

With strength who yield to duty what is due,
Nor reason wrest from her high domicile.
Yet what thou canst not always shouldst thou will,
Or gratified thy wish may cost a tear,
And bitter prove what seemed most sweet to view ;
Last in thy heart this truth we would instil,—
Wouldst thou to self be true, to others dear,
Will to be able, what thou oughtst, to do.

Let us now see what we can find of the work of Michael Angelo, the great sculptor-painter. As his paintings were mostly done in fresco, they are to be seen in their glory in the chapels of Florence and Rome. He did very few easel pictures, and there are but two of them in the Gallery,—The Entombment of Christ, and The Holy Family. The former is quite unfinished, and one can the better obtain from it some idea of the way in which the master worked. The composition is of seven figures hardly of life size. Two beloved disciples with Mary Magdalene are carrying the body of Christ, supported by a twisted sheet, up a winding flight of steps to the tomb prepared by Joseph. The tomb is seen among the rocks in the back ground. Some of the figures are only in outline, and none are finished ; but even in the chalk lines there is great strength and mastery of form, and they suggest to me more of the sculptor than painter. A glance at the dead Christ forcibly tells how the old unscientific, but devotional, art has passed away, for the opportunity is seized to display the most correct knowledge of anatomy. This is one of the very few paintings in which he used oils, a medium he did not like.—in fact, he declared easel painting in oils to be “fit only for women and idle men.”

The Holy Family is done in distemper on wood. The picture is quite small, about three and a half feet high and two and a half wide. Here is the group,—the Mother seated in the centre, having an open book, which she withholds from the Child standing beside her with his hand upon it—the prophetic writings in which His sufferings are foretold, behind Him is the child Baptist, and beside them are angels examining a scroll,—“which things the angels desire to look into.” The eager faces of the angels are intense with love, pity and sadness. All the figures