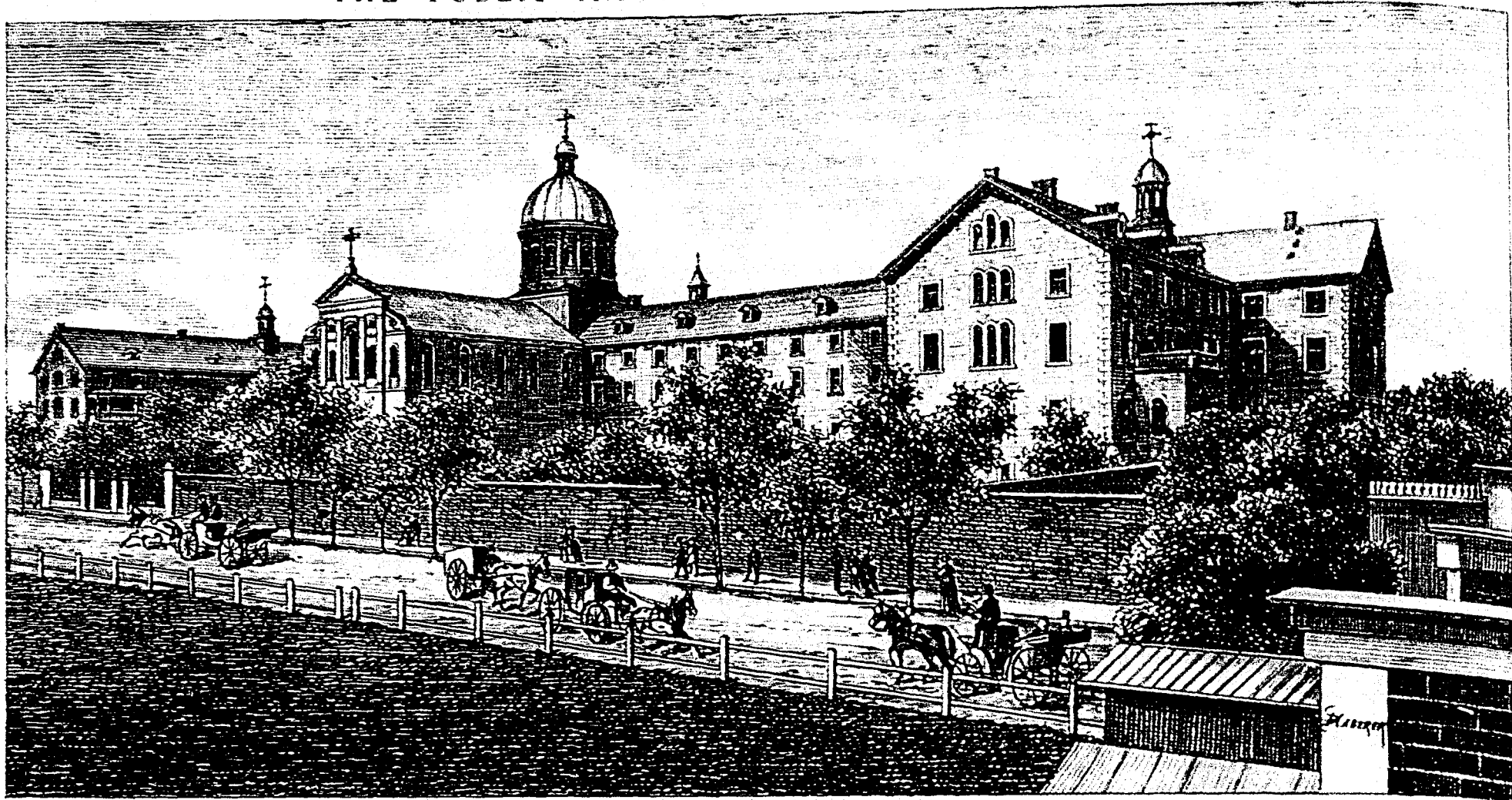


## THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.



MONTREAL: THE HOTEL DIEU, OR CATHOLIC GENERAL HOSPITAL. FRONT VIEW.

## THE LIFE-DREAM OF AN ARTIST.

One beautiful summer's evening, many years ago, there arrived at the principal hotel in a fashionable watering-place in Germany, a young man, whose name created a ripple of excitement when it became known. It soon went from mouth to mouth that William Ernst, the great violin virtuoso, whom all Germany was praising, had arrived, and proposed giving a concert the following evening.

The people heard of this addition to their pleasures with delight. Long before the concert-room was thrown open for the performance, the streets were thronged with people eager to receive tickets of admission. Hundreds were later turned away, disappointed and unable to gain admittance.

The large audience sat breathless when Ernst appeared on the raised platform with violin in hand. Then a storm of applause greeted him, which again hushed to silence when the young violinist raised his bow and the lovely harmonies of one of his own compositions stole through the

room, filling every arch to the uttermost corner with melody. When the last notes died away the great hall rung with "bravos," and the young artist was literally covered with honors. Ernst's calm, determined face beamed with delight, which changed to tenderness as his eyes rested upon the two ladies occupying a place not far distant from the stage. One was an elderly lady, and sitting beside her was the object of Ernst's solicitude, a young lady of about eighteen years of age. Both ladies seemed to take great delight in the triumph of the violinist.

The night of the concert was one in which nature itself seemed under the influence of divine music. Stars twinkled brightly, and the moon was in its full glory. After leaving the concert hall, Ernst passed slowly through the streets of the town, and turning into a secluded thoroughfare, stopped at a palatial mansion, and was soon ushered into the presence of the Baroness Van Brent.

