

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

LXVIII (*Continued*).

"WILL you say your prayers tonight, Glory?" John Storm said.

"Why not?" she answered, trying to laugh.

"Then why not say them now, my child?"

"But why?"

He had made her tremble all over, but she got up, walked straight across to him, looked intently into his face for a moment, and then said, "What is the matter? Why are you so pale? You are not well, John!"

"No, I am not well, either," he answered.

"John, John, what does it all mean? Why have you come here tonight?"

"To save your soul, my child. It is in great peril."

At last she took this for the common, every day language of the devotee, but another look into his face banished that interpretation, and her fear rose to terror. Nevertheless, she talked lightly, hardly knowing what she said.

"Am I, then, so very wicked? Surely heaven doesn't want me yet, John. Some day, I trust—I hope——"

"Tonight, tonight—*now*!"

Then her cheeks turned pale and her lips became white and bloodless. She had returned to the sofa, and half rose from it, then sat back, stretching out one hand as if to ward off a blow, but still keeping her eyes riveted on his face.

Once she looked round to the door and tried to cry out, but her voice would not answer her.

This speechless fright lasted only a moment. Then she was herself again, and looked fearlessly up at him. She had the full use of her intellect, and her quick instinct went to the root of things. "This is the madness of jealousy," she thought. "There is only one way to deal with it. If I cry out, if I show that I am afraid, if I irritate him, it will soon be over." She told herself in a moment that she must try gentleness, tenderness, reason, affection, love.

Trembling from head to foot, she stepped up to him again and began softly and sweetly trying to explain herself. "John, dear John, if you see me with certain people and in certain places you must not think from that——"

But he broke in upon her with a torrent of words.

"I can't think of it at all, Glory. When I look ahead I see nothing but shame and misery and degradation for you in the future. That man is destroying you, body and soul. He is leading you on to the devil and hell and damnation, and I cannot stand by and see it done!"

"Believe me, John, you are mistaken, quite mistaken."

But with a look of somber fury he cried, "Can you deny it?"

"I can protect and care for myself, John."

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"With that man's words in your ears still, can you deny it?"

Suddenly she remembered Drake's last whisper as she got into the hansom, and she covered her face with her hands.

"You can't. It is the truth. The man is following you to ruin you, and you know it. You've known it from the first, therefore you deserve all that can ever come to you. Do you know what you are guilty of? You are guilty of soul suicide. What is the suicide of the body to the suicide of the soul? What is the crime of the poor broken creature who only chooses death and the grave before starvation or shame, compared to the sin of the wretched woman who murders her soul for sake of the lusts and vanities of the world? The law of man may punish the one, but the vengeance of God is waiting for the other."

She was crying behind her hands, and in spite of the fury into which he had lashed himself, a great pity took hold of him. He felt as if everything were slipping away from him and he was trying to stand on an avalanche. But he told himself that he would not waver, that he would hold to his purpose, that he would stand firm as a rock. Heaving a deep sigh, he walked to and fro across the room.

"Oh, Glory, Glory! Can't you understand that it is terrible to me to be the messenger of God's awful will?"

She gasped for breath, and what had been a vague surmise became a certainty. Thinking he was God's avenger, yet with nothing but a poor spasm of jealousy in his heart, he had come with a fearful purpose in his mind.

"I did what I could in other ways, and it was all in vain. Time after time I tried to save you from these dangers, but you would not listen. I was ready for any change, any sacrifice. Once I should have given up all the world for you, Glory—you know that quite well—friends, kinsmen, country, everything, even my work and my duty, and, but for the grace of God, God himself!" But his tenderness broke again into a headlong torrent of reproach. "You failed me, didn't you? At the last moment, too—the very last. Not content with the suicide of your own soul, you must at-

tempt to murder the soul of another. Do you know what that is? That is the unpardonable sin. You are crying, aren't you? Why are you crying?"

Even while he said this something told him that all he was waiting for was that her beautiful eyes should be raised and their splendid light flash upon him again.

"But that is all over now. It was a blunder, and the breach between us was irreparable. I am better as I am; far, far better. Without friends or kin or country, consecrated for life, cut off from the world, separate, alone."

She knew that her moment had come, and that she must vanquish this man and turn him from his purpose, whatever it was, by the only weapon a woman could use—his love of her.

"I do not deny that you have a right to be angry with me," she said, "but don't think that I have not given up something, too. At the time you speak of, when I chose this life and refused to go with you to the South Seas, I sacrificed a good deal—I sacrificed love. Do you think I didn't realize what that meant? That whatever the pleasure and delight my art might bring me, and the flattery and the fame and the applause, there were joys I was never to know—the happiness that every poor woman may feel, though she isn't clever at all, and the world knows nothing about her—the happiness of being a wife and a mother, and of holding her place in life, however humble she is and simple and unknown, and of linking the generations each to each. And though the world has been so good to me, do you think I have ever ceased to regret that? Do you think I don't remember it sometimes when the house cheers and cheers me, or when I am coming home, or perhaps when I awake in the middle of the night? And notwithstanding all this success with which the world has crowned me, do you think I don't hunger sometimes for what success can never buy—the love of a good man, who would love me with all his soul and his strength, and everything that is his?"

Out of a dry and husky throat John Storm answered:

"I would rather die a thousand thou-

sand deaths than touch a hair of your head, Glory—but God's will is His will," he added, quivering and trembling. The compulsion of a great passion was drawing him, but he struggled hard against it. "And then this success—you cling to it nevertheless," he cried with a forced laugh.

"Yes, I cling to it," she said, wiping away the tears that had begun to fall. "I cannot give it up, I cannot, I cannot!"

"Then what is the worth of your repentance?"

"It is not repentance; it is what you said it was—in this room—long ago. We are of different natures, John; that is the real trouble between us now and always has been. But whether we like it or not our lives are wrapped up together for all that. We can't do without each other. God makes men and women like that sometimes."

There was a piteous smile on his face. "I never doubted your feeling for me, Glory—no, not even when you hurt me most."

"And if God made us so——"

"I shall never forgive myself, Glory, though heaven itself forgives me."

"If God makes us love each other in spite of every barrier that divides us——"

"I shall never know another happy hour in this life, Glory—never."

"Then why should we struggle? It is our fate, and we cannot conquer it. You can't give up your life, John, and I can't give up mine, but our hearts are one."

Her voice sang like music in his ears, and something in his aching heart was saying, "What are the laws we make for ourselves compared to the laws God makes for us?" Suddenly he felt something warm. It was Glory's breath on his hand. A fragrance like incense seemed to envelop him. He gasped as if suffocating and sat down on the sofa.

