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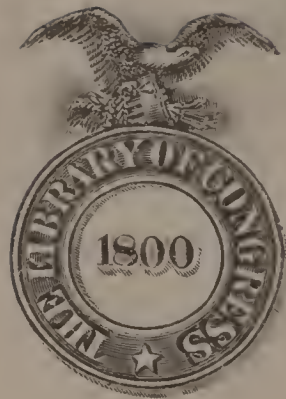
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ECLECTIC READINGS

FAMOUS
PICTURES OF
CHILDREN



NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO
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FAMOUS
PICTURES OF CHILDREN

BY

JULIA AUGUSTA SCHWARTZ

AUTHOR OF "FIVE LITTLE STRANGERS," "VASSAR
STUDIES," "WILDERNESS BABIES," ETC.



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PREFACE

AT this time, when reproductions of great paintings are on every schoolroom wall, the child's earliest curiosity is about the picture; later, about the man who made it. Whatever interest he may feel in the worker springs from his acquaintance with the work, not *vice versa*. Accordingly, it seems sensible to give the younger pupils stories of the paintings first and biographies of the painters afterward.

In limiting this book to pictures of young people, the idea has been to appeal to one of the strongest instincts of childhood. Every child is attracted to other children. He cares more for puppies and kittens than for older animals. Undoubtedly, he is moved by the feeling of kinship, as if all young creatures lived in a world of their own apart from grown-up persons.

In this busy world of theirs, normal children as a rule do not care for a thing merely because it is beautiful. They are not interested in line, color, and composition. To them every picture worth noticing must have a meaning, a story. But in a book that seeks, however lightly, to teach the beginning of an appreciation of art, the story is not enough. Just as the painting is greater than a

photograph of the same scene, so the description of it must be more than a plain record of facts. It should aim by its selection of details, by its manner of presentation, and by its varying stress upon different elements in character and action, to convey the same impression as that produced by the painting itself. Thus the effect on the child's mind is deepened, and since each picture is representative of the artist's distinctive qualities, the result is a more or less accurate conception of his claim to greatness.

A final point to be noted in the following stories is the emphasis that falls naturally upon what may be called manners and morals. The children in this beautiful world of art are all good children. Some are more charming than others, some are more lovable, some are more courageous, others more unselfish. But every one is attractive in some trait of disposition as shown in face or attitude. Hence, the pupil in beginning to understand beauty learns also to associate with it the idea of goodness.

CONTENTS

PART I

SOME LITTLE CHILDREN OF LONG AGO

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST. <i>Van Dyck.</i>		PAGE
1. Going to have their picture painted		9
2. In the studio		12
3. What became of them afterward		14
THE STRAWBERRY GIRL. <i>Reynolds.</i>		
1. The little country child		17
2. How she went to the city		19
3. Gathering wild strawberries		21
4. How she lived happily ever afterward		24
THE BLUE BOY. <i>Gainsborough.</i>		
1. What we know about the boy in blue		27
2. What we may imagine about him		28
3. His possible adventures on a journey		30
4. His portrait		33
THE MAIDS OF HONOR. <i>Velasquez.</i>		
1. Her little royal highness		35
2. A real scene in the palace		39
3. Growing up by rule		41
THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER. <i>Millais.</i>		
1. The prince who hoped to become king		45
2. The wicked uncle		49
3. This picture of the princes		52
FEEDING HER BIRDS. <i>Millet.</i>		
1. The painter of the poor		55
2. At play in the dooryard		56
3. The idea in the picture		58

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. <i>Lebrun.</i>		PAGE
1. A little French girl's home		61
2. Jeanne's portrait		65
3. The flight from Paris		66
RUBENS' SONS. <i>Rubens.</i>		
1. The two brothers		69
2. How their father painted them		73
3. The art of Rubens		75
JACOB BLESSING THE SONS OF JOSEPH. <i>Rembrandt.</i>		
1. The Bible story		77
2. The picture		79

PART II

PAINTINGS OF THE CHRIST CHILD

THE HOLY NIGHT. <i>Correggio.</i>		
1. The first Christmas Eve		83
2. The scene in the stable		86
3. The "Light of the World"		89
ADORATION OF THE MAGI. <i>Dürer.</i>		
1. The story of the wise men		91
2. This picture of their visit		93
3. Why the picture seems lifelike		95
CORONATION OF THE MADONNA. <i>Botticelli.</i>		
1. Pictures of the Madonna		99
2. An imaginary scene		100
3. The painting itself		102
THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS. <i>Leonardo da Vinci.</i>		
1. Two little cousins		105
2. The artist		107
3. How the picture is like a dream		109
CHILDREN OF THE SHELL. <i>Murillo.</i>		
1. The journey home from Egypt		113
2. At the spring		116
3. The meaning of the picture		117

ST. CHRISTOPHER. <i>Titian.</i>		PAGE
1.	The story of St. Christopher	120
2.	The painting	128
THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE. <i>Hunt.</i>		
1.	The Bible story	131
2.	The painting	133
3.	The meaning of the picture	136
THE SISTINE MADONNA. <i>Raphael.</i>		
1.	The "divine Raphael"	139
2.	The painting	140
3.	The spirit of the picture	143



From a painting by Van Dyck

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

PART I

SOME LITTLE CHILDREN OF LONG AGO

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

1. GOING TO HAVE THEIR PICTURE PAINTED

There were once three little children who lived in a palace and ate from dishes of silver and gold. The eldest was named Prince Charles. The next was a girl named Princess Mary. The youngest was named Prince James.

These children had everything heart could wish. Prince Charles had servants of his very own, and splendid rooms all for himself. Princess Mary had her own servants and her own rooms. Even little Prince James had several servants, too, as well as a nursery, of course, specially for him. The nurses were fine ladies in silks and satins. Their mother was a proud and beautiful queen. Their fa-

ther was a haughty king. He believed that he had a right to do exactly as he pleased, just because he was a king.

One morning, when Prince James was still a baby, the three children went to have their picture painted. They did not go to a photograph gallery, as children do nowadays. Nobody at that time knew how to take photographs. They went to the studio of a famous artist called Sir Antony Van Dyck (văn-dīk').

Perhaps Prince Charles hated to get ready to go. He was almost six years old and liked to ride his hobby-horse or else run and race with the dogs in the park. When his nurse dressed him in his best rose-colored silk, he may have felt like scowling. It must have bothered him to have such a clumsy quilted skirt hanging down to his heels. For all that, he stood patiently while they fastened his lace collar and smoothed the cuffs over his slashed sleeves. Even when they brushed his hair straight over his forehead and tied his cap under his chin, he did not fidget very much.

Princess Mary, being a girl, of course enjoyed dressing up more than her brother did. Though she liked to play in the park herself, she loved to put on her white satin dress once in a while. She made believe that she was a grown-up lady instead of a small child. On this important morning, perhaps her own mother, the beautiful queen, curled her hair and clasped the necklace around her neck, and then kissed her in a soft warm spot right under the ear. Even if a mother is a real queen, she loves her little girls and boys more than anything else in the world.

The baby Prince James wore blue silk trimmed with lace. He was too young to care about that or his lace cap either. He carried his ball in his hands. He did not understand about going to have his picture painted. But Prince Charles knew, because he had been at the studio before this. Probably he told his sister and little brother that they must stand very still and look pleasant while the artist painted the picture.

The studio was in a house some distance

down the river from the palace. So the children were taken there in a boat. When the boat reached the landing at last, Sir Antony Van Dyck came to the door to welcome them all. He stood there in the sunshine with his long hair lying in curls on his shoulders. His velvet suit glistened in the light.

2. IN THE STUDIO

He bowed very low to the queen and the ladies with her. Then he showed them and the children into his studio, and began to mix his paints. There were several fine gentlemen talking and laughing together in the large room. This studio happened to be a favorite meeting place for young men of fashion and society beauties. Very likely the children were not much interested in the sight of gay silken clothes and shining swords, because they were used to such things at home.

The little visitors were placed in position. Prince James stood on a step, with his ball in his hands. Princess Mary stood beside him. She did not have anything in her hands. Per-

haps she had dropped the rose which lay on the rug in front of her. Prince Charles was next to her, with his hand resting on the head of Sir Antony's big dog.

While they stood there, the artist painted away at the piece of canvas on his easel. He held the palette on his left thumb and the brush in his right hand. The ladies and gentlemen chatted together on the other side of the room. From behind a curtain came the sound of sweet music. The children enjoyed the music so much that they forgot to feel tired from standing still so long.

After painting for half an hour, the artist said that that would do for the day. He told them to come again the next morning. So they came again and again till he had finished the faces. Then he asked the queen to send him the three little dresses. He said he could paint that part of the picture while the children were at home.

When the picture was finally done, the king and queen must have been delighted. The three little figures were very lovely. There

was richness in the shimmer and sheen of the delicate silks. The beautiful coloring — rose, blue, and white — contrasted with the dark hair and eyes of the royal babies. They looked, indeed, like the children of a fair queen and a proud king.

3. WHAT BECAME OF THEM AFTERWARD

Years afterward, the king, Charles the First, was beheaded by his angry people, and his family was scattered. Prince Charles became King Charles the Second. He was so fond of pleasure that he was nicknamed the “Merry Monarch.” Dogs were always his favorite pets. They followed him even to the grave meetings of his Council. There, instead of listening to tiresome speeches, he used to play with the dogs under the table. A certain breed of small spaniels has been called after him *King Charles Spaniels*.

Princess Mary was married at the age of ten to the young Prince of Orange. They had a splendid little wedding, almost like a doll’s wedding. But the little bride did not go to

live in her husband's country for several years. When at last she traveled from England across the narrow sea, she proved to be a wise and good princess. She was kind to her husband's people. She was always ready to help her brothers when they were in trouble at home.

Prince James grew up to be a great naval warrior. He fought and won battles at sea. After the death of his brother, King Charles the Second, he became King James the Second. He did not have a happy reign. Finally, after quarreling bitterly with his subjects in England, he fled to France.

Perhaps when James had become a sad old man, he saw this painting again. It must have reminded him of the time when he had been a lovely baby. At twilight, in the old days, his mother used to steal away from the gay company in the palace halls to sing him to sleep. She had such a beautiful voice that people waited at the door to listen to her cradle songs. The poor old king was glad that he had these happy hours to remember.

He remembered many other happy hours, too. When other babies came to the king and queen, James felt almost as big as his brother Charles. All the children used to play in a park shady with great trees and green with grass. There was one oak tree that belonged specially to them. A seat was built high among the branches. The little girls used to keep house there. The little boys used to climb and swing, or else turn somersaults on the ground. Even if they did live in a palace and have silks to wear and servants to wait on them, they were like other young people in loving all sorts of fun.

Indeed children are much the same everywhere, whether rich or poor. Doubtless if Sir Antony Van Dyck were now alive, he could find many a family of sisters and brothers with faces quite as charming as these three royal babies in the painting.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

1. THE LITTLE COUNTRY CHILD

Once upon a time there was a little country girl called Offy. Her uncle was the most famous portrait painter in England. His name was Sir Joshua Reynolds (rĕn'öldz). Every summer he used to travel from London to the village where Offy lived with her mother and father and sister.

One summer he learned that Offy's father had just died, leaving very little money for his family. Sir Joshua Reynolds was rich, and wished to do something to help the family. He remembered that, years before, when he had been a poor young student in Rome, Offy's mother had sent him money. Now he offered to adopt Offy, and take her to live with him in the city.

