said, after a few minutes. "He stayed ever so long, and hindered me dreadfully."

"Did he," said Enid, wondering that her cousin should speak as if his visit were a cause of annoyance.

"Yes, and he looked at that painting of yours, Enid. He would look at it, although I told him you did not like your work meddled with."

"That was very rude of him," said Enid; but she did not speak in an offended tone. "What did he think of it?"

"Oh, he professes to think most highly of it," replied Maud; "he wants to buy it of you."

"I know he does," said Enid smiling; "but I do not mean to sell it to him."

"Why not? What nonsense, Enid, when you know you would be glad of the money. I am sure he means it very kindly."

"Very kindly!" repeated Enid, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I am sure he does it out of kindness."

"Does *what* out of kindness?" demanded Enid. "What do you mean, Maud?"

Her cousin gave a constrained little laugh. "Are you so vain, Enid, as to suppose that he is really anxious to possess that painting of yours? You must know that I told him some time ago that you would be glad to make a little money by selling some of your things. It is just a piece of his good nature. He wants to be kind to you—that is all."

A burning flush mounted in Enid's face as she heard her cousin's words. She stood motionless, gazing at her little painting, which was still exposed upon the easel, with a revulsion of feeling that was unendurable. She could not have told why Maud's words had such power to sting her; she did not understand the meaning of the passionate anger and the sense of outraged pride which possessed her; she only knew that it was intolerable, and demanded some vent.

Maud repented of her words as soon as they were uttered. She was dismayed as she marked their effect—dismayed and conscience-stricken, for she knew they had been insincerely uttered; and she was a girl who prided herself on her truthfulness.

"Why do you look like that? Surely you need not mind," she began. But the next moment her voice rose high in consternation. "Don't, Enid! What are you thinking of?"

But she could not arrest her cousin's action. Enid seized her painting, tore it passionately into several pieces, and threw them within the open door of the stove. A flame sprang from the glowing coal and consumed in a moment the work of so many days."

"How could you, Enid!" cried Maud, in great distress. "You must be mad!"

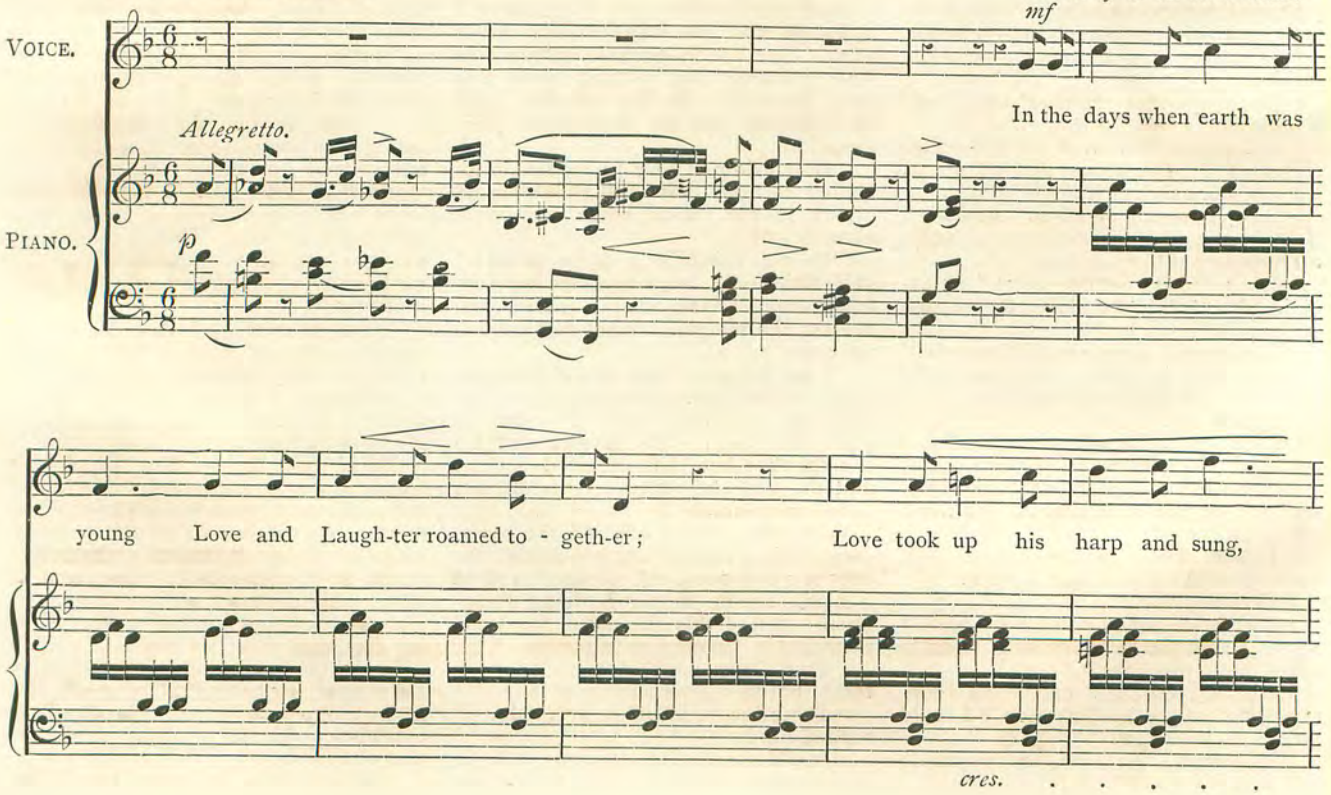
"Perhaps I am," said Enid, in a voice strangely unlike her own; "but you see now how anxious I am to make money by selling my pictures, and also how grateful I am for such kindness as that of Mr. Julius Dakin."

