

RB/WB

750.1

G47

c.2

The

Straight and Devious

Paths of Studentship.

HARRY P. GILL.



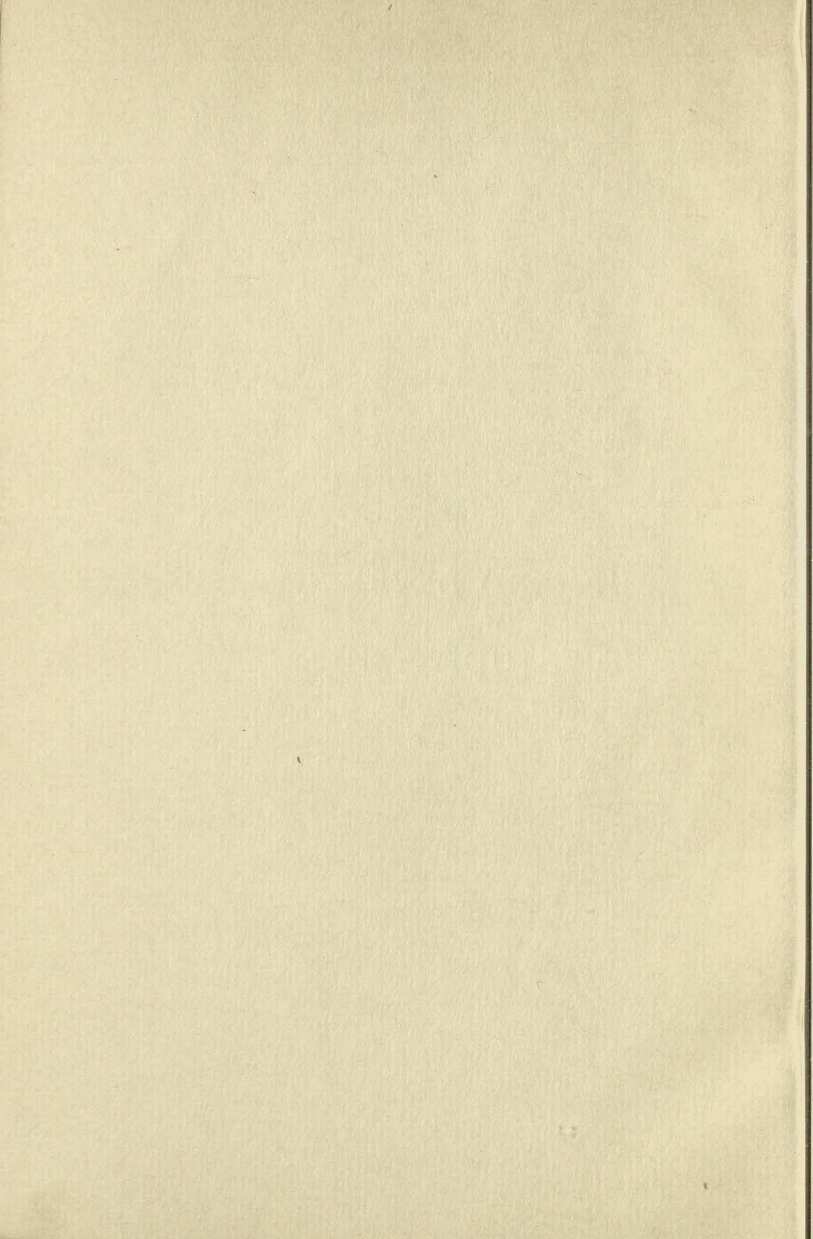
THE UNIVERSITY
of ADELAIDE

*This book was bought
with funds
kindly donated
to the*

**Barr Smith Library
Annual Appeal 2011**

J. P. Bonnython with
the authors compliments.

THE
STRAIGHT AND DEVIOUS PATHS
OF STUDENTSHIP.



UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE
22/9/11

THE
STRAIGHT AND DEVIOUS
PATHS
OF STUDENTSHIP.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN,
ADELAIDE, ON FRIDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY, 1894.

BY

HARRY P. GILL,

DIRECTOR FOR TECHNICAL ART, ADELAIDE,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

PUBLISHED BY THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN ART CLUB,
ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

—
1894.

