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the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua were virtually composed in the age to which Moses and Joshua belonged, there is nothing unnatural in the non-occurrence in these books of a title for God which did not apparently come into use until the age of Samuel. But if, on the contrary, as the Higher Critics insist, the various fragments which they claim to detect in the "Hexateuch" were written, interpolated, and worked over by a number of different writers, all of whom lived centuries later than Moses, and many of them than even Samuel, and in times in which the Divine title "Lord of hosts" was much in vogue, then the non-occurrence of this expression in the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua would seem to constitute a curious anomaly—one of the many anomalies which appear to significantly indicate the artificial character of the critical theories. ANDREW C. ROBINSON.

ART IV.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1900.

CONTEMPORARY British painters seem to have in common several characteristics: independence, originality, sincerity, and a love of rich colour. The latter tendency may be due to the general greyness of the British climate, especially of London, where the majority of English pictures are produced. The melancholy skies and the few glimpses of bright days produce a reaction in favour of vigorous and brilliant tones. In warmer lands, where sunshine is predominant, art often has the opposite bias, as is seen in the textile fabrics of India and Persia. Sincerity is a quality strongly present in the British mind, partly through the moral and religious influence of the Reformation, which is still the prevailing ethical atmosphere of the country, even with those who do not accept the doctrines of Christianity; and it is reflected in the fidelity and directness of much of the work of British painters. Originality proclaims itself in the fact that it is difficult to speak of a British or even an English school. The differences between Leighton, Millais, Watts, Poynter, Orchardson, Leslie, Burne-Jones, Sargent, Herkomer, Ouless, Alma-Tadema, Dicksee, Richmond, Rivière; between MacWhirter, Peter Graham, Leader, Davis, and the rest, are too varied to make it possible to classify them together. The note of independence is, again, a British characteristic. Although past and present masters are much studied, and now and again there is a fashion for Velasquez or Reynolds or

Lawrence, for Corot or for Claude, the sturdy individuality of the race reappears, and most of our present painters have marked characteristics of their own. If these tendencies do not work towards the creation of a great school with powerful traditions, they at any rate add to the interest of the annual harvest of pictures.

It is common among superficial and unthinking persons to sneer at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and to pronounce judicially that it is very bad, and not worth even a single visit. The meaning of this is that the Exhibition, while it always has much that is very beautiful, sometimes happens not to contain any very great work, about which everybody is bound to talk; while, on the other hand, if the non-official painters, who at the present time are a very large body indeed, expect upwards of a thousand oil-pictures to be hung every year, there will obviously be a good deal that is uninteresting, and much that is poor. To expect several hundreds of painters of real genius to be at work every year, is to demand what has never been the case even amongst the most cultured and inspired races. And it may be safely said that the greater the artist the more conscious he is of his own failures and shortcomings. The scornful generalization is both stupid and ungrateful; without looking at inferior productions, there is always enough by the greater minds and more skilful hands to charm and instruct; and it is interesting every year to see what thoughts have been passing through the brains of old favourites, what signs of coming genius are shown by those who are younger, less known, or new to the arena altogether. If every critical grumbler could by any possibility be allowed to carry off fifty pictures from any exhibition free, the claimants for his choice would be so many that he would have difficulty in exercising it.

From national limitations, British painters are seldom drawn to the ideal, the poetical and the imaginative, except in landscape. In the present generation we have a Watts, but generally the nearest approach to this class of production is the painting of subject pictures, or illustrations of familiar topics. There is no demand for ideal work on the part of the practical and matter-of-fact British public; and the laws of demand and supply must necessarily enter into the world of art as in other spheres of human activity. Occasionally an artist is led to try to raise his art to the imaginative level, but too often he flounders in the attempt. The Exhibition is generally strongest in portraits, landscapes and subjects.

The failure of demand has almost extinguished another important branch of British art, and that is the religious. I should, of course, be inclined to insist that all art which

