

"Let me make you some strong tea, Mr. Raymond," said the latter, struck by his haggard and bewildered looks; "there's nothing like tea for fits. I always takes it for the 'stertcs, and such-like, and it brings me round in a twinkling, as the saying is."

"She's late—very late at breakfast, this morning," muttered Henry, in tones scarcely audible, while he kept his eyes fixed on the bed-room door, as if expecting every moment that Julia would make her appearance.

"You'd better lie down, sir," said the nurse, shaking up the sofa pillows, "and try and get a few winks of sleep. It will do you more good than any thing else."

"Hark, whose voice is that in the next room?" inquired Raymond, leaning forward to hear the sound more distinctly.

"I hear no voice," said the landlady; and then, in a whisper to the nurse, added, "I see how it is; his head's touched a little by grief; but he'll be better presently, when he's had a good cry, poor gentleman!"

"Again! hush, don't speak—she is singing to the child while dressing it; it is her usual custom to sing in the morning. I have known her to sing, even with the tears standing in her eyes; for Charley loves the sound of his mother's voice; and if her heart was breaking she would sing to him." Then, after a minute's pause, during which he pressed his hand against his forehead, as if struggling to recollect himself, "Oh God—Oh God, she's dead!" he passionately exclaimed, and starting from his seat, rushed back into the bedroom, and imprinted a thousand frenzied kisses on the cold white lips of his unawakening wife.

While the widower was thus giving vent to his griefs, a gentle knock came to the door, and the chemist made his appearance. The worthy man was much shocked at the alteration which twenty-four hours had wrought in Raymond's person; and still more at the fierce distraction of his language. Rising up from the bed on which he had

flung himself, and drawing his visiter into the next room, which the women had just quitted, he said, "So, you've heard she is dead. Yes, yes, it can be no shock to you; you must have foreseen it for weeks; but I—wretch, ruffian that I am!—could not—would not see it—even though it was my own hand that struck the blow. Mr. Markland, I am my wife's murderer! You start, sir; but as there is a God above us, in whose presence I speak, it is the truth!"

"My dear young friend," replied the chemist, "do not talk in this wild way, but try and compose yourself."

"Compose myself! What, with a heart dead to every feeling but remorse, and a brain all scorching ashes! Oh, Mr. Markland! you know not the tortures I daily—hourly—inflicted on her, who is now for the first time happy since our union. I made her feel what it was to embrace poverty and destitution! She was gentle—f forbearing—affectionate—but cared not for these things, but even resented them as proofs of indifference. When, for my sake, she put on an air of contentment, almost of cheerfulness, I told her she had no heart—as I live, these were the words—and yet at that very moment, though she uttered no word of complaint or reproach, her heart was bleeding at every pore! Ah! you may well shed tears, sir, but I cannot—no, not even for the dead."

After some time spent in endeavoring to reason Raymond out of his painful impression, and to soften the bitterness of his self-reproaches, by assuring him that his wife had never once spoken of him but in the fondest and most grateful manner, Mr. Markland took his departure; and meeting the landlady on the staircase, recommended her, just for a few days, till he should have become more reconciled to his loss, to keep an attentive eye on her lodger—an injunction which the good dame obeyed so strictly, that Henry at once divined the motive for such well-meant but officious surveillance, and from that moment exhibited more collectedness and tran-