When little Offy heard this news, she may have skipped for joy and clapped her hands. At first she did not think about the sadness



From a painting by Reynolds

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

p 18

of leaving her mother and sister behind. She was delighted at the idea of traveling to the great city of London with her favorite uncle. It would be such fun! Perhaps she told him that she knew how to sweep and dust and feed the chickens and boil potatoes and shell beans. She said that she would do all the work in his house, and make him such delicious tea that he would be surprised.

Very likely, as it turned out, she was the one to be surprised. After saying good-by to the garden, the orchard, the cows, the pigs, and the sheep, she paid a last visit to the little schoolhouse. There the teacher in a red skirt and a white cap kissed her good-by. All her schoolmates sat on the benches and looked at her. They wished that they could go to the city, too.

2. HOW SHE WENT TO THE CITY

Then came the long journey, bumping over muddy roads in the coach. That brought a change, indeed, for the little country girl. Instead of living in a tiny cottage covered with

vines, she found herself in a tall house set close among rows and rows of other houses. There were thick rugs on the floor and curtains at the windows and doors. There were paintings on the walls, and silk chairs in the drawing-room. There were many servants in clothes laced with silver. Best of all, there was a splendid chariot all gilded and carved and painted with pictures on the outside.

Offy must have enjoyed driving out in this chariot, with the coachman and footmen to take care of her. Perhaps she used to be frightened when she heard stories of bad men stopping coaches in the streets, and poking pistols in at the windows.

London life at that time was enough to frighten older hearts than that of Sir Joshua Reynolds's little niece. The young sons of nobles and rich gentlemen dressed just like their fathers, in silks and satins. They swaggered and shouted, drawing and flashing their small swords when angry. The common people were very poor, and always ready to burn down houses or to fight. Thieves robbed

persons on the streets, or broke into houses. Some were hanged and some were shot. It was not safe at all for Offy to go out walking alone.

In the house Offy probably learned to dance and embroider and play quiet games with grown-up people. The few books then written for children were not very interesting. Doubtless, at times, little Offy felt homesick for her old home and her merry schoolmates.

3. GATHERING WILD STRAWBERRIES

It may be that one morning the little country girl woke up to hear the birds twittering at her window. She began to remember the summers at home when all the boys and girls went off to spend a long holiday in the fields. In June they used to gather wild strawberries. Oh, such delicious wild strawberries! Under the crinkly leaves, or rising on graceful stalks, shone the sweet red berries. She knew the spots where they ripened earliest. Oh, oh, oh! she wished she were there again, and not in this bad, black, foggy, dark old city!

Perhaps after breakfast on that very day her uncle may have seen her creeping around his studio from corner to corner. It was an odd-shaped room with eight corners in all. She seemed to be bending down as if looking for something on the floor. On her head was a queer cap hiding her pretty hair. On her arm hung a queer long basket.

Perhaps Sir Joshua Reynolds asked her what she was doing. She said that she was playing at finding wild strawberries. Sir Joshua Reynolds understood children so well that he knew Offy was homesick. It may be that he took her on his knee, and asked her to tell him about looking for strawberries in the country.

So she told him how the strawberries ripened in the meadows when the wild roses were coming into bloom. It was such fun, oh, such fun! And she was always the one to find the most and pick the fastest. This was the very basket which she had carried to bring the berries home to her mother.

Then she told him about one day when the

children had all taken their luncheons with them. They stayed so late that they began to be frightened. The sun went down. The frogs croaked from the swamp. The robins chirped sleepily in the trees. The wind rustled the leaves. The rocks made dark shadows. The other girls and boys ran down the road, calling her to follow. But she kept finding so many berries that she did not start until the rest were out of sight. When she looked up, there she was all alone.

Of course, she started to hurry home. She gathered up her apron full of the wild flowers she had picked. She slipped the handle of the basket on her arm. Then she ran. And just as she was stealing past a big shadowy rock, she heard a long wailing cry that made her shiver all over. She knew it was only a bird, but still she was frightened. As soon as she was past the rock, she ran and ran.

While her uncle listened, he was watching her face. Possibly when he saw her big black eyes grow round over the memory of the shadowy rock and the long wailing cry of the

nightbird, he had a sudden idea. It was the idea of painting a picture of Offy as a strawberry girl.

4. HOW SHE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARD

One of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best paintings is that of his little niece as the Strawberry Girl. In the picture Offy wears a simple low-cut gown, trimmed with a breast knot and shoulder ribbons. On her head is a tall mobcap. Her hands are clasped over her breast. Her apron is twisted over her arms. The strawberry basket is hanging at her elbow. She hurries softly past a rock, glancing timidly about her with big black eyes.

The little country girl had a long and happy life. Until she was twenty, she stayed with her uncle. She petted and took care of him in a sweet womanly way. After she married and had children of her own, she often brought them to visit her dear uncle. He loved children so much that he was a delightful playmate.

After Sir Joshua Reynolds died, Offy lived more than fifty years longer. She became a bright little old lady with grandchildren around her. She must often have told them stories of how she had kept house for her famous uncle. She told them how she liked to go driving in the splendid chariot, and how she read to him when his sight grew dim. He used to have many callers every afternoon. Offy always poured tea for them, while she sat watching them with her big black eyes.

And perhaps, before she died, this sweet little grandmother made the children promise that they would never, never, forget Sir Joshua Reynolds. She told them that Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted some of the best pictures of children in the world, because he loved children truly.



From a painting by Gainsborough

THE BLUE BOY

THE BLUE BOY

1. WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE BOY IN BLUE

While Sir Joshua Reynolds was living in London, another English artist, named Thomas Gainsborough (gānz'bür-ō), painted a portrait of a boy in a blue silk suit. This painting is so charming that everybody likes it merely as a picture and not because it is the portrait of a particular boy. Indeed, very few persons know even the name of the real boy. They call the picture "The Blue Boy," because he is dressed all in blue except for the white of his waistcoat and of his lace collar and cuffs.

Some people have tried to find out about the boy himself. They have learned that his name was Jonathan Buttall, and that his father was a rich dealer in ironware, and lived in London. After his father died, Jonathan sold the property left to him. Among the articles were two houses, some

shares in a theater, paintings, drawings, wines, and musical instruments.

So we know very little for certain about Jonathan, except what we see in the portrait. Still by studying maps of London and histories of the time when he lived there, we can guess quite well what he did every day.

2. WHAT WE MAY IMAGINE ABOUT HIM

His father's house was in a fashionable part of London. There were plenty of trees and flower gardens in that neighborhood then. Not far away there was a pond surrounded by walks. Near it was a shop that sold cakes and buns. Farther on were fields where the boys played ball.

Very likely when Jonathan was a small boy he sailed toy boats on the pond. When he grew bigger, he skated in the winter, and in the summer he played ball or tennis. There were plenty of amusements like fairs and plays and puppet shows. Doubtless once in a while he was taken across the city to see the lions in cages at the Tower of London.

Of course we do not know whether Jonathan went to school or had a tutor at home. A large school for boys was down beside the river Thames, not so very far from his home. Boys were not taught much at that time besides a little reading, writing, and arithmetic. Probably if Jonathan stayed at home and studied, he learned also to play on a violin or a flute. The fact that Mr. Buttall left musical instruments in his house when he died, shows that the family was fond of music. Perhaps little Jonathan had always hated to practice, and that was why he sold the instruments at last.

Since Mr. Buttall was rich, it is likely the family went out of town for the hot weather. It is almost positive that this portrait of Jonathan was painted by Gainsborough while he lived at Bath. Bath was a fashionable watering-place not far from London. Doubtless the Buttalls were spending the season there that year. We know very well what the journey must have been. Let us follow them on their way.

3. HIS POSSIBLE ADVENTURES ON A JOURNEY

The family coach came rattling up to the door about seven o'clock on the morning of the start. The horses stood shaking their heads and jingling their bits while the coachman sat up straight on the seat. The footman jumped down from his place and opened the door. Mr. Buttall handed in his wife and stepped in after her. Then Jonathan climbed in excited and happy. They sat on the silken cushions. The trunks were fastened on behind the coach. Away they all rumbled.

They traveled all day and all night. They stopped only at the inns along the road to eat meals or to have their horses changed. Of course the same horses could not keep trotting on for so many hours at a time without resting. Jonathan must have grown very tired indeed. Perhaps, when he tried to take a nap on the carriage seat, his foot went to sleep and his neck ached from being twisted to one side. In the picture, you see, he is quite a tall boy. The coach was not large enough for him to lie

down straight. Still, in spite of the discomfort, very likely Jonathan tried to be cheerful and unselfish. He looks like a manly little fellow who would take care of his mother and place the softest cushions behind her head.

Probably he was really nervous and a trifle frightened on this journey, because he had heard many stories of highwaymen. There were so many robbers then on English roads that travelers always carried pistols. When the coach was rolling along through the country near Bath, it may be that a man came galloping up and, wheeling his horse, began to wave his arms at the coach window. At first Jonathan may have thought he was a robber. Perhaps the boy jumped in front of his mother and doubled his fists. Then when he looked around to see why his father did not fire off the pistol, very likely he found them laughing at him.

They knew that the man on the horse was only the servant of some Bath doctor. He had been sent to ask the travelers to engage his master to cure them if they were sick. Many sick persons went to Bath to drink the water from

the springs there. Such a mistake must have been mortifying to Jonathan. Possibly his cheeks turned very red, and tears sprang to his eyes. But it was only for a minute. He was soon his own bright cheery self again.

As the coach rumbled nearer the town, Jonathan heard a chime of bells ringing out to welcome the new comers. When they reached the hotel, a band came to serenade them. He must have thought Bath was great fun. Beautiful ladies and gentlemen wearing silks and satins were strolling up and down the streets. Some stopped at the pastry shops. Others looked at the books on the news stands. Nobody seemed to have any work to do. They were at Bath for a good time.

Probably the next morning Jonathan started out to have a good time, too. Though sleepy and stiff from the long journey, he hurried away with his father for a plunge in the bath. Then he followed the stream of gayly dressed people to the pump room, where they were to drink the water from the springs. Jonathan walked up to the counter, and took up the very biggest

glass there. The man filled it for him. He thought he would drink it all. But the first swallow almost choked him. It had a most sickening taste. Jonathan felt people watching him. He knew they were ready to smile and make fun; so he gulped down the horrid stuff and then walked away rather quickly to find a drink of ordinary water. He had shown them that he was not afraid of a mere bad taste in his mouth.

4. HIS PORTRAIT

Doubtless while at Bath, Mr. Buttall saw different portraits that had been painted by Mr. Thomas Gainsborough. The people in his pictures looked so graceful and alive and charming that those who saw them wished to be painted like that, too.

But Gainsborough could not paint a good picture of anybody whom he did not like. From his first glance at a person, he could tell whether he cared to paint a portrait of him. When he saw Jonathan coming into his studio one day, he must have liked him at once.

He knew that he could make a charming picture of such a lovely boy.

In the portrait, Jonathan wears a Van Dyck suit of blue silk and carries a plumed hat in one hand. He holds a cloak over his other arm. Such a suit was called after Van Dyck, the great artist, because the young men and boys in his paintings of a century before are dressed in that style. For every day, Jonathan wore a coat and knee breeches like his father's. He wore a hat with a cocked brim instead of one with a long curling plume like that in the picture. He used to wear buckles instead of bows on his shoes.

