

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

MR. CHARLES C. WARD AT HOME AND AT EASE.

Sound and Sensible Judgments of Pictures, Books and Men, by a Painter Whose Work is Everywhere Admired—A Red-letter Day at Rothsay.

There was a time, not so very many years ago, when the Temple of the Muses was located in Bohemia; when inspiration and beer, genius and eccentricity were synonymous terms. That time has passed, and the names of those who chiefly figured in it are spoken now with a shake of the head and a sigh. The world has grown wiser; gilded men have come to realize their responsibilities, and one seeks the successful *litterateur* and artist in homes rather than in saloons.

Set in a billowy sea of green I found, the other day, the cottage in which one of the first of American figure- and landscape painters, Mr. Charles C. Ward—a native of our province—has set up his household gods. Just removed from the high road; surrounded with pleasant lawns and prosperous fields; encircled at a distance by "murmuring pines and hemlocks" that have gained immortality through Mr. Ward's paintings; commanding, at the right, the Kennebecas; and at the left, a shifting panorama of grass and flowers and trees; all replete with bright but restful color, it is a location fitted to inspire to good work any painter, or poet or press-man who comes within the range of its influence; yet, speaking as a stranger and a guest, let me bear testimony that the inspiration of the place is nothing compared with that which comes from the fresh, bright, suggestive conversation of Mr. Ward and his charming wife.

Tuesday's reception day at Rothsay—and Tuesday, a week ago, you will remember, was one of heaven's days—and Mr. Ward forsook his studio for my friend Miles and me—and the veranda. As a general thing, he sticks pretty closely to work. Breakfast at 8 o'clock, he indulges in a pipe, goes to his studio at 9, and works, without luncheon or any other intermission, until 5 o'clock, when he dines. After dinner, he walks, if the weather favors, until 9 o'clock. If confined to the house, he turns to his books or writes—and his written words to his friends and correspondents are quite as wise and timely now as were his past contributions to *The Century Magazine*. Speaking of his work, it may be added that he usually carries on four or five paintings at a time, gaining rest and help from change of occupation. I ought also to say—to Mr. Ward's credit—that he has the courage and independence to shut out everyone from a view of his unfinished work. He left New York to escape frequent visitors and incompetent critics; he knows that an artist's impressions are often obliterated—or changed, to his own hurt—by the comments of those who may see his canvas while it is yet incomplete; and therefore, as I have hinted, his studio is usually closed when he is in it, as well as when he is out.

"What with his school and his visitors, I don't see how my friend Miles can do any work at all," he said, speaking on this point. "It is a strange thing how inconsiderate people are where a man who follows art is in question. No one is more glad than I to see my friends, and I don't think that any man can afford to become a recluse, but there should be some limit to the demands upon his time. Of course, if you accept the idea that 'genius' is responsible for every good picture, you may as well concede also that 'inspiration' will drive a man to make it in spite of everything; but so far as my observation goes, genius is simply well-directed labor, and to do good work a man must be left alone with his own thought."

In rural life, Mr. Ward finds health, of course, as well as quiet, and he is feeling stronger, this summer, than he has for a long time past. In the country, he finds also—Indians! All who have seen his work are aware that he has made a special study of the red man, and paints him in all attitudes with rare delicacy and completeness of expression. Only the other day, however, he gained a fuller revelation, when a little Indian boy came in Mrs. Ward's way, aroused her artistic instincts and was straightway conveyed to the studio. "I never saw a finer complexion!" says the artist, with a retrospective look in his blue eyes. "His face was just what I wanted, but I almost despaired of getting it until I combined"—and then follows a list of colors and proportions, unintelligible to any but a painter. "I think there can be no question," Mr. Ward goes on, "that flesh is the very hardest thing to paint; when you have the outline, you are still far from the life. Bougreau is the greatest of flesh painters."

While we were at dinner, an old picture that hung over the mantel suggested the limitations of art in a peculiar way. It is a life-size portrait of Mr. Ward's Loyalist ancestor, Major Daniel Ward and had gathered the grime and dust of years, hanging over a fireplace, until Mrs. Ward "restored" it. "Now," she said, "every time I give it a rub with the sponge I find a piece of his arm or another button!" The amusing peculiarity of the painting is that the ruddy, full-featured face is fairly well done, while at the right a large window, hung upside down, nestles close to the cheek! The Boston artist who did the

work, many years ago, possessed no little of the secret of color, but he had no knowledge of perspective!