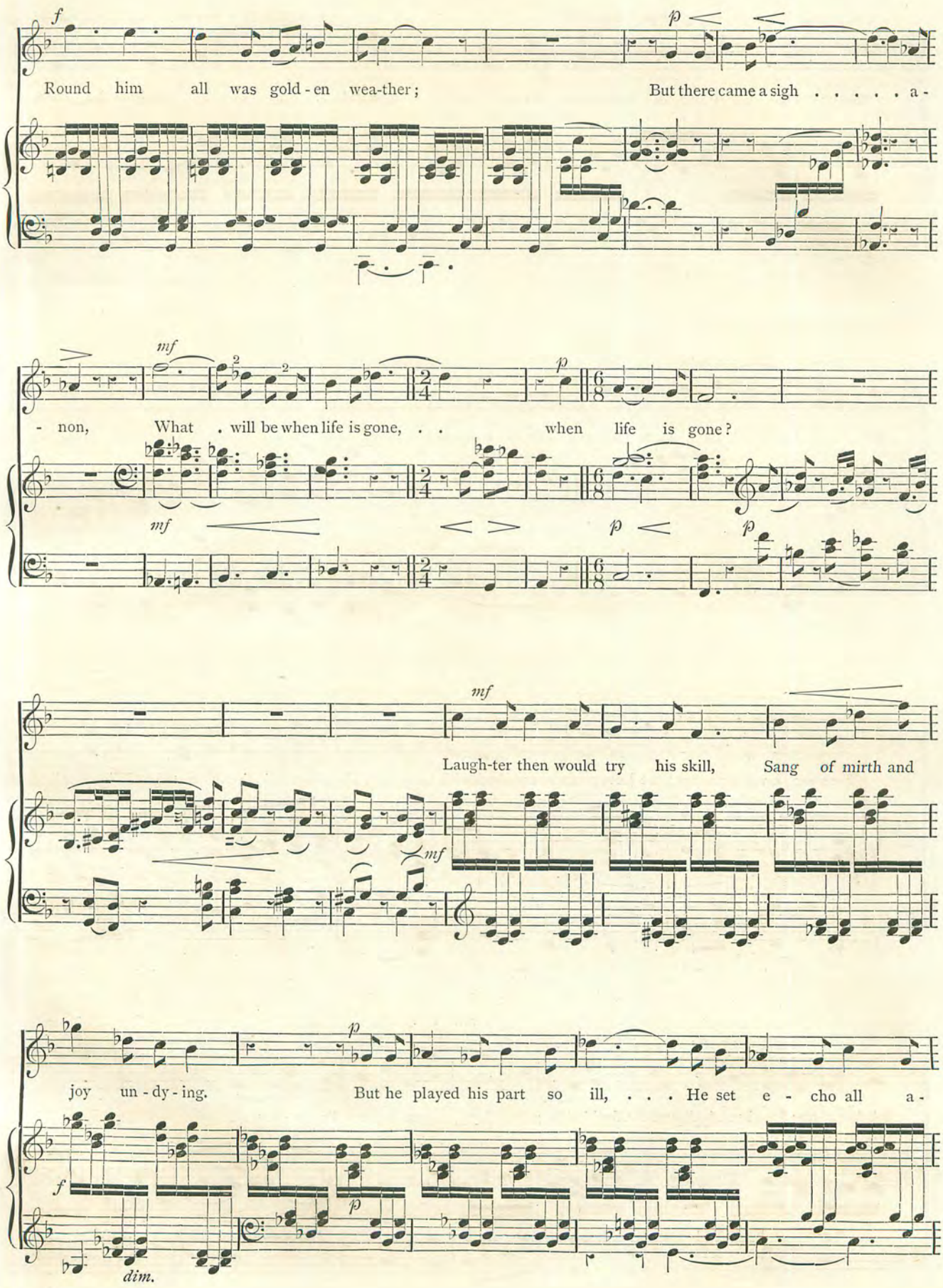
With these words on her lips she walked out of the studio, and Maud was left to her own reflections, which were by no means of an agreeable nature.

