

We were married. I became the inmate of a home, fashioned after the model of my own taste. Every thing was arranged with a view to my happiness. The curtains and decorations of the house were all of the softest green, for the repose of my still feeble eyes. Oh! thou benefactor of my life—friend, lover, husband, would that I could go back to the hour when we plighted our wedded vows, and live over the past, convinced, though too late, how deeply I have wronged thee—confiding implicitly in my love and truth, we might live together the life of angels! And we were happy for a while. We withdrew as much as possible from the gay world. He saw that I loved retirement, and he consulted my feelings as far as was consistent with the duties of his profession. I might have been convinced, by this of the injustice of my suspicions. I might have known that he loved me better than all the world beside. During the day he was but seldom with me, as his practice was extensive, and often called him at a distance from home, but the evening was mine, and it seemed my peculiar province, for I shrunk from the full blaze of sunlight. The brightness was too intense, but when the moon was gliding over the firmament, in her sweet, approachable loveliness, and the soft glitter of the stars was around, I could fix my undazzled eyes, and marvel at the wonderful works of God. Clinton was a devout astronomer—he taught me the name of every planet that burned—of every star known to science. He was rich in the wisdom of ancient days, and his lips distilled instruction as naturally and constantly as the girl in the fairy tale dropped the gems of the Orient. I have made mention of a female friend—she was the daughter of a deceased friend of my father, and, as such, came under his especial guardianship. Since my marriage she had remained with him, to cheer his loneliness, but her health becoming very delicate, he sent her to be my guest, that she might receive medical aid from my husband. She was not a decided invalid, but her mother had died of a consumption, and it was feared she had a hereditary tendency to that disease. Alice was a pale, delicate looking girl, with sometimes a hectic flush on her cheek, a frail, drooping form, and extremely pensive cast of countenance. The dread of this constitutional malady hung over her like a death-cloud, and aggravated symptoms slight in themselves. Though there was nothing very attractive in the appearance of this poor girl, she was calculated to excite pity, and sympathy and surely she had every claim to mine. I did pity her, and sought by every attention and kindness, to enliven her despondency, and rouse her to hope and vivacity. But I soon found that my father had encroached sadly on my domestic happiness by giving this charge to my husband. Air, exercise, and gentle recreation, were the remedies prescribed by the physician, and it was his duty to promote these by every means in his power. She often accompanied him on horseback in his rides, a pleasure from which I was completely debarred, for, in my blindness, I was incapacitated, and the lunidity which originated from my situation remained after the cause was removed. It was sometime before I was willing to acknowledge to myself the pain which this arrangement gave me. I felt as if my dearest privileges were invaded. I had been so accustomed, from infancy, to be the sole object of every attention, these daily offices bestowed upon another, though dictated by kindness and humanity, were intolerable to me. Had I seen the congregated world around her, offering every homage, it would not have given me one envious pang—but Clinton, my husband, he was more precious to me than ten thousand worlds. She leaned too exclusively on his guardian care. I tried to subdue my feeling—I tried to assume an appearance of indifference. My manners gradually became cold and constrained, and instead of greeting my husband with the joyous smile of welcome, on his return, I would avert from him the eyes which had received from him their living rays. Frank and unsuspecting himself, he did not seem to divine the cause of my altered demeanour. When he asked me why I was so silent, or so sad, I pleaded indisposition, lassitude—any thing but the truth. I blamed him for his want of penetration, for I felt as if my soul

were bare, and that the eye of affection could read the tidings revealed by my changing cheek and troubled brow. In justice to myself, let me say, that Alice, by her manner, justified my emotions.

Enlightened by the sentiment in my own bosom, I could not but mark that the hectic flush always became brighter when Clinton approached, that her glance, kindling as it moved followed his steps with a kind of idolatry. Then she hung upon his words with an attention so flattering. Was she reading, reclining on the sofa, apparently languid and uninterested, the moment he spoke she would close her book, or lean forward, as if fearful of losing the faintest sound of that voice, which was the music of my life. I could have borne this for a day, a week, a month—but to be doomed to endure it for an indefinite term, perhaps for life, it was unendurable. A hundred times I was on the point of going to my father, and telling him the secret of my unhappiness, entreat him to recall my too encroaching guest, but shame and pride restrained me. Chilled and wounded by my coldness, my husband gradually learned to copy it, and no longer sought the smiles and caresses my foolish, too exciting heart, deemed he no longer valued. Oh! blissful days of early confidence and love! were ye forever flown? Was no beam of tenderness permitted to penetrate the old frost-work of ceremony deepening between us? It is in vain to cherish love, with the memory of what has been. It must be fed with daily living offerings, or the vestal fire will wax dim and perish—then fearful is the penalty that ensues. The doom denounced upon the virgins of the temple, when they suffered the holy flame to become extinct, was less terrible. Alice, when the mildness of the weather allowed, almost made her home in the garden. She must have felt that I shrunk from her society, and I knew she could not love the wife of Clinton. She carried her books and pencil there—she watched the opening blossoms, and gathered the sweetest, to make her offering at the shrine she loved. My husband was evidently pleased with these attentions, flowing, as he thought, from a gentle and grateful heart, and his glance and voice grew softer when he turned to address the invalid.—*To be continued.*

