

virtue of her genius, to copy the enduring masterpieces of his idol. This is high praise. But Miss Alcott is no mere copyist of the works of others. Her own pencil is skilful and delicate. Some of you may have seen in the galleries, or you may possess in your own homes and have hanging on your walls, pictures which owe their life and tone and spirit to this lady's brush. Her panel pictures, her fruit and flower subjects exhibit best the poetic grace and artistic delicacy of her manner, a manner which is peculiarly her own and which individualizes all her work. You can tell one of her canvases as readily as you can determine a genuine Foster, or a Doré, or a Du Maurier, or a John Gilbert, or one of Tenniel's cartoons in *Punch*, for your really eminent artist has always some distinguishing feature, some revealing touch or mark which proclaims the authorship.* I know that most of you are familiar with

* I may say here, that the death of this estimable lady has just been announced. Two years ago she went abroad to perfect her art studies in Europe, and while there, she married Mr. Ernest Nieriker. She had been living in Paris up to the time of her death. These touching lines, entitled "Our Madonna," were written in her memory by her elder sister, Louisa.

A child, her wayward pencil drew
On margins of her book
Garlands of flowers, dancing elves,
Bird, butterfly and brook.
Lessons undone, and play forgot,
Seeking with hand and heart
The teacher whom she learned to love
Before she knew 'twas Art.

A maiden, full of lovely dreams,
Slender and fair and tall
As were the goddesses she traced
Upon her chamber wall.
Still labouring with brush and tool,
Still seeking everywhere
Ideal beauty, grace and strength.
In the "divine despair."

A woman, sailing forth alone,
Ambitious, brave, elate,
To mould life with a dauntless will,
To seek and conquer fate.
Rich colours on her palette glowed,
Patience bloomed into power;
Endeavour earned its just reward,
Art had its happy hour.