

the signal for its relief. Love was the element in which she lived, and upon her husband and her son it rested in its holiest earthly form.—We need hardly tell that it was devotedly returned. Under her fostering influence, the tender affections of Harry's opening heart were assiduously cultivated and his mind early trained to so exclusive a love of all that was beautiful and ideal, that had it not been for the counteracting influence of his father's manly tastes, the boy might have grown up a mere dreamer, who would have spent his life at his mother's side and cared not to mingle in the world around him. To avoid this danger, to which he saw the imaginative bias of his son's mind particularly exposed him, Colonel Wyndham determined upon sending him to Cambridge for his education, and after much persuasion induced his wife to yield her consent. It was not given, however, until she learned that a widowed friend of her own youth had removed thither for the education of her sons, and would receive Harry into her family.—The tutor who had previously had charge of his education was also to accompany him, and at fifteen our hero was removed to this (to him) new world. The vacancy his departure occasioned in the domestic circle, was at the same time filled by Mrs. Wyndham's adoption of the orphan daughter of a distant relative, a sweet attractive child of about nine years of age, on whom she could bestow her maternal cares.

The four college years passed quickly away—Harry each year visiting his parents, and they in the mean time journeying to the north to see their son, who at length returned to them, accomplished in all the learning of the schools, and as they hoped to remain permanently where his presence was so dearly prized. But though he loved his home, Harry's early devotion to the beautiful had been so far strengthened by his classical studies that he fain would visit classic ground. Three years were therefore devoted to an extensive European tour, during which he not only bowed at every shrine of art, both in the splendid temples devoted to the preservation of its choicest gems, and in the picturesque ruins of the glorious past, but sought out every resting place of beauty in the lone retreats of untutored nature. The collection of pictures, statues, medals, &c., that he made while absent, showed sufficiently the purity of his natural taste and the high refinement it had attained, by cultivation.

And now behold Colonel and Mrs. Wynd-

ham supremely happy. Harry is once more with them, more attached than ever to his parents and his home, and has promised never again to leave it. The father rejoices in his son's manly beauty and the frank heartiness of his manner, unspoiled by foreign travel;—the mother in the loving spirit that beams in every glance, in the maturity of his intellect and the purity of his heart. The adopted orphan too, welcomes the stranger with joy, and Mrs. Wyndham has a secret hope that Harry will secure his earthly happiness, by drawing still closer the ties that unite her to this object of her affection. Unconsciously this hope has influenced her in the education she has bestowed upon the youthful Emily; and although she has carefully concealed her wishes from one too pure and single-minded to suspect them, she has unwittingly laid a train which a spark may ignite, either to burn on the hallowed altar of wedded love, or to consume and wither the heart that cherishes it.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel one day to his son, who was busily engaged with his mother and Emily in deciding upon the most appropriate place for the statue of a dancing nymph—"will you never finish putting up your pictures and your marble women? Mercy on me! how different men are. When I was your age, I was looking at pretty girls that had some warmth and life in them, instead of worshipping cold stocks and stones as you do."

"When I see such an embodiment of beauty and grace as is imaged here, I shall follow your example, father," replied Harry; "and then, I am afraid you must leave me to my stocks and stones."

"And what is beauty and grace without either life or motion?" said the Colonel, with a glance of infinite contempt at the statue.—"Come out with me to the course, Harry, and look at Medon training—*there* is beauty and grace if you please—he lifts his foot as daintily as any belle in the union."

"Presently, father—when we have decided this momentous question. What say you, Emily? shall the nymph stand where the mirror can reflect every fold in her drapery, and here where the light falls so exquisitely upon her features and just touches her graceful forms, while the shadow of the window curtain throws the whole figure into such beautiful relief?"

"Oh, in that corner, by all means," said Emily—"unless," she added, hesitating, "your mother prefers it elsewhere."

"Please yourselves, my children," replied