

stitutions which he loved; and we are sure that he would have been incapable of saying an ignoble word, or doing a base thing to win the personal favour of a whole dynasty of kings. If he speaks with hyperbolic respect of a Duke of Buccleuch, it is not because he cringes to rank, but because the Duke is the chieftain of his clan. So the eagerness to increase his estate, for which Carlyle is inclined to censure him, and which brought an avalanche of misfortune on him in his latter days, is no sordid love of money; it is the desire of realizing his social ideal in a baronial Abbotsford. He was a practical poet and romancer. In adversity his fortitude, his patience, his magnanimity are most noble and touching. Nothing, indeed, in biography is more touching than the diary of his later and darker years. His temper is never soured; it is hardly even ruffled by harsh treatment. When his creditors generally are forbearing, one miserable usurer refuses to show mercy. Scott lets fall an angry word, but at once recalls it, and finds an excuse for the wretch in the rules of the trade.

At the opening of the essay which Carlyle wrote apparently in a mood of reaction against hyperbolic obituaries of Scott, he glances at the question whether Scott was a great man, but at the time puts it by as a mere question about words. Afterwards he takes it up seriously. It is surely less than a question about words. There is no sense in it whatever. Scott was not a great philosopher, statesman, general, or violinist. But he was a great novelist—probably the greatest of them all. "The 'Waverley Novels,'" says Carlyle, "are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating in any shape. The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkest struggling heart no guidance, the heroic, that is in all men, no divine awakening voice." Their author did not attempt or undertake to furnish men with a theology, a moral philosophy, or a series of homilies for their spiritual guidance and consolation. What he undertook, was to set flowing for them a well-spring of pure delight, from which even the "sick heart" may drink, if not "healing," at least forgetfulness of sorrow. This he did, and the well-spring will flow forever.—The Nation.

### MY LOVE'S BREATH.

O violet erst nourish'd in the vale  
Of Avon, where in shining days of old  
The calm-ey'd, high-brow'd, great-heart  
Shakespeare stroll'd.  
Lo, as I greet thee close, my powers fail  
To utter in men's ears the antique tale  
Thy soul is pouring thro' my pained  
mould—  
(Too coarse a clay thy subtle sweets to  
hold,—  
Too fine to mure them in such narrow  
pale)  
I met my Love, I sought thee, when I met  
Thee, better did I know my odorate Love;  
Her breath was thine, thine hers, and  
closer yet  
Both bound me to the higher life—I  
strove  
To mix with thee, O Love! O violet!  
My better self with all the Good  
above.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Plover Mills, Ont.

Give what you have. To some one it  
may be better than you dare to think.—  
Longfellow.

### ART NOTES.

The annual art exhibit of the students of Moulton College will be held on the afternoons of Friday and Saturday, June 2nd and 3rd at the Moulton Studio, 34 Bloor street east, and will be open to all interested in art. This department is under the supervision of Mrs. M. E. Dignam, whose work is always seen at our exhibitions, and the course pursued is in line with that of the Art Students' League, New York, to which many of the more advanced students have gone. The work to be exhibited consists of drawing from objects and casts, pen and ink sketches, painting from still life, as well as from head and figure and modelling.

The display of work by the Central Ontario School of Art and Design at the Art Gallery, King street West, is very interesting and a credit to pupils and teachers, despite the fact that some of the best work has been sent to Chicago in the industrial exhibit, and some also to the Normal School here. Much of the work from the east was very good, in some there was a tendency to too great finish at the expense of good drawing and value of tone. Among the oils, Miss Hillyard's portrait and still life, showed promise, also still life and studies of heads by Miss Wriuch, Miss Bell Smith and others. In the crayons from life, F. L. Winterbottom showed both freedom and good drawing, and the pen and ink sketches, while rather elaborated, were good. It is in the designing that the most interest is likely to be taken by a spectator, or rather the greatest amount of pleasure and satisfaction is felt. Mr. Loudon's design for a panel is really very fine; designs for book covers and business cards, by Miss Jeffries, and Miss Howell showed some splendid work, good ideas well carried out without being overworked. Mr. G. W. Taylor's designs for carpets, along with samples of carpet in different colours from the same pattern, were most interesting and showed excellent ability. In this line the pupils are certainly profiting under Mr. Hahn's practical teaching; and Mr. Cruikshank's and Mr. T. M. Martin may yet be proud of pupils, who under their instruction are laying the foundations for future good work.

