

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

Rembrandt.

Rembrandt is a name to conjure with in the world of art. His chief works, with very few exceptions, are treasured in public galleries or celebrated private collections; and if by any casualty any one comes into the public market, the competition for it is so great that it is impossible to give a correct estimate of its value.

Rembrandt was the son of a miller, Herman Geritsy van Rhyn; that is, of the Rhine, because his mill was situated on a branch of that river, near Leyden. Rembrandt's father, a man in easy circumstances, sent his son to the university to graduate in Greek and Latin, but, as in many other cases, the innate art capacity was too strong to be thwarted, and the youth is soon heard of working enthusiastically in the studio of one or other of the men of note of his day; but, as for Homer's birthplace seven cities of Greece contended, so numerous writers have striven to place the young Rembrandt with some private master, as if the genius of the scholar were reflected back upon the instructor. It matters little; Rembrandt stands alone; the source of his art is so distinctively individual that it is impossible to trace the influences of other minds upon his work. On returning home from his futile university course, Rembrandt, already an artist in all but repute, speedily began to be recognized. Holland was at this time the resort of many amateurs of the arts, both native and foreign, and it was scarcely possible for a sketch or etching from a hand like his to get into circulation without attracting notice. One of his first pictures having drawn the attention of some who could estimate its merits, he was advised to take it to the Hague and submit it to a wealthy amateur there. Young Rembrandt's work received a cordial welcome, and a hundred florins well-nigh turned the head of the artist. He had journeyed to the Hague on foot. Now, eager to carry the glorious news home, he hired a post chaise, and refusing to pause at the usual stopping places for meals, he would only permit a hasty bait for the horses, and urged on his journey till he reached Leyden, when, jumping hastily from the carriage where the tired-out horses stopped, he rushed homeward with his treasure.

At twenty-one we find Rembrandt at Amsterdam with a growing reputation, attracting students to him from all quarters, to whom he gave the most thoughtful care in instilling his own principles of art, encouraging originality by especial arrangements in instruction. He soon married a village maid of Ransdrop, with no fortune but a rosy face. Unhappily, this superiority to mercenary motives was not exhibited in the subsequent career of the artist, and Rembrandt's love of money is as widely celebrated as his art. One of his biographers declares that he was a regular Jew in his dealings with the public, and that the tricks that he resorted to in raising the price of his works were worthy of Nathan or Moses. He has been known to bid himself for his own engravings against eager customers, and often commissioned his son, in disguise, to sell them as stolen goods. According to the same authority, he once circulated the report of his own death, for the sole gratification of coming to life again amongst the startled and terrified heirs of his portfolios, now rendered priceless by the supposed death of the artist. He was extremely capricious in his dealings with purchasers. Bidders were required to cajole and flatter him, as well as offer large sums for his works, and he has been known to refuse a hundred florins for an engraving when the offer was unaccompanied with some personal compliment.

Unattractive as may be many of the recorded traits of the great artist's character, there is no question as to the power and charm of his work: at once a poet in his realism; a sublime painter, and an inimitable engraver; no one has approached him in the essential points of mastery of light and shade, otherwise called *chiaro-oscuro*, in delicacy of touch and impressiveness of effect. In later life, when time had given certainty to his hand, Rembrandt's boldness of execution was often wonderful. The dash of his brush cast apparently rudely and at random upon the canvas, like mortar on the wall, hit the mark so truly that it gave, as if by magic, character, motion, life; made the nostrils breathe and the eye moisten; but in his earlier productions he finished his works most carefully. The example of the master, which we have here reproduced from an old monochrome of over sixty years ago, is a fine sample of apparently one of his earlier works, exhibiting some of those special qualities of rich contrasts and harmonies of light and shade with which the name of Rembrandt is synonymous.



BY REMBRANDT.

Unlike other years, our column seems
Deserted almost by all.
Is it FIRST, you naughty veterans,
That you never make us a call?

Sir Reeve, Fairbrother, Blyth, and
Miss Smithson, is it true,
That you have all gone to Texas?
Pray! what find you there to do?

I fear your hearts have hardened,
Down in that Southern clime,
For you never heed our pleadings
To send along some rhyme.

Well, I do not mean to lecture,
Nor yet pretend to preach,
But simply what I wish to say, is
A happy New Year to each.

LILY DAY.

5-CHARADE.
The ADVOCATE so wise and true
Has proved its TOTAL once again,
By adding to its staff and crew,
Our cousin Ada's clever brain.
I FIRST the last will flourish now,
And bet the boys the lead will take,
For don't you see it now will be
But fun to write and puzzles make.
Dear Uncle Tom resigned his post,
He thought it was a clever plan;
And so do I, and blithely cry
With all the boys, "God bless the man."
But he, I hope, has not a thought
To leave his nephews and his nieces,
But to the end does aye intend,
With faithfulness and love, to keep us.
And won't we storm our cousin A.
With letters by the dozens;
And welcome back Miss Lily Day,
And send our love to all the cousins.
CHAS. S. EDWARDS.

