



THE TREASURE.

—F. S. Challenger, R. C. A.

with its swirling tides and the tremendous momentum of the waves dashed into spray against the impregnable barriers of the cliffs appeals to the mind. They give a revelation of almost irresistible power and utter loneliness that makes one feel the insignificance of man, recalling the lines of Byron:

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The sea pieces by Mr. Cutts and Mr. Fleming grandly interpret the might and majesty of the sea. Yet there is an exultation in mastering this stormy element, in feeling one's yacht leap beneath one like a spirited steed, to mount the waves and scud before the rising breeze. It suggests Byron again:

For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Mr. Gagen's spirited picture of fishing boats upon the Grand Banks brings vividly before us the isolation and loneliness of this watery waste, "boundless, endless and sublime." One may sail for days and not see a single sail. When the fishing boats come within hail they are eager to exchange the latest news of fishing schools or of home life. These adventurous craft fare far to sea, hundreds of miles, buffeted with the fierce gales of the North Atlantic, and win their harvest under most arduous conditions. It seems tempting providence for the fishing dories, like that shown in the foreground of the picture, to venture far from this schooner, often amid mist and rain and storm. In the patient toil of fishing for cod they are sometimes scat-