BORN 1804 DIED 1864

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"And thus," said Miriam, weeping,

as for us, there are only two more

As Kenyon looked at him, all the

sweet and delightful characteristics of

There are few books that way. teach so vividly the difference between

It is as something started into being by a touch. A touch has made it—
a touch might have marred it. Until there comes another genius who can look, like him, into the mysterious guiff his eyes winked uneasily in the light that a summer of the compagnation of the com robbing them of their diaphanous elusiveness, "The Marble Faun" will vancing, while Miriam stood strangely breaking into the throng and standing quiver.

needed such a happy being, standing lost secret of Roman fresco-painting. betwixt man and animal, sympathiz- She grew moody and became subject

terminating in little peaks like those slightest interest in them.

Donatello is the very Faun himself!" sumed the same position as the statue, animal, in the gentle features. Standing thus, he needed only the indeed, the Faun of Praxiteles, mir-

aculously softened into flesh and blood. all the better!"

"No, no. dearest signorina," answered low. touch my ears ever so lightly. None ever. of my race could endure it. It has Her gentle courage enabled her to in your own."

giveness. He caught her hand, kissed people round about her.

Who Miriam was no one knew. She had appeared suddenly in Rome and Miriam and was amazed to see that showed very considerable talent as a her friend's expression had become al- Donatello, flinging the sketch from there." apparently, and made acquaintances passionate wish and struggle to pene-

out letting them realize it at first. to this rule. They were Donatello, me a favor," said she. "In a week or haunted the old master as Miriam was absently. His answers were heavy and the high rank that he held in the gov- ton, speaker of the House of Com- habit to work at night; "He would Hilda, a gentle, lovely New England the summer. Now four months hence, dow follow him all through the sum-

Even these friends, however, did not Cenci.

trating some distance they had been hands with wild flowers, he cried: had been hurried to his death. the common, not at all wonderful fad trating some distance they had been mands with the common, not at all wonderful fad startled by missing Miriam. The guide "Hark!" and drew her along swiftly "Who are they," asked he, "who of Mysticism. Hawtorne's imagina- burst into exclamations of alarm, re- toward a place whence there came the were flung over here in days gone by?" tion, so singularly free from earthly calling the face of a stranger who had sound of music. clogs, has shown new imperial roads strayed only a few months before and strayed only a few months are strayed only a few months and strayed only a few months are strayed only a of air to countless imitators—but they had been found starved, their fear was short, for Miriam appeared suddenly. Behind her came a the tambourine from one and flour- ing earnestly in her face. "The Marble Faun" is a palace built strange figure, clad in an enormous ished it above his head, producing of cloud, and hung in the clear ether. cloak of buffalo hide and the goat skin music so potent as he danced with

"Who are you?" cried Kenyon, ad-

"Inquire not who I am," said the Only a sculptor who dreamed poems as he wrought at his marble, could have conceived the France of Provided have the standard of the france of the fran

creature. It is the true Faun of the to lose sight of him. He haunted her come together. It was as if a fright- she with unutterable dread. She had more. long vanished groves of old—all the footsteps and was often admitted to ening presence had come upon a group not known it. But she could not deny innocence and unspoiled joy of the her studio where he posed as a model. creatures of wood and field mingled The story of the adventure spread middle of them. with the greater attributes of the hu- abroad and was made the subject of Donatello stood by Miriam's side, one that he must really have existed the man was a demon who had bought him!" muttered he. in a long-past golden age. Nature her soul in return for imparting a long

