

was shown in the subsequent essay. This was not perhaps to be wondered at, for the earlier portrait showed a glimpse of Miss Macdonald as she still thought she was, which fully accounted for her preference for it, while Mrs. Vickary's vote in its favour was almost certainly due to the hope to which she still clung that the artist would dive into years just a decade or so below the surface, and fish up for her, too, something equally satisfactory. Then there was an unfinished sketch of Edward's mother, and an unfinished portrait of himself, as seen in the big cheval glass that stood in his studio. By this Miss Macdonald chiefly lingered, and would often say to her friend, "Oh, Mr. Teddy, you must be good and finish that!" And Mr. Teddy almost invariably replied, "There's enough of me without, Miss Daisy."

All these beginnings (and in this lay the seeds of Edward Heaton's threatening tragedy) showed great promise. Had they been executed by a boy of twenty, any artist of the least perception would have predicted a future of achievement for him. But, on the other hand, any boy of twenty who had painted three or four instead of a score of such beginnings would surely have finished one or two of them. Edward Heaton had not, and this array of promise extant in his studio on his fortieth birthday was somewhat in the nature of the flowering of peablossom in September. Six months ago such flowers would have encouraged a legitimate hope of pods