

Arthur saw how much pleasure it gave his little brother to make all these preparations for him, so he did not prevent him.

“What have you been painting, Herbie?” he said, going over to the table.

“Nothing but a little picture out of my head; ‘The Dog’s Watch’ I was going to call it.”

Arthur took it up; it was a pretty picture, and skilfully done for so young an artist. There was a shepherd’s dog guarding his master’s coat, a simple rustic scene, painted with very inferior colours, but still bearing marks of genius and talent.

“It’s very good, Herbie, your colour is rather washy here, and not strong enough just there, but still it is very good. I shall get quite afraid of you soon.”

Herbert’s cheeks glowed with pleasure at his brother’s praise, and he said,—

“That’s the table you sent me the money to buy, Arthur, I don’t know what I should have done without it; but when aunt saw