

lengthen. The few rustics who came to and fro upon the path, had, all day long looked more or less aghast at their proceedings. The last who had passed by, even presumed to stop, and urge that for Christian men, and evil things lie yonder. His hand waved hurriedly towards the ancient avenue, and he stepped on a pace, for he had been venturesome in making any halt at all.

said Clara Hough, one of the party ; 'the best of the picnic is to come. If any fairies should appear we'll join our dance to theirs, and as for ghosts, I should like to see one ! Is this one of their walkingdays? What says the calendar?' 'It is the Feast of St. Egidius,' said Mr. Eustace Wenn, who hoped in due time, to convert Miss Hough into Mrs. Wenn. 'St Egidius' day is nothing in particular. course we shall go home by moonlight. but I vote for an adventure. Let us break open that pathway and find out the demon of the wood. Something of course hes yonder. Who joins the exploring party ?' Women and men too grow su perstitious in the twilight, wise as they may be. There were no volunteers. 'My dear fellow,' said the host, 'join our next dance. The path you see, is impervious.'

shouted back intelligence that it was easy with one pair of hands to cut away there even for a lady, 'Then,' said Miss Hough follow his lead, 'by all means let us go.' 'Let them alone ;' said the host ; 'they are lovers, and they would not thank us for our company.' The dance, therefore was formed and the young people went alone into the wood.

coloring, the twittering of birds above, the exercise of fighting down such obstacles as thorns and tendrils offered, the young gentleman smoothing the way for the young lady, as he hoped to smooth her way on other paths when she was an older lady and they travelled over years of life that seemed to be before them-all such things made the little expedition as agreeable as might have been desired. There was another small break in the wood, and a broader avenue of smooth turf pierced the trees beyond it. Upon a hillock of large mossy stones that seemed at one time to have been assembled there to gether by an idle man, the lovers sat to rest and talk, for five minutes or longer. of their own affairs. The gentleman spoke most ; the lady looked much down ward, and trifled with her little foot among the moss upon one stone larger than the others, 'Why, there is a great cross, and there are three unreadable letters scratched upon this stone !' said she. 'The first, I think, is a O. Let us go on. let us go on ! This heap is shapen, I think ward was easy and the sky was light, and



hearts open to each other, impressible enough, and quite as serious as they were happy. One or two fallen trees were the

the arched entrance-gate were set up three pairs of decaying antlers ; into the

