

# AN EASTER OFFERING

How the Painters Have Treated the Resurrection Theme



**"Holy Women at the Tomb of Christ"**  
PAINTING BY B. PLOCHHORST

**"The Three Marys"**  
PAINTING BY ARY SCHEFFER

**"Easter Morning"**  
PAINTING BY H. HOFMANN

**Easter Offering**  
PAINTING BY J. SANT

**"Holy Women at the Tomb"**  
PAINTING BY W.A. BOUGUEREAU

most highly cherished treasures of the cathedral at Marienwerder.

James Sant is one of the few English artists who have added anything notable to religious art. His "Easter Offering" is one of the daintiest pictures of its class, a modernized presentation of the holy women. His "Walk to Emmaus" is also a highly devotional work. Sant is now eighty-six years of age and lives in London at 43 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, West. He is best known as a portrait painter and holds the honorary position of principal painter in ordinary to the queen. He has been a member of the Royal Academy since 1870 and a corresponding member of the La Regia Accademia Raffaella di Urbino. In spite of his age he still contributes to national exhibitions. Two of his daughters are well known in English society. One of them is the wife of General J. M. Batten, and the other is the wife of the Hon. Percy Gye.

Heinrich Hofmann, who, like Plochhorst, is of the modern German school, is one of the best known of religious painters. He was born in Darmstadt in 1824 and studied at Dusseldorf, Antwerp and Paris. He was for a time professor in the art schools at Dusseldorf and Dresden.

He was a prolific artist, the galleries at Dresden and Berlin containing some of his best achievements. Some critics accuse him of a lack of originality, but he stands high in the world of art, for his paintings are pleasing, and all tell an effective story, which, after all, is the secret of popularity. A life of Christ might be compiled by a proper arrangement of his pictures, for he follows the Biblical narrative from scene to scene, taking it up at Bethlehem and closing with the incidents at Emmaus. Hofmann's "Easter Morning" is not so well known as his "Jesus in the Temple Disputing With the Doctors," but it is characteristic. It shows the weeping Mary at the sepulcher, while behind her stands the glorified Master waiting to make himself known to her.

Many other modern artists have found their inspiration in the scenes of the Bible. These have mostly been those of the German school, for the German temperament is certain to be intensely devout whenever it is not skeptical. Few French artists have ventured into this field—Bouguereau, Harriaux, Delacroix, Dore, Delacroix and Tissot being some exceptions that almost prove the rule.

The old masters with the somber religious views of the middle ages devoted themselves to painting the crucifixion and the descent from the cross rather than the brighter scenes of the resurrection morning. In those days, when men were rough, unimpeccable creatures, the church needed heroic means to bring the world to realize the claims of religion, and so the tragic scenes of the death of the Saviour were impressed upon the eye and were used to stir the heart when the messages of the resurrection might have been insufficient to arouse them to enthusiasm and devotion.

No longer is religion the dark and gloomy thing it was—designed to scourge humanity into the straight and narrow pathway, but rather the gospel of love set like a star to guide men thru this world and into a home of rest above. Art, to be sure, has not the encouragement that it had in the golden renaissance period, when a great artist was almost as honored as a king. The church is no longer the liberal patron of the arts that it once was, and puritanism with its bare and unadorned churches has never lent it much encouragement. It is likely that the golden age of religious art is over, and this is a pity, for often the brush of the artist can preach a more effective sermon than the tongue of the preacher. Certainly the story of the resurrection has never been so well told as by the great modern masters of religious art.

CAROLINE WETHERELL.

WHENEVER the Easter season returns it must recall to mind that in the last great tragedy which closed the earthly career of the Saviour of mankind for courage and fidelity the part played by his women followers was in striking contrast to the weakness and pusillanimity of even the most beloved of the disciples. The three to whose sympathy he had the greatest claim failed him in the tortured hour of prayer in Gethsemane, another basely betrayed him to his enemies, while the "rock" upon which his church was to be built blasphemously denied his Master to escape the suspicion of the servants' court.

When all others had deserted the Christ, it was Mary, the beautiful penitent of Magdala; Salome, the wife of Zebedee; Mary Cleophas; Mary, his devoted mother, and other women of Galilee who followed on that pilgrimage along the Via Dolorosa. The very daughters of Jerusalem wept for him as he stumbled along beneath the weight of the cross. Even the proud Roman matron, Pilate's wife, interceded for him with her husband, saying: "Have nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream because of him." According to tradition, the wife of the shoemaker Ahasuerus, since known to legend as the Wandering Jew, expostulated with her husband when he went out to deny the cross bearer a moment's rest on his threshold.

Artists have made much of this devotion of the Saviour's woman friends. Gustave Dore has given us a weird yet beautiful creation in his "Dream of Pilate's Wife," and a still more powerful one in the portrayal of "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." The latter shows the Saviour descending the long marble steps of the palace, which is lined with Roman soldiers, keeping back the sneering populace, while the lovely Magdalene and her women friends lean eagerly forward to behold their Lord.

