

sor—confess to him your feelings,—while they may yet be felt without crime ; tell him, even now tell him, that you *dare* not become his wife !”

While Caroline continued to speak Emma's face was hidden in her folded hands. When she looked up, she was very pale, but calm. “I know,” she said ; “I have done wrong to Harry Tresham ; would you also have me do injury to Lord Montessor ? No, Caroline, I will become Lord Montessor's wife : even in presence of Harry Tresham will I do this ; and, when I forget the vows I shall then plight, may my God forget me !”

Caroline looked with wonder on her friend ; her Hebe beauty—her sweet smile remained ; and yet it seemed as though, in one brief moment, the thoughts of years had been present to her, so quietly did she speak, and yet so firm was she to her purpose.

In silence were performed the duties of the toilette—in silence were adjusted the white garments—the wreath of orange-flowers—the bridal veil, scarcely whiter than the pale cheek it shaded. Then Emma knelt down and prayed long and fervently. When she rose from her knees there was not a trace of emotion to be discovered in her colourless face. She looked like some beautiful but lifeless thing. Her guardian's step was heard—then his voice, requesting admittance. With a calm smile Emma placed her arm within his, and they descended to the drawing-room. Already the wedding guests were there—and Lord Montessor moved forward to meet his bride. His form was noble, though it no longer owned the pride of youth. There was not a furrow on his serene brow ; and his eyes shone with all the placid light which had beamed in them in his young days ; but *grey* was slightly mingling with the dark hair, that fell in rich waves upon his forehead, and seemed to say he was scarcely a fitting husband for the girlish Emma. He smiled gently upon her, but that smile spoke not of love ; it had more in it of compassion. At a distant window of the apartment, almost concealed from sight, stood Harry Tresham. He wears not the look of one who is about to loose “the lady of his love ;” his eyes are sparkling ; and there is an arch happy smile upon his proud lip ; the gallant soldier looks as though he were going to win and not to lose a bride. And Lord Montessor—where is he ? He is at Tresham's side—he is leading the youth into the midst of the wondering circle—he places Emma in the young man's arms—he crosses the apartment ; and, with a glad smile, clasps Caroline Ormsby's fair hand, and she raises her dark eyes with a glowing yet fearful glance. The ceremony proceeds—the two weddings are over—and the guests are gone.

Some weeks after, the two fair brides were sitting in Lady Montessor's drawing room. “Well,” said the young countess, “I almost wonder how I teased you so, my poor Emma. It was indeed a

sad task that they imposed upon me ; and once, when I looked upon your poor pale face, I had nearly told you all ; but then I hoped my entreaties would prevail, and that you would even then draw back ; for I feared so much the effects of the surprise upon you—but Montessor said, a happy surprise could never harm you ; and he taught me to think, too, that you needed some little schooling. Harry, too, said it was the only chance he had to win you ! and that you were a little shrew that needed taming.”—“And, indeed,” answered the smiling Emma, “had you not schooled me as you did, I verily believe I never should have been Harry Tresham's wife—I was so full of fancies—so, I forgive you all—all but Harry ; it was too bad of him to enter into such a league against me. But how slyly you carried on your courtship, Cary !—There was I, pouring into your ear all my love and folly, doubts, and fears, and all ; and you shaking your wise head so demurely. But—now don't put up your lip, Cary—*my* wonder is, how you ever came to fall in love with Lord Montessor ; handsome though he be, he is so——” “Old,” interrupted Caroline, smiling ; and as she spoke, she turned her eye upon her husband, with a glance of happy love, which shewed that to her no charm was wanting.—The two husbands approached the sofa on which the cousins sat ; and as Captain Tresham threw himself on a low ottoman at the feet of his young bride, Lord Montessor said with an arch smile, “Well, Emma, are we yet pardoned for the lesson we taught you on your wedding day ?”

THE DYING STORM.

I AM feeble, pale and weary,
And my wings are nearly furled !
I have caused a scene so dreary,
I am glad to quit the world !
With bitterness I'm thinking
On the evil I have done,
And to my caverns sinking
From the coming of the sun.

The heart of man will sicken
In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken
With an everlasting blight !
For widely, in my madness,
Have I poured abroad my wrath ;
And, changing joy to sadness,
Scattered ruin on my path.

Earth shuddered at my motion,
And my power in silence owns ;
But the deep and troubled ocean
O'er my deeds of horror moans !
I have sunk the brightest treasure ;
I've destroyed the fairest form :
I have sadly filled my measure,
And am now a dying storm !