"You are wrong, dear, if you think I care for the man you speak of. He has been very good to me and helped me in my career, but he is nothing to me—nothing whatever. But we are such old friends, John. It seems impossible to remember a time when we were not old chums, you and I. Sometimes I dream of those dear old days in the 'lil oilan'."

Aw, they were ter'ble, just ter'ble! Do you remember the boat, the *Gloria*? Do you remember her?" He clenched his hands as though to hold on to his purpose, but it was slipping through his fingers like sand. "What times they were! Coming round the castle of a summer evening, when the bay and the sky were like two sheets of silvered glass looking into each other, and you and I singing 'John Peel'" (in a quavering voice she sang a bar or two)—

"D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel——"

Do you remember it, John?"

She was sobbing and laughing by turns. It was her old self, and the cruel years seemed to roll back. But still he struggled. "What is the love of the body to the love of the soul?" he told himself.

"You wore flannels then, and I was in a white jersey like this, see;" and she snatched up from the mantelpiece the photograph that he had been looking at. "I got up my first act in imitation of it, and sometimes in the middle of a scene—such a jolly scene, too!—my mind goes back to that sweet old time, and I burst out crying."

He pushed the photograph away. "Why do you remind me of those days?" he said. "Is it only to make me realize the change in you?" But even at that moment the wonderful eyes pierced him through and through.

"Am I so much changed, John? Am I? No, no, dear. It is only my hair done differently. See, see!" and with trembling fingers she tore her hair from its knot. It fell in clusters over her shoulders and about her face. He wanted to lay his hand on it, and he turned to her and then turned away, fighting with himself as with an enemy.

"Or is it this old rag of lace that is so unlike my jersey? There, there!" she cried, tearing the lace from her neck, and throwing it on the floor and trampling upon it. "Look at me now, John, look at me! Am I not the same as ever? Why don't you look?"

She was fighting for her life. He started to his feet and came to her with his teeth set and his pupils fixed. "This is only the devil tempting me. Say your prayers, child, say them!"

He grasped her left hand with his right. His grip almost overtaxed her strength, and she felt faint. In an explosion of emotion the insane frenzy for destroying had come upon him again. He longed to give his feelings physical expression.

"Say them, say them!" he cried. "God sent me to kill you, Glory!"

A sensation of terror and triumph came over her. She half closed her eyes and threw her other arm around his neck.

"No, but to love me! Kiss me, John!"

Then a cry came from him like that of a man flinging himself over a precipice. He threw his arms about her, and her disordered hair fell over his face.

LXIX.

"I THOUGHT it was God's voice. It was the devil's!"

He was creeping like a thief through the streets of London in the dark hours of morning. It was a peaceful night after the thunderstorm of the evening before. A few large stars had come out, a clear moon was shining, and the air was quiet after the cries, the crackling tumult, and all the fury of human throats. There was only the swift rattling of mail cars running to the post office, the slow clank of country carts going to Covent Garden, the measured tread of policemen, and the muddled laughter of drunken men and women by the coffee stands at the street corners.

"Ow's the deluge, myte? Not come off yet? Well, give us a cup of cawfee on the strength of it."

It seemed as if eyes looked down on him from the dark sky and pierced him through and through. His whole life had been an imposture from the first—his quarrel with his father, his going into orders, his entering the monastery and his coming out of it, his crusade in Soho, his intention of following Father Damien, his predictions at Westminster—all, all had been false and the expression of a lie! He was a sham, a mockery, a whited sepulcher, and had grossly sinned against the light and against God.

But the spiritual disillusion had come at last, and it had revealed him to himself at an awful depth of self deception. Thinking in his pride and arrogance he

was the divine messenger, the avenger, the man of God, he had set out to shed blood like any wretched criminal, any jealous murderer who was driven along by devilish passion. How the devil had played with him, too—with him, who was dedicated by the most solemn and sacred vows! And he had been as stubble before the wind, as chaff that the storm carrieth away.

With such feelings of poignant anguish he plodded through the echoing streets. Mechanically he made his way back to Westminster. By the time he got there the moon and stars had gone and the chill of daybreak was in the air. He saw and heard nothing, but as he crossed the Broad Sanctuary a line of mounted police went past him with their swords clanking.

It was not yet daylight when he knocked at the door of his chambers under the church.

"Who's there?" came in a fierce whisper.

"Open the door," he said in a spiritless voice.

The door was opened, and Brother Andrew, with the affectionate whine of a dog who has been snarling at his master in the dark, said, "Oh, is it you, Brother Storm? I thought you were gone. Did you meet them? They've been searching for you everywhere all night long."

He still spoke in whispers, as if some one had been ill. "I can't light up. They'd be sure to see and perhaps come back. They'll come in the morning, in any case. Oh, it's terrible—worse than ever now! Haven't you heard what has happened? Somebody has been killed!"

John was struggling to listen, but everything seemed to be happening a long way off.

"Well, not killed exactly, but badly hurt, and taken to the hospital."

It was Charlie Wilkes. He had insulted the name of the father, and Pincher the pawnbroker had knocked him down. His head had struck against the curb, and he had been picked up insensible. Then the police had come, and Pincher had been taken off to the police station.

"But it's my mother I'm thinking of," said Brother Andrew, and he brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "You must get away at once, Brother Storm. They'll

lay everything on you. What's to be done? Let me think. Let me think. How my head is going round and round! There's a train from Euston to the north at five in the morning, isn't there? You must catch that. Don't speak, brother. Don't say you won't."

"I will go," said John, with a look of utter dejection.

The change that had come over him since the night before startled the lay brother. "But I suppose you've been out all night. How tired you look! Can I get you anything?"

John did not answer, and the lay brother brought some brown bread and coaxed him to eat a little of it. The day was beginning to dawn.

"Now you must go, Brother Storm."

"And you, my lad?"

"Oh, I can take care of myself."

"Go back to the brotherhood; take the dog with you."

"The dog!" Brother Andrew seemed to be about to say something, but he checked himself, and with a wild look he muttered, "Oh, I know what I'll do. Good by."

"Good by," said John, and then the broken man was back in the streets.

His nervous system had been exhausted by the events of the night, and when he entered the railway station he could scarcely put one foot before another.

"Looks as if he'd had enough," said somebody behind him.

He found an empty compartment and took his seat in the corner. A kind of stupor had come over his faculties, and he could neither think nor feel.