"What is the best book for students of art to read?" I asked Mr. Ward, as we sat at table.

"Sir David Wilkie's *Biography*," he answered, quickly. "In that one not only finds the great painter's method fully stated, but it gives a comprehensive survey of art in general, and every line is marked by a most catholic spirit and informed with thorough knowledge. I am acquainted with few more suggestive and valuable works."

From the preceding paragraphs it will appear that Mr. Ward has strong convictions. His tendency toward optimism is not the weakest of them. Everything works for good, he says. When art degenerates into formalism or exaggeration, a new school arises to set it right. "I wonder, though," he adds, "what the people of the twentieth century will say of those artists who are painting pictures of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, instead of their own? A man can best paint what he knows. The critics of the next century saying to these men who go back four or five hundred years for their subjects, 'Why didn't you show us the life and costumes of your own time, while you were about it? We have plenty of examples of the earlier epochs, painted by men who saw the people at first hand.'"

I led Mr. Ward to talk at some length about art schools and galleries, with the best of which, the world over, he is acquainted.

"The way to form a gallery for the purposes of art education," he said, "is not to get together a mass of pictures, good, bad, and indifferent, but to take perhaps a quarter of the substantial endowment and buy French, English, American, Italian and Spanish pictures—one of each, for example, painted by a representative artist; such a picture as will show what the best painters of each country are doing. Around such a nucleus, if the institution is rightly administered, a worthy collection will surely gather. The old masters, of course, are out of the way of purchase; that is, when one appears, it is usually snapped up by a private collector, who can afford to pay the price; but as these private collections are again dispersed the tendency is for the good paintings to go to the art schools. A public gallery should grow by gift and bequest, rather than by purchase."

A long talk over *Academy Notes* led to interesting anecdotes of the king of this year's exhibition, Mr. George H. Boughton and the manner of his discovery by Mr. S. P. Avery, the eminent connoisseur. Happening into a little drug-store in an interior town of New York state, years ago, Mr. Avery saw four water-colors which at once attracted his attention. Inquiry showed that they were the work of Boughton, a younger brother of the apothecary. Mr. Avery bought all four for \$10. Years afterward, when Boughton became famous, largely through Mr. Avery's recognition—for he never makes a mistake—one of these paintings was sold for \$6000!

Hardly less interesting was Mr. Avery's experience with Meissonier. He gave the great Frenchman a \$6,000 commission and, being in Paris two years after, saw the picture in his studio, to all appearances complete. "I shall leave Paris on a certain day," said Mr. Avery, "and would thank you to send the picture to my hotel."

"You can't have it," Meissonier replied. "It isn't finished."

"But it satisfies me," said the painter, who bestows such infinite care and pains upon his work; and the end was that Mr. Avery did not receive the painting until several years afterward.

To return for a moment to Mr. Ward's methods, I may say that, like many other famous artists, he dislikes to work upon commission, and that, unlike some others, he seldom paints more than eight or ten pictures in the course of a year. "It does one no good, in the end," he says, "to make his pictures too common."

I should be sorry if this article conveyed the impression that a conversation with Mr. Ward is at all restricted to art. He never "talks shop" except with lovers of art. I am inclined to believe that it would be a recondite subject indeed upon which he or Mrs. Ward would not say something worth hearing and worth remembering; but I single out these memories of a red-letter day because so many of our readers are interested in art and because Mr. Ward's words have the weight of authority.

THE OLD SEXTON'S ANSWER.

"Till me, gray-headed sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked ones laid?
I have wandered the quiet old churchyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on his spade;
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge, when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked, who died today?"

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind."

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do, let it die with their bones.
I have labored as sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."
—Anonymous.

REV. L. G. MACNEILL, M. A.

THE POPULAR PASTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S KIRK.

A Prince Edward Islander's Successful Career in His Own Land and a Foreign One—His Great Work for Newfoundland Continued in St. John.

