

gle between the enthusiasm of faith and maternal feelings ; but her faith overcame, and she exclaimed in a voice that made the adversaries tremble, "Glory be to Jesus Christ and his witnesses."— Thus did this French woman of the sixteenth century have respect to the word of the Son of God, "Whosoever loveth his Son more than me, is not worthy of me." So daring a courage at such a moment, might have seemed to demand instant punishment ; but that Christian mother had struck powerless the hearts of priests and soldiers. Their fury was restrained by a mightier arm than theirs. The crowd falling back, and making way for her, allowed the mother with faltering step to regain her humble dwelling.— Monks, and even the Town-Sergeants themselves, gazed on her without moving ; "not one of her enemies," says Beza, "dared put forth his hand against her."—*D'Aubigne*.

#### HAYDON AND THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Having dissected man and animal for two years, having taken a course of his own, founded on his early conviction that the process of early Greek and Italian study was the same, with a mind thus comprehending the construction of the frame, it was nothing miraculous that, seeing in this sculpture every tendon, bone, and muscle distinguished from each other in substance and shape, and always indicated where nature indicated them, it was nothing but natural he should at once recognise their superiority to all other sculpture, because in no other sculpture was this system of nature so distinctly clear. There was a vitality wanting in the Appollo (majestic beauty as it is) he here found : he was no longer ashamed of copying fine nature as it existed ; hour after hour, day after day, night after night, did he dwell, and live, and inhale his being amidst these sublime fragments. "Often has he remained fifteen hours in the pent-house, Park-lane, which sheltered their beauty, with his lantern, and his drawing-board, examining every foot, every hand, every limb, every breathing body, by moving his solitary candle about, above, or underneath them ; and when he has placed his glimmering light on the ground beneath the mighty back of the Theseus, a vast, broad, and silent shadow, dark and dim, has stretched across the whole gallery ; whilst here and there a transcendant limb, here and there a shattered head, or fighting figure, instinct with life, have trembled into light, and seemed ready to move, so evident was their life and circulation."—*Haydon's Lectures on Painting and Design*.