Athrill with the glory of life and sion to her strange model. Thus Ken-

prisoned vision one day in that time stranger he had felt that unreasoning "We will talk of it again half a century ago, when our artists antipathy which so often is more trust- said Miriam. "Only leave me now." and sculptors were beginning to cre- worthy than the acutest insight into As soon as his form disappeared the ate an American art far away from character. As time went on every ap-stranger approached. "What will be has no existence any more." "Kenyon!" cried one, a dark-eyed would depress him into a somber mood, ed she. beauty, pointing to the other male sad and sudden as a sudden cloudi- "There can be but one result. You as in a flery intoxication, for guilt has Kenyon returned to Rome to find member of the party. "See! Our friend ness over a laughing field. At such must throw off your present mask and its moments of rapture, too. They poor Hilda sadly worn and thin. She

lion's skin and the rustic pipe, instead to walk with Donatello, who was to gether. I, too, have struggled to esof his elegant modern costume, to be, meet her at the Villa Borghese. On cape it. And what was the result? "Donatello," cried the dark-eyed of a great square tower. Looking up- "Then," said Miriam calmly, "I forocauty, "shake aside those dark curls ward, Miriam saw the young girl, see the end. It will be death." and let us see whether the marvelous dressed in white, scattering food to a "Your own death, Miriam, or mine? resemblance extends to the very tips flock of white doves that fluttered he asked, looking fixedly at her. of the cars. If so, we shall like you around her as if she were a dove her- "Do you imagine me a murderess"

Donatello, laughing, but with a certain | In one of the angles of the battleearnestness, "I entreat you to take ment stood a shrine of the Virgin, dark meaning, "men have said that the tips of my ears for granted." He and there Hilda, although a zealous this white hand once had a criminal candles burning round him, lay the the tips of my ears for granted." He and there Hilds, although a zealous this winte hall once had a criminal leaped aside as lightly as a veritable Protestant in conformity with her New stain." He took her hand and held it body of a monk. His hands were fold-said she. "It has an effect as if I series; but a writer so individual, so strongest and finest light. Only this Apennines," he continued, "if you which had been set there to burn for- "It had no stain," cried Miriam,

saying a word. She smiled and be- iam, looking around the studio. "Why, cated her evil shadow on her knees. stowed on him a little, careless caress you have done nothing else so wonder- In this attitude Kenyon and Hilda, that appeared to afford Donatello ex- ful as this! By what miracle have you strolling through the park, beheld her,

"It is the very step of the dancing be deaf to all entreaties," said Hilda. two together, until the model walked tion or conjecture. If she never spoke, something more and lingers long over Faun," cried the others, laughing. "So I sat down before it, I know not slowly away, leaving Miriam to turn then he would let the riddle remain the mystery. These friends instinctively allowed for how many times, till I had it in my homeward with her eyes bent heavily unsolved. him as for a child or some other law- heart. And now I do believe it is to the grond.

unconventional art world of Rome, geon and awoke to climb the scaffold, ancient sketches, many of them made where few cared about any of the prim Ah, if I could get within her conscious- by great masters. One in special was He was a Count of Tuscany, who had spent most of his life in the woods at all, but the best virtue possible undesign for his picture of the Archangel was just entire. Said Miriam with a sinile from which all the glories of introduction. Then, as always, he smiled philosophically. Later, he said, "I am glad they took had spent most of his life in the woods at all, but the best virtue possible un- design for his picture of the Archangel and wild passes of the Apennine Moun- der the circumstances. If I could but Michael setting his foot on the demon. tains. By chance he met three artists, clasp Beatrice Cenci's ghost and draw "This is a far more striking demon

Hilda looked in astonishment at man!" She was not at all reserved, most that of the portrait; as if her him with a shudder of disgust.

There were only three exceptions once. "I have come to ask you to do actual portrait of somebody who had dearments. He listened gloomily and who was known to all Rome through out permission, to Sir Spencer Compstayed in bed till noon, but it was his

know anything of her past. They were When Mirlam reached the Borghese iam's ill-hap to encounter him? as ignorant of it as the rest of the grounds, Donatello, gay and exuberant Roman art world, which tried to ac- with the spirit of spring that haunted to wander through the modern day, away. count for her in many romantic ways, the beautiful groves and the flowery his hour had struck. Even while the Miriam bent her weary feet slowly light was out! the most popular of which was that vistas of the venerable and lovely three were looking at the picture that and falteringly toward Hilda's tower. In wild alarm he tolled up the steps Spencer Compton, having by this time expressed, what he was about to say, she was a foreign princess who had place, dropped from the thick leaves was so strangely like him his end was As she approached she saw that the and knocked at her door. There came discovered that an unknown poet had and his voice corresponded exactly to fled to avoid a marriage of state that of an ilex tree and stood before her drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn.