There are few clergymen in this province or elsewhere who, at the age of 43 years, have won more honors from the church and the university than have fairly fallen to the lot of Rev. Leander George Macneill, M. A., the accomplished pastor of St. Andrew's kirk.

Prince Edward Island has the honor to be Mr. Macneill's native province. Born at Cavendish, in 1845, the son of Alex. M. Macneill, Esq., and grandson of William Macneill, Esq., (for 20 years the speaker of the provincial assembly) he had the advantage of an ancestry and home training which could hardly fail to lead him to the life of a scholar. At the age of eleven, he joined a class of eight or ten youth who met regularly at the home of Rev. Dr. I. Murray for the study of the classics. (Most of these boys, by the way, turned out ministers—a striking example of the influence which may be exerted by a devout and

gust of the same year he received calls from Summerside, Westville, Merigonish and Maitland.

Maitland, a pleasant little ship-building town in Nova Scotia, under jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Halifax, was favored above the others by Mr. Macneill and he filled a happy pastorate of six years there. So happy was it that during his stay he declined calls from Moncton (1874) and West Truro (1875). When he finally deemed it best to make a change, every member of his congregation signed the farewell address.

In St. Andrew's church, St. John's, Nfld., where he found his next abiding place, Mr. Macneill accomplished a wonderful work and one that, better than anything else could, proves his power as an orator, his ability as an organizer and his worth as a man. Going to the city in 1878, in the interests of the Missionary society, he found that a peculiar state of affairs prevailed. There had been two Presbyterian congregations, Free Church and Old Kirk, and an exhausting—though perhaps natural—rivalry had always existed between them. When the better men in both churches saw the results of this, they tried to put an end to it, but failed. Repeated efforts to this end, proved unsuccessful. Finally Providence



REV. L. G. MACNEILL, M. A.

scholarly country clergyman.) Receiving his preparation under these auspices, Mr. Macneill entered Prince of Wales college in 1860. His standing there is sufficiently indicated by the fact that in the mathematical contest, at the end of his second year, he won the governor's prize. Leaving college, he attended the Truro seminary during the term of 1862-63; and then spent two years in teaching, serving as principal of Prince of Wales grammar school, Charlottetown, from 1863 to 1865.

Every Canadian of Scotch descent, who seeks a liberal education, turns naturally to dear old Edinburgh for seal and confirmation of his scholarship. Mr. Macneill was no exception to this rule—nor did he reverse it in respect of the success which is generally gained by the visiting students. He matriculated in Edinburgh in 1865—entering in the second year of his curriculum—and graduated M. A. in 1868. While in the university, he displayed that habit and power of concentration which lie at the foundation of eminence in every walk of life. His studies were directed to Greek, humanity, logic, metaphysics, natural philosophy, rhetoric and mathematics, though the last-named was his forte. He took prizes in every class; the medal in senior mathematics in 1868; and, greatest distinction of all, won the bursary offered the best second-year student in all the colleges of Scotland, defeating 40 competitors, and carrying off this splendid prize of \$400.

After his graduation Mr. Macneill spent some very pleasant months on the continent, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium. On his return to Edinburgh, he made up his mind to study for the ministry and entered the United Presbyterian seminary, under Principal Cairns. Three or four weeks after the term began, however, he heard that the classical chair of Prince of Wales college was vacant; and a longing for home took possession of him. He gathered such testimonials as came to hand—and these were many, sincere and eloquent—and forwarded them at once; but before ever they had reached Liverpool he found that his *alma mater* had thought of him to fill the place and he received a cable dispatch asking his acceptance. Succeeding Dr. Inglis, and entering upon his work under such happy auspices, he might have anticipated both pleasure and profit; but he found teaching irksome and ungenial; his life-work called him away quite as imperatively; and after two years he resigned his position and entered Princeton seminary.

To his residence at Princeton, Mr. Macneill ascribes his orthodoxy. He had the advantage there of the oversight and friendly aid of Dr. Charles Hodge, whose methods and personality are so charmingly described in *Princetoniana* (which volume will shortly be reviewed in *Progress* by Mr. Macneill.) When his course closed he was licensed to preach in April, 1872, by the Presbytery of New Jersey; and in August of the same year he received calls from Summerside, Westville, Merigonish and Maitland.

