

what similar effect is produced in that marvel of light and shade, "The Woman taken in Adultery" (No. 45), one of the gems of which our Gallery is justly proud. Rembrandt's portraits are as noted as his subject pictures.

Rubens had travelled and studied in Italy, and we find, probably in consequence of this, that his historical and ideal subjects are treated in a large manner and with nobility.

Rembrandt's sole claim to be called a poetical painter is from the marvellous veil that his depths of shade throw over his figures, which seem to tempt, yet to evade, the eye, as the spectator seeks to penetrate the depths of gloom. His feeling for individual character was low and common in the extreme. His boors are most boorish; his portraits are full of character, but one is led to fancy that his sitters were mostly very commonplace and very vulgar people, and that he has hit off

their characteristics in a marvellously truthful manner. But he painted the life he saw around him, as he saw it, with a powerful unerring brush, and he has taught us to see how much of poetry can be lent to the commonest objects, simply by half veiling them—even as the mist lends an added charm to the mountain by half hiding it.

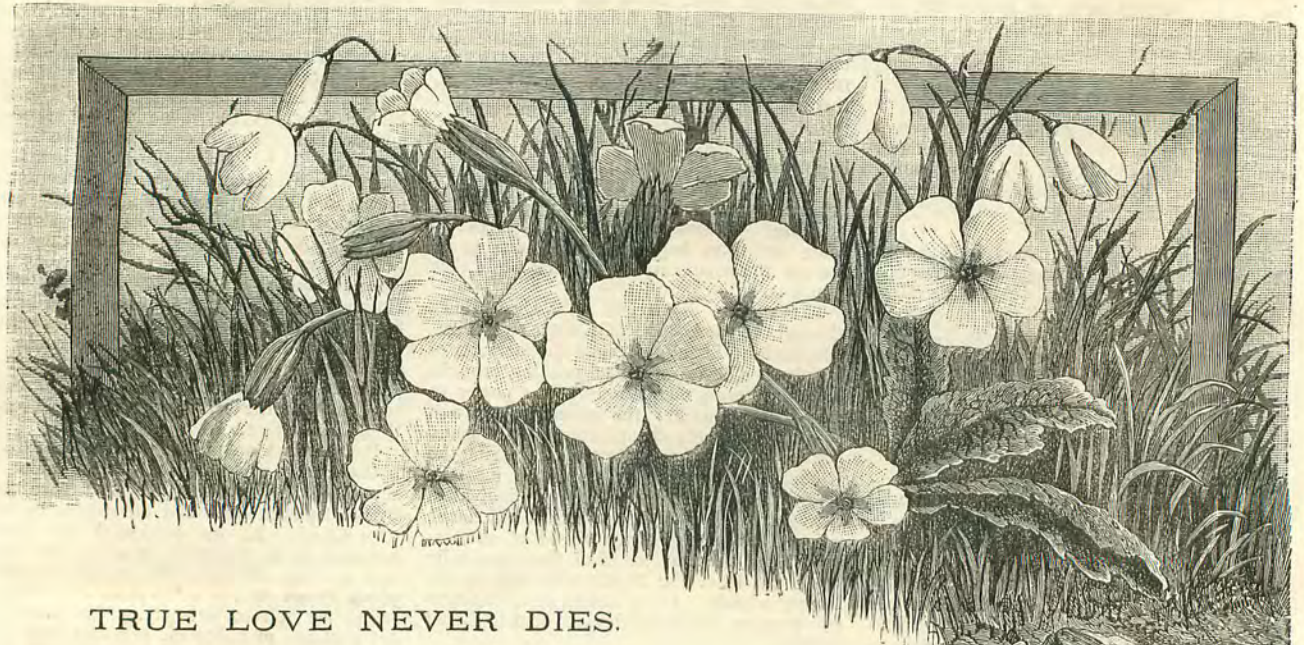
Rembrandt had many followers; painters who gave themselves up entirely to the representing of the everyday life they saw about them, with a simple and healthy enjoyment of our common human nature in all its homely ways; and their brilliant light and shade, their rich yet subdued colour, and their familiar naturalness and truthfulness, make all these pictures very delightful things to look at.

These painters are known as the Dutch School. We give as an illustration of this

style, "The Dutch Housewife" (No. 159), a girl scraping parsnips, a child by her side watching her. It is by Nicolas Maas, a pupil of Rembrandt, and distinguished painter of these kind of subjects, known as *genre* pictures.

Teniers and Gerard Dow are perhaps the most distinguished names of this very numerous and very popular manner. The object of these pictures is to please and to amuse, not to instruct or to elevate. They are in every respect the reverse of those which we commenced with describing. For, with them, the painters had, with unskilled hands and inefficient materials, attempted to portray the unpaintable; whereas, these later men, with thoroughly skilled hands and perfected materials, have attained a great success in realising a comparatively low aim.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.



TRUE LOVE NEVER DIES.

Words by WILLIAM GASPEY.

Music by ANNIE NASH.

VOICE.

PIANO. *Moderato. f*

Oh, think not when time shall have sil-vered thy brow I shall love thee less fond-ly, dear

lento. p

rall. *tempo.* *dim.*

Bes - sie, than now, Nor be - lieve that my ar - dent af - fec - tion will fly With the rose of thy cheek or the

rall. *tempo.* *dim.*

dim. *a tempo.* *f*

light of thine eye; For in age as in youth thou a bless - ing wilt prove: Beauty nev - er de - parts from the

dim. *a tempo.* *f*

ad lib. *tempo.* *dim.* *f*

wo - man we love! For in age as in youth thou a bless - ing wilt prove: Beauty nev - er de - parts from the

dim. *tempo.* *dim.* *f*

rall.

wo - man we love! Nay, dear est, say not, 'twixt a sigh and a smile, That my

rall. *f* *a tempo.* *p*

rall.

love like thy charms will but flourish a while; Oh, when wrinkles shall steal o'er thy beau - ti - ful face, And the mind can a - lone thy past

rall.

tempo. *cres.* *piu f* *dim.* *p*

love - li - ness trace, I shall trea - sure thee more: for in thee shall I see An an - gel, that stoops to be

tempo. *cres.* *piu f* *dim.* *p*

ad lib. *a tempo.*

mor - tal for me!..... Oh, think not when time shall have sil - vered thy brow I shall love thee less fond - ly, dear

dim. *a tempo.*

rall. *tempo.* *dim.* *dim.* *a tempo.*

Bes - sie, than now, Nor be - lieve that my ar - dent af - fec - tion will fly With the rose of thy cheek or the light of thine eye; For in

rall. *tempo.* *dim.* *dim.*

f *ad lib.*

age as in youth thou a blessing wilt prove: Beauty nev - er de - parts from the wo - man we love! For in age as in youth thou a

a tempo. *f* *ad lib.*

f *cres.* *rall.*

bless - ing wilt prove: Beauty nev - er de - parts from the wo - man we love!

cres. *rall.* *f*