



Number one represents the wise men of the east offering tribute to the young Christ in the humble place of his birth.



The second picture conveys an original idea of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, kneeling in earnest prayer. Back of Him are Peter, James and John, while on the extreme right is Judas, leading the soldiers up the mountain.



The third picture represents Christ before Pilate in the Judgment Hall. Pilate, with a troubled expression of face, is evidently seeking some excuse to release the Savior.



The fourth picture represents the familiar story of the Crucifixion. The coloring of this picture is particularly beautiful.

Mr. J. W. Mitchell has on exhibition at 1338 O street a group of four paintings representing scenes from the life of Christ, which have received much commendation from eastern art critics. The conception and drawing are the work of Mr. Mitchell, executed at inter-

vals during the last twenty years. The coloring was put in by Charles Drasser under the guidance of Mr. Mitchell. These pictures were on exhibition at the Trans-Mississippi exposition, where they attracted favorable notice from art connoisseurs, and are of such great intrinsic

value that the managers of the Franco-American art exhibit at the Paris exposition offered to pay Mr. Mitchell's expenses to Paris and return if he would consent to place them on exhibition. This offer was not accepted; they will appear, however, in the art exhibit at the

Saint Louis exposition. The accompanying cuts, which are kindly loaned by Mr. Mitchell, give but a feeble conception of the beauty and strength of the pictures. The originals may be seen at the store on O street, where visitors are always welcome.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

LILLY M. STRONG.
Sweet day, thine air so soft,
thine sun so bright,
Why do I turn from thee
with sadness, - say?
All crystal-clear,
yet golden is thy light,
Seen through its glow
thou art a beauteous day!
Still thou dost sadden me! -
Why is it, - why -
Unless because thou art
one long "good bye?"

The emerald fingers
over turf and tree,
But gems of red and gold
strew now my path;
Long, early shadows
darkening I see,
Naught in the fields
but their dry aftermath.
The birds sing sweetly,
soaring far on high,
Yet evermore their song
is but "good bye."

Thou'rt brave, sweet day! -
brave even to the last!
Yet Winter dogs thy footsteps,
and who knows
Where I shall be
when his long weeks are past?
What lies for me and mine
beyond his snows?
And I am happy now! -

Therefore I sigh
When thou dost whisper
in my ear "good bye!"

Shame, doubting heart!
Go out into the day,
And let its sun warm
hope into thy soul!
And let its breezes blow
thy fears away!
Eternal Goodness
doth the year control!
Listen again,
and hear no wailing cry,
But hallelujah - song
in this "good bye?"

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,
nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls thro' the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.

How beautiful is night!
We walk upon
The shadow of hills
across a level thrown,
And pant like climbers.
-E. B. Browning.

THE END OF SUMMER.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

The shy little sumacs
in lonely places,
Bowed all summer
with dust and heat,
Like clean-clad children,
with rain-washed faces,
Are dressed in scarlet
from head to feet.
And never a flower
had the boastful summer,
In all the blossoms
that decked her sod,
So royal hued
as that later comer,
The purple chum
of the golden-rod.

A wet wind blows
from the east one morning,
The wood's gay garments
look dragged out;
You hear a sound,
and your heart takes warning. -
The birds are planning
their winter route;
They wheel and settle
and whirl and wrangle, -
Their tempers are ruffled,
their voices loud. -
Then whirr! - and away
in a feathered tangle,
To fade in the south
like a passing cloud.

A songless wood
swept bare of glory;
A sodden moor
that is black and brown;
The year has finished
its last love story, -
Come! - let us away
to the gay, bright town.

Truth is within ourselves:
it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er
you may believe.
There is an inmost centre
in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness;
and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh
hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception -
which is truth.
A baffling and pervading
carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error:
and, to know,
Rather consists in opening
out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor
may escape,
Than in effecting entry
for a light
Supposed to be without.
-Robert Browning.

He serves all who dares be true.
-Emerson.