

**THE DYING
SAVIOUR AND THE
GIPSY GIRL**

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THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE GIPSY GIRL by Marie Hall

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"What does that picture mean, Seignor?" asked the gipsy.

See page 7.

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AND THE

GIPSY GIRL.

BY

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(Née Stoddart).



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THREE hundred years ago, an artist was standing before an easel in a quaint old studio, whose windows looked into the narrow street of a busy German city. He had stood in the same spot ever since the sun had risen and peeped in through the little diamond window-panes. Now it was high noon, and still

his skilful hand continued to labour. As the shadows became shorter and shorter on the whitened walls of his room, he paused a moment and glanced down the street. An impatient expression escaped his lips as he turned again to the easel, and dashed on the colours with hasty and almost reckless strokes. The picture was nearly finished; and Sternberg, the painter, laid down his brushes and contemplated his work. His impatience was forgotten; his thoughts wandered to the scanty condition of his purse, and he considered whether it might be possible for him to ask an extra gold coin beyond the price agreed upon. It was an altar-piece for a small chapel; and the painter, being

poor and little known, had been glad to conclude a bargain greatly to the advantage of the purchaser, and sell his picture much below its value. The subject was the Crucifixion — not a subject the artist himself cared for ; to paint the fanciful deities of Greece and Rome would have been more congenial to his taste. But heathen gods and goddesses were not in request at this time in the old-fashioned German city ; representations of Saints, Madonnas, Adorations, and other objects actually scriptural, found a more ready sale. Nevertheless, this piece was finely executed, and Sternberg's criticising eye rather approved his handiwork. The pain and anguish dimming the eye and

paling the brow of the Crucified One were all too life-like. But there was one great error of which the artist was not conscious—being merely an eye-worshipper of the Nazarene. He who hangs upon the tree is altogether human; the suffering man is there, but not the God-man.

Sternberg was still busy with his own thoughts, and did not hear the opening of a door behind him. A strange-looking figure advanced into the room, and looked over the artist's shoulder. It was a Spanish gipsy girl (whose portrait Sternberg was taking), dressed in the rich colours and picturesque costume of her race. A few minutes ago Sternberg had been all