

in the way of disparagement, is, that in that far off adumbration, which we call the representation of nature, of which alone art is capable, large sacrifices have to be made. The scale of nature is so many octaves more extensive than that of art, that though we endeavor to imitate her harmony we are compelled to reduce its compass. Lightness and darkness in nature melt into each other by infinite gradations; and if we follow her accurately at one end of the scale we shall find ourselves without resources when we come to the other. We must take an average of nature, and do the best we can, or the thing most generally suggestive of truth, with that. It seems to me that Mr. Harris has followed nature a little too closely and conscientiously at the dark end of her scale and has failed to render her brilliancy in a way at all proportionate to her gloom.

Homer Watson, R. C. A., another young artist, seems to me to be quite on the right road. Saving and excepting certain objections which I need not apply to him personally, but to the school in general, his work is thoroughly satisfactory. It supplies the primary requisite of a work of art, namely, individuality. Without going into metaphysics and the abysses of Fichteism, we may safely assert that the variety and versatility of external nature are only made apparent to us by their appeal to peculiar mental constitutions, and what Charles Lamb called the "corregiosity of Corregio" was in reality a revelation of something existing in nature which had hitherto passed unnoticed. We associate certain effects with individuals, such as sunset glow with Cyrt and cavernous gloom with Rembrandt, as they were really the discoverers of the one and the other; and I should consider that any professor or teacher of art who objected to any peculiar rendering he might observe in one of his pupils, was venturing into regions where he had no business. I think that Mr. Homer Watson sees nature in his own way; perhaps in a somewhat weird, unhospitable and cheerless way, but it is his own, and if any word of mine can carry encouragement to him I would bid him persevere and express the thing that is in him. All I would venture to suggest applies strictly to the language, not to the motive impulse, of his art. All he has got to say is compatible with careful drawing of parts, such as leaves and bushes, and the impressiveness and terror which he wishes to convey in his fine picture of the "Saw Mill" can be rendered without an unpleasant inky hue in sky and water.

Mr. F. M. Bell Smith, A. R. C. A., is no novice, to judge by his firm touch, and what I may call the judicious reticence he is able to command when speech is unnecessary. His picture of "Last Rays, Bay of Fundy," tempts me to forget Canada and to generalize. It seems to me as good as most landscapes which are being painted in these days; but then Mr. Bell Smith must remember that very great landscapes are not being painted, and there are still new worlds for him to conquer. His pictures are a trifle