

alone, and laughed quietly at the anxiety of people who wished to succeed, to exhibit, to be publicly recognised as painters, unless he understood that they looked upon success only as guarantee of bread and butter. He could understand that people might, without degradation, work for bread and butter, and he always said he was willing to do so himself. But he never did. Chances came to him, as they come to everybody; but either the would-be purchaser was not appreciative, or he chose the wrong things to commend. The painter could never have slept with the thought that one of his pictures, an arrangement in colours, was in the house of a gold-watch-chained plutocrat who loved it for the sake of a story he had happened to read into it. He would have counted the picture as wasted, and would not have let it go to such a man, even if the money would have saved him from starvation.

There were only two very small exhibitions where he felt he could show his pictures with a free conscience, and he had a painting in each every year; and yet, though he had the year in which to paint them, his two pictures always went down unfinished. He used to paint on, dream after dream, imagining that each one was to be the annual masterpiece, and then, before any one of them was done, he would be started on another, until, a week before the exhibitions,