

when addressed by the young ladies, especially the elder one, a beautiful girl, I always became conscious of an awkward disposition of my hands: place them in whatever way I liked, they still seemed in the way.

Oh! I forgot to mention that I had been shown up, myself and my grip-sack to my bedroom—shortly after coming in, in order to brush the dust off myself after my long walk, and to wash my hands before coming down to supper. Well, after prayers I took my candle and retired to my room, but in opening the door the candle blew out with the draught from the window which was open, and I was left in semi-darkness. I felt terribly annoyed, for I had proposed looking over my sermon before going to bed, and now I was without light, and without courage to go down stairs or ring for a match. I fumbled around the room for my grip-sack in the direction where I had left it, but in so doing upset first one thing and then another, making such a racket that the perspiration fairly broke out all over me. I concluded that I had better get to bed and rise in the morning and look over my sermon. The moon was rising and by her faint light I could see the nice white bed laid ready for me, and into it I got and drew the curtain. They were all curtains in those days; hygiene was not so much the rage then as now, you must know. Well, I lay unable to sleep, thinking of what I had to say on the morrow, and with my head full of many things, but chiefly of my host's eldest daughter who had completely captivated me by her beauty and good sense. While I lay, the moon rose higher and higher, filling the room with soft white light: then I heard my door thrown open and a very sweet voice exclaiming—

'Oh what a lovely moon! Don't bring that candle in here, Lilly—it would be a sin.' And to my astonishment and, I may say, terror, I saw Miss Marion, the eldest, of whom I was so enamoured, reach up two white arms and close the window. Then I heard a candle blown out and Miss Lilly came and stood by her—both admiring the moon.

'A perfect moon!' she exclaimed. 'Just such a moon,' observed her sister looking up with her beautiful profile

between me and the light, 'just such a moon as Moore must have addressed: you remember,' where he says—

Sweet moon! if like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disc its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my feelings there,
How many a friend whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Would smile, upon thy face to meet
The recollection fond and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all that I could say or send
To some far distant dear loved friend.

'Beautiful! I love Moore,' said Lily, 'but I say Marion, isn't that young man who come to-night an awful muff.'

Marion laughed.

'He *does* look funny when he sits *so*,' and she sat herself down on a chair and laid her hands awkwardly before her. 'I thought I should have laughed outright at the nervous way he started and blushed when you spoke to him. He certainly is the most delightfully green specimen I ever met. However, papa evidently thinks no end of him. You heard what he said; he hasn't met such a scholarly young man for many a day. I trust he will preach a good sermon, and that he will manipulate his hands in the pulpit with more grace than he did in the drawing room to-night. Oh! oh! good gracious!' and suddenly with loud shrieks both flew out of the room. For breaking the spell which their presence had thrown upon me—in which my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and I lay speechless and with the perspiration oozing at every pore—I at length managed to cough aloud to make them aware of my presence.

In another moment my host entered, candle in hand, and a most perplexed and confused look upon his face.

'Ah—a-hem!—hem!' he said, holding the candle over me. 'I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Allen, but I am afraid you have mistaken my daughter's room for your own.'

Which was exactly what I had done, you see. Being a stranger to the house, I had gone into the wrong room, and my candle having been put out, had prevented me from noticing the mistake.'

'Oh, I say! how funny! how very