

ed husband a tyrannized lover still. Do you think what it is you do? When you suffer your own hands to tear down the fair adornments of idolatry with which his passion has decked you, and appear before him, not as an angelic ideal, but a selfish, sullen, or vain woman, little know you that it may take years of devotion to efface the bitterness produced by that one hour—the first when he sees you *as you are*!

The young husband glanced once only at his wife; but that was enough. The lower lip—that odious lower lip, which had at first awoke my doubts!—was the very image of weak, pouting sullenness. But its weakness was its safeguard against continued obstinacy; and I saw—though the husband did not see—that, as she bent over the side, tear after tear dropped silently into the river.—There was hope still!

She was leaning over the gangway door, a place scarce dangerous, save to the watchful anxiety of affection. However, the fact seemed to strike her husband; for he suddenly drew her away, though formally, and without any sign of wishing for reconciliation. But this one slight act showed the thoughtfulness, the love—oh, if she had only answered it by one look, one word of atonement! But no; there she stood, immovable. Neither would yield. I would have given the world could I have whispered in the wife's ear, "For the love of her, and for the love of him—for the peace of your future life, be the first to say, forgive me. Right or wrong, never mind. Whichever have erred, it is your place—as weakest and most loving, to yield first. Oh, did you but know the joy, the blessedness of creeping close to your husband's wounded, perchance angry heart, and saying—Take me in there again;—let us not be divided more! And he would take you, ay, at once; and love you the more for the forbearance which never even asked of his pride the concession that he was also wrong!"

Perhaps this long speech was partly written in his eyes; for when, by chance, they met the young wife's, she turned away, coloring crimson; and at that moment up came the enemy once more, in the shape of the intrusive elderly gentleman; but the husband's lecture whatever it was, had its effect upon the girl's demeanor. She drew back with a quiet womanly reserve,

and left, "Mr. Goodrich" in possession of the field. And I liked the husband ten times better for the gentlemanly dignity with which he shook off all trace of ill-humor, and conversed with the intruder. The boyish lover changed into the firm, self-independent man. And when the wife timidly crept up, and put her arm through his, he turned around and smiled upon her. Oh, how gladly, yet how shyly she answered the slight token of peace! And I said to myself, "That man will have a just, and firm, yet tender saw; he will make a first rate head of a family."

I saw little more of them until near the journey's end. They were then sitting in the half-empty cabin alone together; for to my delight, and perhaps theirs, the obnoxious individual of middle age had landed at Blackwall. Very quiet they seemed; all the exuberant happiness which at first had found vent in almost childish frolic was passed away. The girl no longer laughed and jested with her young husband; but she drew close to his side, her head bending towards his shoulder, as though, but for the presence of a stranger, it would fain droop there, heavy with its weight of penitance and love. Yet, as I watched the restless look in her eyes, and the faint shadow that still lingered on the young man's face, I thought how much had been periled, and how happy—ay, ten times happier—would both have felt had the first quarrel never been!

In the confusion of departure I lost my young friends, as I thought, forever; but on penetrating the mysterious depths of an omnibus, I heard a pleasant voice addressing me—"So you are again our fellow-passenger to —?"

But I will not say where, lest the young couple should "speer" for me, and demand why I dared to "put them in print." And yet they would scarce be wroth did they know the many chords they touched, and the warm interest they awakened in a poor withered heart which has so few.

It was the dreariest of wet nights in London—Heaven knows how dreary that is!—but they did not seem to feel it at all. They were quite happy—quite gay. I wondered whether for them was prepared the deepest bliss of earth—the first "coming home;" and I felt almost sure of it when the hus-