

not find them, although I heard the child's voice somewhere ; and I had wandered for a long time, still hearing the child's voice, and thinking myself near them, but finding them not ; till I came into a strange place, and could not find my way back. Upon reflection, I knew that this must have been a dream ; and yet I thought I had dreamt it long before I saw her.

Afterwards, I watched for her in the afternoon ; and one day I saw a figure which I knew was hers, pass in at the gate, and across the grass-plot, though I did not see her face. I felt disappointed and anxious to see her again. I walked down to the cathedral one afternoon, and sauntered through the aisles, striving to recall my fancy of having met her there ; but I felt convinced that it was a dream. Many days passed, and I did not see her. Disappointment increased my anxiety. The thought of her would not let me rest, and for a time I relaxed in my labours. Once I flung my tools down, and sat beside my work to muse about her ; afterwards I rose suddenly, and, springing over the low wall, entered the house which she had visited, for I was well known to all the inmates of the almshouses.

I found the old woman who lived there, and chatted with her for some time, seeking an opportunity of asking after her visitor, if I could do so without exciting her curiosity. I brought the conversation round slowly, and then asked " who was the young damsel who called upon her sometimes ? "

The old woman laughed, and then shook her head, as if she had a sudden attack of palsy, and said —

" Take my advice, and do not ask anything about her. She is my great-niece, and I am proud of her, for she is a fine girl, and sensible enough ; but she is a troublesome creature—a giddy girl who tires out all her friends. There is her cousin Edward, who loved her better than all the world, and used to make baskets for her, and a host of other things — he will have no more to do with her. She liked him well enough before he became so kind to her ; but, after that, she used to run away from him and hide herself. You see, she has been spoiled by schooling. Her father must send her to a fine school, talking of making her a governess, and the like, where they make her unfit for everything ; instead of keeping her at home to

learn useful things—a plague ! "

The old woman suddenly took to coughing, as the latch clicked, and, the door opening, her niece stood there before us ! She did not see me, at first, but, running up to her aunt, kissed her, and set her basket on the table.

" This is Mr. Langdon, my neighbor, Alice," said, the old woman. The niece curtsied, and, turning, began to talk to her aunt, taking no notice of me whatever. After a while, I took my leave, and went back to my work, resolved to think of her no more. Yet I did think of her again. Her manner had displeased me, but she did not cease to haunt me night and day.

Again, one afternoon, I saw her enter by the wicket-gate. She caught my eye, and walked over the grass-plot, and bade me " Good day." I stood before my work, to prevent her seeing it ; but she exclaimed—" So you are making another idol, for your own private worship, Mr. Langdon."

" I am carving in stone, Miss Paton," said I, rather coolly.

" In stone," said she, echoing my words ; " and you stand before your work, as if you yourself were carved in stone, in order to prevent my seeing it. But I do see it, notwithstanding. A dog—a very beautiful dog ! Now, if that had been any other kind of dog, I should not have seen it ; but being a long, thin greyhound, the whole of his slender nose peeps out on one side, while his little foot is distinctly visible on the other."

I was vexed ; but I felt that to stand there after her raillery, would make me ridiculous. So I stepped aside to let her see it.

" Perfect ! beautiful ! " she exclaimed ; " exactly like the life. Really, I can pardon you ; I could almost idolize it myself."

" If Miss Paton would accept it," said I, " the carving shall be hers when it is finished." She hesitated ; but I pressed her, for I felt flattered by her praises. At length she consented ; and I promised to bring it to her at the park-lodge, where she lived with her relative, the lodge-keeper.

" This is the first work of my hands," I said, " that I have suffered to be seen : but since it has pleased you, I cannot think it worthless."

" I will prize it," said she ; " I will tie a blue silk ribbon round its neck, and stand it