

than see the scene he paints, for he makes him feel it too, must have an exquisite eye for landscape, whether it be on or off canvas. He is one of the born connoisseurs. And what this man of genius possesses in so great a degree is possessed as really, though in immensely varied gradations, by almost all. Akenside describes the untaught peasant lingering delighted amid the glories of a splendid sunset, intensely happy, and yet scarcely able to say why. Assuredly that same peasant would be quite qualified to distinguish between a daub and a fine picture. Imagine him passing homewards, after "his long day's labour," in one of those exquisite evenings of early June that live with a "sunshiny freshness in memory," as Shelley finely expresses it, long after they have passed. There is a splendid drapery of clouds in the west, tinted by those hues of heaven which can be fully expressed by neither the words nor the colours of earth,—those hues of exquisite glory,—of gold, and flame, and pearl, and amber,—which the prophets describe as encircling the chariot of Deity. The sun rests in the midst, less fiercely bright than when he looked down from the middle heavens, but dilated apparently in size, and more glorious to the conception, because more accessible to the eye. The landscape below is soft and pastoral. There is a dim undulating line of blue hills on the one hand, and the far-off sea on the other. A light fleecy cloud hangs over the distant village, and seems a bar of pale silver relieved against the wooded hill behind. A lonely burying-ground, surrounded by ancient trees, and with the remains of an old time-shattered edifice rising in the midst, occupies the foreground. We see the white tombstones glittering to the sun, and the alternate bars of light and shadow that mark more dimly the sepulchral ridges of yellow moss which rise so thickly over the sward; while beyond, on the side of a wide-spreading acclivity, there is a quiet scene of fields, and hedgerows, and clumps of wood, with here and