

fully suggestive. Jesus has evidently seen His mother as she enters the Temple-court, and hastens, with the love-light in His eyes, to welcome her. As the artist paints the group, they are standing apart from the doctors of the law and the other youths of the Temple school. Mary's arm is laid caressingly around the shoulders of her beautiful son, and her lips are very close to His ear as she whispers to Him the story of the parental anxiety. Joseph stands behind, peering over Mary's shoulder, with an expression of perplexity and affection upon his noble face. They make a charming group, and all their bearing betokens the finest feeling. The artist would have us believe that there was no rushing in of a dishevelled woman, frantic with fear and screaming out reproaches, but rather a tender and dignified reunion of the family, accompanied by a gentle reminder of the lad's filial obligations. But that word "Father" which Mary utters proves to be a kindling word. "Does my Father seek Me? Do you not understand that God is My Father? He does not need to seek Me, for I am ever with Him." There was no unfilialness towards Mary or Joseph in the reply which Jesus gave, but only a loving re-