| The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. | The drawing near—unguessed not only by curtains were still tightly drawn. That the mystery surrounding her the bosom of the green earth. His ones at whose hands it was come. was more or less tragic could be in- joy of life infected her. "For this one

breeches with the hair outward that frisky step, still drawing Miriam with destruction of a guilty one who de-It is as something started into being were commonly worn by the peasants him, that people came from every- served his doom."

In the midst of the riot a strange

before her. It was her model. aware that she had retired from the ror.

the coarseness, the animal lust, that From that day forward the stranger in another moment the motley throng the precipice!" others have given to the mythical of the catacombs did not allow Miriam was dissolving as suddenly as it had

man soul in its first childhood, before fantastic tales. Miriam laughed at glaring at the dark figure of her pursin or morality and sorrow were them all, and, even when pressed by suer, where he stood under the gloom her three friends, only gave explana- of a cyprus. His lips were drawn apart gether, "you speak truth. My heart there was no penance great enough. The beautiful creature convinces tions still more fantastic, averring that so as to disclose his set teeth. "I hate "Be satisfied, I hate him, too!" said

Miriam.

"In heaven's name, no violence!" exunconscious of its indignities, he you and Hilda soon agreed that it was stands, smiling with his full yet delibest to dismiss all conjecture and action of the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model. Thus kender is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model is not to her strange model is name, no violence!" expending the dismission to her strange model is name, no violence!" expending eate lips. The riddle of his animal cept the supposition that, after all, Leave me to my doom. Dear friend, nature pervades the figure with a there need be no mystery about the kind, simple, loving friend, make me mute mystery too subtle to character- matter, and that the fellow was simply not more wretched by the remem-

"Not follow you?" said Donatello, pearance of the mysterious model the end of this persecution?" demand-

times, too, there appeared a trace of assume another. You must vanish out walked with brave and stately step had wandered like a lost soul from The young man laughed and as- something savage, like that of a fierce of the scene; leave Rome with me through the streets of Rome as if gallery to gallery. Her beloved old One pleasant day Miriam started out destiny which we must needs fulfill to- guilty shadows that have haunted the no hope, and her brush failed in its

self, as indeed she seemed from be- said she, shuddering. "You, at least, have no right to think so."

"Yet," rejoined he, with a glance of

always been a tender point with my dwell all alone and unfearing in her Slowly they moved along, Miriam tower. Her purity of heart and life beseeching him, first calmly, then pas- grasping Donatello's hand convulsively, Almost immediately he came again made her secure in the streets and sionately and wildly, to leave her free. gasped, "My God! What is this?" to the girl's side and gazed at her with galleries. Her ministration of the At last her agony of mind reached a an appealing air as if soliciting for- shrine won for her the love of the pitch where she suddenly sank down on the steps of a fountain, and, under of the monk, seeming to gaze at them another chip shall be struck from this it and looked into her eyes without. "What picture is this?" asked Mir- pretense of washing her hands, suppli- through half open lids, was the same marble."

quisite pleasure. He danced quite obtained leave to copy Guido's Bea- and they were not deceived by the But there was a whisper in his heart ful attempt toward copying the feat-"I knew that Prince Herberini would, wondering what evil spell bound these wait for Miriam to offer an explana- observer in a thousand is conscious of

ventionality were the more readily overlooked since he had fallen into the diriam; "she that slept in the dun-

and at once fell under the charm of it into myself! I would give my life than the one on the finished picture," the two men passed on. The beautiful single thrill in him, he departed with the dark beauty, Miriam. From the to know whether she thought herself cried Kenyon, "and I have seen that woman looked steadily down at her a chill of disappointment. He went remedied, and he found work as a tutor time of the first-meeting he became innocent or the one great criminal face! Upon my word, I have seen it dead enemy. "Thou shalt not scowl to his studio and tried to work, but to Lord Binning's son. It was stated

