

more than footprints on the sands of time. He left footholdings for the men wrestling with the surges of misfortune, and many a half-drowned struggler has reached the sunny shores of fame and fortune by taking hold of the skirts of his great example."

The National Gallery fronts on Trafalgar Square. One is always surprised at the comparatively few visitors there. Perhaps, too, their necks get cramped and their brains drunk.

The Padre likes Dutch pictures, which I argue are ugly in their extreme realism. He bluntly tells me that I am "ignorant of the first principles of art," which sounds very superior on his part. Aside from their richness of coloring, the paintings might be photographs, so perfect is their minutiae. The artists of this watery Arcadia had perforce to depict domestic life, simple landscapes, dykes, pigs, cows, pots and pans, for lack of more striking motif. They limn the women as big-haunched and lubberly; possibly to match the stolid-faced, doughy men. It was of these pictures Ruskin spoke when he gave it as his opinion, that a Dutchman seated between a cheese paring and a lemon pip, could look as solemnly contemplative as an Italian before the Virgin Mary.

Turner is the other extreme of Dutch art. He paints etherealized truth. His confused obscurities are "an intermediate, somewhat between a thought and a thing." More nearly than any artist, he rendered the transparent by the opaque. It was into "the bridge of colors seven" he dipped his brush, to catch the glorious visions of purple and flame color that enchant the beholder. Turner cast aside the senses of conventional technicalities, and made his own law. It was simple—it was perilous—it was superbly demonstrated: "You ought only to paint your impressions." His brush is an Aaron's rod that eats up all other brushes.

Landseer's animals have human eyes; Hogarth's evergreen *marriage à la mode*, Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael; they stag-

ger and daze, so that you are glad to leave them, promising yourself to come again to-morrow. The younglings turn away unwillingly. They want to stay longer before the boy, St. John by Murillo, for his eyes, they say, laugh into theirs, and children because of their white souls understand each other.

London, November.

In the National Gallery one's mind is distracted by different subjects and styles, for it is difficult to appreciate in rapid succession a battlepiece, a water-scape, a vision, a portrait, or an interior. It is not so in the Dore Gallery. True, you are startled by the delirious tableaux, and the wonderful combinations of light and shade that Dore works out in his pictures, but all the scenes are devotional in character, and the mind becomes attuned to them.

The greatest picture is that of *Christ Leaving the Praetorium*. A savage entering the room and seeing this Man-God could not fail to be profoundly impressed. The figure is the embodiment of all suffering borne with a manly dignity—not the broken, haggard, Nazarene, artists have so often portrayed, but that of one who knows "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." It is a transcendent ideal of "The King in His beauty" that strikes you into silence and tears. The other figures in the picture—about three hundred in all—are so delineated that one can name them without hesitation, and yet, taken as a whole, they act only as a background, portraying all the loves, jealousies, and griefs that humanity is capable of, and throwing into relief the one ideal man, who while He was touched with all the feeling of our infirmities, was yet without sin. If this work tells the secret of the artist's soul, if it be the result of his insight into the nature of the Christ, then this French artist was one of the world's greatest seers. Surely it is true, "when the gods come among men they are not known."