

intelligent young girl showed me the old historic rooms, including that in which the Emperor Charles V. is said to have abdicated his crown, 1556. The scene is represented with much vigour on a piece of old tapestry. From the windows I could see the spot where those noble patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorne, died as martyrs to liberty. The old guild houses of the butchers, brewers, carpenters, and skippers are very odd. The gable of the latter represents the stern of a large ship, with four protruding cannon.

In the art gallery I saw an admirable statue of Satan, which, embodied the conception of Milton's "ruined archangel" in a most marvellous manner. A statue of Eve with a serpent creeping to her ear, was exceedingly pathetic, with its manifest foredoom of the Fall. The portrait of Alva shows, in the thin lips and cruel eyes, the cold, stern, remorseless persecutor. But the strangest collection in Europe, probably, is that of the mad painter Wiertz, which fills an entire museum, many of the pictures being of gigantic size, and exhibiting Titanic strength of imagination. He was an ardent hater of war and of the great war maker, Napoleon. One painting represents with painful realism its horrors, and another, Napoleon in hell, confronted by the victims of his unhallowed ambition. "The Last Cannon" and the "Triumph of Christ" exhibit the final victory of Love over Hate, Cross over Corselet, Peace over War. There is a wild weirdness about many of his pictures that makes one shudder. He is fond, also, of practical jokes. Here a fierce mastiff is bounding out of his kennel. There a figure stands in a half-open door, as if about to enter. You look through an eye-hole and see a mad woman slaying her child, and through another and behold a prematurely buried man bursting his coffin. It is a chamber of horrors. Yet the execution is marvellous, and the *motif* of the picture is generally patriotic and humane.

THE EASTER GUEST.

Now let me come nearer, O Lord divine;
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest;
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Eastertide.