

ascending among summer clouds and rainbows, dimly feeling the blushing of the new life, and the passing of the trance that will end in the waking in Heaven. The expression is something wonderful; indeed, the only fault we can suggest lies in the name, "St. Martin's Summer," which scarcely seems to fit it.

Miss Alice Grant and Miss Blanche Jenkins send delightful portraits of children, and Anna Nordgren's contribution, "Old Johanna," is an excellent rendering, in low tones, of an old peasant's head, interesting and characteristic, if homely. Mrs. Jopling has a couple of very nice Pastel portraits, and Miss Mabel Young has an "Ave Maria" that is most exquisite and charming, though unfortunately it has been hung so high that the general public will be unable to form an idea of how good the head really is.

The large canvasses of Miss Stewart Wood and Miss Elias are the most striking among the landscapes shown. "On the ridge of the down" (Miss Elias) is spacious and breezy, with its sweeping lines and wide sky; and Miss Stewart Wood's Sussex picture is altogether admirable in its largeness of feeling and its sober colour.

Among the smaller pictures there are many charming "bits"—transcriptions of scenery, and nature under every kind of effect and in every variety of mood, fierce with storm or sullen in melancholy. The calm of quiet eve or the gaiety of morning sunshine, our English landscapists sound each and all of the subtlest notes in the great gamut they know and love so well. Other nationalities can paint fine landscapes, no doubt, nevertheless there is in the British rendering of "out of doors" a nameless, indefinable exquisiteness of appreciation that is hardly to be found elsewhere—a loving loveableness, that seems to pulsate in the movement of the varying atmospheres and linger over the delicacies of the detail.

Artists are beginning to note the picturesqueness of London, and Miss Rose Barton has caught some delightful glimpses of "the only Methropolis," and treated them in the manner that she has made her own.

As a suggestion of how we islanders travel in these latter days, we should mark how, even in this limited Exhibition, there are sketches from all over the world—verily we are taking possession of the Earth!

We must not omit mentioning the other British taste—the love of animals, more especially the love of horses and dogs, of which there are a good many examples here; Miss Fanny Moody sends several 'doggy' pictures, that promise to be as popular as those of hers with which we are all so familiar, and Miss Fairman runs her hard for favour, with groups of some perfectly adorable Japanese spaniels—one of them, by the way, was running about the gallery on the private view day, towed on a scarlet ribbon by his proud owner, and was the admired of all observers.

In the modelling department there is a fine bust, instinct with the feeling of the Florentine school (Minnie Myers), that merits consideration, and a capital statuette of a newsboy. The Chiswick Art-workers Guild sends an array of hammered metals, and there are specimens of luxurious bindings for valued books, altogether the Exhibition, though a minor one, is exceptionally full of interesting and artistic objects, over and above the paintings, and we can only regret that the accorded space of a 'notice' is not sufficiently ample to give them all the justice they deserve.

Bookland.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has published a fine poem in *McClure's Magazine*, under the title of "The White Man's Burden," and it has also appeared in *Literature*. It is instinct with the spirit of lofty Imperialism, and is a call to duty to the great American Nation. We quote three stanzas:—

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought!

* * * * *
Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead!

* * * * *
Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

WHAT TO READ.

- "West Country Ballads and Verses." By Arthur L. Salmon.
 "In Storm and Strife." By Jean Middlemas.
 "Sound of a Voice that is Still." By Archie Campbell.
 "Pleasures of Life." By Sir John Lubbock, Bart.
 "With Nansen in the North." A Record of the Fram Expedition in 1893-96. By Hjalmar Johansen, Lieutenant in the Norwegian Army. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brøedstad.
 "War in Cuba." By John Black Atkins.
 "Brown, V.C." By Mrs. Alexander.
 "Love and Olivia: Being the Sentimental Troubles of a Clever Woman." By Margaret B. Cross.

Coming Events.

February 13th.—The Archbishop of Canterbury attends the Annual Festival of the London United Temperance Council, Queen's Hall.

February 14th.—The Prince of Wales presides at the Hunterian Oration and Dinner.

February 16th and 17th.—Central Poor-Law Conference at the Guildhall. Earl Beauchamp will preside. The subjects that will be discussed are: "On Wider Powers for Guardians," "The Best Means of Providing and Training Nurses of the Indoor Poor," "Old Age Pensions and the Poor Law," and "The Best Method of Starting in Life and Caring for Poor Law Boys."

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