

her hand. By her side stands King Arthur, tall, broad-shouldered, and erect, holding in his hands the letter just read, and looking down upon Elaine. On the other side of the couch, 'the dumb old servitor' sits patiently upon the floor, his long white hair and beard rendering his haggard face even still more sorrowful. Near by, a lady of the court, overcome with grief, is bending forward, her face hidden in her hands. At the head of the couch stands 'the pure Sir Galahad,' with clasped hands, looking down on the maid. Sir Lancelot, seen in profile, stands almost facing him, looking across Elaine at the Queen Guinevere. Next the massive pillar, near the head of the couch, is 'the fine Sir Gawain.' At its foot stands another lady of the court, her attitude expressing sorrow, while behind Guinevere's chair is seen the sinister face of Sir Mordred. In the background are servants, soldiers, and peasants."

It is only possible here to give the central group from Mr. Hovenden's composition. A large engraving of the picture will soon be published.

In its colouring there is considerable of richness and brightness in the painting. There are certain elements of the gorgeous in some of the costumes, particularly in the garb of the king. The architecture, also, (not shown in the illustration) is very rich both in colour and design, and the texture of the marble is exquisitely given.

Another very striking picture is "The Days that are no More," by C. Y. Turner. It bears the motto:—

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned,
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O death in life, the days that are no more!"

The sad and thoughtful face, the lengthening shadows of sunset in the graveyard, the fading light in the sky, are profoundly impressive.

Of more interest to Canadians is "The Market-place, Montreal," by G. H. McCord, A.N.A. The old Bonsecours' Market and Church, facing the quay of the St. Lawrence, Montreal, on a moonlight evening in winter. Old fishing and oyster boats along the shore, and children playing on the ice, which, in the fore-