mind, and having attained his object, he placed little restraint on his selfishness, while his total want of intellectual grace and refinement exposed her to continual mortification. Sophie long endeavored to conceal his faults, even from herself; but there was an entire want of sympathy between them, for which nothing else could compensate. Indifference on his part, and cold endurance on hers, became the consequence, and added to these, there was a tyrannical and most exacting temper.

Patiently Sophie bore these unexpected trials, for which there seemed no remedy; and it was not till her first-born smiled in her arms, and awakened the pure delight of a mother's love, that she experienced one emotion of happiness, or could look upon the future without a shudder.

One evening as she sat alone in the twilight caressing her little infant, a stranger was announced. She rose to receive him, as he followed close upon the servant, and with a feeling of astonishment, amounting to terror, she met the gaze of Harry Brandon. He made no motion to approach her, but with sorrowful severity he gazed upon her altered face, and seemed to wait returning calmness. The scene which followed may perhaps be imagined—the agony of regret—the bitterness of disappointment—but what words can describe them?

His appearance there may be briefly explained. He had closed his business in Brussels, and taken passage for a port in France, where some affairs called him, and from thence he was to sail for America. But scarcely had they been an hour at sea, when they were attacked by an English privateer and captured. More than a year he had been detained a prisoner, and only lately, when an exchange took place, had he recovered his freedom. In the uncertain chances of war, his letters had been lost, and few from Sophie had ever reached him. Still his confidence in her affection and fidelity had sustained him in every trial, and with scarcely a foreboding of evil, he landed at B——, and hastened to the well-remembered dwelling where he had left her, and still fondly expected to be welcomed!

Their interview was mournful and brief. Harry had come to upbraid her inconstancy, to reproach her for the cruel wrong she had inflicted on his peace. But when he saw her despairing face—when he heard her simple tale, which drew tears of tenderness from his eyes, he withdrew his malediction and forgave her all. They never met again. He left her, a broken-hearted man, and in a few months laid down his sorrows in the grave.

Sophie lived to an old age, ever a sad and sorrowing woman, and never did she cease to mourn the foolish presumption which had led her to heed the predictions of a fortune-teller, instead of waiting patiently, and with submission, the revealings of that kind Providence which rules all events in wisdom and in love.

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

I MIND me of a pleasant time,—
   A season long ago,—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
   Or ever now can know;
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
   So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet Spring-tide,
   And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
   From every bending spray,—
I've never pulled such primroses,
   Set thick on bank and brae,—
I've never smelt such violets,—
   As, all that pleasant time,
I found by every hawthorn root,
   When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
   Was gorgeous, then, and gay
With gorse and gowan, blossoming,
   As none blooms now-a-day :—
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
   Up there in the old lime,
When hours, and hours, he used to sing,
   When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
   To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower—
   More balmily the dew :
The morning mist and evening haze—
   Unlike this cold grey time—
Seemed woven waves of golden air,
   When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
   Were finely flavored then :
And hazel nuts ! such clusters thick
   I ne'er shall pull again :
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich,
   As fruits of sunniest clime ;
How *all* is altered for the worse,
   Since I was in my prime.