

without making what one would think of as a picture; indeed such canvases may have little resemblance to anything in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. It is wiser surely to cultivate sympathy with the public, better, by the way also, than to lean on government patronage.

For the present the Canadian market for pictures of the large gallery type is limited, and the ordinary public is apt to be frightened with catalogue prices. If at the same time the people become bewildered with freakish tendencies they will naturally look askance at originals and feel safer in beautifying their homes with reproductions, now so plentiful, of things that time has labelled "good"; while the rich, instead of properly supporting genuine Canadian talent, will travel to Europe to rake up things often less meritorious than those available at home.

TYPICAL PICTURES.

Probably the most striking picture of the important gallery class was W. Malcolm Cutt's "Atlantic Breakers," a brilliant piece of realism in which the painter achieved what he attempted.

Portraiture was hardly a serious feature of the exhibition. Fortunately E. Wylly Grier's "Portrait of the Artist," owned by the National Gallery, Ottawa, was shown, and a unique study accorded favorable comment was that of a lad reading, by J. Ernest Sampson, fresh and simple in its treatment.

"The River Magog," meandering through the snow, by Suzor Cote, was a deservedly admired wintry composition, with a dash of sunlight warming the hill in the background. This picture has been bought by the Ontario Government.

"Morning in the Valley," by F. H. Bridgen, was one of those peculiarly charming pastoral scenes replete with restful feeling and hazy atmosphere, a type of picture in which Mr. Bridgen is pre-eminent.

In "The Silvery Tide," F. M. Bell-Smith, the "Dean of Canadian painters," as some one has fondly styled him, has achieved a picture of distinction, in which the old Waterloo Bridge with the grey river of London, and an exquisite sky are revealed through the painter's "mirror of illusion." He had some pleasant smaller bits of Old London, which, like the Canadian Rockies and Lakes, inspires much of his best work. In such work he continues to delight the people, as few artists succeed in doing.

It was a real pleasure to halt a while before pictures like Wm. Brynmor's happily named "Nightfall," tree-shadows falling dreamily into placid water, a simple theme handled with fidelity and delicacy of feeling. Noteworthy was the reappearance in the exhibition of a group of pictures by C. M. Manly, and a couple from A. M. Fleming, along with work from most of those who contributed to the exhibition a year ago. Some of the pictures by Miss Florence Carlyle were accorded particularly warm commendation by the connoisseurs. In the last court of this gallery were a number of clever miniatures and excellent etchings, those of Miss Dorothy Stephens being of a very high order.

Lend a Hand.

Good fellowship o'er all the earth
Is but an unshed tear;
At home sweet charity has birth;
Good friend, your home is here!

I am no preacher; nay, nor saint,
But this I do believe;
For all your folly, all your taint,
Give, and you win reprieve!

Who gives his mite, perchance he lays
Up stores for his own peace;
But hee, I think, who gives but pays
The interest on his lease!

If in your hands a candle lit,
And set the holder be,
The point that in darkness sit
A sudden light may see!
—Stephen Chalmers, in New York Times

Hope's Quiet Hour.

A Very Small Thing.

It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful. But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged

benefactor, John McDonough. For thirty years he had worked and saved in New Orleans, bent on his great purpose of providing for the education of the poor children of the city. He kept that purpose a secret between himself and God, bearing patiently the pity or ridicule of his fellow-citizens, who considered him either insane or miserly. His great wealth was accepted as a stewardship, for which he must answer to his Master.

small favor—that the children of the free schools situated nearest to his grave, should, every year plant and water a few flowers around it. "This little act," he explained, "will have a double tendency; it will open their young and susceptible hearts to gratitude and love to their Divine Creator, for having raised up, as the humble instrument of His bounty to them, a poor worm of the dust, like me; and teach them at the same time what they are, whence they came, and whither they must return."

He cared more for the glory due to God than even to clear his own memory from the disgrace of miserliness. It seemed a very small thing to him to be misjudged—or praised—by men, while the judgment of God was a vital matter in his eyes.

What we really are is important—and only God knows that. It is easy for us to deceive ourselves, and it is sometimes possible to deceive our neighbors, as to our real character—but God can see through all disguises. There are many men and women whose quiet courage, and unflinching trust in the midst of darkness, can bring joy to the Heart of Him Who sits as a refiner and purifier of silver. They may be misjudged or overlooked by men, but that is a very small matter. Christ was led as a King into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. As He wept over the doomed city, it seemed a very small thing to Him that the excited people flung garments and palm-branches to carpet His path, and shouted His praises noisily. He knew how fickle a crowd could be. He knew that in a few days many of the same men who shouted "Hosanna to the Son of David!" would be just as ready to shout "Crucify Him!" He was not elated or exultant over their praise, and He was not crushed by their hatred.

