

She rarely wore them at first, because she thought them unsuitable ornaments for one so young, but now, when she looked so queenly and moved so stately, they gave to her a grandeur which startled me.

I could detect no carelessness in her dress—no agitation in her manner. Her hand trembled not when I led her to the carriage. She showed no emotion during our drive to the scene of festivity. Could this be the light-hearted girl I married a few short years ago? Could this cold, this haughty, this imperial woman, be the gentle, the loving, the delicate wife of other days? I heard the murmur of admiration which greeted her: I saw group after group of flatterers gathering around her, and I wandered through the crowd like one in an opium dream, until, at last, I reached a conservatory, where I concealed myself, and thought of her—thought of her as when first I met her. I looked back on the happy hours of our betrothal—on the happier days of our early married life. I recalled her joyousness of spirit—her frank confidence of manner—her deep love—our former happiness—our present misery; and I remembered that it was *I* that had wrought the change. In a few days we should part—perhaps forever—part, while our hearts were full of love for each other! Never had I adored her as at that hour, and I determined that she should not leave me.

Just then the voice of some one singing reached me. The tones seemed familiar: I could not be mistaken: the voice was hers. I hastily repaired to the room from which it proceeded, and, placing myself in a position from which I could see the singer without being seen by her, listened until the song was finished. She was about to arise, when several voices asked for another song—for one which once had been a favourite of hers—of mine. Her face flushed, and then paled again, when it was placed before her. Perhaps she thought of how often she had sung that song for me. In my eagerness I had pressed forward, and just when she hesitated, her eyes met mine. She immediately complied. Her voice faltered at first, but recovering herself, she sang it through to the end. It was a lay of happy love.—When it was finished, she raised her eyes for a moment, and only a moment, to mine, and then commenced another—one I had

never heard before—the story of a proud heart broken! The words seemed to come from her very soul. The tones of her voice will ring in my ears until they are dulled by death. A deep, painful silence pervaded the room. Tears stood in many bright eyes, and many red lips quivered with emotion.—Then she ceased and arose from her seat, but so pale was she I feared she would faint.

We soon after returned home. The distance was short, but the time seemed an age until we reached our house. I would have given worlds to have spoken and to told her all—all my sorrow—all my repentance—but I could not; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, nor indeed, until long after we had reached our home, and she bade me “good-night,” could I utter a word. Then and only then I stammered out a request that she would remain for a few moments. She closed the door and returned to her chair, raising her large, dark eyes inquiringly to mine. I hesitated.

“Emily,” at last said I—I had not called her so for months before—“Emily, will you not sing me those songs you sang to-night?”

“Certainly, if you wish it,” she replied, and seating herself at the piano, she sang them again in a clear, calm tone.

I had determined when the songs were finished to seek a reconciliation; but the demon, pride, whispered will you be less firm than she?—this cannot last: why humiliate yourself? Alas, I listened, and obeyed! I suffered the last opportunity, to recall our lost happiness, to escape. Pride, the tyrant, was obeyed, and I suffered her to leave the room with a cold “good-night.” I went up into my own lonely chamber, and sat down, and pondered on the events of the evening, regretting, bitterly regretting my folly in suffering my pride again to master me.

I heard my wife moving about her room which adjoined my own, and then, suddenly, a heavy fall and a low groan! I rushed into her apartment and found her extended on the floor. I raised her in my arms, and to my horror! her white night-dress was covered with blood, which was streaming from her mouth. The truth flashed upon me at once; she had broken a blood vessel; she would die! I sprang to the bell. In a few minutes—minutes which seemed an age, the servants entered the room, but stopped hor-