

Leslie Madeline

**Cora and The Doctor:
or, Revelations of A
Physician's Wife**



Madeline Leslie
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CHAPTER I

"Dear Mother – between friend and friend,
Prose answers every common end;
Serves in a plain and homely way,
To express the occurrence of the day,
Our health, the weather, and the news,
What walks we take, what books we choose,
And all the floating thoughts we find
Upon the surface of the mind." Southey's Cowper.

Ship Castor and Pollux, off Staten Island, 9 o'clock, Monday morning, June 1st, 1835.

Dearest Mother, – We are fast nearing land. The pilot is already on board; and I shall soon set my foot upon the new world which is henceforth to be my home.

In fulfilment of my promise, I begin thus early my journal of

daily events, which I shall transmit to you from time to time as opportunity shall offer.

A torrent of emotion rushes through my mind, pleasure mingled with pain – pleasure at the prospect of the happiness, I may reasonably expect in the society of a beloved husband – and pain at the thought of the long time which will probably intervene before I shall see the loved members of our home-circle, and also from the assurance that when I set my foot upon the shores of the Western continent, the broad Atlantic will roll between us.

But I must turn from these sad musings to the scene around me. The passengers are all wide awake; Some are hurrying to and fro in search of baggage, while others, having succeeded in getting their trunks brought on deck, are sitting upon them and awaiting their search by the Custom House officers. But by far the greater part are standing in groups, leaning over the railing of the ship, eagerly gazing at the shore, talking earnestly of friends whom they expect to meet, or expressing curiosity at the sight of America, the birth place of the immortal Washington.

My dear Frank pointed out to me the harbor with the skiffs flying in every direction – the forest of masts with their national flags – the lofty spires pointing heaven-ward – and the stately domes looming up to view, while directly before us are the wharves lined with extensive ware-rooms and store-houses. But I must close the first page in my journal.

Crawford, Tuesday, June 2d.

We reached New York in season for dinner at the Astor

House, and for the evening boat to Providence, from which place we took the stage-coach for Crawford; and arrived here about noon. At the public house, which I should judge was a mile distant, we alighted; and I saw a broad-shouldered, well-dressed colored man come eagerly forward and seize the Doctor by the hand, while he cast a glance of curiosity at me.

"This is your young Mistress, Cæsar," said Frank.

Cæsar took off his hat, bowing and scraping in the most approved style; and when I gave him my hand, he exhibited a splendid set of ivory, extending almost from ear to ear.

My husband went with me into the public house, where I remained until he and Cæsar had attended to the baggage. I spent the interim in picturing to myself a rural cottage with a luxuriant vine running over the door. This same vine had always figured largely in my imaginary home, but my fancy had not advanced to the interior, when Frank came to call me.

I cannot account for the impression I had formed, that the Doctor was not a man of wealth; I had even pleased myself vastly with plans of industry, prudence and economy, by which I intended to provide necessaries and even luxuries for the family. The Doctor had carefully avoided all description of our future home, answering me only by smiles, if I ventured to point out a pretty cottage, and to ask whether it resembled ours.

During the drive, Cæsar was eager to tell all the news. He said, "I've driven de carriage down to meet Mass'r Frank ebery time de stage hab come in for two days. I told Missus," he continued,

"better go ebery day for a month, than have young Missus come, and nobody pear dere to welcome her to dis yer home."

Frank laughed heartily as he said, "Your young Mistress will be obliged to you for sustaining the honor of the family."

I was so much interested in looking about me, and in listening to Cæsar's talk with his master, that I had no time to reconcile the idea of a handsome carriage, span of horses, and colored driver with my husband's supposed circumstances – a train of thought which had been started before I left the Inn. But now we were drawing near my new home; and my heart began to beat very fast. I put my hand into Frank's, who pressed it tightly in his.

I was about to go through a very trying scene, to meet a mother and sister, while yet a perfect stranger to them, I feared they would deem me unworthy of their son and brother. My color came and went, if I can judge from the burning of my cheeks. It was with great difficulty, I could keep from weeping. I am sure Frank understood my feelings, for he very gently kissed my forehead, and whispered, "Cora, you will love my mother, and I am very sure she will love you."

I forced back my tears, and tried to show him that I meant to deserve their love. I gave such a start of surprise, when the carriage stopped at the door of a noble mansion that Frank laughing asked, "What?"

"Surely, this is not your house," said I.

"It is *our* house," he replied in a low tone, as he handed me from the carriage. I had hardly reached the ground, before I was

caught in the arms of one of the loveliest girls I ever saw. She kissed me repeatedly; and then sprang to her brother, saying, "now, Frank, that's just like you, not to tell us what a darling she was!"

By this time we had ascended the steps leading from the front entrance, where stood a fine looking woman, (of course she is, for Frank is the image of her), who folded her arms about her new daughter with such a motherly embrace that my heart was at rest. The tears filled my eyes at the melting tone in which she said, as she held our hands joined in hers; "Welcome, my dear son and daughter!" – as if she would fain have blessed our union. She evidently restrained her feelings, and taking my hand under her arm, led me into a large parlor, where there had been a fire on the hearth.

"We hardly expected you to-day," she said, after we were seated; "but Emily would not rest until we came over here from the cottage."

"Don't you reside here?" I asked in surprise.

Mrs. Lenox smiled, and looked at her son, who said pleasantly, "You see, mother, there is very little of Eve about her."

"More than you imagine," I replied; "but I was constrained to suppress my curiosity, as I received such indefinite replies to my questions."

"After to-morrow," added he, "I will answer as many as you please; till then I see one who is ready to answer before she is asked."

Just then, Emily had stolen beside me, and putting her arm around my waist said, "Come with me, if you are not too tired; and I will show you your room."

I went with her; and, my dear mother, I ought to be very happy, and grateful to God for casting my lot in such a pleasant place, and among such kind friends. As soon as we were alone, Emily again embraced me, and said, "I shall love Frank better than ever, for bringing me so dear a sister; now he will be contented to remain at home, instead of roving all over creation." She spoke of her brother with great affection, and said with enthusiasm, "Everybody loves Frank!"

She then pointed out one thing after another, each dear to me as an expression of his love, and his desire to render me happy in my new home. To-morrow I hope to give you a description of the house and grounds, over which, after dinner, I was duly installed mistress.

I have written a long time; but my heart is full, and I find it a relief to tell you how kind my Heavenly Father has been to me.

CHAPTER II

"Here blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief." Bernard Barton.

Wednesday, June 3d.

Dear Mother, – I have just returned from a pleasant drive with Mother, Frank and Emily. You will wonder that I can so soon address any other but yourself by that endearing word, *mother*; indeed it cost me an effort. But this morning, she came in soon after breakfast, and when I said, joyfully, "good morning, Mrs. Lenox," she kissed me tenderly and said, "can you give me no dearer name, my child?" I looked up in her face, and felt that I could call her "mother." I wish, I could describe to you the impression, she makes upon me. She is very gentle and tender in her manner, particularly so to her only son. She is also cheerful; but I think she must have known what sorrow is, heart-felt, abiding sorrow. Though the expression of her countenance is placid and touchingly sweet, yet, as I watched her yesterday, I could see her eyes fill with tears as she looked at Frank.

I never saw a son more affectionate and respectful to his mother. There is a perfect understanding between them. It was

his earnest wish to have her and his sister live with him, as the house is very large; but she thought it not best. The property was left him by his father, and he has put up for her a beautiful English cottage, separated from his dwelling only by the garden, while the carriage drive passes from one to the other.

I promised you a description of my new home. Imagine yourself entering from the street an avenue lined with trees, (linden I think) and winding for about twenty or thirty rods up to a stately mansion. From the carriage drive, you ascend ten or twelve steps to the front entrance, over which is a very fine portico supported by large pillars which are completely covered with a running-rose vine. Entering the outer door, you stand in a spacious hall, which runs directly through the house and opens in the rear upon a piazza extending the entire length of the building. From this piazza there is a most enchanting prospect. Blue mountains skirt the horizon, while a beautiful lake nestles in their bosom.

There are four large rooms on the ground floor, two parlors in front, a dining-room and a sitting room in the rear. In addition to these there are wings on each side of the house. One is entered from the sitting-room, and is devoted to Frank's library and cabinet; the other enters from the dining-room and is occupied by Mistress Phebe Lenox in her culinary department.

In the second story there are five chambers, together with two in the attic. Cæsar has a neat room finished off over the carriage house, which he and Phebe appropriate to themselves.

The fifth room on the second floor I shall not forget to describe. It is over the rear hall, opening from our room; and my kind husband has fitted it up as my boudoir. I can't conceive how he knew so exactly what I should like. Emily says he selected everything himself, and that it has been a subject of mirth for her that he should know the minutiae of a lady's toilet. There is one large French window which opens like a door upon the balcony over the piazza. Rose-colored curtains are draped from it, so that I can be secluded at pleasure. Before the window stands an elegant easy-chair, large enough for both of us, and near it a table holding a desk, with every convenience for writing. At this I am now sitting, and I prophesy it will be a favorite resort.

Two-thirds of the length of the room opposite the window is occupied by a wardrobe of the most convenient kind, containing fixtures for hanging dresses, also shelves and drawers.

Opposite the door leading from my room, is a dressing table standing before a long mirror. This table is furnished with everything which even a French lady can wish in the making of her toilet, and is equally tasteful and convenient.

In the corner beyond the wardrobe, stands a beautiful piece of Italian statuary, representing a young girl bearing a basket of fruit. She has such a touching expression upon her lovely countenance that I can hardly persuade myself she is not imploring my sympathy.

I have described my own little boudoir more particularly than any other apartment, that you may be able to think of me where

I shall spend most of my time.

Here I may court the muses. Indeed, I feel more than half inspired already, by the magnificent landscape before me.

Afternoon.

I didn't quite understand, yesterday, what Frank meant about answering my questions to-day; but while I was busily writing this morning, I heard a gentle knock at the door. I sprang up and opened it for my husband.

He smiled when he saw how I was engaged, and wheeling the chair from the table to the window, sat down and took me on his knee.

"Well, Cora, how do you like your new home? Phebe has just expressed her opinion that 'you'll be wanted soon.'"

"Oh, it's beautiful!" I exclaimed, "why didn't you tell me, that I might have the pleasure of anticipating these beauties?"

"I could not be quite sure what fancies floated in your mind, and I had rather surprise than disappoint you."

"Oh, Frank, you surely know me better than that! but look there," said I, pointing to the beautiful lake before us. We looked in silence for a moment, when he laughed, and inquired if I had no questions to ask him. "I am ready," said he, "to undergo a regular catechising."

In an instant all my former fancies of my husband's poverty, and of my assisting him darted through my mind. I suppose, I looked rather sober, for he turned my face toward him with a questioning look.

"I imagined, you were poor," said I, hesitatingly.

Oh, what a merry peal of laughter rang through the room! It was a minute or more before he could recover himself, while I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. But laughing is contagious, and soon the absurdity of crying because I had the best husband in the world, and with him everything that heart could desire, caused me to join cordially with him.

However, he soon took both my hands in his, in a manner peculiar to him when he has anything special to say, and resumed, "It is high time, my love, you should know *who you are*." I will give you the substance of his story.

His father was a man of independent fortune, who died about eight years ago, soon after Frank reached his majority, and a few months subsequent to his graduation from college. Frank had always desired to be a physician, though his father and mother had hoped he would become a minister. The property was by will equally divided among the three, his mother, sister and himself.

Five of the years since his father's death he has spent in Europe, studying his profession, and travelling. During this time he returned twice to see his mother, and to direct about the estate. After this he passed eighteen months in one of the southern cities, practising medicine. Then determining to go abroad again, he passed the winter in Paris, where you remember, I first met him.

"I hardly know," said he, "where I should have been now, if you had said *nay* to one question, I asked. But I thank God for

giving me my sweet wife." This, he said so seriously that I hid my face in his bosom to conceal my tears.

Then in a few words he delineated the person and character of his father, who was a very godly man, distinguished throughout the country for sound judgment, patriotism and benevolence. Frank described the heart-rending affliction of his mother, the asperities of which time had somewhat softened. She is but forty-eight years of age, though I had supposed her much older. She has received frequent proposals for a second marriage; but never for a moment could think of entering the matrimonial state, while her heart was so full of precious recollections of her deceased husband.

The Doctor looked quite serious, as he always does when his countenance is not lighted with a smile. But I diverted his thoughts with the request, "tell me about Emily."

"She is in temperament like my father," he replied, "full of life and spirit; ever ready to weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice; she is just one month older than you, Cora; time will prove," he added pleasantly, as he smoothed back my hair, "which is the wiser."

Thursday, June 4th.

This morning, invitations have been sent to friends of the family for a levee at mother's cottage, in honor of the bride. Frank says my associates in town will be likely to be of a very promiscuous character. To-morrow evening I am to be introduced to the aristocracy, and afterwards to my husband's

poor patients, of whom Emily affirms there are no inconsiderable number.

This is a shire town, and a court is in session here, which brings many distinguished members of the legal profession to the place. I am told it contains from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. I have seen some very beautiful country seats; and I should think it well laid out.

There is a principal street running through the centre, lined with houses. Upon it private dwellings are interspersed with shops, stores, ware-rooms, and other places of business. The main street is very wide, and at this season looks finely, with its splendid rows of shade trees.

Within a few years many persons have left their residences in Broad Street, and have built cottages and villas on the forest heights overlooking the village and the surrounding country.

The Doctor was summoned this morning to a sick woman. This is his first professional call since his return; but now I must be reconciled to his leaving me often, as he has a very large practice.

There are more than half a score of regular practitioners in the place, all of whom are invited to mother's levee. Oh, if my friends from home could be there! I find writing a very poor substitute for talking with you. With what delight shall I read your letters. Isabel and Nelly must write about everything, as they promised. Beloved home, parents and sisters, how my heart longs for one more look, one fond embrace.

Friday, June 5th.

My services have been put in requisition at the cottage, or rather my *advice* (don't laugh, Bell!) has been requested with regard to the arrangements for the table, fruits and flowers. Emily says, I know everything, or ought to, as I was educated in France.

I told her, all I knew was heartily at her service; and straightway the lively girl pulled off my bonnet and gloves, and set me to work, making bouquets for the table.

After this, we entered right merrily into the preparations for the evening, while mother was busily engaged with the cook. We had all things arranged to our minds, and had resolved ourselves into a tasting committee of the various luxuries for the entertainment, when Frank came in and took me home with him.

I had been deliberating about my toilet for the occasion, when he presented me an exquisite bouquet of white flowers, together with some beautiful white moss-rose buds for my hair. I fairly clapped my hands with delight, they reminded me so much of home. I could say nothing in reply but "dear Frank!"

CHAPTER III

"If ye court society for pastime, – what happier recreation than a nurseling.

Its winning ways, its prattling tongue, its innocence and mirth." Tupper.

Saturday, June 6th.

Oh! Mother, if you could sit by me for an hour it would be so delightful, for I have much to tell you, and my pen will not move fast enough. But I will begin my story. I dressed in due time. The girls will be pleased to know that I wore my white lisse crape, with no ornaments but the flowers in my hair, and a small bunch in my bodice. When I descended to the parlor, Frank was awaiting me, and his eyes expressed satisfaction with my toilet.

We repaired to the cottage early, by mother's request. Soon after carriages began to roll up to the door. I was presented first to the clergyman, Mr. Munroe, who has been settled in Crawford but a short time. He is very free and social in manner, dignified and graceful in person; I think he will prove an agreeable friend. Mother says, he loves the work in which he is engaged.

There was also a younger minister present, from an adjoining parish, about whom I must make some farther inquiries. He was quite too devoted in his attentions to my fair sister Emily; and when I asked of her an explanation, a blush was her only reply.

I cannot begin to describe one half the persons who were

present, but I will mention a few, who, from different causes, interested me.

A tall portly man, hardly a gentleman, with a self-important air, a very large pattern to his vest, with heavy chains and seals, which he dangled incessantly, addressed me in a patronizing manner. He asked me how I liked "living among Yankees," and said I must come round to his place before I made up my mind about it. He then bowed himself away. Emily said, in a low voice, "that is our nabob, Squire Lee."

Next came an elderly gentleman, who, in figure and conversation, formed a striking contrast to the one who preceded him. This was Mr. Marshall, a distinguished attorney. He was accompanied by his wife, a very handsome lady considerably younger than her husband. They both expressed much kind interest in the young stranger.

Then came a lovely young lady with her brother, children of Squire Lee, the distiller. The young man seemed cast in the same mould as his father. He was dressed in the height of fashion, but without taste, with a flaunting neck tie, a gayly embroidered vest, and full pantaloons. He was rather below the medium height, but of very full habit. His face was flushed, and when he bowed the blood rushed violently to his head, rendering his face red as crimson. But his air was so consequential, and his talk in a style so pompous and imposing, I could scarcely suppress my mirth. This was the more noticeable by the contrast of his whole appearance with his sister, a very modest, amiable looking girl,

who evidently feared lest her brother, in his desire to impress me with his *dignity*, should disgrace both himself and her.

