

is that in him which has responded as deep to deep.

The subject of Mr. Walker's pictures are mainly pastoral; they appeal to the elemental in us as do Homer's tales or the story of Jacob and his flocks and his long service of love. The intense repose, the large suggestiveness, of many of them recall the breadth of Troyon; they seem in sharp contrast to our modern unrest and triviality.

In a large canvas, "Morning," a flock of sheep have just emerged from the shed and are beginning to disperse through the meadow. The dew glistens on the grass and the cold feeling of early morning is in the air, the light is quickening in the eastern sky but has not yet penetrated the shade of these trees. Gradually, as you give yourself sympathetically to the understanding of the painting, its meanings unfold, you appreciate the chill of the dawn, the first stirrings of the daily round of toil, the subtlety with which the great expanse of meadow is indicated, the charm of the cool green tones, the drawing of the sheep at once characteristic and broad. This reserve is one of the marked things in Mr. Walker's work; he does not tell you everything at once. It is all there as in nature, but the artist's purpose only comes to you gradually, bit by bit.

There are other subjects pleasant to recall—a sheep-washing in a shady pool in the foreground with a sunny vista showing beyond; massive oxen standing with patient heads against the

drinking trough, a drifting sky overhead; a *habitant* felling a tree in the dim woods; a pastoral with the unpoetical pig to the fore; a limekiln seen by moonlight, the conflicting lights making an interesting problem; a careworn peasant woman who drives home her cow in the glow of evening, stopping reverently before the wayside shrine and bowing in simple faith.

There is in these none of the pitifulness, the hopelessness of Millet's peasant, although the comparison has been made. Rather Mr. Walker has expressed something of the pathos and tenderness to be seen in Israel's work, though with a dignity quite his own. They are alike in discovering to us the beauty of the daily routine of life with its homely joys and cares.

During the last part of January and the first of February this year Mr. Walker held an exhibition of a number of his newer pictures, the best collection of his best work yet seen, at the Montross Gallery, Fifth avenue, New York.

There is a sentence of John Addington Symonds, in speaking of Michael Angelo, which might be applied to our artist's work in a degree. He says of certain of the great Italian's creations, "they became to him the hieroglyphs of his impassioned utterance." So here, whether the "hieroglyph" be landscape, figure, tree, or some effect of light, there is always the mind "to see through nature, to pass beyond the actual to the abstract, and to use reality only as a stepping-stone to the ideal."

INHERITANCE

THERE lived a man who raised his hand
and said

"I will be great,"

And thro' a long, long life he bravely knocked
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove
High place to win—

Worn out, he died and, dying, left no trace
That he had been.

He also left a son who, without care

Or planning how;

Bore the fair letters of a deathless name
Upon his brow.

"Behold, a genius, touched with fire divine!"
The people cried.

Not knowing that to make him what he was
Two men had died!

Isabel E. Mackay