304
UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE

PRINTED BY A. H. ROBERTS,

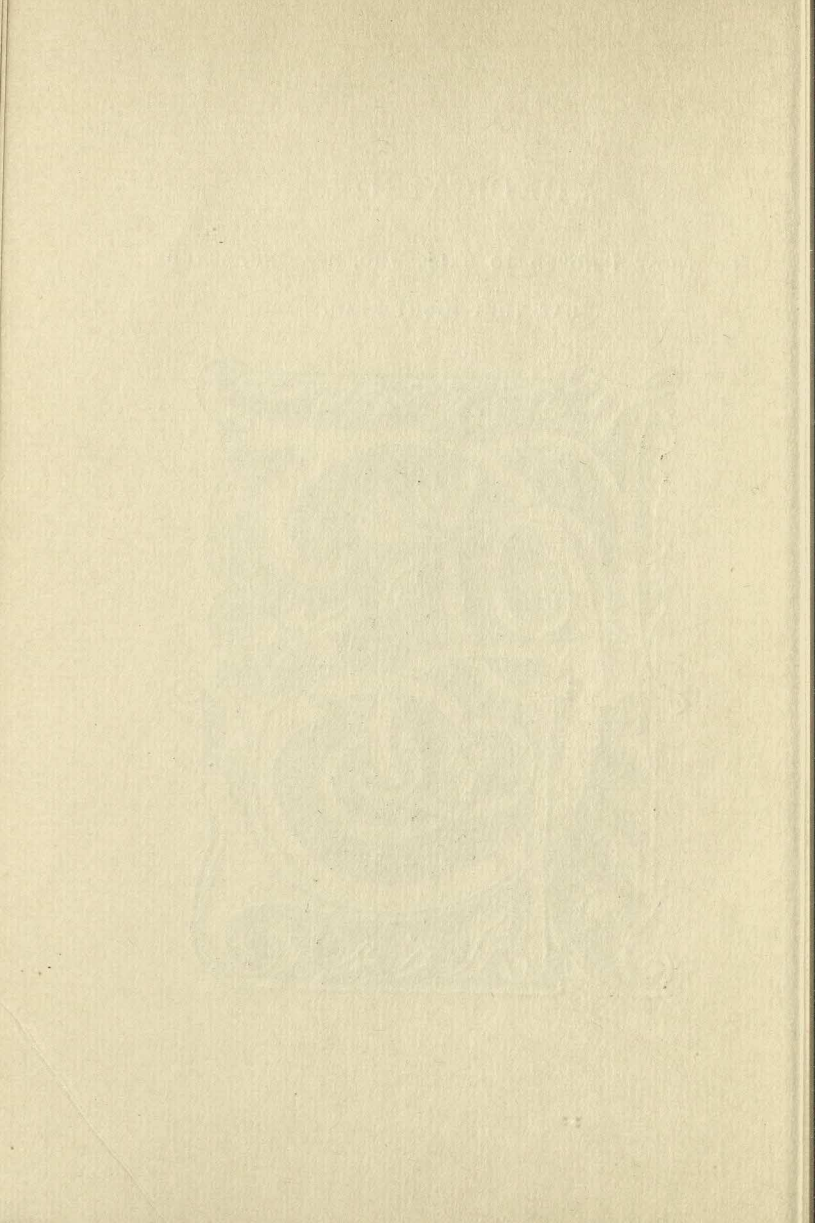
131, KING WILLIAM ST.,

ADELAIDE.

DEDICATED

TO THOSE I HOPED TO HELP, WHO, HEARING, ASKED
THAT THEY MIGHT READ.





THE STRAIGHT AND DEVIIOUS PATHS OF STUDENTSHIP.

ALL artistic representation is founded upon Nature. Man, in whom was the imitative capacity, found himself surrounded by Nature, and his artistic works show his endeavors to reproduce her aspects. The bushman draws upon the walls of his cave the animals with which he struggles for existence. The cave-man scratched animals upon flat bones and cut them upon the handles of daggers. Native Andamaneese used first to eat from shells, and later, from wooden vessels somewhat similarly shaped, and scratched upon their hollowed surface representations of the markings of the original shells. Natives of British Guinea weave rush baskets, in which they

introduce representations of the snake and monkey ; these afford as accurate a representation of Nature as does the cross-stitch in needlework which has at times been revived among civilised people—the civilised woman who works in cross-stitch and does not produce her own designs is an artistic retrogression compared with the savage weaver. Woven baskets, daubed inside with clay, are used as water vessels. The clay shrinks and falls away, showing a pattern created by the impress of the woven work. This pattern is copied in scratchings upon primitive pottery. Gourds bound about with string, whereby the savage carried them, have also been models for early pottery in regard to shape, while decorations were scratched upon the vessel in imitation of the lines of string. Nature is the source from which all is derived. She must be your constant companion, and you must be constant in your study of her.

