

the living picture before him to canvas. But as he realized the magnitude of the work, he breathed a great sigh of regret.

At the sound the girl turned her face toward him; not quickly, nor in surprise, but slowly and calmly. And to Carl, upon whom the beauty of the form had produced such a strong impression, the face was divine. And he saw in the depths of her blue eyes a soul, pure as the lily, and untouched by the slightest breath of passion. So he was not surprised at her first words.

"Ah, you are awake," she said. "It seemed such a pity to disturb your slumber, or I should have waked you. But there was a smile on your lips and I knew you were dreaming of happiness. And even dreams are pleasant, if they are fleeting and immaterial."

"Yes," said Carl. "Only, I find the waking reality much better even than the sweet fancies of my sleep."

Her eyes were turned from him, gazing away toward the far-off, indistinct line where the deep blue of the sky and the hazy blue of the mountains blended. So she was unconscious of the deeper meaning of his words.

"That is often true. I remember, when I was only a little child that I used to dream of ogres, and goblins, and all sorts of horrible thing, and awake, crying, to find my fancies but myths, and mother's arms about me instead. That was far pleasanter."

"Yes," said Carl, again. He was wondering at the unconventionality of this naiad of the woods.

"You are an artist," she said, inquiringly, turning again to the sketches.

"A very poor one; but an artist, nevertheless."

"No," said the girl; "you must not say that. Surely anyone who can picture nature as you have done here is rich in the possession of such talent." And she held up the sketch of the waterfall.

Rough and unfinished as it was, Carl could not but see that it was good. But he said only,—

"Talent hid, and talent recognized, are far apart."

And he smiled sadly. "Yet I have undying love for art."

"It is a grand work," said the girl.

"Grand! To one whose whole being is wrapped up in it as is mine it is sacred—the sole aim and purpose of a life."

The girl looked at him strangely.