

wife. He could not, however, oppose their removal—he saw that it was for the best; and now inured to suffering, acquiesced with calmness, and exerted himself to render their new abode as attractive to them as he could.

Had Mrs. Wyndham never before been repaid for her disinterested kindness to her adopted child, she reaped the full reward of it now. Naturally of a most dependent disposition, and deprived, as she was, of those on whom she had hitherto leaned, Emily must now be her protector, consoler, guide, every thing; and well had nature and experience fitted Emily for the task. She moved in their little household like a being from a higher sphere, whose errand to earth was one of love, and whose dearest ministry was that of consolation.—While Julia, a wedded wife, was displaying her beauty and accomplishments to gain the admiration of the world, Emily, of the same age, was devoting her far more extensive talents and acquirements to cheer and refresh the broken spirit of one solitary mourner. She strove to keep from Mrs. Wyndham's knowledge all that would pain her in the conduct of her daughter-in-law, and her slightest acts of kindness were placed before her in the most favourable light. Had Julia been the sister of her blood, instead of her who had won the heart she would have given worlds to gain, she could not have been more careful of her reputation. If Mrs. Wyndham entered upon the subject of Harry's domestic trials, Emily, with nicest tact, would lead the conversation to other things, or speak of his wife's defects as those for which years and experience would probably bring the remedy. But the expression of sadness that gradually deepened upon her son's once happy face, told the mother a different tale, and her active imagination became morbidly fearful lest Julia's passion for retaliation might add public disgrace to secret misery. The downward course is smooth, and there is no knowing how far Julia might have descended, had not her career of vanity been suddenly arrested, and her own self-will brought on her a fearful punishment.

Julia had prevailed upon her indulgent husband to seek out matches to a splendid pair of carriage horses that were appropriated to her use. The newly purchased animals were young, high-spirited, and not yet completely broken to the harness, but Julia's impatience to sport her handsome equipage was such, that Harry interposed his absolute prohibition of her attempting to use the four horses until he thought it perfectly safe, when he would him-

self accompany her. More than a fortnight passed, and the horses were still pronounced unsafe by Harry, though the coachman and groom said they went quiet as lambs in their last drive. It was a beautiful day, late in June, and Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter, who had been some time with Julia, and were to set off for the north the next day, were to pay a visit about six miles distant, when Julia proposed (as several strangers were at the house of the friend before whom she wished to make a display) that they should turn out their dashing equipage. Mrs. St. Clair at first objected, but on the testimony of the coachman being favourable, gave her consent. Harry was absent from home, and would not return till the next day, he would know nothing of the matter, and the three ladies set off early in the afternoon, in high spirits. The drive to Mrs. L. was happily accomplished, the horses behaved perfectly well, were exceedingly admired, and they had proceeded more than a mile on the homeward route, when Mrs. St. Clair became alarmed by the appearance of a threatening cloud, and begged the coachman to drive as fast as possible. The horses were therefore put to their speed, but before they were near home a flash of lightning, followed by severe thunder, so terrified the animals, that they dashed violently forward. The ladies lost the presence of mind and screamed aloud, when the second clap caused the leaders to start and which Julia perceiving, and giving all up as lost, jumped out of the open carriage, at a very moment when coming in contact with the bank on the road side, it was overturned, crushing her beneath its weight. Mrs. and Miss St. Clair were thrown upon the grass, and though bruised were not seriously injured; the servants were severely hurt, and, when some grocers who were passing on their return from the field, raised the body of the shattered carriage, the unhappy Julia was found lifeless beneath it.

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Two years passed away after the terrible catastrophe, and Harry still dwelt in solitary seclusion in his paternal mansion. It had been Mrs. Wyndham's wish to return to him as soon as Mr. St. Clair's family had removed, but Emily showed so great a reluctance to leave their humbler home, that for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed across the mind of her affectionate guardian. The secret once admitted, a thousand recollections added to its force, and, as Mrs. Wyndham, thus enlightened, reviewed the mournful past, her