Your understanding is fenced by your knowledge. Any natural aspect or effect outside your knowledge should create a yearning to overcome it. Your perception is bounded by your capacity to see, and to see aright you must go to Nature. In doing so, you will be following in the steps of all who have helped in human and artistic progress. Your artistic ignorance is as great as the square of the width and depth of all that is without your mental vision, and only by constant intercourse with Nature will your capacity develop. Any ten of you can prove this by each taking a number from 1 to 10. No. 1 makes a drawing from Nature which No. 2 copies without visual reference to, or aural knowledge of the original. No. 3 copies 2 without seeing the original or the drawing by No. 1, and so on; 4 copies 3, 5 copies 4, 6 copies 5, each succeeding number seeing its immediate predecessor's work only, and the final result will possess not the faintest representation of

the original ; when the ten drawings are arranged numerically there will be observed a sequence of decadence. Therefore, you must study Nature, and I urge you to study her daily.

The repeated acts of our days become, with passing years, our habits, and these together build up and mould the character of our lives. This is true in every respect. The portrait of Lorenz Alma Tadema, R.A., by the Hon. Jno. Collier, exhibited at the recent exhibition of the Royal Anglo-Colonial Society of Artists, showed this painter before his easel, upon which was an unfinished picture, "A Roman Pottery in Britain." Mr. Collier's picture represented only a portion of Tadema's canvas, and this showed a workman clothed only in a loin cloth and waistbelt, and with a metal bracelet upon his arm, who is engaged carrying a box of pots up a flight of steps. The potter is completely painted, while the box of pots which Tadema is about to paint is drawn in with white

chalk upon the toned canvas. This is the task for the day, and when the master ceases to work he will have completed his box of pots, and so he passes from one portion to another, finishing each as he works. Only those who have worked at art can realise the repeated daily efforts which have developed this habit of work which is this painter's characteristic—complete finish, and apparently complete ease in attaining finish.

E. J. Poynter, R.A., works in a somewhat similar manner. His "Nausicaa and her Maidens Playing at Ball" was first painted thinly in terra verte and white, and thus was fixed upon the canvas, in a quiet green monochrome or grisaille, the drawing and chiaroscuro of the subject. Over this he worked in color, painting the various groups of the composition, each group was finished in color and tone, though the surrounding canvas was only covered with the green underpainting. The capacity to paint a portion

understanding and representing exactly the proper relation it would bear to the whole when complete, is an achievement only to be gained by continuous daily effort to produce complete and truthful work. These repeated acts have become with years of practice the habit of their artistic expression and have formed the character of their work.

Good work is usually misunderstood. The ignorant chatter and comprehend it not. They look at a careful representation of tones, the truthful realisation of elementary truths, it passeth their understanding, and they yearn for the oleograph.

Ruskin said in his "Two Paths," p. 58, to the Manchester students:—"If you paint as you ought, and study as you ought, depend upon it the public will take no notice of you for a long while. If you study wrongly, and try to draw the attention of the public upon you—supposing you are clever students—you will get swift reward; but the reward does not

come fast when it is sought wisely ; it is always held aloof for a little while ; the right roads of early life are very quiet ones, hedged in from nearly all help or praise. But the wrong roads are noisy, vociferous everywhere with all kinds of demands upon you for art which is not properly art at all." No greater tribute to the truth of this can be found than in the fact that Frith's pictures have had more often than any other artist's at the Royal Academy, a rail placed before them and a policeman to make the public "move on" so as to obviate the crowding of the hundreds who appreciate vulgarity. What Gotch has done in "Destiny" with some nobility, Frith, in his "Road to Ruin," has done with vulgarity. What Gotch has spoken in one picture, which is valuable because it makes us enquire and think, has taken Frith six pictures which require no thought, but they leave us with a sad mind, a bitter contempt for the time we live in. But mark you this, in the

times and years unborn, this work of Gotch's will still appeal and still make those who see it ponder; while the pictures of Frith will appear as sad evidences of a distorted taste, productions which never left the world one whit the better or the purer; their author, a reveller in depraved, badly painted, caricatures of our times.

