

suggests the beather-clad northern moors of which he is so passionately fond. He possesses, moreover, a cheery self-confidence, the self-confidence of the man who has been successful, of the man who has arrived. Yet in spite of his position, and of the competence which his many years of labour have brought him, Sir John is a man of simple tastes. Give him his pipe—a short briar for preference—a comfortable chair, and a pack of cards wherewith to play patience, and he is happy. 'Wonderful game,' he once remarked to the writer: 'you can't imagine how absorbing in interest it becomes after a short time.'

MILLAIS' LOVE FOR SCOTLAND.

'Three hours' sunshine in Scotland is worth three months' sunshine at Cairo.' So Sir John Millais is reported to have spoken with reference to the country in which he wooed and won his bride. 'Scotland,' he remarked upon another occasion, 'is like a wet pebble with the colours brought out by the rain.' For years past he has made it a rule to go north early in August, generally to the neighbourhood of Perth, and it is said that on at least one occasion this ardent sportsman has pulled the 'fish of the year' out of the 'dromly' waters of the Tay. But it must not be supposed that fishing, shooting, and the like alone engage the artist's attention when he sojourns north of the Tweed. That pathetic and thought-compelling picture, 'Blow, blow, Thou Bitter Wind'—which was exhibited at the Academy Exhibition of 1892—was painted in the open air of the bleak, snow-covered moor, hard by Sir John's house near Perth. It is a striking work—a work charged to the very full with sentiment. A wretched, miserably-clad wayfarer sits by the side of a winding footpath, clasping to her breast the babe that has brought her all her woe; the little mite that is both 'her glory and her shame.' A man—is it her betrayer?—has turned his back upon her, and is rapidly walking away. His dog, more human than the biped to whom he belongs, watches the woman with a puzzled expression upon his face, perplexed as to whether he shall stay with her or follow his master through the drifting snow. Seldom has the spirit of a Shakespearian song been more happily translated into the medium of form and colour than in this recent canvas from Sir John Millais' brush. It was painted and exhibited in 1874. Next year Millais showed a picture illustrating Mr George Meredith's poem, 'The Crown of Love.' This, as a sympathetic French critic has noted, reminds one slightly, in feeling, of the 'Romans leaving Britain,' an historical painting executed in 1865, but possesses a substantial flesh-and-blood character as well as all the requisite poetical attributes. We may be pardoned for quoting once again Mr Meredith's beautiful stanzas:

'O' might I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of romance,
Who loved and gained so gloriously
The fair princess of France!
Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed,
To where the mountains touched the sky;
So the proud king decreed.
Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,
And on the height she would be won—
And she was won in death!

'A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.'

This is not the place in which to set forth a catalogue of Sir John Millais' many works, though the titles of a few of the better known among them may perhaps with advantage be given. They include 'The Black Brunswicker' (1861); 'A Souvenir of Valasquez,' which by the way may be seen any day in the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy (1868); 'The Knight Errant,' whereby hangs a tale to be told hereafter (1870); 'Chill October,' and 'Yes or No' (1871). 'A Yeoman of the Guard' (1877) calls for particular notice, inasmuch as it is one of the painter's finest creations. Brave indeed must be the man who assayed to take up such a subject. To paint an aged face with its frame of white hair, and to set it above a blaze of scarlet and gold, is about the sternest test of mastery over colour that can well be imagined. Millais made the experiment, and he succeeded. He rendered the unmitigated blaze of red with an extraordinarily powerful effect. The most unmanageable of tints is treated with perfect frankness, with perfect acceptance of its self-assertive clangor, and is yet compelled to keep its place with the more silent hues about it. As an artistic *tour de force* 'A Yeoman of the Guard' ranks with no less important a masterpiece than Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy.'

BLACK AND WHITE: PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Space does not permit us to discuss Sir John Millais' excellence as an artist in black and white.

'THE RULING PASSION.'

In spite of his characteristic and wholesome love of outdoor life, Sir John Millais never forgets that he is first of all a painter. The artistic instinct is always predominant. Even at a supreme moment—even when,

a few years ago, his Scottish residence was burning to the ground—the ruling passion asserted itself. Grieved as he was to see the pile reduced to ashes, he could not help thinking what a capital picture it all would make. As regards painting in general, his views are most catholic. 'It is all nonsense,' he will tell you in his impulsive way, 'to pit your faith to any one school. There is as much room for the old Dutch microscopic painter as for the modern impressionist. Art should comprehend all, but do not forget that you must take infinite pains. The worst of it is that the casual critic, the outsider, does not know when you have taken pains and when you have not. I remember once sitting in the smoking-room of the old Garrick with Thackeray and some other friends. The novelist was girding at the critics, some of whom had complained that one of his chapters had been written loosely, and without care. "To show how little they know," remarked Thackeray, "I may tell you that I wrote that chapter four times over, and—each time it was worse."'

NO. 2 PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON.

