

WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE;

OR,

AGNES WILTSHIRE.

CHAPTER I.

THE Sabbath day was drawing to a close, as Agnes Wiltshire sat at her chamber window, absorbed in deep and painful thought. The last rays of the sun lighted up the garden overlooked by the casement, — if garden it could be called, — a spot that had once been most beautiful, when young and fair hands plucked the noxious weed, and took delight in nursing into fairest life, flowers, whose loveliness might well have vied with any; but, long since, those hands had mouldered into dust, and the spot lay neglected; yet, in spite of neglect, beautiful still. There was no enclosure to mark it from the fields beyond, that stretched, far as the eye could discern, till lost in a rich growth of woods, but a few ~~ornamental~~ trees and graceful shrubs, with here and there a plot, now gay with autumn flowers, alone kept alive, in the heart of the beholder, a remembrance of its pur-