

measure defrauded of their inthright. Th younger folks, however, will not so quietly acquiesce in the deprivation of which now for the first time they have become conscious, and no doubt the "divine despair" aroused by the wonders of the Fair may prove in many cases the magic touch to awaken dormant powers and hitherto undreamed-of possibilities. The "mute, inglorious Miltons" may find their tongues some day, yet.

It is, of course, in the Art Gallery that we meet with the most vivid presentment of the pathos of life. As has been already remarked, the pictures of life, human and animal, largely preponderate, both in numbers and in importance. There are charming landscapes of course—especially in the Fine Loan Collection, where there are gems by Corot and Rousseau, Regnault and Troyon, but the chief interest of its art is with life, and notably the tragic side of life, which, alone, it would seem, can give human nature its strongest and finest expression. And one marked characteristic of the art of this exhibition is that it deals so largely with subjects from humble life, "the short and simple annals of the poor." The peasant's outdoor labour and humble household interior—the fisherman's precarious calling—the toil of the artisan at forge or carpenter's bench, and the pathos that is never far from these—afford the subjects of many of the finest pictures in the immense collection. "Love and Life" and "Love and Death"—to quote the titles of two fine allegorical pictures of Watts—supply most of the material for the rest, and the "Labour Problem" has its due share of representation, for all the principal galleries present pictures of a "strike."

Among such a multitude of fine pictures it is not possible to individualize more than a few. Some of the most touching were to be found in the Dutch and English collections. In the former, a large picture by Josef Israels, entitled "Alone in the World," arrested every eye. It showed, in mellowed tones, the dusky interior of a humble room, to which the skill of the artist had given a wonderful effect of depth and space. On a poor pallet lay the form of the dead wife, while beside it sat the desolate husband—evidently a poor working man—with his hands resting on his knees and an expression of hopeless dreariness in his face and attitude. The whole tone of the picture is one of unrelieved sadness, yet it is so suffused with the glow of genius and feeling that the beholder is sensible of the subtle and ennobling pleasure that results from the exercise of the divine gift of sympathy. In the other picture, "A Hopeless Dawn," by Frank Bramley, the sadness is almost too oppressive. There is none of the calming and subduing influence of death, only the vivid sense of the hardness and sadness of life. In realistic detail it gives the interior of a fisherman's cottage, the one small window revealing a glimpse of the gray surging ocean, just visible in the brightening dawn. In the window stands a candle-stick, with a candle expiring in the socket, while on the table was another candlestick, whose candle had guttered down, neglected, beside which are a half-eaten loaf and a plate or two, left just as they had been used, with the crumbs scattered on the floor. In the window seat is an old woman—sorrow and despair written in her furrowed face—while on the floor, with her face hidden in her lap, sits a young woman in an abandonment of grief. It tells the story only too plainly—the

long night of half-hopeless watching—the candle kept alight if perchance it might guide the storm-tossed mariner home—then "the women weeping and wringing their hands, for one who will never come back" to his home! "It makes me shiver all over," observed one, as she looked at it, and it was a picture to haunt one for months after.

The hardships and sufferings which have been endured by so many brave Arctic explorers were vividly rendered in several fine pictures. One of the most striking represented a group of men beside their stranded boat, eagerly watching a distant sail—the haggard, anxious faces irradiated with the crimson light of a gorgeous sunset, flushing the bleak, ice-bound shore; while some, still unconscious of coming succour, lay stretched in the profound sleep of exhaustion—so often the merciful precursor of approaching death.

