

"the Huguenot," with slight variations. It is the last of Millais' romantic pictures, the subjects of which are taken from another society and another period than his own. Henceforward, his pictures are to be of modern people and things, landscapes and portraits. He is to paint the life of the people about him; the somewhat limited life of the drawing-room, the well-dressed children of fashionable society; occasional landscapes, but, above all, portraits. His inventive faculty was not often called upon to fulfil the requirements necessary to satisfy a now-applauding public. The mild suggests of drama in such subjects as "Yes or No," the appeals to national sentiment as in the "North West Passage," and the "Boyhood of Raleigh," gave him sufficient opportunity for personal expression and broad, dexterous handling. He is now a painter "par excellence." We can only wish that he had sometimes a keener sensibility, a more subtle, delicate rendering.

In 1864, Millais was made an Academician, and painted for his diploma picture, the "Souvenir of Valasquez." For artistic unity, skillful though slight handling, it is equal to anything Millais has done, and in the force and modeling of the head is not unworthy of comparison with the great Spaniard.

In 1871, was painted "Chill October," the best of Millais' landscapes. But, it is not the work of a great landscape painter. It has not the concentrated suggestiveness of, as it were, the stored up knowledge of a man who has delved below the surface. It is but the work of a good observer; of a man who loves to be in the open air and occasionally likes to tell his friends with great intelligence what he has seen and felt there.

For the last twenty years Millais' most important works have been portraits. In them he takes rank among the great portrait painters of England. Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Newman

have sat to him among a host of others. The famous "Red Cardinal," that is the "Newman," of 1882, is a most wonderful performance. Millais' enthusiasm was aroused by his subject, with the result that the fine features and hands—such spiritual hands—of the cardinal shew as jewels of splendid workmanship and psychological insight in the powerfully painted and daring color scheme of the pink and red ecclesiastical robes. Millais has done nothing finer. The portrait of J. C. Hook, R.A., is also a masterpiece.

It is with the memory of such things as these that we can forgive the lapses of artistic integrity, the oftentimes careless handling in the stress and needs of a dominating popularity. That he has painted too often, as it were, upon the surface of things we cannot deny. That he has never grasped or felt the tendency of modern art, is but perhaps to say that a man's life, although with wealth of days, is not long enough to be both at the beginning and the end of a movement. In thinking of his Pre-Raphaelite work and some dozen portraits we should be content. I, for one, am grateful and rejoice that the highest official honor has fallen to his lot.

I have no space to touch upon Millais' black and white work, his illustrations to "Barry Lyndon," his "Parables," and others. They are often full of a most subtle line, dramatic force and expression.

As to the man Millais, there is little to say. His life is in his work. A sturdy Englishman, manly, fond of out-of-door sports; an enthusiastic fisherman, a genial companion, without anxiety or search for the subtle refinement of ideas in either life or art. Typical of the positiveness of the average Englishman, to whom he has been for more than a quarter of a century the exponent and interpreter of his artistic sympathies.

*Harriet Ford.*