After these, came the Mansfields, the Harrisses, Justice Wilson and family, the Johnsons, Mr. Willard, Dr. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Whitney, and a great many whom I cannot remember.

When this procession had passed with a word of salutation from each, with now a bow, and then a smile, Mrs. Marshall introduced to me a lady whose countenance I shall never forget. I should think her near fifty years of age, not handsome, but with a kind expression, full of mildness and benevolence. Frank addressed her very cordially, saying to me, "Miss Proctor is my particular friend." I gave her my hand again, and asked a share in her friendship. She was evidently much pleased, and pressed my hand at parting.

Near the close of the evening, I met Mr. and Mrs. Russell, a very delightful couple. His manner reminded me of Frank's; dignified and rather reserved, yet easy and graceful in conversation. His wife, on the contrary, was full of life and spirits, original and witty.

While we were in the refreshment room, I overheard several persons, talking about a woman lately deceased in the village. She was a French woman, and by her death her child was left without protection. I became quite interested for the poor foundling, and was glad to learn that Miss Proctor was to pass the night, in the hope of being able with mother, to provide for

the little orphan.

It was quite late; but Frank stopped at my request to hear more of her history. On Tuesday of this week, the day of our arrival, the French woman called at the public house, saying, in broken English, that she was ill and wished for a bed. The landlady attended her, and soon found it necessary to summon a physician. She grew rapidly worse and died the next evening. She had informed the landlady that the child was not hers, but entrusted to her care by its mother, to be conveyed from France to England. The vessel in which they sailed was wrecked. But they, with a few other passengers and some of the crew, were taken on board an American vessel and brought to New York. Beyond this nothing is known.

I have quite an idea of adopting the foundling if Frank will consent.

Evening.

Dear, Dear Mother. – On my way to see the little French girl, I told Frank it would please me to take the orphan. He smiled as he replied, "I shall certainly make no objection."

I expected to see a poor, disconsolate child, weeping for its mother. Judge then of my astonishment, and delight, when I found a perfect little fairy. She is a brilliant brunette, with magnificent eyes, fringed with long black lashes, which rested on her cheek as she looked timidly down when I entered. I was so impressed with her appearance that I instinctively held out my arms, and said "*viens à moi, ma chère!*"

The blood rushed to her face, as with a bound she sprang toward me, and laying her curly head on my breast, said, "*ma chère maman, je t'aime beau coup, beau coup.*"

This decided me; and I adopted her in my heart. Frank was desirous to ascertain all that was known about my little protege. Mrs. Morrison, the landlady, left me holding "Ina," as she called herself, tightly in my arms, while she led my husband to the room where the body of the woman was decently laid out for burial. He told me when he returned that the child bore not the slightest resemblance to her attendant.

After looking at the corpse, the landlady gave him a small packet, which she had found in the pocket of the deceased; also a necklace and locket taken from the child's neck. The locket contained a miniature to which Ina bore a close resemblance. Frank looked eagerly for an inscription, but found only the words "*Maman à Ina.*"

"I think these ought to be preserved for the child," said Mrs. Morrison. "Who knows but they may bring out some day who her parents were?" Frank assented, and assured her that the articles should be sacredly preserved.

"Your wife seems to take a great liking to her."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "as they are both strangers in this country, she thinks the little girl has rather a claim upon her."

"Is she a Frencher too? I always heard she was English."

"Mrs. Lenox was educated in Paris," he replied.

"La now!" exclaimed the woman, covering the face of the

corpse, "I didn't think of her being so learned."

Frank then inquired whether the deceased woman left any property, and offered to pay the expenses they had incurred. Mrs. Morrison brought forward an old pocket-book containing a few dollars, which she said would cover all the expenses. "As to the child," she continued, "I couldn't think of charging anything for her. Somebody may one day have to be looking after my little folks;" and this thought brought a tear to her eye.

I was talking merrily with my sweet charge, when they returned to the parlor, and having thanked the warm-hearted landlady for her kindness to the child, we took our departure.

I was so impatient to go home, and show my treasure to mother and sister, that I begged to be excused from a drive, Frank had promised me. Emily was quite as enthusiastic as I wished, in her praise of my Ina, and tried playfully to induce me to resign my *protégé* in her favor. The little one, however, was fully persuaded I was her mamma; and I felt no desire to undeceive her.

She is now safely asleep in her crib; the same in which Frank and Emily were rocked. I have crept softly into the room two or three times. The whole affair appears like a pleasant dream. Miss Proctor has made a night-dress; and Monday I must commence vigorously upon her wardrobe. Emily has promised to assist me.

Sabbath evening – June 7th.

This is my first Sabbath in America. It has been a delightful day to me; and I think I can say, it has been blessed to my soul. Though far away from country, home and friends, yet I could

meet you all at the throne of Grace. I prayed for every dear member of the home-circle, and for my beloved husband, myself and my precious charge.

I went to church morning and afternoon, and was much impressed by the services. There is a seriousness and solemnity about the audience, which I have seldom witnessed. The sermons were chaste and in some passages even elegant in style. But what pleased me more than all, was the fervor with which Mr. Munroe delivered them, and the love which he manifested for the souls of his people.

In the morning the text was 1 Cor. 15, 22: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." He dwelt upon the death which reigns in consequence of Adam's sin; and in the afternoon, upon the resurrection-life which all receive from Christ.

The singing was performed by a choir in the orchestra, accompanied by a variety of instruments.

When I returned from Church this morning, my little Ina was still asleep, as I had left her. But this afternoon as I went in, she came bounding toward me, clapping her hands, and saying "*chère maman! chère maman!*" I had to take her to my boudoir to put off my bonnet and shawl, for she would not leave me. She was willing while in my arms to play with Frank; but if he attempted to take her from me, she hid her face in my neck. I like to have her call me *mamma* when we are alone; but it makes Emily laugh, and I see Frank is inclined to follow her example, only that he

sees it makes me blush, and embarrasses me. Sweet child! I wish she were my own; I cannot bear the thought of parting with her. Yet it may be that her mother is mourning her loss.

Do you remember Pauline De Lacy, my dear friend and school-mate, in Paris? Ina looks so much like her, one would think they must belong to the same family; indeed, sisters seldom resemble each other so exactly. To-day, this has occurred to me so many times, that, with the consent of all parties, I have decided to call her Pauline De Lacy Lenox. "Quite a romantic name," Frank says, gravely; "but as you are a very romantic lady, it will be in good taste."

I looked up quickly, intending to deny the charge, when I saw that roguish twinkle in his eye, which I begin to understand.

After an early tea, the servants were called to family prayers, mother and Emily being present, who are hereafter to return from church and spend Sabbath evening with us. In addition to the usual services at the domestic altar, the good old Puritan custom of catechising the household is observed. It was truly a *family* service. The scene was novel and interesting to me. All joined in singing a hymn, and then the Doctor expressed our individual wants in prayer. I was a little fearful that Pauline would not be quiet; but there was a charm in Cæsar's devout face which occupied all her attention. Perhaps a very little fear was mingled with her wonder, as she nestled herself very close to me. But the good man took no heed of the large eyes fixed on him with such seriousness. His soul was drinking in the Word, while he

regarded his young master with fond respect.

When the rest of the servants retired, he remained, and the Doctor asked him, "Well, my good Cæsar, how have you enjoyed the day?"

"Oh, Mass'r! dis yer pears like good old times when old Mass'r live. Dem good old days, berry!" Cæsar wiped his eyes with his coat sleeve as he left the room; and his was not the only eye moistened by this allusion to the past.

I don't know as I told you that Cæsar and Phebe were purchased by Squire Lenox from the south, where they were about to be sold separately. He brought them to the north, where, of course, they are free; and they have ever since constituted an important part of the family. Taught to read and write, they have for many years been members of the same church with their master and mistress.

Monday Morning, June 8th.

Frank has just left me for his morning calls. He came in from the garden when Cæsar brought the carriage to the door, and not finding me below, he sprang up the stairs to bid me good bye. Pauline looked up quickly and pointed with her finger to direct my attention, saying, "dere Frank."

We both laughed heartily. He patted her cheek, "So little miss, she's mamma; and I, only Frank. I rather think you'll have to take me for a papa for want of a better;" then turning to me, "it would sound oddly enough. Now to you the name mamma seems natural as life, only it makes you rather rosy." He bade mother

and daughter good bye, and ran away in haste.

I am constantly haunted by the thought that she is in some way connected with my school-mate Pauline De Lacy. I have in vain tried to remember if she had a married sister whose child this may be.

But I must leave this subject and finish my story about Cæsar and his wife. It was a great trial to them when mother and Emily left the old homestead, even to go across the garden to their cottage-home, and they desired to go with them. But mother overruled their objections and retained Ruth, their only child, a capable girl of twenty.

I believe Cæsar trembled not a little at the idea of a new mistress, who he feared would disturb the harmony of the family. I have, however, gained his good will. He treats me like a toy which he is exceedingly apprehensive of injuring.

As for Phebe, such is her pride in the glory of "our folks," that as I am a Lenox, the wife of Mass'r Frank, nothing can be too good for me. I think, she likes me better because I am young and inexperienced in household affairs, and, therefore, shall not be likely to interfere in her department. There is, indeed, no occasion for me to do so. She has been well and thoroughly trained by mother, and is fully competent to perform the duties of her station, while Ann, the chambermaid, is equally so in her appropriate sphere.

To tell you the truth, I did not know exactly what was expected of me. One day last week, I waited upon madam in the kitchen

and in a very hesitating manner began to say something about dinner, when she soon interrupted me, "Laws, missus, don't you, honey, trouble your precious head 'bout sich kind. I'se feel shamed to look Mass'r Frank in de face, and den pears like make me blush to have it told down town; little young missus spending her blessed time in de kitchen."

I presume, I looked, as I felt, delighted to be relieved, and was running away, laughingly, when she continued, "Dere missus, go long, please, and play on de pianny." I came gladly away, but spent the time writing in my journal. Now I have enough to occupy me in the care of my little Pauline.

After Ann had put her to bed last night, Frank showed us the little parcel given him by the landlady. It contained part of a letter addressed to a domestic, giving strict directions concerning the child. It was written in French, in a delicate female hand, but gave no clue as to the name or place of the writer. A mother's heart evidently dictated it, from the numerous directions about clothing, diet, and the like. The packet contained, in addition, a child's dress, with elaborate embroidery upon the neck and sleeves; also a pair of coral and gold sleeve clasps to match the necklace.

Many conjectures were formed by Emily, respecting the parentage of the child, after which the articles were returned to Frank to be locked up safely among his treasures. His sister mischievously recommended him to deposit them in a certain trunk, containing nothing but old letters, saying, with an arch

look at me, "I suppose now they are worthless."

The Doctor deigned no reply. This amused Emily so much that she whispered to me, loud enough for him to hear, "Oh, the deceitfulness of man! He tries, beneath that solemn look, to make you believe that he doesn't value those letters above rubies. I'll manage very differently if I ever get in love, which to be sure, is very unlikely. I should wish my husband to tell me once in half an hour that I was dearer to him than all on earth. I've no doubt Frank feels as I do, for each one of those letters used to make him bright for a week; and he hurried the poor carpenters and masons, as if his very life depended on our moving away from the house as soon as possible."

"Emily," called Frank in a serious tone, looking up gravely from the book he was reading, "did I not hear something of an exchange of pulpits between Mr. Munroe and Mr. Benson?"

It was now Emily's turn to be silent. She hesitated, blushed, and finally retired from the room. After she left, Frank asked mother, "Do you think Emily loves Mr. Benson?"

She replied, "I really cannot tell. Beyond his coming often to the house, and Emily seeming rather pleased with his visits, I know nothing." —

Sister has just returned from town, where she has been to make purchases for Pauline's wardrobe. Now I must drop my pen, and go to work with my scissors and needle.

Tuesday, June 9th.

Though very busy, I must write a few lines while Pauline

is asleep. Emily and I went to the garret this morning – the receptacle for all things not in use, and found a great supply of playthings for Miss Pauline. Among them are a large wax doll, and her furniture, which with sister's permission, I shall lay by for future use. With a basket of these toys, the dear child has amused herself on the floor, while mother, Miss Proctor, Emily and myself have been plying our needles. We have one suit nearly completed, and shall take her to ride in it this afternoon. We are to go in the double carriage, and after procuring the young Miss a suitable covering for her curly head, we are to drive as far as Waverley, the parish of Emily's friend, though this part of our plan has not yet been disclosed to her ladyship.

Evening.

The doctor was summoned to a patient after tea, but will, I think, be back soon, when I must devote myself entirely to him. Do you know, dear mother, he is trying to make me think him jealous of the young lady I have honored with my protection; really, he says my thoughts are so full of Pauline that I have hardly looked at him for two days. I believe after all he is as bad as Emily, and wants me to tell him "every half hour what a darling he is." I must look to this, for I think I have been to blame, and he shall see my heart is large enough for both. He knows, however, he occupies his full share in my affections.

I remember once before my marriage hearing him say to a lady in England, he would never accept half a heart; no, hardly one that had loved before. He wanted the fresh and warm gushings of

affection. She inquired if he had such a heart to give in return. He answered proudly, "I shall ask for no more than I can bestow."

I hear the carriage, and will run to meet him.

Wednesday, June 10th.

Last evening, Frank laughed, as I stood at the door, and said jocosely "I suppose Miss Lenox is asleep, and that you are glad even of my company when you have no other."

Though he was laughing, the tears instantly filled my eyes, and I said, "Oh, Frank! you know how much more I love you than all the Paulines in the world." I spoke earnestly for I thought his words implied a distrust of my love.

His manner changed at once, and very tenderly taking my hand, he led me to the sofa. He turned my face to his, which I had vainly endeavored to conceal. "Now, my love," said he, when he had kissed away the tears, "let us have a full understanding."

"Yes, but I want you to forgive me first, if you think I have been too much absorbed with Pauline."

"My sweet wife, you have never offended me. It is I who ought to ask forgiveness for making you weep. Perhaps you will think me selfish; but I want you to promise to ride with me every day when I can be at liberty, and to leave Pauline with mother, or with Ann. When I am not at liberty, Cæsar will take the large carriage and drive you all, Miss Lenox junior among the rest. Will you promise this?"

"With great pleasure; but why not take her with us; she would be quiet?"

"Because, I want to take you to visit my poor patients. I have laid out a great work for you, Cora, and if I do not mistake, you will love it. Then it will be a good discipline for Pauline, to have you leave her occasionally. By the way, have you settled the question with her who shall be mistress?"

I looked at him in wonder. "I have noticed several times," said he pleasantly, "when your wishes and hers were at variance, that you yielded to her, instead of insisting that she should yield to you. Now, my dear Cora, as we have taken this child, we are responsible to God for her proper government and education. She is not a mere plaything which can be thrown aside at pleasure. She has a soul to be fitted for happiness or misery. Have you thought of this? Have you counted the cost, the care, and effort, and patience which all this requires?"

"Yes, Frank, and I have prayed for wisdom to guide me. I know well I am not fitted for such a charge."

"Then, dear wife, I have no more to say. I will do anything to cooperate with you; and if you enter upon it with such a spirit you will have both Divine help and reward."

I thank God, dear mother, for such a kind husband; so faithful to point out my faults, and so ready to help me overcome them. He feared I did not realize the care and responsibility of the work I had undertaken. I intend at once to commence a course of reading on education. Heretofore I have thought little upon the subject; only that children should be taught to be obedient, truthful and affectionate. Now I understand why Frank wished

me to allow Ann to put Pauline to bed. The child cried every time I left her, and would only be satisfied with my waiting upon her in person. I had in two or three instances yielded to her for the sake of peace, without realizing that the principle was wrong, or that she was forming a bad habit. Frank saw she grew more and more imperative in her demands and hence thought it necessary to speak to me of the exposure.

I believe I have not given you an account of our ride to Waverley. We were about a mile on our way, when, whom should we meet but the very Mr. Benson on horse-back, and going to the cottage. I whispered to Emily that we could easily return and leave her at home while we continued our ride. But to this she would by no means consent, and turned indifferently to the window the opposite side of the carriage, where she was intently occupied with the prospect, which in that place consisted of a fine growth of forest trees.

Mr. Benson addressed some words to me, and then rode round to ascertain what was so charming in the opposite view. I really pitied the poor man, for Emily was almost rude to him. I don't yet understand them; but I think I can see that he is a little wanting in tact, and does not quite understand all the crooks and turns in a woman's heart.

Frank very politely invited Mr. Benson to accompany us, who said it would give him pleasure to do so, if agreeable to our company. He looked at Emily; but she deigned no reply, appearing wholly engaged in a frolic with Pauline.

I began at once to be very polite, determined to do my part toward making amends for Emily's indifference, which I saw pained him. It is difficult conversing from a carriage with a gentleman on horse-back; but as we rode slowly, I endeavored to be very interesting, until after a time the young clergyman, perceiving he had no attention from the object of his special regard, resumed his place at my side.

