

main in the good path he had chosen, the path she herself had led him to.

With Mrs. Huntingdon, strange as it may appear, she was less fortunate. True, the latter had already profited wonderfully in some points by her intercourse with her sister-in-law. Her manners, her language, had entirely lost the commonplace, matter-of-fact shallowness, that characterized them before, insensibly acquiring much of the exquisite refinement, the polished, gentle grace, that distinguished Eva in everything. Even her young sister-in-law's literary tastes she had in a great measure adopted, and, undeterred by anything like false pride, she eagerly sought from her, the knowledge and assistance which was so willingly given. But there, however, Eva's success ended. Of the higher and holier duties of which she spoke,—the necessity of forbearance towards her husband, and endeavoring to render his home happy, of supporting the little trials of life with cheerful fortitude, Mrs. Huntingdon, though she listened in respectful silence, occasionally even coinciding in what was said, too plainly proved by her actions, that she thought her reasoning more eloquent than just, a thing to be admired, perhaps, in theory, but never reduced to practice.

One afternoon, as Eva was about stepping into her little carriage, ostensibly for a country drive, in reality to pay a stolen visit to Honeysuckle Cottage, Sefton hurried up to say, "that Lady Huntingdon requested a seat in her daughter's phaeton for that day."

Eva, of course, instantly assented, but the unusual request filled her with strange uneasiness. Had Lady Huntingdon heard of her intimacy at the Cottage, or had she remarked her long and frequent absences, and determined on investigating the cause? With trembling anxiety she awaited her mother's arrival, but the customary cold calmness of her ladyship's countenance, and her briefly explained reason, "that she had troubled her daughter for a seat in her vehicle, as her own carriage was out of order," completely dispelled her fears.

For a time Eva struggled against the iron spell that Lady Huntingdon's presence ever cast around her, venturing on occasional timid remarks on the beauty of the country through which they were passing, but her mother's thoughts just then were with her renegade son, recalling a happy drive she had taken some years before beneath those very trees, with him, young, handsome and ardent at her side, lending by his presence an additional charm to the beauty of sky and earth, and it was not wonderful that her replies were even more

cold and brief than usual. Through many a shady walk and pleasant lawn they journeyed on in silence, when a sudden exclamation from Eva, on whose hand a large drop of rain had just fallen, awoke her companion from her moody reverie.

Glancing towards the sky, they saw with alarm that it afforded every presage of an impending thunder storm, whilst the heavy drops of rain that already commenced to patter rapidly down, gave immediate confirmation of their fears.

"What on earth shall we do?" exclaimed Lady Huntingdon, impatiently. Let us drive on to that little white cottage among the trees. We can surely obtain shelter there."

Well might Eva change colour; well might she eagerly, though falteringly declare, "that it was better to return at once to Huntingdon Hall." The abode designated was Honeysuckle Cottage, her brother's home. Surprised at her apparently foolish proposition, her companion, without deigning a reply, ordered the servant to drive up to the cottage immediately.

The man obeyed, and poor Eva, feeling that all hopes of escape were now effectually cut off, endeavoured to prepare herself for the worst as best she might, but her pallid cheek and restless, anxious look, betrayed that her fears by far exceeded either her courage or her self-reliance.

(To be continued.)

Among the thousands of sonnets in the English language, there is hardly a score of good ones. Here is one of the score. It is entitled "Providence," and is from the pen of Leigh Hunt, who, though an American born, is an English subject:

Just as a mother with sweet, pious face,

Years towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,

Takes this upon her knees, that at her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,

She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,

And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;
So Providence to us, high, infinite,

Makes our necessities his watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or, in denying, grants.

"Experience," says Coleridge, "is like the stern-lights of a ship, revealing dangers only after we have passed through them, and shining on bars and breakers after we have become imperilled among them."