



THE appreciation of art is a matter of education,—it is a faculty developed by study, and passed on as are all other gifts—a beautiful inheritance from generation to generation.

But that many of us still lack that education was proved by the comparatively small attendance at the annual exhibition of the O. S. C. A. on May 5th and the succeeding week, although the event had been heralded by an attractively ugly poster of most orthodox design for several weeks in advance.

Among the best efforts shown this season I should place "The Pastoral Symphony," by E. Wylly Grier, and his portrait of "Jessie" with its pretty colouring. Atkinson's delightful landscapes, marine pieces by Knowles, Challoner's studies in figures and faces, and W. Smith's "North Sea Breakers," Mr. C. M. Manly's "Corner on York Street," and F. M. Bell-Smith's "Mountain Peaks" were also of high merit.

"The Pastoral Symphony" was my pet picture. A group of musicians seated in the open air, one graceful girl standing in the foreground with face turned away, but music in every line of her supple form, the sheep slowly ascending the grassy hill, browsing as they go.

Looking on the scene such a restfulness creeps over one; everything about it seems opposed to bustle and worry.

One can almost hear the violins sing out their gladness for the blessed peace of evening.

"In the Heart of the City" Mr. Manly has immortalised a corner of York Street. One would scarcely dream of finding in that locality material for such a picture. Truly, artists have a second sight. The figures were excellent.

"The Peaks of the Selkirks" and "Cathedral Mountain" showed well the masterly brush of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith.

Sir F. A. Verner's buffalo pictures were characteristic.

The colouring in W. D. Blatchly's "Glow of Autumn" and "The Spring on the Hill" was good.

The "Basket Maker of the Apennines," by C. J. Way, was also a charming study.

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To come back to the oils. G. A. Reid's work was not up to his usual standard. Mr. Reid has given us such great pictures, one could not help feeling that in "Among the Daisies," "Sunflowers" and "Blossoms," he has not done himself justice.

"Old Stage Day," by W. E. Atkinson, was a charming bit of colouring, and reminded one of the old slow-going times of which grandmothers tell.

A little gem in oils was a view on the Thames by F. McG. Knowles, and was certainly deserving of a more conspicuous position than fell to its lot.

"Emancipation Oak" is a fine painting of a grand tree that has become historical, for it was after a conversation with Mr. Pitt at the foot of it that Wilberforce resolved to give notice of motion in the House of Commons of his intention to bring about the abolition of the slave trade.

We were disappointed in finding no picture from the hand of L. R. O'Brien among the water colours; his view on the Hudson in oils being his only contribution.

Sherwood's portrait painting was good, but he was rather unfortunate in not securing a very picturesque model for his "Little Newsboy."

Chas. A. Jeffreys, formerly a Toronto boy, and at present in New York, contributed some exceedingly good little water colours in his own particularly strong style.

A badly framed but very attractive little sunset picture, by W. Cantwell, hung on the east wall.

Another comparatively new contributor was William Robins. His picture, "Lidal Beach," was exquisite.

Miss Hagerty shows some pictures which were most effective in treatment.

Quite worthy of all the praise bestowed was the miniature painting on ivory by Madam Louise Van der Linde. The group consisted of a portrait of Mrs. Howard Chandler, one of the Duchess of Devonshire, one of Baby Van der Linde, and another face not named.

Madam Van der Linde's work was characterised by exquisite colouring and a delicacy of touch that prove the artist.

It is strange that this was the only collection in this branch of art, as miniature portrait painting has again become so popular.

A head, by F. S. Chailoner, also "A Sewing Lesson," were admired for their beautiful colouring and clearness of tone. His interiors were sketches of Mr. George Reid's home in the Catskills.

"The Ministry of Love," by J. L. Foster, was one of the most speaking pictures shown, —a little invalid, still hardly able to sit up in bed, receiving a visit from a friend who has brought him a gift. The pleased expression just chasing away anxiety from the mother's face was well brought out.

We hear on all sides that Canada has no history, but surely, with such picture painters as Wylly Grier, Reid, Manly, Martin, Bell-Smith, O'Brien, Blatchly, and many others, the same cry cannot be raised about art. And yet, how many of those who are able financially, are loyal to this home talent? How few pictures by our own artists bring a good price? Truly it is the old story of a prophet receiving little honour in his own country.

BLACK AND WHITE.

MONTREAL NOTES.

It is a fact, perhaps not much thought about, but a fact all the same, that painting is not so well known and understood among the great mass of the people as her sister art—music. Nearly every house possesses a piano or other instrument, of which, generally speaking, one or two members of the family have sufficient knowledge to demonstrate in part its worth. Comparatively few possess a paint-box, and painting lags behind.

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Even where we do find the paint-box, and among those professing to know something about drawing and colouring, the vast majority of amateur painters do not reach in ratio the standard acquired by amateur musicians. Many amateur musicians perform extremely well; many amateur painters produce very poor work, and, alas! think it is good.

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The public, too, are ready to accept poor pictures, applaud and pass favourable com-

ment upon them. The same public, quick to detect discord in the harmony of music, utterly fail to detect discord in the harmony of colour. Why? A lack of education of the art of drawing and painting. Many refined people crowd to music halls time and again, but never enter an art gallery. Many think, because they cannot paint, they cannot judge of a picture; yet they will judge of music, although unable to play or sing.

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We have those, too, who are ready to condemn all kinds of painting. Overlound conversation in the art galleries reveals discussion about values, light and shade, harmony, etc., from many who do not know the artist's meaning of the phrase. One rejects this picture because it is not the *kind* of picture he likes; another fails to see *any* beauty in this one at all. It is more education of the art of painting rather than *in* the art of painting that is required; more contact with the artist's works, to study and understand their meaning and delight in them. Such education would produce a more enthusiastic and sympathetic public, one that would raise the standard of amateur art and be more gratifying to professional art as well. It would be an incentive to the ambition of many, who at present are quite content to live in blissful ignorance with the great majority, who know no better.

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The pictures to be found in any of our public galleries will supply sufficient food for thought to anyone desiring it. These works may not be just to our fancy, but they have been placed there by responsible critics who have declared them to be of certain merit; let us find out where this merit lies and enjoy what the artist tries to tell us. True, many good souls enter the galleries and flit from picture to picture, enjoying the colour, and the stories they tell, rejecting a few, but pleased with the whole, and come away happy and contented, ready to repeat the visit. We must not begrudge them their joyous spirits; like the butterfly they wing their way and often bring sunshine to our path. But such never raised a high standard seriously in any walk of life.

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With a criticising public ready to find out the merits or demerits of a picture, the amateur artist will be more careful of the work he puts out for inspection. There must be a higher aim than the hunting out of some highly coloured chromo which appears to please the eye, the hurried mixing of all sorts of tints to produce the required shade, and the ultimate completion of a huge canvas that will astonish the folk at home. True, there are many excellent colour studies in print; some are reproductions from the sketches of noted artists, and chromolithography is now in a high state of perfection. A student need not be above using these, but let him use them for what they are intended—a study. They serve to make one more acquainted and familiar with his colour. Walking through the galleries of Europe, one frequently runs across student copyists seated with canvas and brush before some picture of note, but the amateur should be careful not to become a slave to it; nature itself is the mark for all artists.

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Canada has produced many good artists of whom we are justly proud; let us have more from the ranks of our amateurs.

XMAN.