Hilda and Kenyon stared at it befreely; but by some subtle quality, she trate poor Beatrice's mystery had wildered. Had Guido in an effort to gardens of the Villa Medici. "My heart a rich dress, with a great red gem on recognition. represent the utmost of sin and misery shivers," said he. Anxiously Miriam her breast, leaned forward. It was THE HUMORS OF DEDICATION. Miriam recovered herself almost at hit ideally on this face? Or was it an tried to rouse him by caresses and en- Miriam. By her side sat a dignitary The slim folio was dedicated, with- indolence. It is true that he often girl who was copying old masters. unless you hear from me, I would shine of his early career and into the love that he had felt for her. pered: "When the lamp goes out, do servility so common in the eighteenth his way what he was to correct and gloom that gathered about its close? Resolutely she arose and told him that not despair." Before hec ould ask a century. One of Thomson's earliest write out next day," and he was often Hilda read the address. It was to And, when Guido died, did the specter they must part forever. She said, question the carriage drove swiftly on. appreciators was Aaron Hill—theatri-up at dawn for the simple reason

The golden-green obscurity of Gre- titude toward the future. That it still Donatello gave a clear call, and a friends were of the party. Long they mind went on its torturing round, ever He stumbled through Rome like one can groves, the wise superstition of enveloped her and shadowed her life, bird came singing and fluttered around wandered from hallowed place to hal- returning to the scene at the rock. old mythology all live again in this made evident one day in a singular lands of flowers and crowned Minism they had scattered widely and Minism and the self-sought obscurity, was his handsome head. He gathered gar-lowed place to hat the mind tormented him with a thousand da's eyes by a crime that she saw me made evident one day in a singular lands of flowers and crowned Miriam they had scattered widely, and Miriam entered. She stepped ingeniously invented scenes of terror help to perpetrate. What it was she and himself. He ran. He laughed and Donatello found themselves on a toward the girl. "Do not come nearer, in which the pure girl was always the will tell you with her own lips. But The four had descended to the cata- aloud in answer to laughing echoes, parapet on the edge of the Tarpeian Miriam," said Hilda in a piteous voice. that rare and wonderful gift, Fancy, and comb of Saint Calixtus. After pene- Suddenly, as he was about tying her Rock, whence many an ancient traitor, "I know all." And, hurried on by her

"Was it well done?" asked he, look-

"It was well done," answered Miriam.

him close till their two hearts beat to- committed a heinous crime for which from home. consented to what you did. The deed knots us together, for time and eter- to take horse and ride forth through nity, like the coils of a serpent!"

ture was gone forever.

of a union that consists in guilt.

They flung the past behind them, as she counseled and for a time they were ever.

sedulously careful to keep their triffing. The sculptor's arrival took her out been compared with the greatest—to whether it will be proper to print engagements as when some great se- of herself and began to reawaken the the confusion of Thomson. Mr. G. C. these two inimitable copies of verses

They intended to look, at a famous by an object in the middle of the nave. atello. On a slightly elevated bier with tall a black ribbon.

They went to the bier and Miriam, higher development." hearts seem to pause. The dead face could not produce in the clay. Not face that had glared at them ere it disappeared over the precipice!

pretense. They watched in sorrow, which said: "Hush!" He resolved to ures of the Faun of Praxiteles. One smartness of repartee, and apt to be points. In 1750, his reputation being silent except in congenial society, so then well established, "Sophonisha"

"How strange!" exclaimed Kenyon. "Do you know the old superstition?"

