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INSPIRING WORDS.

Genius is eternal patience.

Who said these words?

Michael Angelo.

No one could utter them better than himself, for through a long life he toiled constantly, laboriously, into his ninetyeth year, when Death took him.

In March, 1475, in the castle of Caprese, was born a child whose father, a Florentine, was governor, or podesta, of the towns of Caprese and Chiusi. When the father returned to Florence, the little child Michael was left at Settignano, on an estate owned by his family, in a stone-mason's cottage, whose wife was the boy's nurse. As soon as he could use his hands, he began to draw pictures on the walls of the house. These pictures are still shown as remarkable; although at that time, I do believe the poor stone-mason's wife must have scolded just like any other woman, at her tidy walls being used as a background for the expressions of genius.

The father, Ludovico Buonarrotti, had very little relish for the announcement that his son was destined to become an artist. He wanted him to be a scholar; but long before Father Buonarrotti's day, had it been proved that genius will have its way. And so in 1488, when the lad was thirteen years of age, we find him engaged as pupil to Ghirlandaio. This Domenico Ghirlandaio, who was one of the best masters of Florence, was engaged in the restoration of the choir of S. Maria Novella, so that the young enthusiast was immediately surrounded by the most inspiring of great ideas. But, as often happens, alas!—for the possession of great talent does not exclude detestable faults—his rapid progress soon made his fellow-pupils frightfully jealous, and even the master himself. For one day, at the hour of dinner, the young Michael sketched the scaffolding and the painters upon it with such powerful and telling strokes that Domenico exclaimed passionately, "He understands more than I do!" which was soon proved true, for Michael drew on the drawings set for the pupils by the master, correct lines for incorrect ones. This probably did not increase the love between master and pupil.

The first picture produced by Michael Angelo of which we have mention, is an enlarged copy of "Temptation of St. Anthony," Schongauer's.

And here I want to mention to the young folks who are trying to do anything well, just this fact: One reason of Michael Angelo's success was, that he never left any means untried by which he might do his work in the best way possible. Remember he was but a boy at this time, but his soul was in his work. Afterward when he began to make the very marbles of Carrara speak, and the frescos of the Sistine Chapel to breathe life, that patient toil of years leaped triumphantly to its reward, for men looked upon it and called it genius.

Yes, this lad drawing his copy of the great

picture, wishing to perfect himself in the study of fish, went to the fish-market and made his observations from life subjects, making all sorts of drawings of the scaly tribe, until he had mastered the art of expressing them on paper.

I cannot speak of his long and eventful life; his life so crowded with labor that an encyclopedia on art would be necessary to mention the works either completed or begun by him. Neither do I wish to here. I only desire to stimulate the young minds to study for themselves this grand old life of this master in art, while I give them the key-note to his life from which the melody was struck. It was work. Patient, steady work. Oftentimes in the face of failures,

pupils here under old Bertoldi, the sculptor.

Michael Angelo now threw aside his paint brush and palette for the chisel, thereby increasing a thousand-fold his poor father's dismay, who thought it quite bad enough for his son to be a painter, but that he should become a stone-mason was a height of misery scarcely to be endured! One day the young man copied the mask of a faun, but he opened its mouth so that the teeth were seen. Lorenzo looking at it said, "Your faun is old, yet you have been good enough to leave him his teeth."

The next time Lorenzo visited the gardens he looked again at the faun. One tooth was out, yet so naturally, as if it had tumbled out from an extremely aged

About this time he wrote to his brother asking for information concerning some case needing aid, that he might supply it secretly. For he said that he wished to do good for the welfare of his soul, but particularly desired that no one might know it. He died as he had lived, keeping his grand soul open to infinite comprehension.

Michael Angelo! The name is a Beacon-Tower to all who would be true to Art in all her forms. Nay, more; it is a light through all the ages, to any who, toiling with the head, the hands, or the heart, desire to enroll in the band of noble workers.