penetrates reverently into the inner meaning of things, especially landscape, and the illustration of the joys and sorrows of humanity, is essentially religious, because it exhibits some of the manifold manifestations of the Awful Being in Whom everything lives, and moves, and has its existence. But by religious art is conventionally meant the treatment of scenes from the Old and New Testament, and of the history and doctrines of Christianity; and of that, from various circumstances, we now get little or nothing, except the profoundly impressive and unique work of Mr. Holman Hunt, and the beautiful decorative schemes of Mr. Frederick Shields. The chief reason is that in Great Britain we have ceased to decorate our churches with pictures of any kind, except the churches of the ritualistic movement, which do not aim at anything more than conventional Crucifixions, Madonnas, Pietas, Stations of the Cross, Entombments, and Saints. Religious art in England has in the main sunk to the crudities of painted windows, and the tedious and lifeless absurdity of perpetual recumbent effigies. Yet all the aspirations, the religious and moral associations, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of the British race, are inextricably interwoven with the histories of the Bible; and it would have been natural to believe that the sincere and reverent treatment of such scenes and narratives would be always in strong demand. Never was Christianity more powerful or fruitful in its hold on the British race than at the present day. But the custom of illustrative pictures in churches has not taken root in Britain. Sir Joshua Reynolds, indeed, and his contemporaries, made a patriotic offer to paint large Scriptural canvases to be hung on the vast bare piers of St. Paul's Cathedral; but the ecclesiastical authorities did not understand the proposal. It fell to the ground, and with it was closed a glorious opening for British art.

Of portraits in the Exhibition of 1900, the most notable is Mr. Sargent's "Three Beautiful Sisters"—Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane, and Mrs. Tennant. They are the daughters of Percy Wyndham, second son of the first Lord Leconfield, the owner of the princely collection of pictures at Petworth. Their mother was the beautiful Miss Campbell, painted many years ago by Watts in one of his most charming efforts, the descendant of Pamela Fitzgerald. It is a drawing-room group: all three are dressed alike in plain white satin, in the masterly treatment of which Mr. Sargent shows his consummate power. An absence of detail concentrates attention on the three delicate aristocratic heads. The grouping is marvellously natural. A cool shady atmosphere pervades the room, which is tinted in quiet green, while behind is faintly seen the

famous Watts. A pathetic interest attaches to Mr. Sargent's two pictures of Lord Russell of Killowen, in the robes of Lord Chief Justice, a powerful head recalling the late Archbishop Trench. Mr. Sargent also sends Sir David Richmond, ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow; a touching picture of the boy Lord Dalhousie, who lost father and mother when very young; and an exquisite diploma picture, the interior of a noble saloon in Venice, full of rich old furniture, carvings and hangings, and with the same subdued tint as the background of the Wyndham ladies. The President, Sir E. J. Poynter, sends one striking portrait, marked by his usual wonderful attention to detail: Mrs. Murray Guthrie, a young lady in a dinner-dress of white satin and white lace, seated in an Empire chair, in the easy attitude of conversation. Mr. Orchardson's great picture of four generations of the Royal Family at Windsor has the tones of his delicate colouring and subtle grace. The beloved Queen, worn with age and sorrow, is on the left, welcoming her little grandson, Prince Edward of York, who, in the glowing health of childhood, is bringing her a bouquet of roses. The Duke of York, an admirable likeness, directs him forward; and the Prince of Wales looks on, an interested and kindly spectator. Mr. Ouless's principal pictures give the strong personality of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American millionaire and philanthropist; the Prince of Wales in uniform as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron; and a genial likeness of Mr. Cripps, the well-known lawyer and Member of Parliament. Professor von Herkomer has sent six canvases and two superb enamels. Of the canvases the strongest is his portrait of the Duke of Connaught, rich in character and colour; Sir John Wolfe Barry, the eminent engineer; and Sir G. Armstrong. A lifelike presentment of Mr. Michael Biddulph he has sent to the New Gallery. There are two fine examples of French portraiture in two richly-clad and graceful ladies by Benjamin Constant—the Princess Demidoff and Lady Colebrooke. Mr. Shannon is represented by a vigorous treatment of Lord Manners, and the quiet aristocratic figure, draped in pale silks and laces, of the Hon. Mrs. Portman. Mr. Fildes has two charming ladies—Mrs. Kleinwort, a pleasant, careful picture with a red background, and Mrs. Elmer Speed, in black with tapestry behind. Mr. Wells's representation of Miss Evelyn Ouless, the tones of which are various shades of blue, gray and black, is very successful. It is pleasant to see excellent portraits by inheritors of well-known names in art: Sir Squire Bancroft (perhaps the most striking likeness in the Exhibition), by Hugh Rivière; Rudyard Kipling, by Sir P. Burne-Jones; Lord Stradbrooke, a very pleasant and healthy-looking young

Englishman, by Arthur S. Cope; and Thomas Wall Buckley, a venerable and even magnificent head, by Walter C. Horsley. Mr. Solomon has fine portraits of Mr. Cohen, M.P., and Mrs. Jules de Méray. Among many others worthy of attention may be mentioned a good head of the witty and scholarly Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, by Walter Osborne, and a presentation of the Lady Mayoress (Lady Newton), by Miss Henrietta Rae—features familiar and popular in the City of London from the indefatigable zeal with which Lady Newton has associated herself with the patriotic movements of the present year, especially the creation of the City Imperial Volunteers.

