

Universelle of that year. Having exhibited in the *salon* for several years subsequently to 1878, the artist seems to have returned to Russia about 1883. Harlamoff is a painter of sound education and unmistakable accomplishment, having evidently gone through the earnest and sincere study of form only to be had by much work from the living model in the schools. The influence of Bonnat is distinctly traceable in many of his earlier works, figures of Italian children, brightly lighted, projected on deep-toned backgrounds. Almost exclusively a figure painter, he could not, however, from his sincere and unbiassed manner of looking at nature, fail to paint well whatever he might set his hand to. Unlike the majority of Russian artists, he neither searches for the ideal, nor cultivates the dramatic, nor renders swift movement, but selects by preference such subjects as can be carefully studied, deliberately painted, and carried very far in realization. Belonging to the naturalistic, as distinguished from the imaginative, school, he aims always at strong relief, producing works admirable in modelling and solidity. Of a serious and studied manner, he nevertheless shows the ease of a master, and his colour is often superb. Harlamoff's work does not belong to the latest development of French art, but has that quality of fresh, immediate contact with nature which is to a painting what spirit is to the labelled specimen it preserves. The picture which we display in this number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, and for which the people of Montreal are indebted to the generosity of Mr. R. B. Angus, is a fine representative piece of Harlamoff's best style. It is full of sonorous colour, of forcible light and shade; it is rich without gaudiness, and strong without heaviness. The handling is very able and expressive, and it is a fine example of thoroughly good, sound work.

W. ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU, a member of the Institute and an Officer of the Legion of Honour, was born at La Rochelle in 1825. From an early age he gave promise of possessing the unusual powers of draughtsmanship, which have gained for him his universal renown. Trade first wooed the budding artist towards her winding paths, but driven by his temperament, about the year 1845, he gave himself up entirely to art. Having obtained a small sum of money by painting the portraits of several inhabitants of the town of Saintonge, Bouguereau made his way to Paris, where, having entered the studio of Picot and, later, l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, he gained the Grand Prix de Rome in 1850, since which time he has been advancing in fame and position. Three of Bouguereau's works are in the Luxembourg Palace, the most celebrated being, perhaps, the "Mater Afflictorum," which will, no doubt, find a permanent home in the Louvre. His work is scattered widely through Europe and the States, and is everywhere admired for the excellence of its draughtsmanship and composition. Of a singularly refined cast of mind, Bouguereau conveys to his paintings much of his own originality. As an eminent countryman of his own has written: "Rusticity is not with this painter an instinctive sentiment, and if he paints a patched petticoat, he yet suggests an exquisitely clean figure; the naked feet he gives to his peasant women seem to be made rather for elegant boots than for rude sabots; and, in a word, it is as if the princesses transformed into rustics by the magic wand in the fairy tales had come to be models for his pictures, rather than the fat-cheeked lasses whose skin is scorched by the sun and whose shoulders are accustomed to heavy burdens. But, having made this reserve, it must be acknowledged that M. Bouguereau's children are delightful and his composition charming. His drawing is correct even to rigidity; he possesses a gracefulness and a fecundity of invention attested by the immense number of his pictures. The complete list of them is far too long for insertion, nor would it be interesting to the English reader. We prefer to stop here and to sum up, in few words, our impression of the painter's characteristics. Whether he paints mythological subjects or rustic scenes, M. Bouguereau always exhibits three qualities which justify his reputation—knowledge, taste and refinement. The important picture represented here is one of those recently given to the Art Association by Mr. R. B. Angus, and is a good example of Bouguereau's style. The drawing of the two children is remarkable for its excellence, while the want of importance attached by the artist to any other detail cannot fail to strike even a casual observer.