This portrait is charming even in a copy that does not show the coloring. Think how attractive the painting itself must be, for Thomas Gainsborough was one of the greatest colorists that ever painted portraits. Against the background of a cloudy sky, the "Blue Boy" stands gracefully at ease. His sensitive, bright face almost smiles at us as he waits in courteous attention. He is manly and brave — a perfect little gentleman.

THE MAIDS OF HONOR

1. HER LITTLE ROYAL HIGHNESS

There was a palace once, and in the palace lived a splendid little princess named Margarita. She had ever so many more attendants than she could count. There was somebody watching to wait on her every minute. She was not allowed even to help herself to a glass of water. Whenever she felt thirsty, a servant brought a glass to the nurse; the nurse handed it to the maid; the maid passed it on to a lady in waiting; and the lady in waiting dropped upon her knees and lifted it to the rosy lips of her little royal highness.

Though she had few playthings and no story-books, still she was being amused or petted every minute of the day. Ladies in stiff and shining silk gowns smiled at her and gave her pretty jewels. Men in satins and velvets stooped down so low to speak to her that their swords rattled on the pavement.



From a painting by Velasquez

THE MAIDS OF HONOR

The soldiers in their glittering armor must have been interesting, too. Most amusing of all were the dwarfs no taller than herself. With their short bodies, shaggy beards and wrinkled faces, they behaved like pet monkeys. They played jokes, turned somersaults, told funny stories, and strutted about mimicking the haughty lords and ladies.

When Margarita cared to look at pictures, she could find plenty on the wall of the great rooms in the gloomy old palace. Instead of wall paper, pieces of cloth called tapestry hung on the walls. In this cloth were woven pictures of men and women and children and dogs and horses.

Out of doors the little princess was taken for a ride every day in one of her father's many gilt coaches. Guards of soldiers always trotted before and behind and on each side of the coach. She had a dog and probably a pony of her own, also. Sometimes she went to the theater or to see a bullfight in a place somewhat like a circus ring.

Still, for all that, she must have found it

stupid never to be left alone to do as she pleased. She could not visit other little girls. She could not go romping down country roads, gathering wild flowers. Perhaps sometimes in the royal dining room she stared wistfully at the tall sideboard with its silver steps leading up to the top. She may have wished to stop being a princess. just for one minute. Then she might be allowed to climb up the silver steps and play with the polished gold and silver dishes away on top.

Without knowing the reason why, Margarita must have been quite unhappy now and then. The daughters of the highest nobles in the land were expected to wait on her like servants. So of course it was not much fun to try to play real games. Even in hide and seek, very likely her nurse would have asked somebody else to do all the running for her. And if she had started to make mud pies, they would not have let her even touch the stick to do the stirring. It was not thought proper for her to do anything except to order people around.

2. A REAL SCENE IN THE PALACE

One day when Margarita was quite a little girl, she was wandering through the palace halls with her maids of honor, her dog, and her dwarfs, her nurse, and a gentleman of the court. She went into the studio where the artist Velasquez (vã-läs'kěth) was painting a portrait of the king and queen. They smiled at her and she stood still for a few minutes to watch the artist work. When she began to get tired of that, she remembered that she was thirsty and asked for a drink of water.

The sight of the little princess receiving a glass of water from a kneeling maid of honor pleased the king. He told Velasquez to paint the scene just as it was. So the artist painted this picture called the "Maids of Honor."

The little princess stands in the center, her blue eyes gazing out of the flowerlike baby face. Her fair hair is tied on one side with a bow of ribbon. Her silk frock is spread out over a wide hoop. One maid of honor kneels at the right of her little royal highness. The

other watches attentively from her left. Two curious dwarfs are near the window. One pokes the big dog with her foot. Farther back in the room the nurse is speaking to the gentleman of the court who came in with her. Outside the door, away at the other end of the studio, a man wearing a long cloak is drawing a curtain. Behind the kneeling maid of honor, Velasquez himself stands in front of the large canvas on his easel. In the mirror beside the door the faces of the king and the queen are reflected, as if they were sitting in front of Margarita.

This picture looks like a true scene in a real room, because Velasquez knew how to paint things as he saw them. The light from the windows is brighter on the figures directly in its path, just as real light is. The room looks hollow because the things in it are painted as if it were actually filled with air. The colors and outlines of the picture frames on the wall farthest away are softened by the air that seems to lie between the front and back of the room.

The artist Velasquez was the greatest Spanish painter. He lived at court and spent his time in painting the king, Philip the Fourth, the royal family and the nobles. Some of these portraits are the best that have been made by any artist. A portrait by Velasquez shows not only how the person dressed and looked, but also whether he was stupid or clever, good or bad. In this picture of little Margarita, the artist painted her exactly as he saw her with the sweet childlike spirit in her shy mouth and solemn eyes.

3. GROWING UP BY RULE

At the time when Margarita lived, it was the fashion for women to wear hoops so wide that at the theater they were obliged to hire two seats apiece. Margarita herself learned how to courtesy in such a dress. She would sink to the floor very, very slowly, while her brocade skirts would go ballooning all around her, somewhat like the "cheese" that children make nowadays. Then she would rise again just as slowly, trying not

to lose her balance as the stiff wires swayed back into position.

It is easy to fancy that the stiff and showy dress is like the old splendid life in the gorgeous court of Spain. Each day was a stately show with every act measured by rule. There were rules about eating and sleeping and walking and bowing. There were rules about dressing and talking and smiling. The royal family had palaces in the town and in the country, in the mountains and on the plain. Yet they were almost like prisoners in being sent hither and thither according to the rules of the court calendar.

Margarita was educated according to rule as she grew up. She learned to read and to write a little. She was taught to speak French. She studied the catechism over and over, and she was expected to go to church very often. She was taught dancing, needlework, and embroidery. Even such a petted little royal highness was obliged to do her own studying. Nobody else could do it for her.

Doubtless she was glad to do some things

herself. When she became engaged to the Emperor, whom she afterward married, she sent him gifts made by her own hands. These gifts may have been suits of clothes embroidered with gold and silver and pearls.

Margarita in this painting looks like an unselfish, lovable child. She may have found it hard at times to keep the rules of the court. But she tried to remember and obey them all because she wished to please her father and mother. She knew they loved her dearly, even if they did not kiss her and pet her very much. It must have been awkward for the queen to cuddle in her lap a little girl wearing such a stiff hoop skirt.

Still the king and queen and the princess and the nobles were like other people in their hearts. Each one looked and felt different from everybody else in spite of the rules that tried to make them all alike. And it is as real flesh and blood men, women, and children, that they were painted by the great Velasquez — “Painter of kings and king of Spanish painters.”

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

1. THE PRINCE WHO HOPED TO BECOME KING

A long time ago there lived two little princes whose father was dead. Before he died, he had asked his brother Richard to help the queen take care of the two boys and their sisters. This brother was a very cruel and ugly man. He hated his little nephews because he wanted to be king himself. If they had never been born, he would have been the next king. But now one of the little princes was to be the crowned King of England.

The elder prince was named Edward after his father, and the younger, Richard, after his uncle. Their mother, the queen, and their uncle had never liked each other. The uncle thought that the queen was trying to get all the power away from him. And the queen feared that the uncle would do some harm to her children if he could.



From a painting by Millais

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

So she took her children and hurried away to a church. As long as they lived in the church, it was against the law for anybody to harm them. They stayed there safely all together till it was time for Prince Edward to go up to London to be crowned king. Then his mother gathered a band of two thousand soldiers to go with him and guard him on the way.

Little Prince Edward rode along on his pony in the center of his two thousand soldiers. Before him and behind him he could see the rows of big fierce-looking men, some on horses, some stepping steadily forward with their armor creaking and their swords rattling against their shields.

For some time they journeyed safely on. But before they reached London, they saw an army of many more than two thousand men come tramping to meet them. And there at the head of this strange army rode the wicked uncle. He was bowing and smiling and saying that he was glad to see his dear little nephew alive and well and happy.

He said that he had been in such a hurry to wish the prince joy that he could not bear to wait in the city.

Then the first thing the wicked uncle did was to order his men to seize the two good nobles at the head of the queen's soldiers. He had them carried away to prison, though Prince Edward wept and begged him not to hurt them.

After that, the wicked uncle rode along beside his nephew. He talked so pleasantly and seemed so kind that Prince Edward forgot to be afraid of him. When they reached London, all the soldiers were drawn up in a grand procession. They went parading through the city streets with drums beating, horns tooting, bells ringing, and people shouting, "Long live the King!"

At the head of the procession rode the wicked uncle all in black, as if mourning for his brother, the dead king. With his cap in his hand, he kept bowing to the people on this side and that. Every few minutes he turned around to point to Prince Edward. The

new little king wore a flowing cloak of purple velvet and a hat with a long feather. Perhaps his pony's bridle was trimmed with silver, and the saddle with fringes of gold.

It must have been fun to smile at the people, and to watch the boys throw up their hats. It was pleasant to hear everybody shout, "Long live the King!" He thought that of course he would live a long, long time. He wanted to be such a wise and good and noble king that everybody would love him more and more the longer he should live.

For the first few days, while he waited for the day of the crowning, he lived in the palace. It was very hard to wait. He kept thinking of the day of crowning with its bonfires and games and races and dancing, roasted oxen, torchlight parades, and singing. And then he would stand up before all the people, and be crowned with his father's gold crown. He thought that he would reign over England for years and years and years.

2. THE WICKED UNCLE

After a short time, his uncle told him that it was not safe for him to stay in the palace. He must go to the Tower of London, which had strong stone walls and heavy doors to protect him from his enemies. Perhaps the thirteen-year-old boy wondered why he had enemies, since he had never done anybody any harm. Perhaps he did not want to go to the gloomy old Tower. But he was only a little boy, while his uncle was a strong man. So Prince Edward had to leave the beautiful palace and go to be shut up in a place that was really a prison.

The days went creeping by, one after another. Little Prince Edward waited and waited in the lonely old Tower, but nobody came except the man who brought his meals. Then one day the door swung open and his younger brother, Prince Richard, ran in and threw his arms around his neck.

Prince Richard said that the uncle had sent to their mother, and told her that Prince

Edward was lonesome without his brother. The queen had to let little Richard also go to London, because the wicked uncle ordered it. She moaned and wept, with her yellow hair hanging loose over her shoulders. Now here were the two princes shut up in the Tower.

There were four soldiers to guard them. Day after day dragged by, — day after day — bringing no word from their mother or their uncle. Sometimes, hand in hand, they stole through the gloomy halls. They shivered at the touch of the damp old walls. They shrank closer together at every sudden sound. Sometimes they crept up the stairs and looked from the narrow windows upon the sunshiny world outside. Far below them was the city full of busy crowds who seemed to have forgotten all about their little king.

Then one dreadful night the keeper of the Tower saw a man come galloping up to the gate. This man had an order from the wicked uncle, telling the keeper to give up the keys of the Tower just for one night to this man. The keeper did so. The next morning the

stranger handed back the keys, and rode away. But when the keeper went to unlock the doors that day, he found that something terrible had happened. The room where the two little princes had fallen asleep was empty. And nobody ever saw them again.

The wicked uncle lived two years longer as King Richard III. It is said that he was never happy again. He lost his baby son for whom he had wished to gain the throne. Wherever he went, he kept whirling about, with his hand on his dagger, his eyes darting this way and that as if he feared some hidden enemy. At night he could not rest because of horrible dreams that made him spring up in terror, and run to and fro. At last he was killed in battle.

Sometime after his death, two men told how they had been hired to smother the little princes as they lay sleeping in each other's arms.

