

country, which, after due consideration, he quite made up his mind to accept. Accordingly he had dwelt eloquently on the many advantages that would accrue from it, and drawing a bright picture of the prospect opened out, had endeavoured to bring his wife to the same way of thinking.

But Mary would not see it, and could not be persuaded. Reared in London, she could not bear the idea of the country except for a few months in summer, and refused point-blank to go and live there entirely. The contention waxed hotter as it continued, till at length Mary, losing her temper as the argument went against her, with flashing eye and heaving breast, let fall the terrible words. "Well, George, go, if you like, as you seem to have made up your mind: but I *will not*. And remember, if you do go without me, you shall never see me again."

The words were scarce uttered ere she would have given a good deal to recall them; but recall them she could not, and pride forbade her to retract them now they were spoken. Her husband staggered as if he had received a blow. For a few moments there was silence, more significant than any words, and then, slowly, deliberately, but with evident painful effort, he spoke. "Mary, those are no words for a wife. With such feelings you had no right to marry. God, and man, and your own marriage-vow give me authority over you, and you defy it on every occasion that offers. It is better perhaps that I should *not* see you again. To be once threatened is sufficient. A house divided against itself cannot stand."

He rose, and left the room, his face white with suppressed emotion. She heard him go upstairs to the nursery, come down again, and leave the house without again seeking her presence.

From that moment an undefined dread and terror had fallen on her, together with an unutterable anguish of remorse. For she was far from being the unloveable creature you would be disposed to infer from this one glimpse of her. She was merely a spoiled wilful child, grown into a self-willed woman—but not without sterling good qualities for all that. Amiable, affectionate, true-hearted to the core, without a shade of duplicity or meanness, home-loving, contented, industrious. But, one thing marred all. What she did, must be done *in her own way*. She would not brook that any should dictate to her. Left to herself, her impulses and her actions both told of a noble and generous nature; but under guidance she turned restive, like many a high-spirited horse, which will trot along steadily enough till he feels the touch of the whip, when instantly he sends out his heels, bolts, and upsets you in the ditch. Ticklish cattle enough to drive, but far better than many others, as any coachman can tell you; so do not altogether withhold your sympathy from poor Mary Campione in her sore trouble, even though she has brought it on herself.

How she looked forward that night to six o'clock, the hour of George's usual return from the City! Everything had been made extra comfortable, and she overcame her pride so far as to be ready, on the first kind word, to throw herself into her husband's arms and ask his forgiveness. The little mantel-clock struck. She gave