

the handsome Captain Warburton and the soft folly he had whispered in her ears.

The traces of tears were still visible on her lovely cheek, as she accompanied her *amiable and sensible* instructress into the drawing room as usual in the evening, but her sorrows were soon forgotten when she perceived her new favorite standing amongst a group of gentlemen. He came forward instantly on seeing her, and held forth his hand, gazing on her, first in surprise, then in sympathy, which he exchanged for a glance of hatred as his eyes fell on Madame. The room was full of guests and he contrived to draw her into the recess of a window, when he said, smiling,

"You must be my pupil for to-night."

"Oh! how I wish that could really be the case," replied Katherine eagerly, "for you look as if you never would scold."

"There you are wrong, for I can be cross enough at times, but never with such a being as you," and he pressed her hand as he spoke.

The eyes of Katherine met his beaming with tenderness, and her young heart throbbed with new and pleasurable emotions. He talked to her long, and gathered from her that she was not happy under the tuition of Madame. Delighted with her confidence, he led her on to speak about her brothers, and this with her was an exhaustless theme. She told him how dearly she loved them, how handsome they were—and how fond of her; adding that they would return home the following week for their vacation.

"I hope you will be here so long," she added, "I should like you so much to know them."

"It would gratify me exceedingly," replied Captain Warburton, more and more charmed with her ingenuous simplicity; but at this moment the lynx eyes of the governess discovering them together, she sharply called to Miss Atherston to come away and sing.

Amongst the party there was a young Baronet, Sir Henry Woodford, to whom it was evident that Mrs. Atherston was paying great court—she now led him up to Katherine, asking him, as she presented her, if he did not think her much grown. He smiled as his eye glanced slightly over the person of the lovely girl, answering in the affirmative.

"Your sister I hear is a lovely creature," rejoined Mrs. Atherston; "she always was a sweet child."

Sir Henry bowed.

"Clara possesses what is beyond all beauty," he quietly observed.

"She has become very serious, I hear. Is that the case?"

"Not serious certainly, for I think she is the

most cheerful happy being I ever beheld. She is pious, if that is what you mean."

"But do you not think that too much religion produces gloom?"

"I believe it to be as impossible to have too much religion as that it should have the effect you name. Miss Atherston! you were going to sing?" added Sir Henry, unwilling at the moment to enter into a discussion on so momentous a theme.

Katherine at once complied, and to gratify Captain Warburton selected his favorite air. We need not repeat all the flattering speeches he made her in return, or the delight she felt in listening to them. Mrs. Atherston, anxious to display the talents of her daughter to Sir Henry, now requested Madame to bring her port-folio—which was accordingly spread open for his inspection. The first he took up was the one she had been engaged on in the morning, when the faint outline of Captain Warburton's unlucky head meeting his eye, he smiled and looked at Katherine, who, instantly detecting the cause, with a crimsoned cheek hastened to take it from him, saying confusedly,

"Oh that is a mere daub not worth your notice—the others are much better done."

"Why, Katherine! that is your last piece, and your drawing master gave you the greatest praise for it only yesterday," returned Mrs. Atherston, "Captain Warburton! you must be the judge;" and to the dismay of poor Katherine it was placed in his hands.

She felt ready to sink into the earth, casting a look of fear on Madame, whose angry countenance promised a long lecture on the morrow. Mrs. Atherston, perfectly unconscious of the cause of the confusion she beheld, asked Captain Warburton his opinion.

"It is perfectly true to nature, and exhibits great natural talent," he replied, bending his face over it to conceal the surprise and pleasure expressed there; then good naturedly putting it under all the rest, he turned to Katherine, murmuring in the lowest tone, "you sweet creature!"

Mrs. Atherston was too much engrossed in listening to the praises bestowed by Sir Henry on the contents of the port-folio, to heed what was passing, but Madame, watching like an Argus over her charge, actually quivered with passion as she beheld the attentions of the young soldier—determining within herself to punish the poor girl severely on the morrow, for daring to appear pleased with them.

It may seem strange that parents, possessing so much worldly prudence as Mr. and Mrs. Atherston, should be blind to the danger of admitting a young man like Captain Warburton