

his other charge four miles away and preach the same sermon, and it will be six before he gets back to his supper and Sunday cigar.

The main-street makes a pretty promenade in summer with its tidy look and rows of young maples and the Krahwinklers make good use of it all Sunday afternoon. Besides they drive about or visit quietly in the neighbours' families. The emancipated carpenter and the poetical house-painter meet with their fellows in the Turn-Halle to drink beer and sing German songs. And there will be more or less beer drunk in the half-dozen taverns that manage to exist in the place. The Methodist chapel is sure to be filled in the evening, and after that the revival meeting at the "barracks" of the "Army." The girls are taken home and long before ten o'clock the streets are quiet and the lights are all out in the most of the houses.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

SONNET.

THE mountains are earth's emperors. They stand
Eternal, each crest-crown'd with golden rains
Of sunshine, and the Tyrian purple stains
Each cloud-robe worn on state occasions grand;
They lend their ears to heaven and withstand
The whispers of the winds to learn the strains
Sung by the stars; then teach by soft refrains
The wisdom of the sky unto the land.
Their voices are the ever-purling streams
That pass like words between their rocky teeth
To tell glad tidings to the vales beneath,
And lull the meads with beatific dreams;
Whilst, like stone temples, those old Time-defiers
Point up to God their everlasting spires.

SAREPTA.

THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

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I HAVE been asked so many times by my brother Artists, to whom I had read extracts from them, to transcribe my entire notes of the history of Professor Paul, that I have at last decided to do so.

They contain the story of his life almost word for word as he related it to me, for I always made it my first duty during the continuance of my interviews with him to write down each morning all that he had told me upon the previous evening. This I did with so much care, and at the same time endeavoured, as far as my memory would allow, to preserve the very language which he used in its narration, that the reader, who cares to interest himself in this history, will no doubt become quite as well acquainted with Professor Paul as I was myself.

These notes have been in my possession now for nearly seven years, and during that time, they have been read and handled so repeatedly by my friends, that when I came to transcribe them I found that in places the writing was completely obliterated.

Whenever this was the case, however, I did not hesitate to draw upon my memory to supply the missing part, as I always found it was very clear and decided; but I have never resorted to this expedient unless it was absolutely necessary for me to do so in order to render the story intelligible.

This has not occurred except at very rare intervals; and the reader may safely rely upon the accuracy of this transcription. Indeed I may add that after it was completed, it was carefully compared with the original notes, and was found to be correct in every particular, with the exception of the few passages to which I have already alluded.

The reader will also find, related at the end of these notes, a brief account of some events in the life of Professor Paul, which afterwards came under my personal observation, and which I have found to be so intimately connected with the history as set out in the notes, that I have thought it would be unwise to separate them.

I am unable now after so great a lapse of time, to recollect how it was that Professor Paul came to single me out as the person to whom he should relate his history, but after reading the first few passages of my notes I find that it was evidently at his request that I first began to listen to it.

The notes begin as follows:

I.

I went down to see Professor Paul the next evening as I had promised. He had requested me to lay aside all ceremony, and come at once upon my arrival into the little room behind the shop, and this I accordingly did.

I found a bright coal fire burning cheerfully in the grate, and before it, in a large arm chair, sat the old man apparently in deep meditation. He was seemingly so engrossed with his thoughts, that he did not notice my entrance, and continued still to sit in silence, so without waiting longer I drew a chair up to the fire and sat down.

It was sometime after this, that awaking from his reverie, he happened to turn his glance in my direction and for the first time became aware of my presence. He looked at me for a moment with a somewhat questioning glance, and then as if recollecting something said slowly:

"Ah, yes, now I remember. It is very good of you to come, my friend. I am afraid you will find my history very uninteresting, but it has now at last become necessary that I should relate it to someone, and as you were a brother artist I somehow thought you would be the most likely to give me a patient hearing. I will try and make it as brief as I can, and as there remains a considerable

time before the day upon which it must be finished, I will be careful to distribute it over as many evenings as possible, that you may not become too fatigued at any one time."