Puzzles.

Send all puzzles direct to Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont., who is in charge of this Department. Leave envelopes open, mark the left-hand corner "Printers' Copy," and the letters will go for one cent.

1-METAMORPHOSES.

(Change one letter at a time.)
Exchange man to boy in three moves;
" pin to tie in two moves;
" well to sick in four moves;
" book to card in four moves;
" vase to bank in three moves.
LILY DAY.

2-RHYMED DECAPITATIONS.

1. High roars aloft the —,
Nan sings gaily to her —,
Echo answers o'er and —,
2. Loud, loud the breeze is —,
Softly are the cattle —,
Contentment to their pasture —.
ANNIE P. HAMPTON.

3-SQUARE WORD.

My FIRST is the least whole number;
SECOND, something sweet and refined;
THIRD, liquid made solid by cold;
FOURTH, a trial made by hand or by mind.
A. P. HAMPTON.

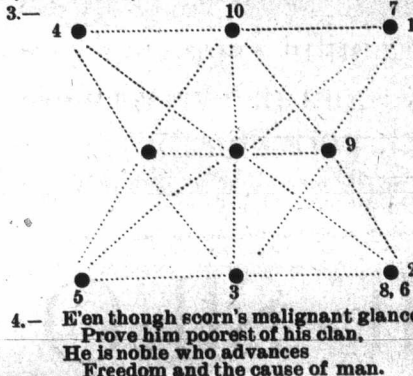
4-DECAPITATION.

Old '95 has passed away,
New '96 is here;
I wish our good old Uncle Tom
A whole and happy New Year.

6-TRANSPOSITION.
My FIRST is a weapon,
My SECOND is fruit,
My THIRD is to husband,
And scanty to boot,
My FOURTH's to diminish,
My FIFTH's to obtain,
My SIXTH is in grammar,
To describe or make plain.
CHAS. S. EDWARDS.

Answers to December 2nd Puzzles.

1.—Dou-glass. 2.—(1) The letter S: IX-SIX; (2) 11, 2 and 3 make 23, and 3 and 2, 32. 3.—The letter I: LIX-I=LX.



Answers to Puzzles in Dec. 16th Issue.

1.—Mention (shun). 2.—Every one.
3.—Trichinopoly. 4.—Now—Won.

5.—Rim membrane:—
M
E
A
B
R
O
N
O
N
I
A
M
O
I
A
N
A
E
A
R
B

SOLVERS.

Clara Robinson, Lily Day, A. P. Hampton, J. S. Cramer, M. H. Bull.

The prizes for best original puzzles during the last three months have been awarded to Charlie S. Edwards, 1st; H. D. Pickett, 2nd; Lily Day, 3rd. The prizes for answers during that time go to Clara Robinson, 1st; Bertha Jackson, 2nd; Chris. McKenzie, 3rd. Will H. D. Pickett let us know if he received his prize, as there may have been a mistake in the address. Uncle Tom now offers the following prizes for the next three months, viz., January, February and March:—

For best original puzzles, 1st, photo group of puzzles in '95; 2nd, cloth-bound book; 3rd, cloth-bound book. For answers: 1st, photo group; 2nd, book; 3rd, book. The competition for answers was very close, although the number of competitors was not as large as in former years, but I hope to see it increase during '96.

The Dearest One in All the Earth.

"She was of that better clay,
Which gently breeds this earthly stage."

Mother,
In line or language there is no other
Word that tells so clear a story,
Of life and love and living glory,
Like that sweet word,
So often heard,
And yet so little known
Until into our soul-life grown,
As that which names the precious one,
Who only knows her duty done,
When she has folded to her breast
Her offspring for a longed-for rest;
She who has fought the prize to win,
For a noble life and an entering in
Through the gates of heaven.

By promise given,
Of yielded life for life, of love for love,
For bringing blessings from above,
Lifting her offerings up on high,
Ready for them to do and die;
And this brief verse
Would fain rehearse
The virtues and the modest worth
Of the dearest one in all the earth—
Mother.

CHAS. S. EDWARDS.

Of yielded life for life, of love for love,
For bringing blessings from above,
Lifting her offerings up on high,
Ready for them to do and die;
And this brief verse
Would fain rehearse
The virtues and the modest worth
Of the dearest one in all the earth—
Mother.

Picked Up in Passing.

Hungry men think the cook lazy.
Honey is sweet, but the bee stings.
No fine clothes can hide the clown.
Marriage and hanging go by destiny.
Of soup and love, the first is the best.
Fish and guests smell at three days old.
If it were not for hope, the heart would break.
Much corn lies under the straw that is not seen.
Fortune knocks once at least at every man's gate.
Never venture out of your depth till you can swim.
Men may blush to hear what they were not ashamed to act.
Marry your sons when you will, your daughters when you can.
No mother is so wicked but desires to have good children.
Most things have two handles, and a wise man takes hold of the best.