OLD ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.—This venerable structure, which some of our readers doubtless remember as one of the points of interest in the "Ancient Capital," would, if we followed its history to the foundation of its earliest predecessor, take us back nearly two hundred years. The year 1694 has been assigned as the date of the erection of the first St. Louis Gate. Charlevoix describes, in a general way, the fortifications of the city as they appeared on the occasion of his visit, and especially during the period of troubled expectancy that was relieved by Sir Hovenden Walker's disaster. St. Louis Gate must have been the most familiar of objects to Quebecers of the first half of the 18th century. Many an anxious foot must have passed to and fro through that aperture during the closing years of the French domination. Kalm, who was in Quebec in the summer of 1749, speaks of the circuit of the walls as being then not quite completed. He little foresaw what ten years would accomplish, for, reflecting on the great natural strength of the place, he says that nature has dispensed it from the need of walls on the water side by setting a rock there which it is impossible to surmount. All the heights, he adds, are covered with batteries, and no hostile vessel can come in sight without running the risk of being immediately sunk. The last service that the old gate rendered to Quebec's former masters was to let a remnant of Mont-

calm's army pass into the city, on its way back, by the Palace Gate and the bridge of boats over the St. Charles, to the Beauport camp. For about a generation there is little mention of it in contemporary records. In 1791 it is declared to be in a ruinous condition, and it was found necessary to rebuild it. In 1823 it underwent a complete remodelling, in conformity with the plan of defence sanctioned by the Duke of Wellington, and it is the structure of that date which appears in our engravings. In 1871 both the gate and its sinuous approach were removed. The new fabric (of which a view has already appeared in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*) was at first to be called "Dufferin Gate," in honour of the generous author of the improvements which have done so much to beautify Quebec. At the intercession of the Princess Louise (Lord Dufferin gladly agreeing) the proposed change was not made, and the handsome structure around which cluster so many associations of the Old Regime still bears its original designation.

METABETCHOUAN AND THE H. B. CO.'S POST.—The view of Metabetchouan in this number, with the Hudson Bay Company's post on the point of land in the not far distant background, shows the mouth of the Metabetchouan River, through which its waters are mingled with those of Lake St. John. The advance of settlement, civilization and the railway in the Lake St. John district have taken from the Hudson Bay Company's posts much of their former importance. The Canadian *voyageurs* and trappers and the Montagnais Indians of Lake St. John are no longer dependent upon the officials at the posts for the necessities of life. They may take their choice of a number of general stores at which to exchange the trophies of the chase for meal, tobacco and pork, and thus even the poor Indian is beginning to learn that competition is the life of trade. The placid stillness of the river at its mouth offers a strange contrast to the dashing cascades and rolicking rapids of the greater part of its course, of which many miles have yet to be whipped by the fly of the angler. A number of Springfield gentlemen have formed a club, of which Mr. Edward S. Brewer is president, and have leased a good portion of the fishing of this stream. Mr. Brewer reports that on his first trip to the Metabetchouan, last August, he saw in one hole, perhaps ten yards square, at least 100 trout out of water at once, while the pool fairly boiled with the lashing. The Metabetchouan is not only throughout its entire course one of the most plentifully stocked trout rivers in the country, but the lordly winninish, at certain seasons of the year, ascends its stream from that great natural fish preserve—Lake St. John. The easterly branch of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, which is projected to run from Chambord Junction—a few miles west of this point—to Chicoutimi, is to cross the mouth of the Metabetchouan by a handsome iron bridge. The cars have been running since last summer to the bank from which our view is taken, and alongside of which is the wharf of the new passenger steamer Peribonca, which plies between the different points of interest around the shores of Lake St. John.

THE ROBERVAL HOTEL.—This hotel, of which an illustration appears upon another page, occupies a most attractive and commanding site upon the westerly shore of Lake St. John, near the centre of the parish of Roberval, close to the railway station and steamboat wharf, and within easy distance of the Roman Catholic Church and Ursuline Convent. It is perhaps the most delightful summer resort that this northern country can boast of. Though only opened late last summer, it has achieved a very favourable reputation, tourists who visited it last year claiming for its *menu* and attendance an excellence worthy of a city hotel. It has already been patronized by His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston and suite. It commands a splendid view of the whole inland sea upon whose shore it stands, looking out upon the scenes given in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* of the 16th February last, on page 108. There are lawn tennis and croquet grounds around the house, and a drive of three miles brings the tourist to the Indian reservation at Pointe Bleue. Several of the rooms in the Roberval Hotel have already been taken for the coming summer by American pleasure seekers.