To turn to the landscapes: in these the present Exhibition is particularly strong. Mr. MacWhirter is fresher and more vigorous than ever. Two of his compositions are poems in themselves, bright, clear, and harmonious in colour, and rich in suggestion. "Over the Sea from Skye" is the beautiful Sound of Sleat under a sunny sky, with a Highland burn dashing down to it over rocks, from a foreground of heather, moss, fern, birch and other trees. "The Silence that is in the Solemn Woods" takes us to the lofty banks of the river Findhorn in Morayshire, where are ancient woods of dark Scotch fir, deep in shade and blue in colour. Beyond, the river winds away to the Moray Firth. All breathes of refreshment, quietude and peace. "A Nameless Dell" and "Golden Leaves" are scenes from Mr. MacWhirter's favourite haunt, the braes of Glen Affaric, rising away from Strath-glas, a region in Inverness-shire which is surpassed by none in Scotland. Mr. H. W. B. Davis is also stronger than ever. Never has he produced anything more beautiful than "After Sunset," with its effect of glow on the water in the foreground, gleaming from twilight banks and meadows. "In the Gloaming" is a somewhat similar picture, on a much smaller scale—a real gem. "East of the Sun, and West of the Moon" is another transcript of a subtle phase of nature, full of a pathetic beauty. "Twilight Grey" and "Moonrise" show Mr. Davis in the same tender and poetical mood. Mr. Peter Graham sends two examples, each of a favourite and popular scheme. "To Valley Pastures" reminds us of his long-tried skill in effects of sun and mist on a Highland hill; "Ocean's Surge, White as a Seabird's Wing," is full of dashing sea-water and foam on precipitous rocks, gemmed with yellow sea-weed and dark shells, the home of wild seabirds. Nothing of their kind could be more perfect. Mr. Colin Hunter, who has suffered much in the past year from influenza, contributes two perfect specimens of his special sympathy for scenes of splendour on water, which cannot but

add to his high reputation and popularity. "Anchored to the Nets" reminds us that a better interpreter of the enchanted region of West Highland coasts does not exist. A fishing-boat in the foreground gives the human interest; the hills of Raasay and the peaked heads of the Red Cuchullins in Skye, all in sober blue and purple distance, brings the thought straight to that land of mysterious beauty, of dreams and romance. "London from the Tower Bridge" shows that he is equally at home in the magnificent combinations of colour and suggestion which belong to the greatest port in the world. In the foreground are the picturesque barges so well known in the Thames; London Bridge spans the middle distance; on the right are the Tower, with its many bastions, the noble front of the Fishmarket, the Monument, and the many towers and spires of the city; on the left are the pinnacles of St. Saviour's, Southwark, one of the chief remains of ecclesiastical London of the Middle Ages; the whole is dominated by the glorious dome of St. Paul's. The tones are rich browns and blues, and the sky is that of a London sunset, full of varied colour. The veteran favourite, Mr. J. C. Hook, shows almost a greater variety than usual, and no failure of interest and attraction. "A New Coat for an Old Friend" is the painting of a sea-boat; "Once Bit, Twice Shy" and "A Goat-herd" are fresh and characteristic; "A Surrey Trout-stream" is a less familiar phase, no less happy. Mr. Briton Rivière, in his picture called "The Heron," gives a landscape of a vast white summer cloud, towering majestically over low-lying water-meadows and hunting figures. The aged Mr. Sidney Cooper, who is said to have reached his ninety-sixth year, sends four pictures of marvellous technique for such a period of life, ably composed and minutely painted: "Spring," which has sheep and lambs on a sloping meadow with trees; "Summer," cattle gathering by a stream and under shade; "Autumn," cattle again, near richly-tinted autumn trees and quaint cottages; "Winter," a drove in a snow-drift in the Cumberland Fells; "his eye is not dim nor his strength abated." Mr. Leader's four charming contributions show much variety this year: "Hill, Vale and Stream" is a river curving away from the base of a hill covered with birches under pale sunlight; "When Sun is Set" is a twilight river-scene; "At the Close of the Day, when the Hamlet is still" has a sense of the poetry of home quiet in the country; and in "A Trout-stream" we are brought nearer to the facts of Nature. Alfred Parsons has some delicious pictures, such combinations of silver-surfaced pools and green meadows as are one of the chief attractions of English scenery; "The Green Punt," "Rain in Spring," a very daring scheme of

