

"Let's have this distinctly understood," he said, and there was an altered tone in his voice that made her remember her aunt's estimate of him. "Do I understand that you were at one time singing in the streets for a livelihood? Good God, I never thought to inquire about your people! You seemed respectable enough."

"It's quite true," she said, holding her head still higher. "that I have sung in the streets for money; and what then?" "What then?" he answered. "Why, this. I can't be too thankful that my poor mother has been spared meeting you. It would have been so much more painful," he added quickly, regaining a little grasp of the customs of his class, "it would have been so much more painful to you to break it off, after you had been introduced to my people, whereas you can go back home, and you can write and break it off. No one has seen you, and I'll stand by anything you say."

He felt very generous as he said this. "Our engagement is ended, then?" she said. "How beautiful she was. He almost wished he hadn't been so precipitate. He might have made some inquiries. Perhaps it wasn't so bad as it looked. But, then, a wife with a past! What a clog for a rising man in his career!"

"Of course," he began, "if you have anything to say —" "No, I have nothing much to say," she answered, cheerfully, and he knew by the tone of her voice, and the curl of her lip, that it was too late for him to reconsider his decision. "I have nothing to say, except that I sang in the streets at Brockley for the sake of a foolish joke. It was very silly of me. I am very sorry for it."

"I hope," he said, "you won't think I have treated you badly, but I couldn't possibly marry a girl who thought it right to outrage all the conventionalities of Society for the sake of a foolish joke."

This wasn't true. If he had known at first that she had sung in the streets, not from necessity, but from mere folly, he would have forgiven her, but he saw the ice in her eyes, and knew that all that was left him was to accept the situation, as he had made it, with what dignity he might.

She had risen, and was standing with her hand on the back of her chair. "I'm going home," she said; "but before I go, tell me truthfully—did you not give me that half-sovereign?"

"No." "Then who could it have been?" "My cousin, Gen, I suppose. He's rather like me, and his cards are printed G. Massey. You know my cards have George on them. But he doesn't like to print his name because it's Gengulphus, and he says it's ridiculous."

As he spoke, a young man came up the conservatory steps from the garden, bowed gravely to Kate, and passed through the house, but as he passed she recognized in him the man she had taken his cousin George to be, and he recognized in her the poor singer to whom he had once given his heart's sympathy, and his last half-sovereign.

"And so it was a mistake, aunt, and you were quite right and I was quite wrong, and George is a perfect beast, and I can't think how I ever could have liked him. Only you see I didn't like him—at least, I mean it wasn't him I liked, but somebody quite different; and oh, dear! aunt, it's astonishing what a fool a girl can make of herself if she tries."

"I can't be too thankful," Mrs. Halifax answered, "that you found it out in time. I am quite certain you would never have lived with him for six months. I should have had you running back to me some fine night with the information that George was a fool and a brute, and you couldn't stand him another minute. It's much better as it is."

"Yes, much," said Kate, still with a little frown on her forehead, "much better, only —"

It was three months later, at the winter exhibition of Old Masters, that Kate Halifax and Gengulphus Massey met again. He hesitated a moment, and then went up to her.

"You have done well, I see, and all your troubles are over, I hope?" "Your cousin did not tell you, then?" "My cousin told me nothing."

She blushed crimson with a shame at her escapade which she had not felt under George's reproaches.

"It was all humbug; it was a pack of awful lies. But I was obliged to tell them to keep up my character. I only sang in the street for a joke—at least it wasn't exactly for a joke's sake, but because a girl laughed at me, and said I should be afraid to do it."

He looked at her with an unspoken inquiry in his eyes. She looked down and twisted her catalogue tightly between her fingers.

"I was engaged to your cousin George," she said in a low voice.

The expression of his face changed.

"Engaged to George?" he replied. "Yes," she answered, hurriedly; "but it was only because I thought it was he who had given me the half-sovereign—at least, I don't mean that, but —"

"And what did you do with the half-sovereign?" he asked.

She pulled at a black cord round her neck and a gleam of gold appeared.

"I have always worn it round my neck," she said, "in remembrance of that night. It was, it was—such fun, you know," she added, lamely. "Oh! aunt, this is Mr. Massey, the cousin of the other one, you know."

Poor Kate was sick with nervous excitement and a burning sense of her own folly, past and present. Mrs. Halifax raised her double eyeglass and looked from one to the other for fully half a moment before she spoke. Then her cool, calm tones sounded pleasant and comforting to both of them.

"I am very happy to make Mr. Massey's acquaintance. If he has nothing better to do, perhaps he would like to drive back with us to Kensington and have some tea."

The Wolf and the Lamb.

