

tion and the drama are literally in their anecdotalage. No one would call Turgenev a "Daughter of Joy." His work is, as Stepaniak says, not even written for the masses. It is the work of an artist who is also a thinker, and it interprets the Russia of his day through characters that, apart from their local truth, are as universally typical as Hamlet and Sancho Panza. Rudin, the hero of the book whose issue by Mr. Heinemann in an excellent English translation has set me thinking about Turgenev and altering my spelling of his name (Dear, dear! when will these Russians settle how to spell themselves?),* is a character that deserves to stand side by side with these world-famous types. Indeed, there is something of the Hamlet in him, as there is in all educated Russians. Rudin is the man of words: he overflows with talk, with ideals, with aspirations, which find little, if any, issue in action. Life is too big for him—he cannot grapple with its crude realities. And yet, after we have learnt to despise him, as a braggart and a sponger, Turgenev by some wonderful touches wins back our sympathy for him, and leads us to understand his true and his valuable place and function in the social economy. It is his to keep alive the flame of the ideal in those who would otherwise sink into the slough of domestic comfort. If he appears to live at other people's expense, it is not that he is a Skimpole or a *schnorrer*, but a child. He is always sincere, and when, shabby and old and poor, he dies on a Paris barricade in a last ludicrously impotent attempt at action, he leaves the memory of a pathetic, unforgettable figure, a figure in the vein of great comedy, whom we laugh at through our tears. * * *

But surely no great novelist, whatever the pleasure he gives, could be classed with the "Daughters of Joy." That rank belongs to the herd, those who toil with typewriters and spin serials for syndicates; the men of talent, to whom novel-writing is a profession. These have nothing to do with literature, are divorced from literature almost as much as the dramatist who feeds the programmes of the stock theatres. Their works are such stuff as dreams are made on, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. But the gods of literature are and have always been they who use imaginative moulds for the expression of their thought, their observation, and their interpretation of life. Of such were Shakespeare and Cervantes, of such are Tolstol and Turgenev. Those whose vision is merely artistic, who see only anecdotes in life, and whose highest endowment is irrelevant imagination, may occupy a high place as wielders of language and incident; but they do not come into the pantheon. For the world is incurably thoughtful. The man who asked of "Paradise Lost," "what does it prove?" does not deserve all the scorn that has been heaped upon him. A work of art that has no general relations to reality is only a toy, a luxury, and the maker thereof is veritably a "Daughter of Joy." In his hands fic-

* The author in question spelt his name "Tourguéneff," in a letter addressed to Prof. Boyesen, dated April 25, 1877. EDS. CRITIC.