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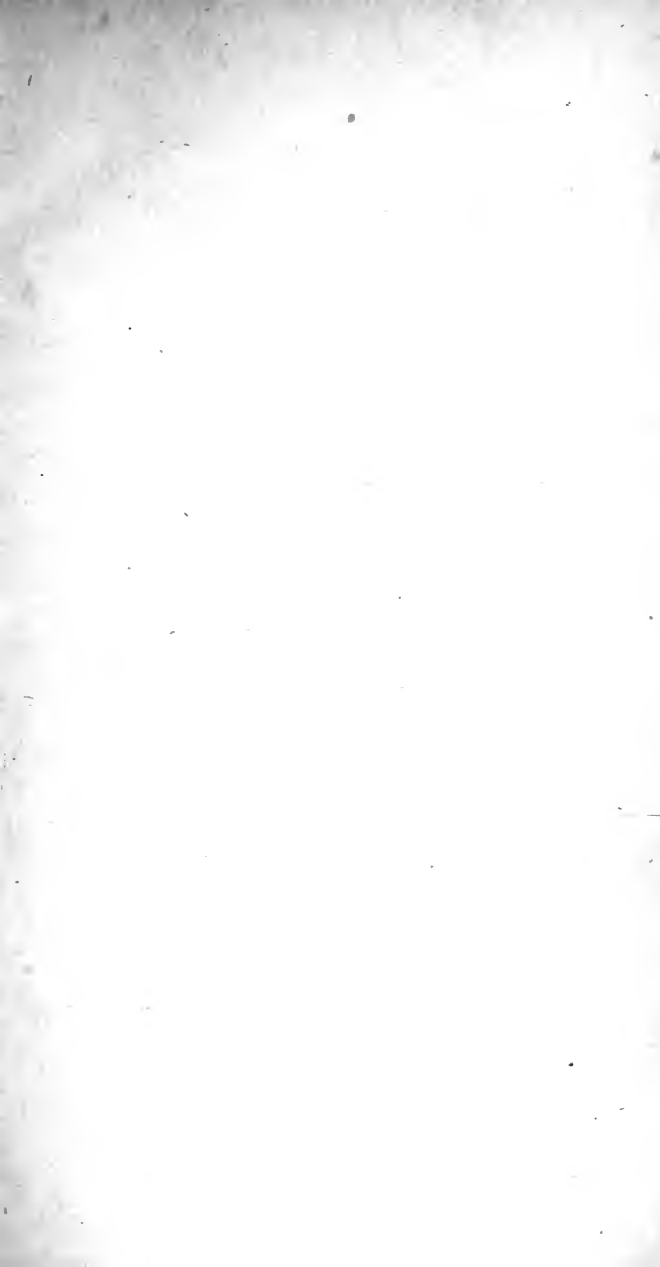
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THE
Lady of the Manor.



BEING
A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS
ON THE SUBJECT OF CONFIRMATION.

Intended for the Use of the Middle and Higher Ranks
OF
YOUNG FEMALES.



BY

MRS. SHERWOOD,

Author of "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER,"
&c. &c.



VOLUME VII.

SECOND EDITION.



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THE

LADY OF THE MANOR,

&c.

CHAPTER XXX.

Fourth Conversation on the Lord's Prayer.

WHEN the young ladies were again met at the manor-house, the lady addressed them to the following purpose.

“I do not feel willing, my dear young friends, to leave the subject of prayer, till I have added something more on its nature and efficacy.

“There are many promises in Scripture, relative to prayer, which I am anxious to remind you of; for I doubt not that you have already noticed them.

“‘Prayer,’ says a venerable divine, ‘is an offering up of our desires to the Almighty for things lawful and needful, with an humble confidence that they will be obtained through the mediation of Christ, to the praise of the mercy, truth, and power of God. It is either mental or vocal, ejaculatory or occasional, either private or public, for ourselves or others, for the procuring of good things or the removing or preventing of evil things.’ The Almighty Lord is the only legitimate object of worship, as we find in Psalm l. 15. From St. James we also learn that we are to pray for others as well as ourselves. (James v. 16.) We are also to pray fervently, (Col. iv. 12.) and constantly, (Col. iv. 2;) with faith,

(James v. 15;) and by the help of the Holy Spirit. (Rom. viii. 26.)

“The parts of prayer,” continued the lady of the manor, “are invocation, adoration, confession, petition, pleading, dedication, thanksgiving, and blessing. But the composition of any prayer is of infinitely less importance than the spirit in which it is offered up. Hence learning and talents are not required in rendering a prayer acceptable to God, though they may render it more pleasing to the ears of men.”

The lady of the manor then requested one of the young people to repeat the answer to this question, “What desirest thou of God in this prayer?”

One of the young ladies replied, “I desire my Lord God our heavenly Father, who is the Giver of all goodness, to send his grace unto me, and to all people, that we may worship him, serve him, and obey him, as we ought to do. And I pray unto God, that he will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies; and that he will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins; and that it will please him to save and defend us in all dangers ghostly and bodily; and that he will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death. And this I trust he will do of his mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore I say, Amen, So be it.”

The lady of the manor then proposed to read a story to her young people, containing some remarks on prayer, which she trusted might be pleasing to them. She accordingly unfolded a manuscript, and read as follows.

The Shepherdess of the Alps.

Ernestus Müller was born at Geneva, about the middle of the last century. His father was the head of a respectable family, which had long resided in the canton of the same name; and his mother was of English parentage; but how this lady became united with a foreigner is not our present business to enquire.

Geneva is a name which must be familiar to every refined ear: the extraordinary beauty of its situation, on the banks of a charming lake surrounded with mountains,

some of which are the most lofty in Europe, has rendered it the delight of every traveller through Switzerland, and will continue to distinguish it above almost every other city of Europe while the face of our globe retains its present form. The extraordinary beauties of its scenery, the grandeur of the mountains, the refreshing coolness of its lake, the shadowy and fragrant walks of the vicinity, are not the only circumstances which have distinguished this city; for there are few places which have acquired more notoriety in history than this. The reformation in religion, which took place here, procured for it a very extended influence. As soon as this town, upheld by the success of its allies of Berne and Fribourg, had succeeded in obtaining its independence, Calvin and Beza formed within its walls a nursery of zealous preachers and theologians, which rendered it at one time the metropolis and the guide of almost all the reformed Churches in Switzerland. These were the happiest times which it ever knew; and well would it have been, had its sons continued to follow the steps of the first reformers—had they continued to retain the light of truth, as it shone in the pages of those venerable teachers, and rejected those principles of infidelity and death which were diffused by the blasphemous writers of the last age. For I must inform my young readers, that in the beginning of the last century, and towards the end of the preceding one, there arose certain persons, in different countries of Europe, who made it their object, in every possible way, but particularly by their writings, to subvert the Christian religion; and multitudes of weak, vicious, and ignorant persons were, by these means, conducted into the regions of infidelity, error, and awful destruction. Among these infidel writers, the two who did the most mischief were J. J. Rousseau and Voltaire. They were men of quick, subtle, impudent, and witty minds. The former of these was born at Geneva; and the latter spent many of the last years of his life in the little village of Ferney, between Geneva and Mont Jura. Their endeavours were too successful in destroying the good effects of the labours of the reformers; so that, about the period which gave birth to Ernestus Müller, the greater part of the young people in Geneva were decided infidels; puffed up with their own conceits, refusing to admit the validity of re-

velation, and questioning the wisdom of the divine government; while they maintained the sufficiency of human reason and human virtue.

After having given the above description of the state of Geneva at the time of the birth of the gentleman whose history I am about to report, and after having hinted that Ernesthus Müller differed in no essential points from his companions in general, my reader will not be surprised to hear that this young man, when about the age of twenty-two, was distinguished for little else than a handsome person, a good address, and much worldly cunning. He was the second son of his father; and, as there were several younger children, Ernesthus was educated for the mercantile line, and placed in the counting-house of a rich merchant in the city.

While in this situation, he found means to obtain the affection of one of his master's daughters, whom he married in a clandestine manner; being persuaded that he should not be approved by her father. This union, as might be expected, was not a happy one. The young lady had as little religion as her husband. The tempers of both were haughty and unsubdued; and, within a few months after her marriage, the lady began to repent of her undutiful precipitancy; though she was by no means humbled in the sight of God, under a sense of the evil she had committed, so as to receive her afflictions as the due reward of her misconduct; but she added to them by murmurs and reproaches; and, having thus entirely lost the affections of her inconstant husband, she expired soon after having given birth to a son, to whom the father gave the name of Christopher.

Ernesthus Müller being thus set free from a union which promised nothing but misery, and having given up his child to the care of its maternal grandmother, quitted Geneva and came over to England, to attend to some mercantile transactions in this country.

Mr. Müller, as we shall now call him, (because from that time he became more than half an Englishman,) soon settled in a mercantile house in London, being able to speak good English; and in this situation he remained for three or four years, maintaining intercourse, by letter only, with his family. At the end of this period, he became weary of this employment, which did not suit his

restless and ambitious mind; and, his father happening to die about this time, he gave up his situation and entered the army, as an ensign in a marching regiment; then he became a lieutenant by purchase; and, as soon afterwards as possible, a captain of a company of foot.

It was now that he was quartered for some time in a small town in Yorkshire, where the appearance of such a young man (for Captain Müller was not only remarkably handsome, but elegant and accomplished) excited no small sensation among such persons as had little else to do but to look about them for entertainment.

I know little of the course of life led by young Müller in this place, excepting that he spent much time in lounging about the streets, reading the newspapers, talking against the existing government, whatever it might be, and walking with the ladies; employing himself sometimes in music, of which he was excessively fond; and in drawing, for which he had a fine taste; and occasionally in reading, though this was of a kind even less profitable than his other engagements.

After having been some weeks in this little town, Captain Müller had occasion to change his lodgings, and he was by this circumstance removed from a central situation, which had commanded a view of the coffee-room and of a milliner's shop, to a very retired street, or rather lane, where he had no other prospect than the fields, and a small yet elegant dwelling, standing in a fragrant garden, and backed by a coppice. The house was occupied at that time by a widow lady of the name of Courtney, who possessed an easy fortune, and was blessed with one daughter.

It happened, however, that Captain Müller, who had by this time learned the names and histories of most of the young ladies in the neighbourhood, had never heard that of Emily Courtney; for this attractive young person was rarely seen in the streets; and, as the family attended a small country church in the neighbourhood, the plain people there did not notice her, in the way the gay and thoughtless of a more fashionable assembly are apt to do. It was therefore not without wonder, as well as admiration, that the young soldier first saw her watering her flowers, at an open window, as he was standing at the door of his lodgings. Whether she observed him

or not, he could not tell; for, although he frequently took occasion to watch for her from the same place, he never afterwards saw her employed in the same way, and found it difficult even to obtain a second view of her on any occasion whatever. But, to be short, he was so well pleased with her when he did see her again, and was so delighted by the character he heard of her, that he was resolved to obtain an introduction to her mother; and, having succeeded in this attempt, he behaved with so much decorum, and laboured with so much success to appear what he really was not, viz. an amiable and upright young man, that in the course of time he won the affections of the young lady, and shortly afterwards became the husband of one of the most lovely as well as the most amiable of women.

Mrs. Courtney made it a condition, in bestowing her only child on Mr. Müller, that he would not separate her from her daughter; the consequence of which was, that, on his marriage, he was obliged to give up his connexion with the army, and content himself with residing in the obscurity of his mother-in-law's dwelling—a mode of life by no means suited to the generally restless state of his mind. Nevertheless, such was the ardour of his affection for his young and interesting wife, that he appeared not to regret the sacrifice; and if some symptoms of irritability in his temper would sometimes appear, his wife presently found means to allay the fever by the amiableness of her manner and her gentle and modest attentions.

We may be assured, that Mrs. Müller, who, though young, was pious and penetrating, could not be long associated with her husband without discovering that he had not that respect for religion to which he had pretended in the days of courtship; but how far she suspected his actual infidelity does not appear, and we hope that she was spared the anguish which a conviction of this kind would undoubtedly have inflicted.

The first exercise of her influence, after her marriage, was to induce her husband to send for his little son, who had lately suffered another loss of a parent by the death of his grandmother; and when the child arrived, there was no instance of maternal tenderness and maternal attention which she denied him; while it was evi-

dent to every one, that the little boy, then more than five years of age, and a child of engaging appearance and promising disposition, was regarded by his father with little kindness. Of this, however, Mrs. Müller took no notice, but laboured, by every innocent contrivance, to render the child amiable in the view of the father, and to conceal from her husband any little failure of his son which might increase his prejudice against him.

Thus, by the becoming manner of this lovely young woman, Mr. Müller spent many months in more domestic happiness than he might be supposed to be capable of; and before the natural restlessness and impatience of his disposition had begun to render him dissatisfied with his quiet situation, she was suddenly removed from the friends, of whose affection she was the idol, by a fever, immediately after the birth of a daughter.

I shall not enter into a detail of the husband's or mother's feelings on the occasion of this bereavement. Mr. Müller's grief, however, not being corrected by religion, was at first violent and impious; while that of the mother was such as might be expected from one who, though not clearly acquainted with all the truths of our blessed religion, was habitually pious and resigned.

I shall now state the arrangements which were made, when, by the death of the beloved daughter, wife, and mother, the bond was loosened which united Ernestus Müller and Mrs. Courtney.

The former again entered the military service, and accompanied his regiment abroad, leaving his son and infant daughter under the care of the old lady, not sorry to be relieved by this excellent woman of the charge which he would have found particularly burdensome in the line of life he had selected. Mr. Müller was not much more than twenty-eight when he became a widower a second time; and, though still in the prime of life, it was supposed that his regard and admiration of his late wife were such as would render him difficult in another choice.

It was before the year of mourning for his wife was expired, that Mr. Müller took his leave of his children to go abroad. It was remarked by Mrs. Courtney that he parted from his son without a tear; but when the infant Emily was brought to him, and placed in his arms, all the feelings of a father appeared in his manner, and he dis-

played such tenderness, that the sympathy of all who were present was awakened. The good old grandmother mingled her sobs with those of her son-in-law; and, from that day, it was observed, that she never failed to remember him in her prayers—thus performing a duty for this unhappy man which he had never yet thought it needful to exercise on his own account.

Those who mourn in connexion with Christian hope, and who have the blessed assurance that they shall realize in the Saviour more than all they have lost on earth, find a delight in their very sorrows. And this was the case with Mrs. Courtney. Though deprived of her endeared Emily, though she saw no more before her a lovely and blooming daughter, who had been her sole earthly delight for many years of widowhood, yet she was not unhappy. She blessed her God for the comforts still left her; she found exquisite pleasure in the smiles of the infant Emily; and derived consolation to herself in the exercise of maternal care over the little Christopher, who, though not allied to her by blood, seemed to have a thousand claims on her tenderness and compassion. The very idea that this little boy was not loved by his father rendered him the more dear to her tender heart; and she resolved, that, with the divine blessing, he should never be sensible of his orphan state by any failure on her part. He was taught to call her grandmamma, to tell her all his little griefs, to repose his sorrows in her bosom, and to confess to her all his faults and misdemeanours.

Such a friend was particularly needful to this little boy; for having been hitherto carelessly brought up, he was perpetually guilty of serious failures, and the dread he had conceived of his father often induced him to conceal those faults by untruths, the constant effect of harshness; and, although he was a child of amiable dispositions, and possessed that openness of countenance and smiling appearance frequently remarkable in the natives of Switzerland, he would certainly have been made an unfeeling and desperate character, had he continued long with his father, who always addressed him with some expression of contempt or suspicion; and this occasioned him to enter the company of his elders with a cloud on his brow, which the good old lady generally contrived to disperse, by a friendly word, or some little act of kind-

ness, which was often known only to the child himself. By this means, little Christopher, when relieved from his father's presence, soon recovered his natural ease and cheerfulness of character; and, though some sagacious persons hinted that the old lady sometimes carried her indulgence too far, yet the child undoubtedly grew and prospered under her management, and became open, generous, and affectionate.

A truly pious mind possesses a facility of deriving consolation from those mercies which remain after severe bereavements have taken place. When the worldly man has lost an object of affection, he seems, as it were, to bear a grudge (if so homely a phrase may be allowed me) against the Almighty, for having thus afflicted him; and he refuses to take pleasure in the blessings continued to him; but the religious man, aware that God does not willingly afflict the children of men, but, in exercising them with sorrows, is only using a fatherly chastisement, and, believing that he shall receive what is infinitely better in a more blessed and heavenly state, where no bitterness shall mingle with his sorrows, he rejoices in affliction, and triumphs in tribulation.

Such was the case with Mrs. Courtney when the first months of sorrow were passed away, and she found herself quietly settled with her two little children, at liberty to observe their daily growth and improvement.

Emily was exactly six years younger than her brother, and was at first considered by him merely as a beautiful and delicate plaything, which might be injured by the least carelessness or roughness—by the least carelessness on his part; and therefore, during the first stages of her infancy, he cherished her with the utmost tenderness; and when she was able to follow him, and talk to him, he became excessively fond of her company, and considered it as the highest possible privilege to be intrusted with the care of her, and to be permitted to lead her into his garden, to shew her his rabbits and his birds, or to administer in any other way to her amusement.

Immediately in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Courtney's house was a little coppice, through which ran a pure stream, on a pebbled channel. This little brook, after having performed several windings in its contracted

course, fell over some low rocks, and made its way to a pool at some distance beyond the precincts of the wood.

This pool, which might be seen from the coppice, especially when the sun shone upon its glossy surface, was frequently compared by the little Swiss to the Lake of Geneva; the child having, no doubt, been led to this comparison by early impressions: and when his little sister Emily was able to accompany him into this wood, he used to point out this Lilliputian lake to her, and amuse her with recollections of his infancy, and tales of his childhood, half remembered, and half blended with what he had heard spoken of at a later period of his short life.

Education, as it is now carried on, was not understood by Mrs. Courtney; nevertheless, what she knew, she taught with accuracy. She was methodical and orderly. She caused Christopher to study the Bible; he was taught to write and cipher, to read history, and to draw maps; and, when of a proper age, she procured a respectable clergyman, of the name of Harrington, in the town, to give him classical lessons with his own son, who was somewhat older than her boy, and who, after this engagement, became the constant companion of his play-hours, and another friend and protector of the little Emily.

Charles was an amiable boy, and possessed more steadiness of character than Christopher. Hence the friendship of Charles proved a great blessing to his friend; and the union, formed at this time between these young people, proved more permanent than schoolboy friendships are frequently found to be.

I could dwell long, with much pleasure, on the happy manner in which many years of the early life of these young people passed, under the kind and pious auspices of the gentle Mrs. Courtney; Charles and Christopher being frequent companions, and the little Emily the object of the attention and love of each, so equally, that it was impossible for her to know which of her brothers was most dear to her; neither was she scarcely able to decide, when they played at shepherds, and built little huts in the coppice, in imitation of the shepherds' tents, remembered by Christopher, as seen on the mountains of Jura, with whom she should take up her abode, or

whose rustic dwellings she should render gay with her innocent prattle and dimpled smiles.

The very contentions of these children were considerably tempered by good principle and the desire of doing well; and, though Christopher was sometimes hasty and unjust, one gentle word on the part of his friend, or one tear of his lovely Emily, would always bring him to his recollection, and restore him to temper and reason again.

No particular change took place in the situation of these young people until Charles had attained his eighteenth, Christopher his sixteenth, and Emily her tenth year. Nothing can be conceived in human nature more lovely than Emily was at that time; she was so gentle, so fair, so simple, so smiling, and yet so intelligent.

After these remarks, it will not be doubted but this little girl had some proper feelings respecting religion; for it is religion only, which, by correcting the heart, and governing the powers of the mind, can make a naturally fine countenance truly interesting. Nevertheless, Emily's religion was like that of her grandmother: it was not founded on an extensive knowledge of scriptural truths; though it was a sincere and pious approval of what was good: still it needed a broader foundation, to support her in the time of trial. But this time was not yet come: she was yet under the shelter of a tender parent's roof; her years were few; and she had no other thought than that of following implicitly the direction of others.

About the time of which I am speaking, a melancholy breach was made in the happy little society by the death of the elder Mr. Harrington, and the consequent removal of Charles to another situation.

The separation of Charles from his young companions was extremely affecting. It took place in the beloved coppice, in which they had spent so many happy days of cheerful infancy. On this occasion, deep sorrow sat on the fine countenance of Charles; little Emily wept and sobbed distressingly; while the tender and warm heart of Christopher seemed ready to burst. Charles consoled his young friends with promises, never likely to be performed, of visiting them soon and often in this scene of their happy, early days; and Emily undertook to take care of the trees and flowers they had planted together.

Thus they endeavoured to console each other; notwith-

standing which, the grief of Emily was little abated at the time when news came from abroad that Captain Müller was promoted to be a major, and that he was obliged at the same time to leave the army on account of the state of his health.

Mrs. Courtney, Emily, and Christopher, were all differently affected on hearing this news, with the additional information that the major purposed to return to England and to his family immediately. Mrs. Courtney felt that his presence would not add to her happiness; Christopher, who had ever associated unpleasant feelings with the remembrance of his father, instantly lost his cheerfulness; and Emily alone seemed pleased, though she often expressed a hope, indicative of anxiety, that her father would not take her away from her grandmother.

In proportion as the time of the major's arrival approached, the apprehensions of Mrs. Courtney and Christopher seemed to increase; and even Emily's joy changed into something like dread. However, all seemed willing to conceal their feelings from each other, and to endeavour, in the bustle of preparation, to overcome the apprehensions of which they could not but be sensible.

There was a vacant parlour in Mrs. Courtney's house, which, together with her best bed-room, she determined to devote to the major; and she caused Emily to busy herself, the day before he was expected, in adorning the parlour with flowers, and making other affectionate preparations for the father who was to return to his children after so long an absence.

Mrs. Courtney had been told, that, during the years in which her son-in-law had been absent, he had acquired the habits of a great man; that he was also become an old man in constitution, though young in years; and that the irritation of his temper was become much greater: for the major had found the pleasures of the world greatly inferior to the ideas he had formed of them; and, having no religion to soothe his wounded feelings, he had fallen a miserable victim to the violence of his own passions.

