

francs, his "Washwomen" for 15,351, "Geese" for 25,000, and the "Woman Churning" for 14,000 francs.

But now when the sun of prosperity is beginning to shine upon him, he is breaking down from the long struggle. He was seized with a dreadful hemorrhage, which greatly weakened him. He worked, nevertheless, and finished several pictures. Then came an order allowing him 50,000 francs for some decorative painting for the chapel of Sainte Geneviève. He was appalled and delighted with such an attractive task, but death prevented him from accomplishing it. When he knew death was near, he said, "I die too soon; I am just beginning to see into Nature and Art."

The great painter breathed his last on the 20th of January, 1875. Everywhere his death caused regret; volumes of newspaper articles were written about him. His friends eloquently expressed their sorrow, and those who had been indifferent were touched—alas, too late. France realized then what she had slighted and lost. A collection of his works was now sold for the benefit of his family, and people then saw how wide a field the master had covered, what variety of manner, what intense conviction, what strength and gracefulness of handling. Single canvases that could scarcely find a buyer at any price when painted, have since sold for fortunes. "The Gleaners," which he sold for 2,000 francs, has since sold for 300,000 francs; "The Angelus," which he had great difficulty in disposing of for 2,500 francs, sold in 1889 for 553,000, and in 1890 for 800,000 francs. But what matter—Millet has gone beyond the need of money—forever beyond the sad earth-cry.

### Learning Latin.

When Jane and I first went to school  
To Uncle Ebenezer,  
He taught us of the stirring times  
Of Caius Julius Caesar;  
And how, when Zela's fight was won,  
The message, terse and spicy,  
The consul sent to waiting Rome

Of "Veni, Vidi, Vici."  
But now our boy from school returns  
A hundred times the wiser,  
And glibly reads the Latin text  
Of Kyuse Yulius Kyzer;  
Whose very words he'll even quote  
In accents queer and squeaky,  
To prove that what was really said  
Was "Wany, Weedy, Weeky!"

### Art Study Notes.—VI.

REV. HUNTER BOYD, WAVEIG, N. B.

#### The Sower.

The picture selected for this month is a good example of the work of J. F. Millet. There is no difficulty about the title. Every scholar could name it correctly, even if it had never been seen before. Some peculiarities about the man's shoes, or his hat, or the arrangement of the grain sack, will arrest the attention of superficial observers; but none can fail to note that the man is really doing what he professes to do. It strikes one that he is wholly unconscious of any observers. We are also impressed with his solid appearance; the figure stands out from the landscape in a very remarkable manner. There is a kind of momentum in his movement that could only be acquired by a sower who had been striding over the furrows all day. Indeed as we continue to look at the man we almost expect the hand to advance for a fresh supply of grain. Every part is engaged in the operation; his work absorbs him; and thus we have *unity* in the picture, one of the first requirements of all great art. The man is depicted upon a very narrow canvas, but we cannot help *imagining* the portion of field that has already received the grain, and the portion that will speedily be covered before darkness overtakes him. The picture is a good illustration of the saying that, "The beautiful is the fitting."

Particulars concerning the artist are given in another column, and also in last month's REVIEW. Beyond directing attention to some of the main elements of Millet's style, there is little occasion for explanation of the picture. Millet felt the strength, the seriousness, the intensity of the sower. It is ours to share the emotion.

### Wanted—Men.

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor,—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions, and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps!

—J. G. Holland.