

## SEBASTIAN MELMOTH.—EXTRACTS.

ANYBODY CAN sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success.

Love art for its own sake and then all things that you need will be added to you. This devotion to beauty and to the creation of beautiful things is the test of all great civilizations; it is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament and not a speculation.

It has often been made a subject of reproach against artists and men of letters that they are lacking in wholeness and completeness of nature. As a rule this must necessarily be so. That very concentration of vision and inversivity of purpose which is the characteristic of the artistic temperament is in itself a mode of limitation. To those who are preoccupied with the beauty of form nothing else seems of so much importance.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

The longer I live the more keenly I feel that whatever was good enough for our fathers is not good enough for us. In art, as in politics, "les grandpères ont toujours tort."

The object of art is not simple truth but complex beauty. Art itself is really a form of exaggeration, and selection, which is the very spirit of art, is nothing more than an intensified mode of overemphasis.

When art is more varied nature will, no doubt, be more varied also.

The proper school to learn art in is not life but art.

No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only beauty.

To me the word "natural" means all that is middle class, all that is of the essence of Jingoism, all that is colorless and without form, and void. It might be a beautiful word, but it is the most debased coin in the currency of language.

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

An echo is often more beautiful than the voice it repeats.