

cause my mother has not carried you back in triumph to that terrestrial Eden, Huntingdon Hall! What! too sullen to answer! Well, you will have time to indulge in your present mood, for I am going out and will not be home for some hours."

He sprang through the window as he spoke, perfectly regardless of the rain which was falling in torrents. The storm, however, soon passed over, and the setting sun streamed brightly out as if to atone for the previous gloom, but it was not till long after its bright hues had faded from the west, that Augustus Huntingdon returned to his home. He entered the little parlour, his brow wearing a look of deeper gloom than when he had left it, and with bitter replies on his lips to the reproaches with which he expected his wife would as usual assail him. Mrs. Huntingdon was seated at the table, on which the evening repast had long been spread, but though her countenance was sad, no tokens of anger or silliness were there. Softened, despite himself by that, and by the kindness of the tone in which she addressed him, he succeeded in answering her with something of his usual lively cordiality, but after a few fruitless attempts at partaking of the food before him, he rose and threw himself on a sofa, saying "he was wearied, and needed repose." It was not repose however, that he sought then, but leisure, opportunity, to indulge undisturbed in all the torturing regrets and reflections evoked by his mother's late visit, and which now shadowed for the first time his light and reckless spirit. He had not till that day, fully measured the length and breadth of the barrier he had so rashly mised between himself and the friends of his youth, he had not comprehended how entirely, how irrevocably he had separated himself from the pleasures and privileges of his early life, and with many a bitter sigh, he acknowledged to himself, that Lady Huntingdon had not censured his folly so severely without reason. Sleep, however stole over him, and he forgot for a few hours, his many troubles. When he awoke he was still lying on the sofa, though in a more comfortable position, for a cushion had been placed under his head. He at first fancied he was alone, but the bright moonlight streaming in through the parted curtains, clearly revealed to him the figure of his wife who was seated near the window, almost concealed by its deep shadow. The thought struck him that she too was sleeping, for her head was bowed on the arm of her chair, but the white handkerchief raised ever and anon to her face, and the irregular, sobbing breathing, repressed with such care that his ear could scarcely catch the sounds, told a different

tale. There was something wonderfully touching in this quiet sorrow, so different from her usual passionate displays of grief, or rather fretfulness, and her companion instantly left the couch and approached her. Uncertain whether to attribute her tears to his mother's harshness or his own late abruptness, he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder, exclaiming:

"Well, Carry, what are you fretting for, now! Is it my mother's delinquencies or those of your very faulty husband?"

"Neither, Augustus," was the low, sobbing reply, "but, for my own faults and follies. Alas! I have many tears to shed, ere I can hope to expiate them."

"Nonsense! my little wife!" he rejoined in a tone which notwithstanding its assumed levity, revealed much deep feeling. I fear my stately mamma has frightened you into regret for having connected yourself so nearly with her."

"No, my dear kind husband, it is not that, but to day, in listening to her just reproaches, her vivid contrast of what you are, with what you might have been but for me, the consciousness of how poor was the return you had met for all your generous sacrifices in my own behalf, flashed for the first time fully upon me, and bitter, harsh as were Lady Huntingdon's words, I felt all the while, they were, alas! but too just; still, Augustus, if you have not learned to hate me yet, if any of the love I was once so blessed as to possess, lingers in your heart; say, that you will forgive me, that with the same noble generosity with which you have heretofore endured my faults, you will now forget them, and oh! my future life will atone for the past, will prove to you the depth, the heartfelt sincerity of my repentance."

"God bless you, my own Carry, for those words!" exclaimed the young man as he fondly strained her to his heart; "Fulfil them, and a happiness more pure and perfect than thrones could offer, will yet be ours."

"And you will never regret Huntingdon Hall, Augustus dear, and,—and the Marquis' daughter."

"There is not the slightest danger of that, Carry," was the smiling but emphatic reply; "In your very worst moods you would be more endurable to me than Lady Mary Lawton in her best. Continue to smile on me as you are smiling now, to love and trust me, and I would not exchange our little cottage for a ducal palace."

Half timidly, half hopefully the young wife raised her bright, tearful eyes to his, but the earnest, softened expression of her husband's handsome countenance, the gentle pressure of his