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was a rebel

from the beginning—a man to whom the very notion of control was abhorrent; who hated feasts no less than fasts if they were of command; who had but to hear a law to challenge it; who had but to bow to a superior to detest his rule. And his wrath and impatience were the more bitter because, while in the Navy, he had forced himself to show scrupulous obedience. In the practice of his art he was a purist, a classicist—an opponent to the modern school, chiefly because it was the school in power: his natural instincts were romantic, never coarse; generous, never vindictive. Egoism was his supreme failing and also his main charm: he saw the universe and humanity only as they affected himself, his own wishes and his own development, and, while acknowledging the indwelling Spirit of God in every man, he felt It only as an invincible conviction when It seemed to stir within his own soul. The belief that God in man is the eternal link between man's littleness and the vast scheme of the world helped Lessard to be, not submissive, but, on the contrary, vehement, unruly, and defiant. He did not wish to do evil, but he reserved to himself the right of deciding what was good.

With this temperament, he was at first infuriated by any disappointment and then contemptuous toward it. The fiercer his original pain, the stiller was the after scorn. Observers of an apparent stoicism in a self-willed and overbearing man mistake it for a cowed spirit. It is, however, but