

characteristics, she soon snatched up her fishing-rod, exclaiming:

"Old Will Shakspeare, I know more than you."  
And she sang again,

" 'I know a bank' where the strawberry 'blows,'  
Where the red ripe strawberry even now 'grows,'  
'Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine ;'  
These I can gather long before the night,  
And carry home to mother 'with dances and delight'—

with dances and delight"—and as she repeated this refrain, she lifted her slight pole like a wand over her head, and commenced tripping on the little grassy plot as strange and fantastic a measure as ever wearied Titania, the fairy queen.

There was another low cedar nearer to her, and Saville determined to reach this, if possible. He did so, unperceived, and for a moment gazed with increasing wonder on her strange beauty. Though she seemed a perfect child of nature, as unconventional as a fawn in its gambols, there was not a trace of coarseness or vulgarity in feature or action.

Suddenly the girl ceased her improvised dance, and looked around as with a vague consciousness of alarm. It was evident she had not seen nor heard anything distinctly, but as if possessing an instinct akin to that of other wild creatures of the forest, she felt a danger she could not see. Or, perhaps, it was the influence of the same mysterious power which enables us in a crowded hall to fix our eyes