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TRIFLES FROM THE BURTHEN OF A LIFE.

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A TALK ABOUT EMIGRATION.



RACHEL, have you forgotten the talk we had about emigration, the morning before our marriage?" was a question rather suddenly put to his young wife, by Lieutenant M——.

as he paused in his rapid walk to and fro the room. The fact is, that the Lieutenant had been pondering over that conversation for the last hour. It had long been forgotten by his wife, who was seated upon the sofa with a young infant of three months old upon her lap, whose calm, sleeping face she was watching with inexpressible delight.

"Ah, we have been so happy ever since, that to tell you the truth, dear John, I have never given it a second thought; what put it into your head just now?"

"That child, and thinking how I could provide for her in any other way."

"Dear little pet. She cannot add much to our expenses;" And the mother stooped down and kissed her babe with a zest which mothers alone know.

"Not at present. But the little pet will in time grow into a tall girl; and other little pets may be treading upon her footsteps and they must all be clothed and fed, and educated."

Rachel in her overflowing happiness had dismissed all such cruel realities. "Emigration," she said, "is a terrible word. I wish that it could be expunged from the dictionary."

"I am afraid, my dear girl, that you are destined to learn the practical illustrations of its meaning. Nay, do not look so despondingly. If you intended to remain in England you should not have married a poor man."

"Don't say that, my beloved. That union made me rich in treasures which gold could not buy. But seriously, I do not see this urgent necessity for emigrating, we are not rich, but we have enough to be comfortable, and are surrounded with many blessings. Our dear little girl, whose presence seems to have conjured before you the gaunt image of poverty, has added greatly to our domestic happiness,—Yes,—little Miss Innocence, you are awake, are you—come crow to papa, and drive these ugly thoughts out of his head." The good father, kissed fondly the smiling cherub seductively held up to him, but he did not yield to the temptation, though Rachel kissed him with eyes brimful of tears.

"We are indeed happy, Rachel. But, will it last?"

"Why not?"

"Our income, love, is very, very small."

"It is enough for our present wants, and we have no debts."

"Thanks to your prudent management. Yes, we have no debts. But it has been a hard battle,