Two hundred years later, a mason, who was repairing a staircase in the Tower of London, dug up the skeletons of two young boys buried

under a heap of stones. That is all that has ever been found of the Princes in the Tower.

3. THIS PICTURE OF THE PRINCES

Many centuries passed away before this picture of the princes was painted by Sir John Millais (mīl-lā'), the most popular English artist of our time. Millais is very famous for his pictures of children.

One day two fair-haired boys were brought to his studio by their mother, to see if they might not serve as models for some painting. Almost as soon as he looked at them, Sir John Millais decided to paint them as the unhappy little princes who had died so long ago.

Although this was to be only an imaginary portrait of the royal brothers, the painter was careful to have the models dressed like princes of that far-away time. They wore velvet suits, pointed shoes, and jeweled necklaces exactly like those worn by kings' sons, when little Prince Edward and Prince Richard were actually alive. For a background to his picture, Sir John Millais went to the

Tower of London itself, and painted the very spot where the princes had been buried.

Alone at the foot of the gloomy stairs, the pale young princes stand, pressing close together as if in fear. The elder holds up his head bravely. Perhaps he feels that he must be brave because he is a Knight of the Garter, as is shown by the garter just below his left knee. His brother lays one trembling hand on his shoulder, and with the other clings to his warm living fingers.

They gaze with startled eyes in different directions. Perhaps they have heard a sudden sound of steps. On the wall above the stairs there is a strange shadow like that of a man stealing down with his hand on his dagger. But in the picture the murderer never comes any nearer. Like true princes, the fair-haired boys hold themselves proudly, though their hearts are beating fast. Year after year they live on, with their delicate beauty unfading — the brave little princes of this old unhappy time of long ago.



From a painting by Millet

FEEDING HER BIRDS

FEEDING HER BIRDS

1. THE PAINTER OF THE POOR

One of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century was a poor French peasant named Jean Francois Millet (zhǒn frǒn-swá mē-lá). His pictures were of country scenes and working people, because he believed in painting what he saw about him.

For the greater part of his life he lived in a tiny stone cottage in a village near Paris. Here with a motherly wife and a houseful of children he worked through the long hours in the gray light of his studio. Whenever he had time to spare, he loved to be out in the sunshine. Often he must have dropped his brush to stand at the door. From there he could look toward his garden, so dear to him. Or he could watch the babies, dearer still, romping in the yard with its high walls.

Very likely one day he saw the children drop their toys at the sound of their mother

calling them. They ran to the doorstep to taste the broth which she had brought out for them. So Millet painted a picture of them, as they sat in a row waiting for each delicious mouthful.

2. AT PLAY IN THE DOORYARD

Perhaps the children had been playing with the doll and the cart and the basket, which are seen in the picture. The little boy may have been the horse prancing on ahead of the cart. In the cart rode the wooden doll wrapped in a piece of cloth. The elder sister was the doll's mother. She followed behind ready to fly to the rescue if the cart should be overturned. The younger sister trotted along last of all. She carried the basket, and kept picking up bits of china and pretty stones here and there.

They were parading merrily round and round the yard. Their wooden shoes were clattering. Their small tongues were chattering. The hens were scuttling and clacking from their path. Then suddenly they heard

their mother calling. There she was, standing in the doorway with a bowl of something hot steaming in her hands.

With a whoop of joy, the boy dropped the cart string, and made a dash for the step. The little sister darted after him, tossing away her basket as she ran. The big sister first snatched up her darling doll from the ground where it had fallen. Then she stepped on more slowly, because she was almost six years old. Perhaps she felt too much grown up to run.

In the picture they are crowded close together on the step. The mother tips toward them on the edge of a milking stool, and holds out a spoonful of broth. The boy stretches out his neck, and opens his mouth for the first taste.

The smaller girl rests her arm on her brother's shoulder, and clasps his hand in her lap. With her wooden shoes toeing inward, she watches him so intently that she opens her own mouth just as he does. The eldest looks on with sober interest. It may

be that she wishes that her doll daughter were able to eat, too.

A hen comes waddling nearer to find out what is going on. In the orchard behind the house, the father is busy digging. It must be about noon, as the shadows are short in the picture. The father ought to stop work, and have his dinner with the children.

3. THE IDEA IN THE PICTURE

Millet himself said that in this picture he had tried to give the idea of a nest of birds being fed by the mother bird. The man in the background works to feed his young.

The cottage is like a nest. It has rough plaster and uneven stones laid on top of one another, like the twigs in a nest. A vine climbs up beside the door and overhangs the window. The leaves make the little home seem like a cozy nest.

The children sit snugly close together as if in a nest. With their long aprons and wooden shoes they look almost as much alike as three little birds. The girls wear bonnets tied

under their chins. The boy has a cap topped with a button.

The mother is dressed in darker stuff, just as a mother bird has thicker feathers than the young ones. She wears one handkerchief around her head and another around her neck. She bends toward the children in a brooding attitude. The spoon in her hand looks pointed, almost like a bird's beak.

The children's noisy play has hushed. They are like young birds who stop their hungry peeping as soon as they see the mother bird on the edge of the nest. And, like the father bird hunting for more worms to drop into the ever open mouths, the man in the orchard keeps on at his digging.

All his life Millet had to work hard to care for his family of nine children. Once, when they lived in Paris, they had so little to eat that they nearly starved. Their friends found them just when the babies had eaten the last bit of bread. The mother and father had eaten nothing for two days.

Millet's first thought was always for his little sons and daughters. He had to work day in and day out to earn enough money to buy food and fire and clothes for them. Since he had to work so hard himself, he thought of birds as working to feed their young ones.

Like all of Millet's pictures, this one of "Feeding Her Birds" tells the story of work. The hen must scratch for a living. The little sister takes care of her baby brother. The elder sister nurses her doll. The mother cooks the broth for the children. And the father works for them all.

The beauty of this painting lies in its truth and feeling. It is a picture of real people as they really looked. The home is a safe and happy nest. The mother and father forget themselves in living for their children. In the little ones they see love and joy and hope for the future.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

1. A LITTLE FRENCH GIRL'S HOME

More than a hundred years ago there lived in Paris, a little girl whose mother was the most popular portrait painter in France. The little girl's name was Jeanne-Julie-Louise Lebrun (lě-brŭn'). All day long Madame Lebrun was busy painting pictures in her studio. Perhaps little Jeanne sometimes dropped her toys while she ran to watch her mother put the pretty colors on the canvas, with gentle strokes of the paint brushes. Occasionally Madame Lebrun went to the palace to paint the queen and the royal children. At such times Jeanne must have been very lonesome at home with only her nurse to amuse her.

As soon as she grew old enough to understand how much people liked her mother, she was proud of being such an artist's little daughter. Madame Lebrun could not work



From a painting by Madame Lebrun

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

fast enough to make portraits of all who came to her. Everybody seemed to know her. One night at the theater a picture by her was displayed on the stage. At sight of it, the entire audience rose from their seats, and, turning toward the box where she sat, they cheered, and clapped, and shouted her name. They were glad that she lived in their city.

Almost every evening her rooms were so crowded with guests — great ladies, noblemen, poets, musicians, and actors — that there were too few chairs to go around. Some had to sit on the floor.

Of course, such a little girl as Jeanne was not often allowed to sit up late. Perhaps more than once, after she had gone to sleep, she was awakened by the merry talk and laughter. Slipping out of bed in her long white nightgown, she may have tiptoed to the door, and peered through the banisters at the glimmer of lights, and shimmer of silks and jewels. While listening to the rustle and murmur and music, the clink of glasses, the rattle of knives and forks, she must often

have felt hungry at the smell of delicious roast chicken and fish and salad and fruit and cake.

She may have wondered wistfully how soon she would be allowed to stay up late in the midst of all the fun every night. She always remembered one particular night when her mother had given a Greek supper. On that evening Jeanne and another little girl had played at being water carriers. They had carried tall urns full of water from one guest to another. All the people there had been dressed in white with wreaths on their heads. It had been the best fun.

In the daytime, when visitors came to have their pictures painted, Jeanne was much petted. Probably the men brought her sweets, and the women smoothed her soft hair. It may be that on some days she would stand up and sing for them. Then they would clap their hands, and exclaim that she was just like her charming mother.

Madame Lebrun used to say that her daughter was the delight of her heart. She

painted several pictures of herself with Jeanne in her arms. She could draw her own face easily enough by sitting before a looking-glass while she worked.

2. JEANNE'S PORTRAIT

The group best known nowadays is this which is often called by the name of "Mother and Daughter." The little girl has run to throw her arms around her mother's neck, and is held close in a loving clasp of hands about her waist. Both bright faces are turned to gaze out of the picture. They look much alike. The child has blue eyes, a saucy mouth, beautiful teeth, and a rosy complexion. Her hair is waving loose, while the mother's is curled and coiled, and fastened by a band of ribbon.

The mother's white garment falls from her bare right shoulder. It is loosely tied with a fringed sash, and hangs down in clinging folds. Across her knee lies a robe of heavier stuff. The daughter's dark frock is cut low at the throat, and has the sleeves

rolled back to show the plump little arms. Her round cheek is pressed impulsively against her mother's soft neck.

3. THE FLIGHT FROM PARIS

This portrait was exhibited in Paris shortly before the terrible time of the French Revolution. During the Revolution there was fighting all over France. The poor people, who had been treated cruelly by the rich for many years, rebelled and seized the government. Starved, half-naked men and women rioted through the country, burning houses, stealing money and jewels, and murdering their enemies.

As Madame Lebrun was known to be a friend of the queen and the nobility, whom the poor people hated, she was not safe in the city. The mob shook their fists at her windows, tore up the paving in front of her house, threw sulphur into her cellar, and finally tried to keep her prisoner in Paris.

However, she decided to escape secretly to a safer land. She was afraid that some one

who had seen her portrait might recognize her. So she dressed herself as a poor working woman, with an old handkerchief falling over her eyes. Her little girl wore a ragged frock and a tattered hood. Then they took seats in an omnibus, which carried passengers from one town to another. There were no railroads at that time. At every town crowds of yelling men and women stopped the driver to ask for news from Paris. At their terrible shrieks little Jeanne trembled all over. She thought that her house had surely been burned down.

At last they were safely out of France. They spent a number of years traveling about from city to city. Wherever they went, they found people eager to have their pictures painted by the famous Madame Lebrun. Jeanne was busy studying languages, and learning to play the piano and guitar. Of course she saw many wonderful sights. One was the volcano Vesuvius, spouting up fire and smoke and red-hot stones into the sky. When the timid city child looked

at this terrible shower of flame, and felt the earth shake under her feet, she began to cry, "Mamma, mamma, must I be frightened?"

The mother and daughter, with their beauty and talent, were very popular in society. They were always invited out together to balls, receptions, and teas. Perhaps in time the young girl might have become as famous as her mother. Madame Lebrun used to say that Jeanne wrote remarkable novels and romances when only nine years old. But she was married early at the age of seventeen. After that she was too busy in her home to write stories or paint pictures.

It is in this charming portrait that the mother and daughter still live. One looks out of the picture with an expression of joyous love and pride in the winning little creature who belongs to her. The other, with her clinging arms encircling the soft neck, glances around exultantly, as if to say that this is her own dear beautiful mother, and she is her mother's own only little girl.

RUBENS' TWO SONS

1. THE TWO BROTHERS

Albert and Nicholas were two little brothers who lived with their parents in a splendid big house. Their father was the greatest of Flemish artists. Some people say that he was one of the greatest that ever lived in any country. His name was Peter Paul Rubens (rōō'běnz), and he was rich, and handsome, and good.