Three or four young men and boys were sorting and folding newspapers at a counter that stood on trestles before the closed up book stall. A placard slipped from the fingers of one of them and fell to the floor. John saw his own name in monster letters, and he began to ask himself what he was doing. Was he flying away? It was cowardly, it was contemptible. And then it was so useless. He might go to the ends of the earth, yet he could not escape the only enemy it was worth while to fly from. That enemy was himself.

Suddenly he remembered that he had not taken his ticket, and he got out of the

train. But instead of going to the ticket office he stood aside and tried to think what he ought to do. Then there was confusion and noise; people were hurrying past him; somebody was calling to him, and finally the engine whistled and the smoke rose to the roof. When he came to himself the train was gone, and he was standing on the platform alone.

"But what am I to do?" he asked himself.

It was a lovely summer morning, and the streets were empty and quiet. Little by little they became populous and noisy, and at length he was walking in a crowd. It was nine o'clock by this time, and he was in the Whitechapel Road, going along with a motley troop of Jews, Polish Jews, Germans, German Jews, and all the many tribes of Cockneydom. Two costers behind him were talking and laughing.

"Lor' blesh you, it's jest abart enneff to myke a corpse laugh!"

"Ain't it? An acqyntince uv mine—d'ye know Jow 'Awkins? Him as kep' the frahd fish shop off of Flower and Dean. Yus? Well, he sold his bit uv biziness lahs week for a song, thinkin' the world was a-comin' to a end, and this mornin' I meets 'im on the 'Owben Viadeck lookin' as if 'e'd 'ad the smallpox or semthink!"

John Storm had scarcely heard them. He had a strange feeling that everything was happening hundreds of miles away.

"What am I to do?" he asked himself again. Between twelve and one o'clock he was back in the city, walking aimlessly on and on. He did not choose the unfrequented thoroughfares, and when people looked into his face he thought, "If anybody asks who I am I'll tell him." It was eight hours since he had eaten anything, and he felt weak and faint.

Coming upon a coffee house he went in and ordered food. The place was full of young clerks at their midday meal. Most of them were reading newspapers which they had folded and propped up on the tables before them, but two who sat near were talking.

"These predictions of the end of the world are a mania—a monomania which recurs at regular intervals of the world's history," said one. He was a little man with a turned up nose.

"But the strange thing is that people go on believing them!" said his companion.

"That's not strange at all. This big, idiotic, amorphous London has no sense of humor. See how industriously it has been engaged for the last month in the noble art of making a fool of itself!" And then he looked round at John Storm, as if proud of his tall language.

John did not listen. He knew that everybody was talking about him, yet the matter did not seem to concern him now, but to belong to some other existence which his soul had had.

At length an idea came to him, and he thought he knew what he ought to do. He ought to go to the brotherhood and ask to be taken back; but not as a son this time, only as a servant, to scour and scrub to the end of his life. There used to be a man to sweep out the church and ring the church bell. He might be allowed to do menial work like that. He had proved false to his ideal, he had not been able to resist the lures of earthly love, but God was merciful. He would not utterly reject him.

His self abasement was abject, yet several hours had passed before he attempted to carry out this design. It was the time of evensong when he reached the church, and the brothers were singing their last hymn—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

He stood by the porch and listened. The street was very quiet, hardly anybody was passing.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storms of life be past.

His heart surged up to his throat, and he could scarcely bear the pain of it. Yes, yes, yes! Other refuge had he none!

Suddenly a new thought smote him, and he felt like a man roused from a deep sleep. Glory! He had been thinking only of his own soul, and his soul's salvation, and had forgotten his duty to others. He had his duty to Glory above all others, and he could not and must not escape from it. He must take his place by her side, and if that included the abandonment of his ideals, so be it! He had been proved unworthy of a life of holiness; he must lower his flag, he must be content to live the life of a man.

But he could not think what he ought to do next, and when night fell he was still wandering aimlessly through the streets. He had turned eastward again, and even in the tumultuous thoroughfares of the Mile End he could not help seeing that something unusual was going on. People in drink were rolling about the streets, and shouting and singing, as if it had been a public holiday.

"Glad you ain't in kingdom come to-night, old gel!"

"Well, what do *you* think?"

At twelve o'clock he went into a lodging house and asked if he could have a bed. The keeper was in the kitchen, talking with two men who were cooking a herring for their supper, and he looked up at his visitor in astonishment.

"Can I sleep you, sir? We ain't got no accommodation for gentlemen." And then he stopped, looked more attentively, and said:

"Are you from the Settlement, sir?"

John Storm made some inarticulate reply.

"Thort ye might be, sir. We often 'as 'em 'ere semplin' the cawfee, but blest if they ever wanted to sample a bed afore! Still, if *you* don't mind——"

"It will be better than I deserve, my man. Can you give me a cup of coffee before I turn in?"

"With pleasure, sir. Sit down, sir. Myke yourself at home. Me and my friends were just talkin' of a gentleman of your cloth, sir—the pore feller as 'as got into trouble acrost Westminster way."

"Oh, you were talking of him, were you?"

"Sem, 'ere, says the biziness pyze."

"It *must* py, or people wouldn't do it," said the man leaning over the fire.

"Down't you believe it. That little gyme down't py. 'Cause why? Look at the bloomin' stoo the feller's in now. If they ketch 'im 'e'll get six months 'ard."

"Then what's 'e been doin' it for. I down't see nothink in it if it down't py."

"'Cause he believes in it, thet's why. What do you think, sir?"

"I think the man has come by a just fall," said John. "God will never use him again, having brought him to shame."

"Must hev been a wrong un, certingly," said the man over the fire.

When John Storm awoke in his cubicle next morning he saw his way clearer. He would deliver himself up to the warrant that was issued for his arrest and go through with it to the end. Then he would return to Glory a free man, and God would find work for him even yet, after this awful lesson to his presumption and pride.

"That feller as was took ter the awspital is dead," said somebody in the kitchen, and then there was the crinkling of a newspaper.

"Is 'e?" said another. "The best thing the father can do is to 'ook it then. 'Cause why? Whether 'e did it or not, they'll fix it on ter 'im, doncher know."

John's head spun round and round. He remembered what Brother Andrew had said of Charlie Wilkes, and his heart, so warm a moment ago, felt benumbed as by frost. Nevertheless at nine o'clock he was going westward in the underground railway. People looked at him when he stepped into the carriage. He thought everybody knew him, and that the world was only playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. The compartment was full of young clerks smoking pipes and reading newspapers.

"Most extraordinary!" said one of them. "The fellow has disappeared as absolutely as if he had been carried up into a cloud."