"It is Miriam's model!" whispered ment seat. I fear not to meet thee satisfaction.

parted from Kenyon and went into the truded from the window. A woman in published in 1726, and won immediate ter of wigs; "I have known him spoil Signore Luca Barboni at the Palazzo betake himself to the sepulchre, there "Farewell," and paused, not unhopeful His mind groped for a clue to the cal manager, playwright, and various that he had never been to bed. His

own terrible emotion, she told Miriam

what she had seen. me some relief by methods which are peasants. now beyond my power to imagine."

island refuge of life, and catch the accustomed to anything except the flitting form. Like a vision the scene began high in the air and shot quivformless, dim shapes that peer at us, without distorting them and without distorting them are distorting them and without distorting them are distorting the distorting them are distorting them are distorting them are distorting the distorting them are distorting the distorting them begun and ended in one breathless inwho journeyed out to Tuscany to visit
stant, and she had turned and fled him, found him, sadly altered. The

Miriam's real name in connection with
ment of Rome took steps to suppress figure suddenly confronted Miriam, almost before the cry had ceased to him, found him, sadly altered. The miriam's real name in connection him, found him, sadly altered. The a mysterious and terrible event. face, as beautiful as ever, had lost al-"What have you done?" whispered most all its resemblance to the Faun The next moment Donatello was Miriam in a voice stricken with hor had come into it instead of the joyous dance. He stopped and rushed towards "I did what your eyes bade me do," innocence of only a few months ago,

> Vainly did Kenyon strive to awaken ortal peril. or play. He met all Kenyon's reworld. or her that in hon darkly world.

At last the sculptor prevailed on him the Apennine country. At every The young man seemed to have dil- shrine, at every cross on the wayside,

and in the great square under the stat-"For evermore, Miriam," said he ue of the Pontiff Julius they met Mir-"Our two lives have been cemented for- iam face to face. She looked at Don- had thought dead, inspired him with semble those of the Faun of Praximute mystery too subtle to character-matter, and that the fellow was simply not more wretched by the rememize. There is only one sign visible one of those Roman beggars who have brance of having thrown fierce hates
to the gross senses; this is the ears a wonderful pertinacity about pursuof the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, ing persons who happen to take the happy life!"

| Author of the faun, which are leaf-shaped, ing persons who happen to take the happy life!"
| Author of the faun, which are leaf-shaped, ing persons who happen to take the happy life!"
| Author of the faun, which are leaf-shaped, ing persons who happen to take the happy life!"
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| Author of the faun, which are leaf-shaped, ing persons who happen to take the happy life!"

slightest interest in them.

Donatello, however, took the matter soothed from anger to sorrow. "Not sadly to heart. At first sight of the follow you? What other path have I?"

of a union that consists in could be some to the simplicity of his imagination of the sense of their tion what he had not before dreamed mutual crime had only stunned and of the sadly to heart. At first sight of the follow you? What other path have I?"

of a union that consists in could destroyed the vitality of his affection. She went to him quickly and in home to the simplicity of his imagina- told Miriam that the sense of their him quickly and ir "Cast it all behind you," said Mir- the presence of the great sculptor they iam. "The deed has done its office and clasped hands and stood there, the beautiful man and the beautiful woman, feeling that they were united for-

and leave no trace behind. We have a they were among the majectic and masters brought her no comfort and blood-stained city through the ages. Work. A deadly despondency had Seasons," was not, in essence, a poet despondency the con-The next morning the two went to seized on her, and every day she felt at all. The point of view was exto have expunged. On this point he the way she stopped at Hilda's studio Our strange encounter in the bowels the Church of the Capuchins, where herself sinking deeper under the know- treme, and could hardly be maintain- wrote to Hill; they had an appointment to meet ledge of the crime whose secret she ed, but as a protest against undue "As the case now is, one of your in-

cret burdens them with fear of sus- old happy courageous Hilda. One day Macaulay, in his "James Thomson" I have from you and Mr. Mallet, withhe took her to his studio and showed (Macmillan: English Men of Letters, out such little alterations as shall her a bust that he had modeled while 2s. net), takes a middle course; he clear Sir Spencer of the best satire I picture, but their eyes were seized at Monte Beni. It was that of Don-"What do you see in it?" asked he.