Paul Veronese in his "On the Way to Calvary," Vandyske in his "Crucifixion" and Titian in "Christ Born to the Tomb" are among the old masters who have given the holy women

places of honor in the last sad scenes of the Saviour's life. Modern painters have been even more appreciative, and one has only to study the canvases portraying scenes from sacred history to see how much has been left untold by the brushes of the older artists. Modern art has more to do with the joyful side of the Saviour's history.

There are fewer crucifixions and descents from the cross, but more resurrection scenes. The artists of the middle ages were somber and tragic in their point of view.

Hofmann, Plochhorst, Bouguereau, Scheffer and Sant are among the most individual of the new school. Bouguereau's sacred works have all the

sensuous beauty that dominates modern French art. His Madonnas are all lovely women, dark eyed and graceful, ranged against glowing, flower set backgrounds. His women all have lovely complexions, for he understood exactly how to get the best effects in flesh painting. Bouguereau's "Holy Women at the Tomb" is one of his less known compositions, but it is particularly striking, the dark robes of the women being outlined with silhouetted distinctness against the white and gray of the entrance to the sepulcher.

Ary Scheffer, although known as a French painter, was born in Dordrecht, Holland, in 1795, but studied in Paris. His father, Johann Scheffer, was also an artist and, recognizing his son's genius, gave him every opportunity to develop it. The younger Scheffer's art career is divided into

three periods. The first was devoted to picturing the scenes of real life around him, the second to the delineation of ideal ones—largely inspired by the works of Goethe, Schiller, Dante and Byron—the third and last, representing all his accumulated skill and experience with the finer insight of mature years, devoted to religious painting. Of this period were his "Holy Women at the Tomb of Christ," "The Three Marys" and "The Women Weeping Over the Body of Christ."

Scheffer died in 1858. He has had a host of imitators, most of whom have caught his spirit but feebly. Plochhorst might be called the German Bouguereau, so markedly are his pictures tinged with the sensuous charm of the great French master. Bernard Plochhorst was born at Brunswick and studied in Berlin, Dresden and Paris, after which he traveled to every country where there were art centers

or galleries worth visiting. After having absorbed all he could of art from others he settled at Leipzig and began painting. He passed from Leipzig to Berlin and then to Weimar, where he was professor in the school of art. Finally he returned to Berlin, where his last years were spent happily. He was honored as one of the greatest historical artists Germany has ever produced. As a painter of religious subjects he excels in the loftiness and truthfulness of his ideas and in the sweetness of expression imparted to the figures on his canvases. Plochhorst is well worth studying, for, aside from the ideal loveliness of his studies, he displays a mastery technique, and he is regarded as one of the greatest of colorists. He was awarded the gold medal of the Berlin academy, an honor given only for the rarest excellence. His beautiful picture of the "Resurrection," painted in 1867, is one of the

of salt and very hot water will be found wonderfully refreshing. When withdrawn from the water the feet should be well rubbed with a hard towel. Those people who are subject to neuralgia in the extremities will find this of great benefit.

The bedroom is what its name implies, a place of repose, and everything about it should be conducive to the one purpose of obtaining rest. Everything in it should be simple, immaculate and easily kept so. The floors of such rooms should be covered with matting or should be oiled and rugs placed beside

the bed. The paper on the walls should be quiet and subdued.

Mme. Kirkby Linn, the famous opera singer, resembles Miss Terry in her rules as regards eating. On the days that she sings in public she fasts, as a rule, from half past 2 in the afternoon until the conclusion of the opera in the evening. On rare occasions between the acts she partakes of an egg beaten up.

A Parisian tobaccoist was prosecuted a short time ago for displaying a sign to the effect that he supplied cigarettes to the dowager queen (Margherita) of Italy. In the course of his defense he was able to prove indisputably that his statement was correct. He supplied some of the choicest brands to the widow of the murdered King Humbert.

If you want to keep a trim, youthful figure, resist the first inclination to stoop. Brace up whenever the shoulders settle in the least. Nothing so much assists one in making a favorable impression as a good carriage. It is more effective than a pretty face and is never associated with age in one's mind.

If your hands are inclined to perspire, wash them occasionally in warm water in which a little borax has been dissolved. A teaspoonful to a quart is the right proportion. Rinse in clear water. Dry and rub in a little lemon juice. Don't use the borax very often, as it will make the skin dry and inclined to crack.

Women dearly love to establish a dominion over any creature that is larger and stronger than themselves, and a study of history will show us how often they have obtained their way where man is concerned. Some men—not all—ways of the weakest sort—seem to take

a real pride in submitting to the commands and punishments of the women they love. The more elaborate fingering waists are confined solely to the semi-tailored or afternoon tailored frocks. Man loves power, woman loves admiration. A man respects, a woman adores. A man has pluck, a woman fortitude. Man is greater in conquest and achievement, woman in self sacrifice. Man may take the lead, but it is the woman who guides. Man may oppress woman, but it is woman that influences man.

and almost without saying, she should

never wear plaids, checks, stripes or flowered materials. Though more famous for her beauty than her mind, there can be little doubt that Rembrandt's Saskia was a woman of many gifts. In recent times the ladies Deken and Bekker are among those who have achieved success in literature. Busy housekeepers, as well as those young women who earn their livelihoods behind counters often suffer from tired feet. In a case of this kind a bath