Mrs. Courtney had taken care to conceal from Christopher and Emily the unpleasant account she had heard of their father; but it is very certain, that she trembled for herself and them when she looked forward to his arrival,

and hoped that he would soon find for himself some other residence than that which was under her roof; notwithstanding which, she secretly resolved to sacrifice her own comfort rather than be separated from the young people, in case that he should propose either to remain with them in her house, or require them to accompany him to another.

Such was the state of mind of the family at the period when the father was expected. It was afternoon when the major drove up to the door, accompanied by his valet, who was a Swiss, and in a hack chaise, laden with dressing-boxes, military hats, swords, medicine-chests, and other appurtenances of a beau, an invalid, and a soldier.

Mrs. Courtney, though expecting to find a considerable change in the appearance of her son-in-law, was not prepared to see him become exceedingly corpulent, or limping with a gouty affection, or to discover that his hard, and, I might add, profligate, mode of life for many years past, had effected such an alteration in his handsome countenance, that, had she seen him when she had not expected him, she would hardly have recognised him. But however shocked she might be at this inauspicious change, which she instantly perceived, she endeavoured to appear pleased, hastened to her garden-gate to receive him, and led him into the house with as hearty a welcome as she could express; while Emily and her brother stood trembling in the hall, startled at the appearance of their father, at whom they had been peeping from behind the parlour-blinds.

From the moment that the major had entered the garden, his eye had been seeking his daughter; and no sooner did it rest upon her, than his countenance lighted up.— Scarcely had he pronounced her name, than she flew towards him, and, throwing her arms round his neck, mingled her tears with his, and from that moment conceived for him all the affection due from a child to a parent; and, as he never used any means to cool that affection, it continued to augment, and was the means of supporting her through many trials, as will appear hereafter.

This sudden rush of affection in the lovely child, with the effect it produced on the father, affected the old grandmother, whose heart warming on the occasion, she hastened to bring forward Christopher, who had drawn some-

what into the back-ground. The major, in the mean time, had seated himself on a chair in the hall, and was pressing Emily to his bosom, kissing her forehead and her cheeks; at sight, however, of his son, who came timidly forward, led by Mrs. Courtney, he started, addressed him with a sort of forced kindness, put some question to him, the answer to which he did not wait, and then, turning again to Emily, he bestowed upon her some fresh caress, which seemed to say, "This shall be my darling." Higher and still higher rose the blushes on the cheek and forehead of Christopher, and he turned suddenly away to conceal the tear that started in his eye. Emily was too young to observe all this; but it was not lost on the tender Mrs. Courtney, who, as she brushed by him in leading the Major into the parlour, prepared, unobserved, to give him a gentle pressure of the hand, which so thoroughly overpowered the warm-hearted youth, that he rushed out into the garden, and there indulged in tears and sorrow.

From this day might be dated the beginning of troubles to this unfortunate young man; and here we might say much upon the subject of partiality in parents; but, as our history will supply a sufficient warning on this topic, we now forbear to multiply precepts.

Mrs. Courtney had occasioned her hospitable table to be spread with refreshments, and answered many questions respecting Emily, on whom the father still gazed with unabated pleasure; Christopher still being absent. The major had summoned his valet to unpack a box of pungent sauces which he had brought with him from Town, one of which he required, to give a relish to some cold lamb which was placed upon the table, before he again recollected, and called for, his son. The box at length being uncorded, and the phials produced, he bethought himself of the absent youth; and, as he held up one bottle and another between his eye and the light, he commenced his enquiries. "What is become of young hopeful, Mrs. Courtney?" said he: "did I not see him as I came in? is he already tired of my company, think you? I know that he was never over fond of me." Then turning to his valet, he made some enquiry respecting a peculiar bottle which had not yet come to hand; adding, with a heathenish oath, often used by persons who have

reasons for not being more profane, that he would break his skull if he had left the preparation behind.

In reply to this, the valet shrugged up his shoulders, and smiled, or rather grinned; on which the master, calling him by his German name of Wietlesbach, told him, in French, that he might be thankful that ladies were present, or he would put his threat immediately in execution.

Mrs. Courtney, who had never been used to hear persons swear by Jupiter, or threaten to break the bones of their servants, hardly knew whether all this was passing in jest or earnest; for the major's countenance was not one which was easily deciphered; but, seeing that Monsieur Wietlesbach remained perfectly calm, she came to this conclusion—that what had passed was merely an every-day occurrence, and that, if she continued to live with her son-in-law, she must accustom herself to hear these things with the same *nonchalance* as the valet himself evinced on these occasions. The question then was, "But can I—must I—live with this man?" This point, however, was too important to be hastily settled; she therefore fetched a deep yet gentle sigh, in memory of the peaceful days which now seemed for ever fled, and softly whispered to Emily to look for her brother.

The major being by this time fully engaged, with the help of his servant, in compounding and concocting a sauce for the lamb which should exactly suit his delicate palate, did not observe the departure of Emily, who, after having run up stairs and down stairs, out of the house and into the house, several times, at length found her brother in an arbour of woodbine, in a retired corner of the garden, where he had fled to conceal from all the world, and from himself, if possible, the acuteness of his feelings, and the extreme mortification which he felt at the manner in which his father had received him. He was seated in the arbour when Emily appeared, and was leaning his head against the frame-work which supported the woodbine, his fine hair of dark chesnut hanging over his face, and half concealing it in the attitude he then was; but, at the sound of his sister's step, he suddenly raised his head, and, rubbing his sleeve across his eyes, asked her, somewhat roughly, what she was doing there.

It was not usual for Christopher thus to address his

Emily; and the little girl, little suspecting what was passing in his mind, was terrified and startled by his manner, and stood still, trembling and irresolute, while the tears glistened in her eyes.

On this, he held out his hand to her, and said, "My Emily! my little Emily! will you too cease to love me?"

She sprang forward, at one moment conceiving all that was passing in her brother's mind, and throwing herself into his arms, she burst into tears, and, laying her head in his bosom, said, "No, my brother! my brother! never, never, never shall I forget to love my brother!" She would have said more, but was interrupted by her feelings.

The brother and sister remained a while weeping together; after which, Emily having made known her errand, they both returned to the parlour, and found the major extended on the sofa, on the opposite side of the table to his mother-in-law, with a bottle of Madeira and a glass standing on a table by his side. As soon as the young people entered, the father ceased from a description into which he had entered on the subject of foreign and home-made wines, and addressed Christopher in a bitter strain of merriment touching his long absence, expressing a hope that he was not already tired of his father's company.

The youth made no answer, but his blushes denoted his unpleasant feelings; on which, the major, laughing, remarked to the old lady, that it was a pity Christopher was not a girl; adding, that his fine complexion and curling hair would look very well under the shade of a lace cap.

"I rejoice," said Mrs. Courtney somewhat angrily, "that you have no other fault to find with your son, Sir, than that he is too good-looking; this being a defect," she observed, "which time will soon moderate."

I have before remarked that the major's countenance was not one which was easily deciphered, and on this occasion it was utterly impenetrable. He made Mrs. Courtney no reply whatever, but, directing his son to ring the bell, called for a pair of slippers, and gave orders, in the old lady's presence, about his bed; adding, as he addressed Mrs. Courtney, "You will excuse me, Madam, but I am somewhat particular in these respects;

and I must have such and such comforts, or it will be impossible for me to stay under your roof."

The old lady felt her patience about to fail; but, looking at Emily and Christopher, and seeing that anxiety was painted on their young features, she restrained herself, and carelessly remarked, that she hoped her son-in-law would make himself comfortable; remarking, that, having shewn him his apartments, she would leave it to his own servants to arrange things to his taste; politely expressing her hope that he would consider himself at home, as long as he remained under her roof.

In reply to this, he bowed half familiarly and half respectfully, thanked her for her hospitality; and, although his valet was present, he ordered his son to pull down the blinds, saying, that he could not endure the glare of the afternoon sun.

The poor old lady, who had long been accustomed to be the mistress of her own quiet and happy mansion, now felt herself so much offended, that, fearing she might break out into some intemperate expression, she arose in haste, informed the major that she drank tea in her own parlour, at a certain hour, and should be glad to see him, and walked out of the room, leaving her troublesome guest with his children.

The departure of the old lady was but the signal for the unkind father to make more open attacks on his son.

The major was a thoroughly selfish man, an infidel, as I have before said, a man of wit, or of what he supposed to be wit; and, being used to situations of authority, had no idea of the pain he gave to others in the indulgence of this propensity. He had also been accustomed to bestow strong epithets of contempt on his inferiors, and could not live without having some objects against whom to aim his shafts of malice; though he had the cunning to select these objects from among such persons as dared not shew any resentment.

During his journey, Wietlesbach, with his broken English and perpetual mistakes, had afforded constant subjects for the raillery of the major; but Monsieur Wietlesbach was not a gentleman of very delicate feelings; he had come to our island to pick up a little money, and he found himself in a fair way of doing so in his present service; he therefore made up his mind to endure all in-

sults short of a broken head. But poor Christopher had not the *nonchalance* of Monsieur Wietlesbach. He could not console himself, as the valet did, by grinning and shrugging up his shoulders; and, indeed, that which may be endured from a master, or common acquaintance, is almost intolerable when proceeding from a parent, or a near connexion.

If we suppose that the major was not aware of the acute pain which he inflicted upon his son by the cold and satirical manner in which he constantly thought proper to address him, by making him the constant object of his raillery, yet, had he not been very remote from proper feeling, he must have sooner or later made this discovery, and would surely have refrained from treating his son in a manner which had the most injurious effect on his character. We cannot believe that the worst of fathers can desire the ruin of a son; but, where selfishness preponderates in any character, the individual is often induced to commit acts of cruelty which he would shudder to witness in another.—But, to return to our story.

Mrs. Courtney had scarcely closed the door after her, before the major began to open his battery of dangerous wit against Christopher; at the same time directing his little daughter to take her place by him on the sofa.

He first attacked the cut of his son's coat, enquiring of him how long short backs and long lappets had been in fashion. He then proceeded to enquire of him what he had learned, and whether the old lady had taught him to sew samplers; and concluded by asking him if she made him stand up and say his Catechism every Sunday evening.

There is a certain time of life (and Christopher was precisely at that age) when young people are particularly jealous of being laughed at. We will not ask why or wherefore it is so, or enquire whether they feel in themselves, at that period, a peculiar awkwardness which they think may afford matter of merriment to others, being conscious that they are ceasing to be children, and yet that they are not arrived at the dignity of mature age. Be this as it may, this is the period when boys are most ready to quarrel, and young ladies to complain of neglects and insults; and this is the period when such are

most liable to be injured by ill-timed merriment; and when they are most ready to renounce all that is good and precious rather than be laughed at. Some few, indeed, there are who can smile again when ridiculed, and who have prudence enough, or rather are divinely assisted, to acquire wisdom from the unkind remarks of a neighbour. But these persons are comparatively few, and poor Christopher was not one of the number. To all his father's curious questions he first gave short answers, and afterwards, growing sullen, he made no reply at all, but sat reddening and swelling, now and then giving a certain twitch to his head and shoulders, which was not half so agreeable as the shrug and grin of Monsieur Wietlesbach.

In the mean time, the major seemed either not to observe the uneasiness of his son, or not to regard it in the smallest degree. For, having amused himself a while with making his remarks, he suddenly turned to Emily, and praising her hair, her complexion, and her features, would soon have succeeded in filling her with conceit, had not the tender heart of this lovely child been provided with an antidote to his poison by her sympathy for her beloved brother, and her dread that he might say something to make their father angry. Accordingly, while her father was thus bestowing his caresses upon her, her gentle eye was now and then turned to her brother; and once she extended her hand to him, unobserved by their common parent, and with one touch of her velvet palm restored peace to his wounded bosom; while such were his feelings on the occasion, that it was with difficulty he could prevent himself from raising it to his lips.

How delightful are the silent expressions of affection which are suggested by a pious and feeling heart! What is there in nature so winning, so attractive, as these? and how entirely different are their effects from those which are the effect of art or affectation! It is the peculiar province of females, by the use of these engaging and tender qualities, to soften the more violent passions of the other sex; and never does a woman depart so far from all that is amiable, as when she uses her influence with brothers, husbands, and fathers, to irritate and excite rather than to calm and soothe.—But, to leave these reflections, and to proceed to other matters.

Having given my reader one specimen of the manner

in which the major conducted himself towards his children and mother-in-law, I shall satisfy myself by merely stating, that he continued to treat Christopher in such a way that the young man could scarcely be restrained, either by his old friend, or his sister, from behaving in a manner wholly unbecoming. From time to time, the youth was, however, held back from open rebellion by the beseeching looks of Emily, and the earnest pleadings of Mrs. Courtney. Nevertheless, a kind of bitterness seized upon his mind, and he became impatient of being at home, and anxious that some plan for his future life might be decided upon, whereby he might be rendered independent of a father whose manner was so peculiarly unwelcome to his feelings.

Neither was the major more agreeable to Mrs. Courtney than to Christopher, though he undoubtedly shewed less of his *hauteur* and selfishness in her presence than in her absence; for she had a few thousands at her disposal, and he was far from being superior to the consideration of this circumstance.

Emily loved her father, notwithstanding the pain she felt in witnessing his conduct towards her brother. The affection, however, which she had for her parent, and the strong regard she had ever felt for her brother, induced her to soften matters on both sides; and, as her father had expressed his determination never more to separate himself from her, she tried to induce Mrs. Courtney to bear with him, dreading lest she should be separated from her beloved grandmother. Neither did Mrs. Courtney lack the same motive for forbearance; and such was the tenderness of this excellent old lady for the children whom she had reared, that she would rather have endured any privation than have seen them removed from under her maternal influence. Nevertheless, she used many arguments to persuade her son-in-law to fix upon some plan for the future life of Christopher. His education was by no means complete; and she lost no opportunity of representing to the major, that more instruction was necessary, if he were to be of a learned profession; and if not, that he should be permitted immediately to choose his line of life, and be conducted to it.

To these arguments the major commonly answered in

his usual satirical style; sometimes saying that he meant to bring up Christopher to be a bishop, or a judge, for he was sure nothing inferior would suit him; and at another time remarking that he meant to apprentice him to a shoemaker, if he could find any one who would take him. More than this he would never add, but seemed anxious to postpone all decision on the subject, either from the desire of keeping his money in his pocket, or from an indolence natural to all selfish characters.

This ill-assorted family continued to dwell together, in the manner I have described, for some months, during which period some of the individuals of whom it was composed were scarcely restrained from open warfare with the others, by motives of interest, affection, or religion; while Emily was the only one who was heartily cordial with all the rest.

For some weeks the major displayed no other evil qualities but such as I have described, namely, an inordinate love of eating, and similar indulgences, with an entire contempt for the comforts of others. But, after a while, when grown more familiar with Mrs. Courtney, he scrupled not to let it appear that he was an absolute infidel, and capable of casting reflections upon the most sublime and awful truths. He had, during his early life, made himself acquainted with all the sophistries of the continental sceptics, and could, as it suited him best, mock and sneer at religion with much of the false wit indulged by the infidel of Ferney, or endeavour to bewilder the minds of his fellow-creatures by artful and deceptive reasonings.

Were not the matter too serious for jest, a stander-by might have been amused at the manner in which this false philosopher would sometimes argue with his good mother-in-law, who (excellent woman as she was, and well grounded in the faith, as far as she herself was concerned) had not the smallest notion of stating the reason of the hope that was in her. She believed, and loved, and trusted her Saviour; her heart was full of holy peace; and she was enabled to rely, without a single doubt, upon the merits and promises of the God incarnate; but how to state the ground of this confidence to an unbeliever, she had not the most remote idea; and, by reason of this, when her opponent used his impious skill, she became

angry, and more than usually confused, and said every thing which she had better have left unsaid, and did much to—

“Make the worse appear the better cause.”

These ill-conducted arguments might have been fatal (humanly speaking) to the principles of the young people, had not Emily at that time been too young to understand their purport, and Christopher in a state indisposing him to receive any thing favourably which proceeded from his father.

I might describe several of these arguments, but shall content myself with entering into the *minutiæ* of one only.

The subject on which the major argued was, what he called the native perfection of the human character; asserting that the mind of man, in infancy, resembled a sheet of paper, perfectly pure and white, and that it would undoubtedly remain such if man could be preserved from the contagion of evil example. He was stimulated to proceed by Mrs. Courtney's symptoms of growing displeasure, betrayed by her raised eyebrows, and the flush in her cheeks, falsely asserting the evil effects of laws and religion on society: indulging in a high-flown description, in the style of St. Pierre, of the virtues of savages, of the innocence of cannibals, and the integrity of Hottentots; and had absurdly pursued his course for some time, when Mrs. Courtney interrupted him with a deep sigh, or rather groan, exclaiming, “Why, major! it perfectly astonishes and confounds me to hear you talk at this rate!—a man of your sense, and one who has been so much in the world, to talk of the heart of man being like a sheet of white paper, when you must have seen in your travels so much that is sinful among your fellow-creatures!”

“All the consequence, my good lady,” replied the major calmly, “of evil example and false principles. It is evil company, my dear Madam, you may depend upon it;—evil company, evil example, bad government, and superstition, which make men what they are. Could you but visit the wilds of America, or of Africa, you would see man as he should be; simple, open, generous, hospitable; following the pure dictates of his natural feelings; full of sympathy, tenderness, affection; all that is amiable; all that is rational.”

“What!” said the old lady, “am I then to understand that all moral evil is but the effect of example?”

“Of example, Madam,” repeated the major: “of example and improper control.”

“And not,” said Mrs. Courtney, “the consequence of an evil nature and a depraved heart?”

“Undoubtedly not,” said the major, opening his tooth-pick-case, and applying its contents to its usual purpose.

“Then, Sir,” said the old lady, “you do not believe in the fall of man, and of his consequent corruption?”

“I believe,” replied the major, “all that is necessary for a philosopher and a wise man to believe, and reject all which such a one should reject.”

“Then, Sir,” said Mrs. Courtney, “you and I can never agree.” And the pink hue arose higher in the old lady’s cheek, extending itself over her forehead and the upper part of her nose.

The major smiled, called to Wietlesbach to bring him a glass of bitters; and remarked, that he was sorry that so entire a disagreement should subsist between Mrs. Courtney and the wiser part of mankind.

Mrs. Courtney was on the point of making some vehement retort; and perhaps of telling the major that she was no longer disposed to harbour one under her roof who could treat her with so much contempt, and who could utter sentiments so contrary to religion, when the gentle Emily, who still but little understood the cause of her grandmother’s displeasure, ran in between her two parents, and with one glance of her modest eye recalled the old lady to reflection, and brought her again to the resolution of bearing all rather than be parted from her child.

The major had resided in Mrs. Courtney’s family little more than two years and a half, when the young people were deprived of their excellent friend and protectress by death. I could say much of their distress on the occasion; but as this may be readily imagined, I proceed to observe, that the situation of Christopher was rendered so painful by the loss of Mrs. Courtney, that, soon after her funeral, he summoned courage to tell his father, that he hoped he would decide upon some plan for removing him from home, and settling him in the world. To this

request the major gave only a hesitating answer; telling his son that he would think of these matters by and by, though he could not as yet conceive what he was fit for, brought up as he had been by an old woman, and prepared only for the company of such.

It may be asked, what motive a father could possibly have for thus conducting himself towards an only son; but the truth of the matter was, that the major was a lover of money, and though he never denied himself any indulgence whatever, yet he could not think of parting with so much as was needful for placing his son in a good situation; and he had too much pride to allow him to think of any thing inferior for his child.

The major was not rich; and he had been much mortified on opening Mrs. Courtney's will, to find that she had left the bulk of her property to Emily, not to be touched till she was of age, with a considerable sum to Christopher upon the same conditions, but not a shilling to himself. Poor Christopher had therefore chosen an evil moment, while his father was smarting under this disappointment, to press his suit; and the consequence to himself was only a renewal of mortification.

After Mrs. Courtney's death, the major remained some months in the house of his late mother-in-law, being undetermined whither next to go; at the same time expressing great disgust at his situation, which ill suited a man of his habits.

During this period, poor Christopher became more and more dissatisfied with his father's treatment, which was peculiarly calculated to gall a high-spirited young man. And then it was that Emily, now thirteen years of age, felt increasingly the loss of her grandmother. She was still the darling and pride of her father; nevertheless, she had sense enough to discern that his conduct towards her brother was decidedly wrong, and strength and quickness of feeling sufficient to sympathize in all his trials. Many times, when she saw him in a state of high irritation, she would soothe and console him. "Dear Christopher," she would say, "do not doubt that our father loves you; and I love you—your own Emily loves you. Remember, also, that you have a Father in heaven, who knows all your troubles, and he will comfort you. Pray, dear Christopher, be patient."

“But to stay here, year after year,” the brother would reply, “idling my time away, while other young men are gaining an independency; and then to be called an idle fellow—a *vaut rien*—a Miss Molly—it is what I cannot bear. No, Emily, I will run away, and go to sea, or enlist as a soldier.”

This declaration always wrung the heart of Emily; and on these occasions she used to employ all the eloquence of tears and sobs to shake his resolution.

At length, on some high provocation from the selfish father, the unhappy young man fixed his determination so decidedly, that he resolved not to subject himself again to the pleadings of his Emily, for he felt that he could not resist them.

There was nothing so dear on earth to Christopher as his sister; and whenever he indulged the hope of future happiness in this life, it arose from the prospect of living with his Emily; and, surely, if he cherished what was romantic, or fanciful, in these visions of future days, we should pardon him, considering his youth, and recollecting that the earlier part of his life was spent on the borders of the Lac de Lemman, the region of all that is attractive in nature. But the time was arrived when this unfortunate youth was resolved to leave his sister, and with her, as he believed, to leave all that made his life desirable. His intentions were to take a small bundle of linen, and proceed on foot to the next port, where he doubted not he might be received on board some ship as a common sailor. What were his further views I know not, and perhaps he hardly knew himself: but how to separate himself from Emily, this was the question; and when could he resolve to part to meet no more?

For several days after he had made up his little bundle of linen, and arranged all his plans, he tried to see his sister for the last time, but tried in vain. In the morning he resolved to leave her in the evening, and in the evening he determined to put off his departure till the next morning. Thus day wore away after day till a whole week had passed. At length, on occasion of some new excitement, he made his final resolution; but still the difficulty existed, how was he to part from Emily?

