

ingham's treachery, the hollow mockery with which he had won and repaid the first trusting love of her heart, was a grief that never lost its torturing sting, and yet was it even equalled in bitterness by the agonizing thought, that she had lost for ever the confidence and regard of her first and only friend, the high-souled, generous Edgar Arlingford,—he, whose noble character so gained in brightness, when contrasted with the unworthy natures around him, that he seemed to her a being almost too exalted for earth—one to worship, to reverence. On the strange and startling confession he had made to her, at their last mournful and unexpected meeting, she never dared to dwell. It caused her brow to burn, her heart to throb too wildly for that, filling her with a strange dread that what was now but a passing though acute pang, might yet become a mighty and a never-dying sorrow. And she knew, she felt that her heart, so crushed by its past trials, its own utter loneliness and desolation, would break with more. In her parents—they whose affection could have atoned to her for her other griefs—she found no comfort. True, Lord Huntingdon would pause when he met her on the lawn or stairs, to ask "if she felt better," or to utter some careless, though well meant injunction about "keeping up her spirits, and all would soon be well;" but that was all. Lady Huntingdon, suffering herself, in body, as well as mind, had little compassion for others, and the oft-reiterated commands she gave, "that Miss Huntingdon's wishes should be gratified in everything, her slightest wants carefully attended to," were all the tokens of sympathy or affection that her daughter received at her hands. Eva, however, was young, her constitution unbroken by previous illness, and nature was struggling slowly, but surely in her favour. But, with her, the body grew well before the mind, and long after she was able to go abroad, to wander mid the sweet scenes of Summer, her heart was dead to their influence. The birds and flowers, the thousand simple objects that had once so charmed her, filling life with pure, untroubled joys, were now but dried up sources, yielding naught save weariness and disappointment. In passive obedience to the counsels of her medical attendant, who strenuously insisted on the necessity of pure, invigorating air, and out door exercise, she every day left the Hall, when her strength permitted for an hour or more, and one beautiful afternoon, roused into something like animation by the wondrous loveliness of everything around her, she extended her walk somewhat farther than was her usual wont. Fatigued by the exertion, she threw herself faint and breathless at the foot of a tree, and

there lay back, her eyes closed in dreamy listlessness. Suddenly she was startled by hearing her own name pronounced in tones of energetic surprise, and raising her head in nervous alarm, she saw Augustus before her. For a moment, the brother and sister silently regarded each other, but he broke the spell by exclaiming with a laugh, that had more of bitterness than mirth in it:

"Perhaps I do wrong to address you, sister mine! Of course you have been forbidden to hold any intercourse with the out-law, the Pariah, and you are too perfect, too dutiful to disobey the injunction."

Eva's only reply was to fling herself with a convulsive sob into his arms, and as the reckless young man pressed her again and again to his heart, tears dimmed for a moment the flashing brightness of his eyes.

"How, Eva!" he said, "you, who shunned, avoided me when I had power and interest to do you good, you have affection to lavish on me now."

"Yes, Augustus, because you want that affection, because, like myself, you are shunned and neglected, and it may therefore be welcome to you."

"I have not deserved this," he rejoined in tones that trembled with deep feeling. "My dear good girl! I have not deserved this! but, Eva," and he suddenly started, as his glance rested more attentively on her features:

"How is this! You look terribly pale and altered. Have you been ill?"

"Yes, very ill, but I am well now," and she hid her face upon his shoulder, to conceal her tears.

For a moment the young man looked down on her with an expression of anxious concern, then seating himself, he passed his arm around her waist, and drew her towards him, kindly exclaiming:

"Come, cheer up, my little Eva! Indeed I could almost join you at the present moment in a hearty cry, myself, but then, it spoils the eyes and complexion, and besides, is a sad loss of time."

His sister, with some effort, regained her self-command, and was soon able to answer with some appearance of cheerfulness, his characteristic enquiries as to "How were the old people. Was his respected lady mother as crotchety as ever, and had old Hum-drum got her walking ticket yet?" On his last question being answered in the negative, he expressed his deep regret, and a short silence followed. Eva was the first to in-