

about my little village, then York, muddy and dirty, just struggling into existence.

"Yet York was not a favorable place for a youth of genius to grow up. The district grammar school was the only introduction into the world of knowledge, thought, and art. Here was Mr. Drury, an eccentric drawing-master, who taught the future artist the elements of what was to be his ill-paid craft. His artistic bias was regarded in the light of want of application and distaste for steady industry. The circumstances of the community, says Prof. Wilson, were indeed too frequently inimical to the fostering of settled habits among its youth. Dr. Scadding has remarked of those early days, that there was a constant contact of the sons of even the most respectable families with semi-barbarous characters. From Indian guides and bad specimens of French voyageurs, a restless spirit was imbibed by the youth. The vague Nor'west, a sort of savage land of Cocayne, a region of perfect freedom among Indians, was imagined, and to reach which Lakes Huron and Superior had to be traversed. In this way, young Kane's mind was familiarized with the idea of that expedition across the continent to the green shores beyond the mountains, of which he has left so many memorials by means of his pencil and pen."

Let us leave him for a moment.

Many names might be recalled that have left no visible trace of their presence, beyond the free drawing lessons that served but to save from extinction amongst us the idea of an art that lived in the home land.

The first name that left any impression behind it was that of E. C. Bull, a portly Englishman, of free speech, and a splendid pencil draughtsman. He taught in Upper Canada College and the Mechanics Institute; Henry Martin was one of his pupils.

A Mr. Bullock opened the first stained glass works in Toronto, early

in the thirties, the windows required for the first St. James' church giving, perhaps, the opportunity for this. Mrs. Jameson thought of them as vile in taste and coarse in execution.

Saunders was a fairly clever landscape man of the usual painstaking manner in attention to detail, but Hoffner Meyer, son of the London engraver of the same name, was the first man to make, in this country, a genuine place for art of high excellence. Many of his water color portraits are to be met with in Toronto, and beautiful examples of a refined and elevated taste they are.

The artist temperament that chafes under codes, and observes with a restless contempt the hollow formalities of customs on stilts, finds agreeable reaction in its Bohemia; hence, the eccentricities that are so often noticeable in the fraternity. Hoffner Meyer was no exception to those social exceptions, which in the older days, were all but the universal rule. Lowe, his associate, who was a clever engraver, reproduced many of his portraits of the Chief Justices, Bishop Strachan, and others.

It is here, however, we must take up our Canadian lad, Kane, who began to give us pictures of our own country. We quote again from Mr. Davin—"When pearls are scattered at people's doors, they don't believe them to be pearls, unless they are puffed by an organ of somebody interested in them. Kane, therefore, left Toronto for Cobourg, where he earned enough money to pay his way, and to start for the States, where he hoped to make sufficient to enable him to visit Europe, with a view to studying under the great masters.

"His father promised to assist him. He was full of hope, and his life-dream was bright: but in the midst of his musings upon the glories of art and its renown, a letter from his father tells him that, owing to difficulties, his Italian excursion will be prevented.

"This did not deter him from his