

only gained by great self denial and much pinching. We have kind friends, but I am too proud to be indebted to friends for the common necessities of life. The narrow income which has barely supplied our wants, this year, without the encumbrance of a family, will not do so next. There remains no alternative but to emigrate."

Rachel felt that this was pressing her hard. "Let us drop this hateful subject," she said, "I cannot bear to think upon it."

"But we must force ourselves to think about it,—calmly and dispassionately. And having determined which is the path of duty we must follow it out without any reference to our own likes or dislikes. Our marriage would have been a most imprudent one, had it been contracted on any other terms, and we are both to blame that we have loitered away so many months of valuable time in indolent ease, when we should have been earning independence for ourselves and our family."

"You may be right, John. But it is not such an easy matter to leave your country and home, and the dear friends whose society renders life endurable, a certain good, for an uncertain better, to be sought for among untried difficulties. I would rather live in a cottage in England upon a crust of bread a day, than occupy a palace on the other side of the Atlantic."

"This sounds very prettily in poetry, Rachel. But, alas, for us, life is made up of stern realities, which press upon the mind and brain too forcibly to be neglected. I have thought long and painfully upon this subject, and I have come to the determination to emigrate this Spring."

"So soon!"

"The sooner the better. The longer we defer it, the more difficulties we shall have to encounter. The legacy left us by your Aunt, will pay our expenses out and enable us to purchase a farm in Canada, a more propitious time could not be chosen, the only obstacle in the way is your reluctance to leave your friends. Am I less dear to you, Rachel, than friends and country?"

"Oh! no, no. You are more to me than all the world. I will try and reconcile myself to the change."

"Shall I go first, and leave you with your mother until I have arranged matters in Canada?"

"Such a separation would be worse than death. Yes, I will go, since it must be." Here followed a heavy sigh, the husband kissed the tears from her eyes, and whispered, that she was his dear good girl, and poor Rachel would have followed him to the deserts of Arabia.

Rachel remained for a long time in deep

thought, after the door had closed upon her husband. She could now recal every word of that eventful conversation upon the subject of emigration which they had held together before their marriage, and, in the blessed prospect of becoming his wife, it had not then appeared to her so terrible. Faithfully had he reminded her of the evils she must encounter in uniting her destiny to a poor man; and he had pointed out emigration as the only remedy to counteract the imprudence of such a step, and Rachel, full of love and faith, was not hard to be persuaded. She considered, that to be his wife, endowed as he was by nature with so many moral and intellectual qualities, would make her the richest woman in the world. That there was in him a mine of mental wealth, which could never decrease, but which time and experience would augment, and come what might, she, in the end, was sure to be the gainer. For, she argued, did I marry a man, whom I could not love, merely for his wealth, and the position he held in society, misfortune might deprive me of these, and nothing but a disagreeable companion for life would remain. We think Rachel, after all, reasoned rightly, though the world would scarcely agree with us. But in matters of the heart, the world is seldom consulted.

After the marriage, our young friends retired to a pretty cottage upon the coast, and for upwards of a year they had been so happy, so much in love with each other and so contented with their humble lot, that all thoughts upon the dreaded subject of emigration had been banished.

Rachel knew her husband too well, to suspect him of changing his resolution. She felt that he was in the right, and painful as the struggle was, to part from all her dear friends, it was already made. Opening her writing desk, she took from its most sacred nook a copy of verses written by her husband a few days before their marriage, which but too faithfully coincided with his remarks that morning.

Oh can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be?
Your mother's home and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me,
Across the wide and stormy sea,
To trace our foaming track:
And know the wave that heaves us on,
Will never bear us back.

And can you in Canadian woods
With me the harvest bind;
Nor feel one lingering fond regret
For all you leave behind?
Can those dear hands, unused to toil,
The woodman's wants supply;
Nor shrink beneath the chilly blast,
When wintry storms are nigh.