

schools, and which, if an artist lack, it is not too much to say, that he must enter the arena to contend for popular favour very heavily handicapped; at all events, more especially will such be the case with the figure or historical painter; and these are the walks in which all artists who would live in ages to come must strive to tread. In Canada, it is true, there will be much history recorded by the faithful landscape painter of our generation; for this century will see immense and radical changes effected in the aspect of lakeside and hill, valley and plain, and where the hemlock and cedar now wave in soft but melancholy sighings of the breeze, the well tilled field, the smiling meadow, and the garden flowers will bloom and smile, grateful to the fostering hand of man, whose care and labour will enrich, though the wilder and more weird beauty of the forest glade be by him destroyed for ever.

At present, however, we must now leave our short review of the portrait and figure display in the exhibition just closed, and must notice, so far as our limited space will permit, Mr. Harris' more than fine and beautiful work.

This gentleman's portrait of "Murial" is a bright little study *en vignette* of a child's head, whose sweet infantine expression and fresh and cheering face brought many a joyous flush to the cheeks of lady visitors young and old, causing frequent exclamations of delight, and doubtless often raising a strong desire to obtain a like souvenir of the fleeting childhood now so rapidly passing over the loved heads of son, daughter or younger brother or sister. The portrait of Mr. Burnside was about as near what one would wish for in a portrayal of a business or public man as it could be; there is that something beyond and beneath the mere skin surface which so plainly bespeaks the living, thinking and working mind within. It is not inert, dead, or falling asleep, but startles the spectator, who cannot help feeling that from those eyes of paint (which do not seem paint) real sight and living glance was bent upon him, and that the lips might at any moment give forth the well remembered tone which should correspond with the facial expression so familiar in the breathing original. In this picture the drapery and surroundings are all kept in strict subordination, and serve, as they should serve, chiefly to support that fountain of honour—the head.

Two heads by this artist, the "Asphæte man" and that of a sailor which he calls "a study," are both very strong and lifelike; perhaps, for mere *chiaroscuro* and realistic rendering, the former may have the advantage, and truly it must be said that the head here placed on the canvas was one which once seen would not quickly be forgotten. Yet, real as it is, subtle as is its interpretation of character, as a truly great work of art it will have to yield the palm to the "Study"

We use the work *great* advisedly and not in the mere clap-trap manner in which reviewers are too apt to squander their ultimate terms. We use it in the full consciousness that it is a word which in art-language must be sparingly (alas! how sparingly!) employed. Work may be clever, promising, pleasing, yes, beautiful, and, even in Canada, we often find it so, but it is seldom *great*. Greatness is a scarce commodity, and not to be bought with gold, nor hunted up by busy feet to be placed at the nod and

beck of either Prince or purple. It is the outcome of that subtle, hidden force planted by the Divine hand of our mighty Creator, with an all-wise and jealous view to its scarcity; only here and there among men, doubtless, so that it may retain its value through all time. At the risk of being thought extravagant and over enthusiastic it is not too much to say that at least Mr. Harris' "Study" has more of this Divine attribute than any work which has yet been seen in our country, and we are much mistaken if greater triumphs in wider fields be not in store for this son of Canada, if unhappily for us he be induced to leave our land to seek fame and fortune under a foreign flag.

The "Study" was one of a manly head, not bowed, but clouded with a sad melancholy, betokening disappointed hopes, dying and dead within the manly breast, so clearly though simply depicted by this artist's hand, whose mind seems to have laboured solely to portray the mental aspect rather than the mere personal contour. The face is noble, and seemingly used to honest toil, of powerful physique, but in no wise fallen or gross, sad, and resigned, but not hopeless, grieved, but not embittered; and there is in the eyes an undefinable something which makes one feel that through those orbs a spirit longs and partially suffers in a degree as did, two thousand years ago, that master soul on Calvary.

We have written the foregoing in the full knowledge that many of our readers will find it very hard to accept in full faith, and we are quite prepared to endure the scepticism which such very strong encomiums may call forth, being well aware that many minds will be ready to conclude that enthusiasm has warped our judgment.

We have only space to add that Mr. Jardine, whose name appears in the catalogue as the owner of the picture is to be warmly congratulated upon his acquisition of so sterling a work of art.

There are several other works by Mr. Harris in the exhibition, which we cannot here possibly notice. Of these a scene on the fishing coast "Landing a Lobster Catch," was reviewed in a former number of THE ARION. "The Fiddler," reminds us of Murills, and if met with unexpectedly in a strange place, once for the first time, would be readily attributed to that master. Both these works and others would furnish us with abundant material for interesting descriptive writing were space at command, but circumstances compel us on, and the next artist we come to is Mrs. Schreiber, (like Mr. Harris an R. C. A.) This lady has done well, though, perhaps, not quite equal to her "Christabel," "Monks of St. Bernard," "Oliva," and others we could name. Let us hope that this really clever artist does not feel the loss of her art-surroundings of former years so severely as to cause her to lose heart. There is real reason why this should be the case, if Academies be not so plentiful, nature's school is always nigh. And beyond a doubt, Mrs. Schreiber possesses the power to take and use the lessons which nature gives, to the confounding of all other schools and teachers, be they clerical or lay. Let it not be thought, however, that there was nothing good by this lady on the Ontario Society's walls, for much of her old power displays itself in "Touch me if you dare," and several other works. "A trial of patience," is a capital