

colours on the canvas, but go back for the same facts of life to our own experience and regroup them in the way the artist teaches us. In making us thus reweave the web of our experience, the artist trains that one of our powers that keeps life from becoming a monotonous here and now. But that for which we most value a picture is the pleasure it affords. Were it only for the momentary thrill experienced while we look at it, we would value every fine painting, but in so doing it also cultivates our emotional susceptibilities. This means that our capacity for enjoyment is increased and refined. The picture appeals to both our heart and intellect, thus helping to heal that division of our emotional and intellectual natures that so often creeps into our lives. Not only so, but it links our pleasure with worthy objects, with beautiful scenery and virtuous action. Surely the touch of feeling a picture gives us is a precious gift!

A picture is valuable, in the second place, for the *truth of life* it gives us. It has been already hinted that the scientist and the artist roam together over the facts of human experience; but they soon part company. The scientist gathers his facts and settles down laboriously to analyze and compare them. He submits them to the processes of abstraction and generalization, and gives us his truth of life in abstract ideas. The artist, on the other hand, never passes beyond the simple facts of life. His art is to represent them in their concrete reality. Is he in the presence of nature? Then, for him, the little flower that he plucks from some cranny is indissolubly linked with the feeling of pleasure born with the thought of it. He shrinks from the abstraction of the one from the other as he would from the cold touch of death. From these concrete facts of life, as has been said, he selects some and gives them an imaginative regrouping. But it is not a blind selection or a merely fanciful regrouping. He is guided by the particular motive or central idea which he seeks to embody in his picture. In this sense, painting, like poetry and the other arts, is "the application of ideas to life." The artist clothes his abstract motive or idea in concrete living forms. The philosopher elaborates a code of natural and moral law, which serves as a most valuable guide to us in life. But the artist teaches us what beauty and virtue is by representing beautiful things and virtuous actions. He speaks to us of the dignity of life with all its joys and sorrows by picturing the worthy movements of worthy men and women. He helps us onward in the struggle of life, not by an argument, but by picturing a strong man who ever delights in the beauty of the world and in doing his duty. He teaches by example, not by precept.

These values of pictures in the way of culture and in the exemplification of the fundamental truths of life, are, after all, only means to an end. By making us live less narrowly in their presence, they should empower us to live better in their absence. By making us look at life from the artist's standpoint, they should fit us the better at any time to view life artistically for ourselves. As Emerson would say, "Away with your nonsense of oil and easels, of marble and chisels: except to open your eyes to the witchcraft of eternal art, they are hypocritical rubbish." They must give us the power to reveal in the beauty of the earth, sea, and sky, to read sympathetically the struggle of life in the faces and actions of those about us, to make the past and the distant live before us, and often to create a vision of the fancy imparting to life "the glory and the freshness of a dream." We all have this power in a greater or less degree, but through our absorption in business we seldom exercise it. We impoverish our lives by always calculating economic values. Not that we should give up these calculations—no sane man would think of that—but that we should not allow them to be the whole of life. It is our duty to seek that fullness of experience our nature is capable of. Only in this way can we come to believe in the grandeur of life and spurn the blasphemous question, Is life worth living? In this realization of our capabilities all worthy Art is a most valuable aid—even a single good picture is appreciably helpful.

Toronto.

A CANADIAN LANDSCAPE—SUMMER.

MORNING.

Kiss mine eyelids beauteous Morn
Blushing into life new born!
Lend me violets for my hair
And thy russet robe to wear,
And thy ring of rosiest hue
Set in drops of diamond dew.

ROSE betimes, shook off dull slumber, performed my brief ablutions, and hied me to the sights of nature. It was yet early in the morning, when most are asleep or hug their pillows to enjoy the luxury of rest, with return of waking consciousness. The horny-handed toiler was not yet astir. The scene was peaceful, yet refreshing; and the vitality of nature, decked out in its richest hues of morning drapery, met me on every side. High above me spread the broad sweep of canopy that covers all. In the east, light blue tints blended with the golden halo of growing sunshine; from above, a deeper hue gave relief, and beauty to the rich azure in the still reposing west. Here and there a snowy cloud, like the spotless garb of Gabriel, depended on the atmosphere and then dissolved and disappeared. Forming a dark outline against the horizon was the deep gloom of forest. I spurred my lingering steps and was soon under cover of an outspreading monarch. A jocund songster chirruped me a "Good