The perils of the fisherman's life, and of others who "go down to the sea in ships" are naturally the subject of many tragic pictures, particularly in the English galleries. Watching the boats go out; watching, sometimes vainly, for the fishing-fleet to come in; the anxious suspense of the fishermen's wives during a gale; thrilling scenes of shipwreck or of efforts to save the shipwrecked, are seen in almost every collection. One of the most striking of the latter class represented a cold, gloomy morning on a desolate coast, where kindly hands were laboring to restore some of the victims of the past storm, while peasant women, sitting by, were weeping in compassion both for the victims and for those who will never greet them home. Another, almost painful in its suspense, was that of a group of Belgian peasant women watching the sea during the height of a gale, while the village curé among them was evidently endeavoring to impart spiritual consolation to the anxious watchers. In the gallery of the Polish artists were two especially pathetic pictures. One of these was entitled, "After a Storm," representing a group of Polish peasants sorrowfully contemplating their ruined fields, devastated by a storm which had just given way to a burst of sunshine. The expression on the faces of the two leading figures—a young peasant and his wife—the hopeless discouragement written on the face of the one, the patient resignation on the other, were very strongly rendered, while the accessories of the landscape showed a master hand. It was a picture to hold the eye and haunt the imagination. The other had for its subject the death of a female exile in Siberia, and had all the elements of tragedy suggested by the words. The last rosy rays of a glowing sunset irradiate the wretched interior of the convicts' hut and the dying woman stretched on her miserable pallet, while around her are a group of fellow-exiles, probably near kindred, kneeling or standing by in attitudes of hopeless grief. One cannot but wonder how long, in an age of civilization, such things shall continue to be, in the face of the inscription on the portals of this *World's Fair*, that "Civil and religious liberty form the best type of national character." It is a significant circumstance, by the way, that in the fine collection of Russian pictures, there is not one which in the remotest degree suggests the exiles of Siberia.

"The Poor People" of all lands are well represented, under this and other titles, in almost every collection. Millet's real peasants in

most realistic rendering are, of course, among the most powerful; his "Sheep-shearers" and "Gleaners" being among the gems of the Loan Collection, and leaving on our minds an impression as strong as reality itself—even stronger, because of the consummate skill with which the reality is brought out. Jules Breton's peasant girl, listening to the song of the lark, is also a touching little picture, with a little of the poetry of peasant life to relieve the stern, sad truthfulness of Millet's rendering of the burdened life of the toiler. There are several pictures representing the "frugal meal" or the "sober meal." In one of these the impression of poverty is heightened by the starved-looking cat ravenously devouring the contents of an over-turned bowl. In another, the poverty, nearly as great, is softened and sweetened by the expression of family happiness and content. There are also many scenes from hospital and almshouse life, giving us a glimpse, not only into the world's suffering but also into the world's charities. The labour problem has come in for its full share of attention, almost every country's collection supplying a picture of a "strike." "The Strike at Biscaya," in the Spanish collection, is among the finest. There is also among the sculpture, besides other groups representing the life of labour, a large group representing very vividly an incident in the Lancashire famine days—a strong working man endeavoring to hold his hardly-gained work-ticket, against the efforts of two others to snatch it from him, one of these being an active young man, who is stretching his arm up to snatch it out of his hand, the other an old man, evidently appealing to his compassion, in which there seems to be some chance of his success. A poor woman, evidently knocked down in the crowd, lies prostrate in the foreground. Two fine pictures of "The Rolling Mill" and "Forging the Anchor," show the possibilities of such subjects for effective artistic treatment. One of the more mournful class of pictures in the Austrian Gallery, entitled "A Dreary Homecoming," gives a picture of a dead poacher carried on a waggon to his humble Tyrolean chalet among the mountains, while at the door stands the grief-stricken, newly-made widow. On the whole, the pictures of humble life such as have been described, show, in common with other indications, a growing sympathy with the toiling class in field and work-shop, which is one of many signs that for them a happier day is dawning, if they shall only be wise in their generation to avail themselves of its growing opportunities.

The chances of war, of course, supply a considerable number of pathetic subjects, though battle pieces are by no means very numerous. Lady Butler's "Roll-call" needs no description. "Theodore Körner after the sudden attack of Lutzen" is one of the most striking historic pictures, though the "Fenstersturz in Prague" is a still more powerful picture from history. The "Sons of the Brave," "Prisoners of War" and the "Spy," an incident of the Franco-Prussian war, give very vivid suggestions of the miseries of war. "The Last Muster" is a touching picture of an assembly of old veterans at chapel—the face of one just stiffening into the rigidity of death as he obeys the call no mortal can resist. Many other pathetic pictures there are, of course, for the sorrow of life is myriad-fold, and sin and suffering are closely bound together. A series of five pictures by Frith, illustrating the