I really like Mr. Benson, and should be glad of him for a brother. I cannot help thinking sister likes him too; when he is not talking with her; for I noticed she kept Pauline very quiet and listened with interest to our conversation. When we returned home, I earnestly invited the gentleman to remain and take tea with us, and had to bite my lips to keep from laughing to see Emily's amazement at the turn affairs had taken.

The suitor, after looking very much embarrassed, as if expecting an invitation from another, accepted mine, and we entered the house. Mother stood quietly by. I suppose she is determined to leave Emily to act for herself. When he consented to remain, she said, "now you will excuse us;" but I insisted they should fulfil their engagement to tea, when, at least, one of the company became decidedly more cheerful. "I wish he wouldn't speak to Emily again this evening," was my thought, as he continually tried to engage her in conversation.

Notwithstanding all my efforts, the evening passed away slowly; the Doctor having been called out soon after tea. The occasion ended sadly for the poor suitor, who, toward the close

of it, requested a few moments' conversation with Emily. In this interview, she decidedly refused him, and then cried all night after it.

Foolish girl! But I persuaded her to unburden her heart to me. She confessed, she did not know whether she loved Mr. Benson or not. Many traits in his character she admired; but others suggested serious objections. The latter, however, I could not induce her to name, and indeed, I doubt whether she had herself any distinct idea of them.

After a pause, during which I tried in vain to think of something which would comfort her, she looked at me earnestly and said, "Cora, tell me truly, don't you think he's rather *soft*?" "I think," I replied, trying to conceal my mirth, "that he has a very strong affection for you; and that sometimes it would be more pleasing to a delicate, modest girl, if he did not exhibit it so openly."

"That is exactly my feeling, but I couldn't express it. Yet what is the use of talking?" she asked, with a profound sigh; "the question is settled, and there the matter rests."

CHAPTER IV

"From the light ills of infant age.
Up to the plague's destructive rage,
Pains come and go at thy command,
True to the sceptre of thy hand." East.

Thursday, June 11th.

When the Doctor left for his morning duties, he said, "Please bear in mind, Cora, that you have engaged yourself to me for the afternoon."

"For *life*, I understood it," said I, trying to speak gravely.

He was much pleased, and turned back to give me another embrace, and whispered, "my darling," in such a loving tone, that my heart felt very warm all the forenoon.

I wish I could describe to you the view from my window. It rained all night, and this morning was very foggy; but now the sun is beginning to dispel the mist; and the mountain – oh, it is beautiful! I keep stopping to look, and to inhale the balmy air. Now I can see the summit quite distinctly; the sun is shining upon it, while the fleecy clouds roll off and settle on the lake, from which they arise in thick mist.

Before we left our room this morning, Frank gave me a subject for thought which rather troubles me; but I think I know what

you and dear father would advise; I know also what is right; but courage, *courage* is wanting. We are constantly liable to be interrupted while engaged in family devotions; or Frank is away at the regular time. He asked, this morning, as a great favor to himself, that I would, in such cases, call the family together and read prayers.

I started at the proposition, and was about to say, "I cannot," when he said, "do not decide hastily. Think upon the subject, and tell me to-morrow." After a pause, he continued, "the time of a physician is not at his own command. I may be called away day after day; and our family services lose half their interest and profit through the want of regularity."

"How was it before I came?"

"Mother always conducted the service in my absence."

My mind was in a perfect tumult. At breakfast I thought I had found a good excuse; at least, it then appeared so to me; and I tried to be cheerful and to dismiss the subject. After prayers, as my husband was leaving the room, I detained him; "Frank," I asked, "don't you think I'm too young? – Cæsar, Phebe and Ann are so much older than I am. Does it appear to you quite proper?"

"Well," said he, coming back and shutting the door, "I didn't think of it in that light. You *are* rather young, to be sure; only eighteen the fourth day of February." I was surprised that he remembered the exact day. "How soon do you think you will be at the proper age?"

I had thought, when he commenced, that he certainly

considered this a valid excuse; but the moment he asked that question, though there was not the slightest touch of irony in his tone, yet I felt mortified in the extreme, and the blood rushed to my very forehead. I turned quickly away, as Emily entered the room.

And now what can I do? My heart almost stands still at the bare thought of it; *I*, who have never audibly lifted up my voice in prayer to God, save only in the presence of my little Pauline. *I cannot do it*; and I think my husband almost hard to ask it of me. He is always so calm and self-possessed, he little knows how my heart throbs.

Noon.

As Frank has not returned, I will add a few lines. I have taken Pauline for a walk through the garden, and made a call upon mother and sister. How we all laughed when the little thing lisped "grandmamma," in obedience to my wish. Before we came out, mother remarked that I looked quite pale. I longed to ask her advice, but conscience whispered, "you already know your duty;" and I concluded to say nothing about my trouble. "Emily," I replied, "can sympathize with me; she is looking very unwell."

As I spoke, her face and neck were covered with a burning blush. "Emily is not well," said mother gravely; "She scarcely eats at all."

"O, mother!" exclaimed Emily, "I'm well enough, only a head ache," and she went to the closet to get seed cakes for Pauline.

As I returned home through the kitchen garden, to give the

child a longer walk, I heard Phebe, who stood at the back door, call to Cæsar.

"Look dere now! see de young Missus. It's enough to do your old curly pate powerful sight o' good just to see her a leading dis yer baby."

Evening.

I obtained permission from mother this morning to leave Pauline with her, while I rode with Frank. When the time arrived, Ann put on her bonnet, and then it was very easy to induce Miss to have hers put on for a walk to grandmamma's.

It has been a delightful day after the rain; and if my heart had been at rest, I should have enjoyed the ride. I imagined my looks troubled Frank a little, for he said he had intended taking me with him to visit one or two families in the outskirts of the town; but if I did not feel inclined, he would postpone it until another day. I assured him my health was perfectly good, and I had anticipated the calls with much pleasure. So we rode on through the village, he being more than usually social and interesting, and giving me no time to think of myself until we came to the border of the town, near the lake I have mentioned.

Here stood a number of small cottages, one story in height, with the grounds about them enclosed with low fences. I noticed one of these bore marks of more taste and refinement than the others. It had a pleasant little patch of flowers along the side of the beaten path to the entrance, while a beautiful rose bush was trained upon a trellis by the side of the door, which run upon the

house nearly to the roof, and furnished a complete shade to one of the windows.

This was the home of the Doctor's patient, and I followed him to the door, which stood hospitably open. A light knock brought a modest woman to the entrance, who, in her tabby muslin cap, and her clean checked apron, appeared very neatly. She courtesied as the Doctor introduced me, and invited us to walk in. The patient is a young girl in her sixteenth year, who is gradually wasting away with consumption. Never shall I forget the bright expression of love and respect which beautified her countenance, as Frank took her hand, and tenderly inquired how she had passed the night. "I have brought you another friend," he added; "one I am sure you will love. I think I can safely promise she will be happy to do anything for your comfort." This promise I cheerfully confirmed.

Hers is a case requiring little medicine. Her sufferings are comparatively slight, except from exhausting fits of coughing. She appears to be passing gently away. The bright color which burned in her cheek had now faded, leaving her face perfectly colorless. The only relief to the marble whiteness was the long black lashes which lay upon her cheek when she closed her eyes. Propped up in her bed by pillows, she looked with her whole soul at the Doctor, who sat at her side, speaking to her of God's rich mercy. She assented to what he said by a slight inclination of the head, and sometimes repeated after him part of the verse of Scripture, he quoted, as if to impress it upon her own mind. But

I could see plainly that she was under restraint by the presence of a stranger.

When he arose, she held out her hand and whispered, "will you please to pray with me?" Frank immediately reseated himself; and taking a little pocket Bible from his coat, read a few verses from the fourteenth chapter of John; and then prayed. I felt borne on wings of faith to heaven as my dear husband praised God for the love which had sent the Saviour into the world, that we might have pardon and eternal life; that we might be elevated to seats at his right hand in heaven, and be joint heirs with Christ to immortal glory and honor. He besought Jesus to bless and comfort with his Divine presence, the dear child who was approaching the dark valley; to give her the victory over sin, and death, and to receive her through faith in him into the kingdom of heaven, where her eternity might be spent in singing "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

As I approached the bed to bid her farewell, I was struck dumb, with the heavenly smile of peace and joy which shone in every feature. Surely, thought I, she has the seal upon her forehead; she already breathes the air of heaven. I lifted her thin white hand to my lips, and bowed my head in silence; I dared not trust my voice to speak.

The Doctor called Mrs. Leighton aside and gave her a few simple directions before we left. He conducted me silently to the carriage, turned the horse down a shady lane toward the water, and drew me to him until I could lay my head upon his shoulder,

when my excited feelings found relief in tears.

When I had become more composed, Frank asked, "Is she not to be envied?"

"Oh, yes! *yes!*" I replied, "Would, I could feel the assurance of faith and love, which lit up her face like that of an angel!"

He then, at my request, told me something of her history. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, are respectable, pious people, who have been deeply afflicted by the loss of two daughters and one son by the same disease which is now wasting the frame of their only surviving child. Naturally amiable and intelligent she has been too much indulged by her fond parents, who cling to her as their last and best beloved.

So insidious was her disease, that, when summoned to her sick bed, Frank found no skill could save her. He therefore endeavored to direct her to the great Physician, to cure the disease of her soul.

"What was the state of her mind at that time?" I asked.

"Very rebellious. She was unwilling to hear a word of discouragement, and talked constantly of pleasures and parties, in which her mother had allowed her to mingle. She was a very handsome girl, lively and agreeable in conversation, and had excited unusual attention for one so young."

"How soon did she become reconciled to death? She seems now to look forward to it, as the consummation of her hopes and joys."

"Not for many months; but she will give you an account of the

change in her feelings. I hope you will soon see her again; she has not long to stay with us."

As we passed the house on our return, we noticed Mrs. Leighton at the door watching for us. Frank, thinking she wished to call him, sprang from the carriage. But she only put into his hand a little bouquet, saying in a suppressed voice, "Caroline," at the same time waving her hand that it was intended for me. I was very much affected at the simple gift, and sent my thanks to the sweet girl. There was exquisite taste in the selection – a moss rose bud – a white rose half blown, with dark green myrtle leaves, – and a sprig of mignonette.

"It must have been hard for her," I said, "to give up this beautiful earth, she is so fond of flowers and everything tasteful."

"Ah! but she gains heaven," was Frank's reply. This suggested to me the following lines from a favorite poet, which I repeated to my husband.

"Once when I look'd along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
I wept, and thought how sad for one so young,
To bid farewell to so much happiness.
But Christ doth call me from this lower world;
Delightful though it be."

We next stopped at a house of moderate size, in which the Doctor told me, four families found their home. Having tied the

horse by the little gate, we entered a room on the right, where a poor man lay on a bench, or, as I afterwards saw, a long chest, upon which some quilts had been spread to make it soft. The chest was pushed to the corner of the room, so that, with pillows behind him, the invalid could sit almost upright.

Watching by his side was a very pretty woman, who, from her dialect, I perceived was Welsh. Near her was a small boy of about three years of age, sitting on a low cricket; while in a shed, opening directly out of the room, there stood a young girl of eleven, washing.

After putting two chairs near her husband, Mrs. Lewis resumed her seat and her sewing, as it was only by *her* industry, the family were supported.

Frank inquired particularly about the symptoms of his patient, and prescribed for his relief. He then said, "I have brought my wife, as I promised to introduce her to you." Here Mr. Lewis put out his emaciated hand, and expressed pleasure at seeing me. Frank continued, "Mrs. Lenox will come and read to you, if you wish, while your wife is busy."

The sick man regarded me with a look of gratitude, while his wife replied, "I am sure t'would be a great comfort to us both, to hear a bit of the Word. My man," she continued, "is not able to read; it makes his eyes ache badly. I have so little time, I can only repeat a verse now and then, to give us something to think of."

The Doctor asked Mr. Lewis if he had enjoyed more peace of mind since his last visit.

"Sometimes," he replied in a whisper, "I can feel willing to trust myself in the hands of God; but again all is dark, and I can't come nigh to him. He appears a great way off, and I seem to be praying into the air." As he closed, his breast heaved a deep sigh.

I became so much interested in him; and he so exactly described my own feelings, at times, that I forgot any one else was present, and said, "Oh, sir! I have often felt so; and the only way I can do, is to keep praying, until God reveals himself to me. He does hear, and he will answer if we keep asking, and if he sees we are in earnest."

I stopped suddenly, in great embarrassment, when Frank immediately added, "This is the case with most Christians. Sometimes while we are yet speaking God hears, and grants an answer of peace. Again he delays, to try our faith and patience."

"But the prayers of the wicked are an abomination," said Mr. Lewis feebly. "I can't feel sure that he has accepted me."

"Has his promise ever failed?" inquired the Doctor. "He says, 'call upon me and I will answer; knock and it shall be opened.'"

The poor man put his hand to his breast, as if in great pain. Frank feared lest we were prolonging the interview beyond his strength, and rose to leave.

"Surely you won't go without praying for me," said Mr. Lewis.

"If you feel able to attend, I will do so with pleasure," replied the Doctor. I was very much affected to see the sick man rise feebly, and kneel during prayer. He wept much, and when we arose he was so exhausted by his emotion, the Doctor and his

wife were obliged to raise him to his feet. But when he had taken some drink, he became more composed, and said, "Thank you." "Come soon," he said to me, with a smile.

Mrs. Lewis followed us to the door, where Frank put into her hand a bank bill; and in addition, requested her to send to our house in the morning for some chicken broth of which he wished her husband to partake freely. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could only look her thanks.

It was now becoming late, and we returned home. I cannot help thinking how much good a pious physician has it in his power to do. He gains the affections of his patients; and they will listen to religious conversation which they would not hear from a stranger. Frank cares for their souls as well as their bodies, especially as the one commonly affects the other.

CHAPTER V

"Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?" Cowper.

Sabbath morning, June 14th.

Dear Mother, – I must write you a few lines to tell you how happy I am. Yesterday, you remember, I was to decide whether I would conduct the family devotions when Frank is absent. My mind was so much occupied during the afternoon, I hardly thought of it; but in the evening, I retired to my closet, determined to ask for strength from one who is ever ready to help the weak in the performance of duty.

When I arose from my knees, my fear was all dispelled. It appeared almost like a privilege to do what I had so much dreaded. While I was yet speaking, God answered.

This morning, when I was dressing my little daughter, an employment in which I delight, Frank came in and inquired, "Have you thought upon the subject I proposed yesterday?"

"Yes," was my reply.

"And what have you decided?"

"I will, at least, attempt the duty." My hand trembled so much, I could scarcely button Pauline's dress; but I think he did not notice it, for he walked quickly out of the room. I was taking

her to Ann for her breakfast, when he returned, and with such evident marks of strong feeling on his countenance, I looked at him anxiously.

He took my hand, and pressed it to his lips, saying, "Will you soon return to your boudoir?" I rang for Ann, and then followed him. He clasped me in his arms, as he exclaimed, "my own Cora, you were never before so dear to me. You little know what a struggle it has cost me to see the conflict in your mind, and neither say or do anything for your relief. I have blamed myself severely for expecting so much of you, my dear child. Many times yesterday I was on the point of withdrawing my request; but I hesitated. I felt sure you would decide aright, and that I should rest satisfied with your decision. It is not the first time you have set me an example. When I heard your decision, I considered it a great triumph of duty over inclination."

"But you do not know all the naughty thoughts I had," said I, raising my eyes for the first time. "I even wished," —

"My own wife," said Frank, pressing me to his heart! — "And have all these hard thoughts of your husband gone? Did you wish," he asked, turning my face to his, "that you had never left home to live with such an exacting man?"

"Oh, Frank! I never wished so; I did not say that. How could I be happy as I am, if I felt thus? I wished something worse; which I had rather not tell."

"You had better make a clean breast of it," said he, smiling.

"I wished," said I in a low tone, "that you were not quite so

good; and then you would not expect so much of me."

Frank looked very much amused. "That's the last thing in the world, I expected my wife to complain of. But seriously, Cora, I have learned many a lesson from you. One of your looks of wonder, a year since, upset my favorite theory, and in the end secured to me the most precious wife in the world."

Monday, June 15th.

Poor Emily! I wonder if she knew Mr. Benson was to exchange with Mr. Munroe, yesterday. If so, she did not speak of it. I never saw a man so changed; he looked as if he had had a severe fit of sickness.

"He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man."

But his sermon was really sublime, and lifted me above myself. The text was the last verse of the forty-second Psalm: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

Trust in God, was his subject. Amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life, trust in God is the only sure source of happiness for the Christian. Trust him to bring good out of seeming ill; to make these very trials "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If he withdraws the light of his countenance; if our beloved friends sicken and die before

our eyes; if our worldly estate takes to itself wings and flies away; if our fondest hopes are suddenly dashed to the ground; if we are ever left to call out in agony of spirit, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" we may, by Divine grace, also exclaim, "hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

In the pale countenance of the speaker, I could read the struggle, and the victory. I was actually startled at Emily's looks, as we turned to come out of the pew. She caught my hand to save herself from falling; and from the motion of her lips I understood her to say, "*faint*" though no articulate sound came forth.

