

are so truthful, clear, and harmonious, and are the evident handiwork of a man keenly alive to the beauties of Nature, and enthusiastically anxious to do faithful work. Take, for instance, 'A gleam of sunshine', 215; what a charm there is about it; how intensely pleasant is the deep insight into the recesses of the wood; how brilliant is the gleam; and how thorough is the sympathy between the artist and his work! No other painter seems to understand Nature like Mr. O'Brien. What Mr. Millard really knows or cares about her we can hardly tell, for he cannot, apparently, emancipate himself from his devotion to the one peculiar line of study which he has laid down for his own guidance. We admire some of his pictures very much. He seems to have more grasp and intensity than many of his compeers, who, in the search after prettiness, lose sight of dignity and grandeur altogether. But here Mr. Millard seems to stop short on the road to grandeur—he halts too often at glum smudginess. Leaden clouds, rocks of sombre hue, imminent rain,—these are but too often the constituent parts of his pictures, which are lightened up by nothing more cheerful than a warm suffusion of heatherish purple. If Mr. Millard will eschew stern and wild Caledonia for twelve months and take for that period a tonic of English or Canadian sunlit scenery, he will do more justice next year to his undoubtedly great powers. Mr. Verner surprises us this year by the complete alteration of style which a visit to Philadelphia or some other influence has brought about. But, whatever it may have been that has wrought it, we honestly say that we do not regret the change. His eternal devotion to the Red Man was becoming tiresome. Now, besides some exceptionally hazy buffaloes and one sketch of Teepees, he eschews the Far West altogether. In two pictures of 'American storks', 94, and 'The Adjutant', 102, he has achieved a decided success, especially in the tone of the background. 'St. Clair Flats', 124, is strikingly like a picture by another artist. Mr. Cresswell is, in many respects and in many instances, so good that he worries us by not being better. His best picture, to our mind, is the 'Fishing-boats', 211, a pleasant composition, warm, true, and artistic. His 'Evening, near Pigeon River', 227, is all aglow, not with the warmth of the evening hour, but with the hot breath of the Sahara. 'Sheep', 122 and 130, are very good studies, and are the best animals exhibited.

In marked contrast to Mr. Cresswell, comes Mr. Harlowe White. Each of these two artists might profitably borrow a little from the other: the one erring on the side of hotness, the other always cool, and sometimes faultily cold. His 'Windsor and Eton', 220, has undoubtedly something wrong in the relative

distances and position of the chief points. 'The Llwyg', 170, is presumably a Welsh scene, and a very pretty, quiet one, too, charmingly given, but, as has been remarked, without idealization or power. But, in many respects, Harlowe White's best picture is the 'Market-place at Quebec', 113, a very successful and faithful rendering of a picturesque scene. Mr. Fowler has eschewed the cactus and gladiolus style, though he has one or two more quiet studies of flowers. How long it may take him to dash off one of the sketches of which he has sent eight or nine to the Exhibition we do not know; but it is rather a pity he is not a little more careful about his work. They show—especially such ones as 'Round the knoll', 176, and 'Shade', 180—more power and vigour than is possessed by, perhaps, any other artist in Canada; but it is a dangerously facile style to adopt; and in many sketches Mr. Fowler has been betrayed into a crude, hasty, and almost nonsensical scragmage of colours. Mr. Martin's best Water colour is, perhaps, 'A rainy day in Muskoka', 165; for we confess that our knowledge of the woods has seldom, if ever, brought us into acquaintance with that green-plush moss in which his soul so delights. 'Fresh from the Saguenay', 35, is a capital portrait in Oils of the king of fish, and his wild fowl are excellent. We doubt if the influence of Mr. Maxfield, an American artist with whom he has associated himself in some pictures, has been very good on Mr. Martin. Mr. Maxfield can paint well in some respects, but we do not like his style; his boys—and they occupy nine-tenths of his canvass—are the most offensive types of keen, hungry young Americans, and his subjects have a great dash of vulgarity in them. Of the huge portrait by Berthon of Chief Justice Harrison, we can only say that much excellent work in the drapery and background is overlooked in consequence of the grotesque prominence given to features which it is an artist's province to soften down and idealize. 'Wind and Wave', 37 A, by Shuttleworth, is a capital little study of sea water; perhaps the best water in the Exhibition. Mr. Hannaford has much excellent work on the walls, mixed with some that is disappointing.

We miss this year several well-known names from the catalogue. Edson especially, Forbes, Perré, and Hoch, the latter being, we regret to learn, incapacitated, at present, by serious illness from pursuing the practice of his art. But, despite these drawbacks, the Society's Exhibition is undoubtedly an advance on those of previous years. And now that the School of Design has been so successfully established, there is good reason for being confident that the progress of one year will be more than maintained when next May brings with it another welcome display of pictures.