

"With head upraised and looks intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art."

The likeness was excellent, the attitude graceful, and the whole picture, though not so highly finished as the drawings of Miss Stanmore, evinced more real talent.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Beautiful!" echoed Gerald, while Miss Stanmore reluctantly joined in admiring it.

Isabella's face glowed with delight as she said to her friend: "There, Mary, what say you now? I knew they must admire it."

"I wonder, Isabella, that you have never taken drawing lessons," said Clarence, "since you seem to possess so much taste for the art."

"It is strange," she replied, with an arch smile; "but then you know I am an unaccountable being."

"Do you draw?" he enquired eagerly.

"I will answer that question some other time," she replied.

He knew it was in vain to urge a question if she were indisposed to reply, and the subject was dropped. The next morning, as he was sitting alone, his sister entered the room with a portfolio in her hand.

"You were a very good boy to admire Mary Churchill's drawing last night, although Miss Stanmore was present, and to reward you I have brought something for you to see." As she said this playfully, she opened the portfolio and laid it on the table, when Clarence hastened to examine its contents. These consisted of drawings shewing different stages of advancement, but all evincing real taste and genius, and among them were several sketches from nature.

"Are these yours, Isabella?" he enquired, in surprise. "I understood you had never had a drawing master."

"Yes, I had one or two, but they could not have patience with me, for, do the best I could, it was impossible to refrain from playing tricks upon them; so dear Mary, knowing how anxious mamma was that I should learn to draw, undertook to teach me herself. I tasked her patience pretty thoroughly, I assure you, but she was indefatigable; that beautiful drawing of hers which you saw last night, she gave me, to induce me to sketch from nature. So you must praise her and not me, for any advance I have made."

"Lovely being!" exclaimed Clarence; "would you were more like her."

They had assembled that afternoon in the drawing room, and all seemed pleased and engaged in conversation but Isabella; she sat alone, and her expressive countenance proclaimed her

evident irritation. Mary Churchill noticed this, and with her wonted kindness took a seat beside her; Isabella, however, addressed her petulantly.

"Do not, I pray you, leave yonder literary circle, to join a poor child, not worthy a look or a word from such exalted beings."

"What do you mean, dear Isabella? do not I always like to be with you?"

"Oh! yes, I have no complaint to make of you; but I wonder why I need be confined here when no person wishes my presence. I long for my former freedom."

"Then come with me to the garden; I dare say we can find enough there to amuse us." She drew her away from the room, and when they were alone together, tried to convince her of the folly of giving way to such a petulant temper.

"I cannot help it," she exclaimed, angrily; "they all despise me, because, forsooth, I have not travelled as far, nor read as much as they have. I cannot and will not submit tamely to their contempt."

Mary could not but think if she was despised it was for other reasons; but she remembered the Scripture proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and she replied kindly.

"I think you are mistaken, my dear; at any rate, the best way to gain respect, is to shew by your conduct that you are deserving of it."

"I do not care for their opinion," she replied, sulkily.

"But you care for your mother who loves you so much, and who will be grieved if you give way to your temper; and I hope you care for One infinitely higher, and more worthy your love, even your God, who forbids all malice, wrath, and envy."

Isabella did not reply, but her countenance assumed a softer expression: "I do not despise you; my dear girl, I sincerely desire your good. If it was only your happiness in this life which could be affected by your present conduct, I should be anxious for you to do right; how much more earnestly then must I desire it, when I remember that you have a soul which is immortal, and for whose salvation the blessed Saviour died. Oh! my dear Isabella, do not allow such trifles to disturb you, while you disregard the claims of your Redeemer who warns you to 'flee from the wrath to come.'"

"I cannot believe, Mary, that I am in any such danger as you seem to think; what have I ever done to deserve the wrath of God, which you seem to dread for me?"

Miss Churchill began to reply, when approaching footsteps disturbed them, and looking through the shrubbery, Isabella saw her brother and Ge-