Interposed and burned both churches! Then the congregations came together, pensioned their old ministers, Rev. M. Harvey, F. R. G. S. and Rev. I. Patterson, and looked about for a new one. At this juncture, Mr. Macneill arrived. He preached three Sundays, gave a lecture—and received an unanimous call.

St. Andrew's, St. John's, is like its sister church in this city, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole" province. The congregation is about as large as that of St. David's church, here, but it includes more wealthy men, and its splendid gifts to the cause have made it known all over Canada. During Mr. Macneill's eight years' pastorate, the sums raised for all purposes amounted to more than \$80,000, and for the schemes of the church nearly \$15,000 was given. When he took charge of it, a debt of \$15,000 rested upon the church; when he went away the debt had been paid, a manse and school had been erected and one of the finest organs in Canada had been placed in the church; while, aside from this material progress, the number of communicants had increased one-third and the Sunday-school had doubled in size.

It was a sad day for his people, and for Newfoundland in general, when Mr. Macneill received the call to St. Andrew's, St. John, and felt it his duty to accept—though the change involved a financial loss of several hundred dollars a year. He had been such a vital force in the social life of the city that all the people joined to bewail his departure; he was felt so indispensable to the prosperity of the church, that the presentation of perhaps the most cordial address ever given to a Canadian minister failed to express the feelings of his people. At this time, the *Montreal Gazette* said:

He is a man of much energy of character; an able and eloquent preacher, and an excellent platform speaker. Under his ministry the congregation has prospered greatly, and should he decide to accept the call his loss will be severely felt.

The testimonials from his home papers were no less flattering. The *St. John's Nfld., Mercury* said:

Nearly eight years have elapsed since Mr. Macneill was settled here as minister of St. Andrew's church. He at once took a high place as an eloquent and impressive preacher, and a very able platform speaker and public lecturer. That position he has more than maintained to the present hour. His natural gifts and high attainments fitted him to take a prominent part in religious and philanthropic work, in addition to the special duties of his pastorate. On the platform of the Bible and missionary societies his addresses were marked by earnestness, power and effectiveness. The temperance cause called forth his best powers in its advocacy; while as a lecturer on literary subjects he was surpassed by few, and invariably drew large audiences. His genial temper and freedom from narrowness and bigotry led him to form friendly relations with all other Christian denominations, and to take part in their work; so that he enjoyed, in a high degree, the

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

Among the pictures in the present Salon which will come to New York are examples of Anbert, Berns Bellecour, Goupil, Charney and Mme. Demont-Breton, purchased by Knoedler & Co.

Mr. Whistler retires from the presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists with something more than honors of war. Defeated by the Philistine majority, he takes out with him nearly every man whose work gave distinction to the society. Mr. Alfred Stevens of Paris, Mr. Waldo Story, Mr. Roussel, Mr. Jacomb, Mr. Hood and many other artists shake off the dust of Suffolk street once for all. There remain a company of painters who have signally failed to interest the public or to give any promise of good work. Mr. Wyke Bayliss is the new president, a most respectable person.—*Smalley's Despatch to New York Tribune.*

Saved By Her Dog.
Fanny Rice, late prima donna of the Carleton opera company, narrowly escaped drowning in the Merrimac river at Franklin, N. H. on Sunday. She slipped from Black Rock, a huge boulder on the bank of the river, when her enormous Newfoundland dog Carleton sprang in and drew her ashore. She must have drowned except for the presence of the noble animal, as the current at that place runs fifteen miles an hour and she cannot swim.

A Better Market.
Green Grocer—"I'll give you 10 cents a head for that load of cabbages, Mr. Hayes."

Mr. Hayes—"Not much, you won't; I can get more for 'em up at the cigar factory."—*The Epoch.*

Dr. Magill, Professor of Homiletics at Princeton, told him, years ago, that memoriter preaching would be his most effective method. Mr. Macneill found this plan to involve actual drudgery and had to adopt the idea of writing and reading his sermons; but it is doubtful if any but one intimate with him would realize that he does read. His manuscript never fetters his delivery nor interrupts his gesture; if ideas come to him as he reads, they are assimilated and incorporated with hardly an appearance of change; and the vigorous thought and splendid voice move on together to a conclusion which comes all too soon for those who listen.