I whispered, "Dear Emily! lean upon me; don't faint here; try to arouse yourself."

Never was I more thankful than when we reached the carriage and had assisted the poor girl into it, without attracting notice. There was not a particle of color in her face or lips. I drew off her gloves, and chafed her hands, while mother loosed her bonnet strings, and applied the smelling drops to her nose.

With a deep sigh she recovered her consciousness, and was ashamed and mortified that her feelings should have been betrayed even to her loving friends. She tried to conceal them with the flimsy excuse, that she arose in the morning with a headache, and the heat of the house had overcome her.

I wonder if Emily thinks, she really deceives us, or is she deceiving herself? In the afternoon, she declared that she was fully able to go to church; and when, at the last moment, she was

forced to acknowledge herself sick, and mother was removing her own bonnet to remain with her, she insisted that she had rather be left alone, and mother very reluctantly left her.

"Poor girl!" I exclaimed, as mother related the circumstance, "my heart aches for her."

"I never saw a child so changed," said mother sadly; "I cannot but think, she regrets her hasty decision. I have never before known her to be irritable. It seems to annoy her exceedingly to have me notice her languor or want of spirits. Frank," she continued, "I wish you would persuade Emily to take an anodyne. I think the want of sleep is partly the cause of her head ache." Frank asked if she would be likely to come over to the house to tea; but mother could not tell; she was so changeable in her feelings.

I could not help thinking, Mr. Benson noticed sister's absence. He looked very sad. I was so anxious about the poor girl, that I must confess, I could not confine my thoughts to the discourse. Frank, too, was called out; and mother looked pale and troubled. Altogether, I worked myself up into quite a fever of excitement; and was glad when the services were through.

While we waited a moment in the porch for Cæsar to bring the carriage to the door, Mr. Benson passed down from the pulpit and came out. He would evidently have avoided the meeting, if possible; but mother stepped forward with much kindness and thanked him for his faithful discourses. He unbent at once, and inquired for my health and that of the family.

I told him, I was well, but quite anxious about my sister, as she had a severe head-ache which detained her at home. What could have come over the man to look so pleased that she was ill?

Fearing I had said something to compromise her delicacy, I added, "she has had the head-ache for several days." Now I think of it, I only made it worse. He spoke, as he conducted us to the carriage, of his sorrow at the intelligence, while he looked perfectly delighted.

When we reached home, Phebe met us at the door, and said "Misse Emily here, and my pinion is dere's mighty smart chance for her to have a fever if Mass'r Frank don't doctor her."

As we entered the parlor, sister started up, and looked eagerly for a moment as if expecting some one with us; and then sank back again on the sofa pillow, evidently disappointed. Could it be that she thought Mr. Benson would return with us?

Cæsar went toward the village to meet his master, and soon returned with him. The Doctor had been called to a child in a fit from indigestion. That reminds me to tell you that in accordance with his wish, I have restricted Pauline's diet to bread and milk, which she eats heartily, sitting in Ann's lap.

Emily's sickness touched the little girl's heart; I held her in my arms, and let her put her soft-hand on "Aunty's head to make it better." Frank came behind and put his on too, with the tenderness of a woman. He sat down by her side and held her head while she covered her eyes as if she feared, he would read her thoughts.

"Emily," said he, gently, "you have too much heat; I fear you and Cora have lately been unduly excited. I thought yesterday, she was going beyond her strength; and such is also the case with you. I must give you a little powder, which, I hope, will soon afford you relief; does it ache less when I hold it so?" he asked, as he pressed the throbbing head between his hands.

"Oh, yes! sometimes it feels as if it would fly to pieces."

"Poor girl! how it throbs. Cora, will you hold her head while I prepare something for her?"

He soon returned with a wet bandage, which he bound tightly around her head, and then gave her ammonia. I had finished my tea and was returning through the hall, when Cæsar answered the door bell, and to my amazement announced "Mr. Benson."

In my confusion, I ushered him into the parlor where Emily lay upon the sofa, with her face toward the wall. I hoped, she was asleep, and was just coming to my senses, and intending to invite him into the library, when he asked, "Is she then *so ill*?"

At the sound of his voice, Emily sprang upon her feet, tore the bandage from her head, while the light actually flashed from her eyes at what she fancied an intrusion. But perceiving his ghastly pallor, she sank back upon her seat, saying, "Frank has been making a great fuss over me, as if I were sick." Truly, one would never have thought so at that moment. She was perfectly brilliant with excitement. The fever lit up her cheeks, while her eyes even dazzled my sight.

How I pitied the young suitor! He stood where he did upon his

first entrance, with his hat in his hand. His countenance changed as he gazed at her until her eyes fell; then with an air which was almost haughty, he said "Farewell! FAREWELL, FOREVER!!" and left the room.

I followed him silently to the door, my heart being almost paralyzed. He stopped, took my hand in both of his, pressed it warmly and said, "I appreciate your kindness, but you are mistaken." The last words he uttered in a cold, bitter tone, and was gone.

I started to run to my chamber, but remembering my poor, strange sister, I turned back to the parlor, where I found her prostrate upon the floor. I screamed, "Frank! mother!" and soon the whole household came rushing into the room. The Doctor dismissed the servants, and taking Emily in his arms carried her up stairs to the room, she formerly occupied.

It was some time before she revived. When she perceived where she was, her woe-begone look penetrated my heart. Poor mother! How quietly she goes about everything that ought to be done, with an expression of patient suffering! How can Emily make herself and all of us so unhappy! She lies this morning in a deep sleep, and, I hope, will awake refreshed. I have been sitting by her while mother went over to the cottage on some business. She has now returned, and I have persuaded her to lie down on the couch in sister's room. She was so anxious, she scarcely slept at all.

Dear Pauline, what a comfort she is to me! She is the most

affectionate little creature I ever saw, and has already woven herself closely around our hearts. Even Frank laughs merrily at her cunning ways.

Phebe wears a turban, generally made of a bandanna handkerchief, or something equally bright. Miss thought, she too must wear one. So she watched her opportunity when Ann laid down her duster, which happened to be an old silk kerchief of similar colors to madam's turban, and tried to weave it round her head. Ann observed her unsuccessful efforts with silent amusement, and perceiving that when one side was arranged, the other came tumbling down, offered to assist her.

Pauline shouted with delight: "Mamma, see! mamma, see!!" The kind hearted girl brought the child to me. I laughed well at her grotesque appearance. Her head was top-heavy with the turban, while the dark short curls peeping out here and there made her look like a boy. She evidently thought it a good joke, and was unwilling to have it taken off. You see, we make a great pet of her; but since I began to manage her aright, she obeys instantly. Sometimes her lip quivers a little, and she looks as if she were about to burst into a hearty cry; and then, with a sigh, restrains herself.

Almost every morning, from eleven till two, I have received calls; and shall have business enough for the fall and winter if they continue. Many of them are formal and ceremonious; others, I suppose, are prompted merely by curiosity to see the stranger. I find the report of my three years' residence in Paris creates quite

a sensation. People look at me as if I ought to be something more than Americans who have never been out of their native land, and appear somewhat disappointed to see in me nothing more than a simple, frank girl, just like their daughters or sisters at home.

A few have called whom I like exceedingly; who entered into conversation upon subjects profitable and interesting. You, my dear mother, have spoiled me for enjoying the society of persons who cannot talk, except of individual character and conduct; as for instance: "I suppose, your husband has told you of the trouble in Squire Lee's family. He attends there, I believe."

"No," I replied.

"Ah, indeed! Well, Lucy has had to break her engagement with young Mansfield just to please her brother, who is no better than he should be." I remained silent simply because I had nothing to say, and was glad when the entrance of other company put a stop to such gossip.

Of the more select class, are Mr. Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Proctor, – Frank's favorite, – and I must not forget Friend Estes, who frankly said, "I came, my dear, to see thee out of the regard I have for thy husband."

I rather think, she was well enough acquainted with human nature to know, that she was making her way directly to my heart.

"How is Susan, thy mother?" she asked. I stopped and hesitated a moment, before I remembered that the Friends always use the first name. She was overflowing with love and good-will to everybody; and before she went away we grew so friendly, that

she kissed me twice and said, "I must bring Jotham to see thee, my dear" – "Cora," I said, seeing she hesitated for the name, – "and thou wilt come with thy husband for a visit to our house." She warmed my heart finely by her praise of Frank.

After all, there are a great many pleasant people in the world. I wish, you could see how kindly her deep blue eyes looked out from her drab poke upon your Cora. Your heart would come across the water to meet hers.

The more I see and hear of Miss Proctor, the better I love and esteem her. She is truly a "Dorcas," in whom the sick and afflicted always find a friend and helper. She has been an efficient aid and cooperator with Frank in his gratuitous practice.

Speaking of this class, I must relate to you an incident, Emily told me. A short time since, when Frank had fairly established himself in his profession, and had collected a good practice, a young physician came to the place, rather to the annoyance of some of his brethren of the profession, who took no pains to call upon him. The Doctor, however, embraced the first opportunity to visit him at his office, to which there was little more than a showy sign, announcing to the public that "Dr. Clapp, Physician and Surgeon, was ready to extract teeth and cut off legs at the shortest notice, and for the lowest price imaginable."

Frank entered into conversation with this young son of Æsculapius, and found, he was well learned in his profession, and had high recommendations from his professors as to his qualifications for his office. My good husband encouraged him

to persevere, and offered to recommend him wherever it was in his power.

"I shall never be displeased," he added, "if I hear, you are taking my practice, except in the case of my poor patients. Most of these have grown up with me, and I flatter myself, I am, with them, an exception to the general rule, 'a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.'"

The sequel to this visit is quite romantic. Dr. Clapp, who is about twenty-four years of age, walked to the window, where he vigorously plied his handkerchief, as if afflicted with a sudden cold. After this operation he was relieved, and came back offering his hand to Frank. He said, or tried to say, for his voice was rather husky, "Your kindness, Dr. Lenox, inspires me with new life and courage. I am yet waiting for my first patient." Then, encouraged by Frank's kind interest, he unburdened his heart, and asked advice with regard to a little private affair of his own.

It appears that, like a great many foolish young men, (I don't say it was foolish in *his* case, not knowing the circumstances,) he had fallen in love, while in college, with "the most amiable girl in the world." That was five years ago, so that their courtship had been quite protracted. To the ardent lovers, at least, it had seemed sufficiently so.

Harriet Phillips, who, at the time of their engagement, was but fourteen, had now arrived at the mature age of nineteen years, – "Quite old enough," he added, with an inquiring look at the Doctor, "to take charge of a family."

The decided tone in which Frank replied, "*Certainly*," gave the suitor new courage. To marry, or not to marry, that was now the question; and the judge who was to give the important decision, acknowledged that he found himself in rather a novel predicament. However, he shielded himself as many judges do, behind general principles. He acknowledged the great propriety of a physician being a man of family, and as soon as he could support a wife in comfort, he certainly advised him to marry.

"This," said Dr. Clapp, "is exactly the way I view the subject."

The young man soon after returned the call in the Doctor's absence. With a frankness which seems rather peculiar to him, he told Emily all the first part of the interview, and more than hinted at the latter; so that she, who has a considerable share of curiosity, coaxed Frank to tell her the rest, saying, "I'm sure Dr. Clapp wants me to know about it."

Now she says, "I shall advise him to bring his Harriet without delay. I fancy, he thought her old enough when he saw you at mother's levee. Besides Frank is so much older than he is."

Emily insists that I do not look more than sixteen, and that I keep blushing like a girl of twelve. I wish I could break myself of this habit; but the more I try, the more the blood will rush to my face. It is very disagreeable, and sometimes places me in awkward situations.

But to return to my story, Dr. Clapp intends to profit by the excellent example set him by an elder brother of the cloth, and will soon be joined in the bands of Hymen to his beloved

Harriet, – when he will bring her to the goodly town of Crawford, here to make up to her, by every means in his power, for the trials and sacrifices, she has, for a series of years, been called upon to make as the eldest sister in a large, and not very prosperous family.

Poor Emily, I wonder when she will laugh again, as she did when she related that to me. I must go and see if she is awake. I have not heard the least sound from her room all the time I have been writing. Ann carried Pauline about the garden until she went to sleep, that the house might be quiet.

CHAPTER VI

"Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings." Wordsworth.

Tuesday, June 16th.

Last night when I sat writing busily, a hand was put upon my paper. Starting up, I saw Frank with one of his very grave looks. I hastily shut my desk. "How is Emily?" I asked quickly.

"Emily is asleep; and I thought you were, long ago. I really must restrict you to certain hours of writing. Do you know how late it is?" He held his watch toward me, and to my amazement it was near midnight.

"I took no note of time," I replied, "I was so absorbed in writing. It is almost like talking with my own dear mother."

"Well," said Frank, touched a little, I suppose, by my sad tone, "you shall write as much as you please, only don't take the time from your sleep."

Tuesday Noon.

Dear, *dear* father, mother and sisters, how happy you have made me by writing so soon. Frank came home in the middle of the forenoon, and beckoning me out of Emily's room into my

own, stood with his hands behind him, and asked, "How many kisses will you give me for something I have brought you?"

He looked so pleased and mysterious, I couldn't think for an instant what it could be. When I did, I gave a bound behind him, and caught the letters before he was aware. "But," he said, "I won't be cheated in that way. I'll sue you." I told him, I would give him a thousand kisses after I had read my letters. My hands trembled so much with joy and excitement, that I had difficulty in tearing off the covering; when such a dear packet presented itself, I almost danced with delight.

Frank looked as pleased as I did. I made him sit down while I read dear father's letter, the last in order; when I had finished, Frank said, "I must tear myself away, and hear the rest after dinner. My patients will wonder what has become of me." – "But," he added with a very demure look, "can't you pay me part of my bill, and let me endorse it on the account?"

I sprang up, and with my arms around his neck, gave him such a shower of kisses, as certainly he never had from me before; and I sat down quite out of breath.

"There, now, I've found out what you can do!" he said, laughing merrily, "you have kept me on very short allowance heretofore; I never supposed you capable of such exertions." He then slipped quietly into Emily's room, and soon I heard him drive away.

Isn't he a darling, mother? though I fear, it won't do to tell him so, for he is getting really to think too much of himself.

He used to be so grateful for the least favor shown to him; and thought it such a privilege to be allowed to kiss my hand. Now he grows more exacting in his demands; and nobody knows what he'll expect after this.

He heard of the arrival in New York of the packet ship "Eleanor," and has been watching the mail for my letters. – Cæsar happened to-day to go to the office before him; but Frank drove rapidly home to have the pleasure himself of giving them to me. All this Cæsar was delighted to tell me, while his eyes shone like two stars through a cloud.

The whole family sympathize with me in my joy at hearing from my dear, sweet home. Even Emily brightened up a little, as I read mother Lenox part of Bell's letter. She lies quietly in bed, and says she is free from pain; but she cannot make the least exertion without fainting. Frank says, she has a slow fever. The cottage is shut up; and Ruth has come over to aid Phebe while mother and sister are here. I feel very glad that Emily's sickness occurred here. Mother says, it was all wisely ordered. I know, she feels relieved at night by this arrangement.

Tuesday evening.

Frank says, I may write half an hour, to pay for my liberality to him this morning; and he will sit up and read his papers. This has been an eventful day to me; – first my letters from home; – then I had a note from Mr. Benson, informing me, that, situated as he was, (with regard to Emily I suppose), he could not give proper attention to the duties of his profession, and that as tutor

and companion, he had accepted an offer made him some months ago, but then declined, of going to Europe with a young man.

What will Emily say? *I* shall not be the one to tell her. I read the letter silently, and then passed it to my husband. He looked very, *very* grave, almost stern.

"Cora," he asked after a long pause, "do you think, Emily has trifled with the affections of this young man? Women seem to have an intuitive perception on such subjects."

"I think that she loves him far more than she will acknowledge; but I don't believe, she ever gave much encouragement to his suit. When I have been present, she has treated him with indifference, almost with rudeness. Perhaps I ought not to express a mere suspicion; but I have thought, Emily's conscience troubled her on account of the manner in which she treated him. From her casual remarks, I fear, she dismissed him rather haughtily."

"Worse and worse," exclaimed Frank, with such severity, I was almost frightened. "For one situated as she is, with regard to wealth, to conduct herself in such a manner toward a gentleman of his worth and education is really unpardonable. It would sting him to the quick; and I respect him all the more for the course he has pursued. If she were poor and friendless, it would not be half so censurable. But for her to take advantage of her station to insult him – pshaw – I cannot bear to think of it."

"Oh, Frank! don't speak in such a severe tone. I was wrong to say what I did."

