

the while he was narrating his story, as if he could see it written in the flames, but at this juncture he turned to me, and looking straight into my eyes, said solemnly:

"You will easily understand now, my friend, why it was that I loved Winnie."

When he had said this he threw himself back in his chair and remained in silence, apparently going over again in his own mind the scenes he had been relating to me.

As I had by this time become somewhat accustomed to his manner, I knew that he had now finished speaking for the evening, so after waiting a few moments without disturbing the old man in his reverie, I took up my cap and went out.

IV.

"If I should vividly picture to you, my friend, the events of my student life in Paris, I would easily awaken your sympathy and commiseration, but, at the same time, it would be necessary for me to recall in detail scenes of failure and reverses almost amounting to despair, the recollection of which would be fraught with the deepest misery to me. I will, therefore, give you only a very brief account. Indeed, my friend, I would willingly pass over the entire period of my stay in silence, as a history which it were well should be forgotten; but I am drawn to speak of it because it is, perhaps, better that you should in some degree be made aware of the reasons for its awful termination.

"Shortly after my return I was admitted to the Académie des Beaux Arts, a privilege which, as you are aware, is not easily obtainable by foreigners, and while there I laboured with an energy which I had not before known I possessed.

"I lived on the Rue des Petits Champs, which is not far from the Académie, though on the left bank of the river, it being but a few moments walk from the Pont du Carrousal, and once across the river at this point, I was in sight of the building. I thus lost but little time in passing between the Académie and my lodgings.

"I had another reason, however, for living there; it was cheap. I had resolved to have the best instruction in my Art which Paris could afford, and to obtain this, I knew would require considerable money. It thus became my object to save every cent possible, and I began with my lodgings. My room, which was called furnished—the furniture consisting of a bed, table and chair,—cost me only thirty francs a month. You will, perhaps, be surprised at this, my friend, but it is easily explainable. It was in the fifth storey, and was a *chambre de garçon*, which, although usually rented without furniture, the *concierge* had in this instance fitted up, all the other rooms being occupied. When I say it was in the fifth storey, you must remember that the first two flats, the Rez de Chaussée and l'Entresol, are not counted in Paris, and thus it was really in the seventh.

"During the latter part of my second year, when my health had given way under my continual labours, I remember many a time, almost fainting as I climbed these long, winding flights of stairs that led up to my little room beneath the roof. But I must not speak of this now, as it will be necessary for me to mention it later on.

"I formed no companionships which might interfere with my studies, and indulged myself in none of the many amusements of which my fellow students at the Académie were so fond. I had thus time to take lessons in Architecture, which I knew could not fail to be of great assistance to me, and also a thorough course of instruction in Anatomy at L'Ecole de Médecine in the Quartier Latin.

"I visited the *ateliers* of the foremost French artists, and while there I was a constant and earnest listener to the great Babel of discussion upon every branch of Art by men of all countries and all kinds of previous training. I thus acquired a broad and comprehensive understanding, untrammelled by the peculiar characteristics of any one school.

"I did nothing but work.

"When I was too exhausted to do anything else, I read the biographies of eminent artists which I borrowed from my fellow-students at the Académie, and thus obtained a new inspiration. This, however, only had the effect of urging me on to still greater efforts. I rarely slept longer than six hours a night, and during the remainder of the time I lived in a continuous atmosphere of art, without a thought of the intense exhaustion that each day more surely followed my labours. I was animated only by one great purpose, that of one day becoming a great painter and attaining to all the happiness which I knew it was destined to bring.

"I had all along looked forward to spending the summer vacation with my aunt and Winnie at Seaton village, and the thought of this had consoled me in many a weary hour, but it was not to be.

"I remember well how I almost gave way under my disappointment when one day I received a letter from my aunt, saying that Winnie's father had taken her home to stay with him in London, and adding that she thought it would be unwise for me to visit her there. I was so weak from my long continued efforts, and my disappointment was so keen, that I remember well I cried myself to sleep that night just as if I had been a child.

