'And shall I tell you, Francis, how that evidence was gained?' said his mother in the calm biting tone she well knew how to use. 'I now see why lady Lester gave yesterday and today two such long audiences to her father's old servant, and why she needed his assistance so much—to be a spy upon her husband!'

Sir Francis clenched his hands involuntary, and looking fixedly at his wife, and in a tone so low and suppressed that it became almost a whisper, 'Emily Lester is this true?'

Much as Lady Lester had erred, she had not yet so far advanced in the ways of wrong, as to veil that error by a falsehood, she answered steadily, though a deep blush spread itself over her face and neck 'Yes it is!'

Her husband, to Emily's great surprise, did not answer a syllable. His head was bent, and his features immovable. He offered no justification, uttered no reproaches, and his silence irritated her beyond all bounds. Amidst violent bursts of sobbing, she poured out a torrent of recriminations: all her forced calmness had departed, and she upbraided Sir Francis with the bitterness of an injured wife.

'I have endured too long—I will endure no more,' she cried. 'You trust me not, and therefore you cannot love me. I will go to one who does both—my kind dear father. I will leave you—we must part.'

'We *will* part,' said sir Francis in a tone of freezing coldness, that went like an ice-bolt to Emily's heart. Her husband rose up, walked slowly and firmly to the door, but when he reached it, he staggered, and felt about for the handle, like one who was blind. In another moment the hall door closed and he was gone.

Emily sat as he had left her, but her tears flowed no longer: she was as still and white as a marble statue. The mother-in-law stormed, sneered, reviled; but she might as well have talked to the dead, at last she went away. When the servants entered to remove the deserts, they found their mistress still in her seat, half leaning on the table, but perfectly insensible.

Eunice Wolferstan was roused from the contemplation of her own reverses to soothe the unfortunate Emily. For two days, during which the delirium lasted, no news of Sir Francis came to his wife. His supposed guilt became as nothing compared to the fear lest he should take her wild words in earnest, and that they should part. But this fear soon became an agonizing certainty. In a letter to Emily's father, Sir Francis declared his intention to return no more to the home his wife occupied; that all her own fortune, and a portion of his, should be settled upon her, but that henceforth they must be separated. In vain the poor old father, his natural anger subdued by witnessing the agony of his child; pleaded for her. Sir Francis was resolute. That his wife should have dared to discover what he choosed to conceal, was a deep offence in his eyes; but that she should have set a servant to watch him—no power on earth would have made the haughty Sir Francis Lester forgive that.

The desolate wife prayed her consin to try her power to soften his obstinate will; for Sir Francis had ever respected the high but gentle spirit of Eunice. She went strong in her woman's influence: her words touched even him, as she could see by the changing of his countenance. He bore more from her than from any one; for man will sometimes bow to the sway of a high-souled, pure-minded woman, when he will not listen to his brother man. Eunice pleaded Emily's sorrow—her love,but all failed to move Sir Francis. Then she spoke of the child; and at the mention of his boy, she saw the very lips of Sir Francis quiver.

'You will take him away from her? Poor Emily's heart will break to loose both husband and child.'

'Mrs. Wolferstan, I wish to be just to myself—not cruel to her. I would not take the child from his mother, though it is hard to part with my boy.' And the father's voice trembled, until, erring as she thought him, Eunice felt compassion for the stern, unyielding, yet broken hearted man.

'Oh,' she thought, 'had poor Emily known how to guide this lofty spirit.'

Sir Francis continued. 'When Lady Lester and I are parted, I could wish the world to know as little about the fact as possible. You can say incompatibility of temper was the cause, or anything you will; but let there be no shadow cast on her fair fame—or mine.'

'Emily need fear none,' answered Eunice. 'And you ——'

Sir Francis drew up his tall figure proudly—'Nor I either Mrs. Wolferstan. To a wife who insults her husband by mean suspicions, no explanation are due. But I owe it to myself to say, and I wish you to know also, that Emily was deceived; that I never stooped to a vice so detestable as gambling; and that the nights I spent in torture amidst scenes I loathe, were devoted to the attempt to save from ruin a friend whom I loved as a brother. Now judge me as you will.'

Eunice could only mourn that the little cloud which had risen between the husband and wife, had so darkened the visions of both. But it was past now: no peace-making could restore the alienated love. Once only did sir Francis and his wife meet: it was on the signing of the deed of settlement. A cold bend of salutation was all that passed between the two who had once loved so fondly. Sir Francis preserved his cold reserve and coldness of manner. Emily strove to maintain equal composure, and the excitement of her mind gave her strength. Sir Francis placed his signature on the fatal parchment, and then her father led Emily to the table. She gave one wild imploring look at her husband—but his face seemed passionless: there was no hope. She took the pen, wrote her name, her fingers, her whole frame grew rigid, and without a sigh or moan she fainted at his feet.