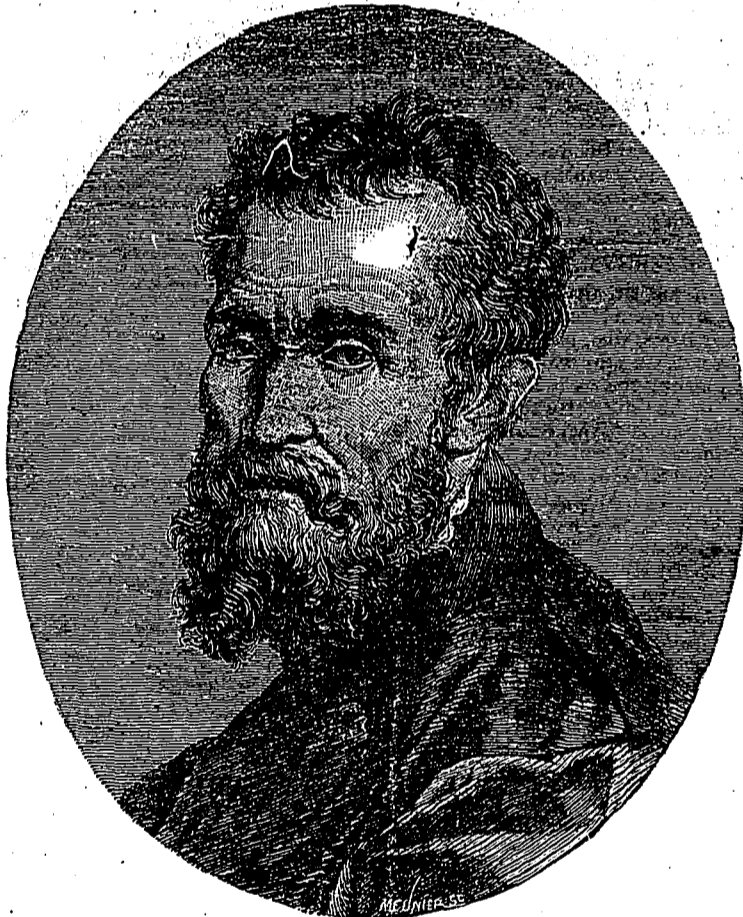
Remember his words, Little Workers: "Genius is eternal patience."—Margaret Sidney, in *The Pansy*.

AN INTERESTING MISSION.

Among the most interesting of missionary premises anywhere, is the Moffat Institute at Keomman in South Africa. The mission station rises like an oasis amid a desert of mirage-producing sands. There are its fruit-trees, its pools of water, its growing corn, its village and its mission premises. The resident missionary is a son-in-law of the famous Robert Moffat. Moffat drained and cultivated this spot. His hands planted the healthy and varied fruit-trees that flourish there. Quinces, grapes, apples, pears, peaches of unsurpassed quality now abound. Thus Moffat turned his garden-er's experience of early days to account. The mission buildings are of stone, and occupy the four sides of a square. The institute, in which ten youths are being educated for evangelistic work, is on the west side. North and south are the houses of the missionaries. On the east side is the home for the pupils. The chapel, ninety feet by twenty-five, is across the valley. There is a printing department at present issuing in the Batlaping dialect the Revised Version of the New Testament. The work is done by natives who, as skilled artisans, can take their place beside the printers of any other community. The whole premises cost about sixty thousand dollars.

GETTING GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

In the reign of Charles I., a nobleman who belonged to the Protestant party, was convicted of treason, deprived of all his estates, and cast into prison. There he began to study the Bible, and became a Christian. A friend came to condole with him on his fallen fortunes. But the imprisoned earl said, "No, congratulate me! I am a thousand times richer than before. Here in the dungeon I have come into the possession of such wealth and honors as I have never even dreamed of." The visitor thought he was crazy. But he had found the pearl of great price: he had become rich toward God. That full enjoyment of spiritual good he probably would not have experienced, had he not been deprived of worldly good. His seeming loss, therefore, was great gain.



PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

through disappointments, the hatred of rivals, and men's caprice. Still his artist-soul wrought on, to leave to time his vindication, and to the mouths of future generations his fame. Grand, solitary old man! As long as the tongues of Rome and Florence can speak for him, he is safe.

Another incident shows how faithfully he labored to produce naturalness in his subjects. Becoming acquainted with Lorenzo Dei Medici, then at the head of government in Florence, he was soon granted free admittance to the gardens of S. Marco, where the works of sculpture, cartoons and pictures were exposed. Several of the

mouth, that the noble visitor was enchanted at the realistic success of the marble figure.

Michael Angelo was often sorrowful and alone. Living to such a great age, he saw many of his chosen friends and congenial companions die, and although after the death of Ludovic he wrote his sonnet so pathetically beginning,

Already had I wept and sighed so much,  
I thought tall grief forever at an end,  
Exhaled in sighs, shed forth in bitter tears,  
yet he had nothing weak in his nature. All was strong trust and obedience toward God.

W. M. P. Z. 1887  
GALLION QUE  
ALBERT