

Yes, one is there, but she sees it not,
So blind in her love for him ;
No fault, no weakness in him she sees ;
So the shadow, just now, is but faint and dim.

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Another peep into John Lane's home,
Though scarcely three years are past ;
Is his wife as fair, and as free from care,
As she was when we saw her last ?

Oh, no ! there's an anxious, fretted look,
To be seen in her sweet blue eye ;
And, as we draw near, we start to hear
The sound of a smothered sigh.

But the room looks just as it did before,
The lamp and the fire burn bright ;
Then, what is the trouble that makes her sigh ?
Her husband is absent to-night !