

girls about their own age sprang up to meet them as they entered the pleasant morning room, perfumed with the odour of fresh flowers from the open windows, and they stepped out on the smooth lawn to take a last stroll through the well known and dearly loved garden.

The house itself was one of those old fashioned country houses which gives to England that fame for its *home* happiness, which in vain is sought for in other less favored climes. The latticed windows covered with the luxuriant vine; honeysuckle, mignonette, sweet pea, and roses, all united in filling the air with fragrance, from the lovely garden in which that old home stood. A winding river threaded its way through beautifully diversified scenery, of that quiet kind which generally denotes the agricultural districts of England. Hill and valley, with rich pasture meadows and patches of woodland, and the spires of some four or five village churches, pointing heavenward, all rendered it unmistakably English.

Poor Helen, her heart was full, as they found awaiting them on their return, the carriage to convey them to the station. In vain she tried to check the rapidly falling tears, as clasped in the loving arms of those whom she was leaving, she heard again and again, "You must never change, dear Helen, but be our Helen always."

"John, tell Mr. Seymour we say so, said one of her young friends, as her brother handed the weeping girl into the carriage, and they drove off."

Helen, in imagination, had conjured up so many horrors attendant on railway travelling, that even the beauty of the bright spring morning, and the lovely scenery through which they passed, could not chase away the unusual depression of her naturally high spirits, and the fear also of paining Mr. Seymour by her fears added to her discomfort. As they drew near the station, her sister, and the friend driving them, tried to laugh away her gravity, but at that moment the shrill whistle of the train was heard, and her sister laughingly said,

"Pray, Helen, look more composed; if you gaze about you in that wild way the passengers will really imagine they are going to have the pleasure of some liberated lunatic from the Asylum, which we are now passing, and see who is that stepping out of the train?"