

enables a wife to contribute so much more largely to a husband's happiness, while it fits her still better for the minor duties of life, poor Helen was utterly ignorant. An adept in every variety of needle-work, thoroughly versed in every department of house-keeping, exhibiting the most elaborate skill in the labours of the *cuisine*, and a perfect model of economy and notability, she was considered by her family, a very pattern for good wives. And so she was, as far as such accomplishments go towards forming that most desirable of earthly blessings. But essential as these things are in a wife, there are other qualities quite as necessary to the attainment of that perfect unity of feeling which can alone secure domestic happiness. While the husband devotes his chief attention to active life, and the wife gives her time and thoughts to the thousand minute cares which make up the sum of household duties, there should be some spot of neutral ground where both may meet,—some green and shady nook, as remote from the turmoil of the world of business, as it is from the monotonous hum of the ceaseless wheels which control the machinery of housekeeping. There should be other and loftier subjects of conversation between them than consultations about the next day's dinner or discussions about the last weekly bill. A woman's mind should be trained to those liberal views which enable her to understand and appreciate her husband's pursuits, even when she does not seek to share them.—The field of intellect should not be suffered to lie fallow;—if the soil be thin and poor it will at least yield a growth of fragrant flowers to charm the weary eye; and if it be capable of producing not only the perishing blossom, but also the rich fruits of wisdom, how greatly is the happiness as well as the usefulness of both increased. Helen had no such ideas, however. For her, life had but one aim and but one hope; by close attention to womanly duties she was accomplishing the first, and the return of her lover would fulfil the second.

Year after year elapsed, and still Eustace was accumulating wealth. Avarice is like jealousy, "it grows by what it feeds on."—How could he feel he had enough when every season was adding to his hoard? How desist from gathering the golden fruitage which fell at his very feet? Twelve years of unremitting labour had made him the possessor of an enormous fortune, and at length he became wearied even to satiety, ere he determined to seek his native land. In the course of his preparations for his return, many early associations were

revived, old friends were remembered with something like former affection, and tokens of regard were carefully treasured up, to be presented to many an early associate whose image had nearly faded from his recollection. His wealth was gradually transferred to America, and converting the overplus of his immense investments, into silver plate, which was doubled in value by the delicate and skilful workmanship of the Chinese, Eustace embarked for America.

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Late one afternoon, about a month after his arrival in New York, Eustace was seated alone in his apartment. Wealth can accomplish wonders, and the rich merchant was already installed in a splendidly furnished house, which only wanted a mistress to perfect its arrangements. Every thing around him was costly and magnificent. The looms of Persia had furnished the velvet-like carpets in which the foot buried itself at every step,—the delicate tissues of India shaded the open casements,—the exquisite embroidery of the Celestial Empire lay like jewels on each cushioned chair or converted each luxurious couch into a bed of flowers which might have deceived even Nature's self. Tall vases of silver filligree stood in the corners, filled with some strange and delicious perfume and diffusing a subtle odour through the apartments,—plants of rare beauty bloomed in those delicate jars to which China has given her own ancient name,—nondescript images, of silver and gold, and precious porcelain,—cups as delicate as a fairy chalice, and worth a prince's mansion for their fragile beauty,—were gathered in rich profusion in those orientalised apartments, while Chinese servants, clad in silk, and wearing slippers of the softest felt, glided noiselessly about, like shadows in a dream. Yet Eustace sat amid all this splendour, in silence and, as it seemed in sadness. A cloud was upon his brow, and the unquiet drooping of his eyelid told of many a melancholy thought.

Suddenly the door opened, and a pale, intellectual looking man, with the stooping shoulders and slender figure of an habitual student entered the room. He paused a moment at the threshold, and the next instant, the hands of both were interlocked in the warm grasp of unforgotten friendship. "Frank!" "Harry!" burst spontaneously from the lips of each, and a tear, welling up from the depths of a noble heart moistened the eyes of both.

"I have been all impatience to see you since I first heard of your arrival, Harry," said Har-