"Well," said he, hastily withdrawing his hand from mine, "I

wish, she were as ready to acknowledge her faults as you are."

"But it may be all my suspicion. I may not have understood her aright."

"What did she say?"

I replied reluctantly, for he was already much excited. "She did not say so in words. Only I received the impression, that she had given him to understand, she was astonished, he should presume to think, she would be the wife of a poor country clergyman."

"Cora," exclaimed Frank, starting up and walking across the room. – I burst into tears. I had never before seen him so excited; and I had no idea, he could look, or speak, so severely. It makes me almost cry even now to think of it.

Frank just now says, "my love, you've exceeded your time;" so good night, dear mother.

Wednesday, June 17th.

My husband told me last night that a packet was advertised to sail for Liverpool, and that probably it would need ballast, and therefore it would be a good opportunity for me to send my journal. It amuses him that I find so much to write about. He little imagines how much I write respecting him, my lord and master. He has never asked to see it; he has too much delicacy to do that.

Emily had a comfortable night; and mother slept quite well, and feels refreshed. I asked Frank, if Cæsar would be at liberty to take me to ride this morning.

"Certainly," he replied, "I hope you will call upon him whenever you wish. He will be proud to drive you." So I dressed

my little miss in her best suit, and having taken her in for a morning call upon aunt Emily, we started off in the cool of the day. I wanted to return before the time for Pauline's "*siesta*."

As we drove down the hill, I asked Cæsar if he knew where Caroline Leighton lived.

"Oh, yes Missus! I goes dere berry often for Mass'r Frank."

"And do you know where Mr. Lewis lives?"

"De man what's dying wid consumption?"

"Yes."

"Well den, I knows dat too. Where you go first, Missus?"

"To see Caroline." As we rode on, I asked, "Can you spare the time from your work to wait for me, and let Pauline sit in the carriage? I don't like to be in a hurry when a person is sick."

Good Cæsar's face fairly shone as if freshly anointed; and he replied, "I 'spects so, Missus. Mass'r Frank told me, allus leave ebbery ting, when young Missus wants to go. Mass'r Frank sets mighty store by young Missus."

Just then we stopped at the gate; and I was prevented the necessity of replying to the complimentary speech, which, however, being the conviction of his large, honest heart, gave me more pleasure than almost any one, I ever received. He let down the steps and lifted me out as if I were a wax doll. I verily believe he wanted to take me in his arms and carry me to the house, as he would Pauline. She wished to go with me; but he sat in the carriage holding her in his arms, saying, "mammy come back."

I had brought with me two beautiful bouquets, one for each of

my sick friends. With Caroline's in my hand, I knocked gently at the door of her apartment, though I could have entered, as the doors were open to admit the fresh air. She turned her head at the sound, and was very much pleased at my early call. She said, she would ring her little bell for her mother; but I told her on no account. Indeed, I was glad, she was alone.

I laid off my bonnet, saying as I did so, "You see, I intend making a long call." I then took a tumbler, and having filled it with water from the pitcher on the table, I put the flowers in it and set them near her.

She smiled, and seemed pleased that I made myself so much at home. I drew a chair to the side of the bed, and taking her thin white hand in mine, asked, "do you feel strong enough to talk with me a little?" She bowed assent.

"Does it not seem hard for one so young to be called to die? Do you feel willing to give up this beautiful world, your mother and friends?"

"Heaven is far more beautiful;" and she added, with a devout expression, "my Saviour is there."

"How long, dear Caroline, have you loved the Saviour?"

With a deep sigh, and a look of profound sorrow, she replied, "Only a few months. Oh, what a hard heart mine has been! – to turn for so long a time from a loving Saviour."

"Can you, without exerting yourself too much, tell me about the change in your feelings?"

"Hasn't the Doctor told you?"

"No, he said perhaps you would do so."

She closed her eyes for a moment, and then gave me the following account. "I lived a life of gayety and pleasure. The world looked bright; not only the things of nature, to which you referred, but gay people, fashion and pleasure in every form. I suppose it will do no harm for me to say now, that I was praised for my personal beauty, and for my graceful manner. But I forgot that "we all do fade as a leaf." Yes, I forgot it, though I had lost two sisters, since my remembrance.

"In the unwearied pursuit of worldly enjoyment, all other things faded from my mind. Yet there were times when conscience sounded an alarm, and the thought that perhaps I too should be cut off, as my sisters had been, in the morning of life, made the blood stagnate in my veins, and my heart cease to beat.

"I was a regular attendant at church, and one of the prominent members of the choir. But I never listened to the sermons. I studiously avoided hearing them; especially when they treated of death, the judgment, and eternity. I have often sat in church, very devout in the eyes of those about me, but engaged in making all my plans for the coming week; and then quieted myself with the thought that I had not sinned half so much, as if I had heard the sermon, and not profited by it. I was often praised for my regular attendance. Alas! He who looks into the heart knows I went to the sanctuary far more to exhibit myself, to hear people say of me, 'how handsome! what a fine voice!' than to worship my Maker, who had bestowed these gifts upon me.

"About a year since, I took a violent cold upon my lungs. I had previously felt languid and unwell, but would not acknowledge it to mother, lest I should be kept from singing school, and places of amusement. Soon after this, the Doctor was called, and never was there a harder or more rebellious heart than mine, when he, in the kindest, most fatherly manner, told me that the disease would probably prove fatal. It was not in the power of man, he added, to effect a cure. He said that possibly I might be better, and live for years; but the disease was upon me and could not be shaken off.

"That was the thought that twinged every nerve in my body. I hated my Creator for making me sick. I hated my physician for telling me of it. I hated my parents and every one who believed it. But oh! I hated myself more than all, when I began to see a little into my own heart.

"I had always been called amiable; and I believed myself to be so. But now I was actually frightened at the tumult of hard and angry thoughts in my awakened soul. In the night, I frequently awoke, trembling with affright; an angry God seemed ready to consume me with his fierce wrath. This state of mind continued with some abatement for several months; and the conflict of my feelings operated injuriously upon my health.

"One day your husband came in, when he could stop longer than usual. He sat down by my bed and tried to talk with me. But I would not speak. I pretended not to hear what he said. Some of his words, however, arrested my attention, and without intending

it, I turned my face toward him. He understood the whole of my hardness and guilt. He asked me if I had ever realized how great was the love of Jesus, who left the blessedness of heaven, to suffer and die for us, and who having made atonement, now endures neglect and reproach from the guilty souls, he came to save. It is human, said he, when man offers a favor to his fellow, and is treated with neglect and scorn, to withdraw the offer. But the Divine Lord who endures indifference, ridicule and contempt, still says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Oh, those blessed, *blessed* words! I listened as if I had never heard them before. Was I not weary with wrestling with the Almighty? Oh! was I not heavily laden with sins, more than I could bear? Why may I not come? For the first time, tears of real penitence filled my eyes, and with a subdued voice, I said, 'Will you pray for me?' He did pray, as he had done many times before; but I never heard till then. He wept as he besought God earnestly in my behalf. God in mercy answered.

"When he arose, Christ had taken my burden, and I was at rest. I had never disbelieved the Bible. But now its truths came home to my heart, and I was made free.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost in rapture, "the goodness and long suffering of God, to me a poor lost sinner."

The excitement of speaking had carried her beyond her strength; and as she lay with her hands clasped, and eyes closed, she looked so pale, I feared she had fainted. But she presently

opened her eyes, while a heavenly smile played around her mouth. I kissed her forehead; but I could not speak.

Her mother, not hearing the bell for some time, looked into the room to see if she were asleep; but perceiving me, she returned to her work.

"Dear Mrs. Lenox," said the sweet girl, "you'll pray with me." I hesitated. "For your husband's sake, please."

I could not deny her, but saying I would return after a moment, I left the room. I had seen from the window that Cæsar had difficulty in keeping the horse quiet on account of the heat and flies. I told him to ride on a short distance and call for me in about ten minutes.

When I returned, and was about to close the door, Caroline said "no one will disturb us, and the room is very warm."

With my hand in hers, and my face on her pillow, I for the first time addressed my Heavenly Father in presence of a fellow creature. But I was not embarrassed. He who looks from above, put words in my mouth and was near me.

As I arose and stood by the bed, I was startled by the moving of a shadow; and turning quickly to the door I saw my husband standing on the steps with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Passing through this part of the town to visit a patient, he had stopped this morning instead of returning here this afternoon. I do not think he heard me; and if he did, I ought not to feel ashamed, when I dared speak in the presence of the High and Holy One. But I must confess it. I felt for the first time in my

life sorry to see him.

"How came you here?" he asked in surprise.

"You forgot you gave me permission to ride out."

"And Cæsar, where is he?"

"There," said I, pointing to the carriage, which was just stopping at the gate. "You must not talk much with her," I said smiling. "But you may talk a little *to* her if she will be very quiet. I fear she has already had too much company." Promising to visit her again as soon as possible, I went with Frank to the carriage, when he returned to his patient. I found Pauline struggling hard to keep her eyes open, and on consulting my watch, concluded to postpone my call upon Mr. Lewis until another day. So I merely left the flowers in passing, saying to his wife that I would endeavor to make him an early call.

"He has been lotting upon seeing you, maam. He says of the two, you better understand his feelings, seeing you've had the same." We hastened home, where the sleepy girl was glad to drink some milk and go to bed.

And now, dear mother, with remembrances of affection to the dear home-circle, I close this part of my journal, which I hope will interest you. I intend writing to Bell and Nelly in answer to theirs just received.

Thursday, June 18th.

I gladly resume my journal; I feel lost without my writing. Emily appears really better. Of course she knows nothing of Mr. Benson's intended departure. I have not been able to learn when

he sails. He only says in his note, "as soon as his arrangements can be made." Emily seems indifferent to every thing; and, when mother and I talk cheerfully, turns her face away. But I have seen the tears trickle through her fingers when she thought herself unnoticed. To-day, however, she is brighter, and though not by any means as she once was, she appears to have made her mind up to some course; and to feel better for her decision. But this is mere suspicion. Time will show whether I am correct. This afternoon she sat up in the easy chair more than an hour, and amused herself with Pauline, who looked at her very seriously at first, as if she did not quite understand all these changes.

Early this morning, I begged a ride with Frank as far as Mr. Lewis's, and told him my intention was to walk back. To the latter part of my proposition, he very unwillingly consented, as it is half a mile, and the heat is great. But with my parasol I thought I might venture.

Mrs. Lewis came into the little entry to receive me, and told me in a low tone, her husband was failing fast, and she thought, could not live many days. "He will be right pleased to see you. He has set his heart upon it." I then followed her up-stairs to the room. He is now wholly confined to the bed.

Every article of furniture, I observed, was scrupulously neat; and something in the appearance and conversation of the family reminded me forcibly of the household of the Dairyman, as described in Legh Richmond's well known tract entitled "The Dairyman's Daughter." There was an air of respectability, which

is often felt, but which cannot easily be described.

Mr. Lewis was sitting bolstered up in bed. He could not breathe when lying down; and could only speak in a broken whisper, with long intervals between his words. Sitting with him was a married sister, who had followed him to this country, and who had now come to remain with him until after the closing scene.

I took my seat near the bed, and begged Mrs. Lewis to allow me to pass him the cordial with which he was constantly obliged to wet his lips. With a courtesy she thanked me and resumed her sewing, while I addressed a few words to the poor sufferer.

"I am afraid you are too sick to hear me talk, you seem very ill this morning."

"All – peace – here," he whispered, laying his emaciated hand upon his breast.

I expressed very great pleasure that God had heard his prayer, and asked whether he felt any of the fears with which he was troubled at my last visit.

He shook his head; and when I held the cup to his mouth said, "I – can – trust – him. He – will – do – right."

This, then, was the source of his peace. My eyes filled with tears as I quoted the passage of Scripture which came into my mind. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is staid on Thee." I noticed that he looked exceedingly faint, and motioned to his wife, who immediately held some camphor to his nostrils, saying as she did so, that he could take no nourishment.

When he revived, I thought I had better retire; but he looked wistfully first at me, then at his wife, who caught his meaning and said, "He would like to have you read and pray with him as the Doctor does."

I made no reply. What could I say? She arose and gave me an old, well-preserved family Bible; and turning to the fourth of Hebrews, I was just commencing to read about "the rest that remaineth to the people of God," when a gentle knock at the outer door called Mrs. Lewis from the room. I went on, however, in compliance with a wistful look from the invalid, and read through the chapter, having in the mean time come to the conclusion, that if the sister would leave the room, I would try to comply with the dying man's request. Just as I closed the book, she stepped softly behind me, and desired me to go below for a moment. Explaining this in a word to Mr. Lewis, I complied with her wish.

Entering the lower room, I found Mr. Munroe, who had been requested by the Doctor to call. I was much interested in the account given by Mrs. Lewis to her pastor; and which she narrated in language above her station. I have often noticed that persons in humble life when speaking upon religious topics, are elevated by their theme, and by their familiarity with the language of scripture.

Mr. Lewis was born of pious parents who early dedicated him to God, and sought prayerfully to educate him in the fear of his Maker. He had lived a perfectly moral and peaceful life, having

been able to support his family at least in comfort, until laid low by disease. When he was unable longer to work, they had moved to Crawford, as a place where his wife could find employment for her needle.

They had three children, the girl and boy I mentioned, and one between the ages of these two, who was at school. Mrs. Lewis felt that her husband was a Christian, and had been, for many years. But he was of an eminently timid spirit, distrustful of himself, and as he could not tell the exact time of his conversion, not having been exercised in mind like his wife, and many others whose experience he had heard or read, he had been unwilling to make a public profession of religion. He had, however, been in the daily habit of secret prayer, and of reading the scriptures; had taught his children faithfully, not only the practical duties of religion, but had endeavored to instil into their young minds the sacred doctrines of the gospel, as he had been taught them by his parents.

During the visit of the Doctor on Tuesday, the patient had given evidence of a saving change; and he had urged the sick man to give glory to God, and to hope in his mercy. This view of his case led the poor man to a train of reflection, which ended in the calm but complete trust he put in his Heavenly Father.

He had none of the rapture with which Caroline was sometimes borne as on angel wings, to heaven; but there were reasons to hope he was as truly a monument of grace. At the Doctor's last call, he had humbly but earnestly expressed a desire

to unite himself to the people of God, and to taste, at least, once on earth, of that feast of which our risen Lord has said, "Do this in remembrance of me."

The Doctor had requested our pastor to call and converse with him upon this subject. I expressed my fear that the invalid was too much fatigued; but Mr. Munroe said he should be very brief.

I waited below for about ten minutes, when Mrs. Lewis invited me to go up and join them in prayer. The regular season for the administration of the ordinance here will be the first Sabbath in July, but as Mr. Lewis will not probably live so long, it was concluded to have the service privately administered to him next Sabbath afternoon. Mrs. Lewis invited me to be present with the Doctor, which I promised to do, and left accompanied by Mr. Munroe, whose house lay in the same direction.

Mrs. Munroe has been absent ever since my arrival in Crawford, on a visit to her father's. I told her husband, I anticipated much pleasure in her acquaintance.

He says, he is under great obligation to the Doctor, for informing him of such cases as the one we had just witnessed. He is still so much of a stranger in the place, he has not found out who are the members of his parish. He enlarged particularly upon the great aid it was to a clergyman, as well as upon the great advantage it was to the town, to have a pious physician. He said it was often the case when physicians were otherwise, that they were unwilling to have a pastor visit their patients, vainly imagining that they might frighten and injure them. Here he said,

he everywhere met with evidence of the Doctor's faithfulness to the souls as well as to the bodies of those to whom he was called.

This exactly accords with my own observation. I thank God that he has made my dear Frank an instrument of good.

As we were approaching Mr. Munroe's house, he said, "I have been much surprised to hear that our neighbor Mr. Benson intends to leave his people, and to go to Europe. He said nothing to me upon the subject," he added, "when I met him on Sabbath morning. I should have supposed that he would have wished to spend the last Sabbath among his own people. There is some mystery about it."

I made no reply; and after a pause, he inquired "Is he out of health?"

"He certainly appeared so the day he preached," I replied. I did my best to appear unembarrassed, but cannot say that I entirely succeeded. He looked intently at me for a moment, but said no more.

When I left him, he added, he should not be surprised if Mr. Lewis did not live until the Sabbath, but he thought him prepared to die.

CHAPTER VII

"Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him in hope;

Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears, so shall he fear thy firmness.

Above all things, graft on him subjection, yea in the veriest trifle." Tupper.

Friday Evening, June 19th.

Emily continues convalescent, and her eye begins to have its former lustre. She has sat in the chair nearly all the afternoon, while mother and I were sewing and Pauline played with her toys upon the floor. I am more than ever convinced that Emily's sickness is connected with her mental trouble.

I am likely to have full employment for my needle. Little girls need so many changes, and Miss Pauline had none, on her arrival, however large her wardrobe may have originally been. Mother wishes to assist me; but I declined her kind offer.