Had Mr. Gilbert Parker written the following a year or two later, he might have added several new names: it appeared in the "Anti-Jacobin" in October of 1891, and still is interesting as showing our standing abroad:

It is only of very late years that Canada and Australia have been represented largely in Paris. Messrs. Forster, Hebert, Peel, Huot, Alexander, and Mdlle. Colombier are all, or nearly all, the Canadians who have exhibited in the Salon; but henceforth a larger representation may be expected. There are about twenty Canadian students at work in the schools of Paris, of whom some give great promise. Of these over three-fourths are French Canadians, a notable circumstance. Mr. Hebert has exhibited his statues three times in the Salon and has been engaged in fulfilling orders from the Quebec Government for statues of Montcalm, Levis, Elgin, Frontenac and Wolfe. Like many of his Canadian confreres, he chooses Canadian subjects—a thing no less wise than patriotic, since Canada is so rich in history. Mr. St. Charles is painting a large picture for the Church of the Notre Dame at Montreal, representing the first mass ordered by Maisonneuve when he landed on Canadian soil. Mr. Charles Alexander's picture for the Salon last year showed Papineau and his crowd of sympathizers on the St. Charles River at the end of the troubles of 1837. The significance of this scheme of work must appeal to every Canadian; and it would be greatly to the credit of Canada if she would imitate Australian Victoria—give a scholarship or two to the best of the Canadian students.

### WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT.—II.

It is well to remember in either giving or receiving an opinion in art matters, that

if, as the old proverb says, doctors disagree, it is not to be wondered at, if in matters of art opinions are not unanimous, that what appeals to one fails to touch another. Our reasons for our likings are so various; sometimes it is the feeling in a picture; sometimes the clever brush-work; or again, the beautiful harmony of colour, or some startling effect. But it is probable we like no two pictures for quite the same reasons; and then, too, we hesitate to express ourselves too strongly, for what we admire to-day perhaps we did not care for yesterday, and may not like as well to-morrow. So few of our judgments are final.

Like charity, we will begin at home, and look first at our own exhibition in Art Palace. Here is Mr. Sandham's "Founding of Maryland" (which was exhibited in Montreal, and somewhat severely criticised) with rather gaudy colouring, but showing good work. Mr. John Fraser sends a number of water-colours; he also exhibits in the U. S. collection. Mr. Harris has several portraits and two other pictures; Mr. Ede, a number of landscapes, French in subject, and not examples of his best work, with black outlines to the figures. Mr. Raphael is well represented by three canvases; Mr. Hammond, St. John, N. B., shows good colour in his marine, F. Brownell's "Lamp-light" has some fine effects, and William Brymner shows some good work in "County Cork, Ireland," as well as in some Canadian landscape. E. Dyonnet's "Saturday" is noticeable, partly owing to the light key in which it is painted. It shows the sculptor at work on a marble figure; the surroundings in his studio are also light, being plaster casts or reliefs. The subject might have been handled with greater delicacy of tone, but it is good. Percy Woodcock has only one small oil, and that covered with glass, so it requires some manoeuvring to get a good look at it in a rather poor light.

As we stood in front of "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," some one entering from the British room adjoining, stopped also. "Now that's good, just's good as any is there," pointing to the room from which the speaker had come. Toronto artists are well represented, and their pictures as well hung as space would allow. Carl Ahren's "Cradled in the Net," is a baby asleep in a hammock; the subject and composition are simple and, in spite of serious faults in drawing, it is one of the best he has done. To say much of the remaining work is but to repeat what has been said at other times. Mr. T. M. Martin's "Evening after Winter" is one of his best; Mr. Forbes has four; Mr. Chal-lener five; Mrs. Dignam two; Mrs. Reid several; Mr. Grier two portraits; Mr. Bell-Smith's "Le Soir" showed well; Mr. Cruikshank's "Drawing the Mast" was well hung, with its faithful drawing; Mr. Foreshaw Day exhibits more water-colours than oils; Miss Tully and Miss Muntz are both represented, and Homer Watson has four canvases. J. W. L. Forster, G. A. Reid, and W. A. Sherwood all show work familiar to us. Miss Holden and Miss Houghton, of Montreal, are names we have seen of late here, and their work is not only strong, but characteristic in the choice of subject. From the same city were also some good things by D. P. MacKillsan and J. W. Morrice. When we offered a Canadian quarter for the catalogue, after being in the room a few minutes, and the young lady presiding over the table of these books laughingly refused, it was rather a check to our patriotism; we had been feeling so much at home among what already was quite familiar. In comparing the work of Canadians with that from other and older countries, it is well to remember our disadvantages—our comparative lack of wealth and consequent lack, until of late, of facilities for study, our distance from the great art centres. Remembering these things we need not feel discouraged; "Looking Backwards" we know we have grown.

Whenever we do what we can, we can immediately do more.—Clarke.