To those of you who have done elementary work and are about to engage in more advanced, I say it matters not in what media you, who have advanced in black and white, proceed, whether in tempera the eldest, or in oil, or in water color, the youngest; it matters not which. All kinds of color are legitimate and "all kinds of color are illegitimate, if you think they will allow you to alter at your pleasure or blunder at your ease." Put on one side all thought of respite from labor. You could alter your black and white, you cannot alter your color, unless the serpent's trail showeth through the resulting labor.

Your trials in the past were whips, now they are scorpions, but you are the stronger and should knit yourself for effort. Like Bernard Evans, the water colorist, you cannot achieve unless you "set your teeth." Who-so commences color and chooseth oil, "because he can cover up as often as he likes" had better never thumb the palette ; his sheaf of brushes will yield no grain of wheat, and each time he slides back from purity he has to climb again before he can advance. Love your labor. "Love further's knowledge." Love must be the spur to effort ; without it you labor in vain, you beat the air, you will never put Nature's "infinite riches in a little room." If I do not speak further of our elementary work, it is because, I think, it is safe and true ; and if I only speak more shortly of our advanced work you will pardon me, for I feel I must spend to-night, not in utterances of ourselves but of greater ones. Yet a few words upon the advanced work which is executed

away from the school. The students are alone, without guidance, thrown upon their own resources, made to commune with their love, laboring to attain their desire, producing works that are marked by individualism, without which their labor would be vanity. The result shows that your works have this general aim, the desire for truth. They say to me:—"Thus far have we striven to follow truth," and I am satisfied that high achievement must follow and reward your future efforts. Further, I see that these works lack any uniform conventional characterisation, so often noticeable in students' works, mere imitation of a master. This lack of uniformity is as important a product as is the attainment of truth. It is a proof of truth. Truth cannot be obtained by students where the master has the strength of Raffaele whose pupils were copyists, and their works but imitations of their master and marked by degeneracy.

Followers are always behind their leader. Copyists

are always behind their selection. Neither can truth be obtained if the student has not been trained to observe, educated to labor, and, while laboring, to exercise a cultivated judgment. Failing this exercise of judgment, students pick up tricks; their best works may be mistaken for the bad works of a master, their worst are contemptible. I, therefore, feel doubly grateful that you strive for a truthful realisation of Nature, and I urge you to rise from your present point of vantage to the highest that an incentive love and a purifying labor can carry you; and in your future efforts "you will find that to make quick studies is a safeguard against any too servile or slow habits which minute copying may induce in you; for although the endeavor to obtain velocity for velocity's sake, and dash for display's sake, is as baneful as it is despicable, there are a velocity and a dash which not only are compatible with perfect drawing, but obtain certain results

which cannot be obtained otherwise. And it is perfectly safe for you to study occasionally for speed and decision, while your continual course of practice is such as to ensure your attaining an accurate judgment and a tender touch. Speed, under such circumstances, is rather fatiguing than tempting, and you will find yourself always beguiled rather into elaboration than negligence." Your elaboration in art is that constant service rendered to a sweet mistress, whom negligent and careless handling tend only to dishonor. Let force, for force's sake, be the last thing you aim at. An exquisite refinement is a higher and more cultivated effort than the brutal display of the boxer. If you can play in many tones in a refined key you are greater than if you played the same number of tones using a higher and wider key ; but you won't catch the ear of the public, and you must not want to do so. It is more difficult to obtain a variety of effect when playing *piano* than

when you indulge in *forte* or *fortissimo*. Many artists sit upon the piano and the public applaud. Music is not produced by thumping, and art is not evolved by blackness.

Art only exists truly when it affords the proper relationship of its parts ; strain one of these to obtain an effect and the unity of the whole is ruptured to admit your *tour de force*. The vain striving after effect is cheap claptrap. It makes the ignorant to gape, but the art-educated to sorrow.

