

can obtain our point by the exercise of a little diplomacy. Owing to some slight services I rendered your brother, who is indeed a good-hearted boy, though his better nature has been entirely perverted by your father's careless indifference, your mother's ruinous system of indulgence, my influence with the latter is great, almost irresistible. That influence, which I never thought of, never valued till to-day, will for the future be exercised entirely for your benefit. I must proceed cautiously though at first, lest her suspicions should be awakened; for even her love for her son would yield to her indignation at being employed as a tool for any purpose, no matter how laudable. The amelioration of your system of study, the change of your governess, and a free alternative for you to remain here or accompany them to town, whichever may be most advisable, is for the present all I can aspire to. Are you satisfied with Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Oh! yes. Though she is rather severe, her strictness is always exerted for my improvement, and of course on that point I am equally anxious with herself. In every other respect she is gentle enough."

"Well; I am happy you are satisfied with her. To procure a trustworthy as well as competent governess, is at all times a difficult task. Remember though, Eva, if she is so unreasonable as to require you to sacrifice that most precious boon of earth, your health, to an insane desire of forcing your intellect like a hot house plant, a word to me, and you will be freed at once. A disparaging remark or two to lady Huntingdon about her system of teaching French in particular,—you know her ladyship considers my judgment infallible on that point,—a slight sneer at your pronunciation, will be enough; but I see you are beginning to look anxious; I had forgotten that Mrs. Wentworth will be expecting you, so I will detain you no longer. Till to-morrow, then, farewell.

(To be continued.)

## HYMN OF THE CONVALESCENT.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

My eyes have seen another spring  
 In floral beauty rise,  
 And happy birds on gladsome wing  
 Flit through the azure skies.  
 Though sickness bowed my feeble frame  
 Through winter's cheerless hours,  
 Life's sinking torch relumes its flame  
 With renovated powers.

Once more on nature's ample shrine,  
 Beneath the spreading boughs,  
 With lifted hands and hopes divine  
 I offer up my vows,  
 My incense is the breath of flowers,  
 Perfuming all the air;  
 My pillared fane these woodland bowers,  
 A heaven-built house of prayer;

My fellow-worshippers, the gay,  
 Free songsters of the grove,  
 Who to the closing eye of day  
 Warble their hymns of love.  
 The low and dulcet lyre of spring,  
 Swept by the vagrant breeze,  
 Borne far on echo's spreading wing,  
 Stir all the budding trees—

Again I catch the cuckoo's note  
 That faintly murmurs near,  
 The mingled melodies that float  
 To rapture's listening ear.  
 While April, like a virgin pale,  
 Retreats with modest grace,  
 And blushing, through her tearful veil,  
 Just shows her cherub face.

'Tis but a momentary gleam  
 From those young laughing eyes,  
 Yet, like a meteor's passing beam,  
 It lights up earth and skies:  
 But, ere the sun exhales the dew  
 That sparkles on the grass,  
 Dark clouds flit o'er the smiling blue,  
 Like shadows o'er a glass.

But ah! upon the musing mind  
 Those varied smiles and tears,  
 Like words of love but half defined,  
 Give birth to hopes and fears.  
 The joyful heart one moment bounds,  
 Then feels a sudden chill,  
 Whispering in vague uncertain sounds  
 Presentiments of ill.

When dire disease an arrow sent,  
 And thrilled my breast with pain,  
 My mind was like a bow un bent,  
 Or harp-strings after rain;  
 I could not weep—I could not pray,  
 Nor raise my thoughts on high,  
 Till light from heaven, like April's ray,  
 Broke through the stormy sky!