

## Parting of Edgar and Lucy of Lammermoor.

(BY JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.)

Scott's loveliest and profoundest tale—the immortal "Lucy of Lammermoor"—has gone around the world in every form: in opera, in picture, in prose translation. The painting shows the last stolen interview of the lovers. Edgar of Ravenswood, by his look of gloomy foreboding, seems to predict his future horrible death in the quicksand; while Lucy's air of utter and hopeless desolation is a fitting prelude to her madness and early grave. The painting, which is imbued with an intellectual depth of expression hardly to be found in the works of continental painters, shows at the same time a slightly artificial arrangement in its bowery ferns and branches, which reflects the formal traditions of the antique English school.

John Everett Millais, at this moment the most popular portraitist and genre-painter in London, is remarkable also as one of the most precocious. He was born at Southampton in 1829, and was a boyish prodigy at the age of eleven, when he entered the Royal Academy. He had gained his first medal in the Society of Arts when only nine. At the age of seventeen he exhibited a picture at the Academy, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca." In 1849 he produced his "Isabella" from Keats' poem, and about the same time associated himself with Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and such younger disciples as Charles Collins, in the formation of the "pre-Raphaelite School." The views of the enthusiasts cannot be fully explained in a paragraph; suffice it to say that, discontented with academic teaching, or the tradition of art based upon the Greek sculptures, these young men determined to copy nature with all the frank sincerity to be noticed among the painters flourishing before Greek sculpture was unearthed—the Botticellis, the Peruginos, and the Bellinis. The new theory took different forms with the several practitioners: in the clear and practical mind of Millais it assumed the shape of photographic minuteness and accuracy; accordingly, he produced an "Ophelia" drowning once more in a bleak gray enumeration of willow-leaves; a "Proscribed Royalist," in which a royal oak, and not the skulking lover, was the true hero of the picture, and a subject of "Huguenots" in which, again, the accessories, the dresses, the still-life of the composition distracted attention from the main subject. Violently championed by Ruskin, the "pre-Raphaelite" clique had a great success of éclat until it failed from self-fatigue and exhaustion. Millais himself, the most famous and intelligible of its adherents, changed his style, and instead of the old insipid enumeration of the details of nature, gives us now a broad impression and a sympathetic view. This almost single-handed war with the Academy did not prevent that magnanimous body from electing him an associate as early as 1853.

The painting here presented is to be found in the collection left by the late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt.

## Puzzles.

## 1—SQUARE WORD.

1, an animal; 2, sharp; 3, a kind of grain; 4, an ancient garden.

SADIE McRAE.

## 2—FLOWER ENIGMA.

1, a word of endearment and a thorn;  
2, a wild animal and part of our dress;  
3, a stitch in needlework and a fastener;  
4, a spice and where money is made;  
5, a bird and an instigation;  
6, a carriage and a people.

GEO. W. BLYTH.

## 3—SQUARE WORD.

1, Deadly; 2, to lower; 3, a claw; 4, with noise; 5, grants.

ADA ARMAND.

A prize of one dollar will be given to the one sending best answers to puzzles in May and June issues; also a prize of fifty cents for the second best list.

UNCLE TOM.

## THE QUIET HOUR.

## The Common Offering.

"It is not the deed that we do,  
Though the deed be never so fair,  
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,  
Hidden with lowly care  
In the heart of the deed so fair."

"The love is the priceless thing,  
The treasure our treasures must hold,  
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,  
Or tell the worth of the gold,  
By the love that cannot be told."

"Behold us, the rich and the poor,  
Dear Lord, in Thy service draw near;  
One consecrateth a precious coin,  
One droppeth only a tear;  
Look, Master, the love is here." —C. G. Rossetti.