violent colour, perfectly true to nature in certain aspects of sun and shower in May; and "In Longleat Woods." In company with Alfred Parsons it is natural to remember Yeend King and Ernest Parton. "The Avon by Bredon Hill," by the former, is a lovely composition of a sunlit, wooded hill, with shining water, and that emerald-green foreground which English landscape in early summer often shows; he also sends a fascinating farm scene, "The Fold-yard," a real bit of Southern England, two or three centuries old. The latter, Ernest Parton, is conspicuous by his beautiful "Pool on the Medway," a dreamy harmony of water, reeds, lilies, flowery banks, deep meadows, trees and downs, and "Solitude," a quieter evening phase of wood and water in autumn. Alfred East touches the poetry of misty grey and blue in his very thoughtful compositions of "Early Morning in the Nene Valley" and "A Morning Moon"; a gorgeous tone is adopted in "Lake Bourget from Mount Revard," which is a large upright transcript of golden trees and blue lake far below. "A Summer Cloud," by Sir William Richmond, may be compared with Mr. Briton Rivière's treatment of the same phase of sky. David Murray lays us under new obligation by several additions to his delightful series: "A Fair Land is England," a spring scene in blue, white and gold; "Brig o' Balgownie," an old Aberdeen bridge, with broad expanse of stream and high brown banks, a difficult subject to arrange; "The Colne," a river scene in the same key as those of Alfred Parsons and Ernest Parton, with swans, punt and willows; and an acknowledgment of the spell of the rich deep meadows and tall elms of the country round the royal castle—"In View of Windsor." Ernest Waterlow's three landscapes are strong, and take us out of the beaten track: "The Land of Olives" to Italy, "Forest Pastures" to a slope with rocks and aged trees, "Pastorale Provençale" to Southern France. Joseph Farquharson should be mentioned with the Scotch landscape painters; his speciality is snow, and he is always impressive and interesting. Whether in that or in other lines, his sympathy with Nature and his understanding of her is very marked. "When the Mist with Evening glows" is a rare and delightful effect; "And all the Air a Solemn Silence holds" has a foreground of snow-covered woodland, in misty shadow, with an after-glow of red sunlight on a distant hill. Akin to Farquharson's work is that of Harry W. Adams, in "Winter's Sleep," a winter river with snow on the banks, and gleams of warm sun on the reddish-brown stems of a row of willows. Akin to Alfred Parsons is John W. North, in "Summer in the English West," a courageous and wholly successful creation of the interior of an English wood, with sunlight pouring

through beech-leaves, the whole scheme of colour in various shades of vivid green. Akin to Yeend King's "Avon by Bredon Hill" is J. Clayton Adams's "A Grey Day," a fascinating realization of haymaking when a silvery haze is in the sunlight. With North's work may be compared a welcome memory of bluebells in a green wood by R. Vicat Cole, another inheritor of an honoured name, a phase of Nature that perhaps brings joy to the heart more vividly than any other: "The sky up-breaking from the earth beneath." "A Quiet Nook, Derwentwater," by Duncan Cameron, is a sunny effect on trees and water in small scale. "Autumn on the Wye," by C. E. Johnson, is an important and careful composition, giving an ideal of one of the fairest scenes in the British Islands, the dreamy distance thrown back by a vigorous Scotch fir on a broken cliff in the foreground. "The Way to the Village" (George Ransom) and "An Old Sandpit" (A. E. Bailey) should both be mentioned.

In rougher style, and more suggestive of Constable and the French, is "The Water-plash" of H. H. La Thangue: some strongly-painted geese hurrying down a gravelled path towards water in chequered sunlight; "September on the Arun" and "Wild Sussex," by José Weiss, giving new aspects of that varied and ever-charming county; and "Hill and Vale" and "The Bathers," by Mark Fisher, the latter a landscape with figures of bathing boys, unconscious in their happiness.

There are many breezy sea pictures. One remembers best "Breakers Ahead! Ware Manacles!" by C. Napier Hemy, a large smack mounting a towering surge; "Where the Sea-egg flames on the Coral," by J. Fraser; and "The Ebb," by Herbert J. Draper, a still, translucent sea among high brown rocks. Mr. Summerscales has some bright, breezy views in mid-sea. Brett sends several vivid records of coast impressions.

Amongst animal studies, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's "Horses bathing in the Sea" is by far the most striking. Some ten strong teamsters, attended by five or six carters, are in the trough of the waves on an early summer morning, in brilliant sunshine, in various attitudes of surprise, enjoyment, spirits and timidity. It is a large canvas, and its fine bold grouping recalls the firm hand of Rosa Bonheur. The shadow effects in the sunny water, of rather startling hues, are eminently true to nature, and it is a picture that will be held in life-long remembrance.

