

CHAPTER XXXI.

SOME of my readers may inquire what kind of a husband my old school-mate Charley Gray made; some will be ready to suppose that his young and light-hearted wife at once worked a great and wonderful change in his disposition; others, that failing in her endeavors to do so, she became disappointed, sorrowing and unhappy. Neither of these conclusions is entirely correct. Flora did not all at once change her husband into a genial and social being; but her affectionate devotion inspired a confidence in her, which gradually extended to others, and has now strength to say to the tumultuous waves of jealous passion "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further," and I am happy to say that my sister's cheerful and happy countenance does not indicate a sorrowful and disappointed heart. Yes, Charley Gray is a changed man, and there are deep lines of thought in his face, and a serene expression on his brow, and a clear happy light in his eye, which all speak of the battle fought and the victory won over the dark passions of his own heart. This summer we are all together at Uncle Nathan's, and our time is about equally divided between the old farm-house and the more elegant home of Aunt Lucinda. All the usual accompaniments of such a season of joy and festivity are here but the tremblings of emotion, the out-gushings of the heart, the thanksgivings and gratitude, as we blend the sometimes dark past with the bright present, and the rosy hue of the future, I am quite