Albert, the elder son, was fond of reading. He loved to curl up with a book in a corner of the quiet library. Even when quite a child, he learned to read and write in Latin. Sometimes he wandered into his father's studio in another part of the house. Rubens often had some one there reading Latin aloud to him while he worked at his easel.

This studio was like a school for artists. Many young men came to learn how to draw and paint. Albert moved softly from one

easel to another. On each easel was a square of canvas stretched on a wooden frame. It must have been interesting to watch the different pictures growing more and more clear and bright under the strokes of the brushes. Here one of the pupils might be painting an eye in the face on his canvas. Over there another might be sketching a horse, or coloring a bit of sky. Occasionally Rubens himself stopped his own painting, and walked around to see how these beginners were getting along. He pointed out their mistakes and helped them finish the hardest places.

Once in a while the younger son, Nicholas, came running in. Doubtless he was more active than his studious brother. He wanted to be doing something all the time. Perhaps he tried to clean his father's brushes. When tired of that, he begged for dabs of paint from the young men, and made some pictures of his own on old sheets of paper. Then he would run out to play again in the garden.

This garden was gay with all kinds of flowers and shrubs. Little Nicholas raced with the



From a painting by Rubens

RUBENS' TWO SONS

many dogs, from the portico at the house to the pavilion across the lawn, and back again. He watched the tame birds, and coaxed the peacocks to spread their gorgeous tails as they strutted along the wall.

Probably he had a pair of stilts. Sometimes he climbed up on them and walked from window to window of the house. The stilts made him tall enough to look in and call for Albert to come out and go riding on their ponies. He wished his brother did not care so much for poking around in the museum room. This room had a dome over it. It was filled with paintings and statues, while along the walls were cases of curiosities, medals, cameos, jewels, and old coins. Albert wrote a book about them when he grew up. Rubens had gathered these strange and beautiful things on his travels.

Of course he brought home toys for his sons, too, whenever he returned from other cities. Toys at that time were somewhat like those which children have now. To be sure, the boys did not have wonderful mechanical

engines and automobiles. The girls did not have such lifelike dolls as nowadays. Still, in all ages, children have played with balls, and marbles, and dolls, and hobby-horses, and make-believe armor, bows, arrows, and swords. The babies have had rattles, whistles, and jumping jacks.

2. HOW THEIR FATHER PAINTED THEM

Rubens had always been fond of painting children. Even before he married, and had babies of his own, he liked to draw little angels and cupids. After his own sons were born, he watched them all the time so that he could find out more and more about them every day. He played with them. He tossed them in the air. He made them laugh, and crow, and wave their chubby hands and kick with their pink feet. In that way he learned how to paint their rosy faces and dimpled bodies better than ever.

Sometimes he painted his boys with their mother and grandparents as a "Holy Family." Sometimes he painted one of the babies with

the mother, and called the picture a "Madonna and Child." Now he painted little Albert and Nicholas as angels, and now as Jesus and John the Baptist. Sometimes he painted them just as his own two sons.

This particular portrait of Rubens' sons was painted when Albert was about twelve years old and Nicholas was eight. The elder is dressed in black, slashed with white. He stands with a book under one arm, and with the other resting on his brother's shoulder. He wears a soft hat, white ruches, and gloves edged with fur.

The younger son is dressed in gray and blue, with yellow satin puffs and ribbons. He holds a wooden perch to which a goldfinch is tied with a string. He has big rosettes on his shoes, and below his knees. It is a graceful picture of two well-grown handsome boys. They carry themselves like little gentlemen in their tasteful clothes.

Both children have frank and open faces. They look healthy, and happy, and manly.

It would be hard to imagine either of them doing anything mean or cowardly. Their mother was so gentle, and their father was so polite, that the boys must have been early taught to be courteous and truthful.

3. THE ART OF RUBENS

There are several interesting points to notice about the art of Rubens. One is his coloring. This, of course, cannot be seen in a black and white copy of any painting. On the canvas of the real paintings themselves, the colors are still rich and glowing after two hundred years. Artists say that the flowing strokes of color are wonderful.

Another point is Rubens' love for beautiful stuffs. He delighted in brocades, silks, and velvets. He enjoyed painting people who wore handsome clothes. In this portrait of his sons, the silky sheen of their rich suits catches the light brightly, here and there. The puffs, and ribbons, and laces look very unlike the dull colors and straight stiff lines of clothes worn by boys of to-day.

Still another point is the action in his paintings. The persons appear to be alive and breathing. They are always doing something. They seem almost to move. In this picture the bird almost flaps its wings. Albert almost smiles and tries to hold his book a little closer. Nicholas almost shakes the perch and pulls the string as he stands ready to take a forward step.

It is the life and action in the portrait that make the boys seem real. They look out of the canvas so naturally that it is easy to fancy them still alive. It seems as if Albert has just been called from his dreaming in the quiet library, and Nicholas has just come dashing in from play in the garden.

JACOB BLESSING THE SONS OF JOSEPH

1. THE BIBLE STORY

A long time ago there lived two little brothers whose old grandfather was dying. Their father, who was named Joseph, took them into the sick room to say good-by.

The old man could not see clearly because his eyes were dim with age. But he heard the footsteps, and saw faint outlines of figures moving toward his bed. So he said, "Who are these?"

The father answered, "They are my sons, whom God has given me in this place."

Then the dying grandfather said, "Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them."

When he felt them close to him, he kissed them, and held them in his arms, before he let them kneel beside him. Then he stretched out his hands, and laid the right on the head of the younger boy, and the left



From a painting by Rembrandt

JACOB BLESSING THE SONS OF JOSEPH

on the head of the elder. And he prayed, "God, before whom my fathers, Abraham and Isaac, did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."

Now when Joseph saw that the grandfather had laid his right hand upon the head of the younger son, he thought that it was a mistake. It was the custom then to give the elder child the better blessing with the right hand. So Joseph tried to lift the trembling wrist, and move it to the head of the elder son. He said, "Not so, my father; for this is the first-born; put thy right hand upon his head."

But the old man answered, "I know it, my son, I know it; he also shall become great; but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a multitude of nations."

2. THE PICTURE

Four thousand years after the old man died, this picture of Jacob blessing the sons

of Joseph was painted by Rembrandt van Ryn (rĕm'brănt văn rĭn). Rembrandt was the greatest of Dutch artists. His paintings of Bible scenes are excellent indeed. They seem as simple and direct as the Bible stories themselves.

In this painting, the old man is almost too weak to raise his hands. He is propped up on the pillows so that he may bless the boys. His strong face is softened by sorrow and made tender by love. It is a face full of character. With his white beard flowing down upon his breast, he turns his dim eyes upon the children of his favorite son. He lays his trembling hands upon their heads.

Joseph, the great prime minister of the mighty land of Egypt, is trying to lift the hand to the elder child's head. His gentle face shows that he has always been a forgiving brother and loving son. Now he feels that it is unjust to give the better blessing to the younger boy, and yet he does not like to be rude to his father.

The mother stands beyond with clasped

hands. She looks on musingly. She seems almost to smile, as if she is glad that the younger boy is chosen for the better blessing.

The fair-haired younger boy bends his curly head, and crosses his hands on his breast. His eyes are lowered. The dark-haired elder brother looks up alertly, as if eager to claim his rights.

One thing to notice in this picture is the way the light falls from behind the old man. The light shines across his shoulders and touches his silvery beard. It brightens Joseph's sober mouth. It shines upon the mother's face and the children's lowered heads.

Rembrandt was famous, most of all, for the skill with which he painted the center of brightness in a shadowy picture.

Another reason for the greatness of Rembrandt was the power with which he painted human feeling. He has been called "Rembrandt the human," because he cared more for what people thought and felt than for the way they looked.

In this picture the persons are dressed richly, as Joseph was a rich man. He wears a handsome turban. His wife wears a fine robe, jewels, a tall cap, and a long veil. The curtains of the bed are heavy. The old man's cap and covering are thick and soft.

But it is what they are feeling and thinking, that is more important than their clothes. The weak old man is trying his best to do his duty, and to bless the children as he believes right. Joseph is wishing earnestly to be just to everybody. The wife is thinking of her two boys. The elder son is wondering what it all means. The younger child seems to feel the awe of coming death, though he does not understand.

PART II

PAINTINGS OF THE CHRIST-CHILD

THE HOLY NIGHT

1. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Day is the birthday of a wonderful child who was born almost two thousand years ago. He was named Jesus, and when he grew up, he was called Jesus, the Christ. So now we call his birthday Christmas Day.

His mother was named Mary. The Bible story tells how Mary with Joseph, her husband, had come from their home in a far-away village, to pay their taxes in the old town of Bethlehem. It was a long journey of miles and miles over the sunny hills. Perhaps Mary rode on a donkey, while Joseph walked ahead, leading the donkey with one hand and holding a staff in the other.



From a painting by Correggio

THE HOLY NIGHT

When at last they reached the town of Bethlehem, late in the afternoon, they could not find any place to sleep. Every room in every house was crowded with other visitors who had arrived earlier in the day. Finally, somebody showed Joseph an old stable with plenty of clean hay in the mangers. So Joseph drove the donkey in, and helped Mary down from the saddle. He knew that they must stay there all night, and sleep as well as they could on the hay.

There is a story which tells how Joseph left Mary alone in the great dark place while he went out to find a nurse. Upon his return, instead of a dim lantern flickering in a corner, amid big black shadows, he saw a light like a blazing fire shining from one of the mangers. There, in the very center of the light, lay a little newborn child, with Mary, its mother, bending over it.

In a few minutes there was a sound of steps outside, and some shepherds came softly in. They said that while they had been watching their flocks out on the hills, an

angel had appeared, and the angel had told them that they would find the child wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. Then the shepherds went away, rejoicing that they had seen Jesus, the Christ.

2. THE SCENE IN THE STABLE

No one of those who were really in the stable at the time ever made a picture of that first Christmas night. The shepherds did not know how to paint, and nobody else was there. However, hundreds of years later, artists tried to imagine the scene. Each one painted the group about the strange cradle in a different way. Among the many paintings of this scene, one of the most beautiful is "The Holy Night," by the artist Correggio (cŏr-rĕd'jŏ).

Correggio was an Italian, who was called Correggio because he came from a village of that name. He lived in the sixteenth century. He is still famous, most of all for his great skill in painting the light and shadow in a picture.

This picture of "The Holy Night" shows how Correggio could paint light and shadow. The glow from the tiny body of the child lights up Mary's face, dazzles the shepherds, and glints upon the angels overhead. The shining little form is the light of the picture, as Jesus himself was afterward called the "Light of the World."

The stable seems to have been built among the ruins of an old stone temple or house. The child is lying on a bundle of straw and ears of grain, in a manger of rough wood. The swaddling band is wrapped loosely around the small body, leaving one foot free, and the fingers of one hand peeping out from the folds. The mother kneels beside him, with her arms encircling him. His downy head rests in the bend of her elbow, and she is smiling happily down at the baby face.

At the left of the manger are three of the visitors. A shepherdess stands against a stone column. She raises her left hand to shield her eyes, blinking in the sudden change

from the dark night outside to the dazzling brightness within. From the basket on her right arm two doves peer at the child.

A boy shepherd kneels close beside her. He is turning his face back toward the third, an old man with shaggy hair and beard. The old man is in the act of taking off his cap with one hand, while in the other he holds a heavy staff. A big dog looks up from below, with only his head in the light.