When he had said this he slowly settled himself back in his chair, and continued:

"My friend, before I tell you any part of my life story, you must first promise me that you will keep it a close secret within your own soul, until after the time of my death."

I nodded my assent.

"On your honour as a brother artist you will not allow a word of it to be known to any living person until such time as I have passed away?"

"Yes," I said, "I promise it, Professor Paul, and if I promise I will surely keep my word."

He seemed satisfied, but added, "It will not be anything which you would care to tell in any event, and my asking it to be kept a secret is only a whim, the result of a mere fancy. I have always been afraid that if it were known perhaps people would stare at me, and I wouldn't like that; I dread it. But my history will be safe in your keeping, my friend; I feel sure it will; and besides there is a reason why I am obliged to tell you, but this you need not know until the time is complete."

I had no idea then to what he referred.

I could tell from the dreamy look in his eyes, that his mind was ranging over a long period of years, at least something in his look gave me that impression, and when he next spoke it was confirmed.

"I am not relating to you my history because I find pleasure in dwelling upon the sad events which it chronicles, but rather because, to aid the purpose which I have in view, it is necessary that you should know it. Ah, no, my friend. I would willingly give one half of the years which may still remain to me, if by so doing I might blot out an equal portion of the past, but this it is not given man to do. Memory is eternal, and on its undying page my history is forever written."

"I do not wish to weary you, my friend, by telling you aught of my life save that which you must know, and for this reason I will be brief."

"I was an orphan, and lived with my aunt, except when away at College, until I had passed my twentieth birthday."

"Her home was in Seaton Village, and there I spent the only happy years I have ever known. It was a quaint old-fashioned little place, lying just far enough from the great London to have easy access to some of its luxuries, and still remain uncontaminated by its vices. There it was that I first learned to know and love the pure face of nature, and from the germs of that affection sprang my other love for that great art which is nature's second self."

"I determined to become a painter."

"I remember well my friend, that even as a mere child, when I lay sick, my Aunt could find nothing that would so well amuse me as some paper and a piece of charcoal. I think I always loved Art. I have many times spent the whole day wandering over the beautiful stretch of country that surrounded the village without once returning to my aunt's house until warned to do so by the approach of night. Indeed, I have at times spent the night as well as the day in the fields, that I might the more easily watch the delicate shadows, cast upon the grass by the moonlight falling through the trees."

"But I must not linger upon these minor events lest I weary you, though to me they are laden with much sweetness."

"When I became too advanced in my studies to continue longer at the village school, my aunt with many a loving admonition sent me to London to complete my education. I was there nearly four years, but during no part of that time did I give any but a very indifferent attention to my general studies, my fondness for art leading me to devote to it every possible moment. During the last two years, I occupied my time exclusively in its pursuit. I had already gained some slight distinction at school when the period, during which I was to remain in London came to a close and I returned to my home in Seaton Village without any intentions of a very definite nature as regards my future course."

"I had not remained long, however, in the quiet little place, before the dull monotony of village life became distasteful to me, and I resolved to go to Paris."

"I told my aunt, that unless my ideas and conceptions of art were for a time at all events moulded under the influence of the French school, I could never hope to attain eminence in my profession, and at length I succeeded in persuading her that this could only be accomplished by actual residence in Paris."

"Of my life there I need say little. I entered the atelier of one of the foremost French artists, and studied for nearly two years with all the ardour of which my nature was capable. Some of my work was at length highly spoken of, and presuming upon my success, I rashly decided to paint a picture for the Salon. I sent it in and it was rejected."

"I was always of a very impulsive disposition—in excellent spirits one day, and perhaps a fit of the deepest dejection the next—and so, when my picture was refused, all my successes were forgotten. I became disheartened and miserable, and in my despondency I resolved to give up art and return home. It was not long after this that I again found myself in the evening train that runs from London down through Seaton Village."

"I had not been home for nearly two years, but as I had always kept up a desultory correspondence with my Aunt, I knew that her affairs had not altered to any great degree during my absence."

