

lamity became more certain. To-day, it can be no more doubted, and now I have humbled myself. Ah! my children, let us reflect that it is in vain to strive with our Lord God. Also, we are short-sighted mortals, and know but little what is best for us, or others. On this account, my children, it is good for us to bow ourselves down beneath His hand, and to be obedient to Him, for He well knoweth what He does."

"I could stand quietly no longer. I threw myself, with tears in my eyes, on her neck, exclaiming, "Bear will help ma chere mere,—He will restore her sight again to her."

Drawing near, he seized her hand, and looking keenly at her, said, "It is the cataract. It can be cured. In two or three years it will probably be matured, and then an operation can take place."

"Lars Andus," said ma chere mere, while he pressed his hand, "I will believe you, and on this faith I live happily. I will wait patiently until the day comes, when I may again behold the Lord's sun, and should it never come to me on earth, still will I sit in my darkness, in resignation."

This submission to one of the severest afflictions, is exceedingly striking when contrasted, when the proud, passionate, and somewhat unbearing spirit, which mixed with the better elements of this strong and unique character. The introduction of Bruno, who is probably intended as the hero of the work, seems its most exceptional part. He can scarcely be considered as the representative of any large class of persons, in the simple and almost primitive state of society, which prevails in Sweden. Viewing him, therefore, as purely, and principally imaginative, we ask, why it was necessary to plunge him so deeply in vice, and then to reward him with the hand of a lovely young being, refined to an almost ethereal sublimation. It has been a favorite object with some of the poets, to represent corsairs,—banished and others whom the laws of mankind condemn for crimes—as peculiarly fortunate in winning the heart of woman—and there is beauty in that constancy of love, which adheres when all the world forsake. Yet, a female writer, being supposed to have intimate knowledge of the secret springs of the female heart, should not represent it as naturally sympathizing, and eventually choosing what passes with that delicacy and virtue which throw a barrier of protection around her own sex, and around society. We are aware that some of the strongest writing in the book is bestow-

ed on Bruno,—his grandiloquence is fine, and the tones of his organ still vibrate on our ear, nevertheless, he is still the lawless—the base—slaughtering, the terrible Bruno; and we wish that Miss Bremer, for her own sake,—and the sake of women in general,—had been content either to have made him somewhat less savage, and less wicked, or to have placed Serena, his lady-love, a "little lower than the angels."

We now turn with pleasure to that part of the book, where the test of tendency may be the most triumphantly applied, viz:—its sweet domestic spirit. For young matrons could not read the frank and varied letters of Francesca, without borrowing some profitable hint for their own conduct, or some lesson how to avoid those lesser and lurking dangers which vex the current of conjugal duty and happiness. We think now, of a well-depicted scene, occurring after her return from a visit, where every thing had gone wrong, and when her nervous excitability was still further heightened by her husband's introducing his pipe into the parlor, notwithstanding, some previous promise to desist from the obnoxious habit.

"I was out of humour with myself, with my husband, and with the whole world, and more than all this, Bear sat silent through the whole ride,—never seemed to trouble himself at all about my head-ache,—for after he had just asked how I was, and I had answered 'better,' he did not speak another word. When I came home there was something in the kitchen to see after, and when I returned to the parlor, lo! there had Lars Andus seated himself on the sofa, and was blowing tobacco-smoke in long wreathes before him, while he read the newspaper. He had not, indeed, chose a suitable time for the breach of our compact. I made a remonstrance, and that truly in a lively tone, but in reality I was angry. I took as it were, a bad pleasure, in making him pay for the annoying day I had passed.

"Pardon!"—exclaimed he, in a cheerful voice,—but still continuing to sit with the pipe in his mouth. I would not allow that, for I thought the old bachelor might have indulged himself fully enough, during the whole afternoon. He prayed for permission only this once, to smoke in the parlor. But I would admit of no negotiation, and threatened that if the pipe was not immediately taken away, I would go and sit for the whole evening in the hall. In the beginning, he besought me jokingly, to grant him quiet,—then he became graver, and prayed earnestly, beseechingly; prayed me at last, "out of regard for him."