

self with a heavy printer's account, to say nothing of large sums disbursed for advertisements, which made such a deplorable inroad on his capital, that he had now little more than seventy pounds remaining in his banker's hands. Such was his situation at the close of the fourth year of his marriage.

"Well, Julia," said Henry, with a forced attempt at a smile, as they sat together one morning at breakfast, "I fear that my father's prediction will be fulfilled, and that I shall shortly be reduced to as complete a state of destitution as he could desire."

"For Heaven's sake, Henry, do not speak in this sneering way of your father. Harsh he may be, because he thinks you have given him cause for displeasure; but it cannot be that he is such as you imagine. Try, then, to effect a reconciliation with him; remember, love, we are parents ourselves, and in our old age should feel acutely any neglect on the part of our child."

"Julia," replied Raymond gravely, "you know not my father. He acts rigidly according to what he calls principle; and when he has once resolved on a particular line of conduct, no consideration on earth can induce him to swerve from it."

"But, consider, it is now upward of four years since you had your dispute with him. Surely he cannot harbour resentment for so long a period! You know how often I have entreated you to write to him; but you cannot know how much pain your disinclination to do so has caused me. Believe me, for I speak not in anger, but in sad sincerity, I scarcely feel that you deserve to succeed, so long as you voluntarily live estranged from your father. You will write to him, then; wont you, love?" and the young mother looked beseechingly in her husband's face, while a tear trembled in her eye.

Subdued by the earnestness of his wife's appeal, Raymond no longer hesitated, but that day sent off a respectful and contrite letter to his father, wherein he implored him to send an early answer, if it were but a line, just to say

that he forgave him. But no reply came, infinitely to Julia's astonishment, whose benignant nature could not conceive it possible that a parent could so long cherish angry feelings toward a son.

"I told you how it would be," observed Henry, when, having waited a fortnight, they had both given up all expectation of a reply. "I knew that, by declining to enter into his views respecting commerce, I had offended my father past forgiveness."

"It cannot be helped, Henry; but you have done your duty, and should sad days be in store for us, this will be a consolation to you, as I am sure it will be to me.

"Sad days!" replied Raymond. "Ah, Julia, we shall not have to wait long for them. I fear we must quit our cottage without delay, and take cheap apartments in some obscure quarter of the town. I have delayed this communication till the last moment, knowing how much it would grieve you; but the painful truth must be told. I have now little to look to, save the pittance that I may be able, from time to time, to pick up from the booksellers. Oh God!" he added, "my father's prediction is already half accomplished."

"Do not take this so much to heart, Henry," said his generous, high-minded wife, "to me one place is the same as another, and I can be happy any where, so long as I retain your love.—Leave me but that, dearest, and I shall still feel that I am rich in the only treasure I ever coveted."

The dreaded communication thus made, Raymond instantly prepared to act on it. He disposed of the remainder of his lease, sold his furniture at a heavy loss, and even got rid of the major portion of his favourite classics. He could not, however, make up his mind to part with his wife's piano; for he well knew how dear it was to her, as being the first present he had made her subsequent to their marriage. With how many pleasant recollections, too, was it not associated in his own mind! How many a time had he sat delighted