Full of this sad thought, he one afternoon left his fa-

ther's presence, and wandered, scarcely knowing whither he was going, into the coppice which had been the scene of his most happy boyish hours. Here he had enjoyed the society of his friend, the amiable Harrington; and here he had watched the growth of Emily, from lisping infancy to her present blooming period. Here he had often received the maternal endearments of her who now slept in the dust; and here he had indulged in all the glowing schemes and hopes of ardent youth. Every tree, every mossy bank, nay, every aged stump, or tender sapling, had its effect upon Christopher; and even the remoter views, caught through the openings of the wood, were all connected in his mind with some affecting recollection of past days.

There, on that bed of moss, beneath that hollow tree, he and his friend had made a hermitage for Emily, and adorned it with bits of broken glass and petrifications. There, in that bush, he had pointed out a bird's nest to her, and had gone with her to feed the little nestlings. And in a third place, he had made a swing for her between two trees, and could recollect how she had once fallen from the swing, and excited his extreme alarm lest she should have received any injury.

Onward he walked, full of sorrow, and trying to subdue every rising recollection which might shake his resolution to depart for ever from this place, till he came to a favourite corner of the coppice, where, a few years past, under the shelter of a spreading oak, he and his friend had erected a hut, with infinite labour, to which the name had been given of 'Emily's Bower.' A few stakes still remained of their past labour, and a small part of the ill-constructed roof was still attached to the trunk of the oak, although several winters had passed since it had been wholly neglected.

The site of this bower had been chosen because it commanded a view of the hill and pool before mentioned, to which objects Christopher was particularly attached, because he fancied some resemblance in the arrangement of these objects to a scene he recollected in Switzerland; not aware that the most lovely scenes in England are not at all comparable to the glories of that most wonderful and enchanting country. Nevertheless, these imperfect resemblances had amused the mind of our warm-hearted

youth; who had not unfrequently, when viewing this scene from the bower, taken occasion from it to speak of his native country, and to describe the events of his infancy; such as he recollected, when residing at a country-house, possessed by his paternal grandfather, on the heights of the Dole.

The shattered hut, therefore, with its beautiful environs, and the lovely view which it commanded, were impressive to his heart; and the powerful associations of his mind entirely overcame him; yea, such was his agitation, that he staggered to a mossy seat within the round bower, and, placing his open hands upon his knees, laid his burning forehead upon them, and yielded to the violence of his feelings by a flood of tears.

How long he had remained in this position he knew not; but, if time were to be calculated by the progress of thought, it was long, very long, (for the whole life of the unhappy youth had passed in review before him during this interval,) when he was suddenly roused by a rustling noise and the sound of approaching steps. He started, and looked up, and saw Emily approaching him. And now, as I am anxious that the reader may have a view of this lovely child, and there remains no way of presenting her to him, but by my feeble powers of description, I feel inclined to attempt such a portrait of her as may be given with the materials I possess.

She was, at this time, not more than thirteen years of age, and, though taller than many young persons of her age, yet, from the lovely simplicity of her habits, the modesty of her deportment, and the delicacy of her form and features, she was looking younger than she really was. She wore no cap, or hat, having come out in haste in pursuit of her brother; and though sorrow and anxiety were expressed on her countenance, still, the agitation of her mind, together with the quickness of her motion, had added a glow to her cheeks, which had rendered her native beauty still more pleasing. A profusion of chesnut hair hung in ringlets over her face and neck, and her dark blue eyes and dimpled features, though indicative of the most affecting tenderness, were now strongly marked by the distress which agitated her bosom. She came with such quickness, that Christopher had no time to conceal from her the tokens of his

distress; in vain he hastily rubbed his eyes as she approached him; the evidences of his trouble were still too apparent, even through the smiles which now beamed on his countenance. "O, my brother!" she said, as she entered the bower and came closer to him, "O, my Christopher, you are unhappy! what can I do to comfort you?" and she threw her arms around him as he sat, and pressing his head against her gentle breast, wiped away the tears which moistened his cheeks with her muslin apron.

Christopher was so wholly overpowered by this affection, that his tears again gushed forth, and he sobbed aloud.

"What new sorrow troubles my brother?" said Emily; "tell me, O tell me, what afflicts you, my brother! Is it any thing in which our father is concerned? if it is, (and she hesitated,) I will run to him; I will kneel to him; I will not rise till he has granted all you wish.

"No, no, Emily," he replied: "no, my sister, my friend, my beloved; in one word, my Emily, you can do nothing for me."

"But tell me," she said, "has any thing new arisen? Has my father——?" and she hesitated again.

In reply to this, her brother assured her that he had no additional cause of sorrow to what he had known for many days past; and concluded by kissing away the tears of sympathy which were flowing down her cheeks.

"Then, my dear brother," she said, "there really is nothing new which afflicts you?"

"Nothing, my Emily, nothing," he replied: "only be comforted; I can bear every thing but to see you unhappy: be happy, my sister, and I cannot be miserable."

She looked enquiringly at him. His countenance seemed, even in her inexperienced view, to indicate something she could not understand. But, at the age of Emily, doubts and fears, however well grounded, have only a transient effect on the mind; and, as she had often seen her brother rendered uneasy by her father's manner, she tried to believe that this uneasiness would now pass away without other consequences than she had witnessed on former occasions; and therefore, when he attempted to rouse himself, and talk of ordinary things, she congratulated herself on seeing him in better spirits;

and when he proposed to her to walk with him to a stile at the end of the wood, saying that he had some little business at a cottage a little beyond, she consented with cheerfulness, and commenced her walk with some composure. Nevertheless, as they proceeded through the narrow wood-ways, she observed that he relapsed into gloom; and when they arrived at the end of the wood, she was startled at the hurried manner in which he embraced her; the moment afterwards bounding over the stile, and running down the slope towards the cottage with a swiftness which soon removed him from her view.

It was late in the day when Emily was left by her brother; and she stood looking towards the spot where he had disappeared, till, the sun sinking suddenly behind the hills, the freshness of the evening breeze reminded her of the lateness of the hour, and her solitary situation. Casting one more glance towards the cottage, to see if her brother might yet be returning, she hastened her steps towards her home; and, not being in a condition to appear before her father, (who would immediately have discerned the traces of tears on her cheeks,) she withdrew to her chamber, and soon lost the remembrance of the melancholy scene in the wood in a deep sleep.

The major was a late riser, and made a point of taking his last meal at a late hour in the evening; therefore, though Emily was often asleep before nine o'clock, the domestics were commonly in motion till nearly twelve; the outer door being frequently open, or at least unbarred, till a very late hour. Such being the case, it was not difficult for Christopher to execute a project which he had formed on parting with Emily at the stile. This was, to return, and see her once more, whether sleeping or waking; resolving, if he found her in the former situation, to cut a lock of her hair, and leave a letter with her, which should contain his farewell, and give the reasons of his departure. He accordingly wrote the letter with a pencil at the cottage, and returning, as soon as it was dark, to his father's house, which was no longer to be his home, he stole up to Emily's apartment; and there, having gently kissed her forehead, as she lay asleep, and cut one lovely ringlet from her head, he laid the letter on her pillow, and withdrew: but years passed away before it was known where he slept that night, or where he

found a home or resting-place, after he quitted his father's house.

Thus, the selfishness and inconsideration of the parent effected the temporary ruin of a hopeful child. And here we might suitably adduce the caution of the Apostle—*Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged.* (Col. iii. 21.) Nevertheless, it may be well to remark, in this place, that for one instance of a child ruined by a father's cruelty, as in the case of Christopher Müller, thousands may be found of undutiful and ungrateful children who ruin themselves.

As soon as the morning rose on Emily, after the departure of her brother, she observed the letter on her pillow, and opened it, full of apprehensions, which were too fully confirmed before she read the first line; and, early as it was, she hastened to her father's room, and imparted to him the cause of her anguish, by supplicating him to send some one to seek her brother, and bring him back, though he had left no clew by which he might be traced.

The major was evidently agitated on the first reception of this intelligence; but soon relapsed into a state of indifference, which rendered it impossible for those about him to determine how far he felt for his son. One thing, however, was remarked, that Wietlesbach was immediately dispatched in search of Christopher, and did not return for several weeks; and many epistles, uncouthly directed, were received from him during the interval.

In the mean time, Emily was inconsolable, and, for a length of time, never entered her father's presence without betraying her sorrow. Christopher—her beloved Christopher—seemed to occupy her whole thoughts, and even in her sleep she frequently called upon him; being strongly impressed, no doubt, with the remembrance of his last visit to her in her chamber. Many were the efforts made by this lovely little girl to trace her brother, but in vain. She often stole out alone, and enquired at the neighbouring cottages; she even expended all her pocket-money in promoting enquiries; and, as her last resource, she wrote to Charles Harrington, who had entered the army, and who was then in Ireland.

The conscience of Emily was somewhat wounded at the necessity under which she lay of carrying on this cor-

respondence privately; for her father had forbidden her to mention her brother's name before him; but she felt what she did to be a duty, and thus conquered her reluctance.

The answer from Charles was what Emily might have expected—replete with sorrowful and affectionate expressions, and abounding with assurances, that he would do all that in him lay, among his many acquaintance and connexions, to trace his unhappy friend; while the last paragraph brought new sorrow to her heart, by informing her that he himself was on the eve of embarking, with his regiment, for the West Indies; the dangers of which she knew too well, by the description she had received of those fatal islands from her father.

After a while, Wietlesbach returned, and brought no tidings of Christopher; and the major then resolved upon leaving his present residence, and taking Emily with him. This intention was no sooner conceived than put into execution, with the precipitancy of one who was weary of all about him. The house and furniture, now become the property of Emily, were placed in the hands of her trustees; and the father with his daughter, and Wietlesbach as their only attendant, set out for London.

Emily, though grieved to part with many things and persons whom she had known and loved from infancy, was not displeased at this arrangement; for she entertained the hope that she might perhaps, during her travels, discover the object of her anxiety; and, to a heart not at ease, a change of place often affords some relief.

I shall not enter into a very detailed account of the various movements of the major and his family, from the time of their leaving the birthplace of Emily, till their final settlement in a place which I shall have occasion to describe at large in a future part of my history. The family first removed to London; whence, after having spent more than a year, they proceeded to Dover and Calais; and from this last place to Paris. There the major occupied handsome apartments, near the Palais Royal; and, as it was his plan to take all his meals at the *cafés* and *restaurateurs*, he placed Emily as a *pensionnaire* in one of the most fashionable seminaries in that capital—by this means leaving himself at liberty to pursue his own plans of amusement.

During her residence at Paris, Emily saw little of her father; and it is pleasing that we are able to say that she was not materially injured by the false system of education, the evil principles, and dreadful examples, which prevailed in the house. The religion of the family (if the lax principles and practice which obtained therein could be called religion) was Roman Catholic. The young people were, indeed, required to attend mass on the Sunday morning; to learn a catechism, to which they seldom attached any definite ideas, however obvious the meaning might be, and to confess during Lent; but these observances were not required of Emily, because she was a Protestant. One unhappy consequence of this situation was, that, after a while, she became careless in her private religious duties, and was persuaded, in the course of a few months, to accompany her young companions to Tivoli and Beaujon, on the evening of the Lord's-day. In these places she had opportunity of witnessing all the absurdities of what is called the pleasurable world; such as waltzing, flying down the *Montagne Russe*, rope-dancing, theatrical amusements in the open air, fortune-telling, and flirting.

We do not mean to say that Emily readily consented when first these amusements for the Lord's-day were proposed to her—that she did not remember with pain the peaceful and happy sabbaths spent under her grandmother's roof—that her conscience did not sometimes trouble her, when she reflected upon her great departure from Christian simplicity. But Emily was only in her fifteenth year, and had not one friend to remind her of her duty, or one example set before her by which she might be rendered sensible of her danger. She had also, since her father's return, been accustomed to hear perpetual sneers against religion, and the evidences of Christianity attacked by false reasoning; and though she as yet, through the divine blessing, indulged no professed doubts, yet she insensibly grew more and more careless respecting religion, and the love of pleasure gradually obtained increasing power over her.

It has been remarked before, that Mrs. Courtney was herself somewhat confused in her religious opinions; that she had not that clearness of perception into divine truth which would have enabled her to convey her instructions

in a convincing way to her young people; in consequence of which, Emily had not the information and discernment which would have enabled her to detect the absurdities of popery, or to resist the sophistries of its teachers; and although she never once thought of adopting the Roman Catholic religion, yet she was greatly in danger, if not of becoming entirely an infidel, like her father, of falling into such a state of confusion and carelessness as would have left her, in fact, little better.

In the mean time, what improvements she made were in matters of secondary importance. She indeed acquired facility in speaking French, could enter a room with less embarrassment, and obtained a considerable knowledge of music, though not of the best kind.

While his daughter was thus passing through the fiery ordeal of this contagious society, and was preserved from utter destruction by Him who from the beginning, as afterwards appeared, had chosen her everlasting salvation, the major was passing his time in the *cafés*, gambling-houses, and theatres of the corrupt capital in which he resided, increasing his tendency to the gout by high living — to irritation, by continually exposing himself to the caprices of fortune — and to infidelity, by contaminating books, and licentious society; till, at length, after a lapse of about two years, he resolved, in a fit of disappointment, to quit Paris, because his vicious courses could not procure him that pleasure which belongs exclusively to virtue. Whither next he should bend his course he knew not, but to remain where he was he felt to be impossible. He therefore suddenly removed his daughter; and, having added an elderly French female servant to his establishment, and bought a carriage, he proceeded towards the frontiers of the Pays-Bas.

Emily felt as if suddenly awakened from a dream, in which she had long remained, when taken, without warning, from her young, her gay, and her unprincipled companions, and placed in the comparative quiet of a close carriage, with her father; Monsieur Wietlesbach and Madame la Blonde (the *femme-de-chambre*) being seated on the box. The major, who was uneasy, and dissatisfied with himself and all around him, was no companion to his daughter. It seemed to her that he had made greater advances to old age and infirmity, since last she had

been familiarly associated with him, than the lapse of two years could account for; and, though she had been lately used to much license of discourse, she was not a little shocked at his sudden and frequent bursts of passion, and his intemperance of language, when he addressed his servants.

There was little to amuse Emily in her journey from Paris to Brussels, and still less in her progress through Flanders towards the German territory; for the major, after some hesitation, had made up his mind to reside for a while at Cologne. But, uneasy as Emily was with her father, she could less endure her own thoughts, which presented only reflections of a painful or perplexing nature; for, whether she thought of her grandmother, of Charles, or of her unhappy brother—whether she meditated on her present state, or looked back on her past life during the last two years—she saw nothing but subjects of regret, of shame, and grief; and, in order to fly from these, she could think of no resource but reading; and, as she had with her no English books but her Bible, (of which, at that period, she thought as a diseased subject does on the surgeon's knife, which may be necessary to secure him from death,) she was glad to procure a temporary relief by reading volumes such as the Continent chiefly supplies; namely, philosophical essays, corrupt histories, poetical works calculated only to inflame the passions, and various romances and novels; which last we may account as being more dangerous, because more fictitious and attractive, and requiring less mental effort in their perusal than all the other books we have enumerated.

Every well-meaning and intellectual traveller on the Continent must have observed, that most of the objects there to be seen are calculated to enervate the mind, and to excite the imagination and the passions at the expence of the judgment; and that scarcely a single ornamental work, a book, a picture, or a statue, presents itself of a contrary tendency; while almost every conversation which meets the ear, is addressed rather to the passions than the reason. Hence the danger, the dreadful danger, to young and unstable characters in visiting these countries; and the impropriety of intrusting young persons, without a guide, in regions where sensual pleasure spreads all

her snares ; and where superstition, in the garb of religion, presents those allurements that decoy the thoughtless mind, rather than instruct and purify it.

Major Müller had, among his baggage, a variety of publications which he had collected at Paris, all of which were at Emily's command ; nor did he refuse to add such volumes to his collection as the booksellers' shops afforded in the towns through which they passed ; and, as the party travelled slowly, made frequent stoppages, and rested often, Emily found too many opportunities to pursue her dangerous studies ; and thus, before she reached the place of their next destination, she had filled her mind with much of the trash, the false sentiment, and romantic desires, which books of imagination, not regulated by truth and religion, are calculated to inspire.

Amid all these deceitful vapours of fancy, one true and natural feeling only acted with any power on Emily's heart. This was the remembrance of her brother, with anxiety for his fate ; and sometimes, when left alone in her chamber, she would think of him, and of many things connected with his history ; of her happy early days, and the pious instructions of her grandmother ; of the corner of her little play-room, where she had been accustomed to kneel and call upon her God ; of her old Bible and hymn-book ; till floods of tears would gush from her eyes, and a half-uttered prayer would burst from her lips. But these better feelings were continually chased from her mind by her dangerous studies, by the constant change of scenes and objects, and by the idle and corrupt tattle of her waiting-maid.

I shall not attempt to describe any of the countries through which the travellers passed in their way from Brussels to Cologne ; though I might say much of the various beautiful churches in the Pays-Bas, with their musical chimes, and the dilapidated appearance of many of the towns and villages in that country, so entirely different from those in our happy island, where all look lively, fresh, and new.

I should feel a gratification in describing some of the forests on the confines of Germany—forests which have scarcely changed their aspect since they afforded a shelter to the wild hordes of Gomerites, the original inhabi-

tants of the country—forests whose dark and gloomy appearance awakens the most fearful and terrific sensations.

I should also have much pleasure in describing the hills and valleys, the houses of lath and plaster, with their thatched roof and frowning gable-ends, which meet the eye in every direction in this part of Europe; but these things not being to my present purpose, I proceed to observe, that the major with his family having arrived at Cologne, he hastened to take a furnished house, in which having established Emily with her waiting-maid as a kind of companion, or duenna, and a suitable number of inferior servants, he found himself at liberty to seek such society as his depraved taste rendered most desirable.

Cologne is a very large walled town, founded, as it is said, by the Romans. The houses in the principal streets are wide and lofty, and have shutters on the outside.—There are some magnificent churches, and the inhabitants are Papists. Here, as in many parts of the Continent, it is customary, both for gentlemen and ladies, to dine at a table prepared in the principal inns, at a fixed hour; and it was at these public tables that the major always took his principal meal; but he did not suffer Emily to accompany him; and from these tables he frequently resorted to the billiard-room, concluding his evening at the theatre. By this means he presently formed acquaintance with most of the loose and dissipated characters of the place; and soon made himself conspicuous among those who were forward in discussing political subjects, and ridiculing religion generally; together with the existing absurdities of popery.

In the mean time poor Emily was left the mistress of a wide, half-furnished house, with no other companion than her *femme-de-chambre*, and no other amusement than her harp and her books, unless she sometimes ventured to peep at what was passing in the street, through the half-closed window-shutters: for, although her father was so careless with regard to his own morals and manners, he had worldly prudence enough to observe that a young woman detracts from her excellence by being seen much abroad; and, as his daughter was particularly attractive in her external appearance, he doubt-

ed not but she might be considerably elevated in life by marriage, if her friends and guardians used such precautions as worldly wisdom might dictate.

The major, however, scarcely seemed aware that bars and bolts, window-shutters, blinds, and duennas, are all insufficient when a young woman is herself imprudent. And how can prudence be reasonably expected when the principles are left unguarded? Nevertheless, in this most dangerous situation Emily was preserved, but not by the precautions taken by her father. He that had loved her from the beginning loved her still—she was his adopted one; and who shall pluck his adopted ones from the hand of the Almighty?

At this period of her utmost danger, her heavenly Father was her protector, his care was exercised over her, and none were suffered to hurt her; for, though she fell into many errors, though she spent her whole time in folly, she was not permitted to fall into any snare by which her character could be implicated, or her honour diminished.

Major Müller had not continued many weeks at Cologne, when news arrived from Switzerland, importing that his elder brother, with whom he had always been on very bad terms, was dead; and that, as this brother had never married, the whole of his considerable property had devolved on himself. The major was wonderfully elated at this news, and immediately made preparations for his return to his native country.

Emily had always fancied that it was possible her brother might have taken refuge in Switzerland among his mother's relations; she was, therefore, no less pleased than her father at this event, which called her to Geneva; and she made preparations for leaving her gloomy abode at Cologne with no small alacrity.

She now remembered with delight the wild tales with which her brother had so often amused her respecting his native country; and her imagination being raised by her late romantic kind of reading, she pictured to herself, in a lively manner, the snowy mountains, the dashing waterfalls, the demolished castles, the thatched cottages, and alpine pastures.

And now I wish it were in my power to make you, my readers, the companions of Emily amid those regions of wonders and native beauties through which she passed in

her way to Geneva. But, O, how impossible is it, by the medium of words, to give any adequate ideas of the grandeur of the Rhine, where castles frown on woody promontories, and the valleys bloom with fruit and flowers in abundance, almost as fair as those which graced the bowers of Eden! or to represent the deep and sombre forests of the Schwartzwald! or the bold and magnificent heights of the Hauenstein, through which the traveller passes into Switzerland! But we may have many and even superior scenes to describe, during the course of our narrative; and we would rather linger where our Emily may be resident, than dwell longer in regions where she was only a passenger.

It was on the day following that on which the travellers had entered Switzerland by the pass of the Hauenstein, that Emily first obtained a view of the snowy mountains. The carriages had just emerged from a wood in the neighbourhood of the valley of Soleure, when they were pointed out to her by her father. It was a cloudless morning, though somewhat hazy: there were near the horizon high blue hills, such as would have been called mountains in any other part of Europe. Being directed to look above these, her eye rested on a white spot in the region of the clouds. This spot was more bright than the cloud, when the sun shines upon it, and it was soon apparent that it was the summit of a mountain; and, as she gazed, more of the dazzling summits of other hills became visible; till at length, as the morning mist dispersed, the travellers were able to discover such a range of peaks, of cones, and table-lands, as Emily had never before beheld. These appeared elevated into a region more exalted than that which is occupied by mortal man; they seemed as the creations of another world; possessing a dazzling white and ethereal splendour which communicated to the spectator the feeling of something more than what belongs to earth; and conveying the idea of immeasurable height and unattainable distance: their connexion with the world below being imperceptible to the eye by reason of the dark colour of the lower parts of the mountains, which were wholly concealed by the morning mists. No person acquainted with the influence of religion can, I am persuaded, look at these glories of creation without a renewal of pious emotions. And thus

it was with Emily; she remembered several occasions in which the venerable father of Charles Harrington had caused her by similitudes to trace the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem; by similitudes taken from the scenery of mountainous regions; and, by a natural association, these lessons of early youth soon returned to her mind, and she almost fancied she now beheld the outworks of a celestial world, and the portals, as it were, of heaven. —“Heaven!” she repeated to herself; “Mount Zion—the abode of those blessed spirits who have been saved by Christ and received into glory! But what have I to do with these? O where is the peace I once enjoyed? where is the happiness of my early days? Why have I thrown away my confidence in God? As I never can attain those glorious heights before me, so must I ever be banished from the everlasting hills! O, my beloved and venerable friends, would to God that I had been laid in the grave which contains your precious remains!”

