

Madam Teresa a portrait of little Gretchen, taken on the sly when he could coax the child into their house. It was her very chubby little self. She was really a beautiful child, and the young artist had given the delicately cut features a most natural expression.

Madam Herman was charmed. "Paul," she cried, "thou must be a painter!"

"Alas!" answered the boy, gloomily, "what have I to become a painter? I long to go to Leyden and learn under Master Jacques van Swaneburg, but my father will not hear it. Not that I would listen to my father," continued the boy, passionately, clinching his fist "for I will be a painter, let him say what he will. But he threatens me, that if I run away, he will punish my sister every day till I return. My good Louise, who has been a mother to us all,—how could I endure the thought of her receiving my blows?"

"And I tell him," said the loving sister, "that, while I would willingly bear the blows, yet it would not be right for him to disobey his parent; and we must wait and hope for a better day."

Madam Herman felt the deepest interest in the young genius and his loving Louise, and set her woman's wit to work to help them.

"Paul Gerretz," she said to him one day, "dost thou remember thy sainted mother's face?"

"Ah, lady," he cried, "how could I forget a face so dear?"

"I want you to paint me a portrait of her as you remember her," said Paul's friend. And in a few day's time she supplied him with material from Leyden, so that his picture might be as good as he could make it.

Paul now spent all his spare moments in the little loft over the mill, which was his studio; and Louise did many a task for him in order to give him more time to paint. It was some months before the boy could take it to his friend finished.

Madam Teresa was more than satisfied,—she was wonderstruck. "Take

it home, my children," she cried, "and place it where your father will see it as soon as he enters the house, but say nothing about it."

By a happy and most unusual chance Jacques Gerretz came home sober that evening; and, when his eyes fell upon Paul's painting, he was completely overwhelmed. He burst into a flood of tears while gazing on the tender, reproachful eyes, the careworn brow, and the sad mouth of the wife he had once devotedly loved. From that moment his consent was gained to Paul's career as an artist; and thus, not by unfilial conduct, not by deserting his loving sister, but by the patient exhibition of his genius, little Paul became the famous painter called by his comrades and known to all the world as Rembrandt. —*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Young Days.*

## WHITTIER ON JOHN BRIGHT.

THE ENGLISH STATESMAN'S CHARACTER  
PORTRAYED BY THE POET.

Here is a letter from the poet, Whittier, on John Bright, which was made public on Monday at a meeting of Congregational ministers in Boston, called to listen to a paper on the English statesman by the Rev. W. W. Jubb, of Fall River:

NEWBURYPORT, 2 MO. 19, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND, W. WALKER JUBB:—No one can have a higher estimate than myself of the character and services of John Bright. As an orator he had no equal among the public men of his time. The beauty, strength and adaptability of our grand old English tongue was scarcely ever better exemplified than in some of his great speeches. As a statesman, he believed that righteousness exalted a nation, and that justice is always expedient. He had all the courage which his strong convictions required, and having once taken what he regarded as his rightful position, he stood immovable as the firm old English oak, let the winds of public opinion blow as they might.