Poor little Pauline! she had a hard time this morning, and so did her mamma. We had quite a controversy; but I will explain. Cæsar was going to market in the village; and I told him if he would take the carriage, I would ride with him, as I wished to make a few purchases.

It is very warm; and I did not think it best for Pauline to accompany me, as she had generally done of late. She thought

this very hard, and began to cry. I stepped back, and said, "Aunty sick; Pauline mustn't cry," when she fairly screamed, and showed a very naughty temper. I saw there was to be a contest; and I told Cæsar not to wait. "I must postpone my ride until another time." Then taking her in my arms I carried her to a room the farthest removed from Emily's, and laying off my bonnet, attempted to take her into my lap.

But no, she would not come to me. She ran across the room and threw herself down on the floor, kicking and screaming. I was astonished, and did not know what to do. I was afraid if she cried so, she would make herself sick; at the same time I knew that she ought to be made to obey. It was in my heart to take her up and coax her to be good; but this I knew would injure her, and destroy my authority. In a low firm voice I said, "Get up, Pauline, and come to mamma." She only kicked the more, and screamed the louder. I had not supposed the child had half the strength of limb or lungs. This was her first exhibition of temper. Till now she had been uniformly yielding and mild, though to be sure, as Frank says, this was the first time her wishes were ever crossed.

I never was so perplexed; and if Frank had been in the house I should have left her with him, and ran off where I couldn't hear her scream. I kept repeating my commands; but she paid no attention, though I spoke as gently and caressingly as I could, and asked her to be mamma's dear little girl. She would stop screaming a moment and look at me; and when I thought she was going to yield, she would begin afresh.

I tried to think she did not understand me, and was thankful for any excuse for her. But in this I soon found I was mistaken; for I told her to pick up a block and put it in the chair. This she did readily; then when I told her to come to me, she lay down and began to kick and scream with all her might.

I left her on the floor, and calling mother out of Emily's room, told her in a whisper my trouble, and asked her what I could do. I even begged her to go in, and try her skill. But she said that would not answer the purpose; Pauline must be made to submit to me, as her parent. She encouraged me by saying, "I once had just such a contest with Frank; but when he yielded, it was for life."

I therefore returned to the room, with a heavy heart, where the noise had entirely subsided. Finding, however, that she was no more ready to obey, but had stopped from sheer exhaustion, I kneeled by the chair, and asked God to give me wisdom and strength for this emergency. And if chastisement were necessary, I prayed that it might be administered in a right spirit.

I arose and took my seat. "Pauline," said I, "if you do not come to mamma, she will have to punish you." She looked at me earnestly, attracted by the tone of my voice, which was very decided; but she did not seem to know what punishing meant. "Will you come?" I repeated. She shook her head decidedly. I went to her and taking her hand struck it with mine. Oh, dear, how it made my heart ache! Her lip quivered, and then she burst out afresh. Both the command and the punishment, I had to repeat five or six times; but at length, when I resumed my seat

and asked, "Now will my little Pauline come to mamma?"

She ran and threw herself into my arms. The contest was over. I carried her back two or three times, and then called her, when she readily obeyed. Now I could act out the impulses of my heart; I kissed her, and wept over her. Then I pressed her tightly in my arms, while I told her mamma was sorry, her little girl had been so naughty. She took her apron to wipe away my tears, and seeing me still weep, she sobbed aloud.

When she became composed, I carried her to mother, where, though her lip still quivered, she was Pauline again. She kissed them all, and told them, "mamma sorry," which she repeated to papa, and Ann. My grief made a great impression upon her tender heart.

I know, dear mother, you will sympathize with me in this trial. I think, however, it will do the child good. Frank remarked at dinner, that I looked very pale, and I certainly felt worse for the excitement; but he, and all the rest, rejoiced with me in the happy termination. Pauline sobbed a long time after she was asleep; but this afternoon she has been like a little lamb, coming every time she looked up from her play and met my eye, to give me a sweet kiss.

Saturday, June 20th.

This morning I went to the village, and though I trembled for my daughter, lest the scene of yesterday should be repeated, she behaved well; and I promised her a ride this afternoon with papa. Did I tell you, I had taught her to say "Papa?" I had no idea of

being her *only* parent.

During the forenoon, I received a very pleasant call from Lucy Lee, the daughter of Squire Lee, our richest citizen, who made his money, as I have told you, by his distillery. She is a beautiful girl, modest and sweet in her manners, but looked to-day very pale and careworn. My thoughts recurred to what I had heard of her domestic trials. I was glad she was unaccompanied by her brother, who is very disagreeable to me with his talk of "*our* place, *our* horses, *our* store." It seems hardly possible that he can be her *own* brother.

Lucy is said to be like her mother, now deceased. Joseph is like his father, and has been so much indulged, especially since his mother's death, that he is now the master. Emily says the whole family are afraid of him; and that Lucy, with whom she is intimate, lives a very sad life in the midst of all their splendor.

I invited the dear girl to come to tea next week, to which she cheerfully consented. I hope, by that time Emily may be down stairs.

This afternoon I persuaded mother to take my place with Frank for a drive. She has confined herself closely for the last week. Pauline was delighted to accompany them, though she did not like to leave mamma. I took my sewing into sister's room, where we were soon busy in conversation. After a little time, she interrupted me, as I was beginning a remark, "Cora, I want to say something to you while mother is gone. I wish your advice and assistance."

"Well, dear Emily, it is very easy to give advice;" but while I spoke, my heart began to beat very fast. I feared it would be something about Mr. Benson, and then the truth concerning him would have to be told.

Emily suddenly covered her face with her handkerchief, "I have treated him shamefully."

"Who?"

She looked at me as if she wondered that I should not know of whom she was speaking, and could not bear to mention his name. As I still looked inquiringly, she added, "Mr. Benson," and blushed crimson. "He made proposals of marriage to me the evening after our ride to Waverley, and I indignantly refused him. I treated him as no lady should treat a gentleman under such circumstances, even if she cannot love him. But I *did* love him! I *do* love him *now*!" she repeated earnestly, again hiding her face.

"Then why, dearest Emily, did you treat him so cruelly? I think you were very much in the wrong."

"I know it, I confess it," she replied, beginning to weep.

"I can't understand you, Emily. You loved him dearly?" She bowed her head; "and yet refused him with scorn?" She bowed her head still lower. "Why?" I again asked.

"Because," she said passionately, "he seemed so certain I should make a courtesy, and say 'Yes, sir, I thank you.' I suppose he expected I should fall right into his arms the moment he gave me leave. I loved him when he was away, yet there was something in his manner toward me which roused all my pride, and more

ugly feelings than I knew I possessed. He showed his love too openly, as if he were sure of success."

"I thought," said I with a smile, "that you wished the one you married to be very loving and often assure you of his love."

"Pooh!" said she, trying to laugh, "that was all my nonsense. I would rather a dozen times, that he would be like Frank. Now he almost worships you; but he is not always talking about it, and showing it in such silly ways." I now began to blush in earnest. "But it is foolish to talk of all this now. The die is cast, and I have no one but myself to blame. I have been thinking it all over, and have brought down my pride to asking his forgiveness for my haughty manner; mind, I say for the *manner* of my refusal. But it has cost me a hard struggle."

"What made you treat him so the night he called when you were sick?"

"I don't know," she replied, sadly; "I believe I was possessed with some evil spirit. If he had come in an hour earlier, he would have found me humble enough."

"Did you expect him?"

"I half expected he would call," covering her face to hide her blushes. "But my mind was all worked up, and my head ached so, and – and I thought he'd think I was mourning for him. But I've suffered enough for my foolish pride."

"Poor girl!" I thought; "if she knew what I do, she would suffer more." "Emily," said I, rising and taking her hand, "I pity you sincerely; but I cannot help telling you, I think you have been

greatly to blame."

"Well, I'm willing to hear that from you; and I have acknowledged it."

"In the first place," I continued, "it was entirely your imagination with regard to him. His manner, as far as I saw it, was uniformly respectful and tender, perhaps too openly the latter to suit my taste; but not the least bordering on undue confidence in your attachment. Indeed, I thought he did not sufficiently respect himself, and was too distrustful. Then I can't understand how you could love him, and yet give him such pain. You saw how very pale he looked."

"Oh, don't repeat it! I have thought of nothing else;" and the poor girl wept bitterly. Suddenly she looked up, as she heard the carriage, and trying to wipe away her tears, said quickly, "Not a word of all this for the world. I want you to take charge of a note from me, and send it to him."

"When shall you write it?"

"Some time next week," she answered, putting her finger on her lip, as she heard mother at the door.

I was glad to escape from the room; and ran down to take Pauline from papa. My head was all in a whirl. I am glad I did not promise secrecy, for I must tell Frank the first chance I get. He will know what to do.

Sabbath Evening, June 21st.

I remained at home with sister this morning, while mother went to church. It is a rainy day. I suppose we ought to be

thankful, for the earth was very dry and dusty; but I do love a pleasant Sabbath. This afternoon I went with Frank to church, and from thence to the house of Mr. Lewis. Mr. Munroe and Deacon Jackson rode with us, and after the horse had been driven under a shed, we all proceeded to the sick room, the deacon carrying with him a basket containing the sacred elements.

One of the tenants of the house had opened her room opposite, for the convenience of the company; and I was surprised as I passed up the stairs to see that it was crowded with people; many of them, I suppose, members of the church who came in to unite in the ordinance.

A clean white linen cloth was spread over the table at the foot of the bed, upon which Deacon Jackson placed two cups of wine and a plate of bread, covering the whole with a napkin. In the midst of intense feeling, I noticed all this, with pleasure, as evidence of the reverence and awe with which he handled the elements which were to represent the body and blood of our Lord.

The poor dying man, in clean clothing, lay on his bed with everything about him spotless and white as snow. Though he looked exceedingly pale, yet there was an elevation and glory in his face, which showed that his soul had communion with his Saviour, and that the gracious Spirit was strengthening him for this solemn occasion.

Though it rained very hard, yet the window near the bed was open to give the poor man fresh air, while his wife stood near him

with a fan. I was affected to see that she had reserved two seats near the bed for the Doctor and myself. Mr. Munroe occupied a place at the door that he might be heard in both apartments. Frank gently moved one of the chairs toward her, motioned her to sit in it, and stood by my side.

The solemn service commenced with an invocation, after which the covenant and creed of the church were read, and heartily responded to by the invalid, if I may judge from his rapt attention; then a short prayer consecrating the elements, which were distributed. The Doctor took the cup from Deacon Jackson, and gently raising the sick man, held it to his lips. There was truly a sublime expression on his countenance. With uplifted hands, he whispered, "Dear —*dear*— Jesus — died — for — me — glory —*immortal*— GLORY!!"

In a moment the expression changed, and Frank, who was closely watching him, stepped to Mr. Munroe, and told him he feared Mr. Lewis would faint. The clergyman immediately pronounced the benediction, and requested the friends quietly to withdraw.

I stepped to the backside of the room, while the Doctor opened the other windows for a moment to change the air, and with the help of strong restoratives, the patient soon revived, and was able to swallow a little of the wine and water the Doctor had prepared. I went toward the bed to bid him farewell, doubting whether I should ever see him alive again. He looked at me affectionately and gratefully, and pointed up, as if he would ask

me to meet him in heaven. I pressed his cold hand to my lips and silently left the room.

Mrs. Lewis followed us to the door, where she took Frank's hands in both of hers, and burst into tears. The most ardent desire of her soul for her poor dying husband had been realized; her prayers for years, answered; and though he was to be taken from her, she trusted she should meet him in a better world, to part no more.

I was deeply solemnized and impressed by this scene. It is the first time my dear husband and I have together tasted the memorials of our Saviour's love. I think I shall not soon forget it.

Monday Morning, June 22d.

Mr. Lewis breathed his last this morning soon after eight o'clock. The Doctor reached there a few moments after, and made all the arrangements for the funeral, which is to be on Wednesday afternoon in the chapel near the church.

CHAPTER VIII

"Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies the life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own." Wordsworth.

Monday Evening.

Emily is so much better, we think she can go down stairs to-morrow. As I have had no suitable opportunity to talk with Frank, I have avoided, when with her, the subject of our late interview.

I went with my husband this afternoon to visit the most charming old lady I have ever seen. I wish you could see her; she is over eighty, but just as fair as a young girl, and from her being of full habit, she has scarcely a wrinkle on her face. She has the most gentle, loving blue eyes, and her gray hair is nicely combed down under a plain muslin cap. Many a young girl might be envious of the beautiful peach bloom of her cheeks. But these are not her greatest charms. It is her manner, her heart overflowing with love to all. I believe everybody loves her, because she loves everybody; and she doesn't hesitate to show it. She is the mother of Mrs. Squire Wilson, to whom the Doctor was called for a sprained ankle. I could soon understand why he was so pleased to take me there with him.

When she heard the carriage, Mrs. Low, or "Aunt Susy," as every one calls her, came to the door, and shading her eyes from

the sun with her hand, stood looking until the Doctor alighted.

"Well now, Dr. Frank, that's you," (she had known him from a baby,) "I reckoned you'd be here before long."

Frank led the horse to the steps and lifted me out.

"Who's that, now, you've got with you?" she asked, looking at me.

"Somebody else for you to love," said he laughing, for she had taken possession of his hands.

She started, and holding me by the shoulders in a most loving way, said, "La, now, Doctor! this 'ere little thing don't b'long to you, does she? Is she your wife, I heard tell about?" at the same time she gave me a most hearty squeeze.

Frank laughed as he bowed his assent.

"I reckoned," she added, "you'd pick'd out one a proper sight older'n this little gal, you was allus so stiff."

As she continued to press me in her arms, and then push me off to look again, my husband began to look as if he was afraid he never should get me away again. All this time with a true delicacy, she had not kissed me, as if she were not sure I would like to be kissed by so old a person. But I soon relieved her on this point, and then we all walked into the sitting-room where her daughter, who was evidently used to such scenes, was patiently awaiting us. After being introduced to Mrs. Wilson, whom I recognized, (as I had met her at mother's levee,) the Doctor proceeded to examine her ankle. Aunt Susy and I took seats on the little sofa which was covered with bright chintz. She sat very close to me, and with a

press of my hand which she held, she motioned with her head toward the Doctor, saying in what she meant for a whisper, "he's a real nice man to live with, I'll be bound." I only laughed and nodded.

"Them stiddy ones, sometimes turns out the greatest rogues," she continued in a comforting tone, "now I calculated, he'd court a prim, proper kind of a woman, a reglar old maid, that'd be company for his mother; but there's no telling what people will do, times changes so, since I was a gal."

I was well convinced by the spasmodic motion about Dr. Frank's mouth, that he was not so absorbed in the examination of Mrs. Wilson's foot that he did not hear every word of this *confidential* talk, I therefore thought, I would try to change the subject of conversation. As I could think of nothing else, I told her what a dear little girl I had found. She was almost breathless with interest, and when I stopped she said: —

"Now I never heard the cap to that! Now do tell if you're gone to keep her for your own, or if you're gone to kind o'make a servant of her?"

"Oh, no indeed!" I answered quickly, "Frank loves her as well, or almost as well as I do, and we have adopted her for our own."

"And she's nothin to you, by blood I mean?"

"Oh, no, we don't know whose child she is."

"Well, that is the beater!" she exclaimed, and for the child's sake I suppose, gave me another squeeze and kiss.

"Betsey," said she to her daughter, "Did you ever hear tell what

Dr. Frank's been and done?"

"No, mother."

"Well, he'd no more'n got his little young wife safely housed, than he was so impatient for a darter, that he went and picked up one out of the streets, and gin to her to take care on."

The Doctor and I laughed heartily at this curious exposition of our domestic affairs, while she evidently thought she had stated the case exactly. She ended with, "There now, I never was so beat. To think of Dr. Frank starting off on sich a rig. However, I hope good luck'll come on't, and mabby you'll soon find out who the child b'longs ter."

"Oh! no," said I, interrupting her, "that is the only thing I'm afraid of, I couldn't give her up."

"Look there, now!" said Aunt Susy, turning in surprise to the Doctor, "an't it mazin how these young critters takes to children."

We both rose to go; but she just took my hands, and set me down again. "Sit right there, till I bring you some luncheon."

I told her I preferred not taking any; but she would hear no excuse. She went out into the kitchen, and very soon brought a waiter, covered with a clean napkin, holding two tumblers of rich milk, and some nice sponge cake. It was really delicious. Mrs. Wilson addressed a few words to me; but I was not at all drawn to her as to her mother. The Doctor says she is a woman possessed of a very good mind, and has been a great reader, but has never had children to develop her affection and modify her character.

When we had disposed of the lunch, and Frank had given his

directions to his patient, we prepared to take leave, receiving one or two extra kisses, and a good squeeze of the Doctor's arm for his part.

"Bring her here when you come again," said the old lady, pointing to me. "She's a pootty critter." Aunt Susy is a little deaf, and seems to think everybody else so. "I think so too," whispered Frank in her ear, loud enough for others to have the full benefit, when, after receiving a loving pat on his arm, he jumped into the carriage.