morning, Sir," and darted out of sight. A lightsome breeze came rollicking in among the foliage, and made it dance and sing with the joy of new-given life. Stretching away southward until it kissed the distant sky was a broad undulating expanse of emerald, studded with drops of sparkling dew, violets, daisies, and buttercups. Dotted here and there was a neat, inviting cottage or homestead; or a stalwart tree of ample limbs which stood in solitary majesty. Fluttering butterflies added animation to the scene; a mournful hum in the air emphasized the solitude of the surroundings; now the feathery tribe would twitter among the branches, or trill their morning lay as they flitted merrily about. A pleasing aroma of bedewed grass and ripening hay suffused the atmosphere, and the vigour of morning was apparent. But see! the smoke escapes from that chimney, it mounts slowly and then floats lazily, gathering volume and density, until dissipated by the lucid elements. The gentle breeze has come less frequently; now there is perfect calm. There is the sound of a hammer! The day is begun. Waggon wheels are already lumbering along the turnpike. Ah, there the cows come to pasture—and a strapping lass she is, who brings up the rear. Cast in a swarthy mould she strides along unheeding, now bawling to a refractory cow, now shouting a familiar song to give utterance to her joyousness and levity of spirits. But the air is getting warmer; the sun has mounted to its throne, surrounded by a blaze of dazzling gold.

NOON.

But the busy marts of men did not invite me hence; I lingered where I was to enjoy the calm of summer noon-tide amid the scenes of bucolic simplicity. A fallen trunk that had weathered many a blast afforded me a welcome seat, where I escaped the slanting rays of the burning sun. The hand of time moved slowly, and the evolutions of nature were reposeful in their movements. A sublime stillness, seldom broken, like the peace of a Sabbath morning, was impressive and soothing. A continual hum and hissing in the air contributed to the result. A husbandman stretched himself full length on the grass and then rolled into a heap. In a cottage not far distant, the maid of all work appeared at the kitchen door to wipe away with her apron the perspiration that was streaming down her rubicund face, and then disappeared to renew her stern lot. The kine lay nodding in the field, but a mournful lowing from the distance struck upon the ear. A collie, with head down, and suffering from the common law of the hour, straggled to a shallow stream. Reaching a point that was well sheltered, it lay down to enjoy the refreshment of a bath eagerly lapping the limpid water as it wimpled past. A lusty crow from a barn yard came with a sense of pleasure, but a sudden twittering and squabbling among the branches overhead, dispelled a pleasant reverie that was inducing soothing repose. Now the sun is moving westward, and a cool breath of air gives new animation. The cows are up and browsing or looking leisurely about them, swirling their tails. Hodge yawns with *ennui*; but he is erect, and as he thrusts his hands deep down into his pockets, surveys his laden fields with peace of mind. The day moves apace and there is little change in appearances. Ah, yes; there are some workmen returning. Their laughter, their simple humour and beaming faces bespeak not only their relish for social intercourse among themselves, but for whatever change or variety the day may bring them.

EVENING.

Kiss my lips, Thou Lord of light
Kiss my lips a soft good-night!
Westward sinks Thy golden car:
Leave me but the evening star,
And my solace that shall be
Borrowing all its light from Thee!

The impulses which such a scene sometimes awaken in the breast of the pensive and thoughtful were upon me, and I lingered reluctant to abandon the masterful groupings of nature, to enjoy them merely in imagination. The heat of the day was over and I determined to witness the close which the descent of night's curtain signifies. I feasted royally on hickory nuts and huckleberries, accompanying them with a right big "wacht" of the purest undistilled, which I quaffed with delight, followed by a long drawn breath. Replenished to satisfaction without the aid of the culinary art, the luxury of a table or cutlery, I seized my pipe, renewed the supply of fragrant weed, and in an instant the smoke commingled with the perfumery of the atmosphere. I stretched myself on a gentle incline and was at peace with the wide world. The crowded atmosphere of the day was gradually giving way to the cool relief of brief twilight, and a growing feeling of exhilaration was stealing over me. I was in a mood for inviting reflection, but it was a time rather for observation. It was no sacrifice. I listened to the quiet mutterings among the leaves, to the wild screams that pierced the air at intervals, like peremptory notes of warning; to the extemporized solos that came borne on the air, and to the whole orchestra of nature. I watched the brilliancy of healthful day give place to the sober tints of decline. The sense of rest was overmastering. Quietude was supreme. The sun had all but disappeared from view, and for an instant a flood of colour filled the western sky. A lurid red now spread over all and gave relief to a striking scene. Then all was dark and the day was done. Stars twinkled in the heavens, which here and there were illumined by translucent flakes of light. The clock from a distant tower tolled the hour and I bent my homeward way.