"Why extraordinary?" said another in a thin voice. "This one was not smoking, and he had the startled eyes of the enthusiast. "Elijah was taken up to heaven in the body, wasn't he? And why not Father Storm?"

"What?" cried the first, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"Some people believe that," said the thin voice timidly.

"Oh, you want a dose of medicine, you do," said the first speaker, shaking out his ash and looking round with a knowing air. The young men got out in the city. John went on to Westminster Bridge.

It was terrible. Who could he not take advantage of the popular superstition and disappear indeed, taking Glory with him? But no, no, no!

Through all the torment of his soul his religion had remained the same, and now it rose up before him like a pillar of cloud and fire. He would do as he had intended, whatever the consequences, and if he was charged with crimes he had not committed, if he was accused of offenses of his followers, he would make no defense; if need be, he would allow himself to be convicted, and being innocent in this instance, God would accept his punishment as an atonement for his other sins. Glorious sacrifice! He would make it! He would make it! And Glory herself would be proud of it some day.

With the glow of this resolution upon him he turned into Scotland Yard and stepped boldly up to the office. The officer in charge received him with a deferential bow, but went on talking in a low voice to an inspector of police who was also standing at the other side of a counter.

"Strange!" he was saying. "I thought he was seen getting into the train at Euston?"

"Don't know that he wasn't, either, in spite of all he says," said the inspector, and then seeing John he muttered, "Helloa! Who's here?"

The officer stepped up to the counter. "What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

John knew that the supreme moment had come, and he felt proud of himself that his resolution did not waver. Lifting his head he said in a low and rapid voice, "I understand that you have a warrant for the arrest of Father Storm?"

"We *had*, sir," the officer answered.

John looked embarrassed. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Father Storm is now in custody."

John stared at the man with a feeling of stupefaction. "In custody! Did you say in custody?"

"Precisely. He has just given himself up."

John answered impetuously, "But that is impossible!"

"Why impossible, sir? Are you interested in the case?"

A certain quivering moved John's mouth. "I am Father Storm himself."

The officer was silent for a moment; then he turned to the inspector with a

pitiful smile. "Another of them," he said significantly. The psychology of criminals had been an interesting study to this official.

"Wait a minute," said the inspector, and he went hurriedly through an inner doorway. The officer asked John some questions about his movements since yesterday. John answered vaguely in broken and rather bewildering sentences. Then the inspector returned.

"You are Father Storm?"

"Yes."

"Do you know anybody who might wish to personate you?"

"God forbid that any one should do that!"

"Still, there is some one here who says——"

"Let me see him."

"Come this way—quietly," said the inspector, and John followed him to the inner room. His pride was all gone, his head was hanging low, and he was a prey to extraordinary agitation.

A man in a black cassock was sitting at a table making a statement to another officer with an open book before him. His back was to the door, but John knew him in a moment. It was Brother Andrew.

"Then why have you given yourself up?" the officer asked, and Brother Andrew began on a rambling and foolish explanation. He had seen it stated in an evening paper that the father had been traced to the train at Euston, and he thought it a pity—a pity that the police—that the police should waste their time——

"Take care!" said the officer. "You are in a position that should make you careful what you say."

And then the inspector stepped forward, leaving John by the door.

"You still say you are Father Storm?"

"Of course I do!" said Brother Andrew indignantly. "If I was anybody else do you think I should come here and give myself up?"

"Then who is standing behind you?"

Brother Andrew turned and saw John, and made a start of surprise and a cry of terror. He seemed hardly able to believe in the reality of what was before him and his restless eyeballs rolled fearfully. John tried to speak, but he could only utter a few inarticulate sounds.

"Well?" said the inspector. And while John stood with head down and heaving breast Brother Andrew began to laugh hysterically and to say:

"Don't you know who this is? This is my lay brother. I brought him out of the brotherhood six months ago, and he has been with me ever since."

The officers looked at each other. "Good heavens!" cried Brother Andrew in an imperious voice, "don't you believe me? You mustn't touch this man. He has done nothing, nothing at all. He is as tender as a woman and wouldn't hurt a fly. What's he doing here?"

The officers also were dropping their heads, and the heartrending voice went on, "Have you arrested him? You'll do very wrong if you arrest—but perhaps he has given himself up? That would be just like him. He is devoted to me, and would tell you any falsehood if he thought it would help—but you must send him away. Tell him to go back to his old mother—that's the proper place for him. Good God, do you think I am telling you lies?"

There was silence for a moment. "My poor lad, hush, hush!" said John in a tone full of tenderness and authority. Then he turned to the inspector with a pitiful smile of triumph. "Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Quite satisfied, father," the officer answered in a broken voice, and then Brother Andrew began to cry.

LXX.

WHEN Glory awoke on the morning after the Derby, and thought of John, she felt no remorse. A sea of bewildering difficulty lay somewhere ahead, but she would not look at it. He loved her, she loved him, and nothing else mattered. If rules and vows stood between them, so much the worse for such enemies of love.

As for herself, a subtle change had stolen over her. She was not herself any longer, but somebody else as well; not a woman merely, but in some sort a man; not Glory only, but also John Storm. Oh, delicious mystery! Oh, joy of joys! His arms seemed to be about her waist still, and his breath to linger about her neck. With a certain tremor,

certain thrill, she reached for a hand-glass and looked at herself to learn if there was any difference in her face that the rest of the world would see. Yes, her eyes had another luster, a deeper light, but she lay back in the cool bed with a smile and a long drawn sigh. What matter, whatever happened? Gone were the six cruel months in which she had awakened every morning with a pain at her breast. She was happy, happy, happy!

The morning sun was streaming across the room when Liza came in with the tea.

"Did ye see the farver last night, Miss Gloria?"

"Oh, yes, that was all right, Liza."

The day's newspaper was lying folded on the tray. She took it up and opened it, remembering the Derby and thinking for the first time of Drake's triumph. But what caught her eye in glaring headlines, was a different matter. "The Panic Terror; Collapse of the Farce."

It was a shriek of triumphant derision. The fateful day had come and gone, yet London stood where it did before. Last night's tide had flowed and ebbed, and the dwellings of men were not submerged. No earthquake had swallowed up St. Paul's; no mighty bonfire of the greatest city of the world had lit up the sky of Europe, and even the thunderstorm which had broken over London had only laid the dust and left the air more clear.

