

discovered that I had been long indebted to the deceased parent; I immediately transferred to them the sum of five thousand dollars, and fancied that I had managed most adroitly to secure them at least from want. But what was my surprise when I found that the noble girl, immediately upon receiving the money, had handed it over to her father's creditors, believing it to be their just due. This awakened a new and more elevated interest in my heart, and, in company with my old friend, I visited her humble abode. I shall never forget the picture of that small room, with plain but neatly kept furniture, the snowy bed where lay the sightless mother, and the little table covered with the rich silks, which were to minister to the wants of the poor by pampering the pride of the rich. I saw the pale workwoman, I heard the quick short cough which is ever as a churchyard knell to the sedentary and laborious. Will you forgive me, Julia, if I add, that as I compared the patient sufferer with the brilliant belle, I accused you of the selfishness and cruelty which had reduced her to the brink of the grave! You were only one of the many who had thus tasked her strength, but you should have known better."

"I see it all, Charles; but you should have remembered that we sometimes sin through ignorance rather than wilfulness. Go on."

"I found refinement, good sense, delicacy of perception, and high-mindedness beneath the garb of poverty. By the aid of the old lady, Clara Wilnot was placed in a situation which secured her from such hard tasks, and as the governess to my friend's grandchildren, she assumed a position better suited to her talents and virtues. I assure you, coz, she understands the 'fitness of things' no less in intellectual than in personal graces."

"And so you are going to marry her; who could have supposed that after all your fastidious notions about women, you would find perfection in the character of a poor sewing girl?"

"I have not found perfection, Julia, but I have learned to be satisfied with less. Clara has none of the brilliant beauty which once captivated my fancy, but her soft sweet eyes are full of womanly tenderness, and her brow wears the serenity of high thoughts. She understands the wardness of my susceptible nature; she knows how to modulate the harmony as well as to soften down the discords which such a peculiar temperament as mine awakens. She does not in the least resemble my beau-ideal of a wife, but she is something better, for she is a tender, truthful, devoted woman."

"You have my best wishes for your happiness," said Julia, while a gush of irrepressible tears burst from her eyes; "since to you good has come of evil, and my faults have led to your happiness, think of me, Charles, with kindness, as one who carries beneath the trappings of wealth a lonely but not unsympathising heart."

"What can she mean?" thought Charles, as he left the room; "can it be that she once loved me?"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Julia, as in bitterness of spirit she entered her own chamber, where the morrow's array of bridal splendor met her view; "how little do we know of the undercurrent of life, which, while we seem gaily floating in one direction, slowly bears onward to an opposite course! Who could have believed that a careless word, an act of mere thoughtlessness, would have deprived me of lifelong happiness? Alas! there is more truth than poetry in the thought that—

'In one moment we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, * * *
And color things to come with hues of night.'"

I THINK OF THEE.

WHEN thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm o'er-shadowed walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract,—
Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue.
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lovely yew—
Then be thou melancholy too.
When musing on the hours I roved
With thee, beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling,
A choral anthem on thine ear,—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear,
And then her flight remembrance brings
To by-past things.

To me, through every season dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!