

The ride home was a merry one. The mood of all seemed lightened and exhilarated by their taste of the free air on Crooksforth Height. Mr. Farquhar, especially, after his last reverie, seemed to fling off the last suspicion of "wisdom and metaphysics," and yielded himself to the pleasurable influences of the time. A fund of quiet humour, and better still, of genial appreciation, began to be evident in this gentleman. Caroline had no idea he could be half so pleasant, so likeable. Her fast-increasing regard manifested itself in the bright glances she turned upon him, and the unconstraint and entire frankness with which she began to talk.

When she alighted from her horse, Mr. Farquhar being at some little distance, she was able to relieve her mind, by whispering to Vaughan, "O! I was very unjust to your friend. I like him *so much!*" With which she gathered up her long skirt, and flitted into the house.

"Vaughan," Mr. Farquhar proposed, "let us take a few turns on the terrace. This sunshine is like veritable *elixir vitæ*. Come!"

But Vaughan's face was slightly clouded. He demurred. "I have to go to my uncle. I'll join you afterwards, if you like. Must go now." And he turned in at the wide-open door, leaving Mr. Farquhar to make his way to the terrace by himself.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

How oft and oft to these beloved bowers—
 Oh, could I from myself!—from others flying,
 Bathing with tears my bosom and the flowers,
 I've wandered forth and filled the air with sighing:
 How oft have sought out nooks where shadows lower,
 My gloomier spirit to their gloom replying,
 Seeking in thought the bliss of happier hours
 Which death hath stolen, and thus his powers defying.
 Now, like a nymph or other form divine
 Which from the purest depth of Sarga's waters
 Rises, and droops in beauty o'er the brink,—
 Now I behold her, where bright beams entwine,
 Treading—oh, loveliest of Earth's living daughters!—
 Seeming with sorrow on my woes to think.

T. H. S.