

Now, dear doctor! is not what I have described, as fine a field for exertion as any that you could select? Only for the love which I have for aunt Emma, I would of a certainty persuade you to come and join me. But with all the pleasure which I take in my dear divinity, when I think of that sweet little lady, I feel through all my frame the magical potency of family ties. Flesh and blood, it appears, are after all that I have said, dearer to me than divinity. I am afraid that I am very frail.

Oceans of love to my adored mother, and my angel aunt. Write me all your travels. Tell Dr. M'Dougald, to whom I wish to be remembered, not to wait for *me* to baptize him. If he do, say that I will drown him in the operation. Adieu.

CHARLEY.

When Henry had read this letter, he threw it upon the table, and exclaimed: "All humbug!"

"What?"

"That he's going to study Theology."

"I think that he speaks very plainly."

"Just like all his letters. He does not mean a word that he says."

"I don't know about that."

"Hillo! Mary," cried Henry, "what makes you look so dull and thoughtful? sick?"

Mary, who had for the last ten minutes been sunk into a strange reverie, started up as if she were waking from a short sleep, and tried to disguise herself by saying that she felt so heavy she would go take a little lounge.

When she withdrew, Henry remarked to his wife that Mary looked anything but well. "Perhaps," said he, "that Charley's wild letter has made a disagreeable impression."

"That's not it."