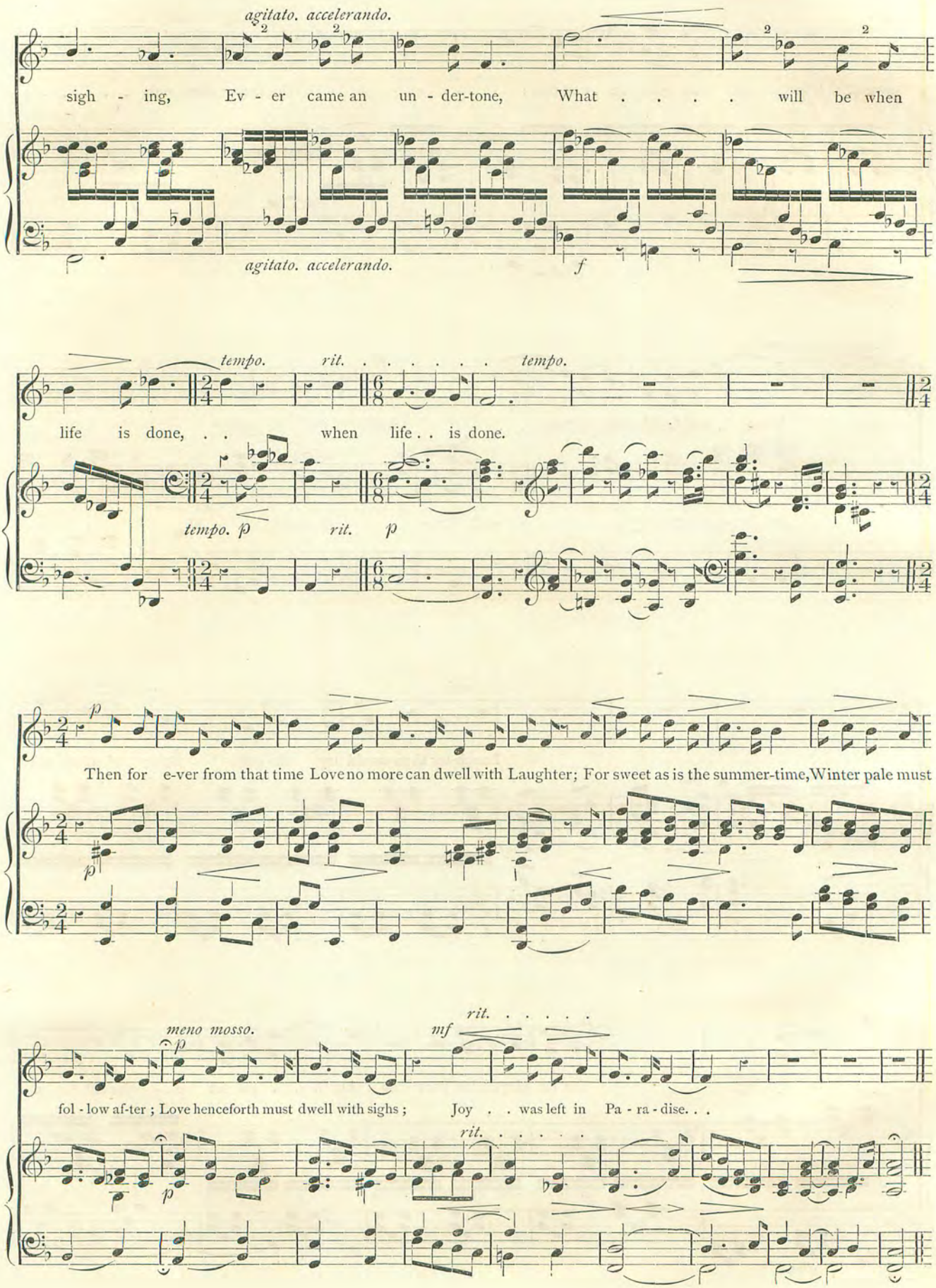
(*To be continued.*)

LOVE AND LAUGHTER.

Words by ARTHUR BUTLER. *Music by* C. H. H. PARRY.




Round him all was gold-en wea-ther;
But there came a sigh . . . . . a-
non,
What . will be when life is gone, . .
when life is gone?
Laugh-ter then would try his skill,
Sang of mirth and
joy un-dy-ing.
But he played his part so ill, . . . He set e-cho all a-
dim.


agitato. accelerando.
sigh - ing, Ev - er came an un - der-tone, What . . . . will be when
agitato. accelerando.
f
tempo. rit. . . . . tempo.
life is done, . . when life . . is done.
tempo. p rit. p
p
Then for e-ver from that time Love no more can dwell with Laughter; For sweet as is the summer-time, Winter pale must
p
meno mosso.
p
mf rit. . . . . .
fol - low af-ter ; Love henceforth must dwell with sighs ; Joy . . was left in Pa - ra - dise. . .
p
rit. . . . . .