

so recent were the last fervent splashes of paint on their unfinished surfaces. Miss Daisy Macdonald, with her smile that showed the edge of healthy red gums, would stand before one—perhaps the river below Lambton—(twilight sketch, with a big yellow star, as a hint of the mysterious nocturnal dimness, stuck into an unfinished sky and reflected waveringly in an unfinished stream) and say how wonderfully poetic was its quality. There was another (perspective not quite yet in order) showing the Norman west front of Lambton church, which Mrs. Vickary (it was so suitable that Mr. Vickary should be a vicar) admired chiefly because her husband had actually stood in broad sunlight for that black figure that showed up so well in front of the yellow and glowing background of round arches. Then there was the sketch for a portrait of Miss Daisy Macdonald herself, unfinished as to the face, but with a charming background of varnished leaf and purple flower of the clematis which grew outside the studio, and which had wanted so much coaxing to induce it to live at all, and so much subsequent severe treatment to prevent it strangling every other plant to which its encroaching tendrils could reach. There was another sketch of Miss Daisy (this belonged to the class of the dusty ones) begun some ten years ago, and ten years ago left in its present state. This Mrs. Vickary openly and Miss Daisy secretly considered to be a far better likeness of the sitter than