"Well, my dear Ernst," she exclaimed, "I am glad you have come at last. I have been anxious to see and speak with you concerning the subject of your letter, and you will pardon me for going so abruptly to a subject which so concerns the happiness of my daughter. You

love Clara, and she devotedly loves you. But you will understand, dear Ernst, the circumstances under which my daughter has been reared. She does not know what it is to be denied any wish, and when I am dead, she must have a home, and as you are poor, and can offer her neither—

"Stop! dear madame, I read your meaning. I am poor, it is true, in worldly goods, but I have that which will bring me riches. Give me time, and I will start this very night and return not until I can bring diamonds to lay at your feet. Then may I claim her? May I not see her now?"

"It is better not."

"Be it so, I will go out into the world! I will secure riches, and all Germany will help me!"

Nearly two years passed by, and Ernst had travelled the world over. He had gained fame and gathered riches, and was now returning homeward to claim the choice of his heart.

Having arrived once more at the scene of his early triumphs, he again stopped at the residence of the Baroness Van Brent. He rang the bell with a fast-beating heart. The door was opened

by a lady clad in the deepest mourning. Ernst did not at first recognize in the sorrow-stricken face of the lady before him the proud baroness with whom he had parted with heavy heart two years before. She grasped his hand without uttering a word and led him silently into the parlor, which was dark and filled with an unbearable dread.

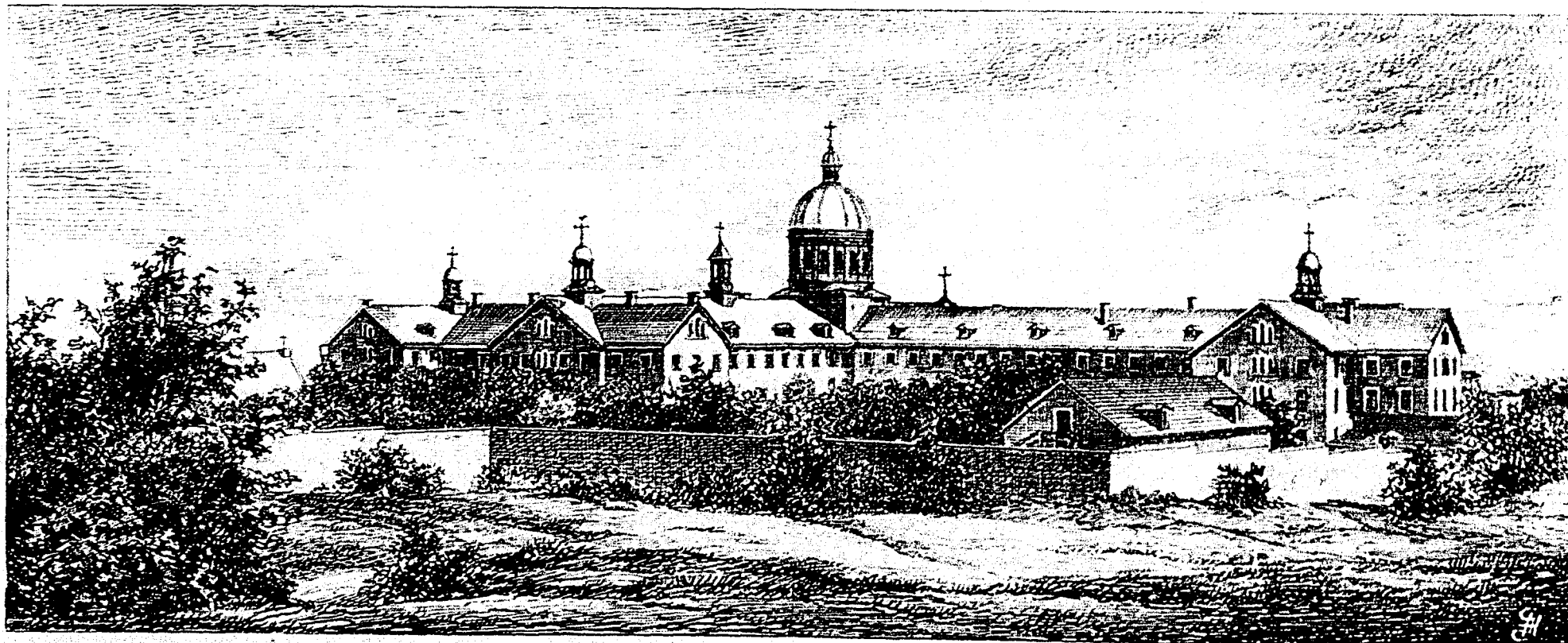
Vain, indeed, are words to paint the picture that met the horrified gaze of the wanderer in that darkened room, or to express the agony of him, who returning to demand his lovely young bride, finds her dead!

Such was the ending of the one bright dream of William Ernst's life.

The following morning the paper contained this notice:

"The eminent young violinist Ernst is again with us, but unlike his former self, he is in feeble health. He was attacked suddenly with a delirium, and we grieve to say, is not expected to survive many days, or even hours."

But Ernst did survive to bequeath to the world that beautiful and well-known "Elegie," into which he poured the story of his great sorrow. He died shortly after his irreparable loss, broken-hearted and in the bloom of youth.



MONTREAL: THE HOTEL DIEU, OR CATHOLIC GENERAL HOSPITAL. REAR VIEW, FROM THE MOUNTAIN.