Behind Mary, Joseph is trying to drag the donkey away from the manger. At the open doorway in the rear, two other shepherds stand near an ox. On the ground are great blocks of stone which form steps, with tall weeds growing in the cracks.

Above the manger five angels hover in a shimmering cloud. Three gaze at the child. The other two look at the shepherds, one clasping his hands, the other turning in a curve to glance downward. Far away against the horizon stretches a long line of blue hills, with the sky beyond brightening in the faint radiance of dawn.

3. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

“The Holy Night” is a picture of the night just before the morning of the first Christmas Day. The meaning of Christmas is joy. This picture is joyous. It is joyous in its promise of daybreak along the horizon. It is joyous in the wondering silence of dumb animals. It is joyous in the lightness and grace of the floating angels. It is joyous in Joseph’s loving care. It is joyous in the reverent delight of the shepherds. It is joyous in the happiness of the mother’s face. And it is joyous, above all, in the radiant brightness that glows from the body of the wonderful child.

The center of all the light in the picture is the little child Jesus. And the cause of all the joyousness is the little child Jesus — the “Light of the World.”



From a painting by Dürer

ADORATION OF THE MAGI

ADORATION OF THE MAGI

1. THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN

While Jesus was still a little new baby in Bethlehem, other visitors besides the shepherds came to see him. These other visitors were wise, rich strangers who had traveled from their far-distant homes to find the Christ-Child. The Bible tells the story in this way: —

“ Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

“ When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

“ And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of

Judæa : for thus it is written by the prophet,
 And thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda,
 art not the least among the princes of Juda :
 for out of thee shall come a Governor, that
 shall rule my people Israel.

“Then Herod, when he had privily called
 the wise men, inquired of them diligently
 what time the star appeared. And he sent
 them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search
 diligently for the young child ; and when ye
 have found him, bring me word again, that I
 may come and worship him also.

“When they had heard the king, they
 departed and lo, the star, which they saw in
 the east, went before them, till it came and
 stood over where the young child was. When
 they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceed-
 ing great joy.

“And when they were come into the house,
 they saw the young child with Mary his mother,
 and fell down and worshiped him : and when
 they had opened their treasures, they pre-
 sented unto him gifts ; gold, frankincense,
 and myrrh.

“ And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.”

2. THIS PICTURE OF THEIR VISIT

Ever since artists began to paint pictures of Jesus, they have liked to imagine this scene of the visit of the wise men. To most of them it has been even more interesting than the visit of the shepherds. Different artists have painted different pictures about it. This picture, called the “Adoration of the Magi,” was painted by Albrecht Dürer (dew'rer), the greatest German artist. *Magi* is a word meaning *wise men*.

Dürer was even more famous as a wood engraver than as a painter. He was born not long after the invention of printing. During his lifetime, more books than anywhere else were printed and sold in the town of Nuremberg, his home. Dürer's wonderful drawings were printed and copies were sent to many different countries.

In his first painting, the “Adoration of the

Magi," Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is sitting with the baby in her lap, outside the stable. The stable is an old, tumble-down castle. Grass and weeds are growing in the cracks of the ruined pillars, and wooden boards have been nailed across the arches to make a roof. A cow gazes out from her rough stall just behind Mary.

The three wise men have brought their gifts to the little child on Mary's knee. The eldest one is bald and has a long white beard. Kneeling down, he lifts a golden casket for the baby to see. The baby leans forward and seizes the cover with his little hand. He must have liked the bright color and the glisten of it.

The second wise man is middle-aged. He has a dark beard and flowing silky hair. His gift is a beautiful vase or goblet. He holds it in one hand while he turns to the third wise man. This visitor, who is the youngest, has a black skin. In one hand he carries his plumed hat, and in the other his gift of a precious vase. Some people say

that the eldest wise man gave gold, the second gave frankincense, and the third gave myrrh. Doubtless the gold is in the casket, and the frankincense and myrrh are in the two vases. It is said that the gift of gold meant that Jesus was a king. The frankincense meant that he was the Son of God. The myrrh meant that he was a little human child.

Behind the third wise man, a servant wearing a turban is putting his hand in an open saddlebag at the foot of the stone steps. Farther away, at the arched gate, the attendants of the wise men are waiting on their horses. Outside the gate a guard on a white horse is keeping watch beside a steep hill, with towers and castles on its slopes and summit.

3. WHY THE PICTURE SEEMS LIFELIKE

This painting is a natural picture of a real scene. The bricks in the ruins look like real bricks; the boards look like wood; and the arches and the steps like stone, Mary and the baby look very lifelike. The

wise men seem natural, too. Their clothes are painted so carefully that the silk looks like silk, the fur looks like fur, the feather looks like a feather. People who have seen the painting itself say that the different things look as if they would feel different to the touch. The sight of the fur reminds you how soft is real fur. The sight of the baby's skin makes you think how fine and smooth is every plump little body like his.

The wise men must have been rich to wear such clothes and ornaments. The eldest one has a fur-lined robe and gold chains about his neck. The second is dressed in silk with embroidery, fringes, and jewels. Probably under his splendid cloak the youngest is clad in silk worked with gold thread and pearls.

Think how amazed they must have been to find this little child playing in his mother's lap, outside a stable! Day after day they had been journeying with their servants and treasures across the desert. Undoubtedly they expected to see a little prince in a palace. They had told Herod, you remem-

ber, that they were seeking for the child that had been born king of the Jews.

Instead of a royal palace, with guards in glittering armor, they saw this old stable patched up among tumble-down arches and pillars. Instead of lords and ladies hurrying to and fro in joy over the birth of a prince, they saw a cow gazing placidly from her miserable stall, while two white butterflies fluttered near and a big stag beetle crawled over the lowest step. Instead of a town crowded with rejoicing people, while bells rang, drums beat, horns tooted, men shouted, bonfires blazed, horses pranced, and children capered, they saw this little child alone on his mother's knee, among the ruins.



From a painting by Botticelli

Carbon by Braun, Clement & Co.

CORONATION OF THE MADONNA

CORONATION OF THE MADONNA

1. PICTURES OF THE MADONNA

Several hundred years after Jesus had lived on the earth, artists began to paint pictures of him as a real little boy. Of course these pictures were only imaginary, because nobody knew for certain how he had looked. They did not know whether his eyes had been blue or brown, whether his hair had been fair or dark. But they did know that his life had been beautiful, and so most of them liked to think of him as beautiful in every way. They believed that his mother had been beautiful, too.

These pictures of Mary with the Child Jesus are called Madonna pictures. People often speak of Mary as the *Madonna*, which is an old Italian word meaning *My Lady*. Some of the greatest pictures that have ever been painted are pictures of the Madonna and Child. Already you have seen two of them.

One is the "Holy Night," by Corregio. The other is the "Adoration of the Magi," by Dürer. The picture which we shall look at now is the "Coronation of the Madonna," by Sandro Botticelli (bŏt-ē-chě'lē).

Botticelli was an Italian artist who lived more than four centuries ago. His painting is like beautiful poetry in making us feel and think of beautiful things. He knew how to draw each picture so that every line has beauty and meaning.

2. AN IMAGINARY SCENE

In this painting, called "Coronation of the Madonna," Mary is sitting in a carved chair with the child in her lap. She is bending forward to write in a book the words of her own beautiful hymn. It was the hymn of praise which she had sung when she knew that she was to be the mother of Jesus. It begins, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." In the Latin language the first line opens with the word *magnificat*. Often the hymn is called simply the *Magnificat*.

Perhaps before the artist began to paint this picture, he was thinking of Mary as tired and sad. She may have known that her little son was to grow up to suffer and die upon the cross. And she could not keep from grieving over it.

The artist imagined that one day she was sitting sorrowful with the child upon her lap. While she mourned with drooping head and wistful mouth, presently she heard a mystical stir all about her. There was a murmur of soft movement to and fro. The air quivered softly with the whispering of heavenly voices. Raising her eyes, she saw angels clustering around her.

Eager to charm away her sadness, they reminded her of the joy of the first Christmas morning. They sang the angels' song of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." They told her not to grieve, but to rejoice, because some day she would understand the meaning of life and of death, of perfect beauty, and love and holiness. They called her "blessed among women," because she was

the mother of the Christ-Child. They held above her head a radiant crown of jewels and sang again, "Blessed art thou among women."

When they spoke these things, it may be that Mary began to feel comforted. Dipping her pen in the ink, she wrote, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Savior.

"For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

So on and on she wrote to the end of her beautiful hymn. The angels watched her wistfully, and the little child laid his hand on hers, and gazed at her face with rapt, uplifted eyes.

3. THE PAINTING ITSELF

In the picture Mary's face is very sorrowful. Her fair hair falls in waving locks from under her transparent cap. A scarf is twisted about her shoulders. The child in her lap holds a ripe pomegranate in one hand. The

other he lays on her wrist as she dips her pen in the ink. The linen folded about him leaves his soft, round limbs almost bare. He throws back his curly head and lifts his serious little face to gaze upward.

Grouped about the Madonna and Child are five boy angels with wavy hair and wistfully sweet faces. The one with the inkstand in his hand looks up at Mary as if eager to help her. The one who supports the book turns his head lovingly toward the first. A third leans gently forward to glance over their shoulders. The two others are holding above the Madonna's drooping head a crown of jewels from which floats a gauzy veil. They seem earnestly intent upon their beautiful service. In the background is a delicate landscape, with trees and a winding river.

It is said that this painting is like a rose. Like a rose it has a circular outline. The heads all bend inward like the curving petals of a rose. The child is the central spot of light, and there the light of the painting glows like the golden heart of a rose. The

faces are like flowers in their fragile beauty. The rays of glory above and around the heads are gold. They seem to weave a radiant network of golden lines that casts a brightness like sunshine on a perfect rose.

This picture has a beautiful meaning as well as beautiful outline and coloring. Though Mary is grieving over coming sorrows, she does not refuse to give up her only son to die for others. The pomegranate is the symbol of his suffering. She lets her fingers rest upon it, as if to say that she is willing to suffer with him. The little child looks upward, while the angels seem to be singing in their hearts, "Blessed art thou among women."

THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS

1. TWO LITTLE COUSINS

Now the child Jesus had a little cousin named John. John was a few months older than Jesus. His father and mother lived in a town many miles away, across the hills from the village of Nazareth, where Jesus lived. The Bible does not tell us so, but very likely the two children were taken to see each other when they were babies.

Perhaps one summer, when Jesus was not quite two years old, his mother started to visit John's mother. Her name was Elizabeth. Before either of the boys was born, Mary had gone on that very same journey to see her cousin Elizabeth. So of course she knew the way and how long it would take. There were no steam cars then. The road was so rough and narrow that they could not ride in a cart. Probably Mary rode a donkey, with the baby in front of her, on the



From a painting by Leonardo da Vinci

Carbon by Braun, Clement & Co.

THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS

saddle. The journey must have lasted several days. The donkey plodded on, up hill and down, till at last they reached the town where their cousins lived. Perhaps little John was playing around the doorstep. When he saw them coming, he ran in to tell his mother. Then Elizabeth came hurrying out and kissed Mary and little Jesus. She must have been very glad and proud because they had come to visit her.

2. THE ARTIST

Many artists have imagined how the two little cousins played together. This "Madonna of the Rocks" is one of the most wonderful pictures ever painted of such a scene. It was painted by Leonardo da Vinci (lā-ō-nār'-dō dä vën'chē), the most remarkable artist of the greatest age in Italian art. Besides painting pictures, he studied about stars, and rocks, and rivers, and machines, and chemicals, and problems in mathematics, and physiology. He built canals, invented engines of war, made birds that flew and

animals that walked. All his life he kept trying to invent a flying machine so that men could fly like birds. But he never succeeded in that.

