

he would find that he had not a single picture in such a state that he could expose it without shame to the eyes of other painters. Then he used to work furiously, first on one picture, then on another, now on the first again, until at the end of the week, almost in tears, he would send off the least unfinished of the lot, and, shutting himself up in his studio, refuse to allow anyone to interrupt his self-accusation and remorse.

He called on me in my first lodging, and found me trying to play "Summer is icumen in" on an old wooden flageolet. But, although he was a musician, he asked me to come to his studio, to see his piano, which, very old, was a perfect instrument for the older music, Scarlatti, Corelli, and the Elizabethan songs. Very often after that he would play for hours in that dim room, while I listened, sitting and smoking over the fire. Sometimes another man used to come in and play the piano for him, so that he was free for the 'cello, that he handled with the love that is the greater part of skill. One winter we made friends with a model who had a violin. Then we used to keep Tuesday nights free for concerts: there would be the pianist, the artist round the corner in the large room playing the 'cello, and the pretty, fluttered little girl playing the violin in the long room by the fire, while I sat on the sofa and tried to keep time (for they could not see each other) by beat-