London is to be congratulated on the collapse of this panic, which, so far as we can hear, has been attended by only one casualty—an assault in Brown's Square, Westminster, on a young soldier, Charles Wilkes, of the Wellington Barracks, by two of the frantic army of the terror stricken. The injured man was removed to St. Thomas' Hospital, while his assailants were taken to Rochester Row police station, and we have only to regret that the clerical panic maker himself has not yet shared the fate of his followers. Late last night the authorities, recovering from their extraordinary supineness, issued a warrant for his arrest, but up to the time of going to press he had escaped the vigilance of the police.

Glory was breathing audibly as she read, and Liza, who was drawing up the blind, looked back at her with surprise.

"Liza, did you mention to anybody that Father Storm was here last night?"

"Why, no, miss; there ain't nobody stirrin' yet, and besides——"

"Then don't mention it to a soul. Will you do me that great, great kindness?"

"Down't ye know I will, mum?" said Liza, with a twinkle of the eye and a wag of the head.

Glory dressed hurriedly, went down to the drawing room and wrote a letter. It was to Sefton, the manager: "Do not expect me to play tonight. I don't feel up to it. Sorry to be so troublesome."

Then Rosa came in with another newspaper in her hand, and without saying anything Glory showed her the letter. Rosa read it and returned it in silence. They understood each other.

During the next few hours Glory's impatience became feverish, and as soon as the first of the evening papers appeared she sent out for it. The panic was subsiding, and the people who had gone to the outskirts were returning to the city in troops, looking downcast and ashamed. No news of Father Storm. Inquiry that morning at Scotland Yard elicited the fact that nothing had yet been heard of him. There was much perplexity as to where he had spent the previous night.

Glory's face tingled and burned. From hour to hour she sent out for new editions. The panic itself was now eclipsed by the interest of John Storm's disappearance. It appeared that his followers scouted the idea that he had fled from London. Nevertheless, he had fallen. As a pretender to the gift of prophecy his career was at an end, and his crazy system of mystical divinity was the laughing stock of London.

It does not surprise us that this second Moses, this mock Messiah, has broken down. Such men always do, and must collapse; but that the public should ever have taken seriously a movement which——

And then a grotesque list of John's followers: one pawnbroker, one waiter, one "knocker up," two or three apprentices, and so on.

As she read all this Glory was at the same time glowing with shame, trembling with fear, and burning with indignation. She dined with Rosa alone, and they tried to talk of other matters. The effort was useless. At last Rosa said:

"I have to follow this thing up for the paper, dear, and I'm going tonight to see

if they hold the usual service in his church."

"May I go with you?"

"If you wish to. But it will be useless; he won't be there."

"Why not?"

"The prime minister left London last night. I can't help thinking there is something in that."

"He will be there, Rosa. He's not the man to fly away. I know him," said Glory proudly.

The church was crowded, and it was with difficulty they found their seats. John's enemies were present in force—all the owners of vested interests who had seen their livelihood threatened by the man who declared war on vice and its upholders. There was a dangerous atmosphere before the service began, and notwithstanding her brave faith in him, Glory found herself praying that John Storm might not come. As the organ played and the choir and clergy entered the excitement was intense, and some of the congregation got on to their seats in their eagerness to see if the father was there. He was not there. The black cassock and biretta in which he had lately preached were nowhere to be seen, and a murmur of disappointment passed over friends and enemies alike.

Then came a disgraceful spectacle. A man with a bloated face and a bandage about his forehead rose in his place and cried, "No popery, boys!" Straightway the service, which was being conducted by two of the clerical brothers from the brotherhood, was interrupted by hissing, whistling, shouting, yelling, and whooping indescribable. Songs were roared out during the lessons, and cushions, hassocks, and prayer books were flung at the altar and its furniture. The terrified choir boys fled down stairs to their own quarters, and the clergy were driven out of the church.

John's own people stole away in terror and shame, but Glory leaped to her feet as if to fling herself on the cowardly rabble. Her voice was lost in the tumult, and Rosa drew her out into the street.

"Is there no law in the land to prevent brawling like this?" she cried; but the police paid no heed to her.

Then the congregation, which had

broken up, came rushing out of the church and round to the door leading to the chambers beneath it.

"They've found him," thought Glory, pressing her hand over her heart. But no, it was another matter. Immediately afterwards there rose over the babel of human voices the deep music of the bloodhound when it is in full cry. The crowd shrieked with fear and delight, then surged and parted, and the dog came running through, with its stern up, its head down, its forehead wrinkled, and the long drapery of its ears and flews hanging in folds about its face. In a moment it was gone, its mellow note was dying away in the neighboring streets, and a gang of ruffians were racing after it. "That'll find the feller if he's in London," somebody shouted—it was the man with the bandaged forehead—and there were yells of fiendish laughter.

Glory's head was going round, and she was holding on to Rosa's arm with a convulsive grasp.

"The cowards!" she cried. "To use that poor creature's devotion to its master for their own inhuman ends! It's cowardly, it's brutal, it's—oh, oh, oh!"

"Come, dear," said Rosa; and she dragged Glory away.

They went back through the Broad Sanctuary. Neither spoke, but both were thinking, "He has gone to the monastery. He intends to stay there until the storm is over." At Westminster Bridge they parted.

"I have somewhere to go," said Rosa, turning down to the underground.

"She is going to Bishopsgate Street," thought Glory, and they separated with constraint.

Returning to Clement's Inn, Glory found a letter from Drake:

DEAR GLORY—How can I apologize to you for my detestable behavior of last night? The memory of what passed has taken all the joy out of the success upon which everybody is congratulating me. I have tried to persuade myself that you would make allowances for the day, and the circumstances, and my natural excitement. But your life has been so blameless that it fills me with anguish and horror to think how I exposed you to misrepresentation by allowing you to go to that place, and by behaving to you as I did when you were there. Thank God, things went no farther, and some blessed power prevented me from carrying out my threat to follow you.

Believe me, you shall see no more of men like Lord Robert Ure and women like his associates. I despise them from my heart, and wonder how I can have tolerated them so long. Do let me beg the favor of a line consenting to allow me to call and ask your forgiveness.

Yours most humbly,
F. H. N. DRAKE.

Glory slept badly that night, and as soon as Liza was stirring she rang for the newspaper.

"Didn't ye 'ear the dorg, mum?" said Liza.

"What dog?"

"The farver's dorg. It was scratching at the front dower afore I was up this morning. 'It's the milk,' sez I. But the minute I opened the dower up it came ter the drawerin' room and went snuffling rahnd everywhere."

"Where is it now?"

"Gorn, mum."

"Did anybody else see it? No? You're sure? Then say nothing about it, Liza, nothing whatever; that's a good girl."

