophy. His words were rather a reminiscence of bygone days when his orbit coincided for a moment with that of his older and greater contemporary, Goethe. The latter, with the true instinct and genius of the poet and artist, was spared the temptation and the desire of following his theories into their logical consequences. Schelling lived always on the borderland of poetry and science. The greatest that he has done resembles his own description of works of art; they are only true to reality for a moment, they are momentary glimpses resembling

¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 302.