THE WILLING WORKER.

Richly the grapes in Thy Vineyard, O Lord,
Hang in their clusters of purple delight!
I have attended the call of Thy Word,
Working for Thee since the dawning of light:
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the lea,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!
Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine:
Master! no labour—no pains I have spared;
Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine!
Soft gleam the stars that in heaven I see,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Deep wave Thine acres with harvests untold,
Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold,—
Slowly the reapers are moving away:
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Dimmed is the eye with the fast-fading light;
Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint,
Scant, on my forehead my locks have grown white—
Lord, 'tis the body grows weary and faint!
Finished the task Thou hast given to me,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

The Lady in Muslin.

How far the flirtation might have gone, had the father's presence still protected his daughter, it is impossible to say. He dying suddenly, Marie was left alone for a few days in the solitary house, subject to the constant visits of Huntingdon; and when Gaunt came next, he found the pretty *salon* deserted. Marie was nowhere to be found.

The matter concerned him, personally, very little; but the fact of the father (an old servant of the family) having, in a dying letter, requested protection for his orphaned daughter, made him interest himself in learning what had become of her, and, of course, the first person to whom he addressed himself was to Mr. Huntingdon.

Cecil at first affected a careless indifference; but Dick was earnest and determined, and Huntingdon at length acknowledged that Marie was living very contentedly under his care a short distance from Kingston, but that he intended to permit no impertinent interference between her and himself.

Years passed on. Dick went backwards and forwards between England and the colonies some two or three times, and in the business of life the recollection of his brief acquaintance with Marie grew less vivid.

Cecil and he never patched up their friendship. Huntingdon was proud, and he never forgave Dick's interference, or his endeavour to find out Marie's retreat. Long before Gaunt's third and last visit to Jamaica they had ceased all intercourse. On that visit he heard that Cecil Huntingdon had suddenly left Kingston, and had gone, it was supposed, to India. Of Marie no one knew anything. Huntingdon was well known for his libertine propensities, and the idea of his having taken her with him was laughed to scorn by the few friends amongst whom Gaunt made his enquiries. Cecil, they said, was not fond of unnecessarily encumbering himself.

His surmise that the unfortunate girl had been heartlessly deserted was soon verified.

A letter one day reached him, through the medium of one of Huntingdon's former friends, from Marie herself, and, to his surprise, signed "Marie Huntingdon."

Badly spelled, almost illegibly written, the few pathetic sentences telling of misery, utter destitution, and a broken heart, were quite sufficient to awaken Dick's overflowing pity for the bright, beautiful, though ignorant girl, who had been recommended to his protection.

Dick was dressing for a large public dinner when he received that letter, a dinner at which his position as a rich man, in spite of the depreciation of plantation property, rendered him a distinguished guest. But he did not hesitate to mount his horse immediately, and ride off in the moonlight to the place from whence the note was dated.

He found his old acquaintance in a deplorable state. Broken-hearted, and evidently in the last stages of a decline, he scarcely recognized in the careworn, death-struck woman, the Marie of four years back.

XVI.

MARIE'S STORY.

Her story was soon told.

She had eloped with Huntingdon two days after her father's death, on the promise of being married to him within a week.

She declared that Cecil had kept his promise, and married her at Kingston four days after her quitting the Gaunts' house. They had then lived for a week together at some distance from Kingston, and Cecil was all that a bride could wish or expect. After that he ceased to stay with her constantly, being fearful, he always alleged to his unfortunate wife, that his marriage reaching the ears of a relative from whom he hoped to inherit property, might lose him his favour.

For months Marie contented herself with this explanation, and tried not to feel aggrieved at being immured in a solitary house far out of reach