## "Helping Without Money"

There are not a few good people who think they cannot do much good in the world because they have no money to give. They envy those who have wealth at their disposal, and who can so easily

sits down and weeps with a sufferer, imparting no courage or hope; but that wiser love, which, while it is touched by his pain and grief, seeks to put new strength into his heart, to enable him to endure his suffering in a victorious way. What most people really need in their trouble, is not to have the burden lifted off, but to have their own hearts strengthened with fresh cheer and hope, so that they shall not fail in their duty, and that they may overcome in their struggles. Not assistance in carrying the load, but a new inspiration of courage and energy, that they may carry it themselves, is for most men the wisest help. The true problem of living is not to get along easily, with the least exertion and the fewest crosses; but to grow by every experience into stronger men; hence, we may show real unkindness to those who are enduring hardship, when we seek to make life easier for them, regardless of their own highest good. Usually it is a great deal better for people to fight their own battles through, and carry their own burdens, and bear unlightened the crosses God gives them to carry. He knows better than we do what they need, and is ever watching, that the trial may not

become more than they shall be able to bear. He will have relief ready when it is wisest that there should be relief. We may interfere with God's discipline when we come running up with our help at every moment of stress. It is always vastly better to give a man something to do, by which he can earn his own bread, than to put the bread into his hand, and leave him idle. In the former case, we encourage him to be brave and manly; in the latter, we make it easy for him to be weak and despairing, and rob him of a lesson which God had set for him to learn. It is the poorest kindness to work out a child's school-examples for him, and to tell him the answers to the questions assigned to him. In doing so, we make the lessons of little or no use to him. The truly kind thing is to encourage him to solve the examples, and to search out the answers for himself. . . . The same is true in all spheres of life. We may do others the greatest harm by *unwisely* helping them. If having an easy life were the highest aim, it would be better that we should lift off every burden under which others bow, and do every hard thing for them, and save them from every struggle and difficulty. But life is a school, and tasks, hardships, battles, toils and sufferings are lessons set for us, by which we are to be trained and disciplined into strength and nobleness; therefore, he who tries only to make easy paths for another may rob him of that experience by which God designed to make a man of him. Hence, they are the best comforters and helpers of their fellow-men who go about with large hopefulness and cheerfulness in their own hearts, trying to put a little more hope and cheer into the life of every one they meet. We can all do a great deal of good, and of the wisest, truest good, in this world, without having much money to bestow. We can take by the hand those who have fallen in the way, and



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lift off the burdens of the poor. They lament that, because of their own poverty, they cannot relieve the human needs which they see about them. They do not know of any way of doing good without money, and sit discouraged in the midst of human needs and sorrows, not supposing that they, with their empty hands, could render any help or comfort. No doubt, there are necessities which money only can relieve, . . . and those who have it must use it to help their suffering neighbors. Yet it should be remembered that the help which human lives need, in nine cases out of ten, is not money help. "Silver and gold have I none," said the Apostle to the lame man at the Beautiful Gate, "but such as I have, give I thee." And what he gave was infinitely better than gold or silver would have been.

If we can put new life and hope into the heart of a discouraged man, so that he rises out of his weak despair, and takes his place again in the ranks of active life, we have done a far better thing for him than if we had put our hands into our pockets and given him money to help him nurse a little longer his miserable and unmanly despair. The truest sympathy is not that weak emotion which only

help them to rise again; we can put fresh courage into the hearts of the faint; cheer and comfort the weary; impart new inspirations of joy and hope in the bosoms of those who have begun to lag behind; we can make life easier for every one we meet, not by taking anything from his burden, but by making him more able to bear it. In the end, although we may never be able to give a dollar of money to relieve distress, it may be seen that the blessings we have scattered, or have gotten into people's very lives, are far more in number, and greater in value, than if, with lavish hand, we had been dispensing gold and silver all along our years.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Through suffering and through sorrow thou hast past,  
To show us what a woman true may be;  
They have not taken sympathy from thee,  
Nor made thee any other than thou wast;  
Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity  
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,  
But rather cleared thine inner eye to see  
How many simple ways there are to bliss." —Lowell.

"Go forth! be ever ready the joys of life to share  
With him, then poor and needy around us everywhere.  
The kindly word soft spoken a saddened life may cheer,  
Give a spirit broken, and dry a falling tear.  
'Tis the time for sowing, the harvest is above;  
Is it not his worth the knowing, the life of lives is—Love."