

to rent a studio and share our good or evil fortune with each other. Rafaello had many friends, but to none of his fellow countrymen had he ever shown the strong liking that he evinced for me, whom the jealous-hearted Italians called "the stupid Englishman."

Our studio was a large airy place which we curtained off, thus making two apartments, one of which belonged to him and the other to myself. Here, day after day, we would labor upon some work which monopolized our whole attention ; and though neither was obliged to work for his daily bread, yet the sale of a picture was hailed with as much joy as it would have been by any starving wielder of the brush. In the summer when the green fields lured us from our easels, we would seek some pleasant retreat to dream, and to pass away the hours in converse.

I remember as distinctly as though it had been but to-day, one afternoon we had spent in the valley. It was a glorious day, warm and beautiful, and Rafaello, lying prone upon the earth, had spoken of his dream, the one longing of his life—the desire to paint an *Ecce Homo* such as had never been painted since the days of the old masters.

The sun shone on his face as he spoke, and that face comes between me and the pages I write, it was so full of light and resolution.

"No one at the present time has painted that divine face as it really looked when the time of His agony had come—when they led Him to be crucified. No one can, and yet my God ! we can only imagine what a divine being would suffer, for He was divine, the most perfect being that ever trod the earth. And how they mocked Him ! How they scorned Him ! How they crucified Him !"

Rafaello, when he spoke like this, was something to wonder at and admire, although I knew he was most devout, and sometimes, to my slow imagination, rather an extremist in his religious tendencies.

He would often talk to me of the beauties of the Catholic belief, and try to persuade me, who acknowledged no church whatever, that this was the *fold* which I should enter. In those days I did not agree with him, although