

DOT MACREA.

"I will go with you, if you think I may,
Down to the corner," said sweet Dot
Macrea;
Shaking her wayward curls away, as she
Gazed at me with her blue eyes anx-
iously.

And so we fared together down the
street,
Holding each other by the hand; her
sweet

Glad face aglow with dignity, and each
Of her five years reliving in her speech.
O winds of memory! blow back, until
Her very presence and her laughter fill
My room as well as heart; and all
her hair's

Pale glory floats about me unawares.

And when I go into the glaring street,
Be with me still, child-presence; that
thy feet
May lead me ever, like those eyes of
thine,
In paths of honour; and thy hand in
mine.

Be with me always, little Dot Macrea,
In dreams by night, and strength beset
by day;
My guardian angel from the morn till
even,

Down that long street whose only end
is Heaven!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada.

ART NOTES.

The "portrait of the year" in the Lon-
don Academy is said to be Mr. J. S. Sar-
gent's portrait of Lady Agnew.

When Alfred Sensier, a French critic,
and collector, saw Millet's famous picture
for the first time, it was almost finish-
ed. Millet said to him, "What do you
think of it?" "It is the Angelus!" Sen-
sier cried. "It is, indeed," joyfully re-
sponded the artist. "You can hear the
bells." "I am contented; you understand
it. It is all I ask!" What more could
he desire?

Frederick Harrison expresses himself
about a certain phrase in the art of the
present day in the Forum for June, and
in the course of the article says: But,
with an irrepressible thirst to be origi-
nal at any cost, there is a tendency at
work of a thoroughly debased kind. Re-
action against the conventional, the melo-
dramatic and the "sweetly pretty," is
wholesome and natural; and it is much
to have secured a general revolt against
these besetting vices of an artificial age.
But revolt and iconoclasm are only the
beginning of reformation; and in art es-
pecially, the more violent forms of pro-
test are full of harm. It boots little to
be rid of the conventional in order to set
up an idol in the brutal, the coarse, the
odd, the accidental and dull imitation of
rank commonplace. . . . One rarely
sees an exhibition of pictures now, espe-
cially in France, without plenty of literal
transcripts from hospitals, police cells and
dens of infamy. A powerful imagination
might find art even there. But the aim
of these modern "artists" is not art—but
disgust. They give us mere colored photo-
graphs, without grace, pathos, awe, life
or invention. Their purpose is to be as ugly
as crude, as photographic, as unpleasant
as canvas and dull paint can make it.
It is not even grim; it is not sensational;
it is a tour de force. But it is no more
art than is the report of a filthy trial,
or the descriptions in a manual of sur-
gery. Some hold that art means utter
dullness and strict elimination of every
source of interest. A dirty old woman
vacantly staring at a heap of stones, a
pig wallowing in fetid mud, a dusty
high road between two blank walls, a
sand-bank under a leaden sky—such are

the chosen spectacles dear to rising gen-
ius. It is impossible to find in them a
trace of beauty, poetry, pathos, incident
or grace. When these are presented with
a monotonous realism in a uniform tone
of drab or mud, we are triumphantly
told that conventionalism is routed and
Truth in art is enthroned. There are now
to be seen pictures on exhibition walls
wherein nothing whatever can be detect-
ed but a sickly blur in a haze of gray
monochrome. It is true that sensational-
ism and conventionalism are at last got
rid of. But so they would be, if the art-
ist had left his canvas blank, or had put
his palette in a gold frame and named it
"Day-dreams," or a "Fugue in primitive
colours."

WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT, VII.

The United States exhibit is undoubt-
edly the largest in the art gal-
lery. The work here shows the
greatest range of treatment as well
as choice of subject. Here are the works
of artists who have studied in the great-
est European schools, as well as those
who have never been abroad—although
these last are perhaps few in number.

Carl Marr, American by birth, and Ger-
man in name and training, has the dis-
tinction of having painted the largest
picture in the art gallery, and it is im-
mense in size as well as in the artist's
grasp of the subject. The canvas is
crowded with figures, and yet nothing
distracts from the interest in the proces-
sion, in the Flagellants with their bare
bleeding backs, the priests and the sur-
rounding crowd; the street vista, and
the architecture of the surrounding build-
ings, are very fine. Very different and
very charming is "Summer Afternoon" by
the same artist, which shows two tables
set for afternoon tea in the shade of the
garden, and the accompanying figures. It
is the delightful feeling of sunlight shade,
bright flecks of sunshine sitting through
the branches, this is the great charm
of this picture.