It was over: sir Francis went abroad; and the young wife, widowed by her own deed,was left alone. But for the babe who remained to cling round her neck, and look at her with eyes like those of her husband whom she had lost, Emily's reason would have left her. The magnificent house was closed, and she took up her abode in the home from which she had been taken a beautiful and happy bride. Thither the loving care of Eunice followed her still; and Emily gradually became calmer and wiser; and better under the guidance of her cousin. Eunice's own path was far from smooth. In her first high hearted fearlessness of poverty, her very ignorance had made her courageous. Now she came to experience how bitter are those trifling but knawing cares that those who have known the comfort of easy circumstances feel so keenly; how wearying is the constant struggle to spin a sovereign into the longest thread of gold-wire possible. The grim ogre, poverty, whom the brave heart of Eunice had at first repulsed so cheerfully and boldly, had his revenge by all sorts of sly assaults. But in time she bore them better, and felt them less; and it was a balm to all sorrow to know how much she was loved, ay, and reverenced too, as a good and virtuous wife, 'Whose price is above rubies,' ought to be by her husband. And day by day were their hearts knitted together. She, in loving obedience, yielded willingly, and therefore most sweetly bending her mind to his in all good things, and he guiding and protecting her, as the stronger should the weaker, in a union in which neither ought to strive for pre-eminence, unless it be the pre-eminence of love.

For two years only was Eunice fated to know the soreness of altered fortunes. Conscience overtook the brother whose sin had caused so much pain; he died, and restored all to the master whom he had defrauded. The master was a just man, and dealt equally well with Henry Wolferstan, so that fortune again smiled upon him. He left the small house where Eunice had learned the hard lesson of poverty, and returned to the same pleasant home where he had brought his bride.

There, after four years had passed over her head, let us now look at Eunice, now in the summer of womanhood, wifehood,motherhood. It was high summer too on the earth; and through the French windows of the room where Eunice sat, came the perfume of roses from the garden. Bees hummed among the leaves of the mulberry-tree, luring sweet Lilly from her A B C to her favourite seat under its boughs. The child looked wistfully towards her cousin, Sidney Lester, who was sporting among the flowers, and all her mother's words failed to attract her attention, until the lesson was happily broken in upon by a visitor. Lily scampered away—the unannounced guest entered—and Eunice looked upon the face of Sir Francis Lester!

She had never seen him since the day of the signing of the deed; and time, travel, it might be suffering, had changed him much. He looked now like a man whose prime was past; his hair was turning gray, and he had lost much of his stately carriage. When he spoke, too, there was softness in his voice that it had not before: perhaps it was at the gentleness, even to tears, which Eunice evinced at seeing him so unexpectedly.

He said he had come on urgent business to England; he should soon return to Italy, and would not go without seeing Mrs. Wolferstan. After awhile he asked after his boy; and then Emily's name was on her husband's lips. As he spoke he turned his head away, and looked out of the window, but immediately started back, saying, 'I understood—I heard—that Lady Lester was in the country!'

'She and Sidney returned to day, but I feared to tell you they were here,' answered Eunice softly.

'Is that my boy? I must see him;' and the father's eyes eagerly returned to where Sidney stood upon the garden seat, supporting himself by one rosy arm thrown round his mother's neck, as he pulled the mulberry leaves within his reach. Emily sat still—not the brilliant Emily of yore, but calm, thoughtful, subdued: even the light of a mother's love could not altogether remove the soft sadness from her face, how little she knew whose eyes were gazing upon her now.

'I must speak to my Sydney,' at last said Sir Francis in changed and broken accents 'Will you bring him to me?'

'They are coming now,' Eunice answered.

'Then I will retire to the other room: I cannot—I will not see her.' And sir Francis, with his freezing manner of old, walked away just before Emily entered with her child.

'Sidney come with me,' said Eunice, stooping over the boy to hide her agitation; 'some one wants to see you.'

'Who is it,' asked Emily.

'An old acquaintance; that is, a stranger,' hurriedly said Mrs. Wolferstan, so new in the art of stratagem that Emily at once guessed the fact; she trembled violently,and sat down; but when Eunice took Sidney's hand to lead him away, the mother interposed.

'Not so, Eunice; you cannot deceive me,' she said firmly. 'I see it all, and no one but myself shall take Sidney to his father, and my husband.' She lifted the boy in her arms, suffered Eunice to open the door, went in and closed it after her.

For a whole half hour which seemed a day in length, did Eunice sit without, waiting for the result of that interview on which joy or misery, life or death, seemed to hang. She heard no sound, all was still. She hardly dared to hope; she could not even think; only her affectionate heart lifted up a wordless aspiration, too indistinct to be even a prayer.

At last the child's voice within called loudly and fearfully, 'Aunt Eunie—Aunt Eunie come!' Eunice went trembling. Emily had fainted.but she lay in her husband's arms, her colourless face rested on his shoulders, and heavy tears were falling on that poor pale face from the stern eyes of Sir Francis Lester.

They were reconciled! Love had triumphed over pride, wrath, obstinacy: and the husband and wife were again reunited with an affection passing that even of bride and bridegroom, for it had been tried in the furnace of suffering, and had come out the pure gold of love—patient, long enduring love.

