

and for a moment she looked eagerly, in her face—the next, with a spring whose promptitude not even Carry Hamilton had rivaled, she was in Eva's arms.

"Eva! my friend, my sister! my friend! my friend! my friend!" she murmured with a passionate burst of joy; "Oh, it is enough to drive me wild with

And, I am afraid it will really do so, my wife," exclaimed her husband, as he gently round her arms from Eva's neck, round which she alternately laughing and sobbing; "we must not impress our good sister with the idea that we are both as senseless and unreasonable as when she parted from us. Let us sit down on the sofa and talk quietly over our

companions smilingly assented, Mrs. Huntingdon's arm, however, still around her sister-in-law's eyes still fixed on her face, as if she were all some bright illusion which a moment might dissipate. Scarcely knowing the

of her own words, Eva endeavored to answer their numerous enquiries, and as she spoke her travels in distant lands, her alternate wishes for home and wild wishes of dying away from them all, her young sister listened in breathless silence, and when the tale was ended, she bowed her head on the bosom and silently wept. Alas! she had read in the faded bloom of the sweet

face, the secret history of those "years of grief." Her husband understood all, her mourning gaze, her gushing tears, and affectionately stroking back her hair, he exclaimed;

"My dear Eva, you must excuse poor Carry; surprise has been too much for her. Approaching her, we have some very interesting news in store for you. Eh! Carry!" Even through her tears, the color mounted to the fair

cheek of his young wife, and he smilingly continued: "But, come Eva, we must not lose moment, for I suppose your time will be as precious at Elmswater, as it used to be at Honey-Cottage, long ago."

Gaily jesting, he preceded them through a long passage, and then pausing before a door, exclaimed: "You have seen me, Eva, in three different relations of life. Now, you will see me in that most interesting and respectable of all, the father of a family."

As he spoke, he threw open the door, and two beautiful children, radiant with health and happiness, bounded towards him. Returning the joyous embraces, he turned towards Eva, who was

met with delighted surprise, and with a laugh

that savored strongly of his reckless boyhood, exclaimed:

"Well, Eva, was it not time for Carry and I to learn to behave ourselves, and cease quarrelling for trifles, when those little responsibilities came among us? In fact, we were fairly shamed into propriety, for you know it did not do for the father of a family to spend his whole day playing with his dogs; nor for the mother to pout from morning till night, because her partner was not always at her side, whispering love speeches into her ear; but, come youngsters, do not make me ashamed of your training."

Loosening the arms of the little creatures which were playfully twined round his neck, or buried in the rich masses of his dark hair, he placed them down before Eva, where, awed by the presence of the strange lady, they stood regarding her with that attractive blending of shyness and wonder, so peculiar to childhood.

"Well, sister, what think you of your new nephew and niece?"

Eva replied, only by kissing the little creatures a hundred times, lavishing every possible endearment and term of praise upon them.

"This little darling is, indeed worthy of all your flattery," said the father, fondly stroking the fair silken curls of the youngest child, who nestled closer to him. "She bids fair to realize her mother's unceasing prayer, and resemble in all things, her sweet name-sake, Aunt Eva."

"Have you, indeed, called her after me?" rejoined Eva, with a gratified smile, and drawing the child closer to her, as she spoke: "A thousand thanks, my dear friends, for so kind a proof of your remembrance, at a time, too, when I fancied myself entirely forgotten. And this noble boy is Augustus, is he not?"

"If not in name, I fear in character," was the father's smiling rejoinder.

"My name is Edgar," lisped the little fellow, proudly, "Edgar Arlingford Huntingdon."

Eva suddenly bowed her head over the child, to conceal the crimson glow that flushed her cheek, and her brother, fortunately not perceiving it, continued:

"He is called after another dear friend of ours, the family benefactor, as I used to call him in my wild days. Nobly, indeed, Eva, did Mr. Arlingford finish the good work you had commenced, that of rescuing Carry and myself from ruin. A few months after you had all left England, when I was nearly wild with anxieties—persecuted on all sides for liabilities contracted before my marriage—threatened with executions, bailiffs, and prisons, Mr. Arlingford arrived at our Cottage.