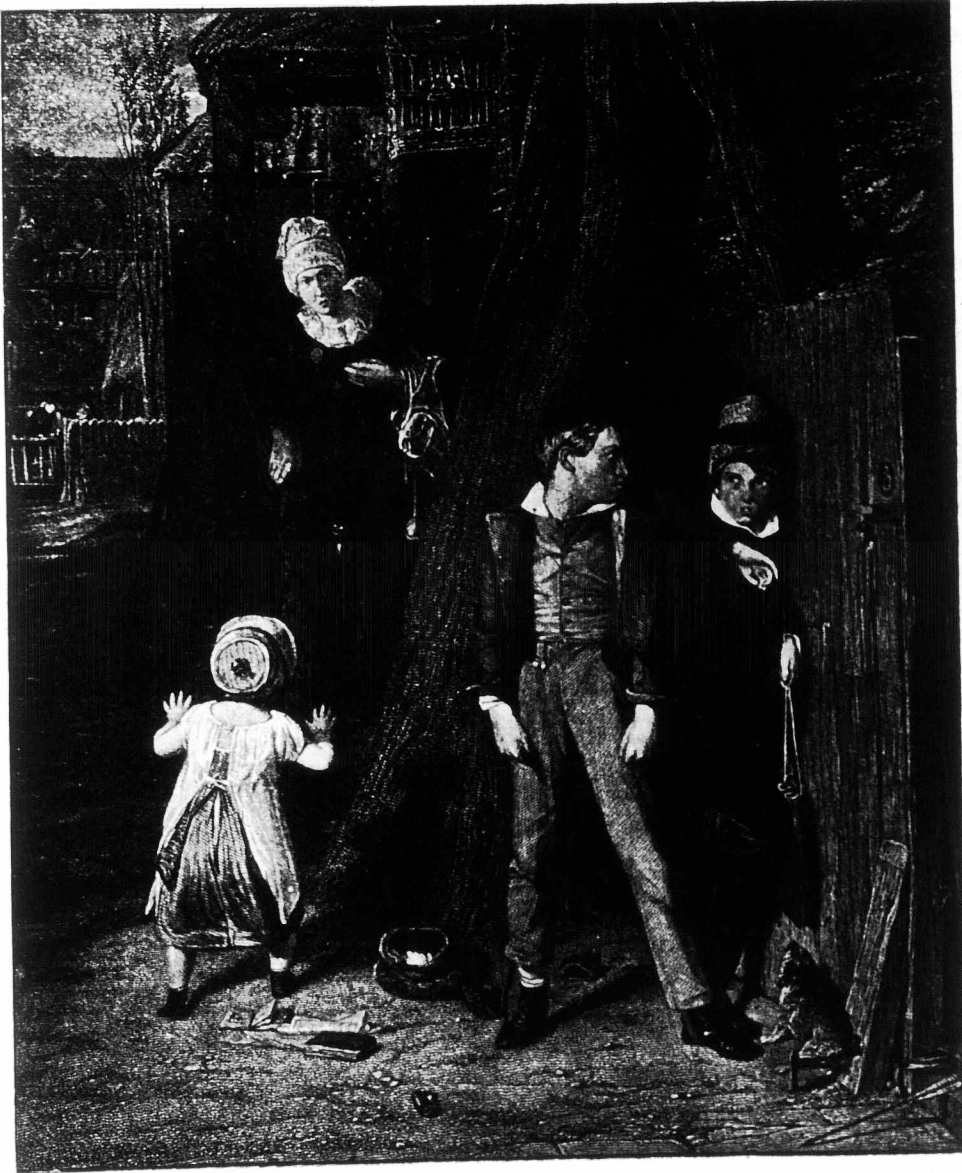
BY WILLIAM MULREADY, B. A.

"The Wolf and the Lamb" is a characteristic production of the British school. We may not doubt trace the inspiration of this class of pictures to the Dutch, who first dug into the rich vein of common life and brought to light the wealth of material there awaiting the seeker with eye and hand endowed with the power and instincts of art. But though the Dutch were the first to develop with genuine sympathy the art aspects of the life of the common people, and were for nearly a century singularly alone in this respect, in catching these inspirations British art assumed a form distinctly national. Mulready was a close student

of the mechanism of the Dutch school, but the spirit of his work is widely different, and the student would search in vain through the crowded galleries of Holland for any work analogous in conception or intention to such as "The Wolf and the Lamb," which is a characteristic example of the general direction of the artist's sympathies, gentle and refined and instinct with a touch of the genial humor of the "Spectator."

Mulready is one of the great names in British art. He is one of the four men who at once recur to the memory when reference is made to the state of art in England during the first half of the present century, now so near its close. Art, like poetry, changed its tone during the latter half—whether in the way of advance the most ardent believer in the present would be hard-set to maintain against any well-armed champion of the past. Who does not know Turner and Wilkie, and, though far inferior to them, West?—men who wrought during the same period as Mulready, and left the strongest impressions on the English mind, their works being found the world over, wherever Englishmen live. Many other names that recall work worthy of honor illuminate this period and shine clearly to the memory of the student of art, bright with the light of fair achievements, with the records of imagination, feeling, close observation, and strenuous labor.