Warm-hearted, enthusiastic, impulsive, and chivalrous though he be, this popular painter has, nevertheless, all those solid qualities which we are wont to associate with the name of John Bull. You may learn as much from his house at Palace Gate, the edifice which drew from Carlyle the curious and not over-polite question, 'Has paint done all this, Mr Millais?' It is a large, plain, square house, with only such excrescences here and there as are demanded by convenience. The front door opens directly into the hall which excited the Sage of Chelsea's wonder. This is a room about twenty-five feet square, with a marble pavement and dado. It is divided into two parts by white marble columns, beyond which a roomy staircase rises in three flights to the first floor. The dining room is to the right of the hall. On the first floor landing is a black marble fountain, by the late Sir Edgar Boehm; on its three sides drawing-rooms, and on that by the side of the staircase the studio. This room is about forty feet long by twenty-five wide and twenty high, and, like the artist who works in it, is distinguished by its

simplicity. There are no cunningly devised corners, or galleries, or ingle-nooks, or window seats; the only ornaments are a few oak pilasters running up to the cove of the ceiling and the finely proportioned mantelpiece.

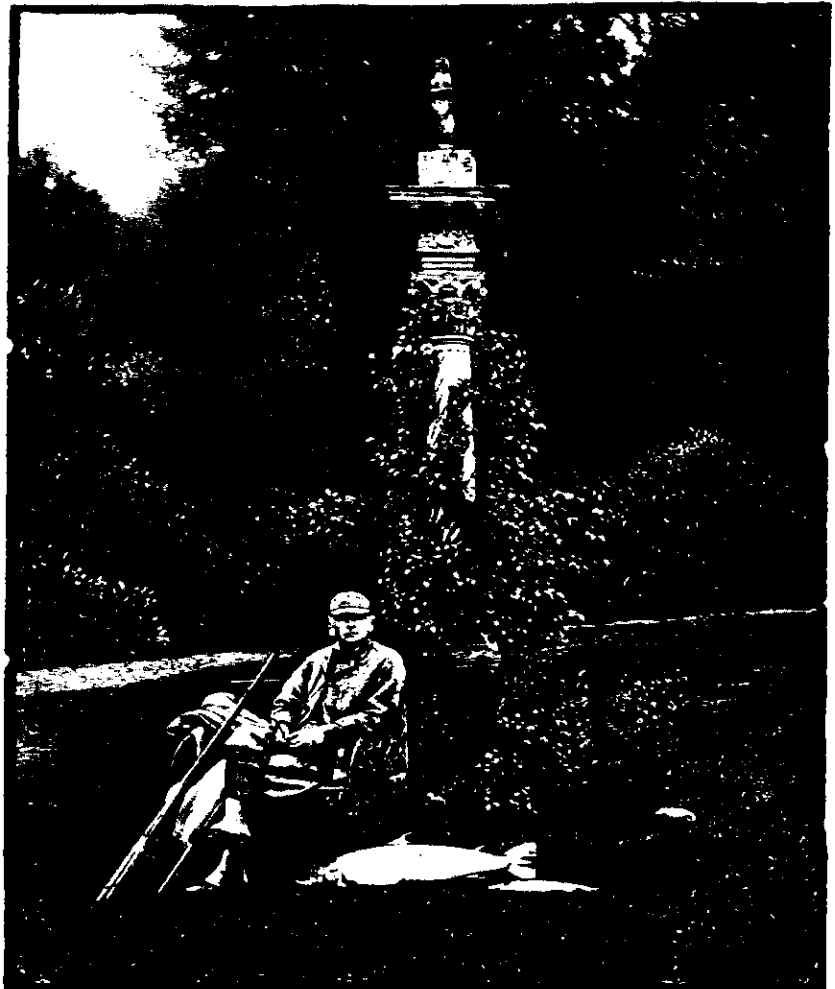
'FORTUNA FAVET FORTIBUS.'

As one gazes at the splendour of Millais' mansion at Palace Gate, and thinks of his supremely successful career as a painter, one cannot help feeling that the old Roman was right when he declared that fortune favours the brave. From the very first Millais made up his mind to excel as a painter. Nothing has been able to divert him from the path in which at the beginning he set himself to work. He has not coquetted with the craft of the sculptor, nor has he posed for a moment as a literary man. He has worked hard, and his labours have proved lucrative. Wise in his generation, he made as much hay as possible in days when the sun shone with warmth and brilliancy upon the world of art, and now when he chooses rather to fish, or to hunt, or to shoot, than to spend laborious days in front of his easel, he is in a position to indulge his wholesome fancies to the full. Happy, indeed, must be the man who has so ordered his way of life that when he has fallen into the 'sere, the yellow leaf,' he can, like Sir John Millais, count—and count not vainly—upon 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.' To Millais Providence has given all these things, and those best acquainted with his life and with his career as a painter best know how thoroughly well he deserves them.

A FAD.

'UPON the great sea shore I stood
And watched the waves with feelings sad.
For tho' some think all nature good
The world is nothing but a fad.
Some fads are misty, some are bright,
And some we carol forth in song:
For some we work, for some we fight,
For some we'd die, or suffer long.

'MISS TOMMY.'



MR MILLAIS TAKING A REST AFTER A DAY'S FISHING.