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

I walked out in the morning, when the mild spring had spread her verdant mantle upon the fields and called forth the blossoms and the bud—when the green shrub was expanding its leaves like the wings of the newly-fledged bird and the rills leaped gladly along in the sunlight, and I marked and enjoyed the freshness and beauty of the scene; but a little flowret that bloomed lonely by the pathway, arrested my attention, and I turned aside to contemplate its hues, and admire the delicacy of its form. It was lovely yet meek, and rich with fragrance, which it flung upon the light wings of the passing wind; and I thought it an emblem of a young and guileless heart, it stood so unprotected in its innocence. I would not pluck it, although it looked so fair and inviting, but let it bloom upon its slender stem, to meet the next passer by, and charm him with its sweetness. I returned in the evening and sought for the gentle flower, but the cruel tread of the heedless stranger had been upon it and crushed it, and it lay upon the ground broken and bleeding, unnoticed and alone. And I thought it, as it lay thus before me, an emblem of the human heart, when its delicate pride had been wounded by the thoughtless or designing, who pass on their way and leave the stricken one to mourn in the silent desolation of the heart. I moralized on the fate of the dying flower, and received from it a lesson that sunk deep into my mind. It taught me that only the great, and wealthy are secure from aggressions like this; and that their claims and pretensions are acknowledged and respected, while the innocent and unpretending are slighted and despised, and their merits unseen and unrewarded. Yet let not the proud one exult in the ascendancy which fictitious advantages may have given him, nor the child of indigence lament the lowliness of his lot; for peace and contentment may visit the cottage, when they shun the lordly mansion, and the cares and discontents of the rich are excluded from the quiet hearth-sides

of the poor—while even amidst his bitterest repinings, the oppressed may find a consolation; he knows that the wave of time is sweeping onward forever; man may wish to stay its course when the heaven above him is unclouded; and that all the myriad barks which crowd its bosom will alike be dashed upon the shore of oblivion, and their shattered wrecks shrink beneath the surface of its waters.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Family religion is of unspeakable importance. Its effect will greatly depend on the sincerity of the head of the family, and on his mode of conducting the worship of his household. If his children and servants do not see his prayers exemplified in his temper and manners, they will be disgusted with religion. Tediousness will weary them. Fine language will shoot above them. Formality of connexion or composition they will not comprehend. Gloominess or austerity of devotion will make them dread religion as a hard service. Let them be met with smiles. Let them be met as for the most delightful service in which they can be engaged. Let them find it short, savory, simple, plain, tender, heavenly. Worship, thus conducted, may be used as an engine of vast power in a family. It diffuses a sympathy through the members. It calls off the mind from the deadening effect of worldly affairs. It arrests every member, with a morning and evening sermon, in the midst of all the hurries and cares of life. It says, "There is a God!" "There is a spiritual world!" "There is a life to come!" It fixes the idea of responsibility in the mind. It furnishes a tender and judicious father or master with an opportunity of gently glancing at faults, where a direct admonition might be inexpedient. It enables him to relieve the weight with which subordination or service often sits on the minds of inferiors.

BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE.

If Longinus knew anything of the sublime in writing, the scriptures must be full of it; since his whole work, compared with their several parts, seems but a comment on the beauties; and if there be anything in what has been written by Quintilian of the force of oratory, the power of self-assistant arguments, there we behold it all. No work was ever at once so animated, and so correct; so plain, and so full of elegance. What is said of architecture, is equally true of style; that simplicity is the source of all true beauty, and that a profusion of misplaced ornaments and figures, while they strike the eyes of children and idiots, accuse the structure, to the discerning eye, of barbarism. Different authors have made approaches toward excellence, in the different manners of writing, but it is this work alone, that we are to look for perfection in all; nor is this a wonder, when we recollect that the others are the products of limited and imperfect conceptions, this of unbounded and infallible; that they are human, this divine.

THE COUNTRY.—The country begins to be delightful—like one beloved, it is all smiles, beauty, and good humour: the blossoms are its smiles—the many-tinted green its ever-varying beauty—and the bland breath of summer imparts to it, and reveals its own felicity. The spirit of enjoyment is abroad—we hear its musick in the wood, and the murmuring rivulet: its whisperings among the young leaves and the aspiring grass! The whip-poor-will echoes it in his evening lay, and the many songs of the morning proclaim how full of happiness is nature!

LETTER H.—In a dispute, whether H was really a letter, or a simple aspiration, the celebrated preacher, Rowland Hill, contended that it was a letter; and he concluded by observing, that if it be not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being ill. [Hill without H] all the days of his life.

SENSIBILITY, CORPOREAL.—That curiosity which certain writers regard as an innate principle, is the desire in us of being happy, and of improving our condition: it is no other than the development of corporeal sensibility.