Still you must remember that "the character of everything is best manifested by contrast. Rest can but be enjoyed after labor ; sound to be heard clearly, must rise out of silence ; light is exhibited by darkness, darkness by light, and so on in all things. These contrasts are to be observed in Nature ; the rugged mountain and soft mist ; the green of the plain and the dark masses of foliage ; and "one of the most curious facts, which will impress itself upon

you, when you have drawn sometimes carefully from Nature in light and shade is the appearance of intentional artifice with which contrasts are produced by her; the artistry with which she will darken a tree trunk as long as it comes against a light sky, and throw sunlight on it precisely at the spot where it comes against a dark hill, and similarly treat all her masses of shade and color, is so great that if you only follow her closely, everyone who looks at your drawing with attention will think that you have been inventing the most artificial and delightful interchanges of shadow that could possibly be devised by human wit."

For the works of the past you must feel a reverence. They are the expression of man's mind upon the phenomena of Nature and will repay your most careful study.

In counselling students and in allusion to the works of the past, Sir Fred. Leighton, P.R.A., recently

said : " Struck as all must be deeply with the vehement and almost feverish strife of conflicting theories and opinions which is rife about us, it is impossible not to feel strongly how perplexing such a condition of things must be to the very young, who, on the outer threshold of their career, eager and still malleable, seek a sure path in such a labyrinth of contradictions. Extreme youth when it is healthy is bold and fearless, and not a little inclined to rebel against tradition, however rooted in the long assent of men. . . . Steeped as I am to my inmost marrow in reverence for the mighty men of the past to whom art owes whatever of true sublimity it boasts, convinced unshakeably of the vital validity of the great principles on which their achievements rest, I am yet not of those who would refuse to art all power of evolution, or who believe that, though assuredly it will never reach more lofty summits, it may not send forth lateral shoots fresh and delightful

as only they are, when nourished from the strong sap of the parent stem. In brief, I do not believe—to change the metaphor—that they who, in our time, have wedded their lives to art have clasped to their breast a lovely but a lifeless corpse. To the very young then I would fain offer one or two matters for thought, if, perchance, they will hearken to one who has grown old in unwavering sympathy with their struggles and their doubts. I would beg them to keep ever before their eyes the vital truth that sincerity is the well-spring of all lasting achievement, and that no good thing ever took root in untruth or in self-deception. I would urge them to remember that if every excellent work is stamped with the personality of its author, no work can be enduring that is stamped with a borrowed stamp, and that, therefore, their first duty is to see that the thoughts, the emotions, the impressions they fix on the canvas are in very truth their own thoughts, their own

emotions, their own spontaneous impressions, and not those of others ; for work that does not spring from the heart has no roots, and will of a certainty wither and perish. This other maxim I would urge on them—that true genius knows no hurry, that patience is of its essence and thoroughness its constant mark, and, lastly, I would ask them to believe that the gathered experience of past ages is a precious heritage and not an irksome load, and that nothing will better fortify them for future and free development than the reverent and the loving study of the past.” I cannot better complete my first part than by a short *resumé*. I have shown you that all art is produced by a study of Nature, that your productions are limited by your knowledge, and biassed by your affection, which should be noble, to enoble and not debase your work. I have shown the elementary that they are on the slope of the hill, and that the advanced have pursued the same way before them, and have now reached a

more extended vision of Nature's beauties, and a higher capacity to reproduce them. The advanced I have shown that they must climb much and jump but occasionally, while I have added to my persuasion the voices of authority.

I might here leave you to your studies and your courage, but I think this is perhaps a time when I may indicate shortly to you some points in the art of painting and its various parts that may be of advantage to the students, and, at the same time, by reference to works by Masters in Art, it will be possible for me not utterly to weary those who are not students. There are branches of art in which you are engaged: Still-life, Landscape and Portrait painting, and there are other branches of higher importance upon which I hope you will engage, and towards which I would direct your attention: Genre, Historical and Allegorical Painting.

Still-life is the artist's drill ground. Its name is a

contradiction, for life is never still. This section includes very elementary and highly advanced work, from a flower pot before a simple background to an embossed copper pot with a draped background. Here the student practices drawing, light and shade and color. If he renders these, then the texture of the object, and the relationship of each part of the whole is truthfully rendered, and he passes to more difficult work. Fruit and flowers belong to this section and are infinitely more difficult. Many who badly paint these would be better engaged, and with more surety, if they grappled with less fleeting models, and their advance would be more rapid and assured.