However, he succeeded in one way in helping men to fly. He painted this picture, which makes people think of beautiful things. That is like helping their minds to fly away on the wings of lofty thoughts.

In this picture the artist imagined that Mary the Madonna, with the angel and the two lovely children, are resting beside a spring in the shadow of a cavern.

The cavern is formed of strange rocks. Some rise in queer pointed shapes from the ground. Others hang from the roof. Plants grow between the rounded boulders above, and trail over the rough slabs of rock below.

In front of the cavern sits a beautiful woman, near a pool of glimmering, still water. She wears a blue mantle fastened with a clasp. Long silky hair falls loose about her wistfully sweet face. While looking tenderly down at the children, she lays

one hand on John's shoulder and extends the other over her little son Jesus.

Beside Jesus kneels an angel with curling hair and wings just lifted from flight. Perhaps she helped care for the child on the journey. While holding Jesus with one hand, she points with the other to John. John leans forward with one knee raised and his little hands clasped in worship. Opposite to him in the light, the child Jesus steadies himself with his left hand and lifts his right in the gesture of blessing.

3. HOW THE PICTURE IS LIKE A DREAM

This picture is like a dream in its hazy indistinctness. Though in this copy you cannot see through the jagged opening of the cavern, in the painting itself a little river winds beyond the rocks.

Along the river grow slender trees, and a tiny village is on its banks. This bit of landscape looks far away. Its outlines are dim and its colors are softened as if by the distance and misty air in the cavern.

The cavern itself with its strange rocks seems damp and chilly in the shadow. The outlines of Mary's hair and cloak appear to melt into the dark background, as if dusk were gathering in the twilight. The wings and the head of the angel show faintly against the rocks. The curly hair of the two children catches rays of light on the curves of their ringlets. Their dimpled bodies show brightest on the rounded parts and grow shadowy on the parts farthest away.

The little bodies look round and plump because of the way the shadows melt into the light. Leonardo da Vinci was the first great artist to notice and to paint the delicate deepening and brightening of such shadows. He painted the colors, too, as if softened by real air in the picture.

This picture is like a dream in its strangeness and beauty. The rocks are strange. Although there are rocks like these in caves and on mountains, nobody ever saw a real cavern formed like this one in the picture. The beauty of Mary's face and hands is a

rare beauty. The angel, too, is so beautiful that perhaps even among angels she was more beautiful than the others. The beauty of the child Jesus is not ordinary beauty of mere curls and dimples and rosy cheeks and bright eyes. His grave little face with its sensitive mouth seems to have already the beauty of goodness. In this picture he has the beauty of soul added to the beauty of body.



From a painting by Murillo

Carbon by Braun, Clement & Co.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

1. THE JOURNEY HOME FROM EGYPT

The Bible tells us nothing about Jesus as a little boy under twelve except that “the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.”

However, people have always been interested in the idea of his childhood. They have wondered if he was different from other children. Many stories have been imagined about him. Some of the stories tell of miracles and wonderful adventures with his playmates. Others speak of his knowing so much in school that he surprised the teacher. Still others tell how he first met different persons who afterward became his friends or enemies.

One of these stories is the subject of a painting called “The Children of the Shell.” It is a picture of Jesus giving his cousin,

little John the Baptist, a drink of water from a shell.

This is the story of how the two children happened to meet each other there beside the spring in the wilderness. You will remember how, in the story of the "Madonna of the Rocks," we imagined that Mary may have taken Jesus to visit John before he was two years old. Not long after that the Bible tells how Herod the king tried to kill Jesus. He was afraid that this child might grow up and become king in his place. So he ordered that all the boy babies under two years of age in Bethlehem should be killed.

Mary and her husband Joseph hurried away by night and fled to Egypt with the child Jesus. They stayed there till they heard that the wicked Herod had died. Then they came back to their own country. While they were traveling along the edge of the wilderness, they met little John the Baptist. The story is that he had left his home when only seven years old, and at this time

was living on locusts and wild honey among the hills.

Day after day, during the long journey from Egypt, Joseph tramped on, leading the donkey over the narrow path. On the donkey, of course, rode Mary and her little son. Sometimes the way led through wide stretches of sand without a tree in sight. Sometimes it wound across bare hills where the donkey stumbled over big stones.

At night Joseph put up a small tent for them to sleep under. In the morning they ate breakfast from their pack of food on the donkey's back. At noon they sat down in the shadow of a rock to eat luncheon. In some places for miles and miles they could not find any brook or spring. Then, after they had drunk all the water in their leather bottles, they became very thirsty while searching for more.

Perhaps one day while Jesus was skipping along beside Joseph, he saw another little boy come running to meet him. It was his cousin John dressed in a rough strip of hairy

skin. The two boys raced on together with the lamb that was following John. Possibly John said that he knew where they could find a drink of water, and Jesus showed him a shell which he had picked up while traveling along the seashore a few days before.

2. AT THE SPRING

In the painting the boys are drinking at the spring. From a background of shadowy trees and a cloudy sky, three baby angels gaze down at them. One of them has his hands clasped. A sheep with uplifted head lies near a pool overgrown with plants. Amid scattered rocks one little cousin is giving the other a drink from a fluted shell.

Both children have lovely dark eyes and wavy hair. Their rounded limbs are bare. A scarf drapes the body of Jesus from shoulder to hip. John wears a shaggy garment of camel's hair.

Jesus bends forward with one heel raised. He holds the shell with one hand while with

the other he seems to be pointing to the angels. John kneels with one knee resting on a stone. His other foot lightly touches the earth. The fingers of his right hand hold the shell at his lips, while those of his left steady the reed cross propped against his shoulder.

Wound about the top of the cross is a ribbon bearing the words: "Ecce Agnus Dei!" This is a Latin sentence meaning, "Behold, the Lamb of God!"

3. THE MEANING OF THE PICTURE

One of the ideas of this picture is the idea of unselfishness. Jesus does not push roughly up to the spring, in a hurry to help himself first. But forgetting his own thirst, he stoops to dip up the water, and offer it to John, as if he found delight in waiting on others. In later years he became a gentle, loving, and unselfish man. So, in his early days, he must have been a gentle, loving, and unselfish child. There is another idea in the presence of the lamb and the cross. Jesus

was to be called the "Lamb of God." And he was to suffer and die upon a cross.

To some persons this picture has still another idea. When Jesus grew up, he said, "I am the living water." Here at the edge of the wilderness he is giving John water, just as afterward he was to give him strength and joy.

Jesus is the center of the picture. The sheep is lying at his feet. The angels are adoring him. John bows upon his knees. Jesus is the only upright figure — and even he bends graciously to his service of love.

The "Children of the Shell" was painted in the seventeenth century by Murillo (mōō-rēl'yō). Murillo was the great religious artist of Spain. All his life he loved children wherever he saw them, whether as merry beggar boys and girls in the city streets, or as the petted sons and daughters of his friends. In his own home he had three dimpled bright-eyed babies whom he often used as models for his paintings.

This painting has been called the most

charming of all pictures of childhood. It is said that the Holy Child as painted by Murillo has more of divine and human grace mingled than anything else done by human hands.

It is real childhood that he drew, though so gravely and tenderly beautiful. And yet shining out through the glowing colors and lovely forms is a radiance greater than that belonging to human childhood, however wonderful such may be. This radiance is a spiritual meaning of heavenly light and love.

Murillo was the artist of a religion. There is always a greatness and nobility in his pictures. Indeed, even now, hundreds of years after his death, the people of Spain like to call every beautiful and noble painting a "Murillo," no matter who is the painter.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

1. THE STORY OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

Once upon a time, in the land of Canaan, lived a giant named Offero. The name Offero means "the bearer." This name was given to the giant because he was so tall and strong that he could carry exceedingly heavy burdens. Being very proud indeed of his great strength, he decided to find and to serve the most powerful prince in the world. He thought it would be a disgrace for such a strong giant to be the servant of a weak and cowardly prince.

So he set out on a journey to seek the greatest prince in the world. After wandering many days, he reached the court of a king who was said to be the richest and most powerful of all. Offero lived there and served this king till one day a minstrel began to sing a song about Satan. Every time the minstrel spoke Satan's name, the



From a painting by Titian

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

king trembled and made the sign of a cross.

Offero asked him why he did that. At first the king would not tell him. But the giant said, "If thou tell me not, I shall no longer dwell with thee."

Then the king said, "Always when I hear Satan named, I fear that he should have power over me, and I garnish me with this sign that he grieve not nor annoy me."

From this answer Offero knew that the king feared Satan. Of course he would not fear anybody who was not stronger than he was himself. Offero said, "Since there is one whom thou fearest, him will I seek and serve, for my master must fear no one."

So the giant set out to find Satan. As he traveled on, he saw a company of knights in the desert. Their leader was horrible to see. He rode up and asked Offero where he was going. Offero answered, "I go to seek Satan to be my master."

The other said, "I am he that thou

seekest; and thy service with me will be easy and pleasant.”

Then they journeyed on together till they came to a place where a cross was standing. As soon as Satan saw it, he was afraid to pass it. He turned out of the road and walked far away around it in the desert. When he came back to the road again on the other side of the cross, Offero asked why he had left the path and taken them all scrambling over the rocks.

At first Satan would not tell him. But the giant said, “If thou tell me not, I shall leave thee.”

At hearing this, Satan answered, “There was a man called Christ which was hanged on the cross, and when I see his sign I am sore afraid and flee from it wheresoever I find it.”

The giant said, “Then he is greater and mightier than thou, who art afraid of his sign. And I see well that I have labored in vain since I have not found the greatest lord of all the earth. And I will serve

thee no longer. Go thy way then, for I will go seek Jesus Christ."

At last, after wandering many days, he came to a desert, where lived a hermit. When Offero asked about Jesus Christ, the hermit began to teach him and said, "Thou art right in believing that Christ is the greatest king, for his power extends over both heaven and earth, and will endure throughout eternity. But thou canst not serve him lightly, and if he accepts thee, he will impose great duties upon thee and will require that thou fast often."

Offero answered, "I will not fast, for it is my strength that makes me a good servant: why should I waste it by fasting?"

"And besides that, thou must pray," said the hermit.

"I know not how to pray," said the giant.

Then said the hermit, "If thou wilt use thy strength, knowest thou a deep, wide river, that is often swollen with rains, and sweeps away in its swift current many of those who would cross?"

Offero said, "I know such a stream."

"Then go there," said the hermit, "and aid those who struggle with its waves; and the weak and the little ones, bear thou from shore to shore, on thy broad shoulders. This is a good work, and if Christ will have thee for this service, he will assure thee of his acceptance."

The giant was glad when he heard this, because that was just the kind of work he liked best. He liked it best because he could do it best. He went to the river and built a hut on its bank. He tore up a whole tree to use as a staff when he carried people over. He never wearied of the work day after day. From the time that he first came to that place, not a single person was drowned in crossing the river.

One night, as he slept in his hut, he heard the voice of a child calling, "Offero, Offero, come forth and carry me over the river."

The giant arose and went out quickly. He looked all around in the dark, but he found no one there. Thinking he must

have dreamed it, he went back into his house and lay down to sleep again.

A second time he heard the voice calling, "Offero, Offero, come forth and carry me over the river."

