

the arrow's flight, and each little foot placed in advance, all eager to start in the race and be the first to pick it up, the moment it should have fallen to the ground. But alas! for the beautiful serenity of Grace, Henry Ilsley, in his eagerness to be foremost, accidentally touched the elbow of the fair archer, at the very moment she was in the act of letting her arrow fly, when the sudden motion sent it whirling from the string in a direction much more wide of the mark than she had meditated. Instantly she threw down her bow with a gesture of angry impatience, that petrified Charles with astonishment, but she seemed for the instant to have forgotten his presence,—Clara's innocent laugh rang in her ears, and vexed beyond endurance, that any one should presume to find a subject of mirth in her annoyance, she lost all self-control, and exclaimed with a look and accent, that at once and forever dispelled her enchantments over the heart of Castleton.

"Indeed, I see nothing to be amused at, Miss Ilsley, and cannot but marvel that a person so correct and elegant in her habits and tastes as you are reputed to be, should at all pretend to admire, or even endure the mad frolics of these lawless children. For my part, when next we come into the woods for pleasure, I hope they will be left in their nurseries—I confess I am not philanthropist enough to have my enjoyment enhanced by their presence."

"Dear Grace, pardon me for laughing; but indeed I could not help it," said Clara, still struggling to suppress the mirth that dimpled her sweet mouth; "and as for those gay young creatures," she added, "how can you be vexed at their wild glee? it is delightful to see their happiness, and hear their gushing laughter ring through these old woods. I am sure the day would have been a dull one to me without them," and she checked a rising sigh, and looked down with a flitting blush as she inadvertently uttered these last words, fearful lest Charles might think her so far wanting in maidenly modesty as to have intended them for a reproach to him.

"They are amusing enough for a short time, but to have one's comfort spoiled for a whole day by their noisy mirth, is too great a trial for the patience of any one less patient than yourself," answered Grace pettishly, and she turned away with a still frowning brow, when she encountered the piercing eye of Charles Castleton, fixed upon her with an expression, ah! how changed from that which a few minutes before had told so flattering a tale. She started, as the too probable consequences of her self-indulgence flashed upon her, and anxious, if possible, to retrieve her error, she affected a sudden playfulness of manner, as she gaily asked:

"And am I to expect no sympathy from you either, Mr. Castleton, in this provoking defeat of my skill, when I had taken such a careful and true aim! or do you too," she continued, piqued by the stern seriousness with which he regarded her, "see so much to

admire in the rude gambols of these children, that with Clara, you esteem every thing connected with our own comfort a matter of secondary importance?"

"As it is their holiday, Miss Morley," said Charles coldly, "and we are only self-invited guests, I think we have no right to complain of any annoyances, to which we have voluntarily exposed ourselves. And you must pardon me, if I agree with Clara in seeing far less cause for anger, than for mirth in the little incident that has now discomposed you."

"I bow submissively to your wisdom," said Grace, with an air of vexation, that she endeavoured vainly to conceal; "and when I have been long enough instructed by your sage precepts, with Clara's example to enforce them, I trust I shall become as all enduring and equable, as her serene and faultless self."

Charles bowed with a somewhat scornful smile as he replied:

"I presume not to utter precepts for Miss Morley's guidance, but I can wish for her no better boon, than that she may become in all things like my cousin Clara."

Clara's colour went and came at these words, and not trusting herself to meet the tender glance that she felt to be resting on her, she turned away to hide her emotion. But it was difficult indeed for Grace Morley's proud spirit to endure in silence this scarcely veiled rebuke—yet she did command herself so far as to utter no reply, though her haughty air, her kindling eye, and the mock humility with which she curtsied her thanks, gave certain indication of the deep resentment that was awakened in her heart. But still hoping to recover her influence over Castleton, and finally to triumph, by winning him from Clara, she resolutely suppressed the bitter expression of her anger, and smilingly resumed the bow, to try once more her skill in archery. Clara made some playful remark, foreign to the unpleasant circumstance that had disturbed their enjoyment, and Charles was selecting for her a light and well balanced arrow, when Henry Ilsley came up to say the boats were ready for a sail, and Mr. Grey had sent him to desire they would come down immediately.

They instantly obeyed. Charles gave an arm to each of the ladies; cheerfulness was restored and they hastened, gaily talking and laughing, to the river. One boat, laden with the elder members of the party, was just pushing off as they arrived there, and Mr. Grey was waiting for them in the other, and forcibly keeping out the children, who were crowded together on the bank, impatient to embark. The ladies were soon seated, together with the elder children, but as there was no room for the nurses, it was thought best to leave the little ones behind. Their entreaties and cries, however, melted Clara's tender heart, and declaring that she