Mulready holds his place by right of qualities



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

that have always appealed, and never in vain, to the best side of the Anglo-Saxon character. Serious, intense, and laborious in execution, he never offered to the public anything but what was clearly "work" in the highest sense of the word. Nothing was careless, nothing the result of happy accident, nothing the casual throw-off of the passing hour—methods which a pretty large number of the present "Heirs of the Ages" seek to impose upon their day as the legitimate processes of genius. For sixty years Mulready labored at his art, every year evidencing some advance in acuteness of observation, breadth of conception, and increasing force of execution. This steady progression in power to the close of a long life is one of the numerous incitements to the patient and persistent exercise of capacity which the lives of many eminent in every pursuit offer to us. The healthy exercise of faculty under the impulse of high principle, with high aim, is one of the most efficient elements of a long, happy, and useful life.

Mulready's method was one of thorough study and laborious perfection of his work, leaving nothing to happy impulse or the chance temperament of the day. Having conceived his picture, he proceeded to make elaborate studies of every object introduced into it. So conscientious are these studies that they might pass themselves as finished pictures. He had also the patience of a master mind. He was in no hurry to call the attention of

the world to his work. He would retain his pictures by him for a long period, sometimes for two or three years, till assured by repeated inspection and effort that they represented the utmost of his attainment.

"The Wolf and the Lamb" is one of Mulready's best efforts. We recognize the typical public-school bully of the English middle-class in the juvenile ruffian who is elbowing his victim against the palings. It matters little what has provoked his truculence. The unprotected meekness of his prey is inducement enough for the exercise of his tyranny. We have sufficient assurance that the reduced gentlewoman who is hastening to the rescue of her son will meet but scant courtesy from the young brute whose watch-ribbon, well-cut clothes, shapely boots, and strapped trousers indicate at least pretensions to gentility—the gentility of money rather than of breeding. The humble raiment of his victim would suggest the strained efforts of the widowed mother to give her son an education beyond her present position. The worst of the little lad's offence may well be supposed nothing more than the presumption of mingling with rich men's sons. Inoffensiveness and poverty are in themselves sufficient provocatives of the worse than animal cruelty of the ill-bred bully. The picture presents to our minds one of the humbler tragedies of life. None who know the capabilities of suffering inherent in the young but will have their sympathies aroused. To such it will be a matter of regret that the painter has not given us a companion picture indicating the deliverance of the poor little cowering orphan from the shadow that threatens his future. It is sufficient to say that the coloring and execution of this picture is worthy of the hand of a master of the craft.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:

Is lack of energy, resulting from the extremely hot weather, the cause of the falling away in our puzzle ranks? I hope it is nothing more serious, and that with the return of a normal temperature our old friends will also return, reinvigorated and fully determined to make the old corner bright as before. Only four competed for the special prize offered for rebuses, and of these Annie P. Hampton's work was most neatly done. To her, therefore, is awarded the prize, viz., a book of poems. Our former contributor, Lily Day, sent in none during this competition, but her past work in this line deserves special credit, and to her also a book will be given. I think several of my nephews and nieces possess artistic talent, if they would but cultivate it—and all the talents should be cultivated as far as lies in one's power.

Did I only imagine that I heard a deeply-drawn sigh from among my merry crowd? "Imagine," you say! "No, indeed, 'twas real; and who wouldn't sigh to leave the glad vacation and return to the closeness of the schoolroom just when we were at the zenith of our enjoyment?"

But while "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," too much of the latter is quite as injurious; and while it leaves the Jack present Jack very happy, it also makes the Jack of the future very ignorant, and that I am sure is a condition unenvied by any of you. The schoolrooms of the present day are so bright and cheerful, and the methods of teaching now employed so clear and interesting, that it should be a delight to every healthy-minded boy and girl to profit by them, and now is the time to do so.

"A place in the ranks awaits you. Each man has his part to play; The Past and Future are nothing. In the face of stern To-day."

When we read of the old-time schools, as portrayed by Charles Dickens in "David Copperfield" and "Nicholas Nickleby," we cannot help feeling thankful that we did not live in those days, when a tyrannical master held absolute sway. And the comparison should render us more appreciative of those who are now engaged in the noble calling of imparting knowledge to the youthful mind; many of them more for pure love of it than for the trifling remuneration they too often receive.

And what do you suppose your old Uncle did by way of amusement recently? Just what I'm sure most of you would enjoy—attended a circus, and enjoyed it too (quite as much as the little folks who thronged the large tents), from the strange and curious birds and animals, the beautiful horses, the wonderful acting, even to the gaudily-dressed clowns who kept the audience convulsed with laughter during the whole performance. This, and