The newspaper was full of the mysterious disappearance. Not a trace of the father had yet been found. The idea had been started that he had gone into seclusion at the Anglican monastery with which he was associated, but on inquiry at Bishopsgate Street it was found that nothing had been seen of him there. Since yesterday the whole of London had been scoured by the police, but not one fact had been brought to light to make clearer the mystery of his going away. With the most noticeable face and habit in London, he had evaded scrutiny and gone into a retirement which baffled discovery. No master of the stage art could have devised a more sensational disappearance. He had vanished as though whirled to heaven in a cloud, and that was literally what the more fanatical of his followers believed to have been his fate.

Among these persons there were wild eyed hangers on telling of a flight upwards on a fiery chariot, as well as a predicted disappearance and reappearance after three days. Such were the stories being gulped down by the thousands who still clung, with an undefinable fascination, to the memory of the charlatan. Meantime the soldier Wilkes had died of his injuries, and the coroner's inquiry was to be opened that day.

"Unfeeling brutes! The bloodhound is an angel of mercy compared to them!" thought Glory. But the worst thing was in the thought that John had fled out of fear, and was now in hiding somewhere.

Towards noon the newsboys were rushing through the Inn, crying their papers against all regulations, and at the same moment Rosa came in to say that John Storm had surrendered.

"I knew it!" cried Glory; "I knew he would!"

Then Rosa told her of Brother Andrew's attempt to personate his master, and with what pitiful circumstances it had ended.

"Only a lay brother, you say, Rosa?"

"Yes, a poor half witted soul, apparently—must have been to imagine that a subterfuge like that would succeed in London."

Glory's eyes were gleaming. "Rosa," she said, "I would rather have done what he did than play the greatest part in the world!"

She wished to be present at the trial, and proposed to Rosa that she should go with her.

"But dare you, my child? Considering your old friendship, dare you see him?"

"Dare I?" said Glory. "Dare I stand in the dock by his side?"

But when she got to Bow Street and saw the crowds in the court, the line of distinguished persons of both sexes allowed to sit on the bench, the army of reporters and newspaper artists, and all the mass of smiling and eager faces without ruth or pity, gathered together as for a show, her heart sickened, and she crept out of the place before the prisoner was brought into the dock.

Walking to and fro in the corridor, she waited the result of the trial. It was not a long one. The charge was that of causing people unlawfully to assemble to the danger of the public peace. There was no defense. A man with a bandaged forehead was the first of the witnesses. He was a publican who lived in Brown's Square, and had been a friend of the soldier Wilkes. The injury to his forehead was the result of a blow from a stick given by the prisoner's lay brother on the night of the Derby, when, with the help of the

deceased, he had attempted to liberate the bloodhound. He had much to say of the father's sermons, his speeches, his predictions, his slanders, and his disloyalty.

Other witnesses were Pincher and Hawkins. They were in a state of abject fear at the fate hanging over their own heads, and tried to save their own skins by laying the blame of their own conduct upon the father. The last witness was Brother Andrew, and he broke down utterly. Within an hour Rosa came out to say that John Storm had been committed for trial. Bail was not asked for, and the prisoner, who had not uttered a word from first to last, had been taken back to the cells.

Glory hurried home and shut herself in her room. The newsboys in the street were shouting, "Father Storm in the dock!" and filling the air with their cries. She covered her ears with her hands and made noises in her throat that she might not hear.

John Storm's career was at an end. It was all her fault. If she had yielded to his desire to leave London, if she had joined him there, how different everything must have been! But she had broken in upon his life and wrecked it. She had sinned against him who had given her everything that one human soul can give another.

Liza came up with red eyes, bringing the evening papers and a letter. The papers contained long reports of the trial, and short editorials reproving the public for its interest in such a poor impostor. Some of them contained sketches of the prisoner, and of the distinguished persons recognized in court. "The stage was represented by ——" And then a caricature of herself.

The letter was from Aunt Rachel :

MY DEAR, MY BEST BELOVED GLORY !

I know how much your kind heart will be lowered by the painful tidings I have to write. Lord Storm died on Monday and was buried today. To the last he declared he would never yield to make peace with John, and he has left nothing to him but his title, so that our dear friend is now a nobleman without an estate. Everybody about the old lord at the end was unanimous in favor of his son; but he would not listen to them, and the scene at the deathbed was shocking and terrible. It seems that with his dying breath and many bursts of laughter he read aloud

his will, which ordered that his effects should be sold and the proceeds scattered among the missions for lepers in the islands of the South Seas. And then he told old Chalse that as soon as he was gone a coffin was to be got and he was to be screwed down at once, "for," said he, "my son would not come to see me *living*, and he shan't stand grinning at me *dead*." The funeral was at Kirk Patrick this morning, and few came to see the last of one who had left none to mourn him. But just as the remains were being deposited in the dark vault a carriage drove up and an elderly gentleman got out. No one knew him, and he stood and looked down with his impassive face while the service was being read, and then, without speaking to any one, he got back into the carriage and drove away. The minute he was gone I told Anna he was somebody of consequence, and then everybody said it had been Lord Storm's brother and no less a person than the prime minister of England.

It seems that the sale is to come off immediately, so that Knockaloe will be a waste, as if sown with salt, and so far as this island is concerned all trace of the Storms, father and son, will be gone forever. I ever knew it must end thus. But I will more particularly tell you everything when we meet again, which I hope may be soon. Meantime I need not say how much I am, my dear child, your ever fond—nay, more than fond, *devoted* auntie,

RACHEL.

LXXI.

"YES," said Rosa, across the dinner table, "the sudden fall of a man who has filled a large space in the public eye is always pitiful. It is like the fall of a great tree in the forest. One never realized how big it was until it was down."

"It's awful—awful!" said Glory.

"Whether one liked the man or not, such a downfall seems hard to reconcile with the idea of a beneficent Providence."

"Hard? Impossible, you mean!"

"Glory!"

"Oh, I'm only a pagan, and always have been, but I can't believe in a God that does nothing—I won't, I won't!"

"Still we can't see the end yet. After the cross the resurrection, as the church folks say, and who knows but out of all this——"

"What's to become of his church?"

"Oh, there'll be people enough to see to that; and if the dear archdeacon—but he's busy with Mrs. Mackray, bless him! She has gone to wreck at last, and is living hidden away in a farm house somewhere that she may drink herself to death without detection and interruption. But

the archdeacon and Lord Robert have found her out, and there they are hovering round like two vultures waiting for the end."

"And his orphanage?"

"Ah, that's another pair of shoes altogether, dear. Being an institution that asks for an income instead of giving one, there'll be nobody too keen to take it over."

