

Julia, despite his entreaties to the contrary, called in an apothecary, who, on his arrival pronounced Henry to be laboring under a severe attack of the typhus. For upwards of a fortnight he remained in a very doubtful state; and during this period Julia was his sole nurse, though her own health was delicate, and required repose, for she was again about to become a mother.—While her landlady's daughter attended Charley—but never out of his parent's sight—she kept constant vigil by her husband's bedside, administering his medicines, moving about him with the noiseless step of a fairy, anticipating his slightest wishes, and owing to no fatigue nor debility; but whenever she saw his languid eye resting on her pale face, assuring him with a smile, and in those sweet, soft tones so delicious to a sick man's ear, that she was never better in her life. In a woman who truly loves, there is a disinterestedness that shuts out all thought of self—a power of endurance whose strength and vitality seem to increase in proportion to the demands made on them. Man may volunteer heroic sacrifices, such as are noised abroad in the world, and repay him with interest by the renown they bring; but he is incapable of those more homely and unostentatious ones which a wife and a mother is so ready to make with no thought of praise, and no consciousness, save that she is doing her duty.

In about a month—thanks to Julia's nursing—Raymond was again enabled to go abroad; but the fever had added greatly to his irritability, and he shrunk with absolute loathing from the idea of resuming his school duties. Nevertheless, the attempt must be made; so he set out for Paradise House, where he received exactly the sort of welcome that he had calculated on. In his usual unceremonious manner, Mr. Dobbs informed him that he had been under the necessity of filling up his post, 'for time and tide waited for no man;' and when he called at his lodgings, he had been told by the landlady that he was in such a ticklish state that it was a

'moral impossible' to say when he would be well. He was sorry—very sorry—for his disappointment; but it could not be helped, business was business; however, if the new usher did not suit, why, then, he should have no objection to take him back again. He concluded by presenting Henry with his 'wages,' which amounted to nearly thirty pounds. The young man scorned to expostulate, but quitted the house with an air of utter indifference, though his heart swelled almost to bursting at the cavalier treatment he had received. In this excited state of mind he reached his own door. Julia had gone out for a short walk with her child; and when she returned, Raymond, with a splenic burst which he fruitlessly attempted to suppress, expressed his surprise at her leaving him so long alone.

"So long, Henry? I've only been absent a few minutes, just to give Charles a little fresh air, for he stands greatly in need of it, poor child! Besides, I did not expect you back so soon."

"Well, well—no matter—there needs no excuse."

"Don't speak so hastily, love; indeed, if I had thought you would have been vexed, I would not have gone out at all; God knows, it was not for my own pleasure;" and fearful of saying more, lest she should thereby increase his irritation, Julia quitted her husband's presence.

From this time forward such a change took place in Raymond's nature, that those who had known him in earlier years, would have had some difficulty in recognising him again. Care, anticipating the work of years, had delved deep wrinkles in his brow, and a moody reserve succeeded to his former frank cordiality. That maudlin, ever-vigilant sensitiveness which detects reproach in the tones of a voice; sees a sneer lurking in a smile; and with perverse ingenuity finds a personal application in every stray remark—that envenomed spirit, which resents a show of cheerfulness as indifference, and of sympathy as contemptuous pity; which, doubting itself, doubts every body else; and draws