

forward, a glad smile of recognition lighting up the expressive dark eyes that formed the most noticeable feature in a face rather thin and care-worn for its youth, and whose general expression was a grave and thoughtful,—almost a sad one.

“Mr. Ernest ! I didn’t know you were at Oakridge !” said Liliás, acknowledging his greeting with a smile almost as bright as his own.

“Having two days’ holiday,” replied the young man, “I couldn’t help coming home ; and hearing that you had come home too, I was on my way to welcome you back, when I turned in here to pay *my* visit too ;” and the smile gave place to the grave expression it had dispelled, as he slightly turned his head toward the small grave-stone beside which he had been standing.

“Yes ! home would hardly seem home without this spot,”—replied Liliás, in a subdued tone.

“Strange ! that there seems to be so much where there is so little ;—when one knows that they are not *there* at all ;—when there is no response, however one may want help or sympathy ;” said the young man with a weary, despondent air, in striking contrast with the animation he had shown a few moments before.

“Yes ! only we know there is always help and sympathy from where they are !” replied the girl, reverently, yet half shyly. “But you seem tired. Did you walk over ?”

“Yes, of course ; but that needn’t have knocked me