"I replied to my aunt's letter, however, by saying that perhaps it was for the best, as I would now remain in Paris during the summer, and have an opportunity of thoroughly visiting the art galleries which my studies had not before allowed me.

"And so the uneventful days dragged slowly along, and I toiled on, all unconscious of the way in which my health was being steadily undermined.

"I remember well the night when I first began to suspect that something was wrong with me. I had arisen as usual at six o'clock that morning, and studied upon my anatomy work until it was time to go to the Académie. I had no classes in the afternoon, and remained in my room painting until dark. I worked very hard as I wished to get the canvas covered as soon as possible, it being a mere 'catch' picture, intended for sale, and I was much in need of money. When it was too dark to paint any longer, I laid down my brushes and arose to set my easel back in the corner for the night. As I did so I felt an unusual whirling sensation in my head, and staggering backward sank down upon the bed and was forced to remain there.

"I had been resting in this way for perhaps half an hour or more, when a young American artist, who occupied a room four flats below mine, pushed open my door.

"He was a genial, good-hearted fellow, and had been very kind to me in many ways since our acquaintance began. Indeed he was the only one of all the students with whom I became at all intimate. He had come to Paris, as he was fond of saying, 'To study art and have a good time,' and I never remember hearing him make this statement without he also added, 'and especially the latter.' He certainly did have a good time in the ordinary sense of the term, and being a thoroughly unselfish fellow he had often begged me to share it with him, always offering to pay everything if I would only accompany him.

"This had occurred so often of late that as soon as I heard my door open, and knew who it was, I suspected what he wanted even before he spoke.

"As he entered, not being able to see me in the darkness, he remained standing near the doorway, and called to know if I was there.

"I answered that I had lain down for a few minutes, as I did not feel very well, and asked him to light the lamp.

"When he had done this he began as usual:

"Now Paul, old fellow, I want you to come out to-night, and I know you won't refuse this time, as it is instruction and entertainment combined. Happy combination, isn't it? You see a few of us English students—Johnson, Lennard and some others—are going to meet to-night at the *café* down on the Place Pigalle to discuss art matters—upon my word, Paul, only art matters—and I told them I knew you would come. Now you won't disappoint us, old fellow, will you? You know it was only last week that I asked you to lay aside work and come over to the Odéon to hear one of Molière's best, and you wouldn't go, and if you won't come to-night, why I'll have to give up trying, that's all."

"Well, Harry," I said, "I really don't think I feel well enough to work to-night, anyway, and it's so good of you to keep on asking me after so many refusals that I think I'll go to-night, and perhaps the change will do me good."

"Do you good? well, now you are talking. Why, of course it'll do you good. You're turning yourself into a regular machine, Paul, with the way you're slaving along here. But we'll wake you up to-night, now you see if we don't." Then after adding that it would be time to start in about an hour, and asking me to call at his room on my way down, he went out in high spirits.

"I had not been at the *café* much over half an hour, when I again felt the strange sensation in my head which I had experienced in the afternoon. I tried to overcome it, but it was no use, so I told Harry that I felt poorly and would go back. He insisted on accompanying me, but as I refused to go at all unless he remained he at last consented to do so, and watching an opportunity I slipped quietly out.

"I was obliged to walk very slowly on account of my head, and when I at last reached the door it was after nine o'clock, and I found it closed for the night. I rang the bell, and then felt so faint that I was obliged to lean against the side of the doorway to support myself. I remember thinking how long it took the *concierge* to pull the cordon. At length the door opened. I entered the dark stone hall, slowly shoved the door shut, and staggered along until I came to the *concierge's* room. Here I called out my name, as was usual when entering after night, but the *concierge* called back to wait as she did not recognize the voice. I felt that I could not stand upon my feet any longer, and was just about to give up trying, when there was another ring at the bell, and in a moment more Harry's voice had called out that it was all right, and I felt him beside me helping me upstairs. After that I knew nothing more that night.

"The next morning when I awoke I felt a dull throbbing in my head, and after I had arisen I became so dizzy that I was obliged to at once sit down and remain so without moving for some moments.