"Oh, God! Oh, God! What a world it is!" cried Glory.

After dinner she went off to Westminster in search of the orphanage. It stood on a corner of the church square. The door was closed, and the windows of the ground floor were shuttered. With difficulty she obtained admission and got access to the person in charge. This was an elderly lady in a black silk dress and with snow white hair.

"I'm no the matron, miss," she said. "The matron's gone, fled awa' lik a' the lave o' the grand sisters, thinking sure the mob would mak' this house their next point of attack."

"Then I know who *you* are. You're Mrs. Callender," said Glory.

"Jane Callender I am, young leddy. And who may ye be yersel'?"

"I'm a friend of John's, and I want to know if there's anything——"

"You're no the lassie hersel', are ye? You are, though; I see fine you are. Come, kiss me; again, lassie. Oh, dear, oh, dear! And to think we must be meeting same as this! For a' the world it's like clasping hands ower the puir laddie's grave."

They cried in each other's arms, and then both felt better.

"And the children," said Glory, "who's looking after them if the matrons and sisters are gone?"

"Myself just, and the puir bairns them-sel's, and the wee maid of all wark that opened the door til ye. But come your ways and look at them."

The dormitory was on an upper story. Mrs. Callender had opened the door softly, and Glory stepped into a large dark room in which a hundred children lay asleep. Their breathing was all that could be heard, and it seemed to fill the air as with the rustle of a gentle breeze. But it was hard to look upon them and to think of

their only earthly father in his cell. With full hearts and dry throats the two women returned to a room below.

By this time the square, which had been full before of people standing in doorways and lounging at street corners, had become crowded with a noisy rabble. They were shouting out indecent jokes about "monks," "his reverend lordship," and "doctors of diwinity," and a small gang of them had got a rope which they were trying to throw as a lasso round a figure of the Virgin which stood in a niche over the porch. The figure came down at length amid shrieks of delight, and when the police charged the mob they flung stones which broke the church windows.

Again Glory felt an impulse to throw herself on the cowardly rabble, but she only crouched at the window by the side of Mrs. Callender and looked down at the sea of faces below, with their evil eyes and cruel mouths.

"Oh, what a thing it is to be a woman!" she moaned.

"Ay, lassie, ay, there's mair than one of us has felt that," said Mrs. Callender.

Glory did not speak again as long as they knelt by the window holding each other's hands, but the tears that had sprung to her eyes at the thought of her helplessness dried up of themselves, and there came in their place the light of a great resolution. She knew that her hour had struck at last—that this was the beginning of the end.

The theaters were emptying, and carriages were rolling away from them as she drove home by way of the Strand. She saw her name on omnibuses and her picture on hoardings, and felt a sharp pang. But she was in a state of feverish excitement, and the pain was gone in a moment.

Another letter from Drake was waiting for her at the Inn.

I feel, my dear Glory, that you are entirely right, and entirely justified in your silence; but to show you how deep is my regret, I am about to ask you to put it in my power to atone, as far as I can do so, for the conduct which has quite properly troubled and hurt you. You will put me under an eternal obligation to you if you will consent to become my wife. We should be friends as well as lovers, Glory, and in an age distinguished for brilliant and beautiful women, it would be the crown of my honor that my wife

was above all a woman of genius. Nothing should disturb the development of your gifts, and if any social claims conflicted with them, they, and not you, should suffer. For the rest I can bring you nothing, dear, but—thanks to the good father who was born before me—such advantages as belong to wealth. But so far as these go there is no pleasure you need deny yourself, and if your sympathies are set on any good work for humanity, there is no opportunity you may not command. With this I can only offer you the love and devotion of my whole heart and soul, which now wait in fear and pain for your reply.

Glory read this letter with a certain quivering of the eyelids, but she put it away without a qualm. Nevertheless the letter was hard to reply to, and she made many attempts without satisfying herself in the end. There was a note of falsehood in all of them, and she felt troubled and ashamed.

When I remember how good you have been to me from the first, I could cry to think of the answer I must give you. But I can't help it, oh, I can't, I can't! Don't think me ungrateful, and don't suppose I am angry, or in any way hurt or offended, but to do what you desire is impossible, quite, quite impossible. Oh, if you only knew what it is to deny myself the future you offer me, to turn my back on the gladness with which life has crowned me, to strip all these roses from my hair, you would believe it must be a far, far higher call than to worldly rank and greatness that I am listening to at last. And it is. A woman may trifle with her heart while the one she loves is well and happy, or great and prosperous, but when he is down, and the cruel world is trampling on him, there can be no paltering with it any longer. Yes, I must go to *him* if I go to anybody. Besides, you can do without me, and he cannot. You have all the world, and he has nothing but me. If you were a woman you would understand all this. But you are loyal and brave and true, and when I look at your letter and remember how often you have spoken up for a fallen man, my heart quivers and my eyes grow dim, and I know what it means to be an English gentleman.

After writing this letter she went up to her bed room and busied herself about for an hour, making up parcels of her clothing and jewelry, and labeling them with envelopes bearing names. The plainer costumes she addressed to Aunt Anna, a fur lined coat to Aunt Rachel, an opera cloak to Rosa, and a quantity of under-clothing to Liza. All her jewels and nearly all the silver trinkets from the dressing table were made up in a parcel by themselves and addressed back to the giver, Sir Francis Drake.

The clock of St. Clement's Danes was

chiming midnight when this was done, and she stood a moment and asked herself, "Is there anything else?" Then there was a slipped foot on the stair and somebody knocked.

"It's only me, mum, and can I do anything for ye?"

Glory opened the door, and found Liza there half dressed, and looking as if she had been crying.

"Nothing, Liza, nothing, thank you. But why aren't you in bed?"

"I can't sleep a blessed wink tonight somehow, mum," said Liza. And then looking into the room: "But are ye goin' away somewhere, Miss Gloria?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"Thort ye was. I could hear ye down stairs."

"Not far, though—just a little journey. Go back to bed now. Good night."

"Good night, miss;" and Liza went down with lingering footsteps.

Half an hour or so afterwards Glory heard Rosa come in from the office, and passing up to her bed room on the floor above. "Dear, unselfish soul!" she thought. And then she sat down to write another letter.

I am going to leave you, but there is no help for it—I must. Don't you remember I used to say if I should ever find a man who was willing to sacrifice all the world for me I would leave everything behind and follow him? I have found him, dear, and he has not only sacrificed all the world for my sake, but trampled on Heaven itself. I can't go to him now—would to Heaven I could—but neither can I go on living this present life any longer. So I am turning my back on it all, exactly as I said I would: the world, so sweet and so cruel; art, so beautiful and so difficult, and even "the clapping of hands in a theater." You will say I am a donkey, and so I may be, but it must be a descendant of Balaam's old friend, who knew the way she ought to go.

