

regularity with which he came every night to the theatre struck me, as well as his expressive appearance ; his large blue eyes ; and the blonde locks which encircled his face. He was always in the same place and standing ; following my play with intense attention, and an undisguised admiration of all that he heard and saw. He at the same time both interested and pleased me. Sometimes a lady accompanied him, but he was usually alone. During two years he came regularly, then little by little, less frequently. At the same time I perceived a change in him. Deep red spots showed themselves on his pale cheeks ; he seemed agitated and nervous ; and his look had an expression of suffering and unhappiness. All at once he ceased coming, and I forgot him.

I now come to a turning point in my life. I had on one occasion to act in a piece the part of a fanatical preacher. I desired, as always, to act my part in the most natural manner possible. There was at that time, in that city, a man who was much spoken of, renowned for his piety, and zealous to a degree that many thought exaggerated. It seemed to me that I should find in him the living model of the part I was to present. I resolved to visit him under some pretext in order to study his manner of speaking ; his gestures ; in a word his whole person ; in order to transfer it to the stage. I went to his place one afternoon, but as he was out and his return soon expected I was asked to wait for him. While I was there a young lady was brought into the place where I was, in a large chair. I arose, saluted her, and pre-

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