Landscape.—Can you tell how the sky is built up, how the trees radiate in their growth, how the mountains have been thrown together, how the hills have been denuded that they slope towards the level plain? All these things have a plan. What do you know of the laws of Nature? “Your common painter or

sketcher puts his leaves on the trees as if they were moss tied to the sticks, he cannot see the lines of growth or action; he scatters the shapeless clouds over his sky, not perceiving the sweep of associated curves which the real clouds are following as they fly; he breaks his mountain side into rugged fragments wholly unconscious of the lines of force with which the real rocks have risen, or of the lines of couch in which they repose. On the contrary, it is the main delight of the great draughtsman to trace these laws of government; and his tendency to error is always in the exaggeration of their authority rather than in its denial." Thus the beginners of landscape must apply their accurate observation to learn afresh from Nature of sea and sky, of trees and rocks, of land and rivers, and of these last Ruskin has inimitably written—"All rivers, small or large, agree in one character, they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the

middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon and another to get cool under ; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and foolish and child-like, and another steep shore, under which they can pause, and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves together for due occasion. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play, and another for work ; can be brilliant, and chattering and transparent, when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to their main purposes. And rivers are just in this divided, also, like wicked and good men ; the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks, that ships can sail into, but the wicked rivers go scooping irregularly under their banks until they get full of strangling eddies, which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks ; and pools like wells, which no one can get out of but

the water-kelpie that lives at the bottom ; but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two kinds of sides." And see how he who illustrated page 620 in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for May, 1890, felt the life of the river and put it into black and white so that all can see, but only those can read whose heart has been touched by the truths and aspect of Nature. The illustrator has given us a sun-clouded sky over swelling downs, whose feet are wooded and spread in level pasture, broken in the foreground by the river's curve. Yet, the river's life is fully shown, though only once its curve appears, and this is how he shows it: Between the clouds the sun breaks through in parts, cloud shadows rest upon the far hill. Sun-lighted is the vale that lies between where the river's "first sweet gurgle is heard within the grass," and so through lesser vales it flows, receiving tribute, and passes 'tween the wooded lands wherein the slender poplar shows its path and the woods lie, part

PATHS OF STUDENTSHIP.

shimmering in sun-light, in part cloud-covered, symbol of the showers that full feed the flowing river, and in the foreground is the ford; the earth cut through by passing carts and trodden 'neath the feet of cattle has left its residue of gravel and those larger stones which choke the river, too heavy for its gentle currents. These make it garrulous and it runs in rapid lines, fretful at the hindrance, and passing sweeps in widening and more gentle curves "to where, far away, salt and sullied, it rocks on turbid tides the carriers of the country's commerce." These are some of the larger aspects of Nature towards which you will move; continents that you will subject, and you will more readily subject them province by province. What then shall you study? I am convinced that you can do nothing better than an old boat pulled up among the reeds with the water beyond and the bank in front; or a variegated gum tree stem with bracken, ferns, or shrubs about it; not

a large one, a small one, not more than a foot thick, and draw it largely, keeping the brilliancy of its silvery light, the rich cream orange of its fresh peeled surface turning green grey in the shadows, and the whole patched with its old bark in pink and purple greys, and the deep rich browns and purple madder stains that ring the tree about its foot. Seek the hillside that has been cut by the quarryman where the cutting affords you sweet and diverse color. Go into gardens. Paint a row or rows of cabbages, drawing each its portrait ; note the quiet blue greys in the lights, the cool green greys of shade, and the rich swimming transparent color of transmitted lights that are purer than the colors of gems, for they are unsullied by flicker, unblemished by spot. Great is the beauty when light shines through leaves and the whole is emphasised by the purple shadows of rich brown earth. Draw great marrow and melon plants, winding recumbent upon the ground with yellow

spheres of fruit. All of these and old fig trees with stems sucker-clustered, broken fences, heaps of stones, and the purple and grey green harmonies of thistle and artichoke are more valuable to us as students than all the long spread views from distant hill tops.

Avoid the Waterfall Gully or anything that in the least resembles it, wherein the distance is elaborate, and the middle distance monotonous with interwoven hills, and spottily monotonous with isolated trees, and the foreground mass-shattered, shimmering with a multitude of pendant gleaming leaves. Neither should you paint simply because of an affection for a place, but paint that which is a joy, and which it were a sadness to let pass by.

