

world, of which, careless and unconcerned as it is, it takes no notice; but there is perhaps a greater call for heroic effort than that which many a gentle woman has experienced in the need of combatting and conquering a feeling which, in its nature noble and elevating, becomes wrong by circumstances, and *because unrequited*, dare not be indulged. To this effort Emily now addressed herself, in humble dependence upon a strength higher than her own. Harry would soon be another's, her affection for him would then be sin—a sin from which she prayed in agony of spirit that she might be delivered. Flight was impossible—she could not desert those who had cherished her so fondly now, when she might, in some measure, repay their cares: their son was equally necessary to them, and he would ere long bring his beloved bride to his home; she must witness their mutual love, and learn to find her own lost happiness in theirs. Two months were to pass before this dreaded moment would arrive; during most of the time Harry would be about with the St. Clairs, who were to return immediately to the north, where, among their own friends the marriage would take place. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair were then to sail again for Europe, taking with them their second daughter. During this interval Emily determined she would strive to regain her mental and bodily strength so far as to enable her to be present at the ceremony, and to receive them with cheerfulness on their return.

And Emily kept her word. The struggle was endured and the victory achieved without a suspicion of the truth having crossed the mind of either of her affectionate guardians.—What she suffered was only known to Him who gave her strength to bear it, and upon whose altar she laid her gift of a broken and a contrite heart. From this time her life was to be for others, self was immolated, and though she felt “that there had passed a glory from the earth,” a higher glory was henceforth to beam upon her path, from heaven. True, her eye was less bright, her laugh less gleesome, her cheek less glowing than before; but the high resolve that had settled on her brow gave a dignity to her air that was more attractive—her girlhood was gone, she was now a woman.

The many cares that pressed upon Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham at this time, prevented their noticing the change; it grew out of her enfeebled health, and when that health was restored, Emily was as actively engaged with the arrangements they were making to receive the bride, as in her brightest and happiest days.

All was ready, and they were just about commencing their journey, to be present at the marriage, when a violent fit of the gout so disabled the Colonel that it was impossible for any of them to leave home. One great trial was therefore spared Emily, and Harry had been two weeks a husband before she again saw him.

One wing of the house had been appropriated to the use of the newly married couple. It was furnished with exquisite taste, a piano and harp were placed in their sitting-room, in which also had been arranged Harry's favourite books, and many of his chosen specimens of *virtu*, and nothing seemed wanting to render it a fitting retreat for the most fastidious and luxurious Sybarite. But Mrs. Wyndham was evidently not entirely satisfied—no word of commendation escaped her lips. Emily had dressed her apartments with the choicest flowers the garden and green-house could produce, she did not appear to see them, and on the first evening of her arrival, seemed possessed with but two ideas—the fatigue of her journey and the heat of the weather. Harry was not conscious of this ungraciousness, being entirely occupied in trying to alleviate his wife's discomfort, but the other members of the family felt it keenly, and the Colonel shook his head after they had left the young people, remarking “that it was a bad beginning.” Next day the lady was too languid to appear at breakfast and Harry made the best apology he could for her defection, saying that she was fond of the French custom of taking her coffee in her chamber, and that it was one she generally pursued. A large party was expected at dinner, when matters wore a better aspect. Mrs. Harry Wyndham was more lovely than ever in her bridal array, her husband was radiant with happiness, and both appeared to the greatest advantage. She, all smiles and gentleness, sung and played on the harp in masterly style, and he, brilliant with wit, enchained the attention by his powers of conversation. The party was kept up until late, and all parted in rapture with the beautiful bride. Mrs. Harry Wyndham was in fact a regular exhibitor. When under the excitement of company no one could be more captivating—when at home and with her family, no one could be more disagreeable. Spoiled and flattered from childhood, she had eagerly learned to consider her beauty an endowment that gave her an undoubted superiority, and was only anxious to secure such accomplishments as would display her person to the greatest advantage.—