

envying of nature's changed and renewed life, that some poets and philosophers feel and express so strongly. As if trees and flowers were the only things that spring again! As if birds, out of all creation, monopolized the power "with feathers new to sing!" As if the soul had not its seasons, as well as the earth. Its autumn of loss, its winter of torpor and gloom, its spring of resurrection, its summer of fruition and full-shining content. Is it not true? Have we not all these?"

"Truly, I think so," replied her friend. "And, moreover, I even think that it is with souls as with the earth, and that till the autumn's sorrow and the winter's darkness hath befallen us, the true spring cannot renew, nor the fullness of the summer's sun bless us. They who never tasted tribulation, cannot truly tell the sweetness of content. Things are very evenly balanced, Lina! I think even our short-sighted vision may see that, sometimes. Through all woe, all suffering, all heaviness and weariness of heart and soul, we should do well to remember that

'God's in His heaven—

All's right with the world!'"

"Even so," said the younger lady, thoughtfully. Her head leaned against the silver stem of the birch, and her eyes looked their peculiar look straight into the light, as if attracted by some kindred influence there. The red, gold hair shone as of old, its ripple-like undulations glistened in the sunlight. White and pure was the brow as ever, but a chastened placidity had taken the place of the daring, restless, ever-inquiring, ever-seeking spirit of youth. It was as though that which had been sought was at last found. And yet—was it so?

"Bless me!" cried Miss Kendal suddenly; "that looks like Mr. Farquhar standing there, at the dining-room window. Is it, my dear?"

Caroline started, glanced up at the window, and then deliberately rose to her feet. "It is Mr. Farquhar," she said, with composure, and stood still while that gentleman advanced towards them.

"A sudden visit," remarked Miss Kendal, as she gave him her hand, in cordial greeting: "is anything wrong? You don't look quite yourself, I fancy."

"I am very well," he gravely replied; and added, after a brief pause, "I should apologize for this abrupt intrusion, but it was my only opportunity of bidding you good-by. I am about to leave England."

"Indeed! Not for long, I hope?"

"We shall be very sorry," said Miss Maturin, politely.

"It is uncertain how long I shall be away. I am going with a Government mission into Egypt," said Mr. Farquhar.