G. S. A.

AT FERNCLIFF.

[Ferncliff is the beautiful summer home of "Fidelis."]—

On the cliff's brink, rock-rooted, levin-scarred,
Torn by the blasts that sweep the lake and hill,
Unstirred alike by seasons' fire or chill—
Stretching forever gaunt arins heavenward
That scarce throw shadow on the sun-scorched sward,
Yet glassed in waveless tides when winds are still;
Type of perennial strength and dauntless will—
Memory of countless years of faithful guard—
Emblem of courage, facing fear and fate—
Of patience, tireless through time's trials to wait—
Lonely forever, in a solitude
Too proud for peace—defiant yet subdued,
Triumphant, yet obeying law divine—
Living while death reigns round him, green while all
Spring's joys and autumn's glories fade and fall—
Fronting the morning, stands the steadfast pine.

From the crag's edge a stone's cast, where broad eaves
Give shelter even from chance of summer scathe,
To modest blooming buds that hide beneath
The tender screen of dewy-scented leaves;
Where scarce the feet of twilight insect grieves
The dusky silence—where the trellised wreath
Of jasmine trembles, and each passing breath
Shakes the frail glistening web Arachne weaves;
Where the pale-streaming moonlight smites the slope
The milk-white masses of the heliotrope
Rise regal; with a dainty, stately grace
The matchless flower lifts up her pure fair face;
As though her lord the sun had stooped to kiss.
She draws the light in floods of silver down,
And wears its radiance as of right her crown—
Embodied beauty, sweetness, peace, and bliss.

I, in the hammock's hush serenely swinging,
The stars above, the pulseless stream below,
Watch the gray moths that flutter to and fro,
The floating moon-rays, the soft shadows clinging;
While from dim wooded islets comes the ringing,
Sad call of whip-poor-will, the firefly's glow,
And mingled breeze and ripple's ebb and flow.
Then the sun's child, her passionate perfume dinging
Forth to the dark, fills all the silent place
With dreams of love and languour, joy and grace,
Melting the senses. But I lift my eyes—
Come the scarred branches 'twixt me and the skies;
They point, they teach, they warn with voice divine:
And as the phantom-rapture fades and dies,
And my shamed soul's white pinions upward rise,
I drink the strength and patience of the pine.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

Thousand Islands, June.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHANSON DE ROLAND.

DEAR SIR,—It will indeed be delightful to have *Chanson de Roland* in some form obtainable by the general reader. It will assist us in realizing the wonderful scenes of these eventful times, full of daring and noble deeds—the golden days of chivalry and romance.

Referring to this particular "Chanson de Geste," said to be sung before the battle of Hastings, on the field of Senlac, if it be true or not, it is pleasant to imagine it is, for there is a charm surrounding the scenes of those far-off years.

Let me write a few lines from a book before me on this subject: "While the day was yet young, Taillefer, the minstrel, went riding boldly out from the ranks singing the song of Roland and Charlemagne at Roncesvalles, tossing his sword lightly, and fast into the air, and catching it deftly as he galloped to the English lines." * Can we not see him on that early autumn morning, full of military enthusiasm, galloping round singing of conquest and victory, to inspire the Normans with courage and confidence, though the tremendous issues at stake might well make them tremble. "Harold and God Almighty!" cry the English. "Dex aide! Dex aide! Ha Rou! Ha Rou!" cry the Normans, and rush boldly up the hill to Harold's palisades.

Longfellow has written a short but beautiful poem on the death of Archbishop Turpin, most touching in its relation of incidents; so we hope the "Chanson de Roland" may some day find its way to the Toronto Public Library.

There is something I would like to take exception to in the article by "H. D.," inferring that "Ha Rou" is a similar cry to "Ugh" of the Indians, though I am depending on the reliability of the authoress I quote from. When speaking of the strict rule and order kept by Rolf the Ganger, when he had fairly given up the life of a sea king and assumed the Dukedom of Normandy, it says "One familiar word of ours, 'Hurrah,' is said to date from this reign. Rou, the Frenchmen called our Rolf, and there was a law that if a man was in danger himself, or caught his enemy doing any damage, he could raise the cry of 'Ha Rou!' and so invoke justice in Duke Rolf's name. At the sound of the cry everybody was bound on the instant to give chase to the offender, and whoever failed to respond to the cry of Ha Rou! must pay a heavy fine to

* "A Story of the Normans."—JEWETT.