In addition to a portrait of Herkom-
er, which is an excellent likeness, Benoni
Iryin has a striking scheme of colour in
his other portrait, "Sweet Sixteen," a
young girl in a copper-colored satin
gown with the same colour repeated in
her hat which partly shades the face,
sitting on some soft-yellowish brown skins.
The pose is very easy and the flesh good.
Here is a good thing by Edward Sim-
mons, which is evidently intended to sug-
gest, scarcely illustrate, a Bible subject,
"The Carpenter's Family." A boy with a
thoughtful and serious face, not ethereal
in the least, is seated on the bench of a
carpenter's workshop in the foreground,
while at the far end of the room from
which the light comes through a small
window, the mother and father are ear-
nestly and wonderingly discussing him,
judging from the mother's pointing finger.
The dress and surroundings are of
our own time. Here is one of Gari Mel-
chor's treated realistically and yet with
a great deal of feeling, "The Nativity."
In a very rude shed the young mother
sits on some straw on the floor, leaning
against Joseph with closed eyes and
weary air, perhaps asleep; with bent
head he looks down upon the little infant
wrapped and lying on the straw at his
feet, while the lantern at the child's head
accounts for what seems like a halo and
gives the only light, except that of the
cold dawn coming through the door-way.
It is said to have been painted in a cel-
lar in Paris. Some of the proportions
are rather bad, the child's head is quite
as long as Joseph's nose, for instance,
but the colour and feeling are fine. He
has several others.

Stephen Parrish, who seems to be best
known by his etchings, has a good snow
effect in "Winter Sunset, Cape Cod," in
which the glistening snow beautifully re-
flects the blue of the sky. He is quite as
successful in several others. Walter Mc-

Ewen has four pictures. His work is
strong in effects of light, harsh it may
seem at times; as for instance in "The
Witches." Three women in the dress of
the early Puritans, have been brought in-
to the prison court; of the two standing,
one is a scowling, old woman (no wonder
she is thought a witch), and the other
a young girl, while the third is seated
by a table with head buried on her
arm. At these three a group of Pur-
itan fathers who have entered the court,
are looking with distrust and stern dis-
approval. In "The Absent One (All Souls'
Day)," a very beautiful idea is beauti-
fully given. A young peasant girl is
reading her Bible, her old father sits
behind her with bent head, and in the
chair next him is the shadowy form of the
old mother who has gone. She is with
them again on All Souls' Day; they
know it.

Whistler's oils are a disappointment
to many—no doubt the effect of his
work is seen in work of others who have
caught his idea and carried it out, as he
never had. His "Nocturne" is surpassed
over and over again. His portraits only
look half finished in places, and even the
faces, which in a portrait, at least, one
expects to see well-modelled, are flat, and
in a very low key. There are no spec-
imens of his later works to give a better
idea of his wonderful but eccentric genius.
There are some of William Chase's por-
traits—Whistler somehow suggests Chase.
Here is a mother and son, a boy about
ten, perhaps, standing in a most easy
unconventional fashion, his right arm
thrown around her waist, and held by
her right hand. Chase's flesh is so soft
and transparent, perhaps even a little
chalky at times, but the work looks
spontaneous; never overworked. In an-
other portrait of a mother and boy, he
has sacrificed the mother most shock-
ingly. They are both seated on the same
chair, he leaning back easily, while she
is a little behind reading a book; but
for her sake she had better not have been
there, and is evidently the work of a
very short time, untouched since it was
painted. When one sees the work of Car-
olus-Duran, one remembers Chase, only
the Frenchman gives texture in details
better, and never leaves parts unfinish-
ed, as does Chase; but the flesh is a good
deal alike. Truesdale has a good thing
in a flock of sheep on a hillside, the day
is cloudy, and the colour a little mon-
otonous, but the animals are finely de-
lineated. D. W. Tryon sends a large
number: "Autumn," "Starlight," "Moon-
light," and something of nearly every
season. One soon grows to recognize his
work. He sees things very simply and
there is always a good deal of tender-
ness in his broad rendering. He also
brings strongly to mind two Frenchmen,
Cazin, and even more forcibly, Pointelin.
"Darby and Joan," by Edward Simmons,
is a good subject well given; the can-
vas is large. The old man kisses his
wife before leaving for the day; you see
neither of the faces, his back is towards
you, but the strong light from the win-
dow beyond throws into relief the two
figures and the breakfast table from
which he has just risen.

Sarah Whitman has an excellent por-
trait of Oliver Wendell Holmes; loose
work and good colour. Walter Thirlaw
has several good things; "Tuning the
Bell" shows a man striking the bell with
a hammer, while another gives the note
from a violin. There is nothing very no-
ticeable about his work. Robert Reid
has a good thing in "Death of her
First-born." The young mother leans
on the coffin of her child, all the light
comes from the candles and falls on the
white drapery of the coffin, and the fig-
ure of the mother. The pathos is so gen-
uine, the composition so simple, and col-
our so soft and light in key, as to make
a really remarkable picture without
showing any great degree of skill. Ed-
win Blashfield's "Christmas Bells" is
a beautiful harmony in the greenish met-
al of the bells, the gray stone of the