

regard to individual painters, but I think I may say this much as an epitome of it, that it gives a liberal measure of praise to the earnestness and fidelity to nature and to the conscientious work exhibited in many of the pictures—qualities which, to use his own words, “in some cases render a failure as far as it goes, worth a great deal more than a success achieved on the beaten paths along which less original painters have been content to plod.” (Hear, hear.)

His principal criticism, on the other hand, appears to be that some of the work shows a deficiency of local coloring and individuality, and a too great tendency to imitate closely the peculiarities of certain foreign schools. I cannot resist giving you, in his own words, his description of the future to which he would like to look forward for the painter's art in Canada. He says :—“Of all places in the world there is none more likely to produce a great school of art. What special advantages it enjoys. Its people are heirs of all the latest results of civilization, and yet they are in immediate contact with nature and still struggling to subdue her untamed forces.”

He goes on to speak of the picturesqueness of many of the incidents of Canadian existence, of the extent to which our painters might draw upon episodes in the lives of our hunters, our voyageurs, and our backwoodsmen, of the many stirring and suggestive scenes to be found in our history, and above all, and outside all human incidents, of the grandeur of nature illustrated by the scenery of lake, river and wood, and he continues in these words: “The Canadians are beginning life afresh, but not as people have hitherto been compelled to begin it. They have good coats on their backs, and patent stoves to cook their food on. I would that they could begin art afresh also, not as red Indians began it on their buffalo robes, but with all the great examples before them and colors supplied in collapsible tubes duly labelled. [Laughter.] I should like to