

cold repulsiveness that showed how deeply he was offended.

One day, after her conduct had been more than usually irritating to her husband, Emily was sitting in a recess of the library when Harry entered, and, not perceiving her, threw himself into a large chair and groaned so heavily, that Emily sprung towards him, thinking he had been taken suddenly ill. He started when he saw her, and said,

"It is nothing, Emily—at least nothing that you can relieve," and seeing the deep sympathy expressed in her countenance, he took her hand as he added, "my beloved sister, I have unwittingly betrayed my misery to you—you cannot be ignorant of it, but it is of my own causing, and I alone should suffer. Your pale cheeks and my parents' sadness press sorely upon my spirit, and I have just been thinking it would be best for us all that I should yield to Julia's wishes, and take her abroad for a short time. How hard it is to tear myself from home, God only knows. Will you sound my father on the subject? his health is not what it used to be, and I cannot leave him against his will."

"Do not leave him, Harry," said Emily in tears. "What would he do without you, now that he is so lame and incapable of business? We will make Julia happy here. Oh! if she would only let me, I would devote myself to gaining her love, and be a sister to her as I have been to you."

"You have been a sad sister lately," said Harry with a faint smile. "You never bring your books and drawings to me as you did in former times, when we were both so happy.—Do you remember with what faith we looked upon the future? What dreams of happiness and usefulness we then indulged? All faded now and gone, their very memory making the present still more dark—to one of us at least. You, thank heaven, are still happy; but I am miserable."

"Harry, do not talk thus. Is there not a higher worth in duty well performed than in fancy's brightest visions? Are you not a kind husband, a devoted son, an active citizen, a kind friend? Do not both poor and rich around you rise up and call you blessed, and because one dream is unfulfilled, do you count the rest as nothing?"

"You are right, Emily—it was a moment of weakness—I should not despond, for many sources of happiness are still open to me.—Contentment, you know Coleridge says, is next to best," and that I will struggle to at-

tain. In one thing you can aid me, by trying to veil my domestic sorrows from my parents—make them think me blind, deluded—any thing but what I am"—and Harry hastily quitted the room.

Three days after this conversation, Colonel Wyndham was attacked with a violent gout in his stomach, which soon closed his earthly career. By his father's will, Harry now became the possessor of the estate on which he resided; an ample provision was made for the widow and Emily, and to the former was bequeathed a beautiful house lately built in the neighbourhood, to which she could retire, if such was her wish. So tender a husband and father could not fail to be deeply mourned, and had Julia Wyndham possessed one particle of feeling, it must have been excited by the distress she witnessed. Mrs. Wyndham was closely confined to her apartment, so that she was spared the trial of seeing her absolute indifference, but Emily saw it all, and wept in bitterness of spirit over her heartlessness.

Julia at once assumed the control of the establishment. She rummaged through all the depositaries of plate, china, and linen, and could not conceal her delight in viewing the contents as her own. New domestic arrangements were introduced, and the old family servants scolded for their stupidity, in not comprehending them immediately. To complete Harry's mortification, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and their daughter returned from Europe, within a few weeks of his father's death, and after visiting their sons at college, came immediately to his house with such an array of trunks and boxes, as made it evident they had decided upon a long sojourn. Harry might possibly have prevented his wife entertaining company in the present state of the family, but could exercise no authority over her parents, who, anxious to receive their friends, soon made the house as gay as ever, and Mrs. Wyndham and Emily, in their apartments, over the drawing-room, were continually pained by the sounds of mirth that accorded so ill with their own desolate feelings. They saw by Harry's countenance how deeply this conduct distressed him, and as his wife's defects had ever been a sacred subject to them, they forbore to complain of it, but determined to have their other abode prepared for their immediate reception. Through Emily's active energy this was speedily accomplished, and to Harry's sorrow, these objects of his affection, whose society was now his only solace, were literally driven from his house by the cold-hearted selfishness of his