

first impulse was to press her to my bosom: pride and shame mastered me, and, in a troubled voice, I exclaimed—'Catherine!

'Edward!' she continued, and her tears forth, 'let us study to understand each other—I am worthy of being your wife, I am worthy of your confidence.'

I could not reply. I was dumb in admiration, in reverence of virtue and affection of which I felt myself unworthy. A load seemed to fall from my heart, I pressed her lips to mine.

'Can not Edward be as happy as his Catherine?' she continued; 'we have, at least, for the present, and with frugality enough for years. Come, love, where will you be unhappy? Bo you our purse, and endeavouring to smile, she gently pressed her purse in my hands.

'O Heavens!' I exclaimed, striking my forehead, and the purse dropped upon the floor, 'am I reduced to this? Never, Catherine! never! Let me perish in my penury, crush me not beneath the weight of my weakness! Death! what must you think of me?'

'Think of you?' she replied with a smile, 'with affection, playfulness, and sorrow. I did not think that you would refuse your poor wife's banker.'

'Catherine!' cried I, 'would that I had your virtue—half your generosity.'

'The half?' she answered, laughingly, 'you not the whole? Did I not give you mind and heart—faults and virtues—and a cruel man, have lost the half already—wretched Edward!'

'I exclaimed I, 'may Heaven render me worthy of such a wife!'

'I will, then,' returned she, 'smile upon Catherine—it is all over now.'

'What is all over, love?' inquired I.

'Nothing, nothing,' continued she, 'merely the difficulty a young husband in making his wife acquainted with the office of the firm in which she has become partner.'

'I added I, bitterly, 'you find it bank-

'I say,' rejoined she, cheerfully, 'not a penny; rather say beginning the world with a small capital. Come, now, dearest,

smile, and say you will be cashier to Fleming & Co.'

'Catherine! O Catherine!' I exclaimed, and tears filled my eyes.

'Edward! O Edward!' returned she, laughing, and mimicking my emotion;—'good by, dear—good by!' and picking up the purse, she dropped it on my knee, and tripped out of the room, adding gaily—

'For still the house affairs would call her hence.'

Fondly, as I imagined, that I loved Catherine, I had never felt its intensity until now, nor been aware of how deeply she deserved my affection. My indiscretions and misfortunes had taught me the use of money—they had made me to know that it was an indispensable agent in our dealings with the world, but they had not taught me economy—and I do not believe that a course of misery, continued and increasing throughout life, would ever teach this useful and prudent lesson to one of a warm-hearted and sanguine temperament—nor would any power on earth or in years enable him to put it in practice save the daily and endearing example of an affectionate and virtuous wife. I do not mean the influence which all women possess during the oftentimes morbid admiration of what is called a honeymoon, but the deeper and holier power which grows with years, and departs not with grey hairs; in our boyish fancies being embodied, and our young feelings being made tangible, in the never-changing smile of her who was the sun of our early hopes, the spirit of our dreams—and who now, as the partner of our fate, ever smiles on us, and by a thousand attentions, a thousand kindnesses, and acts of love becomes every day dearer, and more dear to the heart, where it is her only ambition to reign, and sit secure in her sovereignty—while her chains are soft as her own bosom, and she spreads her virtues around us, till they become a part of our own being, like an angel stretching his wings over innocence.—Such is the power and influence of every woman who is as studious to reform and delight the husband as to secure the lover.

Such was the influence which, I believed, I now felt over my spirit, and which would save me from future folly and from utter ruin—but I was wrong, I was deceived—yes, most wickedly I was deceived—but you shall hear. On examining the purse I found that