"Harry came in shortly after, and said he had been with me until after one o'clock, as he was afraid from the way I acted that I was going to be sick. He had thought so at the *café* and followed me home, keeping a short distance behind so I shouldn't notice him.

"He now asked if he hadn't better call in a doctor, adding that he knew one that he thought would come for nothing.

"Coming as it did from Harry I knew of course what this meant, and at once refused to allow him.

"He made me promise, however, not to leave my room or do work of any kind for a day or so, and then left me, saying he would run up again in the afternoon.

"Ah, my friend, that boy was one of the best hearted young fellows I ever knew.

"Well, I absented myself from my classes at the

Académie for the next three or four days, and then as I felt but little better I resolved to give them up entirely.

"I came to this decision the more readily, as I had even then for some days been at work during stray moments upon the picture which I purposed sending in to compete for a place at the next Salon. Indeed, some arrangement of this kind was necessary, even had my health been better, for there were now but few remaining days in January, and the Salon was to be opened on the first of May.

"At first I proceeded cautiously, and spared myself as much as possible. I allowed myself two hours longer each night for sleep, and reserved my afternoons for outdoor exercise, confining my work entirely to the morning.

"If I had continued, my friend, to follow this up all might yet have been well, but I don't suppose it was longer than the course of two or three weeks when, feeling myself stronger, all my good resolutions were forgotten, and again absorbed in the intense fever of my purpose I threw aside all restraint, and again gave myself over to the old life of unremitting toil.

(To be continued.)

MY WIFE.

Not just a "little woman,"

And yet she is not tall,

Five feet and four, I measured her

Upon the whitered wall,

Whilst all the while the saucy face

Was dimpling o'er in glee,

And eyes as blue as Heaven's hue,

Were laughing up at me.

A merry little fairy,

Is this dear wife of mine;

A smile is ever on her lips,

Her eyes with mischief shine;

And yet a beggar's tale of woe

Will dim those orbs of blue,

That one may know there lies below

A tender heart and true.

Her hands are ever willing

To do a kindly deed,

And eager is the little heart

To help a friend in need;

The sunshine of her happy face

Is felt by great and small,

Not I alone would make my moan

Should aught my wife befall.

And she is my possession,

My own, both heart and hand,

The dearest, best of woman-kind

In all our favoured land!

My comforter in sorrow's hour,

The sunshine of my life;

My life itself—my treasured wealth,

Heaven's gift of gifts! my wife.

ESPERANCE.

THE MAKING OF THE UNITED STATES.*

THE history of that part of the continent of America now known as the "United States," between 1776 and 1795, is more interesting, eventful, and important for the world in general and Canadians in particular, than any twenty years of the history of any other foreign country, ancient or modern. At the former date there were scattered along the Atlantic coast, between Maine and Florida, thirteen settlements—the smallest of which covered a few square miles, while the largest extended inland as far as the Alleghany Mountains. Only four of these settlements, or "plantations," as they were then called, were of much importance, so far as wealth or population went, namely, Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York; but in all of them the spirit of revolt against tyranny burned strongly, and, in many of them, fiercely. Goaded on by the persistent attempts of the Government of George III. to tax the colonies without their consent, delegates from the thirteen settlements, in conference assembled, signed the "Declaration of Independence," and made preparation for war, which this step rendered inevitable. The struggle, desultory but harassing to both parties, dragged its weary length along till it was finally concluded by the Treaty of Paris in 1783. The story of the negotiations which led up to that treaty has been often told, but it has never been told so well in so small a space as in Mr. Fiske's first chapter. Lord North's Ministry, which had been responsible for the war between Great Britain and her American Colonies, was defeated in 1782, and a Whig Ministry succeeded under the Premiership, first of Lord Rockingham and afterwards of Lord Shelburne. A peace of some kind had to be made between Great Britain and each of the three powers, France, Spain, and what is now called the United States. The last named country was represented in the negotiations at Paris by three of its ablest men, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; John Adams, of Massachusetts; and John

*The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1889.

Omitted Chapters of History disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph. By Moncure D. Conway. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.