

GOING HOME.

She was laid in the grave on a sweet sunny day in April ; and as Helen saw the green turf replaced on her lowly bed, and heard the melodious carol of a bird on a branch above her head, she thought of that long-past Good Friday when she had gone to see her, and wondered, at the abundant fruit which had sprung from that unconscious sowing.

They could not mourn bitterly over her death, feeling that such mourning would have been selfish. Even Mr Grey, as he felt he might soon follow her, could scarcely regret that so gentle a lamb had been safely folded before his own departure.

Ned grieved a good deal when he heard of his sister's death, and so did Arthur ; but they both soon felt that they could not wish her recalled ; and to both her memory was long a preservative from evil, and an incitement to good. Clara missed her friend sadly, and now tends with care the quiet resting-place, which Helen always loves to visit when she comes to Lynford. Clara tries to fill Katie's place somewhat, and is much more disposed to look for work, and do it in her own way, than she might ever have been but for her friend's example and influence.

Caroline Ainslie is as graceful as ever, and much admired, as well as a great favourite with those whom she meets in society. She has no children, and her time, of which she has a good deal to spare, is divided between the gaieties of her circle and the manufacture of various adornments for her house and person ; but she has never known a genuine enthusiasm for an unselfish object, or the blessedness of working for Him who gives His servants such an abundant award in the success of their work.