

MURILLO'S MULATTO.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in the city of Seville, lived one of the greatest of Spanish painters — Bartolomé Estéban Murillo.

Many beautiful pictures painted by this master adorn the palaces of the Old World, while a few may be found in the possession of wealthy art-lovers upon this side of the water.

In the church of Seville one may see four beautiful paintings — one, a picture of Christ bound to a column, St. Peter in a kneeling posture at His feet, as if imploring pardon; another, a superb painting of St. Joseph; one of St. Ann; and a fourth, an exquisite picture of the Virgin Mother holding the infant Jesus in her arms. These paintings are largely sought for and long gazed upon by all art-lovers who visit Spain, and are particularly admired by artists for their truthful beauty, delicate tints, and natural coloring.

But they are not Murillo's.

These noble paintings, the pride and glory of Seville today, were conceived and executed by a mulatto, Sebastian Gómez, who was once the slave, then the pupil, and in time the peer of his illustrious and high-minded master.

The childhood of Sebastian Gómez was one of servitude. His duties were many and constant. He was required to grind and mix the colors used by the young seniors, who came at the early hour of six in the morning to take their lessons in drawing and painting in the studio of the great Murillo; to prepare and stretch canvas, run errands, and be ready at all times to answer the capricious demands of these high-born and imperious youths.

The poor mulatto boy had, however, in addition to a generous heart and amiable temper, a quick wit, bright intellect, and willing hands. His memory also was excellent; he was not without judgment, and, what was better than all, he was gifted with the power of application.

Intellect, wit, memory, judgment are all good endowments, but none of these will lead to excellence if one has not a habit of industry and steady application.

Sebastian Gómez, at the age of fifteen, found himself capable, not only of admiring, but also of appreciating, the work of the pupils who wrought in his master's studio.

At times he even fancied that he could detect errors and blemishes

which they failed to note in their studies.

It chanced, sometimes, that he would drop a hint of his thoughts, when handing a mahl-stick, or moving an easel for some artist student.

"How droll it is that the sly young rogue should be so nearly correct in his criticisms!" one of the pupils would perhaps remark, after over-hearing some quiet suggestion of the mulatto lad.

"Aye. One might think the slave a connoisseur." would laugh another.

"Truly, it was owing to a cunning hint of his that my St. An-

other than light comment.

One day a student who had been for a long time at work upon a "Descent from the Cross," and who, but the previous day, had effaced from the canvas an unsatisfactory head of the Mater Dolorosa, was struck dumb with surprise at finding in its place a lovely sketch of the head and face he had so labored to perfect. The miracle—for miracle it seemed—was inquired into, and examination proved that this exquisite head, which Murillo himself owned that he would have been proud to have painted, was the secret work of the little slave

"Other masters leave to posterity only pictures," exclaimed the glad master. "I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to posterity only in company with mine; your fame shall compete mine; coming ages, when they name you, shall call you 'Murillo's mulatto'!"

He spake truly. Throughout Spain to-day that artist who, of all the great master's pupils, most nearly equals him in all his varied excellences, is best known, not as Sebastian Gómez alone, but as "Sebastian Gómez; The Mulatto of Murillo."

Murillo had Gómez made a free citizen of Spain, treated him as a son, and, when dying, he left him a part of his estate. But Gómez survived his illustrious master and friend only a few years, dying, it is said, about the year 1500.—*St. Nicholas.*

LOCUST EATERS.

The Riff Arabs, when they see a swarm of locusts hovering in the air and clouding the sky, watch them with anxiety, and when they descend near their habitations they receive them with shouts of gratitude to God and Mohammed, throw themselves on the ground, and collect them as fast as possible. The locusts, deprived of their heads, legs, and wings, are well boiled in butter, and served up with a substance called *al'cuzcuz*. The Riff Arabs consider them delicious food. Their camels also eat them greedily. The Moors use them to this day, by first boiling and then frying them. The Moorish Jews, more provident than their Mussulman neighbors, salt them and keep them for making a dish called *dafina*, which forms the Saturday's dinner of the Jewish inhabitants. This dish is made by putting meat, fish, eggs, tomatoes, locusts, "in fact, almost anything edible, into a jar, placing the latter in an oven on Friday night, and then taking it out hot on the Sabbath." In this manner

the Hebrew gets a hot dinner without committing the sin of lighting a fire upon that day.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.—*South.*

HE THAT respects not is not respected.—*Herbert.*



DRAWING LESSON.

drew's arm was improved in the foreshortening"

"It was Gómez who detected first the harshness in my coloring of this St Catherine's hands, and noted the false curve of the lower lip. The mulatto has the true eye for color, and, in truth, he seems to guess at form as readily as some of his betters."

Such were the remarks that often followed the lad's exit, as the young seniors lightly commented upon his criticisms. There came a time, however, when the poor mulatto received from their lordly lips far

Sebastian. So closely had he listened to his great master's instructions to the pupils, so retentively stored them in his mind, and so industriously worked upon them while others slept,—his custom being to rise at three in the morning and paint until five,—that he, the servant of the young artists, had become, unconsciously to himself as to them, an artist, also. Murillo, upon discovering the genius of Gómez, was enraptured, and declared that the young mulatto should be in his sight no longer a slave, but a man, his pupil, and an artist.