"There was one change, however, that had taken place in the little economy of my Aunt's household of which I was then unaware, but which was destined to link itself with my future life."

At this point the old man ceased speaking, and, resting his chin upon his hands, gazed earnestly into the fire. After sitting for sometime without altering his position, he slowly turned towards me and continued:

"I have often said in my heart that my life might have been made easier for me to bear, but in these later days I have thought differently, and now I know that it was better so, and I would not have it altered if I might. No, my friend, not even if my last great hope should fail—it will not fail; but if the secret purpose that fills my soul should prove futile; if my long pondered calculations should be but a chain of sand; and the reality of my great plan prove only the thin vapour of a dream. I would then ask that no part of the past be changed, but that all remain. But they will not fail. My plan is not a dream. My calculations are based on facts, indisputable facts, and there is no one of them that I have not pondered over for days in nervous dread. They are true. I have authority for them; the best of all authority."

He had become quite excited, and as he continued, his dark eyes, usually so dull and lustreless, assumed a brilliancy that I had never before seen in them.

"Yes, my friend, the best authority that this world has ever produced. You will quickly see that I am not mistaken when I mention such names as Cardeaux, Gabriel Maundé, Geber, Artephius and Korah; and again when I speak of Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, whom the Archbishop of Mentz consigned to the flames as a heretic for his devotion to science, or the great geometers and chymists, Gerbert, and Roger Bacon, and to these I might add the names of others, many of whom, like the great Virgilius, preferred to sacrifice their lives rather than their learning. Can any one read the manuscripts of Urban Grandier, and say of any one part of them all, herein he was mistaken? I know what you would say, my friend, that the fly, which settled on his head when he was at the stake, was an evil spirit sent of the devil to take possession of his soul; but I tell you it is false. It was a base story circulated by jealous monks, who told the ignorant people that in the Hebrew Beelzebub signifies the God of flies. They had burned his body, and they were not satisfied with that but would have us believe they could also burn his soul. No, my friend, these men outlive the flames of their persecution, and their names are handed down to us with reverence."

He ceased speaking.

During the latter part of his remarks he had arisen to his feet, and he now stood beating his right fist against the open palm of his left hand.

As I was quite ignorant of the plans and calculations to which he had referred, I remained silent.

Suddenly, as though recollecting something, he turned towards me and said: "You will pardon me, my friend, but I must leave you alone for a few moments," and he hastened towards the small door that opened on the hall, and went out. I listened to his footsteps upon the stairs, until they died out, and all became silent.

I then arose, put some coal upon the little fire, which had become low, for the night was cold, and then sat down in the large arm-chair that Professor Paul had occupied, and fell to musing upon what I had just heard.

What could this great plan be, about which he had talked so earnestly? Why should he go upstairs so unexpectedly, and what was he doing up there? These, and many other similar questions, passed rapidly before my mind. There was something mysterious about it all. I remembered that several of my brother artists, while at lunch in the restaurant one day, had made jokes at my expense, and questioned the old man's sanity. Well, perhaps he was insane upon some topic; if so, I had only to wait, and he would surely mention it. An insane man would hardly keep a secret.

I do not now remember to what conclusion I had come, except that I would await his return, when my thoughts wandered to the subject of the picture I purposed beginning next day. Now a young artist always believes his next work will be the one to make him famous, and, as I was no exception, at the same moment that I began to dream about that picture, I became utterly oblivious to time and circumstance.

I remember being aroused by the little clock in the outside shop striking twelve. Surely my ears had deceived me. Carrying the light into the shop, I examined the face of the clock, and found that it was nearly two hours since Professor Paul had left me.

I would wait no longer.

I placed a guard over the fire; pulled on my great coat; and after turning down the light went out, first taking care to spring the lock of the outside door after me.

II.

When I visited Professor Paul next evening I found him sitting as usual in the little back room before the fire and apparently in excellent spirits. He chatted with me gaily, upon various topics, without once referring to his hasty departure of the previous night, and afterwards, when our conversation somewhat flagged, proposed of his own accord that he should resume the narration of his