

have already offered to contribute: one of these—Mrs. Alex. Cameron, who has already largely contributed to many objects of service to Toronto—has authorised me to say that she will give \$5,000 towards the Art Gallery, provided we raise the rest of the money, and leave the building free of debt." Since this letter appeared another sum of \$1,000 has been donated by the generosity of Mr. E. B. Osler.

Mr. O'Brien, in concluding his letter, says: "The Art Association of Montreal, and the Art Museum of Boston, are notable instances of the manner in which the beginning of such a collection being once made, it is rapidly increased by the benefactions of those to whom it suggested a means of making their wealth and culture of service to the public. In Boston the collection of the Art Museum is continually enriched by pictures, sculpture, and valuable curios, lent by persons leaving their homes for a time, who are glad both to have their valuables in safe keeping, and to exhibit them to the public. The same is true of Montreal and other places, where the same accommodation exists."

To the cultivated and artistic carnival tourist one of the most attractive and unexpected features of the gala week in Montreal must have been the Loan Exhibition in the very Art Gallery to which Mr. O'Brien refers. Few people in Toronto, probably, realise the number of prominent men in Montreal who have turned their attention to art, or are aware of the large sums they have invested in small areas of canvas.

To the loan exhibition in question four pictures were lent by Mr. Duncan McIntyre, eight by Mr. Van Horne, nineteen by Mr. R. B. Angus, six by Mr. G. A. Drummond, four by Mr. J. C. Abbott, seven by Mr. J. W. Tempest, one by Judge Mackay, two by Mr. G. Hague, two by Sir Donald Smith, two by Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, two by Mr. J. Burnett, two by Mr. J. Law, one by Mr. Gilbert Scott, one by Mr. E. Greenshields, four by the heirs Frothingham, one by Mr. J. R. Wilson. Mr. John Thomas Molson, who did not exhibit, also possesses some fine examples of foreign art, among which are a rare Rockeck, a Raup, and several others by well-known artists.

The Montreal *Gazette* says, "the Loan Exhibition was a revelation to those who did not realise how much good art was domiciled in the city," and it has occurred to me that it might be as well to spread the intelligence a little further afield and let some of our own merchant princes and wealthy citizens realise the lamentable fact that since Mrs. Alexander Cameron has departed from our midst, few, if one of them, could contribute anything beyond the new acquisitions of a late sale of art treasures to any exhibition or any art gallery that may arise in our so-called intellectual and cultivated Toronto.

I will mention a few of the pictures loaned to the Art Gallery in Montreal during the Carnival week, in proof that the City of Commerce utters no vain boast through the medium of its Press. To "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," by Gabriel Max, I will give the first place, as it was exhibited in Toronto in the spring of 1880, by the kindness of its owner, Mr. George A. Drummond. Some of us, I hope, will remember the picture as it hung alone in one of the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists, behind heavy, dark curtains, under a concentrated gaslight; and some of us, I doubt not, regretted this theatrical effect, and the introduction of the scientific substitute for heaven's own pure colour, with a passing wonder if the artist had painted his picture by artificial light. Under whatever circumstances, however, the painting may be shown, it cannot fail to leave a deep impression upon the mental retina. The expression of tenderness worn by the Saviour's face is blended with infinite pity as He takes the dead maiden by the hand and addresses to her the magic words: "Talitha cumi," "Daughter, arise." Warm life is returning to the marble form, the eyes are opening, a faint blush is stealing over the face, and death is gliding gently away. The single discord in the whole harmony is certainly the fly upon the maiden's arm, which is suggestive of so much realism, as opposed to the otherwise spiritual and ideal treatment of the subject, that one resents its appearance, and would strike it off if possible.

The artist, Gabriel Max, is still in the pride of life; he was born in 1840, is the son of the sculptor, Emmanuel Max; from childhood he breathed an atmosphere of art. A pupil of Piloty, at Munich, he is largely indebted to him for a refinement of conception, a finish of touch, and a general harmoniousness, never absent from his works. As a professor and honorary member of the Academy of Munich he is influencing that artistic centre in the best way.

"Les Communicants," of Jules Breton, has been already ably referred to in THE WEEK, in its carnival article. The picture was purchased by Sir Donald Smith, at the famous Morgan sale, last spring, in New York, for the modest sum of \$45,000. Jules Breton is pre-eminently the exponent of idealised rustic life—was early attracted to the school of Millet. He has long been favourably known by his picture of "The Gleaner" in the Luxembourg.

"After the Victory," by Benjamin Constant, loaned by Mr. Drummond, "is a powerful example of historical and illustrative painting," says the *Gazette*. "The Herodiad," by the same artist, also in Mr. Drummond's possession is probably the finest work he ever produced. Mr. Drummond exhibited besides a landscape, by Corot, described as "instinct with quiet, dreamy poetic sweetness," for Corot loved to interpret nature and the mysterious voices "of early dawn and dewy eve." He looked upon his work not as labour, but as pleasure, and much against the wishes of his father, who regarded art only as a resource for the idle, he adopted it as a profession, refusing the 100,000 francs offered him by his parents to invest in business, and accepting in lieu a pittance of 2,000 francs per annum, granted with the words: "Allons, va et amuse toi!"

