

Here the guardian was interrupted by the entrance of Sister Bertha, who brought a message from the very person they were speaking of. "He wishes, master guardian," said she, "that you should assemble all the notables of Bruges in this chamber to-morrow morning."

"A wise proposition, truly," said the astonished guardian. "What! his Highness the Governor and all the honorable masters—go to! go to!"

"Yet it must be as he wishes," replied sister Bertha, "for I have seen what he intends to show them, and no meaner eyes than theirs ought to see it first."

"Then it shall be so, my daughter," said the guardian, "I will trust thee, for thou hast been a wise and discreet maiden."

"Noble sirs," said the guardian next morning, when all the noble Burghers of Bruges were assembled. "If what you shall see be not found worthy of your presence, blame not me. On the word of a sister, a prudent sensible maiden, have I bid you come together. Let us then prove her discretion." With these words he opened the door of the soldier's room, and one cry of admiration burst from the assembly, for on an elevated easel a painting was exposed to their view, of which every one present confessed to have never seen its equal, though many among them had travelled in countries where art was fostered; and truly it was a noble painting, representing the wedding of St. Catherine.

"But where," demanded the Bulgrave Van der Schilde, "where is the artist who can thus combine all the excellencies of the Italian, German, and Flemish schools of this century in one work? Where is he who with a single picture has thrown into the shade all that John Van Eyck has produced?"

"See him here," said Brother Hieronymus, bringing forward the soldier, who addressing the guardian, said: Master Guardian, do you now consider yourself rewarded for giving shelter to the poor wounded soldier?"

"Oh, my friend, my noble hearted friend!" exclaimed the guardian, his eyes filling with tears of joy, "remain for ever our guest, and no nobleman shall be better entertained. But say who art thou?" Then the artist pointed to the words on the corner of the grand painting.

Opus Johannis Hemling.
Dit werk dede maken. Hans Hemling.
Van de Hospitalc. Van Sint Jans.
Brughe. Anno MCCCCLXXIX.

"Johann Hemling! Hans Hemling!" exclaimed the Bulgrave or Castelline, "art thou not he who, under the name of Giovanni il Flamingo, so learnedly disputed at the universities of Padua, Kraken, and Heidelberg." "And," said another noble, Count Adolija, "art thou the same who defeated that bold warrior Harry Gore rams in a duel at Calais, and then escaped?"

"And I saw thee in Venice," added a gray-haired Senator, "when thou wert the trimmest gallant that ever wore doublet or tripped around with the fair signora of the Lagunes."

"Noble sirs," replied Hemling, "it is no matter now what I have hitherto been, as thanks to St. John, I have ceased to be what I was. Art and religion shall alone from this day have claims on my talents and time. Of you, worthy guardian, I crave permission to tarry here yet awhile, and endeavour to show my gratitude to the Hospital of St. John, to which I am so deeply indebted for the late mercies vouchsafed to my body and soul."

And the great artist remained to paint

those pictures which for centuries have been the objects of admiration and wonder of the connoisseurs and laymen.

And though Hans Hemling continued to labor many months in solitude and prayer, his spirit still lingered in the world, and in each of his works appeared one face of surpassing beauty and loveliness, soft and sweet as evening breezes. It was that of Bertha, his and friend comforter.

At the same time his own likeness is frequently introduced not in the dark habit he now wore, but in the long flowing Florentine robe and crimson cap, thus convincing the good brothers that his heart still lingered under the sunny skies of Tuscany.

Not long after these events it was rumored that by special permission Sister Bertha was secularized, and had returned into the world.

Shortly also Hans Hemling quietly disappeared, bequeathing to the Hospital his grandest work, "The Shrine of St. Ursula," which many ambitious sovereigns have offered literally to weigh down with gold.

"But where did the great man fly? Who was the companion of his wanderings?"

Nothing further was heard of the warrior-artist of Bruges and the fair Sister Bertha. But years after, a great painter Flamenco, accompanied by a lady of wonderful beauty, appeared in Spain, whose works breathed the same celestial spirit, the same ethereal charms which distinguished those of Hans Hemling.

