

—a question of taste. Of course conviction is more indispensable to enchantment than enchantment to conviction. It is only by reason of his perfect genius that Corot enchants us with landscapes which are, after all, conventional in composition, neither altogether fanciful nor altogether real, and of a sameness in tone, sentiment and subject. Colour chords in silver and dark green, the harmony of wind-stirred leaves and glistening dew, the essence of all that is delicious in misty dawns and twilight in the woods, willows that cast their shade where the ripples play along the still waters of a little lake, a distant villa luminous with sunset, a shepherd piping to the late lingering afternoon; these are the only general impressions that the name of Corot conjures up. But they are impressions that the world cannot do without. No wonder those little dream-people dance and frolic in the glade, mad with the witchery of it all. For it is Fairyland, the Fairyland, of an enchanter whose enchantment was impressionism, the Fairyland of the good old Corot whose jovial pipe-dreams transfigured Reality and whose incomparable eyesight realized Romance. Once more I must quote Stevenson, "Mirth, lyric mirth, and a vivacious Classical contentment, these qualities are of the very essence of the better kind of art."

But perhaps the most interesting thing about a Corot landscape is that it makes us feel that the beauty of the scene is evanescent and about