

father's way, looked in amazement to see the strong man come in with a little bunch of flowers in his hand; but when he threw the flowers in her lap, or silently took her worn face between his great, strong hands, and kissed it with a reverent gentleness, she could only burst into tears at such tenderness. So the artist of the Green painted. He painted children so pure and so full of gentle wonder in their soft eyes that women who had deemed children a burden felt them to be a blessing. He so painted motherhood that men felt a great compassion and a new revived love for the wives and little ones at home. He painted men with such eager earnestness of purpose in their eyes and faces that the Town Councillors began to attend municipal meetings more regularly, and to seek out more thoroughly the reasons for the bad sanitary condition of the town. The plumbers and the contractors had a bad time of it after that, and the artist's fame became a matter of town talk.

One other thing added to the gossip about him. He never sold his works. When he grew famous, rich men of a speculative turn of mind sought to buy his pictures, but he declined the most tempting offers. He did not paint or carve for profit. But, though he would not sell, he would give away. Often the poor woman who had watched him working, and the veil of whose dull ignorance began to lift as she watched him, would be amazed to find herself the possessor of the picture of the wonderful child.

So the strange artist of the Green became a man of note; the crowds who gathered round him increased in numbers, for many who never came before now came in the hope of getting a picture for nothing. But such were disappointed. The painter seemed to have the gift of insight. The eager people in the crowd, who fixed on him greedy eyes of flattery and expectation, went away as they came, empty-handed. These were not the kind of people whom he selected when he gave his gifts. His clear eyes, calm and searching, would slowly pass over the faces crowded round him; and he would select some grave-faced man, some wondering child, some simple girl, or careworn woman, as the recipient of his work.

So he worked, and so he acted, and always, as the days went by, there came the day when he was no longer at his place; he had gone to the country, they said. In a sense it was true; for, far away from the sad and busy town, cleaving the bright blue air, an angel, with wings outspread

and winglets on his feet, was making his way to his native country. As he entered the gate of heaven, the cloud of care and thought melted from his brow, and he dwelt for awhile in the presence of the eternal light, and then, with new brightness in his eye and new vigor in his heart, he would descend again to the earth. And the next day the artist of the Green was at his work again.

CHAPTER II.

NONE work, even at the highest and best work, without trial. The artist had his trial, and it came about in this way. As he walked about the dark and infested purlieus of the town, he had noticed that there were scores of little children who seemed to be homeless. Fatherless and motherless little waifs they were, who lacked the nurturing love of guiding and encouraging kinsfolk. There were benevolent people who sought to build a house for these waifs and strays; and the matter was talked about. And kindly, liberal people were ready to give their money for the building. The artist of the Green was deeply moved. He wondered how his art could help the good work. To give his works to the little ragged orphans would be useless. The one thing that was wanted was money—money for the building. Money was just the thing the artist had not got. He pondered long over the matter, and when the day came round when he should "go into the country," instead of following his usual custom, he went to some of the picture-dealers in the town; and, after spending the day in visits to them, he went home with an eager flush on his face, quite unlike the calm and passionless contentment of his habitual expression. He now changed his habits of life. He took a studio; he was no longer to be seen on the Green; and, in little more than a month, he was able to send a princely gift of money to the orphanage building. He had sold his pictures. And, as he looked upon the gathering hoard of money, consecrated, as he told himself, to the children's use, he felt a sense of power which he had never known before. And, after he had made his gift, the instinct of power remained with him. He looked at his pictures which hung on the walls of his studio, and he read in each of them what he had never read before. They looked at him, and they seemed to say, "We are powers; we are worth something." And he said to himself, "I have found a new way of doing good. It is surely better to turn my works into money

which will give the children bread, and clothes, and home, than to give them away for nothing to people who, probably, cannot appreciate their beauty or their meaning." And this thought grew on him, and he began to count upon the money which he could accumulate, and the good which he could do with it; for in the sad and busy city there were many ways in which struggling women and lonely children and suffering men could be helped. So he kept to his studio, and painted pictures and carved statues. And he had plenty of work. Special orders came in. There were aldermen and other officials who wished to have their portraits painted, and to be represented in their robes of office—though they always said it was to please their wives. The artist smiled to himself as he painted these portraits, as he thought, "It is vulgar sort of work, but it will help the children and the poor." He had plenty to do now; his work increased very fast. From the very hour he began to sell his pictures he became more than famous, he became fashionable; he found himself obliged to enlarge his studio. His pictures, busts, and statues needed more room; and the crowds which visited his studio on certain days of the week were so numerous that his first simple studio was quite too small. And, as he said to himself, "To do good one must get influence, and a fine studio like this impresses people's minds and adds to one's power, and out of power comes good."

So he removed to his new studio. This cost time which he could ill spare from his work; so he would not use one of his working days, but he employed the day when he was supposed to be in the country, for the removal of all his works and his furniture into his fresh quarters. There were some things, too, which he wished to remove secretly, and which he could not entrust to any hands but his own; and these he carried himself. If, after dusk, and locked them safely in a secret cupboard which he had carefully constructed in his studio.

New quarters mean new expenses, and often lead to new habits; and so, still with the view of extending his influence, he opened his house at stated periods, and his beautifully furnished rooms were crowded with the gay and the rich and the fashionable of the town; and the dust grew thick upon the secret cupboard door, and the watchman at a gateway far away looked wistfully out into the blue space, and wondered, and was silent.

(To be continued.)