

in an hour. He was going to take me home to my mother's. 'We may as well have a journey as pay doctors' bills, Annette,' said he; 'and as to having you drooping about in this style any longer, I am not going to. We will send off old Bridget, lock up our house, run away from all care, and have some fun.'

"He looked up so kindly I could have fallen upon his neck and wept my heart out, to think how ugly I had been; but there was no time then to talk it over. I hurried away to pack, but before I was half through with the packing, I resolved that I would tell him the whole story, from beginning to end. The moment I came to this determination, the load was gone; my heart seemed light as a feather; the expression of my countenance, the tones of my voice changed. I was conscious of it, and he noticed it as soon as I joined him at the appointed hour.

"'Why, Annette,' said he, 'getting ready has cured you. We may as well stay at home, now.'

"That will do, Kate. 'The rest of the story will sound sentimental to a third party.'

"No, no, Annette! that would be leaving out the very cream of it. Tell me how you settled it."

"Well, we rode on, enjoying the change, until towards dark. Baby then fell asleep. It was a very quiet hour,—everything about us was beautiful and serene. I felt deeply, and I longed to have all in my heart pure and peaceful. Tears of real penitence came into my eyes, and before I knew it they were dropping down upon the baby. My husband turned and saw them.

"'Why, Annette,' said he, with the utmost surprise, 'what is the matter?'

"'O, I am sorry!' said I.

"'Sorry for what, love,' said he? 'Are you not happy? Does anything trouble you?'

"'I am so sorry,' said I, 'that I have been so ugly, this week!'

"'What do you mean?' said he, looking more and more puzzled.