Forgive me that I am going without saying good by. It is enough to have to resist the battering of one's own doubts without encountering your dear solicitations. And forgive me that I am not telling you where I am going to and what is to become of me. You will be questioned and examined, and I feel as much frightened of being overtaken by my old existence as the poor simpleton who took it into his head that he was a grain of barley, and as often as he saw a cock or a hen he ran for his life. Thank you, dearest, for allowing me to share your sweet rooms with you, for the bright hours we have spent in them, and all the merry jaunts we have had together. There will be fewer creature comforts where I am going to next, and my foot will not be so

quick to do evil, which will at least be a saving of shoe leather.

Good by, old girl—loyal, unselfish, devoted friend! God will reward you yet, and a good man who has been chasing a will o' the wisp will open his eyes to see that all the time the star of the morning has been by his side. Tomorrow, when I leave the house, I know I shall want to run up and kiss you as you lay asleep, but I mustn't do that; the little drugged stairs to your room would be like the road to another but not a better place, which is also paved with good intentions. What a scatterbrain I am! My heart is breaking, too, with all this disavowment of my poor little riven cords. Your foolish old chummie (the last of her).

GLORY.

Next morning, almost as soon as it was light, she rose and drew a little tin box from under the bed. It was the box that had brought all her belongings to London when she came first from her island home. Out of this box she drew a simple gray costume—the costume that she had bought for outdoor wear when she was a nurse at the hospital. Putting it on, she looked at herself in the glass. The plain gray figure, so unlike what she had been the night before, sent a little stab to her heart, and she sighed.

"But this is Glory, after all," she thought. "This is the granddaughter of my grandfather, the daughter of my father, and not the visionary woman who has been masquerading in London so long." But the conceit did not comfort her very much, and scalding tear drops began to fall.

Tying up some other clothing into a little bundle, she opened the room door

and listened. There was no noise in the house, and she crept down stairs with a light tread. At the drawing room she paused and took one last look round at the place wherein she had spent so many exciting hours and lived through such various phases of life. While she stood on the threshold there was a sound of heavy breathing. It came from the dog, which lay coiled up on the sofa asleep. Reproaching herself with having forgotten the little thing, she took it up in her arms and hushed it when it awoke and began to whine. Then she crept down to the front door, opened it softly, passed out and closed it after her. There was a click of the lock in the silent gardens, and then no sound anywhere but the chirrup of the sparrows in the eaves.

The sun was beginning to climb over the cool and quiet streets as she went along, and some cabmen in the square looked over at the woman in the nurse's dress, with the little bundle in one hand and the dog under the other arm. "Been to a death, p'raps. Some uv these nurses they've tender 'earts, bless 'em, and when I was in the awspital—" But she turned her head and hurried on, and the voice was lost in the empty air.

As she dipped into the slums of Westminster the sun gleamed on her wet face, and a group of noisy, happy girls, going to their work in the jam factories of Soho, came towards her laughing. The girls looked at the sister as she passed, their tongues stopped, and there was a hush.

(To be concluded.)

OVER THE BORDER.

OVER the border of dreams I drift,
And you are waiting me, only you.
The stars grow dark as your eyelids lift;
The night is cool with the wind and dew.

Your voice, so low in its rhythmic fall,
Like music dying to less than sound,
Makes love forever the all and all,
The hope past measure, if hope be found.

Over the border of dreams I drift;
A word enfolds me, a look enslaves.
I fall to tears as the clouds were rift—
I seek for yours mid the grass grown graves.

Lewis Worthington Smith.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

IX—JEAN MARC NATTIER.

A leader of the group of painters who immortalized the most brilliant of the old Bourbon courts—Nattier's portrait gallery of the princesses and the beauties of the days of Louis Quinze.

JEAN MARC NATTIER fell quite naturally into the court circle of Louis the Fifteenth, and became a favorite portrait painter in the days when Vanloo and Boucher, Watteau and Greuze, Vernet and Vien, quite unconsciously to themselves, were painting the history of French social life for every one who walks through the old palaces to read. We know exactly what sort of people they were who delighted in those wall decorations, who sat in those chairs, and whose sweet, roguish pink and white faces look at us from the old canvases.

In one of the rooms of the palace of Versailles we are shown today five portraits by Nattier of the daughters of Louis the Fifteenth and Marie Leczinska. Their dainty little faces smile back at you out of the time dimmed frames as if the corruption of the age in which they lived had never touched them.

Marie Leczinska is here also, not half as sad in Nattier's pictures as we hear that she was. This Polish princess, daughter of the dethroned king, Stanislas, was seven years senior to her husband, and perhaps her life was not so essentially different from that of other women, in history and out of it, who have married men older than themselves. At any rate, one would imagine that her five daughters would have gone a long way toward consoling her if Nattier has painted them as they were.

He was considered to be one of the best portrait painters of the age, for the reason that he painted actual likenesses. His father, Marc Nattier, was also a portrait painter, an artist of esteem in his day, and his mother, Marie Courtois, was a successful miniaturist. His parents gave him his first instruction, and he afterward studied in the picture gallery of the

Luxembourg. We lay stress upon technical knowledge in these days, and men spend years in the schools studying from life models under the greatest masters before they feel able to attempt any important work. Yet we find that most of the men who have left great pictures in our galleries plied their brushes to good purpose at a period of life when the young artists of today are discussing the muscles in the shoulders of the Discobolus, as they try to put them down in black and white.

Nattier was born in 1685. At thirty we find him already a distinguished portrait painter, going with Le Fort, Peter the Great's ambassador, to Amsterdam, where the Czar then was, to paint the Russian court. His portrait of Peter has been engraved, but he appears never to have finished his picture of the Empress Catherine. His name is associated primarily with portraits, but he did much work beside. It was he who made the drawings for the engravings which were taken from Rubens' very exuberant pictures of Marie de Médicis, and we find examples of his work in the Louvre and in the English National Gallery.

Nattier owes his fame most of all, we think, to the fact that he lived in the time of Mme. de Pompadour, and was one of her favorite artists. If we were to expurgate French history, we should of course leave the Pompadour out, but with her we should take a great slice from France's annals. Even the Revolution cannot be properly understood without taking her into consideration. For twenty years she was the ruler of her country, and she ruled not alone because she had charm and beauty, but because she had cleverness of an unusual sort as well. She knew how to encourage the