

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

This most noted of animal painters of our time came of a family of artists. His father, John Landseer, A.R.A., was a well-known engraver and writer on art, and three of his brothers were painters and engravers of good reputation. His mother was the Miss Potts who sat to Reynolds as the gleaner, with a sheaf of corn on her head in 'Macklin's Family Picture,' or 'The Cottagers.' So carefully was the young Landseer trained by his father that at five years old he drew fairly well, and excellently at eight. At ten he was considered an admirable draughtsman, and his etchings showed considerable sense of humor. When only thirteen he drew a magnificent St. Bernard dog, so finely that his elder brother, Thomas, engraved and published it. He also at this time sent two paintings to the Royal Academy, where they were entered as from an 'Honorary Exhibitor,' he being much too young to be entered as an artist in full. These were the 'Portrait of a Mule' and 'Portraits of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy.' At the age of fourteen he

Highlands of Scotland, and repeated his visit there almost every year. In 1826 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. After this date his pictures increased greatly in sentiment. People enjoyed them not only for the accuracy with which they were done but even more for the story they told. His dogs and horses became gradually of a higher type, showing all the joys and griefs, nobleness and weaknesses of human beings. Where in his earlier years he gave the 'Cat Disturbed' and 'Fighting Dogs,' he now produced 'Jack in Office' and 'The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' In 1830 he was elected an R. A. By this time he had attained such a mastery with his brush that one picture, 'Spaniel and Rabbits,' he painted in two hours and a half, and 'Rabbits' in three-quarters of an hour. Or he would draw at the same time a deer's head with one hand and the head of a horse with the other. 'Suspense,' one of the finest of his works, was painted in 1834. It shows a magnificent mastiff watching by the door of his wounded master.

Now his works came to be in greater demand, and he began to receive

ONE STEP FURTHER.

The scientific and medical world has been startled by the wonderful discovery of the cathode rays, which penetrate wood, cloth, flesh and some other substances, and allow photographs to be taken of the more solid substance behind. Thus the bones in a human hand have been laid bare behind the flesh by means of the photographic lens; a long-lost bullet has been located in a man's leg; and a coin has been photographed through the enveloping purse. Suppose this process could be carried a step further and the thoughts in a man's brain could be pictured forth by the camera. What a shamefaced hiding of heads would there be! How some of us would avoid the cathode rays, if every angry, jealous, suspicious, censorious, unclean thought were laid bare! But there is a sensitive plate of character on which every such thought is imprinted. More and more the influence of mind over matter is coming to be understood, and the photographs of this camera are seen to make or mar our lives, and to last through time into eternity.—'Golden Rule.'

countenance, with averted eyes, this boy's whole nature seemed perverted. Ordinary kindness failed to win him, and rebuke rather gratified his desire for prominence. His devices for the annoyance of others seemed unlimited. As soon as one was discovered and checked, his hydra-headed spirit of mischief and malice invented several more. Reports of bad behavior to his mother but added another whipping to the many due him at home, serving only to harden and not correct. Exhausted by his repeated and endless disobedience, the teacher was almost tempted to condemn him as incorrigible and to forbid his attendance at the school. But a thought of the effect on the boy's possible future, confirming to himself, worst of all, his settled obstinacy, made her hesitate. Was there not some avenue to the boy's heart? He could not be utterly hardened.

After the class, one Sunday, she invited him to sit with her in church. To her surprise he consented, the boyhood in him seeming to be touched by the attention. She prudently sat near the door, lest whistling or other unchurchly manoeuvres claim his va-



SAVED—By Sir Edwin Landseer.

was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and in 1817 he sent to the academy a painting of 'Old Brutus.' This favored dog appeared in after years in many of his paintings, as did his son, another Brutus. Young Landseer was all this time a most diligent student and a great favorite among the masters. One of them used to look around the crowded class and ask, 'Where is my little dog boy?'

The picture in which is illustrated the culmination of his early youth and strength is 'Fighting Dogs Getting Wind,' which was exhibited in 1818. Up to this time the chief value of his works lay in their vigor in design, perfection of execution and minute finishing. But the wonderful sentiment of his paintings was not shown until later.

In 1824 Landseer left his father's house and set up for himself at No. 1 St. John's Wood Road. About this time he produced the well-known picture of the 'Cat's Paw.' This picture created a great sensation, and was the first picture for which he received any considerable money return. It was the £100 he received for this which enabled him to set up for himself. In 1824 he went to the

larger prices. 'Peace and War' he sold for £1,500, and for the copyrights alone he obtained £6,000. In 1838 he exhibited 'A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society,' a dog lying on a quay wall; 'Dignity and Impudence,' a mastiff and a pug, in 1839; and the 'Lion Dog of Malta' and 'Laying Down the Law' in 1840. For 'Night' and 'Morning' he was awarded by a jury of French experts the great gold medal of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1855. In 1850 he was knighted. In 1864 he exhibited the gruesome picture, 'Man Proposes, God Disposes,' Polar bears clambering among relics of Sir John Franklin's unfortunate party. In this year he also produced 'A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers.' In 1869 came the last triumph of his wonderful career, 'The Swannery Invaded by Sea Eagles.'

About this time his health began to break down, and after four years more, 'mainly of broken art and shattered mental powers,' he died on Oct. 1, 1873. He was buried in St. Paul's.

The saloon robs you of your manhood; shun it.

'THAT BAD BOY.'

(By a Teacher.)

To the successful prosecution of every Christian work must be brought that humble quartette of virtues—'grace, grit, gumption and go.' Conspicuously are these sterling qualities required in infant-class teaching, where firmness must be mingled with gentleness and infinite patience; where variety and alertness must keep pace with youthful restlessness; where self-control must confront, at times, the entire lack of parental control; and where, high above all, must be sustained the purpose to make impressions for eternity on plastic hearts. Truly the position of teacher in this department is no unimportant one to fill faithfully, demanding an all-aroundness of ability which is rare.

An infant-class teacher whose twenty years' experience had reduced any crudeness of theory to a working basis, maintained that obedience to her expressed wishes was essential to the government of the class, and could be secured in all cases.

One boy—one bad boy—came near wrecking her well-constructed theory of years. Of a dark and scowling

grant fancies. His behavior was astonishingly good for him, and though relapse set in the next Sunday, she felt sufficiently encouraged by her temporary success to proceed. She humored his whims privately, a brand-new experience to this much-whipped boy. An approaching new suit of clothes was the theme of repeated confidences. Praises rewarded the first feeble attempts at improved behavior, while she sought his help in any little service. Not lacking in ability—it had simply been perverted—the teacher encouraged his attention by frequently appealing to him for answers, or by drawing from him personal experiences, which children delight to give. Thus leading him on, self-respect was at length awakened in him.

Sunday by Sunday the improvement has visibly grown; the last one witnessed the advent of the much-talked-of new suit, while the old scowl had departed, replaced by a look of eager, intelligent interest. As a climax to the day's triumph, the boy's grandfather was proudly led into the room, and he heard, for the first time probably, that his grandson was a good boy.