

old, and attained the greatest proficiency. One of his most important series of wood cuts is the so-called "Dance of Death." The strange subject probably originated in some early miracle-play. It was a favourite subject for the brush of artists of the Middle Ages, and attracted Holbein by the opportunity it offered for representing what was pathetic and grotesque. Death peeps over the shoulder of the pope, who is in the act of crowning the emperor, points to an open grave as the empress passes by in her royal robes, seizes the peddler on the road, takes the weeping child from its mother, and in a thousand ways shows himself the stern arbitrator of all that is human.

Joseph M. W. Turner (1775-1851) is more widely known than any other English artist of this century. His early landscapes were very elaborate. In the last ten years of his life he ran into great extravagances in colour and drawing. In his middle life he showed himself one of the greatest landscape-painters that ever lived. Thackeray says of his "Fighting Téméraire," "It is absurd, you will say, and with a great deal of reason, for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas representing a ship, a steamer, a river and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of a great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power."

Turner occupies a very high position in engraving as well as in painting, although in both arts he was often led astray by the desire to produce a brilliant effect. He has the well-deserved credit of establishing a new school of English engraving. In his "Liber Studiorum," a series of engravings of his pictures, he has left a legacy of the utmost value to students and lovers of art.

Toward the close of Sir Joshua Reynolds' life, Turner frequented his studio, copied pictures, and acquired some art secrets. He began to teach water-colour drawing in schools, while still a boy, at from a crown to a guinea a lesson. With all his baggage tied in a handkerchief on the end of his walking-stick, he made a sketching tour through the towns of Rochester, Canterbury, Margate, and others, in Kent, in 1793, and about this time began to paint in oil. All through his life he made sketches. Wherever he was, if he saw a fine or an unusual effect, he treasured it up for use. He sketched on any bit of paper, or even on his thumb-nail, if he had nothing better. Nothing escaped his attention, whether of earth, or sea, or sky. Probably no artist that ever lived gave