

He moved to Rochester, N.Y., but did not yet devote all his time to study; this came later, as the demands of art became more imperative, and the interest in it more absorbing, but at no time did he work in any studio or place himself under any master. As with most of the great landscape painters, he was compelled to find his own way of expression. Occasionally a picture was attempted, but for a time without success; still, whether discouraged or elated, the persevering student never ceased work. The result of this may be seen now in slight sketch or finished picture. From these the student will learn that success is not attained as the result of superficial observation and clever handling; it comes of continuous searchings, strivings, and close application.

At last, in 1883, came the turning in the long lane, the first distinct success met with, and since that time no

year has passed in which one or two canvases have not been exhibited, which have from year to year shown a growing mastery of technique, and of penetrating subtilty.

One who knows Mr. Walker well, both before and after the turning of fortune's tide, and who was with him much, tells of long days spent in sketching; of tramps afar in search of subjects for anatomical study, the dead body of a horse or cow or sheep; of busy days in the studio when the artist worked in a cloud of smoke, always quite alone; of over-elaborated studies, in which every detail was carefully noted, that appeared in the complete picture broadly brushed in—a matter of suppression and selection which only thorough knowledge could achieve. To those familiar with the colour sense shown in Mr. Walker's later pictures it may seem strange to know that in his earlier work that first attracted atten-



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