

self to come again to-morrow. The younglings turn away unwillingly. They want to stay longer before the boy, St. John by Murillo, for his eyes, they say, laugh into theirs, and children because of their white souls understand each other.



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In the National Gallery one's mind is distracted by different subjects and styles for it is difficult to appreciate in rapid succession a battlepiece, a water scape, a vision, a portrait, or an interior. It is not so in the Doré Gallery. True, you are startled by the delirious tableaux, and the wonderful combinations of light and shade that Doré works out in his pictures, but all the scenes are devotional in character and the mind becomes attuned to them.

The greatest picture is that of *Christ leaving the Praetorium*. A savage entering the room and seeing this Man-God could not fail to be profoundly impressed. The figure is the embodiment of all suffering borne with a manly dignity—not the broken, haggard Nazarene, artists have so often portrayed, but that of one who knows "How sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong". It is a transcendent ideal of "The King in His beauty" that strikes you into silence and tears. The other figures in the picture—about three hundred in all—are so delineated that one can name them without hesitation, and yet taken as a whole, they act only as a background portraying all