To turn in the last place to studies of subjects. The most remarkable is that called "The Two Crowns," by Frank Dicksee. It is a large and full picture, on a very impressive theme, and abounding in well-judged and harmonious colour,

as brilliant a piece of painting as the Exhibition contains, a really great work. A young king in golden armour is returning triumphant from a war. He is surrounded by his rejoicing subjects, arrayed in all the many colours of the Middle Ages, especially a band of beautiful girls, who crowd on each side of his charger, scattering rose-leaves. The prevailing tint of the picture is rose, but it blends with every other hue. The youth's face is of splendid manly beauty, the type of all that is best in vigorous natural life. As he rides slowly forward, his eye is caught by a large bronze wayside crucifix, on a level with himself. The painter has chosen this instant to suggest the swift passage of thought through the mind of the conqueror, of the contrast between his own earthly crown and the crown of self-denial and self-sacrifice raised as the true ideal by Christ. The suggestion carries the impression that the warrior is great enough to bow to the ideal, and devote the rest of his life to the welfare of his subjects.

"The Trial of Queen Katherine" and "The Penance of the Duchess of Gloucester" are exceedingly fine pictorial illustrations of noted events, full of strength, character and colour. If in the first Queen Katherine could have been nearer and more central, the grouping would have been more impressive; but every head is powerfully drawn, and the picture breathes of silence and suspense. Sir Alma-Tadema's "Goldfish" is almost a miniature specimen of his exquisite art, a perfect gem; the details and colouring of the small space of distance could hardly be exceeded. "St. George," by Mr. Briton Rivière, is large and resplendent with rich tones; probably a dragon would look like the shining scaly monster depicted. "The Ploughboy," by H. H. La Thangue, is a sympathetic realization of rustic simplicity; such a boy, whittling a stick, and leading willing horses home, might be seen in any lane in Sussex, with a long and happy life before him, not devoid of humble joys, if limited and meagre in scope. "After the Heat of the Day, near Cairo" is one of Mr. Goodall's most successful presentations of Egyptian life: a calm sky, the domes and minarets of Cairo, men and women taking water from a cool and lucent side-stream of the mysterious river. "In Time of War," by Mr. Leslie, is one of his charming garden scenes, this time with a mute look of sadness about it, as a girl in the centre sits bowed in hopeless woe over the fatal news she has received from the front. "Orpheus returning from the Shades," by Sir William Richmond, is a Greek youth, in floating flame-coloured robes, making lofty brown rocks re-echo to wild jubilant song and chords; somehow it hardly carries conviction. "A Willing Slave" has C. E. Perugini's usual charm of grace, and "Rings and Things of fine Array"

has the fine taste, originality and humour of which J. Young Hunter (the son of the Scottish landscape painter) has already given several conspicuous examples.

Enough has been said to show that the Exhibition of 1900 has much that is charming and admirable. As we move through the world of nature and of men, we are constantly touched and inspired by things that are true, venerable, just, pure, lovely and of good report. We cannot record them ourselves, but we like to have them preserved and interpreted by those who have devoted their lives to the art of presentation. God has surrounded us from our cradle to the grave with tokens of His love, power and wisdom, the beauty of His thought in nature, the power of His presence in man. The poet can talk to us about these things, but the painter can bring them actually before our eyes. The grandeur of the depths of the woods, the hopefulness of bluebells springing again from the earth, the glorious healthy tumult of the sea, the calm peace of summer waters, the associations of history, the infinite varieties of human character, the joys and sorrows of human homes, the hopes and fears of human life—these every year we find have touched our great painters too, and they help us to analyze our feelings and to understand our thoughts: why it is that tears start to the eyes at some scene of perfect beauty or some heroic action, why we are refreshed and invigorated by seeing the secret of what is great and true in the endless series of impressions to which we are daily subject. It is because we ourselves are akin to the Divine power which lies behind the phenomena, and can dimly sympathize with the greatness of its perfection; and when we realize that we have so sympathized, we are raised above the material into the region of the eternal and the ideal. If we are thus invigorated for the daily round of ordinary duty, and the commonplace occupations of life, we are grateful without stint to those who have, whether consciously or unconsciously, helped us to realize that *the invisible things of Him are seen by the things that are made, even His eternal Power and Godhead*, and to know that while the beautiful *things that are seen are temporal*, they speak of *the things that are not seen*, and which they represent, *which are eternal*.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.