When at Port Victor or Port Elliot, resolve to draw a piece of rounded granite—at Port Elliot for preference—with its variegated stains and lichens, and do it rightly, getting its complete roundings and all the carpeting of its varied patterns in true local

color. Never mind the view from the Bluff, though the sea may be sapphire merging in malachite or emerald and melting in opal reaches upon yellow sands, and though West Island shall glint in the sun, mesembryanthemum covered, as a bunch of gems set in jewels, and though the distant sea churn in milky folds against rocky reefs and wall of cliff that rise purple-shadowed against the pale orange toning up to mauve that hangs throbbing under the descending god of day. Leave these for some years. Go to the green-washed piles of the jetty, study the subtile contours of boats that lie upon the beach, the crab baskets, and red-rusted anchors, and the tan of drying nets.

Do the little and do it well, with patient lingering do it well, and each thing done for itself, and done in truth, will be annexed unto yourself—a conquest of the mind—a province added to your possessions—the victory over which has rendered you fit for higher

efforts, rendered you capable of larger conquests. And mark you this: In Landscape each will individualise; selection commences, one will select one thing, another will emphasise another. Here are the ever-altering sunlight and the fleeting evanescent effects of atmospheric changes. The mental bent of each will be revealed, landscape painting must show a charm of individuality, which the still-life study can only show when untruthful.

Portrait Painting.—All the difficulties of the first sections are present. Instead of sunshine and cloud we have the mind and spirit of the sitter to present. Tennyson well suggested the difficulties in these lines :—

As when a painter poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at his best and fullest.

And Ruskin speaks of the greatest portrait painter

“ when Titian or Tintoret look at a human being they see at a glance the whole of its nature, outside and in ; all that it has of form, of color, of passion, or of thought ; saintliness and loveliness ; fleshly body and spiritual power ; grace of strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality, those men will see to the full, and so paint that when narrower people come to look at what they have done, everyone may, if he choose, find his own special pleasure in the work. The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian, the thinker will find thought ; the saint, sanctity ; the colorist, color ; the anatomist, form ; and yet the picture will not be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others ; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men. Nobody

cares much at heart about Titian ; only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they."

And now, for those branches of art upon which we are at present not much engaged, and upon which I can direct you by the example of others : Genre, History and Allegory.

Genre is a work in which the predominant note is a figure or figures engaged in ordinary occupation. These may be allied with Still-life, as in "Rest after the Bath," by L. Blanc, "The Mother's Return Home," by W. Røegge ; "A Birthday Present," by R. Warth Müller ; "Sketching a Bust, time of Louis XV.," by J. Ceriez ; or the figures may be allied with landscape, as in "Worse Things Happen at Sea," by J. C. Dollman, R.I ; or with architecture, as in "Avant la Procession," by V. Chevilliard ; or "Prayer," by L. Nono. The difference between

Historical and Genre merely consists in the importance of the event. The "Favorites of Honorius," by J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., R.I., and "Shakespeare Reading to Queen Elizabeth," by H. O'Neil, A.R.A., are profane history. The "Descent from the Cross," by J. V. Kramer, is religious history. In the production of Genre there should be unity of idea between the figure and its surroundings, and Nono's "Prayer," in the Gallery, is an excellent example of this unity, perfectly conceived and executed.

It shows the hour of falling day, a day of storms and fears, full of fears of wreck and drowning, crowded with the worst fears, lonesome fears, not encountered in the turmoil of the peril and the excitement of the danger, but encountered in the silent house, solitary, accentuated by the great misgivings of an acute fancy; helpless to help the loved one who is wave-tossed by the rushing winds that have roughly torn and scattered the hardy hanging

leaves of autumn. She, the girl wife, has left the lonely house and come out into the wind-swept streets, and has reached the fishers' landing place, closed by a balustrade, crowned by Saints and the figure of the Blessed Virgin, before whom hangs a little lighted lamp and the floral decorations of the pious. She has cast herself upon the pavement, a human leaf among the scattered leaves of storm-tossed Nature. Thus she knelt, and backward slipped the shawl and forward fell the head as she crouched, borne lower by the sad dull heart within. Her head downcast with trouble, her heart heavy with fears, speechless she begs, but cannot look. The wind still plays about her, still the leaves are driven, but from out the veil of that last shower passing southward there comes, unseen by her, a light along the western sky, a tear-stained radiance, light of sunshine after rain, against which the patched and ruddy sail is being lowered as the boat, returning, glides 'long side the quay, and

prayer unspoken is answered to the uttermost. Thus it is possible in Genre painting to strike a chord sweet and pure that throbbing through all the picture's varying harmonies doth stamp as genius the work of man.