truded from beneath his habit and brighten while I look at it. A soul is Pope and his generation, surely decase required some small alterations, snatching it away, "till you grasped it were tied together at the ankles with being breathed into him. It is the Faun, but advancing to a state of

"I believe you are right," answered Their hands became like ice. Their enough, it is the very expression I

And accordingly Donatello's bust has Kenyon, too, recognized the man spectators mistake it for an unsuccess-

The next day Hilda remembered that less thing, and hardly noticed his eccentricities. His lapses from the corrcentricities. His lapses from the corrcentricities from the corrcentric

through the Vatican galleries, looking London, and indifferent to everything called out, sculpture and paint looked down on him coldly and without arousing a it. It was never good for anything." She lingered behind a little, while him coldly and without arousing a somewhere on the shoulders of a living me down," said she. "Neither now or threw the clay aside. He wandered by Johnson that Thomson came up to when we stand together at the Judg- through the streets and found no London with "Winter" in his pocket;

Suddenly a carriage passed him. It She rejoined Donatello, and the two stopped and a beckoning hand pro- months in London. "Winter" was

to await a new victim till it was Mir- of arousing him to his old affection, strange words. Suddenly it flashed on other things. Hill addressed some elecution was bad. Murdoch says: but he replied "Farewell" in a low him that the lamp must be the lamp laudatory verses to Thomson, which Whatever dark fate had brought him voice that seemed to come from far that Hilda kept alight before the shrine were published in the newspapers, in so perfect the harmony of his organs on her tower. He hastened there. The which he rebuked the "great" for with the sentiments of his mind, that

Up there Hilda sat, her eyes red of the building, but none could give Thomson and made him a present of was affected. This sensibility had one with weeping. So she had sat all night him any information. The next day twenty guineas. That Thomson took inconvenience attending it, that it ren-There fell a night of rare moonlight mourning the guilt of her friend and he spread the news of Hilda's disap- the money is a bitter comment on the dered him the very worst reader of ferred by her friends from her fre-hour," thought she, "let me be as gay on Rome. Immediately a band of ar-staring into the wreckage of life that pearance through the artist settlement age. Now came the humor—pitiful good poetry; . . . a passage of Virquent black moods and the glimpses as he is. Tomorrow will be time tists arranged a visit to the Coliseum she had thus beheld for the first time. and enlisted the police. But a week humor—of the situation, for Thomson gil, Milton or Shakespeare would some and other great ruins, and the four Hour after hour passed, and still her passed and still Hilda was not found. wished to print Hill's lines, together

central figure.

One day a note was thrust into his days left for us to be happy. Donatello hand by a man who vanished immedi- here, haunted with remorse, is deterately. It bade him repair to a ruin mined then to submit himself to earth-"I do not dream of betraying you to outside of Rome and wait for what ly justice." justice," she concluded. "But I see was to come. He lost no time in obeysecret and die of it, unless God sends Miriam and Donatello, disguised as are still two days. Let us be happy!"

Poor Hilda turned from her unhappy knew through high sources of infor-turned to him. Miriam smiled on him "It was well done," answered Miriam. Foot finds turned from him friend and sank on her knees in a mation, that Hilda was safe and would and Kenyon thought that she, too, like

influence. She mentioned a name that made the sculptor start with amazement—and then turn pale, for only a as Miriam had promised. She had

countenance, did the happy, glorious evil and wicked that they could be the important secrets that the packet "And my eyes bade you do it!" said woodland creature shine out once accounted for only by the insanity contained. which often developed in old, closekept races of men.

on her that in her despair she fled The arm of the law left her un-

happiness, when her evil fate came on was truly to one who could find peace her again in the form of the strange only in the tomb. betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the fo fits of ill-temper, at which times whispered Donatello with a savage into a man. It had developed within waiting for him, thought that he saw life of mingled do many years and were inspired in him. It had kindled min waiting for him, thought that he saw life of mingled depravity and penance, on a visit to Rome once more. "What him an intelligence which was no a woman, heavily veiled, praying at He had entered a monastery, where his became of him?" Thus they arrived at last at Perugia, the reputation of superior sanctity said Kenyon sadly, "and in one of them

fresh impulses to blacker crime than teles?" he was asked.