The giant hastened out and looked all around again. He rubbed his eyes and shouted and tramped up and down, hither and thither, in search of the child. It was a stormy night. The dark river dashed against the bank. The clouds raced across the sky. The trees bent and struggled in the boisterous wind. But there was no living person anywhere near.

So at last Offero gave it up and went back into his hut. He was lying awake, wondering about the voice, when suddenly he heard it a third time. "Offero, Offero, come forth and carry me over the river."

The giant jumped up instantly, seized his lantern, and rushed out to answer the call. There on the shore close to the water he found a little child. Perhaps Offero thought it was strange for a child to be out

alone at night. But he knew that his business was to help people across the river. So when the little child begged again to be carried over, the giant lifted him up on his shoulders. Taking his staff, he waded into the river.

The wind began to blow harder. The waves dashed higher. The noise of the water was like thunder. The child on the giant's shoulder seemed to grow heavier and heavier. The farther Offero struggled on, the deeper surged the water, and the heavier grew the child. His weight pressed down on the strong frame beneath him so crushingly that Offero began to fear that he could not take another step. He was afraid he would fall down into the river, and that they would both be drowned.

With the aid of his staff he kept on till at last he reached the other side and set the child down on the ground. Offero said, "Child, who art thou? Had I borne the whole world upon my shoulders, it could not have been heavier."

The child answered, "Marvel not, for thou hast borne on thy shoulder him who made the world. I am Jesus Christ, the king whom thou servest in this work. And that thou mayest know that I say to thee truth, set thy staff in the earth by the house, and thou shalt see to-morrow that it shall bear flowers and fruit."

Then the child vanished in the darkness. The giant set his staff in the earth. When he arose the next morning, he found his staff like a palm tree, bearing flowers, leaves, and dates. In this way he knew that he really served the most powerful prince in the world. From that time forth he was known as Christ-offero, or Christopher, the Christ-bearer.

2. THE PAINTING

This picture of Saint Christopher was painted by Titian (tĭsh'än), a great Venetian artist of the sixteenth century. Titian lived almost a hundred years. During his long life he painted many kinds of pic-

tures. He painted saints and madonnas, old men, young men and children, emperors, and common people. He painted scenes from history and from mythology and from real life around him in Venice. All his paintings are wonderful because of their splendid coloring and because of the life and energy in the figures.

This picture of Saint Christopher is painted on the wall of a palace in Venice. For nearly four hundred years the giant in the painting has stood there leaning on his staff in the middle of the river, his robe blowing in the fierce wind, his muscles straining to support the terrible weight of the tiny child on his shoulder. He turns his shaggy head to gaze at the little face above in mute and wondering agony as he struggles to keep from sinking beneath the overwhelming burden.

There is an old belief that the sight of Saint Christopher will give strength to the weak and the weary. In many of the pictures of this giant saint is an inscription like

this: "Whoever shall behold the image of Saint Christopher, on that day, shall not faint or fail."

There is a certain truth in this belief. A person could take courage from the sight of such a man struggling on step by step, bending lower and lower beneath his burden, fainting and almost falling, but never giving up. When Offero felt that he could not bear it any longer and that they would both be drowned, he might have pushed the child off into the river, and then escaped alone. But no! He knew that his duty was to carry the baby across and set him safely on the shore. Christopher is the ideal of a saint who forgot himself in serving others.

THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

1. THE BIBLE STORY

After the return of the child Jesus from Egypt, the Bible tells us only one story about him as a little boy. It is told in this way:—

“Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

“And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

“And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

“But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day’s journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

“And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

“And it came to pass, that after three days,



From a painting by Hunt

THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

“And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

“And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

“And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?

“And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

“And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

“And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.”

2. THE PAINTING

Many artists have imagined what the scene in the temple might have been when the boy

was found by his parents. Most of these paintings show Jesus on a throne or platform, talking to the wise men below him. He seems to be preaching rather than inquiring. In other pictures, he appears more as a child who is eager to learn from the priests around him, and this is the idea in Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ in the Temple."

In this great painting, Mary and Joseph have just come hurrying up the temple steps in their search for the lost boy. At sight of them, he has sprung up from his place on the floor at the feet of the wise men. His mother puts her arm about his shoulder and draws him to her with an expression of deepest love. Though the child bends toward her, and grasps her wrist with one hand, with the other he is tightening the buckle of his girdle, and his eyes are looking far away. He seems to be thinking still the wonderful thoughts that had come to him in the temple. Behind the mother and son stands Joseph with his carpenter's tools.

Seven priests in rich costumes are sitting

on a semicircular divan. The first one looks very old and blind. In his arms he holds a roll of the religious law. Behind him a boy lifts the covering of the roll to kiss it reverently. Near him three choristers with musical instruments watch the meeting. The second priest turns to speak to the blind one. He holds in his hand a small case containing quotations from the Old Testament. The third has a scroll open on his knee, while he gazes thoughtfully at Jesus. One of the others is ready to drink a bowl of wine, which is being poured by a servant behind him.

At the back of the room is a boy waving a scarf to frighten away some doves. Beyond him is a group of people near a gilded lattice-work. Behind Joseph is a blind beggar on the temple steps. Down in the courtyard some builders are at work over an unfinished cornerstone. Above the building, with its columns, a cluster of pointed, dark trees shows against a plain beneath a glimpse of sky.

3. THE MEANING OF THE PICTURE

Holman Hunt, the artist, painted this picture not many years ago. Before trying to plan this scene, Mr. Hunt went to Palestine, where Jesus had lived, to study the landscape there, the cities, the men, women, and children. He found out, too, how the people of Bible times dressed and lived day by day.

In this picture he has been careful to paint the temple as it used to look. He has taken pains to draw the floor and the decorated walls and the pillars accurately. The clothes of the priests and the choir-boys are what such persons wore in the temple at that time. Joseph and Mary, too, appear as they probably looked on their visit to Jerusalem. Jesus is dressed like any boy of his own town, except that his garment has a fringe.

But Mr. Hunt did not begin on his canvas until he had done much more than study faces and clothes and buildings. He must have thought a good deal about the childhood of Jesus in the village of Nazareth. He

imagined the long journey over the hills to Jerusalem, and how, after the feast of the passover was finished, and the thousands of visitors began to leave for their homes, Jesus lingered behind. For one whole day Mary and Joseph journeyed on toward home before they discovered that their son was not with any of their friends in the long line of travelers. Then for three days they sought him sorrowing, while he was in the beautiful temple, which he called His Father's House, studying the Word of God.

The artist wished to show as much as he could of the deeper meaning in the scene. He painted the sunshine passing through the edge of the boy's reddish-golden hair so that it looks like an aureole. With the group of small figures far in the rear is seen a lamb, brought for sacrifice. That is meant to show that Christ was the Lamb of God. The builders down in the courtyard are working over a cornerstone. This may refer to the prophecy concerning Jesus that "The block which the builders rejected, the same is

become the head of the corner." The unrolled scroll of the law suggests the later saying of Jesus, "I am come to fulfill the law and the prophets." The wine being poured out may be regarded as a reminder of the bread and wine in Christ's last supper with his disciples. The aged blind priest, who clasps the book of the temple law to his breast, represents the old religion of the Jews. The boy Jesus is the prophet of the new religion of love. The blind beggar on the steps outside brings to our memory the miracles which Jesus performed when he became a man. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

The picture is one of the most religious paintings in the world. Its deepest meaning and highest beauty are embodied in the divine boy's exquisite face. It is the face of a dreamer, pure in heart, gentle, and loving. And it is the face, too, of a manly boy who is longing to begin his work in the world.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

1. THE "DIVINE RAPHAEL"

The painting known as the "Sistine Madonna" is said by some to be the most beautiful picture in the world. It shows Jesus, not as a little boy living on this earth, but as a heavenly child enthroned in his mother's arms high among the clouds. It was painted by Raphael Sanzio (rä'fā-ěl sän'zē-ō). He is the greatest of all the artists who have painted pictures of the Madonna and Child. This is the last and the best and the most spiritual of his many Madonna paintings. Its beauty seems so perfect to those who have seen it that they have called its artist the "divine Raphael."

The picture is named the Sistine Madonna because it was first painted for the convent of San Sisto. It was said that Pope Sixtus the Fourth once had a vision of Mary appearing in the sky with Jesus in her arms and

Saint Barbara beside her. So Raphael made a picture of the vision as he thought it may have looked. Pope Sixtus himself was painted in it at one side, gazing up at the divine mother and child.

2. THE PAINTING

With its looped-back curtains at the upper corners, the painting looks like a window open toward the sky. A mother with a child in her arms comes moving swiftly over the clouds from heaven to earth. On one side kneels an old man, and on the other kneels a young woman, as if to await their passing. Two angels gaze upward from the ledge below.

The mother's robes are blown back by the wind as she moves onward. Her step seems as light as the fleecy clouds under her bare feet. Her right hand holds the child under his right arm, while her left hand supports the fold of her veil upon which he is sitting. With his legs crossed easily, he rests one hand just below the right knee, and grasps the veil with the other. One little foot swings free.



From a painting by Raphael

THE SISTINE MADONNA

The two faces, so close together as he softly presses his forehead against Mary's cheek, are much alike. The outline of the head is the same in both. The eyes have the same shape. The mouths curve in the same line. The cleft in each chin is the same.

The mother's hair lies in smooth bands, lightly waving away from her serene and beautiful face. The son's hair is roughened by the breeze caused by their swift movement onward. The pupils of his eyes are dilated. His lip almost quivers. He gazes out upon the earth with an earnest penetrating glance, as if conscious that he is being borne thither from heaven itself.

Of the two kneeling figures, that on the left is Pope Sixtus the Fourth. He is asking a blessing for his people below. Raising his head toward the holy child, he lays one hand on his breast, and points outward with the other. He is bald except for a circle of gray hair. An embroidered mantle falls over his white inner garment. On the ledge beside him is placed the triple crown worn by every pope.

Saint Barbara kneels on the right with her face turned in full view. She is resting on her left knee, with her right raised so that only the foot touches the cloud. Her hair is gathered in curls off the temples and is crossed by two fillets. Her left hand holds at her breast the veil of white gauze which covers her shoulders. With lowered eyelids and mouth calm and sweet, she seems to be gazing down upon the earth below.

The aureole surrounding the group shows nothing near the mother and child but dazzling golden light. Then, as it recedes from the center, this light grows paler and paler. It changes from gold to purest blue filled with a multitude of cherub faces.

3. THE SPIRIT OF THE PICTURE

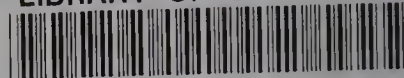
For the past two hundred years this picture has been hanging in the Art Gallery at Dresden, Germany. There every day it is visited by all kinds of people. Some go to look at it because it was painted by Raphael, the greatest of Italian artists. Others go because they

have heard that it is the most beautiful painting in the world. Still others go because they love it and wish to see it again and again. Before it everybody becomes silent, as if standing in a holy place.

Sometimes the Madonna is called the "Queen of Heaven." In this painting she seems a queen, indeed. She moves with a swift, free step that is royal in its dignity. Her floating draperies fall in graceful folds of grand simplicity. Her head is noble in its serenity. Like a queen forgetting her own selfish happiness, she is bearing her son forth from heaven to suffer and die upon the earth.

The child gravely gazes down from his throne in his mother's arms. The unstudied attitude of the beautiful little body is royal in its repose. The deep thoughtful eyes are unafraid. The brow is calm, and the sensitive mouth shows sweetness and strength. He seems to know that he is the son of an Almighty King.

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