We grow steadily in the direction of our ideals. If our hopes and ambitions are set on earthly objects, we shall care less and less about God's approval. If we are reaching after something higher and more satisfying than this world can give, we shall learn to bear unjust judgment cheerfully, and the praise of men with unshaken humility. One whose character is really great, does not get puffed up and conceited when men speak well of him, nor does he get downhearted and unhappy when misunderstood and unappreciated. Let us aim at real greatness of spirit, and try to live cheerfully and humbly, no matter what other people may think about us. Humility and cheerfulness are very great things, very hard to win and priceless in their nature. One who is cheerful and serene when things go wrong, and humble when all his acquaintances unite in praising him, is great in God's sight, and very dear to Him Who says: "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit. . . . I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners. It is a very small thing to win the praise of the world; but it is a very great thing to rejoice wholeheartedly when others are praised:

"And where in power thou failest—oh, not in will—
See sore need served by other hands than thine,
And other hands the dear desires fulfil,
Then others gain the thanks that thou wouldst win,
Yet be all joy? Then hast thou entered in."

"Entered in" where? Into the secret Holy of Holies where God dwells, where He "revives the spirit of the humble."

Praise ought to stir up humility in any one. When you are praised for liberality, it reminds you how many ignoble motives helped you to be outwardly generous. When you are praised for unselfishness and sweetness of temper, you bow your head in shame at the remembrance of much secret selfishness which is only known to you and God. When you are praised for holiness, you look up into the face of the holy Son of man, and confess that you have come far short of the example He has set. When praised for the work you have done in the world, you look at the noble men and women who have laid down all they possessed in the service of sinful, suffering humanity—and you echo shamefacedly the remark of Prof. Palmer, of Harvard: "A man of average capacity never feels



Portrait

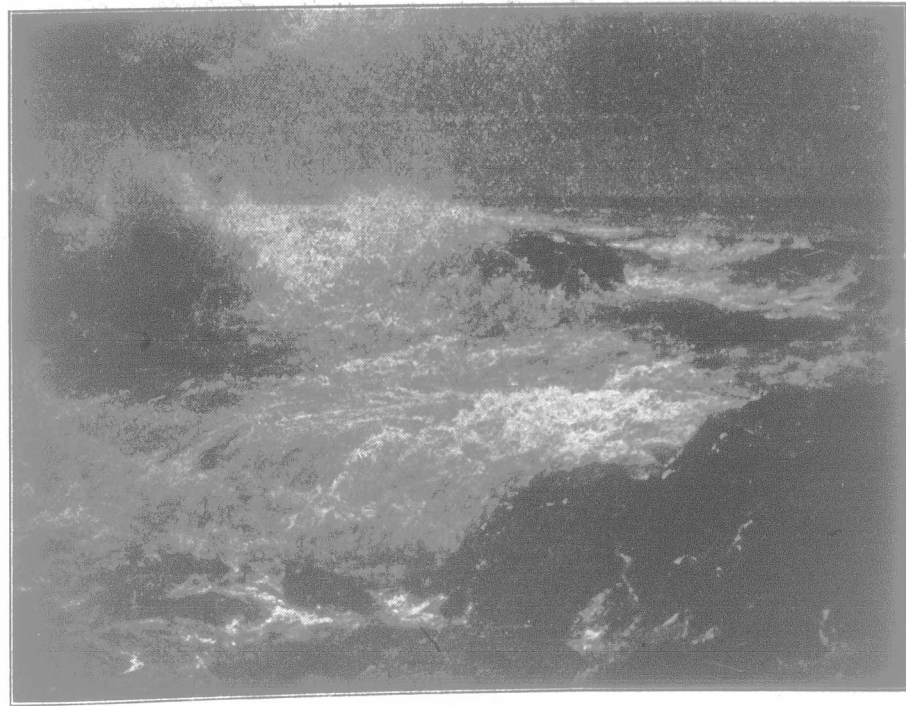
From a painting by J. Ernest Sampson, Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition, 1914.

of you, or of man's judgment . . . but He that judgeth me is the Lord.—1 Cor. iii: 2-4.

"Go forth, a servant of the Lord,
Nor seek the need of human praise:
Enough for thee if all thy days
Shall win the promise of His word."

About sixteen years ago, fifteen thousand school-children gathered to witness the unveiling of a monument they had erected in grateful memory of their

He went without personal comforts, and made no attempt to justify himself in the eyes of his fellows. Like St. Paul, he considered it a "very small thing" to be praised, or blamed by men, seeking only the approval of God. Of course, he was lonely, and felt keenly the scorn of his neighbors. This human longing for sympathetic appreciation was plainly shown by one clause in his will. While leaving his great wealth in trust for the education of the poor children of Baltimore and New Orleans, he asked one



Atlantic Breakers

From a painting by W. Malcolm Cutt, Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition, 1914.