THE TRAINING OF GARRISON ARTILLERY.

The following letter in reference to the Artillery controversy was published in the *London Times*.

SIR,—During the last few weeks I have read several letters and communications which have appeared in the columns of the *Times* on a subject in which I am naturally deeply interested—namely, the instruction of our Garrison Artillery in the field movements and evolutions of infantry.

All the communications above referred to have been anonymous with one exception, and although they have all been written, doubtless, with the best intentions, and evince an earnest interest in the well being and credit of our Garrison Artillery, I cannot help feeling that they have all taken a partial and one sided view of the subject, and that if the course which they advocate were to be acted on by his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief the result would not only not meet their views, but it would have a directly opposite effect, and would be in reality highly injurious to it.

I have waited until now in the hopes that some one more practised in caligraphy than myself would have dealt with this subject, as I have never more than once before in my life, and that many years ago, written in a newspaper. But, as no Artillery officer of experience appears disposed to do so, I feel it a duty towards that arm of the service in which I have hitherto passed my life, and in which I am one of the oldest officers now serving, to endeavour to place this subject before the public in a clear and practical point of view.

Those people who advocate a total abolition of the course of instruction above referred to in the case of garrison artillerymen should bear in mind that one of the essential requisites for an artillery officer is that he should have a clear perception and a thorough knowledge of the field movements and evolutions both of cavalry and infantry, and that, in fact, it is quite

impossible for him to handle his own arm of the service efficiently when acting in combination with either cavalry or infantry unless he has such knowledge.

Let me, then, ask those gentlemen who advocate the total abolition of instruction in the field movements of infantry in the case of garrison artillerymen how, if their views were carried out, the officers would gain such knowledge on this point as it is necessary for them to possess?

It may be argued by those who take the view above referred to, that I would sacrifice the time and proper training of artillerymen in their own special duties in order that the officers might obtain such knowledge. But such a course is by no means necessary. There is ample time for both.

I am prepared to state, on my own personal experience, that a proper course of instruction in the ordinary field movements of a battalion need not, of necessity, in the slightest degree interfere with the garrison artillerymen obtaining a full and practical knowledge of the complex and essential duties of his own particular arm.

During the two years that I was adjutant of the 5th Battalion of Garrison Artillery I was in the habit of drilling a battalion and frequently a brigade in the field movements and evolutions of infantry during the summer months between six and seven in the morning. The same men were thoroughly instructed in their duties as artillerymen during the remaining drill hours of the day, and no man left this garrison until he had completed his course in all artillery duties, which were not in my opinion, in the slightest degree interfered with by the early morning drills above referred to, which gave the young officers an insight into the details of the infantry drill, which had the effect also of setting up and very much smartening the British gunner, and gave me personally a practical knowledge of the field movements and evolutions of infantry, which I have had reason to be thankful that I had thus the power of obtaining, from that day until the present moment.

I would adduce another instance which I think may fairly be cited as a case in point.

For a period of nearly three years, during which time I commanded a Brigade of Garrison Artillery at Malta, the fortresses and batteries throughout the island was thoroughly re-armed and placed in a state of as perfect defence as was possible at that time, in so far as regards guns in position, with all the appropriate ammunition and small stores necessary for their use. Upwards of 1,200 guns were either removed from or placed in position, the greater part of them being the heaviest guns in the service. Any one who is at all acquainted with the fortress of Valetta cannot fail to be aware of the extreme difficulties attendant on such operations. These duties were invariably performed under the immediate personal superintendence of the officers of artillery belonging to the brigade, every detail of which was carried out by the officer commanding the party at the time. The whole of these 1,200 guns were thus removed without a single case of injury occurring to any artilleryman employed in the performance of this arduous and important duty. And yet, notwithstanding such fact, the brigade was paraded and drilled as a battalion of infantry regularly once a fortnight, and sometimes oftener, which duty they performed in the most creditable and efficient manner, they being at that time under the able instruction of the present Colonel Fisher, who fully realized the *bona fide* ideal of an artillery officer, being quite com-