Emily was brought to tears by these reflections, but not being willing that her father should notice these tears, she wiped them hastily away; and the mountains by this time being concealed from her view by the trees of a forest into which the carriage had just entered, she endeavoured to chase away her unpleasant feelings by returning to the perusal of one of her favourite authors.

A very few days after Emily had first seen the snowy mountains, her journey was concluded by the arrival of the family at Geneva. There Major Müller entered into the possession of a handsome inheritance; but, finding occasion to disagree with most of his old friends and connexions, he neither enjoyed their society himself, nor would allow Emily to do so. He, indeed, fixed himself with a suitable establishment in a handsome house; but, so far from seeming to be the more happy from his addition of fortune, he was evidently the more miserable; for his pride rising more rapidly than his fortune, his wants and wishes were as incapable of being satisfied as when his fortune was at its lowest ebb. Emily had also experienced a severe disappointment in not hearing any thing of her brother; and having few female acquaintances, and not one friend, Geneva appeared as dull and uninteresting to her as her residence in Germany had formerly done.

Major Müller always possessed a particular facility in connecting himself with the most worthless characters in every place. There is a kind of language, a peculiar sneer, a ready method of throwing contempt in a few words on religion and the existing government, by which persons of bad principle instantly understand each other; and the major had been but a few days in his native city before he was the acknowledged brother and confederate of the disciples of the philosopher of Ferney, and in a very short time many of these found their way to his house and to his table.

Emily was at this time not sixteen; and, as her father did not think it necessary to exclude her from society so entirely as at Cologne, her situation might have proved more dangerous than it was in that place, had not Providence interposed in her behalf, and secured her happiness, though in a way which could not be foreseen.

The major had not enjoyed the society of his new connexions many weeks, before a dispute arose between him and a young gentleman, a relation of his first wife, upon the subject of his conduct towards his son, which was understood to have been very culpable. The major answered with much warmth; on which the young man used very harsh and ungentlemanly expressions. Very high words passed on both sides; when the major forgot his character as a man of honour, and gave such provocation, that it was thought necessary, agreeably to the infidel idea of honour which prevailed in that unprincipled society, that the matter should be settled by a duel. A challenge therefore was sent to the major, who behaved at this crisis in such a way, that, when he next appeared in public, he was treated with marked contempt. The particulars of his behaviour have not reached me; and, had they done so, I perhaps should have been as much at a loss to understand why this unprincipled man, who had lived in open contempt of his Almighty Ruler, and all subordinate authority, and who had proved himself a despiser of all morality and religion, was to be scouted for some little point of etiquette in the court of honour, as I now am by being unacquainted with the particulars of the case. But, be this as it may, the major was unable to endure this kind of obloquy thus thrown upon him by his fellow-creatures, yet ashamed to own that

he felt it; he pretended, therefore, that he was weary of living in the town, which he called dull and uninteresting to the last degree, and took the sudden resolution of removing to a beautiful country-house which he possessed in the neighbourhood of the Dole.

The Dole is the loftiest summit of the Jura, and lifts its craggy heights to the south-east extremity of that part of the chain of mountains which belongs to Switzerland. It is situated in the canton of Vaud, upon the frontier of France, and is 5474 feet above the sea, and near four thousand feet above the Lake of Geneva. The beautiful plants which it produces, its noble forests of pine and other trees, and the magnificent views which it commands, have rendered it deservedly celebrated. Mont Blanc is seen from hence in its greatest splendour; and from hence the eye may embrace, at once, the whole chain of the Alps, from Mont St. Gothard as far as the mountains of Dauphiny.

The little domain, with its château, inherited by Major Müller on this beautiful mountain, was neither so high as to be exposed to violent winds, nor so low as to lose much of the charming prospect visible from the higher points of the hill. The house was built of stone, and stood on an extensive lawn, variegated with clusters of trees; amidst which, the observant traveller could not fail of remarking the chesnut, the sycamore, the silver birch, the tulip tree, the laburnum, with its pendent wreaths of vegetable gold, the dark crimson shrub-rose, the beech, and the oak.—From an open portico in the front of the house, and from a balcony above the portico, the eye was able to command a view of the lake, spreading its glassy bosom beneath rocky hills, which appeared in some places to rise directly from under the water. Beyond these mountains, and towering above the clouds into the region of ether, not unfrequently appeared the snowy summits of Mont Blanc. The appearance of this mountain, seen from this direction, is almost pyramidal, and it is elevated nearly eight thousand feet above the level of perpetual snow; thus presenting to the eye such a pyramid—so vast, so luminous, and so magnificent—as we should scarcely find in any other region of the world; unless we were to visit the snowy Andes, or take our station in the plains beneath the Indian Caucasus.

Such were the objects which presented themselves in the front of the château; while immediately behind it was an immense forest of pine, in an opening of which, formed by certain rugged and barren rocks, appeared a mountain torrent, dashing and foaming over its stony bed, till, turning a little aside, it fell into a deep ravine on the northern side of the house.

The house itself was not very large, but well suited for the residence of a gentleman. It consisted of one large hall, encircled by a corridor, into which the doors of the upper chambers opened. This hall, which was composed of marble, was enriched with many statues, some in groups, some single, but all as large as life. On the left-hand of this hall was a library, which seemed to hang over the ravine above mentioned in a manner almost terrific, and at such a height, that the eagles of the mountain were not unfrequently seen winging their flight beneath it. Here the ear was continually soothed by the distant murmur of the mountain torrent; while a perpetual feast was prepared for the eye by the picturesque wildness of the scenery of the glen, forming a striking contrast with the softer features of the landscape beyond. This apartment had been abundantly furnished with books by the elder brother of the major; but though among these books there was much which might amuse the curious reader, or feed the fancy of the poetical one, there was little to amend the heart or correct the judgment. The other apartments of this château are not worthy of particular description.

Young persons are in general fond of change; and Emily was not a little delighted at the first view of the beautiful spot which was to become the place of her abode. It is true, that she had little to regret in leaving Geneva; but she had never yet tried what sort of a companion her father would prove in a situation where he was to be her only one; neither had she considered, that a time might come when even the beauties of the Dole, and the ever-varying charms of alpine scenery, might cease to delight—when the heart might be sighing for a companion to whom it might impart its feelings, or for some occupation which might excite a real interest. During, however, the first day or two of her residence in her new abode, she experienced no lassitude; and in

that period she examined every corner of the house and of the pleasure-grounds, and even of the pine-forest and the sombre glen within a mile of the château. She made herself acquainted with every statue, every painting, and every remarkable prospect about the house, and formed to herself a thousand plans of improvement and occupation.

During this first fervour of spirits, she did not observe that her father was gloomy and inactive, that he seldom spoke, that he sat continually in one place, and that his countenance scarcely ever relaxed into a smile. When, in a short time, this discovery was made,—when she found that he complained much of bodily infirmity, that he was fretful, disputatious, and incapable of being amused by any exertion which she could make for that purpose,—she began to feel the difficulties of her situation, to look forward with dread to long hours of solitude, and to gaze on the natural beauties which surrounded her with indifference. To add to her unpleasant feelings at this moment, Madame la Blonde (her chambermaid) being seized with the same apprehensions which had taken possession of her mistress, thought proper to take her departure; by which Emily was deprived of the only person with whom she could converse freely.

Religion, at this moment, would have offered itself as a resource, but Emily shrank from the idea of recurring to her Bible; but she had recourse to the library, and tried to pass away the long, weary day by reading romances; and thus she bewildered herself more deeply in the mazes of error, and more assiduously endeavoured to console herself, in the absence of real happiness, by the dreams of fancy.

The summer was now past, the autumn succeeded, and winter arrived. The major sank more deeply into dejection of spirits. He had proved the pleasures of the world, and found them fallacious; and the pleasures and hopes of religion he had deliberately cast away. His health was declining; and he was made sensible, by many infirmities, that he was not immortal. If he loved any thing on earth, it was Emily; but he had lately indulged the thought that his affection was not returned, and he believed that he had forfeited her regard by his conduct to her brother.

This idea, once admitted, found much to support it in her uneasy and dissatisfied manner. Thus he became shy towards her, and she, in return, more distant to him; till, at length, the uneasiness became reciprocal; and the unhappy daughter, shunning as much as possible her father's presence, spent her solitary hours in shedding tears, in thinking of past happy days, in calling upon the name of Christopher, and regretting the distance which separated her from Charles.

In this manner passed the winter, and spring again began to appear in all the glowing beauties with which she advances in that charming region. At this period, Emily, who was much without, began almost to envy the little peasant boys and girls, who were pursuing their rustic labours in the valleys and on the sides of the mountain; and she was greatly attracted by a pastoral life; and she fancied, that, had she been born in a cottage, she should have been happy; not considering that every path of life has its advantages and disadvantages; and that, however agreeable it might be as a shepherdess in a morning of May, when bees are gathering honey on the fragrant down, and gentle breezes scarcely shake the dew from the opening flowers, yet that even shepherdesses are sometimes scorched with the burning rays of the midday sun, and sometimes pinched with the cold frosts of the autumnal evening. But who can describe the variety of sickly fancies which, by turns, take possession of the heart which is sighing for happiness, and yet perversely refusing to seek it where it may be found?

The spring passed away, and the summer came, but brought no alleviation to the sorrows of Emily. In the beginning of June her father had a severe fit of the gout; during which his daughter, driven from him partly by his waywardness, and partly because she no longer felt a wish to please him, left him almost wholly to the care of his servant, and to the influence of those infidel writers with which his brother's library abounded; and it was before he was recovered from his bodily complaint, which left him more infirm than it had found him, that certain events took place, which I shall now proceed to relate.

It was the middle of June; the morning was very fine; and the ardent rays of the sun were tempered by clouds, which, passing over the mountains, sometimes threw

parts of them into shade, and again, by their removal, restored them to the full glory of the broad summer day;—the gentle breezes, also, wafted the perfumes of this honeyed region, to regale the senses and moderate the heat;—when Emily, stepping forth from her unsocial home, hoped to find some alleviation to that restless spirit, which continually disturbed her, by exploring the charming environs of the château. The conscience of this young female was not as yet so insensible as to allow her wholly to neglect her father, and yet feel comfortable. She indeed tried to plead his irritable temper as an excuse for her conduct, but the plea was not sufficiently strong to give ease to her mind; and when she recollected his unkindness to her brother as another reason for neglecting him and pursuing her own fancies, she could not but feel that she was the last person who ought thus to avenge her brother's injuries, inasmuch as, as far as she was concerned, there appeared no similar ground of complaint. Her father had always loved her, always preferred her, always cherished her, and never denied her any indulgence which it was in his power to bestow.

Such being the state of the case, we cannot suppose that Emily was happy when she left her home in the instance we speak of; and it was in some degree to her honour that she was not so; and that she frequently wept as she proceeded, and often sighed, as she drew a comparison between the state of her mind, when she lived in England, with its present condition.

The first steps of Emily's walk were through a grove of dark pine, which formed, as it were, a wreath around one of the lower peaks of the mountain; and then, passing in a broad line behind the château, she descended into the glen, beneath the windows of the library. Emily, having passed this line of forest, came out into one of those verdant pastures, so frequently found in the higher regions of the mountains of Switzerland; from which they are emphatically called Alps. A range of bold rocks, in a semicircular form, composed the western boundary of this pasture-ground. The lower part of these rocks was adorned with saxifrages, laburnums, brushwood, mountain-ash, and the crimson rose; while the upper regions were arranged by nature in the forms of towers and bastions, fortresses and bulwarks; tower being

exalted above tower, bastion above bastion, and bulwark above bulwark; till the highest points were lost in the region of the clouds. From these rocks, in different directions, poured two limpid streams, rushing through the stony chasms, and down the rugged precipices, with a never-ceasing noise, dashing and foaming through their shadowy beds, as if impatient of delay, till, having reached the pasture-ground below, their progress became more calm, and the thunders of their courses were converted into gentle murmurs—these waters producing the only sounds that interrupted the silence of this sequestered spot, which, during ten months of the year, is rarely visited by the foot of man.

In the centre of this alpine pasture was a lonely edifice of unhewn stone, built for the convenience of the shepherds, whose custom it was to resort thither, with their flocks, for six weeks in the year. This edifice was white, and built in the form of a shepherd's tent. Emily had often visited this place before, and had frequently gazed on the scene with delight; but now she turned from it with a sigh, and, directing her steps around the base of the rocks, she came to a narrow pass on the northern side of them.

Pursuing this path a while, being inclosed on either side by rock, she presently arrived at an opening, from which she saw other parts of the mountain, and at her feet a narrow valley, at the bottom of which ran a little stream. This valley was so entirely wooded that she could distinguish the water in a few places only between the openings of the trees. The descent into this valley was by certain rugged steps cut into the rock, which Emily resolved to try at all hazards, and accordingly lost no time in bounding from step to step, till she presently found herself near the bottom of the ravine, and saw before her a bridge of a single plank thrown over the water, and on the opposite side of the bridge, a little higher up the brook, a thatched cottage, such as continually meet the eye in the canton of Berne, though not so commonly in that of the Vaud. The roof projected over the sides of the house to such an extreme as to shelter a gallery of considerable width beneath it. This roof was made to slope so much that its sides were almost perpendicular, and little of the side walls of the house was visible; but

the gable end which faced the bridge was high, and the gallery was adorned on this side with creepers, that wound around the rough timber pillars which supported it. The doors and windows of the cottage opened into the gallery above and the *verandah* below; and before the lower door sat a very old woman, having a table before her, on which lay a book, that she seemed to be studying with deep attention. The old woman was dressed as a peasant, in a coarse blue petticoat, a jacket of the same, and a black apron; but having a cap and kerchief of the whitest linen. Behind the house was a small garden, encompassed with some wooden frame-work, inclosing a variety of flowers, and a covered stand, in which were many bee-hives; but the bees were abroad, busy in their daily labour; their murmurs mingling with the rush of waters and the rustling of leaves, the sounds of which disturbed the deep stillness of this peaceful abode; or rather tended to increase the soothing influence of this pleasing spot.

Emily stood a while gazing at this scene with delight. In the venerable woman there was something above what is generally seen in an ordinary peasant; and Emily, in admitting the conviction that what she was reading could be no other than the Bible, experienced a degree of respect for this inhabitant of an obscure cottage, which she would scarcely have felt for a sovereign princess employed in any other way. The peasant continued to be occupied by her book; and Emily, stealing forwards, crossed the bridge, and approached the cottage, yet hesitated again before she ventured to disturb the old woman. While she still lingered, the peasant looked up and saw her. There was no appearance of vulgar wonder in the old woman when first she perceived the young lady standing before her; but, rising and stepping forwards with a courteous smile, she invited her in, caused her to sit down, and, before she was well aware, had set before her a cup of goats' milk, and a basket of mountain strawberries. The new acquaintances then entered into discourse; and Emily was soon conscious that it was no ordinary peasant with whom she was holding intercourse; but how to account for the residence of any one above a peasant in this sequestered spot, she was utterly at a loss.

The venerable cottager was in no haste to enter into

any particulars which might lead to an explanation of her circumstances; on the contrary, she spoke only on such topics as the surrounding objects might suggest. But it is, perhaps, in ordinary conversation that the difference between an informed and an uninformed mind is chiefly remarkable. Emily, who was weary of the solitude of her situation, lingered long with her, and did not take her leave till she had been invited to repeat her visit.

On her return to the château, she was met by Monsieur Wietlesbach, who came running towards her out of breath, exclaiming, while still at some distance, on his own good fortune in having met with her.

“And why do you count your meeting with me so fortunate?” replied Emily.

“Because,” replied the valet, “Monsieur is distressed at your long absence. And, *vraiment*,” he added, shrugging up his shoulders, “he would have made me feel the effects of his distress, had I not hastened and flown to seek you.”

“What! is my father angry at my absence?” asked Emily.

“Angry! *Mademoiselle*,” replied the valet, “the word is by far too mild, he is furious! and he treated me, on your account, as I have never before been treated.”

“But apparently,” said Emily, “he has not made you suffer much, otherwise you could not seem so pleased as you now do.”

“This is because my disposition is not vindictive, lady,” he replied: “but your father is displeased, lady; therefore hasten home.”

“I cannot help it,” replied Emily, sullenly: “surely he would not deprive me of the liberty of walking about these solitary mountains! Go back, Monsieur,” she added, “and tell him I am coming.”

“*Pardonnez*,” replied the valet: “I appear not but in your suite, *Mademoiselle*;” and again he drew up his shoulders, as if they still ached.

Emily hastened homewards, and entered her father's presence in no mood to propitiate his favour. He was in his sleeping-apartment, which he had not left since his last attack, and was sitting with his gouty foot on a

pillow; clad in a silk dressing-gown, and wearing a black velvet cap on his head.

“And where, young lady, may you have been?” he asked, in a thundering voice. “You have been absent more than three hours; and the dinner has been delayed half an hour and five minutes.”

Emily sat down, but made no answer.

“Wietlesbach, where did you find your young lady?” said the major; “for it seems she cannot speak for herself.”

“Where have you been, Mademoiselle?” asked the valet, shrinking behind his master’s chair.

“Where did you meet her, Sir?” thundered the major.

The valet had conceived that Emily did not wish her father to know in what direction she had walked; though he had not yet formed any conjecture concerning the reason she might have for wishing to mislead her father respecting her excursion. It was enough for his crooked mind to suppose that she had some such reason; and, therefore, looking significantly at Emily from behind the major, he said, “Did you wish for your dinner, Monsieur? shall I give directions to the cook?”

“Are you deaf, Sir?” said the major. “Cannot you answer the question I put to you? Where did you meet my daughter?”

“Moi, Monsieur, I—I followed her; I returned with her; I entered the room in following her. Should I walk before my master’s daughter? where would be my politesse?”

The major became furious, (to use an expression of the valet;) and, turning to strike him on the side of the face, Monsieur gave a spring backwards, and in a moment was out of the room.

“What a grinning fool we have there!” exclaimed the major; “and yet the fellow makes me smile whether I will or not, and that,” he added with bitterness, “is more than my children have ever done;” and he muttered something indistinctly, which Emily in vain endeavoured to understand.

She, however, looked up, (for her eyes had hitherto been fixed on the ground,) and said, “I am sorry if I have kept your dinner waiting; but surely there is no

great sin in walking upon the mountains, where I seldom see a human being?"

"Nor pleasure neither, I should think," said the major.

"That is a matter of opinion," replied Emily.

"You are very short and unceremonious," remarked the major; and he sighed.

At that instant the valet reappeared, bringing in the first dish, and wearing a napkin attached to his jacket. The dish pleased the major, he looked graciously at the bearer of it, he ate heartily, talked to his valet; and, having drunk a certain portion of wine, he told his daughter she might withdraw for a time, while he enjoyed his evening's sleep.

Emily, being thus dismissed from her father's presence, felt more than ever displeased with herself. She tried to believe that her father's infirmities of temper were a sufficient excuse for her neglect of him, and for her frequent sullenness in his presence; but she could not set her conscience at ease, and yet could not resolve to do better in future. She, therefore, could only weep; and, when she returned to his room in the evening, she was so sullen in her manner, that her father bade her leave the room, and stay away till she could behave more like a daughter.

Emily spent some hours that night in weeping, and the next morning felt doubtful for some time whether she should send an apology to her father for her misconduct, or wait to ascertain if he would make some advances to her. But, while she hesitated, the sound of his voice reached her ears from his bed-room, and she heard him laugh aloud at some jest of his servant. Offended at this, she took her breakfast alone, and then walked out, directing her steps the nearest way to the cottage in the glen.

The venerable peasant was found by Emily where she had left her. She expressed great pleasure at seeing the young lady, and gave her to understand that she now knew who she was; and added, that she should be most happy to serve her in any way possible.

Emily thanked her, though it did not immediately occur to her of what service so humble a person could be to her.

“You are young, dear lady,” said the peasant, “and have no mother, no elderly female friend about you; and sometimes you might stand in need of counsel from one of some experience.” She then gave Emily an outline of her life. “I have not always dwelt in this solitude, dear young lady,” she said: “mine has been a changeful lot. My name is Vauvrier; I was educated perhaps beyond my situation, and married in early life to a learned man, a pastor of the Reformed Church. I resided with him many years on the banks of the lake of Morat. We were blessed with several children; all of whom, with the exception of one, are now in glory with their father, for they knew in whom they trusted.” She then accounted for her present circumstances by saying, that her daughter had married a plain good man, whose only patrimony was the cottage in which they then dwelt; that her son-in-law had once enjoyed a flourishing trade; but, being reduced by misfortunes, had died, leaving his family with means of subsistence so contracted, that they were compelled to retire to their little patrimony, and to add to their small pittance by their labour in the fields in summer, and by spinning and needlework in the winter.

“You are, then,” replied Emily, in astonishment, “the daughter and widow of educated men? You have lived in affluence, you have mixed with the world, and yet you are content in this humble situation?”

