

poesy forever; that the emotions and the study producing the thoughts that swelled and inflamed my eager heart drained the cup of poetical fervor forever. Later on, I was surprised into changing my mind, for I found that no sooner had I placed one thought upon paper, than innumerable others crowded my brain, clamoring to be placed beside their brother. Then did the truth begin to dawn faintly; then did I vaguely comprehend that one poem, one story, should never satisfy the longing of an awakened soul. These thoughts were confused and dim but a short time ago: now do I feel through all the vigorous striving an hungering spirit that mortal is never satisfied. I look about me and find so many beautiful poems in the happy ignorance of unbeing that—”

The lad felt almost sorry that there was not more to read. He studied the pretty, peculiar chirography, and re-read the crudely written ideas; then he bethought himself of the merry party that was lounging about the front piazza of the house beyond.

He walked quickly across the common, and soon stood beside Lena, who was swaying to and fro in one of the hammocks that were suspended from the maples before the veranda. A vivid blush overspread his face as he proffered the truant penciling; and as he replied to Lena's thanks and turned away, he blushed deeper still at remembrance of her unembarrassed air,—it was so unlike what his sister's would have been had he discovered some of her private thoughts. It did not enter his mind that Lena Ewing was accustomed to the society of gentlemen who would have deemed it dishonorable to do what he had so carelessly done.

When Lena had been in the country nearly three weeks, accustomed herself to the innocent, well-bred familiarity, and understood the equal ground upon which all seemed to rest in that delightful spot, she had become very friendly with Frank Wallace.