

Even in such works, the little dwellers on the western plains grow to recognize each nook and path depicted, with something of the liking which the parents cherish for the old home. In this way is province bound to province and prairie to woodland. Our painters penetrate the sub-arctic northern forest, the most lonely lake in the solitary north, the furthest western mountains, and over and beyond the Rockies, into British Columbia, in search of material, new and characteristic, for their easels. They gather, here and there, as they journey along, the local conditions and points of local interest. These, in our annual exhibitions, appear upon the walls, fresh from the studios in our Canadian art centres. Side by side they are viewed with the pastoral pictures of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and the marine subjects of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The Exhibition becomes in spirit a pictorial lesson on the boundless resources of our Dominion. But greater results are to follow. The silently floating birch canoe on the still waters of Shadow River, finds a purchaser in some eastern connoisseur, a dweller on the Atlantic seaboard. Its companion picture,—perhaps a sheltered inlet of Lake Couchiching, or, on the Omemee River, or Stony Lake,—or an evening view on the Mimico marshes, adorns the walls of a lovely mansion in some prairie city; whilst the weird and lonely mountain pictures, with distant Kamloops, or the blue Lake Louise, or Mount Sir Donald, hung beside a view of St. John's Harbor, showing the vessels bathed in the evening's fading light,—may find a cherished resting-place in the parlors of Toronto or Montreal art patrons. Thus in a most material way is the landscape painter furthering patriotic sentiments.

The portrait painter in a measure excels even the *genre* or the landscape painter in developing this national spirit. He is pre-eminently an historical painter, handing down the men

and the manners of one century to the century that succeeds.

The historian, by narrating events of national interest, describes the actors upon the stage of the historical drama. The portrait painter presents you to them, and you feel the influence of their individuality in the commanding silence of their presence. The lives of men seem to write their lines upon their faces. The orators of England, Pitt, Burke, Disraeli, and the orators of the United States, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, and, too, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, of our own country,—all have faces strangely similar to the faces of Cicero and others of the great of old.

Whatever may be assigned by the physiognomist as the cause of this similarity of feature, I will not here discuss. But we can say, with Cowper, as he gazed upon his mother's picture,

“Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic power.”

Thus we may in gratitude express ourselves of the sculptors of antiquity and the artists of modern times, for having preserved from decay or oblivion the heroes of history.

It is the goldsmith's mark of genuineness stamped upon the links of the national chain. By no condition of national dissolution, by no process wherein languages become obsolete, do the features cease to convey in marble, or on canvas, their utmost meaning, but at all times declare, in every dialect of every language, and to every race and nation, the thought the artist had depicted there. Pre-eminently then does the art of portraiture call for special national recognition.

What gives the younger generation a greater pride in the country, and what more incites it to ambitious effort, than familiarity with the portraits of the master-minds of former generations! Portraits of heroes inspire men with valor. Portraits of scientists send us to the laboratory.