“There are many considerations, Mademoiselle,” replied Madame Vauvrier, “which ought to make me contented in this situation, independent of religion. Low as I am now, I might have been brought lower; much as I have already lost, I might have lost more; and, though I possess no earthly splendour, the comforts I enjoy are numerous. Have I not my affectionate daughter, my smiling grandchildren, my peaceful cottage, and sufficient nourishment? not to mention these beauties of creation by which I am surrounded. Surely every sense is regaled in this charming spot. Look, dear lady, at yonder rushing waterfall, high up the glen, half hidden by trees; at those rocks, so adorned by the hand of nature; see that extent of woodland, rising towards the mountain top on the opposite bank; and the deep shade of those many trees beneath which the brook retires from view. Then consider what music I have to enliven me,

(and the old lady paused a moment, as in the attitude of listening,)—the hum of bees, the song of birds, the rush of waters, the whispering of the breeze! What a concert has nature prepared in this place! not to speak of the feast which is provided for another sense. Surely no flowers are half so fragrant as ours in this delightful country! How is it possible to live here, and not be ever gay, ever delighted?"

Emily looked as if she thought the thing very possible; on which the venerable cottager seemed to recollect herself, and added, "But I talk foolishly: I ought to remember, that the enjoyment of present comforts depends very much upon religion; for the unchanged heart is incapable of true happiness. I should have commenced by explaining that which has rendered all the agreeable scenery around me really interesting. The knowledge and enjoyment of God's love, and a constant reliance on Him, have rendered my present condition thus happy to me."

"And the pleasure you take in serving him," replied Emily. "Alas! alas!" she added, "I was once happy too, and it was when I loved God and attended to my religious duties; but I am very unhappy now, Madame Vauvrier, and I would tell you wherefore, if you would hear me."

"Hear you, my dear child, to be sure I would, if it would do you any good. But I will dispense with your confessions, for perhaps I know already every thing you would say. You have some domestic troubles, and who has not? You have some painful duties to fulfil, and you rather avoid the performance of them than seek to find peace in their fulfilment; and the sense you have of your misconduct in these respects, makes you fly from God, and shun all intercourse with him by prayer and meditation. Your case, my dear young lady, is a very common one, and requires little explanation to an old woman like me."

The conversation between Emily and the venerable peasant was at this moment interrupted by two playful children, who came bounding down the almost perpendicular hill, on the side of the glen opposite the cottage; a boy and a girl, between eight and ten years of age, fair and lovely in their appearance; the boy wearing no

head-dress, and the girl having a large flat straw hat, such as are often supposed to be worn by the shepherdesses of pastoral romance. Swift as arrows from a bow they had descended the height and passed the wooden bridge; and, before the grandmother had had time to point them out to Emily as her own Wilhelm and Agnace, they had paid their compliments to their visiter with a politeness above their degree.

Emily being now reminded, by the position of the mountain shadows, that the morning was wearing away, took her leave, adding, that she hoped soon to return to enjoy more of the society of her venerable monitress.

Emily returned towards her home with a slow step, being lost in meditations of no agreeable nature. When entered beneath the belt of pine, the deep gloom which encompassed her seemed to be in such conformity with the state of her mind, that she began to shed tears. O, my unhappy brother!" she said, "where are you now? and am I not now following your example, yielding to the same irritation, and with less cause? My father did love me once, and I ouce hoped to be the means of reconciling him to you; but now I have need of one to stand between me and my father." And my heavenly Father too, I once loved him, once delighted in his service; but that time is past; and yet there is one who would mediate between me and my offended God—my Saviour, my long despised and neglected Saviour."

Thus speaking, she sat down on a stone, and, leaning her head upon her hands, she prayed earnestly and ardently, repeating many times, "Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner!" So fervent a prayer, dictated, evidently, by the Holy Spirit, and presented with such simplicity and sincerity, was the beginning of better things; for when she arose she felt new courage, and now proceeded more speedily on the way to her father's house.

Being arrived there, she went immediately to the door of her father's chamber, and there stood waiting till the valet came out. "Monsieur Wietlesbach," said she, in a humble tone, "will you go back to my father, and ask him if I shall have the pleasure of dining with him? I have not seen him to-day."

The valet bowed, grinned, and, assuming an air of pa-

tronage, replied, that he would do as she desired, with all the pleasure in the world.

Emily still stood at the door, and heard the servant deliver the message, and a loud and harsh voice in answer, saying, "Tell her that I choose to dine alone!"

"Mais, Monsieur," said the valet, "assurément you would not deny the request of Mademoiselle? She is au desespoir; she is very much afflicted; she earnestly desires the honour of being admitted to your presence."

"None of your absurd grimaces," was the reply given by the major; "I will not see my daughter; she has offended me, and I have not deserved this treatment, from her at least. Tell her what I say: I will not see her. Begone."

Emily did not wait to hear this stern answer repeated by the valet, but, rushing along the corridor, she hastened to her own room, and shut the door. There, bursting into a flood of tears, she soon became more composed; but shortly afterwards, hearing the step of the valet near her door, she went out to him, and asked if she might be permitted to see her father, and what message he might have for her.

"Madame," said Monsieur Wietlesbach, bowing, and accompanying his bow with a shrug, "I am sorry, but Monsieur cannot see you to-day. Notwithstanding, he makes his compliments to you, and hopes that you will not be offended, but he has another engagement."

"Did my father send his compliments to me?" said Emily.

"Précisément," said the valet: "he hoped you would not be offended, but he is at present disposed for solitude."

"Tell him, then," said Emily, "that I am ready to attend him whenever he wishes to see me;" and so saying, she turned back into her room, and spent the rest of her day alone. She endeavoured to beguile the long hours by reading; and, with this view, took up a book, but her thoughts wandered from it. She laid it down, and tried her needle. A needle is often a dangerous companion to those whose minds have taken a wrong direction; but, in the state in which Emily was at that period, this quiet occupation was one, of all others, which proved most profitable to her. Every word which Madame Vau-

vrier had said to her in the morning recurred to her mind, and, with these, the many lessons of piety she had received in her youth. Her long neglect of these lessons next occurred to her, her alienation from God, her selfishness, her undutifulness, the worldliness of thought in which she had indulged, and the discontent into which she had fallen. Thus the sinfulness of her conduct for many months past unfolded itself, till, in an agony of grief, she threw down her work, and yielded, without restraint, to her grief. In the morning she sent to enquire after her father's health by a female servant, and to ask permission to see him; but, receiving no answer to the enquiry, and a flat denial to her request to be allowed to see him, she sent to ask permission to take a walk.

“Tell her,” said the major, in reply, “that she is at liberty to do what she will—her dutifulness comes too late; the agitation she has occasioned me has been the means of removing the gout from the extremities of my body, and I doubt not but I shall soon feel it in some vital part.”

The servant who had carried Emily's request to the major brought only the former part of his reply; in consequence of which, she immediately prepared to go to Madame Vauvrier, resolving to open her heart to her, and request her maternal counsel.

Madame Vauvrier was indeed a stranger to Emily; but this poor young female had no friend, no tender mother, to whom she might relate her troubles, and she felt that she had discovered the maternal character which she needed for her consolation in this venerable peasant: nor was she deceived; for the Almighty, in his infinite mercy, had prepared such a friend for Emily in Madame Vauvrier as, we fear, few parts of the Continent could supply.

Emily found Madame Vauvrier alone, and rejoiced to see her. The conversation this day was confidential on both sides; and Madame Vauvrier, having consented to hear all Emily had to say relative to her particular trials, gave her the best advice respecting her conduct.—“I see no remedy, but from God,” said she, “for all these evils. You must, therefore, my dear child, lose no time in applying to your heavenly Father for help. But,

before we part, permit me, my dear young lady, to question you respecting your knowledge of that God whom, I trust, you now desire to make your friend."

Madame Vauvrièr then, finding that Emily was comparatively ignorant of the leading doctrines of the Christian religion, endeavoured to state them to her as clearly and shortly as possible. She first spoke upon the nature of God; of the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity, on which the whole Christian system is built. With the names appropriated to the persons in the Trinity Emily was acquainted, but was ignorant of the offices they condescendingly sustain in the plan of human redemption. She was entirely unaware of the love of the Father, of the nature of the sacrifice made by the Son, with the work of the Spirit, and the perfection of that salvation wrought for the saints.

The venerable peasant then explained the high privilege obtained for us sinful creatures by the death of Christ, namely, that of being permitted to converse with God in prayer; and pointed out to the young lady the benefits which she might hope to derive from a constant application to the Almighty for assistance. "Your trials, my dear young friend," she said, "are of constant recurrence, not only from the infirmities of your dear father, but from your own rebellious heart. A constant supply of grace that you may patiently endure your trials is, therefore, necessary for you. And in what way can you seek these supplies, but by continual prayer?—*Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.* (Luke xi. 9.) Let those woods and groves, my dear child, which have hitherto heard only your complaints, now resound with the song of praise; encourage a thankful, grateful spirit; let grateful acknowledgements henceforward take place of lamentation; and be assured, my beloved guest, you will soon wonder at the magnitude of your blessings, instead of lamenting the severity of your trials."

The good woman added much more relative to the redeeming love of our Lord Jesus; and closed the conference by a prayer, in which the venerable widow, having fastened the door of her cottage, poured forth her whole heart in pleading for the poor major and his unhappy children.

The prayer being concluded, Emily embraced her aged friend, who pressed her young visiter to her maternal bosom with every expression of love and pity; after which, she prepared to return to her father's house.

During her walk, her heart was so full, that, for a while, she could not even weep. Never before had she felt so deep a sense of sin; while the natural wonders which were spread around her with a munificent hand served only to increase a deep conviction of her own meanness, and the infinite glory of God. Being again arrived at the alpine pasture, on the heights above the château, her eye fixed itself, for the first time during that morning, on Mont Blanc, whose summits appeared above the Mont de Midi on the opposite side of the lake, the lower part of it being concealed in mist, as its snow-clad heights shone in aerial splendour above, appearing to reject all connexion with inferior earth.

Emily was arrested by the view of this inconceivably glorious object. The power, the majesty, the magnificence of the Creator, as connected with the remembrance of his love and condescension, as they had been brought before her by Madame Vauvrièr, in the work of man's salvation, seemed, for a time, wholly to overpower her; and, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes and heart far above the dazzling peaks of the snowy region now before her, she poured forth her whole soul in one ardent prayer; by which her strength was renewed as the eagle's. She now descended the heights with hasty steps, nor delayed a moment till she had reached the château, her father's chamber, and the side of the bed, from which he had not yet risen; and there, casting herself on her knees, "My father!" she exclaimed, "forgive, forgive your unhappy child. I have offended, I have incurred your just displeasure; but I will not rise till you pronounce my forgiveness."

The tears and deep penitence of his daughter were not to be resisted by the major; who had begun to feel himself very uncomfortable in her absence, repenting of his harshness towards her. He therefore hesitated not, but extended his arms to her, and received her, weeping, to his bosom.

When the first moment of powerful sensation was over, and the major had recovered his wonted manner, Emily

saw, with grief, that he appeared more unwell than she had seen him before. He complained of his foot, and said, "Emily, I have wanted you to rub my poor leg; your soft hand always eases me."

"I know I have behaved very ill, my dear father," she answered; "but, if you will think no more of the past, I will try, with God's blessing, to behave better in future."

"Try, with God's blessing!" said the major, smiling. "Why, you can behave well, and stay at home, if you will, can't you, you little fool?" and he tapped her cheek as she stooped over his gouty leg.

"I am not quite sure that I can stay at home, or do any thing right, without help," replied Emily, smiling; "for I think I have proved my insufficiency already; as I certainly never purposed to do any thing to displease you, my dear parent, and yet I have done it."

"Well, well," said the major, "only be a good girl, and rub my leg gently; for I am quite sick of that Wietlesbach. The fellow took so much upon him, and made so many grimaces, when I was left to his care, that I was ready to knock him down every instant. And I hope, as you say, that you will be *helped* to stay more with me; and then I shall not be so dependent on him."

"Dear father," replied Emily, "you shall not be dependent on him any longer; but you must not laugh at me when I speak of my own helplessness and want of power to do well, because it troubles me."

"Well, I won't then," said the major, in something of the tone which a person uses to a petted child.

Before more could be expressed, the valet came capering into the room, bringing a highly-seasoned ragout on a salver, with other appurtenances, for his master's dinner. On seeing Emily, he started; but, recovering himself with a bow, into which he endeavoured to throw a kind of congratulatory expression on her return to favour, he set the salver before his master, and, retreating a few steps, "Acknowledge, Monsieur," he said, "that I have well done. There is a dish fit to set before the king himself. I have had difficulty to prevent myself from devouring it, as I conveyed it from the kitchen."

The major was in high good-humour, owing to the presence of his daughter; and the scent of the ragout by

no means diminished his pleasure. He laughed heartily at his valet's grimaces, and promised him the licking of the dish for his supper; "that is," added he, "if I have not occasion to break your pate, for some dog's trick, before that time."

Monsieur Wietlesbach always had an answer ready, conformable to the temper of his master, for he had found it his interest to please him; and the witticisms of the master, and the repartees of the valet, passed and repassed so quickly, while the former was taking his meal, that Emily neither found opportunity, nor inclination, to meddle in the discourse; and she then plainly perceived, that it ought to be her first endeavour to withdraw her father from this society, which, to say the least, was injurious to the major, and to herself extremely irksome.

Emily was enabled to persevere in her attentions to her father for several days, and was by this means thoroughly restored to his affection and favour; yet, during all this time, though she found one or two opportunities of visiting Madame Vauvrier, and fortifying her own mind by her advice and pious discourse, and by joining with her in prayer, she could not find strength to introduce any discourse decidedly serious in her father's hearing. Nevertheless, Providence was not unmindful of her; and what she could not effect herself was done for her, and in a very remarkable manner.

The reconciliation between Emily and her father had not taken place many days, before the gout, which had long been moving about him, took possession of his stomach. The remedies which were used to expel it thence were very violent, and he fell into a state of weakness in consequence; during which, he was, for a time, either wholly delirious or childish, requiring attention night and day. Emily then ventured, from her own judgment, to ask Madame Vauvrier's assistance. The excellent old lady was never backward in a work of mercy; accordingly, on receiving the invitation of Emily, she soon arrived, in her best blue petticoat, her newest silk apron, and her whitest cap.

It was an inexpressible delight to Emily to see this pious person seated by the pillow of her father's bed; and, though he at first was unconscious of her presence, she hoped for the happiest effects by having this emi-

nent Christian so nearly associated with her infidel parent. In addition to her consolation on this occasion, Monsieur Wietlesbach was incapacitated from attending by a sprained ankle, occasioned, as he said, by running down stairs in haste, to execute some order of his master. But, be this as it may, Emily saw in this affair the wisdom of Providence, and received it as a token for good.

While Major Müller was in that state of weakness which scarcely allowed him to distinguish one person from another, his venerable nurse found means to make her services so acceptable to him, that, as he became more sensible of her presence, he would not be satisfied unless she was constantly with him, and could hardly be prevailed upon to allow her the rest which was absolutely necessary for one of her advanced age. After a while, he became desirous of knowing her history—whence she came, and how she, as a poor peasant, was able to speak with such propriety, and conduct herself with such decorum; and, when informed on these points, he seemed to take more pleasure in conversing with her. And thus a way was opened for all she wished to say on the most important subjects; and, no doubt, much was said at this time by the pious and wise old lady, which had a happy influence on the future life and opinions of the major.

The illness of Major Müller was protracted, by divine providence, for a long time; and thus many opportunities afforded to Madame Vauvrièr for saying all she desired to say. As the sick man obtained strength, and his fears of death were somewhat removed, he began to argue with Madame Vauvrièr and to controvert her principles; but she, who had been the daughter and wife of pious and learned men, was not to be baffled by his infidel arguments, as poor Mrs. Courtney had been. She had been accustomed to hear the quibbles of such men, and knew how they should be answered. Mr. Müller soon discovered, that in this humble and obscure woman, he had found such a champion for Christianity as he had never before encountered. He also soon discovered, that he was no more a match for her in wit than in argument; for, though she never aimed at a *bon mot*, she possessed that kind of plain sense and quick discernment of the truth, as enabled her instantly to detect and expose the

fallacy of every forced jest; while it shewed him at once that true wit and wisdom were never far apart.

The residence of Madame Vauvrier at the château was protracted till the approach of the winter months, and we do not hesitate to say, that Emily was benefited, in no small degree, by the society and example of this truly pious woman. From her she learned how to conduct herself with tenderness and address in a sick-chamber; in her she saw the loveliest pattern of female gentleness and patience; and so well was she enabled to profit by this example, that when Madame Vauvrier, from a failure of her health, was obliged to return home, Emily took her place by the major, and performed the part of nurse, not only with mildness, but with skill.

It was on the approach of this second winter, that the major first left his chamber, and descended into his library; and it was on this occasion that all the address of Emily was necessary to prevent him from returning to that practice of injurious reading, which, from habit, was become almost necessary to him.

Since his recovery, and since his intimacy with his valet had somewhat diminished, Emily perceived that he became more reserved, and apparently thoughtful, but what were the subjects of his meditations no one could tell. He appeared also, since his illness, considerably more like an old man; and seemed to experience much of that languor which accompanies old age; especially those who are naturally dull, or who have lived freely, which had been the case with the major. However, his manner towards Emily was affectionate, and he received her endeavours to please him with thankfulness.

And now this amiable daughter, being recovered from her errors, by the divine blessing on the instructions of Madame Vauvrier, had a thousand little contrivances to amuse her infirm parent. She played to him on the harp; she engaged him to teach her the game of chess; she talked to him, described her walks, brought him specimens of fossils and stones, and tried to interest him in the study of history. At length she brought out her Bible, and asked permission to read it to him. He started at this request, and gave some reply expressive of disgust. Emily looked at him, not with anger, but with sorrow. She had hoped he would have heard her,

at least, with patience; and she was so much affected at this disappointment, that she burst into tears, and went out of the room; but returned, some moments afterwards, with a composed, though sorrowful, countenance. While she was taking her usual seat, her father looked at her with affection, and said, "Well, if I am to hear this book, the sooner we begin the better."

Emily smiled, and it was such a smile as illumined every feature, and diffused a grace over her youthful countenance. It was impossible for a father to look on such a child without delight. The major's eyes were fixed upon her. "Come nearer, child," he said; "draw yourself closer to me; my illness has affected my hearing. Be seated in this chair by my side, and begin your lecture."

Emily sat down. She opened the book, on the first page of which was written her mother's name. The major saw the writing; but, not suspecting what it was, laid his hand on the volume, saying, "What have you there?" and at the same moment read these words, written by his wife, "Emily Courtney, aged eight years;" and underneath, in his daughter's writing, "This book belouged to my beloved mother, who is now in glory."

The major was agitated on perusing these words; the tears came into his eyes; he rubbed them hastily away; then looking tenderly at Emily, he added, in a tone of forced complacency, "Come, let us begin. What is this book about?"

Emily began to read. She uttered a few words—she hesitated—she read again—again she hesitated—and, no longer able to restrain herself, she burst into tears, and her lovely head sank on her father's bosom.

"My child! my Emily!" said the major, himself strongly agitated, "what is the matter? what grieves, what affects you? Why these tears, my child, my daughter?"

Emily at that moment arose, and, giving utterance, confusedly, to her feelings, fell on her knees before him, exclaiming, "O, my parent! my father! my beloved father! if you love your Emily, if you cherish the memory of her mother, cast away those hateful books which you have so long studied, read your Bible, seek your God, acknowledge your Saviour, and—*be happy.*"

While thus addressed by his weeping daughter, every feature of the major's face worked with violent agitation. Several times he attempted to speak, but conflicting passions seemed to prevent him. At length he said, "Arise, Emily; go from my presence; you have awakened such feelings within me, as leave me not the command of myself."

"What, leave you in anger, my father!" said Emily, "never! never!" and she seized his hands, and, pressing them vehemently between her own, "never, never, will I leave you till you have pronounced my pardon—till you have given me your blessing."

"My blessing!" repeated the major, with a groan, "what are the blessings of such a one as I?"

"Your pardon, my father," repeated the agitated Emily; and, raising her arms, she threw them round his neck, and drew his face to hers.

The major was totally overcome; he bent his head to hers; he uttered audible groans; he pressed his lips upon her cheek; he repeated her name, her mother's name; and for a moment seemed wholly overpowered by his feelings; while his weeping daughter continued to implore his forgiveness.

"Go, my Emily," he at length said, "arise and go; and may He who is above pour his choicest blessings upon your head! For, O!" he added, as Emily arose and looked anxiously upon him, "there is a God, and thou art highly favoured by him."

The major could add no more, but beckoned to her to withdraw. Yet, as she looked anxiously behind her, on passing through the door-way, she saw that he was leaning back in his chair, with his eyes and hands lifted up, as she hoped, in the attitude of prayer to Heaven.

Emily did not again appear before her father till summoned to the evening meal. The major strove to appear as usual on this occasion; and, while she felt some apprehension concerning his disposition towards her, he selected a fine apple from others which were on a plate before him, and, offering it to her, smiled, and asked if she would read to him after supper.

"Yes, my dear father," she joyfully answered, "now, and at any time, am I ready to obey you."

The reading of that holy volume, which, when accom-

panied by the divine blessing, brings peace to the heart, was commenced that very evening, and continued through every evening of the winter; while at other hours the father and daughter diversified their employments. Emily selected some books of ancient history to read. She often also introduced her chess-board; she played on her harp; she exercised herself in drawing, and consulted her father as she proceeded; and, at intervals, she rubbed his foot, talked to him about her visits to Madame Vauvrier, and described the various beauties of nature which she observed in her walks. In the mean time, she closely observed her father's looks and words. She noticed that for a long time he made no comment whatever on the Bible, nor did she ever find him engaged in prayer. Nevertheless, she perceived that he entirely refrained from uttering infidel sentiments, or any of those profane jests in which he formerly so much delighted; and that he seldom indulged any intemperance of expression with his servants. But as yet she had not discovered any decisive evidences of that change of heart which Madame Vauvrier had taught her must take place ere the Christian character can be formed.

Madame Vauvrier, to whom she constantly reported all that passed between herself and her father, pointed out to her the need of patience. "Much is done, my dear daughter," said she: "but your father may have many conflicts yet, before he is permitted to enter into the rest of the faithful. He has not yet been brought to a sense of his own corruptions; and this must take place before he can know the value of a Saviour. There are many motives which may induce a man to amend his life, besides the true one," said this experienced Christian; "natural affection, convenience, the fear of death, all these may produce a partial reformation; and such feelings and fears are desirable, because they may prepare the way for better things; but their effects are weak and transitory, unless accompanied by that deep, that radical change of heart, which is effected by the Almighty. The work of the Spirit," continued she, "is described as being quick and powerful, piercing to the joints and marrow, sharper than a two-edged sword. Under such teaching," added she, "the haughty man is bowed down; his heart is melted within him; he is

stripped of all his vain glory; he is made to feel that he is worthless; a worm, and no man; and is brought to abhor himself in dust and ashes."

