

P. 167, l. 11: Parse "one." What sort of a verb is "became" here? l. 27: What part of speech is "right?" Macaulay says,

"Right well did such a couch befit  
A Consular of Rome."

P. 156, l. 18: "Brave" means what? l. 21: Find derivation of "inclement." l. 25: "Case;" Macaulay in Horatius says, "Never I ween did swimmer, in such an evil *case*." The whole story as told on this page well illustrates the character of Ulysses, the crafty.

P. 157, l. 22: I think reference has previously been made to the fact that the Greeks drank their wine always mixed with water. l. 29: Here we have the words "vests" in the sense already referred of "vesture" or "clothing." Jove's cup-bearer was Ganymede.

P. 159, l. 19: Parse the noun "house," especially its case; l. 37: Be careful of the meaning of the word "admire" in this line.

P. 160, l. 18: "Bears" would more usually be "keeps." "Still" could be here interpreted in its old sense of "always."

P. 161, l. 5: Who was "the king of the skies?" l. 10: "Chiefest." If you look up the grammar I think you will find "chief" given as one of the adjectives which can't be compared. But we find many writers using comparative and superlative degree of such adjectives as: "supreme," "chief," etc.

P. 170, l. 15: The three Fates were conceived as spinning the thread of man's life, or, more correctly, one held the distaff, another spun, and the third cut the thread when complete.

P. 171, l. 36: For a full account of this voyage read Kingsley's "Argonauts" in the "Heroes."

P. 175, l. 3: For the story of the way in which Athené got the shield, read "Perseus" in the "Heroes."

Canadian mica has been increasing steadily in value from 1895 to the present time, and that of India has been almost as steadily decreasing in value; so that, where in 1895 the imported value of Indian mica was nearly three times that of Canadian mica, the 1904 Canadian mica stood higher than Indian.—*Scientific American*.

The Province of Quebec has set aside the whole Gaspé Peninsula as a forest preserve.

### Millet.—Continued.

By Miss A. MACLEAN.

"The Sower," which many consider Millet's best picture, is at present in the Vanderbilt collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It was painted at Barbizon, but the peasant is of Millet's home place, such as he himself was when he worked in his father's fields. Millet did not paint from models, he painted the type rather than the individual. The sower marches along with a firm and serious step, scattering the seed on the steep, greyish brown hillside, clad in a dark red shirt, dark blue trousers that reach to the knee, dark greyish stockings wrapped round with cords of straw, rough *sabots*, on his feet, and a shapeless dull brown hat throws his face into shadow. A



A PAIR OF SABOTS.\*

flock of crows fly near, and on the hilltop another pheasant is finishing his day's work in a glint of the setting sun, while all the hillside is in shadow.

Millet sent "The Sower" to the Salon in 1850, and of it Gautier (go-tee-ay) then wrote: "The night is coming, spreading its grey wings over the earth; the sower marches with rhythmic step, flinging the grain in the furrows; he is followed by a flock of pecking birds; he is covered with rags. He is bony, swart and meagre under his livery of poverty, yet it is life which his large hand sheds; he who has nothing, pours upon the earth with a superb gesture the bread of the future. On the other side of the slope, a last ray of the sun shows a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow—strong and gentle companions of man, whose recompense will one day be the slaughter-house. . . . There is something grand in this figure with its violent gesture, its proud ruggedness, which seems painted with the very earth the sower is planting." This picture raised a storm among the critics. Some saw in it a revolutionist who cursed the rich and scattered shot against the sky.

Though fixed in a land that he liked, Millet never ceased to long for the home of his early days, where now his mother and grandmother were sinking under sickness, anxiety and age. When, worn out, the grandmother died, sorrowing till her last breath that she could not see her Francois, Millet was over-

\* When asked for his autograph, Millet sometimes made a sketch of a pair of sabots, writing his name after.