Behind The Tent Flaps.
The dressing room of a circus presents a queer scene during a performance, says a circus manager to a *St. Louis Globe* reporter. The dressing tent is divided by curtains eight to ten feet high into three different compartments. In one the men dress, in another the women make their toilets, and in the third, which is the first entered from the exhibition tent, the animals, to be used in the different acts are made ready for their work, the horses saddled and bridled and the trick animals dressed. In the men's dressing room with the Barnum show over 150 individuals at a time are removing their street garb and getting into their ring costumes. Look into this department in the morning, when no performance is going on, and you will see only four or five rows of closed trunks, more than 150 stretching in five or six lines through the space. On posts four feet high, at intervals, are small, square table tops and square 14x14-inch mirrors. The tables have chalk and bismuth stains, and there are marks of much use on them. At these tables and before these mirrors the clowns and other performers make up. The trunks are arranged in exactly the same order in every town. Each man has his place, and he can go into the tent in the dark and place his hand on his trunk. All nationalities are here commingled. You can see a devout Arab among his companions in all conditions of costume or nudity, sitting piously reading his Koran, and Japanese acrobats carefully preparing themselves and their children for their acts in the ring. All the performers are on hand at 7 o'clock, and when they go home after the performance, their trunks are packed and locked, and so when we leave a city, the trunks are lifted into wagons and carried away, only to be deposited in exactly the same order in the next town in which we show.

He Told The Truth.
Magistrate (to new policeman)—Did you notice no suspicious characters about the neighborhood?

New Policeman—Shure, yer honor, I saw but one mon, an' I asked him wot he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he: "I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on." At that I sez: "I wish you success, sor."

Magistrate (disgusted)—Yes, and he did open a jewelry store in that vicinity and stole seventeen watches.

New Policeman (after a pause)—Begorra, yer honor, the mon may have been a thafe, but he was no liar.—*St. Louis Critic.*

We Often Feel That Way.
Reporter (to assistant editor)—"Can you chip in something toward burying the proof reader? He died without a cent."

Assistant Editor—"How much do you want me to give?"

"One dollar."

"Well, there are \$2; bury him one dollar's worth deeper."—*Life.*

Quite Too Busy.
Little girl (to lady caller)—"Sister's awful sorry, but she can't see you today."

Lady (compassionately)—"I am very sorry, Mabel. I hope she is not ill."

Little girl—"Oh, no; she is getting engaged."—*Harper's Young People.*

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.
The wind was high, his hat blew off
And rolled along the street,
"Great Scott!" he cried, and after it
He ran with nimble feet.

It stopped—he reached it—his hat stooped
To take it up a gust
Came suddenly, and off the hat
Went in a whirl of dust.

The sage, the fool, the grave, the gay,
Young, middle-aged and old,
The tall, the short, the lean, the fat,
The timid and the bold,

The rich, the poor, all laughed to see
The dicer white and spin—
This is the touch of nature, sure,
That makes the whole world kin.

—*Boston Courier.*

NEW LACE CURTAINS

Just Opened

Harold Gilbert's,

MARKED AT

Prices to Sell Them.

SEE THE

STYLES AND PRICES

—IN—

Show Window.

New Carpet

Warehouse,

-54-

King Street

There's Dan!

"Dear her to hear that! It ain't much, Lord's rich; "Yes; an' that don't he what we're g'ing to do, Jest this an' do good, That's plain an' Dan), an' I it, but do be help me plan with that litt' days longer, buy!"

"Well, no most need?"

"Dear kno We ain't got little tea, an' there's salt, an' that ain't ve out of kee'ess in the dark le The old m It was a dar and poverty—

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"We've be months, fath"

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"Now, don letter in the ask soon as yo you've got to wind blows, to round your n ridin' g'oin' or 'Ber there w"

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There was a his hopeful p heart the dis make her hel beans, one pu meal, a half-candles compar some of the p they did, that affair.

Uncle Dan's one, had never had no thought of his extremity been, and wou"

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"Well, fath it, but it wou'do agin."

"Yes, that's of Sunday's sen stand it. We' we'll get a litt' the meetin' be the Lord'll help I've been kind about it."

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