"If such," replied Emily, "are the conflicts which all must pass through who are to enter the kingdom of heaven, I have not yet myself experienced them. I have, indeed, had some painful sense of my sin, but not in the degree which you describe."

"If you are of the number of the righteous," replied the old lady, "my dear Mademoiselle, your self-abhorrence will become stronger; you will be taught more of your natural depravity; sooner or later you will be emptied of self-sufficiency; and the process may, and most likely will, be a painful one. At the same time, it will be less painful to you, if the Saviour is revealed to you, and his great power of rendering you everlastingly happy is unfolded to you as the view of your own depravity becomes more clear. Thus it often happens with the true Christian; conviction of sin is constantly attended by refreshing views of the Saviour. This is frequently the case with persons who have been brought up by pious friends, and who have been restrained from gross offences. But in characters such as your father, we cannot look for so gentle an experience. I have hope of him, my dear daughter; I feel that he will be blessed; but I am not fully satisfied that any decisive change has yet taken place in him."

Emily sighed; for she was convinced, that, not only in her father's religious state, but in her own, all was not yet as it should be.

It was not many days after this conversation, that Emily returning one morning from a walk, found her father with an open letter in his hand, which he was looking upon with an expression of countenance in which grief and horror appeared in the strongest degree. As Emily entered, he uttered a groan; and, throwing the letter on the table, struck his hand on his forehead, repeated the name of his son, and, rushing out of the room by another door, pointed to the paper as that which would reveal to her the cause of his distress.

"Oh, my brother! my brother!" exclaimed Emily, as she hastened to the table and took up the letter,

while a variety of painful apprehensions, respecting her beloved Christopher, passed through her mind.

The letter was from the relations of her brother, in Geneva, containing bitter charges against the father for cruelty; and informing him, that the unhappy youth had been traced to an English regiment in the West Indies, into which he had enlisted as a common soldier; relating some misdemeanors he had been guilty of in that character, for want of money; and stating, that it was supposed he was no more, as he had been invalided, and put on board ship to return to Europe; since which nothing had been heard of him. The number of the regiment was given, and Emily hoped it might be the same to which Charles Harrington belonged, but in this she was disappointed.

Having read this letter, Emily felt convinced that her brother was not living; and such were her sorrowful feelings on the occasion, that she became entirely insensible, and was removed in that state to her bed.

The servants of the château, in this distress, (for Major Müller was in a worse condition than his daughter,) immediately sent for Madame Vauvrièr; who soon arrived, and was, indeed, the only person who could administer the smallest consolation to Emily; but the major remained inconsolable. He had long secretly repented his conduct towards his son, though he had had too much pride to confess it; and he had always checked his daughter whenever she had attempted to introduce a plea in his favour; but when he believed him dead, and thought himself the cause of his death, he became like one desperate: and the Almighty, by impressing him so deeply with a sense of this sin, seemed, as Madame Vauvrièr hoped, to be removing those strong bulwarks of pride and self-sufficiency in which he had hitherto entrenched himself.

The condition of his mind for some time was such, that it was feared he would commit suicide; but, after having been long and violently exercised with a kind of maniac spirit, he sank into a state of fixed despair, during which he conversed with no one, nor took notice of any thing that transpired; but, as he lay on his bed, to which he was confined by bodily weakness, he often ut-

tered the name of his son, -accompanying the exclamation with the deepest groans.

When Emily entered his room, he did not look at her, nor would he answer her when she spoke to him; but always commanded her to leave him, saying, that he was not worthy to be called the parent of such a child; while Emily, though indulging pity for him, could scarcely look upon him without horror, filled as her mind was with the misfortunes of her beloved brother. However, as the letter, on a second perusal, had not absolutely asserted the death of Christopher, she wrote to Mr. Harrington, and to every friend she had left in England, sending them her address, and requesting them to enquire for her brother; and insensibly, while engaged in this occupation, she became consoled, and hope again revived in her breast.

In the mean time, Madame Vauvrièr used her utmost endeavours to raise the major from his despondency, and to render this affliction profitable to his soul; and her conversation was at this time blessed to him to a degree which was truly pleasing, and which was shewn on an occasion which I am about to relate.

The major had remained many weeks in the state of despair above described, when the first letter arrived from England, in answer to those which Emily had written respecting Christopher. This letter was from the trustees of the property left to herself and her brother by Mrs. Courtney; and the writer stated, that her brother was still living; and that, now being of age, he had applied for the first payment of the interest of his two thousand pounds—that the money had been sent to a banker in London—that he had received it, in person, some few weeks before—but that his present situation was not known by them.

Who can describe the feelings of joy and gratitude which this letter imparted to the affectionate Emily. She flew with it to her father's chamber, and, had she not been prevented by Madame Vauvrièr, might, perhaps, have done serious injury by the suddenness of the intelligence; but, being brought to reflection by a hint from her aged counsellor, she left it to her to open the matter to the major.

I shall not enter into a full account of the manner by

which Madame Vauvrier prepared Major Müller for the happiness which awaited him; but I shall only say, that he was deeply affected with the pleasing intelligence; and, to the surprise of Madame Vauvrier, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, "My God!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee,—unworthy, as I am, of every mercy,—unworthy, as I am, to open my lips before thee,—I thank thee for this inexpressible blessing. O my son! my Christopher! thy father may yet live to see thee, to acknowledge his rashness—may yet live to tell thee of the mercies of his God!"

Here he burst into tears; and Emily entering at this moment, Madame Vauvrier beckoned to her to kneel down by the bed; while she uttered a prayer, mingled with thanksgiving, in which the major joined with a fervour that evidently proceeded from his heart.

The progress of Major Müller towards recovery was most rapid after this letter had arrived from England; and still more blessed and happy was his gradual advancement, from that time, in a new and holy life. All his infidel books were, from that day, cast away; many of his evil habits were discontinued; Monsieur Wietlesbach was taught to keep his proper place; the happy father dictated many letters, written by Emily, addressed to his friends, in different parts of the world, requesting them to seek his son and send him home; while he frankly confessed his erroneous treatment of him, and expressed his humble hope, that he might, in future, prove himself a better father.

And thus this proud infidel became a new creature; old things were passed away; old habits renounced; and the lion was now gentle as a lamb. His daily, his hourly study was, at this time, the Book of God. He received spiritual things with the avidity of one who, having long thirsted, meets with some clear and sparkling fountain, of which he feels he cannot take enough. He enjoyed the greatest pleasure in the society of Madame Vauvrier; though she still continued to wear her blue petticoat and black silk apron. Instead of the vile and low jests in which he formerly delighted, his imagination, which was naturally lively, regaled itself with the beauties of the prophetic books, and the appropriate emblems with which they abound. It was his practice,

when walking out with Emily in the precincts of the château, to advert to these sacred passages; and he was not a little encouraged in it by Madame Vauvrier; who delighted to join him and his daughter in their walks; and to sit down with them, under the shade of the spreading trees in the front of the building; while all the beauties of the lake, the rocky hills on the opposite banks, and the snowy mountains in the back-ground, were extended before their eyes.

One evening, in the beginning of the second spring after the arrival of Emily and her father in this country, Madame Vauvrier paid her usual visit to the château, where the little party were assembled in the portico. Emily regaled them with one of the ancient hymns of the Vaudois, which she had set to her harp; bringing the wild air under the control of art, without depriving it of its simplicity and national character. The conversation of the party, on this occasion, took its direction from the subject of the hymn, which spoke of the spiritual Zion, under the scriptural figure of a mountainous region, adorned with cedars, and refreshed by flowing springs. Madame Vauvrier remarked, that, to a pious mind, she thought there could not be a country in the known world which afforded more objects tending to lead the mind to the contemplation of divine truth, and the grandeur of the Creator of all things, than that in which they were so happy as to dwell. "I have often thought," said she, "that the Holy Land, under the peaceful reign of Solomon, might not be unlike our lovely land. And thus," continued this venerable daughter of the ancient Vaudois, "the unparalleled beauty of our native land supplies a lively image of the glories of the earth, at that blessed period when the frosts of infidelity shall have passed away, under the fervent rays of the Sun of Righteousness; when the flowers shall appear on the earth, the time of the singing-birds shall be come, and the voice of the turtle shall be heard in every land;—when every blessing, both spiritual and temporal, shall be granted to the redeemed, under the peaceful reign of Him of whom Solomon was but a faint and imperfect emblem."

Looking then towards Mont Blanc, which was suddenly brought to view by the rolling away of the clouds,

which had hitherto rested on the lower mountains, the old lady proceeded to illustrate to her companions, in a metaphorical way, the resemblance which a snowy mountain bears to the Church of Christ on earth; and, being encouraged by Major Müller, she entered into some particulars.

“It has always been granted,” said the venerable woman, “by those who know any thing of Scripture, that a mountain is an emblem of the spiritual Church; and, allowing this, let us contemplate yonder glorious object before us, and compare the various particulars in which the simile holds good. The Church of God, being composed of the redeemed of all nations, is clothed with the righteousness of Christ, which, as a white and spotless garment, encompasses it around, as you brilliant mantle of snow covers that summit, and stands as a beacon to the whole earth, while its glory is lifted up above the tops of the inferior hills. This righteousness experiences no change; it admits no defilement from the world below; it receives no spots or stains; but remains for ever unpolluted and unaltered. Nevertheless, were the imputed righteousness of Christ the only saving benefit belonging to the redeemed, the Christian character would be barren and unprofitable; but when the heavenly rays of the Sun of Righteousness beam upon their regenerated hearts, and they feel the softening powers of divine influence, then their graces flow forth, and impart inestimable treasures to the whole earth. So, during the long night of wintry darkness, the springs of the hills, which take their rise in the mantles of everlasting snow, are bound up as the stones of the quarry; but when the sun, the emblem of Christ, sheds its kindly beams on the sparkling cliffs, then the waters begin to flow, and to distil in a thousand rills and brooks, fountains, and refreshing streams; which, descending on the parched earth, like the graces of the Holy Spirit on the changed heart, cause the tender herbs to spring, and the fragrant blossoms to unfold themselves; adorning the valleys, and crowning the earth with beauty.—Thus,” said she, “in the volume of nature are graven the hieroglyphics of everlasting truths. These truths, indeed, have hitherto been illegible to the knowing and prudent of the earth, though they have been compre-

hended, through all the long ages of papal darkness, by the poorest inhabitants of our sequestered country."

In this agreeable manner did the little company maintain their conversation; the old and experienced Christian leading her disciples from one degree of information to another, till, by the divine blessing, those glories of the unseen world were unfolded to their view which the unenlightened never perceive.

In the mean time, Madame Vauvrier refused to be raised, by the bounty of the major, from her lowly situation. "No," she said, "I am content in my present state; I do not desire to change it. I do not wish high notions to be given to my grandchildren. They are, at present, happy in their simplicity: permit them to retain it. My daughter, too, is a humble and retired character; she descended earlier into obscure life than I did; she would not be happy in the society of her superiors. Leave us, dear lady," she would say, when addressing Emily, "as you found us. Let it not appear, that, on my part, my regard for you is an interested one; or, on yours, that you still believe that happiness has any thing to do with an enlarged possession of the good things of this world."

Thus the old lady pleaded, and Emily was convinced that she was right; nevertheless, she would not refrain from many little acts of kindness and attention, which might contribute to the comfort of the family. She observed what was old and worn out in their apparel and the furniture of the cottage, and renewed them in the same form and precisely after the same fashion which they had hitherto sustained; so that she gradually introduced a superior air of comfort throughout the family, without occasioning any departure from the simplicity of its appearance. She frequently met the little ones in the alpine pasture, conversed with them, instructed them, and improved herself by the simple piety of their innocent discourse. She became acquainted with Geneviève, their mother, and found her precisely what Madame Vauvrier had described her to be—a modest, humble person, truly pious, but decidedly inferior to her venerable parent in all intellectual acquirements.

In the mean time, letters were received from Charles Harrington, filled with expressions of kindness and un-

abated love. He was then in England, and using every means to find his friend. His letters, however, still brought a renewal of sorrow, because his attempts had hitherto failed. But this protracted trial, like every trial appointed by God, was not without its good effect. The major, by the divine blessing, appeared to be more and more humble under it, and gave evidence, that such a decided change had taken place in his heart, as afforded the most happy assurance that all would be finally well with him; for, if the work of grace was really begun, who could doubt but that it would be completed? What project of man fails, but because it is either ill planned, or that he who has begun it is changeable, or that he wants power to accomplish it? But is the Eternal capable of folly? Does the Almighty change his purposes? or must he forbear to carry them into execution from weakness? Who then can question, but what the Lord of all the earth has begun to do will be accomplished? Such were the consolations derived by Emily when she contemplated her father's altered character; though she could not observe without anguish the gradual decay of his health, and his increase of bodily weakness;—a decay which was probably hastened by his protracted anxiety and uneasiness, arising from his augmented sense of sin, and which he often expressed in a manner that brought tears in the eyes of his daughter.

“When I remember the manner,” he would say, “in which I habitually spoke and thought of God, and the contempt I endeavoured to throw on my Saviour, it is what I am unable to bear! O, my child! my child! how gracious is that God who has restrained you from sins of this nature! These are what must make a death-bed terrible! O that I had been born without the faculty of speech! or that I had died before I knew good from evil! or that my life had been spent in the lowest dungeon of the earth, where I never could have had communication with mankind! O Emily!” he would often say, when addressing her, “I tremble when I think what mischief I may have done to the souls of others by my blasphemous jests!”

In this manner he would exclaim, and appeared with difficulty restrained from despair by all that could be

said to him of the magnitude and power of redeeming love. Easier moments were, however, sometimes vouchsafed to him; and on these occasions Emily was full of joy, and had no other solicitude but regarding her Christopher.

It was the end of July; Emily was then in her eighteenth year; and she had lost her brother precisely four years; when, one morning early, her father, having enjoyed a peaceful season the day before, called her to his bed-side, and, speaking calmly to her, said, "Emily, darling of my heart! receive, my child, the thanks of your father. All I now enjoy of happiness, humanly speaking, is owing to you. You first persuaded me to read my Bible; you first made religion lovely to me by your example; you introduced a pious person into my family; you have soothed, consoled, and comforted me in the hour of despair. Without my Emily, I should have sunk under my afflictions. Go then, blessed child; go then, happy child. This day I wish to devote to prayer and solitude. Go, visit your friends in the cottage; make this a holiday; I will see you again at supper."

"My father!" said Emily, with apprehension.

"Be not alarmed, my child," said the father; "I simply wish to be alone to-day—I wish to devote it to prayer and meditation. I feel that it will do me good. I thank God that I have, for some time, been blessed with the encouraging hope that all is well with me, that my sins are pardoned, and that I shall be hereafter admitted among the blessed. I have no distressing fears now. Although my sins are great, I see that such a price has been paid for me, as, even in the requirements of divine justice, must be deemed more than sufficient. I shall, I trust, never cease to deplore my sin and sinfulness; but the tears I shed are not those of despondency. You may leave me, therefore, with pleasure; you may leave me with the pleasing thought, that your once infidel father desires to be alone, that he may converse with his God, while you, my child, may enjoy the society of your humble friends, and the beauties of this charming country."

Emily's countenance beamed with tenderness towards her father. He was pale, but the expression of his face

was gentle. She kissed him, and saying, "We shall meet again, dear parent, I trust, at supper," was going out; when, recollecting herself, she returned, and said, "But, my father, I do not deserve what you have just said of me." And she made a free and full acknowledgment of her own departure from what was right, before she knew Madame Vauvrier.

The major, affected by this confession, again embraced her; lifting up his eyes at the same time to heaven, as in the act of thanksgiving for the preservation of his Emily from the dangers which she had incurred by his neglect; and then he solemnly assured her, that it was only from devotional feelings he wished to be alone.

She left him; and, full of gaiety, (innocent gaiety we may call it,) she hastened to take her breakfast, and went forth into the woods, all buoyant with youthful feelings, and animated with a sweet sense of what her God had done for her, having in her bosom but one regret, one melancholy thought; and this regarded the fate of Christopher.

And now, my courteous reader, I fear that my favourite Emily will incur your censure, connected with the facts that I am about to relate; in which I confess she did not evince the prudence and discretion that her age, and especially her religious experience, might lead us to expect; but we must remember our own youthful days, and, under a sense of their many imperfections, make some allowance for this young creature.

In retiring from her father's house, Emily had provided herself with a basket, and covered her head with one of those large straw hats usually worn in Switzerland, as a defence from the sun. In passing through the woods, attracted by the various beautiful flowers which appeared on every bank and in every brake, she plucked them in large quantities, and filled her basket. Among these, the crimson shrub-rose, then in high bloom, preponderated above the rest; and, as it was the most abundant, so it was the fairest flower in her collection.

While gathering these flowers, she frequently broke forth into songs of praise, and gave utterance to those hymns she had lately learned from the ancient collec-

tion of the Vaudois which Madame Vauvrièr had supplied her with. They were chiefly taken from those portions of the psalms, and other prophetic books, which describe the reign of Christ on earth, wherein he is exhibited as a Shepherd and a King, and all the earth described as his fold; when all nations shall be gathered together under his faithful care and government.

As she advanced, lovely and more lovely scenes burst on her sight; and, while her eyes beheld woods and waterfalls, shadowy coppices, sunny downs, snowy mountains, rocky precipices, verdant meadows, flowery banks, with all that is fragrant, all that is fair, all that is magnificent and glorious in nature, in a thousand various combinations, her spiritual mind contemplated the splendours of the kingdom of Christ on earth; and her thoughts were filled with the anticipation of those happy days when showers of blessings shall descend on the righteous; and when the saints of the Lord shall dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.

Passing on, yet frequently pausing, she presently came out on the alpine pasture so often mentioned, and there she met with a rare spectacle—a little flock, consisting of twelve sheep and a few lambs, feeding on the fragrant herbage. Neither was there wanting a shepherd to complete the scene; and such a shepherd, notwithstanding his russet coat, as might have been taken for the youthful David, ere yet his brows had felt the pressure of the royal crown. No less fair and ruddy was our shepherd of the Alps. He wore no hat, but his dark ringlets formed a natural coronet above his polished temples; neither did he want his staff of office, for he held a crook as he sat beneath the covert of the impending fragment of a rock. Yet, notwithstanding all these promising appearances, there was a pensiveness in his manner; for he did not look up as Emily approached, but sat ruminating on some misfortune, which seemed to rest heavy upon him.

Emily came forwards, and soon recognised little Wilhelm. She was also, at the same time, welcomed by his faithful dog, with every testimony of regard which such poor animals are able to express. “My little shepherd,” said Emily, as she drew near to him, “how

does it fare with you to-day? Where is your care for your sheep, that you allow a stranger to creep, unheeded, into your pasture-ground?"

At the sound of her voice, he started up; but the tear was in his eye, and his coral lips trembled as with agitation. "Ah, lady," said he, "you are no stranger, and I am glad to see you: but I am so unhappy!"

"What," said Emily, in alarm, "what has happened? Is all well at home?"

"All is well with those at home," said the sobbing boy, "but very ill with me;" and he burst into tears.

Emily was afflicted for him. She drew close to him. "Nay, but, my boy," she said, "what can have happened?—you, a shepherd, seated under the shade of a rock, refreshed by fragrant breezes, soothed by rushing waters and murmuring bees, while all the beauties of Switzerland are spread at your feet, and yet unhappy! Have you quarrelled with your little shepherdess? Has Agnace forsaken you? What can be the cause of these tears?"

The child sobbed; he could not speak.

"Nay, but, my boy, you alarm me," said Emily. "Do explain this painful occurrence to me."

The young shepherd then, though not without some expressive gestures, thus stated his case to the lady. A farmer, he said, in the valley, having engaged him to watch his sheep during the day, he had brought out with him a certain old hymn-book, which had been for ages in his family, and had left it, as he believed, by the side of a spring at some distance below, where he had stopped to drink. "And, Oh, lady!" he added, "my grandmother will be so troubled, if it should be lost; for my grandfather's name was written on the first page at full length."

Here renewed grief interrupted the recital, and Emily took occasion to administer some words of consolation. "But if you think you know where you left the book, my little man," she said, "why not go and fetch it, instead of sitting there indulging fruitless grief?"

The boy looked up with a kind of innocent amazement, and replied, "What! and leave the sheep, lady?"

"But cannot you drive them towards the spring?"

“Ay,” said the boy, smiling through his tears, “and get the lambs tumbled over the rocks. No, no, lady; that will never do.”

“What must be done then?” said Emily: “cannot you direct me to the spring?”

“To be sure I could,” said the little boy, brightening up: “it is the spring down at the bottom of the south alp, over against the rock called the Giant’s Tower, it may be a mile or more from here. But then, lady, you must understand, that I am not sure I left it there, though I think I did; for I had it in my hand just before I stopped to drink; but if it is not by the spring, I may have dropped it in the path between that and the farmer’s, and you will have the trouble to go that way.”

“What way?” asked Emily.

“Straight down the glen from the Giant’s Tower, and up by the spring towards the Eagle’s Nest—you know the Eagle’s Nest—and then through the coppice, and over the long corn-field, and across the brook, and so up to the —.”

“Stop, stop,” said Emily; “I will not go an inch further.”

The little shepherd looked disappointed, and his lip began to quiver.

“But I will tell you what I will do,” said Emily, “so don’t be distressed. Give me your crook, and tell me how many sheep you have; and I will keep the flock while you go up the hill, and down the dell, and under the rock, and over the brook, and wherever else you please, to seek the book.”

“No, but you won’t, lady?” said the little shepherd, looking up archly at her.

“But I will,” replied Emily.

“You really will?” said the little boy, scarcely trusting in his good luck.

“Yes, really,” returned Emily, setting down her basket of flowers, and extending her hand to receive the crook, inwardly delighted at the opportunity thus afforded her of becoming a shepherdess. The weather was charming, the birds were singing, the waters rushing, the flowers breathing their freshest odours, the snowy mountains shining in their purity, and the lakes

beneath reflecting all their glories. Could any thing be more *à propos* than the sort of necessity in which Emily found herself, of assuming the office of a Pastorella? Preliminaries were accordingly speedily settled.

