

the same estate, she had been a stolen acquaintance and playmate from infancy. She always knew the best pools in the river for fishing—could point out the best covers for game—knew where to find the first bird's nests, and could climb the loftiest forest tree, to obtain the young of the hawk or crow, with more certainty of success than her gay companions. Their sports were dull and spiritless without Mary Mathews. As they advanced towards manhood, they took more notice of her peculiarities, and laughed at her boyish ways; but when she grew up into a beautiful girl, they became more respectful in their turn, and seldom passed her in the grounds without paying her some compliment, such as offering to carry her pail, or catch her horse, or assist her in the hay-field. And this was as often done, to hear the smart answer which pretty Poll would return to their gallant speeches. Godfrey had of late addressed her in less bantering tones; for he had played like the moth around the taper until he had burnt his wings, and was fairly scorched by the flame of love. In spite of the remonstrances of Anthony, he daily spent hours in leaning over her garden-gate, enacting the lover to this rustic Flora. It was to such a scene as this that his cousin had alluded, and to which Godfrey had given such an indefinite answer.

Capricious in his pursuits, Godfrey was not less inconstant in his affections; and the graceful person and pleasing manner of Juliet Whitmore, had made a deeper impression upon his mind than he thought it prudent to avow; nor was he insensible to the advantages which would arise from such an union.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Come, tell me something of this wayward girl ?  
Oh ! she is changed—and such a woful change !  
It breaks my heart to think on't. The bright eye,  
Has lost its fire. The red rose on her cheek  
Is washed to whiteness by her frequent tears—  
And with the smile has fled the ruby glow  
From the twin lips, so tempting and so ripe,  
They wooed to love with their ambrosial breath,  
That issuing through those dewy portals, shewed  
The pearly teeth within, like gems enshrined.

WHAT aileth thee this morning, young daughter,  
that thou lingerest so long before the mirror, ad-  
justing and re-adjusting the delicately tinted province  
rose-buds in thy dark flowery tresses ? Art thou  
doubtful of thy charms, or has the calm, bright eye  
of the young stranger made thee diffident of thy  
own surpassing loveliness ? Those eyes have  
blinded thy young fancy to aught else around thee.  
They have haunted thee through the long night.  
Thou couldst not sleep. Those eyes looked into  
thy soul. They have kindled within thee the sad  
and beautiful light of love. Thou no longer livest

for thyself—another image possesses thy heart, and  
thou hast wonderingly discovered the most beautiful  
page in the poetry of thy nature.

Yes, love—first love—is a sad and holy thing—a  
pleasure born out of pain—welcomed with smiles—  
nourished with tears—and worshipped by the young  
enthusiast as the only real and abiding good in a  
world of shadows. Alas for the young heart !  
Why should it ever awake to find the most perfect  
of its creations, like the rest, a dream ?

And poor Juliet's day dream was banished very  
abruptly by the harsh voice of Aunt Dorothy.

"Miss Whitmore, the dinner waits for you.  
Quick ! You have been an hour dressing yourself  
this day. Will you never have done arranging that  
hair ? Now, do pray take out those nasty flowers ;  
they do not become you. They look altogether ro-  
mantic."

"Ah ! you must not rob me of my flowers—  
God's most precious gift to man !" said Juliet.

"I hate them ! They always make a room look  
in a litter."

"Hate flowers !" exclaimed Juliet, in unaffected  
surprise. "God's beautiful flowers ! I pity your  
want of taste, my good aunt."

"You may spare your commiseration for those  
who need it, Miss Whitmore. What ! not satisfied  
yet ?" she continued, as Juliet cast another hurried  
glance at the mirror. "The vanity of girls in our  
days is disgusting to a woman of sense."

"I look so ill today," said Juliet, "I am ashamed  
of being seen."

"It is a matter of little consequence," returned  
her aunt. "I dare say no one will notice how you  
look. A few years hence, and there would be some  
excuse for spending so much time before the glass."

The ladies only entered the drawing-room to be  
led down to the dinner-table. If Juliet was disas-  
tised with her appearance, Anthony thought that  
she looked most beautiful, and was delighted to find  
himself seated beside her. How gladly would he  
have improved this opportunity of conversing with  
her; but the natural shyness of his disposition be-  
came doubly distressing when he most wished to  
surmount it, and with a thousand thoughts in his  
heart, and words upon his tongue, he remained silent.  
Juliet was the first to speak.

"You were fishing last night, Mr. Anthony.  
Were you successful ?"

"I am always successful," said Anthony. "But  
after all, it is a cruel, treacherous sport. Destruction  
appears to be a principle inherent in our na-  
ture. Man shows his tyrannical disposition in  
finding so great a pleasure in taking away what he  
cannot restore."

"You are too severe," returned his companion.  
"I think we are apt to forget, during the excite-  
ment of the moment, the cruelty we inflict. I read  
old Isaac Walton when a child. He made me