"Autumn Idyl," by Gabriel Ferraris, is another of Mr. Drummond's gems. In 1872 this artist obtained the Prix de Rome for a picture full of talent and promise, and has maintained his reputation ever since; he

is a rare painter of ideal and figure subjects. "La Source," by Henner, is described as the clever work of a clever artist; it was loaned by Mr. R. B. Angus. For this picture £800 sterling was paid in Paris, and at the late Morgan sale it brought a little over \$10,000. The painting displays, says the *Gazette*, all the artist's wealth and richness of colour, and there are few dark pigments in its composition. Of Bougereau, the gentle, the refined, the academic, there was but one example, the property of Mr. R. B. Angus. "It bears the title of the 'Crown of Flowers,' and the modelling and painting of the hands and feet, always a crucial test, are exquisite." "Homeless Boy," by Pelez, loaned by Mr. R. B. Angus, is called "the best bit of humour in the gallery," the colour good, and the drawing leaving nothing to be desired. "Charity," by Henry Baron Leys, is also exhibited by Mr. Angus. The artist, a distinguished Belgian, was born at Antwerp in the year of the battle of Waterloo. "The influence of the Van Eycks, Memling and Lucas Cranach may be clearly traced in his work." Mr. Angus also lent a picture by Mr. Watts, R.A., full of intellectual, allegorical, and symbolical meaning; and a very strong, truthful painting by Kowalski, full of life and action; likewise a good example of Berni Bellecour, which, in feeling and manipulation, recalls Detaille and De Neuville, while the clearness and minuteness of detail suggest Meissonier. There were also in the Loan Exhibition, the "Last Minstrel," by George Boughton, A.R.A., the American painter now naturalised in London, and a painting by Sir John Pettie, R.A., whose owners I do not discover.

I have selected these few from the many pictures loaned to the Art Gallery from the numerous private collections of Montreal's cultivated and artistic citizens, in the hope of stimulating in the breasts of our own wealthy townfolk that ambition which Mr. O'Brien has tried to arouse by his public appeal for the Toronto Art Gallery. In conclusion, let me endorse the words of his letter, by those of the gentle and widely known philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who says, in his "Essay upon Domestic Life," "Whatever brings the dweller into a finer life, whatever educates his eye, or ear, or hand, whatever purifies and enlarges him, may well find a place there (viz., in his house). And yet let him not think that a property in beautiful objects is necessary to his apprehension of them, and turn his house into a museum. Rather let the noble practice of the Greeks find place in our society, and let the creations of the plastic art be collected with care in galleries by the piety and taste of the people, and yielded freely to all. Why should we convert ourselves into showmen and appendages to our fine houses and our works of art? Why should we owe our powers of attracting our friends to pictures, vases, cameos, and architecture? I do not undervalue the fine instruction which statues and pictures give, but I think the public museum in each town will one day relieve the private house of the charge of owning and exhibiting them. I wish to find in my own town a library, a museum, which is the property of the town, where I can deposit my precious treasure, where I and my children can see it from time to time, and where it has its proper place among hundreds of such donations from other citizens who have brought hither whatever articles they have judged to be in their nature rather public than private property. A collection of this kind of property of each town would dignify the town, and we should love and respect our neighbours more. Obviously, it would be easy for every town to discharge this truly municipal duty. Every one would gladly contribute his share, and the more gladly the more considerable the institution had become." E. S.

UPRIGHT IN HEART.

"UPRIGHT in heart"—can man attain to this?
Or must he ever-wearied be by vain attempt
To reach the distant height, the seeming bliss
Which nears—he thinks, when thought and creed are blent
In harmony?

Oh, tie not down the soul to form or creed,
Bliss is not reached thro' harmonies thus made;
"Upright in heart"—'tis reached alone indeed
When, self-surrendered to their God, men aid
Their fellow-men.

Wycliffe College.

E. C. A.

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

THE London *Spectator*, à propos of the extinction of the quagga, the beautiful wild striped ass of South Africa, used up into sportsmen's boots, and of the fast approaching extinction of the bird of Paradise and other "things of beauty" which are plainly not to be "a joy forever," has the following mournful prediction: "Man will not wait for the cooling of the world to consume everything in it, from teak trees to humming-birds, and a century or two hence will find himself perplexed by a planet in which there is nothing except what he makes. He is a poor sort of creator." One feels inclined to add, from this point of view, "and a poor sort of creature!" But if man is so ready, of his own motion, to make creation a waste, how much worse is it when he does it at the bidding of woman! Though, after all, this is only history repeating itself.

The "Audubon Society," of which a good deal has been heard, is a protest against human destructiveness in one of its most objectionable and least excusable forms. The very existence of our birds is being threatened by the inexplicable "rage" or caprice of fashion for what seems to many the very inappropriate ornament of stuffed birds, or "bird corpses," perched