

that appeals to the widest range of picture lovers. The fine lines of Wordsworth at Tintern Abbey express the loftier and lonelier moods of the soul:

The sounding cataracts
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,

I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I
 still

A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings.

But the sweet domestic scenes, the pictures of mother love and home life, are the better suited for human nature's daily food. Mr. Challener interprets the world-old theme of mother and child, which is being repeated a thousand times in the Madonnas and Holy Babes of a thousand Old-World churches.

Fresco painting is a style which,

in the increasing wealth and culture of our land, is coming more and more into vogue. Some charming examples of this are seen in the mural decoration, by Mr. G. A. Reid, of the City Hall, Toronto, the several panels illustrating episodes in the founding of the city. Another sketch from his graceful pencil is that of the Watteau like group in the lunette, illustrating Spring. The grace of the pose and the drapery of the figure in the foreground are at once apparent.

The stirring story of Canadian discovery and exploration furnishes many admirable *motifs* for mural decoration. One of these Mr. Jefferys has seized in his splendid picture of the discovery of Lake Ontario by Champlain. The contrast between the sixteenth-century picturesque costume of the early French explorers and the bronze figures of the stalwart red men furnish fine play for the artist's knowledge of costume and anatomy. The whispering pines upon the shore and the far-spreading lake in the sunlight, with the animation and energy of the figures, make an admirable picture.

Portraiture is one of the most difficult departments of art. If the trunk of a tree or the contour of a crag are a little out of drawing it does not make so very much difference; but if you get a man's nose askew or his eyes awry it is a more serious matter. There were some splendid examples of portraiture in the art exhibit, notably Mr. Wyly Grier's portraits of Miss Wilkes and Chief Justice Falconbridge, Mr. Cruickshank's portrait of Professor Mavor, and that by Mr. Hillyard. We are able to present only the fine portrait by Mr. Forster of the Rev. Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, ex-Chancellor of McMaster University. The many friends of that gentleman will recognize the striking expression of character, the dignity and repose of this portrait.