

LOVE AND PRIDE.

he has caused; and do *thou* enable me not only to endure, but to smile upon, misfortune, even as thine own clear sky smiles upon a world of wickedness."

Thus did poor Caroline try to strengthen herself for the trial she felt awaiting her, but she had received a blow from which she never recovered, and though she struggled on, and even smiled on those around, hers was not the quiet smile of happiness; it was too bright; too like the lightning's flash to speak of peace within; and those who were well versed in the mind's deep philosophy, might have traced its meteoric brightness home to the cloud from which it emanated; its brightness might have dazzled, but could not *hide* from them the darkness of its origin.

Caroline's one aim and object now seemed to be to conceal, from all around her, the grief that was destroying her. There were times, indeed, when she almost wished Charles knew the agony she endured, that something might bring home to his truant heart the blackness of his ingratitude; but she chased the wish from her heart, as something too lowering, too humbling to gain admittance there. "Never, never," she exclaimed, striking her beating heart, "shall *he* see the havoc he has committed here; perhaps the time may come when a little experience may make him *feel* how he has outraged a heart which trusted him, confided in him, loved him as no woman will ever do again, but never shall he hear this from my reproaches. No, though the struggle may hasten a death which has already begun, I will be to him, in appearance at least, the same as I have ever been." And Caroline acted up to her resolves, with a firmness scarcely credible. She and rode with Nora and Charles as before: she omitted no kindness, neglected no attention, and, if she ever gave way to her feelings, it was in the silent solitude of her own chamber, or on the neck of her faithful Selim.

It is strange how blind are those around us to the change from health to sickness, if it be but gradual! How, day by day, the cheek may pale, the eye grow dim, the strength decay, and none remark the change! And so it was with Caroline: none saw her heart was breaking; none saw that she was dying; till she sank exhausted beyond the chance of recovery. Several months previous to this, Nora left Clair Park, and was very soon followed by the deluded Charles, who went to lay his heart, his fortune, and his fate at her tiny feet. She started with well-feigned surprise, and then having begged him to rise, with a politeness which chilled him, she proceeded with the utmost coolness to inform him

that his case was hopeless; that she had been engaged for some time before she had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and that she was to be married to his fortunate rival next week. This was retribution; but Charles' cup was not yet full. Nora saw the wound she had inflicted, and with a heartlessness which but too well accorded with the rest of her behaviour, she determined to probe still more deeply, and concluded her reply to Charles by saying, she never could sufficiently express her regret at the mistake which had occurred, but that really she could not understand how it had arisen, for that, as far as she herself was concerned, she could honestly declare her regard for Mr. Moray had never amounted to anything beyond that friendship which their *country* intimacy seemed to her completely to justify, but which she would not have suffered herself to indulge in, had she not seen or fancied she saw an attachment subsisting between himself and Caroline St. Clair, strong enough to defy every danger.

Charles' eyes were now opened, but it was too late, and he hurried to the continent, in solitude to brood over that disappointment, which he *felt* he but too well deserved. One day, as he sat nursing in his room and gazing listlessly on the Lake of Geneva, which lay stretched in beauty before him, his servant brought him a letter. "From home, sir," said he, as he laid it on the table, and left the apartment. The word *home* sounded strangely in Charles' ear—

"I have no home now," he mentally exclaimed, as he took the letter up.

"I once had a home, and friends, but *now!* I am an isolated being with none to care for me, not worthy of being cared about:"—and he opened the letter with a degree of apathy that seemed strange in one so young. It was from his guardian, Sir John St. Clair, informing him, in all the agony of a fond father's heart, of Caroline's illness. "Come to us, dear Charles,"—the broken-hearted old man concluded;—"come to us in this our night of gloom; we are indeed in need of a friend, and no where, I am sure, could we find so sincere a one as yourself." This was indeed a severe blow to Charles; he, in a manner the murderer of Caroline, to be written to by her father in this trusting, this confiding manner!—it was too much almost for human nature to bear. "I will at least go," he exclaimed, in the torture of a self-accusing conscience, "and view the wretchedness my heartless vanity has occasioned." He rang the bell, and gave orders for his instant departure, nor did he halt by night or by day, until he reached his destination. How often in the course of that journey did the thoughts