The little boy, who wondered at nothing but the great kindness of the young lady, was now all animation, while he gave her directions respecting what she was to do, and what she was to leave undone.

“Look, lady,” said the young shepherd, “the sheep are not to go towards the crags: if you see any of them near to them, you must call Aimé. We have named our dog Aimé, because he is beloved. Only say, ‘Mind, Aimé!—to your post, Aimé!’ and he will be up and on the watch in a moment. And now, lady, you must count your sheep—twelve full-grown, and six lambs—you must not forget to count them every now and then; and don’t let them go down the side of the pasture; for if the lambs get among the bushes, we shall have hard work to drive them up again.”

“*We!*” said Emily, laughing: “*we*, indeed! Well, this will be a caution to me how I make myself too intimate with the shepherds on the Dole.”

The little boy was too much engaged, by the important business of directing Emily how she was to manage her flock, to pay much attention to what the lady had last said. And now, as he prepared to leave the alp, he bowed to his fair substitute; and once more entreated her to take care of the sheep. “Farewell, lady,” he said: “I will return very speedily, and I shall love you more than ever I did before, if that is possible,” he added, as he turned away; and presently he was seen bounding down from steep to steep, like the fleet gazelle when pursued by the hunter.

And now, my gentle reader, having followed our little mountaineer in his descent, let us turn our attention to our shepherdess of the Alps; who, being seated on a point of the rock where she was shaded from the direct rays of the sun, which had now nearly obtained its midday height, had already counted her flock, and summoned Aimé to his duty. For a while the exulting cries of the little boy, sounding more and more remotely, disturbed the deep silence; but at length these sounds had ceased, and the silence remained unbroken,

except by the occasional bleating of the sheep, and the rush of falling waters, the sound of which was brought to the ear at intervals by the breeze, and again passed away in low and almost inaudible murmurs.

Emily, now left alone, thought of her father, and the thought was delightful. "How is he now engaged?" she reflected: "perhaps in prayer for poor Christopher: I may unite in these prayers, though not with him. Oh, my Christopher! my brother!" Thus exclaiming, for she spoke these words aloud, and adding to them a short yet earnest prayer, she fell into a state of reflection on the early days of childhood; and, insensibly becoming lost in these recollections, she took the flowers from her basket, and began to weave the crimson roses, with their buds and leaves, into a garland, with which she decorated her straw hat. This little work being completed, she again counted her sheep, and again looked round her. The rush of the waters continued, and there was a murmur of the wind among the higher points of the mountain. A cloud had passed between her and Mont Blanc. It was now gone, and the snowy peak had assumed a rosy hue of inexpressible beauty; while the valley beneath her feet, with the unruffled bosom of the lake, presented a calm and delightful scene. The roses lay scattered on the grass by Emily. She gathered them up, and occupied herself again in preparing another garland; which being finished, she passed it over her shoulder; thinking that it formed a very appropriate ornament, over her white dress, for one in her present situation.

When this second garland was complete, as Wilhelm did not appear, she amused herself by adorning her crook with the residue of her flowers. She then counted her sheep again, and rehearsed several of the hymns of the Vaudois; wishing for her harp, that she might accompany it with her own voice in these songs of praise; nevertheless she thought that some lyre of more simple construction would be in unison with her present situation.

At length, however, a kind of disturbance among her sheep drew her attention; they had drawn closely together, and stood looking in one direction. To add to the terror of Emily, Aimé was already on the alert, his ears were erect, and he had uttered one or two low growling sounds, and short interrupted barkings. The

shepherdess arose in haste; she quitted her shady retreat, and grasped her flowery crook. It might have been a question at that moment, whether she were not more terrified than the very lambs of her flock; neither would it have been easy to say what dreadful enemy she had prepared herself to behold.

At length, her eye being directed by the surer eye of the dog, she was aware of the point from which the enemy might be expected. It was at that point where the pasture-ground touched upon a little coppice, through which the country-people had worn a path, the entrance to which, being embowered in thick trees, yawned fearfully on the terrified shepherdess. Emily had heard of wolves, and read of banditti; and it was unfortunate that the remembrance of these should occur to her just at that moment, when honour forbade her to run away and forsake her bleating charge.

At length a sound, as of steps, or voices, or of something she knew not what, issued from the terrific wood; and, anon, a four-footed hairy creature, which might perhaps be as large as a wolf, if it were not a wolf indeed, appeared in the very centre of the shadowy archway. Emily, in increased terror, called on Aimé, whose quick eye glanced from the flock to the enemy, and from the enemy to the flock, which latter he seemed endeavouring to keep together. The growls and barking of Aimé now became more decided, his ears became more erect, and his very hair seemed to bristle. The four-footed creature approached; and, though it undoubtedly had every appearance, and the very voice, of a creature of the canine race, yet it was impossible for Emily at that crisis to think of any thing but a wolf. The dog of the mountain and he of the wood were now come within view of each other; and they neglected not to salute each other with fierce growling; which adding fresh terror to the trembling flock, they ran precipitately down the steps on the northern border of the pasture, leaving the shepherdess, who had made one or two vain efforts to stop them, in a state of such confusion and alarm as almost induced her to join the routed party, and make the best of her way down the side of the mountain. Turning, however, once again to look, fearing that some mischance might befall Aimé, she saw a

young gentleman, in the dress of a sportsman, advancing towards the dogs, whom he presently separated; on which Aimé ran precipitately down the hill after the sheep. Emily waited not to give a second look at the stranger; all she now thought of was how to avoid him; but, in turning hastily round, her petticoat was caught in a thorny bush; and, before she could extricate herself, the stranger had come up to her, and offered his services to assist her. She stammered some excuse, and was moving away, without venturing another look at the intruder; but he begged her attention for a moment, expressed his sorrow for the disturbance he had caused by bringing his dog within the precincts of her pasture-ground, and entreated permission to follow her sheep, and bring them back.

Emily thought of the garlands with which she had adorned herself, and the extraordinary figure which she must make in the eyes of this stranger. She felt it impossible either to answer him or to look at him.

“Fair shepherdess,” said the young gentleman, “I fear that I have unintentionally occasioned you great alarm. I have a thousand apologies to make; but let me first assist your dog to bring back your sheep, and then I trust you will receive my acknowledgments more favourably.” So saying, the young man ran immediately down the pasture, and, making a circuit round the flock, shortly appeared again, driving the sheep before him.

During his short absence, Emily tried to recover her composure, but he was with her again before she had succeeded; and, while wiping away a tear, which had stolen down her cheek, a tear too for which she could scarcely account, she heard his voice again, requesting her to lay aside her fears, and assuring her that he had brought back all her sheep.

Emily thanked him; but she spoke in a low voice, and did not venture to cast one look towards him; being too much disconcerted by the idea of the extraordinary appearance which she must necessarily make in the eyes of a stranger.

“I am truly sorry,” said the young gentleman, who seemed resolved to improve his acquaintance with the lovely shepherdess, “that I have caused you so much

alarm, fair lady; but I had not the smallest intention of so doing. Indeed, I had no idea of the scenes I was to witness on this mountain; but surely I am come into a land of wonders."

Emily had nothing to say, and especially, as she was aware that the young gentleman had made one or two attempts (with what success she knew not) to obtain a view of her face, which was considerably shaded by her shepherdess's hat.

"I am afraid," said the stranger, "that you have not recovered your alarm, Madam. I fear that you have not forgiven me for intruding thus upon your solitary avocation." And while he spoke, Emily was aware, by the tone of his voice, that he had some difficulty to restrain himself from laughing.

"How rude he is!" she thought: "I wish Wilhelm would come back, that I might leave this place!"

"I have heard much of this country," resumed the young man, "and of the beauty of its inhabitants; but certainly I had no expectation of seeing such a shepherdess, even in Switzerland. I had always considered the Arcadia of the poets to have had no existence in real life; but I shall be a sceptic on this subject no longer."

"Who cares what you supposed?" thought Emily, turning quite away from him towards the sheep.

"I trust that you have not lost one of your flock, fair shepherdess!" said the stranger, following her steps.

"I should be obliged to you, Sir," said Emily, "if ——" and she hesitated.

"What can I do for you?" asked the stranger, with alacrity: "I am wholly at your service."

Emily was silent; she did not know what to say.

"Would you have the kindness, Madam," said the young man, "to inform me, as I am a stranger in this country, whether there are any other shepherdesses on the Dole resembling yourself?"

Emily did not speak.

"I mean to say," continued the young man, "have the shepherdesses of the Dole, in general, your sort of air and manner? I ask only for information, as a traveller."

Emily was still silent, and the question was repeated;

on which she replied, somewhat angrily, "Indeed, Sir, I don't know, I have a very limited acquaintance."

"I have read of shepherdesses," said the stranger, "who have united all the elegance of courtly manners with the beautiful simplicity of pastoral life; but I always doubted the existence of such lovely beings, till I this morning visited the Dole. I am only now anxious, Madam, to know whether I am to consider you an exception to others, or a sample of all the shepherdesses of the Alps?"

Emily was now provoked beyond endurance, and turned suddenly round, to desire the stranger to leave her immediately; when, to her surprise and delight, she recognised her former beloved friend, and the friend of her brother, Charles Harrington. This was an overpowering discovery; and she remained motionless with astonishment.

"O! my Emily! my dear sister! my own Emily!" said the smiling youth, "and have you at length recognised your old friend? and do I see you converted into the fairest shepherdess the world ever saw? Forgive, my lovely Emily, the uneasiness I occasioned you by my persevering pursuit of you when you thought me a stranger; but I could not resist the temptation; it was too much for me at the moment; I could not resist it, I must confess. I hope I have not offended beyond forgiveness."

"O, Charles!" said Emily, "this sudden meeting has quite overcome me!" and she burst into tears, and was with difficulty preserved from falling; while she faintly articulated the name of Christopher.

"Be happy, my sister," replied Mr. Harrington; "wipe away those tears. Your Christopher, and my Christopher, is at hand; he waits only to know whether he may presume to appear. We were told, by a peasant whom we met near the château, that you would be found in the vicinity; and we hastened to seek you; not presuming to present ourselves before your father till we had heard your report."

This delightful assurance was too much for Emily, who was so wholly overpowered by it as to lose a consciousness of all that passed; till, recovering her recollection, she found herself in the arms of her brother;

while her second and scarcely less dear brother was kneeling at her feet, holding both her hands.

“O, Emily! dear Emily!” were the first words which she heard from her brother, “can you forgive your Christopher? and is it here, upon my native hills, that I am restored to all that is dear to me on earth? O my God!” he added, lifting up his eyes to the heavens, “if my father will forgive me, I shall be doubly happy! O, my friend! my Charles! my sister! my Emily!—how can you be rewarded for all, all you have done for me?”

There are scenes in life which defy description; and such were those that attended the restoration of Christopher to Emily.

When composure was a little restored to this happy party, many interesting explanations followed, not necessary to be recapitulated. Emily told of the happy change in her father's character; and it now appeared to her for what reason he had set apart a day for prayer and meditation; for, on recollection, it was found to be precisely that day four years since Christopher left his home; and it was, no doubt, in order that he might spend the day in prayer for his child, that this altered father had desired to be alone.

“O!” said Charles Harrington, “what a proof is this of a changed heart! the Almighty has, indeed, renewed a right spirit within him. Who, on observing these things, can question the renewing power of the Holy Spirit? Who can doubt that the power of God is necessary to set man free from the dominion of sin? O, my Emily! let us pray, that, if we have not yet experienced the power of regenerating and sanctifying grace, we may seek it as the first of blessings. Happy as you now are, my Christopher,” added the young man, “depend upon it, without religion, you will not continue to be so. You look at me, Emily,” continued Charles Harrington; “perhaps you are surprised to hear such words from the mouth of a military youth. But I have been blessed with convictions of the truth, since we lived together, such as I never before was conscious of; and it is my grief that my conduct has not been answerable to these convictions.”

“Your conduct, my friend!” said Christopher: “O, Charles! could I but live and act as you do, I should be happy indeed!”

“If Mr. Harrington,” said Emily, “is a true Christian, he will not, he cannot think highly of himself—he cannot be satisfied with his own attainments. Religion gives self-knowledge, and self-knowledge must always occasion humility.”

The young men looked at Emily, as she spoke, with love and admiration; and the conversation took another turn, while they still lingered in the place where they had first met, and considered how they should break the news of Christopher’s return to his father.

At the same time, Emily accounted for the situation in which Mr. Harrington had found her; and observed, that she must remain to take care of her flock till the little shepherd-boy returned to take the charge from her.

“Delightful little shepherd!” exclaimed Charles, “I owe him a thousand thanks for having devolved his pastoral office on so lovely a substitute; he has added unexpected charms to our happy reunion by the innocent trick he has played you.”

“Ah, Mr. Harrington!” said Emily, smiling, “was it not very cruel of you to alarm me as you did? But I forgive you with my whole heart, since you have brought my brother back to his family: but do not suppose that the little boy meant to play me a trick; he is too simple for any device of this kind; it was entirely my own proposal to take charge of the sheep.”

“Happy sheep! happy pasture! lovely hills! delightful country!” said Christopher: “and most happy am I to be returned to it under such blessed auspices! O, Emily! you little thought for whom you decorated yourself with those charming flowers!”

Thus the young people conversed till the return of little Wilhelm, who hastened to inform Emily that he had found his book, and that he felt greatly obliged to her.

The child was much surprised to find her in such company; and more so to be thus addressed by Charles! “Best of little shepherds, how am I to thank you for causing such enjoyment to me this morning? Never, never shall I forget the happy and delightful scene of the pasture-ground, and that lovely shepherdess I found there.”

And now Emily, relieved from her charge, returned

her crook to Wilhelm; and, bidding him tell his grandmother that their prayers were answered, and that she had found her brother, the three young people proceeded to the château.

It was two in the afternoon when the happy party reached the house, and the hour was not yet arrived at which the major had appointed to see his daughter. Nevertheless, Emily stole softly up to his room, and, passing through the antechamber, quietly opened his room-door. There (O pleasing sight!) she saw her father engaged in prayer. He started at seeing her, but she advanced with the boldness of one who brings good tidings; and, gathering speed as she approached, she threw her arms round him, before he could rise, and, falling on her knees by his side, "Join with me, my father," she said, "in the voice of thanksgiving. Your prayers are heard, your supplications have reached the throne of mercy: O my father! my father! your son is found—is returned—is in this house—and waits your forgiveness!"

"Emily!" said the major, turning to her, "my Emily!" and, attempting to rise, his strength failed him, and his daughter, weeping aloud, could scarcely support him till Charles and Christopher ran into the room.

O! who can describe the scene which followed? Love, mercy, gratitude, and tenderness, had their full, free, and most happy exercise; and the once-infidel father, on this occasion, gave an indisputable evidence of that change of heart effected only by infinite power. All anger, all resentments, on the part of the father, were past; and the contrite son felt that he could only atone for his impatience and undutifulness by devoting his future life to promote the happiness of his parent.

And now let us attend this blessed family in that last hour of the evening, when, having concluded their temperate meal, they united in one act of prayer and praise, to the honour of divine grace; accompanied by Madame Vauvrier, who had hastened to the château as soon as the happy news had reached her.

And now, I would further add—that it pleased the Almighty to enable this blessed family to continue in those paths of piety into which they had been happily

introduced, by the divine blessing on the instructions of Madame Vauvrier; that the glorious influences of the Spirit were never withdrawn from them; that deep repentance was vouchsafed to Christopher; and that he now affords one of the brightest examples of godliness which his country can supply.

The infirmities of the major cut him short before age had bleached his head, or he had attained his fiftieth year; yet not until he had held on his knees the children of his Emily, who, in her nineteenth summer, became the happy and beloved wife of Mr. Harrington.

The departure of the major was easy and full of consolation; a circumstance that occasioned the aged Madame Vauvrier, who watched him till the last moment, joyfully to exclaim, "O God! I thank thee; for another soul is added to the multitudes of the redeemed."

This venerable Christian was also blessed in her death; and her daughter's children, in the third generation, are now flourishing like cedars in Lebanon; exemplifying the words of the Shepherd of Israel—*I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken; nor his seed begging bread.* (Psalm xxxvii. 25.)

The history of the Shepherdess of the Alps being concluded, the young ladies expressed their satisfaction.

"My dear young friends," said the lady of the manor, "if I have found the means of uniting pleasure with profit, I do most sincerely rejoice; and I hope that when you remember Major Müller and his family, you will feel the conviction that the father of the family was unacquainted with happiness till he ceased to scoff and learned to pray."

The lady then requested the party present to join her in devotional exercises.

For a Spirit of Prayer.

"O ALMIGHTY LORD! help us, thy sinful creatures, to pray to thee in an acceptable manner;—inspire us with a deep and lasting sense of the obligations we are under to thee, not only for our creation and preservation, but for the means of grace and the hope of glory. Let our prayers arise to heaven as the odour of

holy incense. Accept them in the name and through the merits of our blessed Saviour; and let all our desires and requests result from the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit; and let not the imperfections of our services hinder their acceptance with thee: O grant us the benefit of that mediation thou hast provided.

“O most merciful God! we pray for all mankind; not only for those who have been made sensible of their helpless condition, but for all who are now living in sin, and ignorance and hardness of heart. We desire to depend entirely on thy mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ. We would unite with the publican, and say, ‘God be merciful to us miserable sinners.’ O, pour into our hearts more of the grace of supplication; and let a due sense of our unworthiness and helplessness preserve us in a lowly state at thy footstool.

“And now to God the Father,” &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Q. *How many Sacraments hath Christ ordained in his Church?*

A. *Two only, as generally necessary to Salvation; that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.*

Q. *What meanest thou by this Word Sacrament?*

A. *I mean an outward and visible Sign of an inward and spiritual Grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a Means whereby we receive the same, and a Pledge to assure us thereof.*

Q. *How many Parts are there in a Sacrament?*

A. *Two; the outward visible Sign, and the inward spiritual Grace.*

Q. *What is the outward visible Sign, or Form in Baptism?*

A. *Water; wherein the Person is baptized, In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

Q. *What is the inward and spiritual Grace?*

A. *A Death unto Sin, and a new Birth unto Righteousness: for being by Nature born in Sin and the Children of Wrath, we are hereby made the Children of Grace.*

Q. *What is required of Persons to be baptized?*

A. *Repentance, whereby they forsake Sin; and Faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the Promises of God made to them in that Sacrament.*

Q. *Why then are Infants baptized, when by Reason of their tender Age they cannot perform them?*

A. *Because they promise them both by their Sureties; which Promise, when they come to Age, themselves are bound to perform.*

“WE are now drawing, my dear young people,” said the lady of the manor, again addressing her young

ladies, "towards the end of our proposed course of instructions; and I have reason to hope, that you, as well as myself, will have cause to look back with pleasure on our frequent happy meetings in this place. I trust they have been as profitable to me as to you; for, in the course of our many conversations, I have been led to study, with more accuracy, and in some order, many subjects, which I had considered before only in a desultory manner. It is said, that he that watereth shall be watered; and I am fully convinced, that a peculiar and especial blessing is bestowed on those who, humbly trusting in the divine assistance, devote themselves to the instruction of others."

The young ladies expressed much regret at the approaching cessation of their happy meetings; and their kind instructress hoped that such meetings might be renewed, even after the cause which had first given them rise had ceased to operate.

The lady of the manor then said, "I have another little manuscript to read to you, my dear young people; but, before I commence, I must put some questions to you from the Church Catechism."

The following questions and answers were then repeated.

"Q. How many sacraments hath Christ ordained in his Church?

"A. Two only, as generally necessary to salvation; that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.

"Q. What meanest thou by this word sacrament?

"A. I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

"Q. How many parts are there in a sacrament?

"A. Two; the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

"Q. What is the outward visible sign, or form in Baptism?

"A. Water; wherein the person is baptized, In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace?

"A. A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righ-

teousness: for being by nature born in sin and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace."

When these questions and answers were concluded, the lady of the manor asked the young people whether there were any passages in the portion of the Catechism which had been repeated which did not appear clear to them.

"Of the word sacrament," said Miss Emmeline, "I certainly do not understand the etymology."

"The word sacrament," replied the lady of the manor, "is derived, as I have been informed, from the Latin, *sacramentum*, which signifies an oath. Hence we understand, that the individual who partakes of the sacraments ordained by Christ, binds himself in allegiance to Christ, and vows to be faithful to the Captain of his salvation."

The lady then proceeded to point out the nature of the sacraments, by shewing that they are emblems, or visible signs, of benefits, which, when received in faith, become the means of nourishing the soul; while, too often, the unbelief of those who partake of the outward and visible sign, hinders the benefit of the inward and spiritual grace.—She then asked her young people what was the outward and visible sign in the sacrament of Baptism.

They answered, "Water."

On which, she required them to tell her what was the general signification of springs, fountains, and brooks, mists, and dew, in the language of prophecy.

They replied, that these emblems signified the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, or the life from above.

"The washing the body with water," replied the lady, "then, signifies the cleansing, purifying, and revivifying operations of the Holy Spirit, as applied to the soul; and when this inward and spiritual grace either accompanies, follows, or precedes the outward and visible sign, or form, in Baptism, the individual has then, and not till then, become a partaker of the thing signified, and is born again unto everlasting life."

The lady then repeated the following questions and answers.

"Q. What is required of persons to be baptized?"

“A. Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament.

“Q. Why then are infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?”

“A. Because they promise them both by their sureties; which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform.”

“I enlarged on the subject of the baptism of infants,” said the lady, “in the early part of our acquaintance, my dear young people; and, because I have no doubt, should you ever become mothers, that you will be most anxious to devote your infants to the Lord, I think it the less necessary to discuss the subject at length; and especially as there is no question in our national Church as to the propriety and importance of infant baptism. With your permission, I will, therefore, add something respecting the necessity of an entire change of heart; or, as our Catechism expresses it, ‘a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness.’

“I have spoken to you largely and repeatedly, my beloved young people, of the present depraved state of man; whereby he is subject to everlasting misery, and is justly termed a child of wrath. We are born children of wrath, and continue such till we are born again.

