

There is bread, I say again which was never kneaded by baker, by miller never crushed, never sown by farmer. The true Breadfinder will seek diligently for that Pictures, Music, Poetry, Eloquence, Sculpture, the Dramatic Talent, the beautiful, which is also the Divine, will afford it to the seeker. Art is the High Priest, who conducts us into the Sanctuary, but the impure of soul enters with veiled eyes. Not even the poet, who is "God's darling," shall know the divinity of his mission, who leads other than a simple and a divine life. Only the meek in heart shall see God.

Harding left the church. For the first time in his life his soul had got a glimpse of the true bread. Pursued by this conviction, he did what under other circumstances he would never have thought of doing. He visited an old companion of his school-days, who was now a cultor of eminence, and whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He scarcely expected a welcome, but had found one, when he made himself known. When he entered the *atelier*, the beautiful creations of genius which he saw there, recalled to his memory the rose and the little bud.

"Is it possible for one, at my age, to become a sculptor?" he demands of his old school-fellow.

"Humph, I don't know," replied Maberly—for that was the sculptor's name. "Alfieri became a poet when he was older than you are, and after years of dissipation. Have you any yearning for the Art?"

"It is so easy to deceive one's self, and to mistake the power to appreciate, for the genius that is impelled to create. Yes, I think—but you will laugh at me."

"I shall not laugh. You think that you could create. Well, I have an engagement. I will leave you alone for three hours. See what you can do in my absence."

"You are not making fun of me?"

"I am incapable of such cruelty. Strip off your coat, and put on this blouse. I am going to a private concert. You have heard of the new singer, Madame Casasi?"

"Eh, what of her?" cried Harding, who started, as though he had been stung.

"She is to sing, this morning, before a select audience. I am invited to attend. We shall judge if all that has been reported of her be true."

"How can I model the human form—I, who know nothing of anatomy?" said Harding, resuming his coat, which he had a minute before taken off, "I am absurd—a madman."

"You are soon dispirited. You will never make an artist."

"You are right, but I will yet cherish the ambition. Give me leave to visit you again."

"Let me see you to-morrow. I will then tell you of Casasi's success."

Harding hurried home.

"That rascal Masson!" he cried, on entering the house. "He has deceived us, Emma. He has played with you. You are not Madame Casasi."

And he related what he had heard.

"We are poor," was Emma's quiet remark. "We live in a house *without a passage*. M. Jean Masson likes comfort."

"But, perhaps, Emma, your voice may be as excellent as ever, and Masson's faultfinding but a device to get rid of you?"

"Ah, if I thought so! You see what I am doing, William? I have undertaken to find bread. These are seamen's shirts that I am making"

"Dear soul!—but wait only till to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Harding said, "Wait only till to-morrow!" he was building an air-castle. He was a clever architect of air-castles. Your inactive people usually are. But the Hope which he cherished in his own breast, and which he desired to impart to Emma's, was to find a realization on that important day.

He found Maberly in the *atelier*, employed upon the bust of a celebrated actress. His first enquiry was after Madame Casasi.

"She will never do the great things that Lepolini has predicted," was the sculptor's answer. "Do you know, it is whispered that she is not the real Casasi?"

Harding, who was indignant with M. Jean Masson, wanted no other encouragement than this remark to confide

the whole story to his friend. Maberly was astonished. He seized Harding's hand.

"What!" he said. "Do I understand you aright? Is your wife the lady whom Lepolini lauded to the skies, six months ago, as the possible rival of Malibran? Be sure there has been some unfair play. Lepolini could not have been deceived in your wife's talent for so long a time."

"You think that he has been influenced?" said Harding.

"Undoubtedly. I wish we knew who this pretended Casasi is. She is about twenty-six years old, of fair complexion, short in stature, with a disposition to *embonpoint*, rather pretty, but insipid, no character, no expression. Do you recognize her?"

Harding replied in the negative.

"Well, leave it to me to discover her," said Maberly. "You would, of course, wish your wife to appear. I can manage that for you."

"You can?" exclaimed Harding. Ah, I said to her, yesterday, 'Only wait till to-morrow!'"

"You have heard of the celebrated tenor Scheffer. We are great friends. I shall take him into my confidence, and he will more than supply Lepolini's place. They are cat and dog to each other, and Scheffer will be glad to annoy his rival. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You are a noble fellow," replied Harding, whose eyes were moist with grateful tears. "I am at present without the means of getting bread. Have you influence in any quarter where I may find employment?"

"You were esteemed a good scholar, if my memory is not treacherous. Can you translate?"

"Readily"

"The *Timæus* of Plato, or the *Cassandra* of Lycophron?"

"You are willing to try if I am a boaster. Coleridge confesses that he has failed to attach a consistent meaning to a considerable portion of the *Timæus*. And every reader of Greek knows the difficulty of the *Cassandra*."

"Will you undertake to render Aristophanes into literal prose? I know a publisher who wishes to issue such a translation, and he will pay well for it. When you have brought that labor to a termination, I shall probably be able to offer you something more worthy of your talents."

"You are my saviour, Maberly," cried Harding, touched to the quick by the sculptor's kindness.

"And if you will allow me to lend you twenty pounds for your present exigencies, you will confer a favor on me."

Maberly was, indeed, what Harding called him, a noble fellow. A few such characters dropped here and there into odd nooks and corners, are constantly renewing the youth of the world.

But this unexpected good fortune seemed only a mockery to his misery, soon after. Such is the uncertainty of events. Harding refused the loan, amid such other great kindness, from his benefactor, and went forth with a light heart of hope and happiness. But he had scarcely left the *atelier* when news of his father's sudden death staggered him and nothing more seemed real for sometime.

A dim knowledge of being placed under arrest slowly dawned upon him.

CHAPTER X.

N which side is it to be?" were the first words addressed to him, after he had got clear of the printer's lodge. He reflected. The publisher for whom he had translated Aristophanes, might have other occasion for his services. And, indeed, if ever he would taste freedom again, he must exert himself as a translator, or in some literary way. Quiet then, and solitude, would be indispensable, though neither, it was likely, were to be enjoyed in perfection within those walls.

"I will pay for a room, if you will find me one," he said to his conductor.

"You can share one with another gentleman, Sir," replied the official, suddenly seized with spasms of politeness, "but you can't rent one out and out."

"Cannot I be alone, if I wish it, and pay for the accommodation?"

"Why, I don't know that you can," the man answered, "leastways you must buy the other out, and he would want a smart sum—smarter perhaps than you would like to stand."

"Well, let us see the room."