She went on to say that while still desired to bring to the light of day. such parts of the affair as it was not of Praxiteles. Sorrow and knowledge a child she had been bethothed to a Miriam had returned to Rome and Marchese of another branch of their called on her great connections there house. When she came of age she to free the innocent girl, proving to conceived the Faun of Praxiteles. In this wonderful statue there is none of abide the consequences."

She came to me when I sought her not. I dance. He stopped and rushed towards and only in very rare moments, when repudiated the contract, for her destantly all the dancers stopped, and with mine as I held the wretch over a sudden old time smile sped over his countenance did the hoppy glorious evil and wicked that they could be a suddent to free the innocent girl, proving to the fine the innocent girl, proving to a suddent the fine that she had acted simply as a messenger and had no knowledge of

> So well was the power of Mirlam's ening presence had come upon a group not known it. But she could not deny of nymphs and fauns with Pan in the that a wild joy had flamed up in her in him again the old torrent of buoywhich Mirlam would barely allude. Alcause of the monk's death, no work when she beheld her tormenter in his ant life. Donatello would neither laugh though she was innocent, suspicion of of it was ever permitted to reach the

> > touched. Indeed, after all, her crime She had begun a new life for her- lay merely in a glance. She had done self in Rome and had began to taste no murder! But that earthly mercy

ever. To bend her to his will he held "I know, but may not tell," replied over her the threat of exposing her. Kenyon, smiling mysteriously.

The Author of "The Seasons" A Criticism of James Thomson

serves this honor. EARLY EFFORTS.

Kenyon thoughtfully. "And strangely he himself was intended for the minister of Ednam, in Roxburgh, and shocking to be borne." became a member of several of the ive and humiliating letter. However, literary clubs which were in vogue it had the desired effect. early in the eighteenth century, but, ever since remained unfinished. Most says Mr. Macaulay, "It seems that he did not make any great figure in them, tails of Thomson's career; I can only being perhaps a little deficient in touch here and there upon essential smartness of repartee, and apt to be points. In 1730, his reputation being that he was by some regarded as a was produced at Drury Lane. The dull fellow; and the exuberance of his play was "acted with applause," literary style laid him open to criti- thanks more to Mrs. Oldfield, who cism." After entering as a student of acted the part of the heroine, than to divinity, he suddenly made up his the piece itself. We only remember mind to try his fortune as an author "Sophonisba" nowadays for the prein London, and accordingly made the posterous line, great adventure in 1725. On his A little later Kenyon wandered arrival, bemused with the marvels of A voice from the pit is said to have as a matter of fact, he did not begin

I have heard a distinguished critic with some by his friend Mallet, in the maintain that the author of "The second edition of "Winter"; his own demnation of the speaker he wished

praise it had its value. Thomson has finite delicacy will be the best judge, neither overestimates nor underesti- ever read. I shall say no more on mates his subject. No doubt there are that head; for if there be any reasons and yet not indulge me with them, I

should recken what my patron gave James Thomson was the son of the me a fatal present. 'Tis a thought too It would be difficult to find a naralministry. At Edinburgh University he lel in English literature to this evas-

> "SOPHONISBA." I have not space to follow the de-

> O. Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!

Johnson thought that this injured evidence to support his view. It had

a reasonable run, and sold well in volume form. PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

William Taylor, the barber, who shaved Thomson for many years, tells the poem until he had been several us that though he was negligent in dress he was extravagant in the mata new wig only in walking to Lon-

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