In the home to which Sir Francis once more brought his loving and worthily-beloved wife there was no more coldness, no weariness, no dull weariness, no estrangement. Perhaps it was a fortunate thing for the married pair that the mother of Sir Francis could no longer dis sever the bonds that closed and for ever: she slept beneath a marble monument, as frigid, and stately, and hollow as she herself in life had been.

Perfect bliss is never known in this world; yet if there can be a heaven upon earth, it is that of a happy home, where love—not girlhood's romantic ideal, but strong, deep, all-hallowing, household love—is the sunshine that pervades everything within its charmed circle of union. With this blessed sunshine resting upon them, let us take our last look at the Two Homes.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

A MATCH OF AFFECTION.

Well, my daughter is married, the popluar prints
Are full of her blashes, her blonde, and her beauty,
And my intimate friends drop me delicate hints,
That my poor timid girl is a victim to duty:
They talk about interest, Mammon, and pride,
And the evils attending a wordly connexion;
How little they know the warm heart of the bride!
She always was bent on a match of affection.

Dear girl, when implored her fond lover to hear,
At the mention of settlements how was she troubled?
Sir Nicholas offer two thousand a year,
But she would not say yes, till the income was doubled.
Still she clung to her home, still her eyelids were wet,
But the sight of the diamonds removed her dejection;
They were brilliant in lustre, and stylishly set,
And she sighed her consent to a match of affection.

I really want language the goods to set forth,
That my love-stricken Emma has gained by her marriage:
A mansion in London, a seat in the north,
A service of plate, and a separate carriage.
On her visiting list countless fashionists stand;
Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection;
A box at the opera waits her command—
What comforts abounds in a match of affection!

Some thought captain Courtley had won her young heart:
He certainly haunted our parties last season:
Encouragement also she seemed to impart,
But sober and quiet esteem was the reason.
When wooed to become a rich baronet's wife,
The captain received a decided rejection,
'She should hope as a friend to retain him through life,
But she just had agreed to a match of affection.'

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to three score,
That he only exists amidst quarrels and clamour;
That he lets his five sisters live friendless and poor,
That he naver hears reason, and never speaks grammar;
But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
His arrows oft fly in a slanting direction;
And dear Emma, though many her taste may deem odd,
Would have died had we thwarted her match of affection

INSECT SLAVERY.

The most important fact connected with the history of ants, in the propensity possessed by certain species kidnap the workers of other species, ond compel them to labour for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and, as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red or pale coloured ants, and the slaves like the ill-treated natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems species. This instinct seems specially provided, for were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery to which they appear to be doomed, still even that office must fail, were the attacks to be made on their nests before the winged myriads have departed or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind. When the red ants are about salying forth on a marauding expedition,they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which colony of negroes may be found. These scouts, having found the object, return to the nest and report their success. Shortly after the army of red aunts marches forth headed by a vanguard which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting falling in the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hunting about as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlements, and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands, and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitations. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hills, and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in his mouth the pupa of a worker negro which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of their natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching the nest the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with energetic and perfect good will.

They repair the nest,excavate passages, collect the food, feed the larvæ, take the pupa into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require. They conduct themselves entirely as fulfilling their original destination.—*Newman's history of Insects.*

CROMWELL'S CHARACTER.

We may consider ourselves as now in possession of ample materials, in the most available form, for judging of Cromwell and the protectorate. His character, though large, massive, and powerful, is by no means complicated, or enigmatical. The entire absence in him of many of the things that went to form the other great characters of his time of classical and antique propossessions, of abstract speculations on man & society,of French manners, of Italian state craft, and of any regard for mere beauty, appearance and stage effect reduces his fingure to few and simple elements of sublime intensity. His immense faculty in working out his purpose came from a high native intellect, with an exclusive practical cultivation. It was his own personal experience in the management of men and business that gave him the knowledge of how to select his means to suit his ends. In passing through all the gradations of his rise in life he contracted a most accurate acquaintanee with English human nature and English society, and he seldom failed to calculate truly upon these in his actions. He was perfectly right in telling the Long Parliament that he new the temper of the nation better than it did. The reason he gave was that, in his compaigns, he had come closely into contact with all sorts of men, in all places: and to this we may add another reason, that he could at any time of his life read a man when he met him. The thing that was before his eyes he could always see where he stood, and not half this, and half what he wished, fancied, or resolved that it should be. His experience gathered in this way, might be turned into action any day with perfect safety. And his ends themselves were very simple and intelligible, to secure apeceful and happy existence in this world, according to the English model of comfort, and to have the privileges, of religious freedom and a faithfully preached gospel; these he sought, first for himself; and, afterwards, for the nation. Assuming his sincerity in this respect, his whole life is consistent and harmenious; on any opposite theory it becomes such a piece of confusion as could not be enacted within the compass of human nature —*Foreign Review.*

THE BANE OF THE TOWN THE BOON OF THE COUNTRY.

The very refuse of the materials which have served as food and olothing to the inhabitants of the crowded city, and which if allowed to accumulate there, invariably and inevitably