I told the Doctor on our way home, how disappointed his old friend was, that he had not married a more suitable person, – one that could be a companion both for him and his mother. He laughed so heartily, that I had to hush him several times, for fear some one would hear.

"Yes," he said, when he could speak, "I know who the old lady wanted me to have; but in the choice of a wife I intended to suit myself. So if you are satisfied, I prophesy she will soon be reconciled."

Now, my dear mother, if you have any idea from what I have written, that Aunt Susy has anything coarse about her, I have not described her well at all. She is truly refined in her feelings. I wish all the ladies I have met in high life were as much so. She is a dear, old-fashioned, warm-hearted woman; and it makes one's heart warm just to hear her name. Mother says, her husband was one of the most highly respected men in the state, – a justice of the peace, and lived independently on his farm, where he was

monarch of all he surveyed. Mrs. Low had considerable property which she has made over to her daughter, who takes care of her.

Tuesday, June 23d.

This has been a very warm day, and I have not been out of the house, though I wished much to see Caroline Leighton. She is quite comfortable again, and sits in her chair two or three hours at a time.

Last night after we retired to our room, I told Frank I wanted to ask his advice upon a very important subject. So we sat down in the bright moonlight, while I told him about Emily. He said not a word, but heard me with interest. I fancy he controlled his feelings, as he frightened me so much the other night. "Now you see, Frank," I said, "you did Emily injustice. She has acknowledged she did wrong; and she intends to confess it to Mr. Benson."

"Ahem!" was all the reply.

"What can I do?" No answer.

"After all," said he, starting up to walk across the room, "it is quite a triumph for Emily to confess her error to him. She has her full share of the Lenox pride; and we all have enough of it. It must have cost her a great struggle. But that doesn't help the poor fellow. I should wish no farther acquaintance with a lady who had treated me so rudely."

Frank seemed to be soliloquizing, and I interrupted him by asking again, "My dear *husband*, what shall I do?"

"I can tell you, my love, what I shall do, very quickly,"

he replied, coming and taking my hand, while he kissed me repeatedly. "I shall love you with all my heart for calling me by so dear a name." I had never before addressed him as my "husband."

I felt very courageous in the moonlight, and said, "Why, Frank, I understood you to say nearly a year ago, that you had lost your heart. Have you found it again?"

"Not exactly; but I've found the warmest, largest, most precious heart, to put in its place."

"But," said I after a moment, "to return to Emily. She intends writing a note, which she wishes me to send."

"I don't see how that can be done. We don't know where to direct. Did he mention the name of the family he was going with?"

"Yes, Mr. Karswell, a merchant in New York. Mr. Benson goes with his son, who has just graduated, or is about to graduate."

"Then I think we might reach him through his patron. Address it to the care of C. M. Karswell – I know the firm. Charles does not leave college until sometime next month. I suppose arrangements will be made for them to sail soon after his graduation. I will confess to not a little curiosity to read Emily's epistle. Will she show it to you?"

"I think it doubtful," I replied.

CHAPTER IX

"He loved – loved keenly; and he could not bow
To what seemed tyranny, and so he sought
His wonted happiness, at least the bliss
Of mutual tears, and vows of tenderness,
Never to leave their loves, but always cling
To the fixed hope, that there should be a time,
When they could meet unfettered, and be blest
With the full happiness of certain love." Percival.

Wednesday, June 24th.

I forgot to mention last night that the services of the Doctor had been requested at the Nabob's mansion, or "Lee Hall," as Joseph styles it. In other words, when Frank went to his office in the village yesterday morning, he found the following request upon the tablet. "Will Dr. Lenox call at Squire Lee's residence this forenoon, to afford medical advice and relief?" This was written by Joseph in a bold flourishing hand.

The Doctor called, and found Lucy was the patient. *Patient*, she certainly was in one sense of the word, though not much sick. Frank says, her trouble is beyond his reach. It is sorrow of heart. Lucy has from a child been intimate with sister, and is of course well acquainted with the Doctor. When he kindly enquired the symptoms of her complaint, she did not speak, but just placed

her hand upon her heart with a sorrowful expression. He asked if there was nothing he could do for her relief. She shook her head with such a woe begone look that he was deeply moved. He could do nothing but recommend nourishing food, and free exercise in the open air. He did not leave until she promised to fulfil her engagement to take tea with us on the morrow, when he wishes us, if possible, to cheer her spirits as the best means of restoring her health.

Thursday, June 25th.

Directly after breakfast I went with the Doctor to see Caroline, and spent a delightful hour in reading to her, and in conversation on religion. The Bible and subjects relating to it are her meat and drink.

Directly after my return, I wrote a note to Lucy Lee, begging her to come to us at an early hour; and in consequence of my invitation, she made her appearance about three o'clock. We were all moved by the expression of meek and patient endurance upon her lovely countenance.

I purposely left her alone with Emily, for I thought that she might talk more freely with her, and perhaps find relief from her sympathy and affection. I had just returned from the cottage with Pauline, where mother was occupied with Ruth in preparing for their return, when Emily requested me to go into her room, to which she had invited Lucy, that they might be free from interruption.

I found Emily in a state of great excitement, and poor Lucy

with her handkerchief to her face silently weeping.

"I say," exclaimed Emily passionately, "it's a disgrace to the town, for such a system of persecution to go on, as has been, and is still pursued toward her," pointing to Lucy, who had not looked up, "and not have it inquired into and prevented." Emily had, for the time, forgotten her own trials, in her indignation at the greater ones of her friend.

I sat down by the weeping girl, putting my arm around her waist. She thanked me by a press of the hand, while Emily, who sat in a rocking-chair opposite, (she was too excited to keep still a moment,) continued, "Only think, Cora, of that rascally fellow Joseph." Poor Lucy looked imploringly.

"Excuse me, poor girl; but much as I love you, I have always detested your brother. He has nothing of the gentleman about him. But I never could have believed he would have acted so cruelly."

I had been waiting in vain to hear the occasion of this ebullition of feeling; and I interrupted my indignant sister, by saying, "You forget, Emily, that I know nothing of the circumstances."

She then gave me, in substance, the following narrative:

From a child, Lucy has been attached to Allen Mansfield. In fact, they can hardly remember the time when they did not love each other. While Mrs. Lee lived, all went on well; and although a very gentle, loving woman, she exerted a considerable influence over her husband, and persuaded him to consent to their early

betrothal. Allen's father, Mr. Mansfield, is a merchant in this place, carrying on a prosperous business; and, at the time of their engagement, his son was considered, in point of wealth, a suitable match for Lucy. Allen was everything her mother desired; honorable, upright and virtuous, of generous heart, and noble principles. More than all, he and his beloved were united in the most enduring tie of Christian friendship, and had together made a public profession of religion.

Since that time, however, Squire Lee, by means of his horrible traffic in ardent spirits, has added house to house and farm to farm, until he has been easily persuaded by his son, that his only daughter ought to look higher in her choice of a husband. Not that brotherly affection was so strong in Joseph. Dislike to Allen was his ruling motive. They had been schoolmates; and though from love to the gentle sister, Allen had tried to show, at least, kindness to her brother, yet he could not always conceal his displeasure at Joseph's conduct. A slight or neglect this haughty young man never forgot. He only waited his time to make sure his revenge. Since Allen's intimacy with the family, he had indeed treated him with outward politeness; yet he hated him on account of his strong, and oft expressed disapprobation of the course he was pursuing, and the character of his companions. In this way he had gradually worked his mind into such a state, that there was no calamity too great for him to visit upon Allen, had it been in his power.

Such was their relation, when it occurred to the poor drunken

creature, (for no less was he a drunkard because his wines were imported from Europe at four dollars a bottle; and his Cogniac the best which could be obtained,) to revenge himself upon Allen by depriving him of Lucy. He neither thought, nor cared for the sorrow it would cause her loving heart. He went to work with a zeal worthy of a better cause. By speaking in a disparaging tone of him to his father, he gradually led him to view the young man as no longer suitable in rank or station to be allied to a daughter of their house.

Poor Lucy! At first she gently tried to defend her lover from inuendoes, and insinuations which her brother took care should be in such general terms, they could not be met and refuted. Every one is aware how much worse than an open accusation are implications like the following: – "If I were to tell what I know, Allen Mansfield would be hooted out of good society. He is called clever, but I wouldn't ensure his honor nor his virtue."

It was not strange that Squire Lee, who had long suffered himself to be guided; nay, almost governed by his son, and who was much enfeebled in mind by the free use of brandy, determined to break the match, nor that he one day, when he had drunk so much that he could hardly stand, almost broke her heart by commanding her to dismiss Allen, or he himself would do it.

The wretched girl had had many doubts and misgivings whereunto these things would grow, and had shed many bitter tears in secret; but as she had no idea of the extent of her brother's malice, nor of the strength of his determination upon revenge,

she had never conceived so dreadful a result.

For a week, she was obliged to keep her bed, being almost overwhelmed with sorrow. Dear girl! the thought never entered her mind that it could be possible to resist so unjust a sentence. Allen, however, was of different temperament. Naturally gentle and kind, yet when his indignation was roused, he had the courage of a lion.

Having heard that Lucy was sick, he hastened to inquire for her. It so happened that he went to the house when Squire Lee was alone, and more than usually under the influence of reason. Though he forbid his visiting Lucy, or having anything more to say to her, as he expressed it, yet he did so in a less offensive manner than on the occasion of his interview with his daughter.

The consequence was that the young man did not feel called upon to obey him, but in a day or two called again, having waited in vain for an answer to several letters, he had written to Lucy. On this occasion, however, his visit was not so well timed. Joseph was with his father, who had not yet recovered from his heavy potations of wine and brandy at dinner, and who, therefore, was easily strengthened by his son in his cruel purpose.

A dreadful scene ensued. Allen, whose heart-interest was at stake, determined, for the sake of her whom he loved, to be respectful to her father. But he was not prepared to withstand the perfect torrent of wrath which burst upon him. When he entered and inquired for Lucy, Joseph sneeringly said, "My sister shall never marry a mean scoundrel like you."

Paying no attention to this, which, however, made his blood boil, he turned to the old gentleman, saying, "You surely cannot be in earnest in trying to separate your daughter and myself. Your deceased wife was my friend; and she as well as yourself gave a ready consent to our union." In the midst of his wrath Squire Lee was a little softened by the tone and manner of the young man, as well as by the mention of his wife, whom he had loved next to himself. He was about to speak more kindly, when Joseph, perceiving his intention, interrupted him.

"Lucy Lee will be an heiress; no wonder you are loath to give up her wealth."

Allen turned deadly pale from suppressed emotion, but controlling his feelings, said, "Squire Lee, I ask again the hand of your daughter. I will gladly take her without one farthing of your hoarded wealth."

Joseph whispered something in his father's ear, who replied, "all very fine, young man — *very fine* talk" (hiccough) "indeed; but you — can't have her. You see" (hiccough) "we've," with a cunning look at Joseph, "other views for her."

Allen could contain himself no longer, and in a terrible voice denounced both father and son as inhuman and brutal in their conduct. "The time will surely come," he added, "when you will bitterly regret your cruelty toward her, and your abuse of me."

Were these prophetic words?

Joseph, who was beside himself with rage, flew at Allen, and aimed a violent blow at his head, which the young man

dexterously warded off.

Poor Lucy, who had been attracted by the noise below, sprang from her bed, and having thrown on a loose robe, rushed wildly into the room. All stood for one moment speechless with astonishment at her presence, and frightful pallor. She threw herself at her father's feet, begging him not to break her heart. She frantically invoked the spirit of her departed mother to intercede for her, but alas! to no effect. Squire Lee sat motionless while Joseph in a fury rang the bell, and said to the porter, "turn that rascal out of the house."

Allen, seeing there was no hope for him or his dearly beloved Lucy, suddenly caught her in his arms, held her for one brief moment to his breast, bade her farewell, and left the house. There was a sincerity in his grief, a dignity in his manner, which made even the hard hearts of both brother and father quail.

Here at Emily's request, Lucy continued the narrative. "I cannot remember what immediately followed; but when I recovered my consciousness, I was in my own room. Mrs. Burns the house-keeper, almost my only friend and confidant, stood bathing my hands and face. From that time I gave up all hope of happiness with Allen, though he has never ceased to write me the most tender letters, urging me not to despair, but to hope on, and hope ever."

"Love in the earnest mind is not a dream,
To fade in sorrow, or grow dim by age,

But a most true outpouring of the soul;
A pledge of faith, that looking from the past,
And through the present – sees beyond it all
Hope unaffected by earth's weary change."

"I have never written in reply, but have sent messages of unchangeable and undying love. I begged Mrs. Burns, through whom alone we could communicate, to tell my dear Allen, that though I could not marry him in defiance of my father's command; yet I would not marry another. He would never cease to be dearer to me than life."

The distressed girl wept so much, that Emily resumed. Weeks passed on, and Joseph encouraged by her passive obedience, began to think he could now bestow her hand to his own advantage.

Among the vile acquaintances which he had formed in a neighboring city, was Mr. William Arnold, a man about thirty years of age, of whose elegant dress and accomplishments Joseph was never tired of talking. He was often at the house, and Lucy from an instinctive feeling of dislike avoided him as much as possible. She was obliged to meet him at the table, and to treat him with civility as a guest. She says she has sometimes questioned herself as to the ground of her prejudice against him. He is tall, of an elegant figure, and very free, easy manners. He converses well, and has rendered himself a favorite with the old gentleman; but there is a look in his eye which she says cannot be trusted. Then the fact of his being so intimate with her brother

is strongly against him.

But when Mr. Arnold began to exhibit a fondness for her society, and whispered soft nothings in her ear, she says "she absolutely loathed him."

"His passionate eye," exclaimed Lucy, starting from her seat in great excitement, "actually makes all my bones to shake. I would willingly have confined myself to my room; but this I was not allowed to do. My father," she added with a deep sigh, "no doubt instigated to such a course by my brother, commands me to appear, as he says whatever company he chooses to invite to the house is only too good for me. I pined and wept in secret, but was required to appear cheerful in the presence of my now avowed admirer."

With a look of horror, the wretched girl said "I had rather die than marry him." She acknowledged, however, that she dared not openly resist her brother's wishes. "When he has been drinking he is – " she checked herself, "very unlike a brother," and she shuddered with fear at the thought.

"I am willing to give up Allen, though he is so *very* dear to me; but why need they force me to marry this vile man." She said when the Doctor called she longed to ask his advice; but fear restrained her; and then she knew it could do no good. This was said almost in a tone of despair.

In her indignation, Emily was for sending a police officer to take father and son and lock them up in jail. I was silent from astonishment; I had known of cases in France where children

were forced to marry against their will; but can it be so, thought I, in this free country? Why then this boast of liberty? I am so much interested in this sweet girl that I have given you a full account of her trials, embracing what was told me during this interview, and what I learned from mother and Frank after her departure. I gave the poor girl all my sympathy, while Emily was very free with her advice, some of which from Lucy's shake of the head, I foresaw it would be difficult, if not impossible, for her to follow. But we both urged her to be firm in refusing to give her hand to one whom she did not respect, and therefore could not love. In this advice we were joined by my husband and mother.

After she left, we sat late talking about Squire Lee. I gathered from what they said, that when the old gentleman first came to the village, he was a poor boy, and was employed as a clerk in a grocer's store. Being a shrewd, active lad, he had worked his way up to be a partner in the firm. Then he married his partner's daughter, at which time they increased their business, and built their distillery. This proved so much more profitable than their grocery, that they sold out their store and devoted themselves entirely to the manufacture of New England rum.

When his father-in-law died, the whole manufactory and trade fell into his hands; and now he is possessed of great wealth. It was certainly known that many houses and farms had passed into his hands; and that a large number of families had been reduced from independence and comfort to beggary through their connection with this ruinous business; this soul-killing establishment.

Frank said his father had often remarked the deplorable effect this traffic had upon the mind and character of his neighbor. From being apparently a kind hearted man, he had gradually become hard, unfeeling and inhuman. Mammon and Bacchus were his gods. Personal ease and domestic tranquillity, neighbors and friends, family and home, his body and his soul, he had sacrificed to these divinities.

Friday, July 3d.

Great preparations are making for the celebration of the Fourth of July, which is the anniversary of the national independence.

I really think Lucy's visit has been of service to Emily by taking her mind from herself. She gave me a sealed note to-day directed to Rev. Frederic Benson, which Frank has enclosed in a wrapper to Mr. Karswell.

Saturday, July 4th.

On many accounts this has been a trying day to me. I suppose I do not yet feel patriotic enough to bear the noise patiently. This morning we were awakened with the first streak of light, by the booming of cannons on a neighboring height. My poor little Pauline screamed and cried. When I took her from her crib into my bed, her teeth chattered from her affright. I tried to talk with her and soothe her; but in truth I had as much as I could do to calm myself. The continued roar made me tremble so much that I could easily sympathize with the frightened girl.

