

our scheme of the pink and red ecclesiastical robes. Millais has done nothing finer.

It is with the memory of such things as these that we can forgive the lapses of artistic integrity, the oftentimes careless handling in the stress and needs of a dominating popularity. That he painted too often, as it were, upon the surface of things we cannot deny. That he has never grasped or felt the tendency of modern art, is but perhaps to say that a man's life, although with wealth of days, is not long enough to be both at the beginning and the end of a movement. In thinking of his Pre-Raphaelite work and some dozen portraits we should be content. I, for one, am grateful and rejoice

that the highest official honour fell to his lot.

I have no space to touch upon Millais' black and white work, his illustrations to "Barry Lyndon," his "Parables," and others. They are often full of a most subtle line, dramatic force and expression.

As to the man Millais, there is little to say. His life is in his work. A sturdy Englishman, manly, fond of out-door sports; an enthusiastic fisherman, a genial companion, without anxiety or search for the subtle refinement of ideas in either life or art. Typical of the positiveness of the average Englishman, to whom he was for more than a quarter of a century the exponent and interpreter of his artistic sympathies.

BRITANNIA.

BY LOUISE M. DITHRIDGE.

"Longa oblivio Britanniae etiam in pace."—*Tacitus.*

Low-browed, haughty and dark, with his foot on the shore of the island,
 Stood the Roman avenger and trampled the pride of his foe.
 Sullenly frowned the sky and thundered the foaming ocean
 From its dashing spray on the rock to the pearl-bright caverns below.
 Dark 'gainst the cloudy sky upreared the crests of the forests,
 Pale clung the mistletoe mystic on the swarthy limbs of the oak.—
 Paler the ashen lips laid low on the Druid altar.—
 Dark rose the mist and the storm like the blackness of battle smoke.
 Stern he stood and proud, the Briton, the lord of the island,
 Long he battled, unblanched, with hate in his deep, dark eye;
 Mingled the Roman purple with his dreams of puissant freedom,
 And woke from exultant slumbers in bravest battle to die.
 Forget for awhile your hatred; forget your dreams of possession;
 Turn ye, proud Roman eagles, back from the rocky shore;
 For the conquered conqueror slumbers, to awake to a prouder glory
 When the march of your vanquishing armies shall threaten the world no more.
 Rest on your well-earned laurels, O vanquished tribes by the ocean;
 Turn to your home foes, Romans, there is peace on the starlit sea,
 And the fiery Briton warrior dreams of the coming Saxon,
 And turns in a trance prophetic to the centuries yet to be.

—*The Independent.*

"To him who in the love of nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language."—*Longfellow.*