

were special badges of St. James, and were worn in their hats by all the pilgrims to his shrine at Compostella, in Spain, and left there as mementoes of the pilgrimage, and the monks of the shrine used to pile up the shells into mounds, and during the Saint's festival they decorated them with candles.

Now, in England, on the very same day, little London street boys, and poor children in other towns, used to do the very same thing! They got together all the oyster-shells they could, built them up into little mounds, like hollow bee-hives, and lit candles inside. They called them "grottoes," and if any well-to-do persons passed they trooped after them, with their caps in their hands, begging them to "Remember the Grotto." This used to happen only a few years ago and, very possibly, "grottoes" may still be built by children in our slums on St. James' Day. Could anything be more curious than this survival among street children in London of an old-time worship of Spain?

Of course, oysters were very expensive the first day they came in, and so there is a saying, "Whoever eats oysters on St. James' Day will never want money." Which means that if you can afford to pay for them on the first day of the season you are not likely to be poor. But, as a matter of fact, oysters are not really considered to be wholesome in this country until September 1st.

St. James the Greater

Now, July 25 is the Saint's Day of James the Greater, who is revered by all Christians as one of the Apostles. Every Bible-reader, of course, knows how highly favoured St. James the Greater was, and the reasons why, and it is very interesting to read how this simple Galilean fisherman, beloved and revered by us all, has become in Spain a great fighting warrior saint, the patron saint of the country, and worshipped in a thousand Spanish churches as the champion of Spanish power! Wherever the Spaniards went in the olden days of their glory, the very first thing they did was to name a city or a church "Santiago," which means, of course, St. James, and to this day this good and holy Apostle is to Spain what St.

George, St. Andrew, St. David, and St. Patrick are to England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

He was put to death by Herod for preaching Christ, and was the first of the martyrs in the cause of the Gospel. At his execution, one of the most extraordinary things that ever occurred took place. St. James was being taken away to be put to death when the man who had accused him to Herod, and was the cause of his martyrdom, came up to him to beg his forgiveness. The Saint forgave him cheerfully, bidding him go in peace as his sin was pardoned. Then the accuser, smitten to the heart, fell on his knees and declared himself a Christian too! Then rising he walked behind the Saint to the place of execution, and was beheaded with him.

King of Pavement Artists

THOUGH James Grant has not undergone, nor is likely to undergo, any coronation ceremony, he is without doubt *de jure*, if not *de facto*, a king amongst those artists who choose the pavement as a medium for the exhibition of their work. That this is no mere assertion on my part the accompanying illustrations bear eloquent testimony—even though the black-and-white reproductions give but a faint idea of the gorgeous sunset colouring in which he excels.

During the month of October I was often attracted to the porch of St. Philip's Church, Earls Court, by the surpassing beauty—I can use no milder terms—of the sketches on the flags in front. At last, thinking it a pity that his colouring should only come on in the morning to go off at night, I went up to him, and asked him if he would do me a sketch on paper. He assented, and the terms he quoted were so low, that I agreed to take several. These sketches were much admired, both by connoisseurs and artists of repute. The result was that for a while he was inundated with orders, and many of his works, handsomely framed, and flanked by old masters, illumine the walls of several well-appointed private houses. This, however, was not enough. To make him famous he must be introduced to the great British public; and the only way to do this success-

fully would be through the medium of the Press. I sounded James Grant on the subject and, to my surprise, he flatly refused; and, when I pressed him for a reason, replied

induced him to accord me an interview. He also said that I might reproduce some of his sketches. I hinted that his counterfeited presentment would be an adornment to



Winter, by James Grant

that he had already been introduced, much to his detriment, and without his consent, by an individual whom he did not even know.

"But I don't see how it could have hurt you to have been written about," I remarked, "I know several artists who do not at all mind seeing themselves in print."

"They said I was making five pounds a day," he answered, with an injured air.

For a minute I was puzzled—then the truth flashed upon me. In view of his supposed affluence, the benevolent had discontinued their *largesse*, and—horrid thought—perhaps he had been assailed with begging letters!

However, after considerable difficulty, and after a solemn promise not to draw on my imagination in any particular whatsoever, I

the article in question; but on this point he was adamant.

"Well," said I, when, a few nights ago, we were seated before the fire in my room, "I need hardly ask you if you are Scotch?"

"I was born in Glasgow," he answered.

"Were your parents Glasgow folk?"

"No. My family comes from Banffshire."

"Are or were any of your family artistic besides yourself?"

"No."

I felt that the conversation was getting to be too much of a "question and answer" kind of business; and begged him to give me some particulars of his past life; but he declined.

"I don't mean everything, of course," I said, re-assuringly, "only a few little interesting incidents."

"I don't know any interesting incidents."

"Oh that is nonsense," I expostulated; "into every man's life at one time or another comes some more or less interesting incident."

"Ah that is the one that I always want to forget."

Mysterious and alluring as this sounded I could get no more out of him, and I was reluctantly compelled to again take up my rôle of questioner.

"When did you come to London?"

"About four or five years ago. You can put in that I walked here all the way—not in one burst, you know, but in stages."

I asked him next whom amongst well-known artists he admired the most.

"Oh I couldn't say that; but Turner, Colin Hunter, and David Murray are a few of those I like."

I noticed that from the list he had omitted two, who, though dissimilar in style and of unequal merit, have both a marked influence on his work, namely, Corot and Leader.

"How is it," I asked, "that, considering the kind of work you turn out, some other

pavement artists manage to make a living—you know the kind I mean?"

"I do," he answered grimly. "But if you imagine that they make less than me, you are much mistaken—they make more. You see they give to them out of charity."

"And art connoisseurs don't as a rule go to the pavement for it?"

"Just so."

"Which are your most generous supporters—men or women?"

"Men, especially business men. My best pitches were at the top of Shaftesbury Avenue and near Waterloo Bridge."

And now a few details as to the man himself. Though I am not at liberty to reproduce his photograph, I see no reason why I should not briefly describe his personal appearance. About five feet five inches in height, broad shouldered and thick set, he gives you more the idea of a seafaring man than an artist. His face in repose has a thoughtful, almost stern expression, which, however, in conversation is at rare intervals dispelled by a very bright smile.



Evening, by James Grant