

Among the constant visitors at Emily's soirees, was the young Count de L—. Gay, witty, and a devoted admirer of his fair hostess, need I say he was a most welcome guest.—She never chid him that he came too often or stayed too late. There seemed a spell which chained her to his society—drew forth her best feelings, and those superior powers of conversation, which Emily, almost unknown to herself, possessed. And then it was so pleasant for him to correct her little mistakes, in a language which few but natives speak correctly, and she was so submissive, and so grateful, for what she deemed his disinterested attention.

The Count de L— was not utterly depraved, but let it not be supposed that a young heart, unguarded but by mere morality, can pass the ordeal of Parisian life unscathed, unless clad in the panoply of unyielding piety—the shafts of temptation will pierce the frail barrier of feeble resolves, which are formed in almost every breast before they are exposed to its influence.

He had discovered Emily's feelings towards him, long before she was aware of them herself, but unwilling to lose his advantage, which he feared would be the case should he alarm her by a profession of his attachment, he silently allowed her to live on in the pleasing delusion.

Such was the state of things when he was called away for a few months. His last words at parting were filled with meaning and spoke volumes to the heart of Emily. After his departure she grew listless and unhappy—her soirees lost their charms, and she secluded herself under the plea of indisposition. Her husband she seldom met, and when she did, he found his once gay Emily quiet and melancholy. Five long weeks had she waited the return of the Count, and yet he came not.—She began to fear it was only the whisperings of her own heart which had taught her to think he loved. Thus we found her at the commencement of our tale. She had watched for him in vain, and worn out with suspense, she almost gave up hope, and when at last he came, in the joy of meeting forgot that they must ever part again, he poured forth the treasures of his love, and thought not of those ties which bound her to another; and the lovely, gifted Emily Chilton sacrificed her honor and her duty at the shrine of guilty love.

And where was he who had sworn at God's altar to protect and cherish her? Could he not warn her of her perilous situation? Alas! he had thought not of her—he had long since

ceased to seek his happiness in his domestic circle, and found attractions in the captivating round of pleasure to which his abundant resources gave him easy access, and left his young wife to the guidance of her own inclinations. True, she had some misgivings, and ever and anon the "still, small voice" of her mother's prayer, "lead her not into temptation," whispered to her "beware!" but the fitful gleam of virtue paled amid the lurid atmosphere of love, which Count de L— so often vowed should be always sunshine—and Emily fell.

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of her husband when he was informed of her flight—grief for the misery which he saw she had accumulated for the future, and remorse for his own neglect, determined him to lose no time in seeking her retreat, and using every means to induce her return to virtue. Long and patiently did he search for her in vain, when, walking one afternoon among the lovely vineyards in the south of France, he sought rest and refreshment in one of the neat little cottages by the way-side. Scarcely had he seated himself when the well-known figure of his wife passed rapidly through the room and fled from the cottage. He strove to follow her, but she was soon lost in the intricate windings of the vineyard.

The labourers of France are contented to take their mid-day meal of bread and garlic with their bottle of claret, under the vine where they gather their fruit, and knowing the communicative disposition of these persons, Captain Chilton inquired of them to whom the cottage belonged. They told him it was the property of the Count de L—, that the lady who occupied it was a poor relation of his who was dependant on his bounty; that she was seldom seen abroad, and received no company except the occasional visits of the Count. They could tell nothing of her, whence she came, or if she was happy. Once she had been seen weeping, and her fair complexion and blue eyes led them to suppose she was a foreigner. She was charitable to those who applied at her door for alms—but, on no occasion had they been able to converse with her.

The next day Captain Chilton wrote to his wife entreating permission to visit her, but received no answer. Disheartened but not hopeless, he wrote again.

"MY STILL DEAR EMILY:—

"Let me beg of you to see me once more, and persuade you to leave the paths of sin, before you feed upon the bitter fruits which you