Doctor Frank expressed much sorrow for us, and would gladly have prevented it, if possible; but he said there was no help for it but patience. He comforted both Pauline and myself, by saying he would hurry through his morning calls, as he has no very sick patients, and take us all out into the country beyond the reach of the noise.

After an early dinner we started to rid ourselves of the noise of cannons and bells, which were to commence again their tumult at noon. We had a delightful ride and picnic in a grove. We carried cold chicken, ham and condiments in a basket, and spread them out on a cloth under the trees. Pauline forgot all her troubles, and amused us much by her gayety. She danced and tried to sing in her delight.

When she was tired, she went to Frank and turned her back for him to lift her up. He pretended not to know what she wanted, so as to have the pleasure of hearing her say, "please, papa, take Pauline." It is really amusing to watch them together. She goes quite as a matter of course to him when he sits in the library, and asks him to "take her," waiting patiently for half an hour, it may be, for him to finish reading his paper. Then she is sure of a frolic.

It often makes me laugh till the tears run down my cheeks, to see him dancing about the room, with Pauline perched upon his shoulder, holding tightly to his hair. It is fortunate for the young miss, it is curly, else her hold would not be quite so firm. I wonder what Madame Le Row or Mademoiselle Blanche would say to

see Dr. Lenox, "the graceful, refined, but rather too serious Dr. Lenox," capering about the room in that style.

"He will not blush that hath a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part."

CHAPTER X

"If a soul thou would'st redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God; —
Would'st thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod, —
Go kindly to him, — take his hand
With gentlest words within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till all the demons thou dethrone." Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

Monday, July 6th.

This afternoon, I rode out with Frank to visit an elegant residence, about three miles distant. The house stands on an elevation, and has a beautiful lawn in front, descending toward a small lake or pond; on the shore of which stands a neat but tasteful boat-house, with accommodations for boating or fishing.

I saw a young girl rowing herself in a light skiff. She appeared to me to be about to upset every minute; but Frank told me it was an Indian canoe, which, being very light, can be paddled about with great ease and safety.

On our return, a woman came to the door of her house and requested the Doctor to call at Jones's, where a child was sick, intimating that she wished to say something more, but did not like to do so in my presence. I immediately proposed to alight

from the carriage and proceed to the house of the patient, which was but a few steps distant.

Both the outer and inner doors were open, and nothing could be more appalling than the sight presented to my view. The room itself was capable of being made comfortable, if proper care had been bestowed upon it. But at present poverty and filth ruled without restraint.

The sick child lay upon a tottering bedstead, which was covered with pieces of carpet, torn quilts, or anything which could be procured from the floor or elsewhere. A part of an old rag-mat was fastened by two forks to the window at the side of the bed, to serve the double purpose of keeping out the wind and light, as there was hardly a whole pane of glass.

Chairs without backs, and a table under which a barrel had been pushed to serve in the place of a missing leg, made up the inventory of the furniture. On the floor, in the farther corner, lay the remnant of an old straw bed, and upon it was stretched in brutal unconsciousness of all around him the father of the family; the husband of the woman who was weeping over the sick child.

I announced myself as the wife of their physician, and was received by her in a way which led me to suppose she had seen better days. I felt of the little hand, lying over the side of the bed, and found it burning with fever. The sufferer lay with her eyes and mouth partly open, and her hair in a tangled mat about her face and neck.

"How long has she been in this stupor?" I asked, as the child

took no notice of me.

"Since early in the morning."

"And have you given her no medicine?"

"Oh, yes! I have tried to force down a little spirit; but her teeth seemed set, so that she could not swallow."

I was never more rejoiced than to see Frank enter, as he did at this moment. He bid the woman get him a clean cloth, and some warm water. The latter she procured from a neighbor's kitchen, while a part of an old apron sufficed for the former.

The Doctor then proceeded to bathe the face, neck, and arms of the child. Afterwards he administered a cooling draught, which the poor, parched mouth eagerly swallowed. He forbade Mrs. Jones to give her any spirit, and left, promising to bring powders for the night.

As we rode home, my heart was full of admiration of my husband, while shame, that disgust had rendered me useless, and pity for the suffering family, alternately occupied my mind. At length, sympathy prevailed, and I said, "Frank, I shall watch with that sick child to night."

"Not for the world!" he replied, quickly; and then continued, more calmly, "The child will do well enough; or rather, she will not be the one to require most attention. I wish she were away from there; but I hardly think," he added, after a pause, "it will do to remove her."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Did you not see the man lying in the corner? He is a poor

drunken fellow; and, if I'm not mistaken, will require more care than the child. I shall engage Mr. Ferris, a kind neighbor, to watch with them."

Perceiving my interest, my husband gave me a short account of the family, which he had known from childhood. "When Esther Holmes was married, her father furnished everything necessary for comfortable housekeeping. She had received a good common education, had been a few terms to an academy, and every one thought her well and happily settled in life.

"Her husband, Thomas Jones, is the son of pious parents; a capable man at his trade, and fully equal to supporting his family in comfort. He earns, at times, a good deal of money; but it is all spent for rum. Never was slave more under the influence of a tyrannical master, than he is under the power of his incessant appetite for intoxicating drink.

"In his Bacchanalian revels and fits of fury, he has broken and destroyed the furniture until now scarcely a piece remains. Sometimes, after an attack of delirium tremens, he endeavors to reform, and works steadily for two or three months. But then he is again overcome, and drinks worse than ever. His wife has gradually lost all hope, and seems to give up and let everything go. I fear she does not try to make home comfortable and pleasant to him, when he is himself. Everything is filthy in the extreme. It is only as a matter of stern duty that I can sit down in the house.

"For a day or two Jones has been sick, but he drinks all the time, he is awake; and I fear he will be wild to-night. It makes

me sick at heart to think of him. He has some noble traits; but rum, *rum*, has changed him from a kind husband and a tender father into a creature worse than a brute."

Tuesday, July 7th.

About midnight a messenger came for the Doctor to hasten to Jones. The watchers could do nothing with him. He raved and swore that devils were at the foot of the bed, waiting to catch his soul, and carry it to hell. Frank went at once and did not return until near daylight. At breakfast, he relieved my anxiety for the sick child, by saying, she had been removed to a room in the other part of the house, and was now much better. But Thomas, he said, had passed a dreadful night. He had seemed to suffer the torments of the lost. He enumerated his sins from his childhood, disobedience to his parents, Sabbath breaking, profanity, intemperance, and almost every form of iniquity. These came up to his remembrance with the distinctness of the judgment. Then he told how he had turned from the Saviour, refused His offers of mercy, quenched the Spirit's influence, ruined his own soul, and the souls of his wife and children, *all, ALL for RUM!!*

This he screamed out; and when those around tried to soothe him, he said that he would scream so loud that every drunkard in town could hear. "If ten thousand devils pursue me," shrieked the insane man, "I will warn all to beware of RUM!!!"

His attendants listened in wonder, and even Frank was astonished, as he had never heard him talk in this way before.

Nor could he understand it until this morning, when Mrs. Jones told him that they had been to hear the new minister preach; and it appears their consciences had been aroused by his faithful presentation of truth.

Afternoon.

As Frank would not consent to my visiting little Susan, I contented myself with making her some nice porridge which Ann carried to her. My husband came in soon after, and told me two men could not hold Thomas in bed; and they had been obliged to confine his arms. He knows no one but his physician; and this afternoon appealed to him in a hoarse whisper, "take them off," pointing to the men who stood at the side of the bed. "Oh, hide me! *Hide me!* they tear my soul!"

The Doctor motioned them out of sight, and tried to soothe him. "Thomas," said he in a calm voice, "do you remember when you and I went to the Sabbath school?"

"Yes, oh yes!" gasped the poor fellow.

"Where did Mr. Goodrich tell us to flee for safety?" Thomas looked up eagerly, but made no reply.

"He told us to go to Christ. He would save us from all our enemies."

"If he would but take me; but oh, he wont; *he wont!* I've been too wicked ever to expect that," and hiding his head under the clothes, he cried aloud. Frank succeeded in persuading him to take some medicine, which the attendants could not do, because he thought they meant to poison him. He was calmer before

Frank left.

Thursday, July 9th.

Last evening, my dear husband hurried through his calls, and took Mr. Munroe with him to see poor Thomas. He found him so exhausted by the violence of his fits, that, unless soon relieved, he cannot live long. The agony of his mind makes him much worse than ever before. When they went in, he had fallen asleep, and they sat down quietly to wait until he awoke. Frank says, as he sat by the bed and looked at the miserable man, so haggard and ghastly, he prayed that God would have mercy upon his soul, even at the eleventh hour.

When Jones awoke, he stared around him a moment, as if trying to remember where he was, while the Doctor quietly liberated his right hand, with which he immediately covered his face. After he had taken some gruel, he sighed, but would not speak.

Frank told him Mr. Munroe had come in as a friend to see him. He suddenly pulled away the clothes, and said, "No, he'll mock me! He knows how wicked I am! The last time I went to meeting he told over all my sins. He knows I can't be saved, and he'll only mock me." Here the poor creature burst into loud crying.

Mr. Munroe moved nearer, and took Thomas's hand in his; "My poor friend," said he, in a very gentle voice, "It would ill become me, a sinful creature as well as yourself, to make a mock at one for whom Christ died. I have come to remind you of his

love, of his desire for your salvation. He has knocked at the door of your heart again, and again, and you have turned away from his pleading voice. Will you? – dare you turn from him now? When the Holy Spirit is striving with you, will you resist his gracious influence?"

He was interrupted by loud sobs, and Mrs. Jones, whom they had not perceived, hastened from the room, holding her apron to her face. Thomas had not noticed the interruption, but was looking so intently at Mr. Munroe that the Doctor almost feared the excitement, and placed his fingers on the brawny wrist.

But our good pastor perceived the workings of the spirit, and hoped and prayed that peace and joy might take the place of the dark despair which was killing body and soul.

No one spoke, but still Thomas gazed. His whole mind was filled with wonder. At length, he gasped, rather than spoke, "I will, *I will* receive Him as my Saviour, but oh, it is too late!"

The last words were spoken in such a tone of utter wretchedness and despair, that his hearers could not refrain from tears.

"Thomas," asked Mr. Munroe, "Do you remember the thief on the cross? Up to the moment of his conversion he had probably reviled his Lord. Take care then that you do not limit the power of the Almighty, whose voice of mercy saith 'He will save to the uttermost all that come unto Him.' He also adds for your encouragement, 'though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as

wool."

The poor man looked from one to the other, as if exhausted by the dreadful conflict within him, and said in a broken voice, "you will not deceive me with hope, when God has left me to despair."

Frank said, "While there is life, there is mercy if you will believe;" and not wishing to prolong the interview, they knelt in prayer. The poor wife came in and threw herself down at the foot of the bed. Mr. Munroe in a fervent manner commended them to God.

He prayed that from eternity they might look back upon this hour as the most blessed of their lives, as the hour when they had chosen Jesus for their Saviour, and heaven for their everlasting home. Before he arose from his knees, the poor humble penitent said, in a voice choking with tears, "Lord, I believe. Have mercy upon my guilty soul!" Mrs. Jones sobbed aloud.

From earth to heaven the tidings flew,
Two guilty souls are born anew.

Friday, July 10th.

This morning Doctor Frank has been to see Thomas. I waited with no little impatience for his return. He found his patient decidedly better, though very weak. He had but one fit during the night, and that much less severe in its character. He had a touching expression of humility which made him look like a different man. He has most clear views of the sinfulness of his own heart; and of the abounding grace of God in providing a

Redeemer for one so vile.

Frank was much pleased with one expression he used; "I dare not hope that God has accepted me; but I feel willing to be in his hands. He knows what is best for me. I feel safe to trust him, and think when he sees how strong my desire is to do right, he will help me."

Oh, that Thomas may be able to withstand temptation, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. I hope Christians will encourage him and pray for him. I was grieved this morning to hear a professing Christian speak distrustfully of the change in poor Thomas, and say, "persons in delirium tremens, are often very pious, but when they recover, their goodness vanishes like the morning cloud, and early dew."

Surely it is infinite condescension in God to visit the abode of drunkenness and filth with the rich blessings of salvation; but who can doubt his ability, and willingness to do it?

Monday, July 13th.

I have not been quite well for a day or two, and have only received permission to write a few lines. Frank blames himself for allowing me to do so much; but I have really done nothing which could injure my health. The weather was very warm yesterday. I lay upon the bed the greater part of the day. Frank insisted upon staying from church to nurse me in the afternoon. He was obliged to visit his patients in the morning. It is quite sickly now in the town, especially among children. May God preserve our dear little Pauline!

After her return from church in the afternoon, madam Phebe came to my room to make inquiries about my health.

"Well, Phebe," I asked, "Did you enjoy the sermon?"

"Oh, yes, missus, ole Phebe hab blessed time. Mass'r Munroe quite undo hisself dis yer day."

"*Out do* you mean," said I laughingly.

"Laws missus! dere aint no kinder difference. He go long farder in the broad road dan I eber heard him afore. I 'spects, I'se can stand de meanin if I'se don't use de right words."

"What was the text?"

"Dere now, I'se can't jist tink ob de text all in a minit. It has popped right off all in a suddent, but 'twas a blessed un, all bout God."

"Well, Phebe, if you can't remember the text, you can tell me about the sermon, – it pleased you so much."

"Oh, yes, missus, pleased me berry much, powerful good discoors dat ar. Wall now, how kinder curis dis yer chile, can't jist tink ob nothing, only jist when don't want ter. Now I declar," said the perplexed woman, putting her hand to her head, "when I'se getting de supper de hull discoors 'ull come pouring into my ole brain, when I can't no way stop to 'tend to it."

"Can't you tell me the subject?" I asked, trying to repress my mirth.

"Oh, laws, yes, missus, 'twas all bout piousness, and serousness, dat's de idee. I'se glad," she added complacently, "I'se got some o' my senses left, 'twas a blessed discoors dat ar."

Tuesday, July 16th.

Dear Mother, I am up and dressed for the first time since Monday. I feel a general prostration of the system. My husband ascribes it to over excitement. Nothing could surpass the kindness of every one in the house. I fear Frank will make himself sick from anxiety. He returns home once or twice in the forenoon, runs to my chamber for a few minutes, and then off again to another part of the town. Phebe does wonders in her line, trying to make something "Missus will relish a bit." She complains that I do not eat enough to keep a canary bird alive, and indeed I have not much appetite. Frank would not allow me to arise until after dinner, when Ann came in with a dish which would be very tempting to a person in health. I readily recognized the kind hand which selected it for me. The breast of a fat pigeon, with a nice slice of crisp toast, and an excellent cup of tea. I almost relished it.

While I sat in bed bolstered by pillows with the waiter before me, madam Phebe came from the kitchen to pay me a visit. She wished to see with her own eyes why I did not eat.

CHAPTER XI

Low at his feet his daughter lies;
Dear father, let me stay!
But no, the cruel wretch replies,
Away, begone, away!

His heart was crusted o'er with years
Of guilt, and shame, and sin;
But still his wretched daughter cries
Oh! father, turn again!

I'll give up all I've dearly loved,
On thee my cares bestow;
With scorn the gray-haired sire thus proved
His hate. Go, daughter, *go!*

Friday, July 17th.

I feel a little stronger to-day. My husband came in yesterday while I was writing, and put his lordly veto upon my penning another word. I asked him if he had heard anything more from Lucy, or had received an answer from Mr. Benson.

He shook his head and said, "your first business is to get well." I think Emily is disappointed in not hearing from him; and she must be surprised that he does not write, as she supposes him to

be only three miles distant. She asked me in a whisper yesterday if I had sent her letter. I told her, I sent it at once, and asked, "Has he replied?"

She shook her head.

"He may be away, and not have received it," I suggested. "I think," I added with hesitation, "I remember to have heard he was going on a journey." She brightened at once, and I turned away from fear lest she should ask more. I am glad to have escaped her scrutiny.

Friday, July 24th.

It is a week since I wrote you, dear mother. How I have longed to have you with me! I shall soon begin to expect another packet of letters. I desire to tell you about poor Emily; but my hand trembles so much, I don't know that I ought to enter upon it.

On Monday last I felt stronger than I had done for a week or two. Frank lifted me in his arms, and carried me down stairs for a short drive. The air was delightful, and I returned much refreshed, and invigorated. I wanted to walk up stairs, for fear Frank would injure himself carrying me. Cæsar stepped eagerly forward; but the Doctor only laughed, and said, "No, Cæsar, I claim this privilege, I can carry her as easily as I could carry a child."

I felt quite an appetite for my dinner, and was resting in my easy chair after it, when Emily came up to my room and walked toward me in such a calm, unnatural manner, I looked at her in alarm.

She seemed to be changed into marble, so colorless and rigid were her features. She silently put an envelop in my hand. I did not recognize the writing, but opened it, and took out a note, which, though written almost illegibly, either from emotion or haste, I saw was from Mr. Benson. It contained but few words, which were exactly these: —

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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