

favorites of fortune might look with envy. But Trask knew little of the being upon whom he had placed his best affections. His undisciplined mind, and a temper unaccustomed to control, proved effectual barriers to domestic peace. Time passed on, and, with its progress, the husband's heart and presence were increasingly alienated from his home. At one time, passing his wife's room, when she was not aware of his being in the house, he overheard a conversation between her and her confidant, in which the part she had acted relative to Ellen Prentiss, was developed. His respect for her had long been diminishing—now he was thoroughly disgusted, he almost hated the author of such barbarity. Reproaches on his part produced only chagrin in his wife. She was vexed at the exposure of her conduct, but not humbled. Her unsubdued spirit disdained concessions or conciliatory measures. Every feeling of affliction having now been driven from his heart, the disappointed, irritated husband sought companions and recreations abroad. The hours which should have been sacred to domestic enjoyments, were spent in places of public resort. Who can anticipate the result? Loss of property and respectability followed in the train of gambling—intemperance, and their kindred vices. The deserted wife too late discovered that she had planted her own pillow with thorns. Friends, who had clustered around her in the bright days of prosperity, were dispersed by the dark clouds gathering in her horizon. Mutual animinations had resulted in the separation of herself and the woman to whose influence was to be imputed. In a great measure, the unamiable traits in her character. Without the least effort to gain friends, or prepare for the future exigencies into which she might be brought, she abandoned herself wholly to self-reproach and despair. Her splendid domestic establishment had been exchanged for a contracted room in a boarding house, and here she sought to bury herself and feast upon her own misery.

One night, on the return of her husband to their lodgings, at an unusually late hour, she perceived a favourable change in his appearance. Instead of the almost ferocious manner with which he often came into her presence, his demeanour denoted a subdued spirit. He was silent, and seemed thoughtful and

sad, passing the remainder of the night in restless wakefulness. The wife's sensibilities and solicitude were awakened, and when, in the morning, he evidently lingered in the room, and, as he left it, bestowed upon her a look of almost tenderness, she experienced the full tide of returning affection—for women still loves even when conscious that she has suffered and inflicted wrong. Hope was permitted to banish every other feeling: Her husband had opened his eyes upon the course he was pursuing, and was ready to retrace his steps to comfort and respectability, were her delightful thoughts. In imagination, she was happy in his love, and she began to be impatient for his return, that, by kindness, she might encourage his amendment. That day the corpse of Henry Trask was brought home to his distracted wife. A messenger had previously informed her of his having fallen in a duel, the result of a gaming house quarrel the preceding evening, which, according to arrangement, was now 'honorably' adjusted.

RELIGIOUS.

BIBLICAL SUBLIMITY.

(Concluded.)

The Red Sea was running on in a sort of mournful cadence, dirge like and echoing as wasteful. It swept over a buried king and the chivalry of an empire. But on its farthest shore there was joy. A song of redemption was raised by Moses and the warriors thousands of Israel. *The first loud strain rolled like thunder, or the sound of many waters. 'I will sing unto the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously—the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.' Then every image of sublimity and wonder was gathered up from the fœces of the sea—from the blast the strong winds from the ocean for a while a wall of defiance, then melted into a torrent of destruction—from the tear of the eye on the dukes of Edom and the impenetrable Palestine. The song of a nation dies away like a solemn echo upon the shore.—But hark! the silver sound of timbrels strikes the ear and a thousand daughters of Israel dance in graceful gestures on the sand, while wide-sweet gush of harmony the response to the loud song of the warrior host rings along the ranks of loveliness.—'And Miriam answered and said, Hear ye the voice of the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously—the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'—*