And lastly, Allegory, in which a picture parable is expressed by means of symbols—a class of work usually uncared for.

In early days the savage viewed with superstitious awe all things he did not comprehend and wisely left them alone. In these days most of us assume a high position, and look contemptuously at all things that are beyond our range ; others, who have some faith in human kind, and not doubting but that an artist produces what he understands, enquire, hoping to find the truth.

What is a symbol? It is an object to which is affixed some arbitrary meaning other than its common one. The lion is a symbol of courage. The crane is

a symbol of longevity in Japan. It is also the crest of a family whose divisions have necessitated certain alterations whereby its separate branches might be recognised as cranes, yet easily distinguished one from another. Thus a symbol may be simple or it may be involved. The New Zealand Chief's staff is topped with an enormous protruding tongue covered with elaborate carved scroll-work. Whence comes this device? The Maori warriors, as well as our small boys, protrude their tongue to indicate contempt, defiance. The cultivation of this accomplishment is an important part of the warriors' training. The mere pointing of the upper end of such a staff would be sufficiently expressive. The chief, as the all powerful, could be the most defiant and contemptuous and the carved protruding tongue was his symbol of authority. The crossed lines in blue pencil upon a registered letter are the symbol of security; the letter was originally secured by colored string before

the days of adhesive envelopes. Special red and white string tied in a special manner and having a small folded paper containing a little piece of fish skin inserted under the string is, in Japan, a symbol that the parcel so secured and labelled contains a gift. The fish skin is a survival from early times when presents consisted usually of gifts of food. In later times it has been found convenient to have wrappers or envelopes on which the symbolic string binding and the fish skin in its paper fold are represented painted in color. The painted ornament is a symbol or token that the contents of the envelope are a gift. The realisation of a symbol will assist us in the explanation of an allegory, the most difficult of all subjects to paint. The mental condition has to be represented by human forms and symbols. It is quite possible for a man of much learning and noble thought to paint allegory that a lesser intelligence would fail to grasp. Thus the highest art generally

PATHS OF STUDENTSHIP.

appeals to a small and intelligent audience, and is cried down by the crowd.

Of such is "Destiny."

There are three figures in the picture. Two lovers flower-crowned, and a third in human form who is the symbol of that inner power which, when aroused, either stirs the one awakened to action and reprieve or sinks him in deeper sleep, more closely coiled within the habit of his failing. The lovers are not really sitting in a lonesome landscape before a vacant sea; these are used as symbols to express the earth's decadence caused by continuous neglect.

With this premise I see in the picture: Two humans fraught with naught of ill, have fallen aside from doing well. Two humans spending youthful hours given wherein to found habits of work and a higher life, that they, their kin and people, struggling to advance and walk through deeds of strenuous thought or toil, might raise a province and make the

country of their labor the richer for their lives, and uncondemn to barren nakedness born of unproductive rest. Time spent in pleasure's dalliance achieveth nought, makes none the richer, wiser, or the better. Thus lived these two within their earth and thus the garden of their lives produced no flowers, but weeds of long neglected growth, and thus the bay of yonder sea bears neither ships to carry from nor bring to them the wealth of nations. Thus lived they, flower-crowned, and passed the time in gentle wastefulness, harmonious with the strings of lyre, soothed by the voice of song. Their "moments melt in gentle wantonness, and toil, ambition, duty are forgot," and the country poorer grows, for he who nought createth destroyeth much and weakeneth ever. But there "comes the inevitable, sternly beneficent, urging us on," and the inward power lifts man's soul free of the error of inaction. This is the crux of the artist's representation: The awakening of two minds from

slothful ease—and this awakening could only be represented by showing the awakener—the resultant mental strain, the realisation of past follies, the starting up of man to recover lost ground, the sheltering of the woman ; all these are used to portray an altered mental condition. Burst upon them has the surprising knowledge that the past has produced nothing. The quick energy of the man has found the answer in spontaneous action of feet and hands. To err is past ; to nobly act at once determined. That barren plain shall bend with corn and yield the scent of roses, that sea shall break and bear the produce of the toilers. That shrouded face of Destiny shall not saddened be when the great heart of the dutiful people can look upon her face without surprise.