

mortal thus to move me ? But it is past, and it will not again be within his power to annoy me. ‘Happy old Bachelor;’ too often used, but how misapplied an expression. How would those who laughingly address that stale vulgar jest to me, start with horror could they see the wearied worn heart concealed by a seemingly calm exterior ? Happy,” and the long sigh which followed this soliloquy, as he again sunk down on the couch from which he had arisen ; told, indeed, of a heart but ill at ease. And how often do we hear that expression thoughtlessly spoken by those who see not beneath the surface.

Many a wounded and noble heart lies buried under that apparently joyous, but to many the truly joyless portion of a bachelor.

One perhaps, with warm enthusiastic feelings, woven with every honorable emotion of which the human soul is capable, has been wrecked for ever by the false heart of her to whom his early faith was pledged. In some, perhaps, the shock, so sudden, so overwhelming, has in time yielded to the deep love of a true woman. A mother, or loving sisters have bound up the scattered links of faith and hope, and by their untiring devotion, he has again ventured to seek for, and win a love worthy his own. But it may be, he had no other ties to bind him to earth, and his soul, tempest-tossed and reckless, from the one bitter and abiding pang, has never sought to sun itself again in the light of womanly affection.

In another, death may have snatched from his fond clasp the being so formed to bless him, and her tomb has become his living grave. In another, some feeling of wounded pride, some misunderstanding, which could, by the slightest concession on either part have been fully explained ; some imagined want of confidence, or it may be

“ A look unkind, or wrongly taken,
A love, that tempest never shook,
A word, a breath like this hath shaken.”

For my own part I never see a man whose heart is unshared by woman’s love, treading alone the rugged pathway of life, but I feel there has at some time or other in his career, been an epoch, which would stir the deep founts of womanly sympathy. And should even the pang have been self-inflicted by his own reckless or proud self-will, yet the punishment has been more