“‘Wrath has gone as wide as ever sin went,’ said a valuable old writer. ‘When angels sinned, God brake in upon them as a flood: God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell; and thereby it was demonstrated, that no natural excellency in the creature will shield it from the wrath of God, if it becomes a sinful creature.’

“What this wrath of God is, can only be proved by its effects. Who can fully describe it? and what created being could bear it, if let loose upon him in all its fury?—The terms, however, in which the wicked are spoken of in Scripture are sufficiently marked to denote the anger of the righteous God against them—*The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity. Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.* (Psalm v. 5, 6.) *God is angry with the wicked every day.* (Psalm vii. 11.)

“The wicked, in Scripture, are compared to dogs, and swine, and whited sepulchres, and even to vipers and venomous serpents. Being unbelievers, they cannot please him; because, without faith, it is impossible to please God; and their very duties, because not done in faith, are an abomination to the Lord.

“The Almighty shews his hatred of sin, on occasions without number, even in this world. Temporal death is the punishment of sin. Every pain we feel, every infirmity we experience, every imperfection of our body, whether visible or invisible, is the effect of sin, and an evidence of the divine displeasure against it. There is also the wrath of God on man’s soul. The natural man can have no communion with God; he is separated from him; he is foolish, and shall not stand in God’s sight. (Psalm v. 5.)

“But,” continued the lady of the manor, “as, my dear young people, I have carefully endeavoured to establish you in the doctrine of man’s depravity, and the consequent anger of God against man, I shall dwell no longer on this part of my subject; but proceed to explain how needful it is that every child of Adam should be entirely renewed in the spirit of his mind, and become a new creature in Christ Jesus, before he can become an object of the divine complacency.

“We must, therefore, consider how man may be recovered from this state in which he is born, and enquire whether he is able, of himself, to effect this recovery.

“I answer, from Scripture, that he cannot; for the Scripture saith, *When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.* (Rom. v. 6.) *No man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him.* (John vi. 44.)

“True wisdom, then, consists in being sensible of our utter depravity and helplessness; and in a disposition to receive the Saviour with thankfulness, and (if we are enabled to obey) to give the glory to him to whom only it is due. Hence it belongs to the Holy Spirit, to restore the lost sinner to a state of grace and favour, by humbling the soul, abasing self, and creating a desire for divine assistance.

“We proceed now,” continued the lady of the manor, “to describe this state of grace, or recovery of human

nature, into which all that shall partake of eternal happiness must be translated, sooner or later, while in this world.

“ This change, which is, as I before said, the work of the Holy Spirit, is called regeneration, or the new birth. It is a real and radical change, whereby the man is made a new creature. (2 Cor. v. 17.) The old man is put off; the new man is put on. As it is written, *That ye put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.*” (Eph. iv. 22—24.)

The lady then paused for a moment; after which, she added, “ I have by me a short history of two young ladies, in which the doctrine of the new birth is clearly elucidated; and, as it is my intention to read it to you, I shall forbear to enlarge on the doctrine, so much as I should have done, had it not been so fully explained in the course of this narrative. Permit me, however, to give you one caution. Be solicitous, my young friends, to avoid, in this important affair, every deception. It is very easy, through the love of self, and satanic influence, to suppose this change to have taken place where it has not. It is of the highest importance, my dear young people, that we should be aware of this; and that we should be disposed to search our own hearts, lest we should be deluded to our everlasting shame.

“ Many, I fear, call the Church their mother, whom God will not own to be his children. Simon was baptized, yet still remained in the gall of bitterness. (Acts viii. 13, 23.) Judas received the sacramental bread and wine from the hand of our Lord himself; yet was it said of that man, ‘ It would have been better for him had he never been born.’

“ Education may moderate the passions of men, and render them externally amiable; but it cannot change the heart. Men are often induced, by precept, example, or interest, to forsake profanity and scandalous vices; but neither precept nor example can form the new creature. Men may go through a long and continued course of duties, and yet be wholly unconverted.

“ But, as I have promised you an illustration of this

subject, I will no longer detain your attention by any previous discussions; but will express my hope that you will carefully distinguish the effect of true and converting grace, in one of the characters I am about to set before you, from that of the partial change produced by circumstances in the other."

The lady of the manor then produced a manuscript, and read as follows.

The History of Eleanore and Antoinette.

Near the public road between Paris and Roüen, in a situation where the valley of the Seine is considerably contracted by the higher lands on either side approaching unusually near to each other, are the large possessions of the noble family of J——. A traveller from Paris may see from the eminence over which the road passes, on the left banks of the river, the towers of the château lifting their Gothic heads above the forest-trees by which they are surrounded; and not far distant, the spire of the parish church, and the ruins of an ancient monastery, which, having been delivered to plunder during the Revolution, now presents only bare walls and dilapidated turrets. Nevertheless, the Tour de Tourterelle, which stands on a considerable eminence above the castle, and which gives its possessor the title of the Baron de J——, still remains in high preservation; having escaped, by some extraordinary oversight, the fury of those who waged war against all things honourable or sacred among men. It is built of a kind of chalky stone, and forms a strong contrast with the dark green of the forest.

The occupant of this château, and possessor of these lands, about forty years before the Revolution, was Ernest Adolphe, Baron of J——, an officer of the guard of honour, and chevalier of the order of St. Louis. This nobleman had married a lady of high and imperious temper, who brought him one son and one daughter. It had been long determined in the family to marry this daughter, Mademoiselle Adele de J——, to the Marquis de F——, a man of three times her age. But while the relations on both sides were engaged in drawing out the settlements, and preparing the marriage gifts, the young lady effected a union with a Mr. Northington, who had

been an officer in the Irish brigade, and with whom she had become acquainted in a way unknown to her mother. For, although the utmost licence is allowed to females, in France, after marriage, the French mothers perhaps excel the English matrons in the policy with which they guard their unmarried daughters.

Immediately after this marriage, Mrs. Northington, being utterly rejected by her family, accompanied her husband to Ireland, where she remained till the improvident couple had nearly expended the whole of Mr. Northington's patrimony; when the lady suddenly became a widow, Mr. Northington having fallen an early victim to the irregularities of his conduct.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Northington, who found herself in the possession only of a slender annuity, removed from Ireland to England, with her two daughters, Eleanore and Antoinette; where, after having tried various places, she at length settled in a small house in the beautiful town of Reading, in Berkshire; being induced to fix there, by a hope of sometimes seeing some individuals of her own nation; the town being a favourite place of residence for foreigners when in England.

Notwithstanding her misfortunes, Mrs. Northington still retained all the gaiety, and I may add levity, of manner, so commonly attributed to persons of her nation. Though she had suffered considerably by ill health, by which her appearance had been much injured, she still appeared in an afternoon, or when in company, with her head dressed with artificial flowers, and her sallow cheeks tinged with rouge; while the same vehement desire for admiration still influenced her as had actuated her in the bloom of youth, and the vigour of her days.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness: (Prov. xvi. 31.) but when the vanity and folly of youth accompany the infirmities of age, we behold a spectacle at once the most melancholy and ridiculous which human nature can present.

There is in the vicinity of the town of Reading, though separated from the more populous parts of it by a large and elevated green called the Forbury, the remains of an ancient abbey, still in tolerable preservation, and near it a mound thrown up in the feudal ages, with the vene-

rable remains of a cathedral church standing in a garden. The abbey for some years past has been devoted to the purpose of a school for young ladies; and its antique halls and towers, which formerly resounded with the orisons of the monks, are now made frequently to re-echo with the shrill cries and jocund revelry of thoughtless infancy.

This ancient building is fronted by a large garden, inclosed on one side by a high bank artificially raised, on which is a terrace-walk commanding a view of the meadows of the Thames, and on the other by a high wall. A gateway, which forms a part of the abbey, is without the garden; and beneath it is the road to a small street, at the back of the abbey.

It was in this street that Madame Northington (for she adopted the title of Madame on her arrival at Reading) took a small house, to enjoy the privilege of sending her daughters to school at the abbey. And it afforded no small degree of pastime to the young ladies, whose sleeping apartments were in the back part of the house, to observe the manœuvres of Madame Northington, whose small abode was entirely overlooked from the turrets of the abbey.

A neat undress, or dishabille, is much admired in England, but for the most part held in utter contempt by the fine ladies of our neighbouring country. But, however this may be, Madame Northington, whose doors were never at any hour closed to a native of France, was in consequence often under the necessity of receiving her visiters in her morning-dress. This dress, while she resided in Reading, consisted of a pelisse, or *larbardour*, of tarnished silk, worn without any apparent linen, a pair of coloured slippers, with or without the accompaniment of stockings, as it suited the convenience of the wearer; there being no cap or other head-dress, unless it might be now and then a coloured silk handkerchief, the well-pomaded hair being platted and turned up behind, and combed from the face in front.

In this elegant costume the foreign lady was often seen complimenting her acquaintances as far as the gate of her little garden; not at all disconcerted by the appearance she might be supposed to make in the eyes of her visiters; or, if she thought at all, trusting to her

elegant figure in the afternoon, to obliterate the remembrance of her morning dishabille.

The household of Madame consisted of a single domestic whom she had brought with her from Ireland, an affectionate and devoted character, and not less remarkable in her habits and manners than was her mistress. This damsel, from the circumstance of her residence in England, from being a native of Ireland, and from having lived several years with a mistress whose manners were altogether French, was as odd a compound of the three nations as could be conceived. She had some of the qualifications and some of the defects of each country. She could prepare a *vol-au-vent* or a *soufflet* with considerable skill; she could perform the part of a *fille-de-chambre* with more adroitness than could have been expected by any one who observed the natural clumsiness of her figure; could join, with some credit to herself, in general conversation when serving the coffee to the guests; and could gossip and sip tea with any maid-servant in the town of Reading. And, although a very delicate English lady might not have coveted her, she was a real comfort to her mistress.

Madame's house, though entirely English in construction, consisting of a small vestibule, a kitchen on one hand, and a parlour on the other, with a suitable number of bed-rooms above, was completely French with respect to its furniture and decorations, having no resemblance to the dapper neatness of an humble English dwelling. The floors were entirely without carpets, the furniture mismatched, the elegant shawls and embroidered dresses of Madame were to be seen hanging on pegs and nails against the parlour-wall; while a superb Parisian timepiece on the chimney-piece was the only ornament which the place could boast.

Those who visited Madame in a morning might not unfrequently find her playing at *tric-trac* with one of her countrymen, whose loose surtout and morocco slippers corresponded with her own elegant appearance; the Irish damsel coming in at intervals to receive directions for the fricassee, which was to be prepared for the repast at noon.

In the evening this parlour was the common resort of all the idle foreigners who might happen to be in the neighbourhood; and here, in the sprightly conversation

of Madame, they found an enjoyment with which the more correct and less animated society of the English ladies could never supply them.

As Madame Northington, from her public mode of life, had no leisure, and, from her desultory habits, little inclination, to carry on the education of her children, she found it very convenient to send her young people, at first, as day-boarders, and afterwards as entire boarders to the abbey, only reserving to herself the privilege of enjoying their company on a Sunday afternoon; Sunday being a day which she considered should be as devoted to pleasure. And herein we agree with her: Sunday ought to be a day of rest and pleasure, though perhaps we might differ with Madame in our definition of the word pleasure; for, to use a homely but expressive phrase on this occasion, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and that person who has once enjoyed the delight of feeding on the bread of heaven, has no wish to return to feed on the husks of the world; and he who has obtained the privilege of wandering, in divine meditation, among the delightful regions of millennial and heavenly glory, where the Saviour so eminently blesses his redeemed ones, would be sorry to exchange these glorious privileges for those empty enjoyments which Madame termed pleasure.—But, to cease from these reflections, and to continue our story.

Eleanore and Antoinette lost little by their exchange of the seclusion of the school-room on a Sunday evening for the gaiety of their mother's house. For at that period religion obtained no part of the attention of the teachers within the walls of the seminary of the abbey at Reading. The young ladies were indeed taken to church, where, having spent an hour or more in smothered titters, low whispers, and peeping at their neighbours in the next pew, it was considered that their religious duties were fulfilled; and the rest of the day was spent in eating, walking, lounging, and gossiping in the garden, parlour, dancing-room, or bed-room; and if any individual of the family, being more pious than the rest, ventured to produce a Bible, a general murmur of contempt or burst of ridicule proceeded from every lip.

This is indeed a sad, but I fear too true, a picture of the state of schools in general, about forty years ago.

At the same time, perhaps, more attention than usual was paid in this school to some other branches of education.

A good French accent, a graceful carriage, and an accurate ear for music, were highly prized at the abbey; and as Eleanore and Antoinette possessed all these in uncommon perfection, and were very good figures, combining in their persons the vivacity and brilliance of their mother's nation with the fine bloom of their father's, they were generally esteemed as the chief ornaments of the school, and set forward in the most prominent situations on every occasion of display. There was, however, a considerable disparity in the dispositions of these young people. Eleanore had much vanity, which induced her to accommodate herself as much as possible to the humours of those about her, and readily to adopt their modes and sentiments, to obtain a sort of popularity; while Antoinette was more reserved, and, at the same time that it was difficult to make an impression upon her, that impression, when made, was more lasting than any which could be made on her sister. These were the peculiarities of their dispositions; but, in common with all other persons in an unregenerate state, they were both equally influenced by selfish motives of action, and never lost sight of what they conceived to be their own interests. And in this place it may perhaps be a useful speculation to consider how far the unconverted man may have the appearance of what is good.

Man, in his unregenerate state, may be led to what is outwardly right, by some remains of natural affection, by prudence, by respect for the opinions of others, by example, by good education, by fear of punishment and hope of reward. But, as the Articles of our Church assert, as "works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his Spirit, are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ, neither do they make men meet to receive grace; yea, rather, for that they are not done as God hath willed and commanded them to be done, we doubt not but they have the nature of sin." (*See 13th Article.*)

Neither is there any injustice in this; for, I ask you, what monarch on earth would feel himself under obli-

gation to any one of his servants or subjects, who, instead of labouring to serve him and promote his glory, exerted himself, however wisely and prudently, in establishing his own honour, and in exalting his own household? Would not such a monarch say, 'That man may have done well for himself, and he has received his reward, but he has no demands upon me?' Now, as the relation between the Creator and the creature is infinitely more close than that between the servant and the master, that man who, forgetting God, goes about to establish his own righteousness and promote his own honour, is infinitely more to be blamed than the servant who separates his interest from that of his rightful lord. But every unrenewed and carnal man is guilty of this sin. Wherefore we must agree with the words of the Article, and confess that such works as spring not from faith partake of the nature of sin. If we look well to our hearts, we shall find it to be so.—But to return to our story.

Eleanore, in common with many persons of her father's country, had a quick insight into character—a valuable quality, when rightly directed, but a dangerous gift in the possession of an irreligious person; because it frequently occasions the individual, not only to deceive others, but also to mislead himself. However, among the undiscerning persons by whom she was educated, this talent enabled the child to become a very popular character; and although now and then some instances of dissimulation were brought forward, by which she was exposed to censure, yet she generally had the address to extricate herself from these difficulties, and to retain the general regard in which she was held. Antoinette had also some friends, but they were fewer than those of her sister.

In the mean time, the years of the early childhood of the daughters of Madame passed away with little improvement in useful knowledge, without any advancement towards better things, and in the daily acquirement of the corruptions of the world and its vices; which may be obtained in every place of education where the closest attention is not paid to the private habits of each individual.

When Eleanore had attained her fourteenth and An-

toinette her thirteenth year, Madame Northington, becoming weary of her situation, and having received information that her father was not likely to live long, resolved to leave her daughters at school, and go over to France; hoping to be able to bring about some reconciliation with her friends, and to obtain some little addition to her narrow income.

About the same time, an old lady, who had, fifty years before, received her education under the roof of the abbey, wished to finish her days where she had spent many years of her youth; and prevailed upon the managers of the school to allow her the use of a pleasant apartment, in a sufficiently quiet corner of the old building, to which there was access by a grand staircase, little resorted to by the younger part of the family.

This room had a window opening into the garden where the young people used to play; and here the old lady loved to sit, in a summer evening, pondering on the days that were gone, and thinking of the generation, now nearly passed away, with whom she had often gambolled on the same spot.

This old lady (whom we shall call Mrs. Hay) had, in her time, been a celebrated beauty. She had married happily, and had reared several lovely children almost to maturity; but she had experienced the loss of beauty, and was now a widow, and childless. Yet it had pleased the Lord, by bringing her to a knowledge of redeeming love, and of the blessings prepared, in a future world, for those who are united to the Saviour, to compensate her, yea, more than compensate her for the worldly distinctions and comforts which she had lost. And now no other care remained to her than to do what little good was in her power, while waiting the summons to depart and be with Christ.

The infirmities of Mrs. Hay were such, that she never left her room, excepting when carried, by two servants, to a sedan-chair, in which she was conveyed, every Sunday, to a place of worship; and, as there happened, at that time, to be a truly apostolic minister in Reading, she found real benefit, and ever-new delight, in her weekly attendance on his ministry. Notwithstanding these infirmities, the pious old lady found means of being useful, in her own little sphere, among the young peo-

ple with whom she resided. She provided herself with many books, adapted for the pious instruction of youth; and not a day passed in which one or other of the little inhabitants of the abbey was not introduced to take her tea with the old lady; where, after having been duly regaled with buns, and other luxuries equally pleasing to the infant palate, the good old lady presented her visiter with a book, and took occasion to point out to her certain important truths of our blessed religion. Thus this excellent person continually busied herself in sowing the good seed, quietly waiting the pleasure of the Lord to prosper her humble labours.

Among the young people who particularly excited the attention of Mrs. Hay, were Eleanore and Antoinette; who were the children of a nominal Protestant and a real Papist.

When Mrs. Hay discovered that their mother was absent, and their father dead, and that they were actually without friends in the country, she invited them frequently to her apartment; and rendered these visits so agreeable to them, that they became exceedingly anxious for the renewal of those pleasures.

Madame Northington, after having been a few weeks in France, became more relax in her correspondence with the governess of her children, and often allowed months to pass without writing; she also became more tardy in her remittances, scarcely paying the expences of her daughters' board, and leaving them very deficient with respect to clothes.

When Mrs. Hay understood this circumstance, she came very liberally forward to supply the wants of the little girls; and thus she obtained a more decided influence over them. Eleanore and Antoinette were arrived at that age when a deficiency of suitable apparel is perhaps more severely felt than at any other; and therefore they were by no means insensible of the kindness of the friend who rescued them from the mortification of appearing more meanly dressed than their schoolfellows.

Thus Mrs. Hay obtained a considerable influence, as I before said, over these young people; and, as she was also revered by the heads of the household, (who thought it not improbable that they might be remembered in her will,) she was allowed to receive them in her room

whenever she pleased, to give them what instructions she chose, and even to take them with her to the place of worship before mentioned.

It is impossible for a pious person, of any denomination, to refrain from inculcating his own principles on the minds of those with whom he continually associates; hence, Mrs. Hay anxiously laboured to instruct these young people in those pure and Christian doctrines which she herself believed. She at first began to feed them with the simple milk of the Gospel, such as is given to the babes in Christ; and when they seemed to have received and fully digested this, she proceeded to give them stronger meat.

Although the instructions given to these two young people, by the other parts of the family, were contrary to those imparted by Mrs. Hay, yet the divine truths insinuated by their venerable friend were not wanting in their influence over their minds; especially, as they received considerable weight from the sense of obligation which they could not but feel towards the old lady. However, during the last year of their residence at school, this excellent old lady died; and, some months afterwards, Madame Northington returned to England, having obtained nothing by her journey to France but a small increase of income; her father having refused to see her before his death, and her other relations persisting in their determination not to acknowledge her.

When Madame arrived in England, she sent a friend to discharge her debts at the school, and to bring her daughters to her, at a little village in one of the southern counties of England; where she had taken a small house, and where she enjoyed the privilege of residing near a distant relation of her late husband—a lady of considerable property, and well disposed to treat her with kindness.

This village was situated in a beautiful valley, commanding a distant view of the sea; and possessing, among other advantages, one which was more rarely found, a few years ago, than we trust it now is; viz. a pious and enlightened minister of religion, and a population at least well instructed in the doctrines of our holy faith. Mrs. Montague (the lady above mentioned as a relation of the late Mr. Northington) was, also, a benevolent and

charitable woman, lively and agreeable in conversation, and engaging to young people, although strictly religious.

In this society, Eleanore presently discovered that what she had learned from Mrs. Hay rendered her company more acceptable than it would otherwise have been; and Antoinette, from frequently hearing the same things repeated which she had first heard from the old lady at the boarding-school, was, by the divine blessing, led to meditate more seriously on these subjects than she had ever before done. But, as I shall have occasion, by and by, to speak more particularly on the effects which this society produced upon the young people, I refrain from enlarging upon them in this place.

The person sent by Madame Northington for her daughters was an aged relation, whom she had met in her travels, and who had accompanied her to England; intending to remain with her some time in her retreat. He had all the politeness and all the affability of an old beau of the past age; could play at *tric-trac*, dance a minuet, and prepare a stew, with equal facility; and was equally animated when talking politics, or giving directions for making a French pie. He wore a silk night-cap at home, with a large surtout, and red morocco slippers; but, when seen abroad, generally appeared in an old military coat, and with a *chapeau quarrè*.

This old gentleman (whom we shall call Monsieur Beauflour) conducted the young ladies very safely, through London, to the quiet retreat in which their mother had taken up her residence, and warmly shared in the joy of the old lady when she ran out, through her little garden, to embrace her daughters from whom she had been so long separated.

I have given you some idea of Madame's house in Reading, and of the style of its embellishments. The interior of her new abode was neither larger nor better arranged; but its external charms were such as to give delight to the most insensible beholder. It stood on the side of a narrow dingle, the hill rising above it to a considerable height; while, in front, it commanded a view down the dale even to the sea. The heights above the house were clothed almost to their summits by forest trees; the whole scene affording the most pleasing re-

treat for deep solitude and retirement, interrupted only in one instance, where the roofs of a few houses, belonging to a neighbouring village, appeared peeping from among the trees; the rest of the village being withdrawn from view by the winding of the valley.

In the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Northington's house was a garden, at that season of the year blooming with many rose trees; which, together with a jasmine that crept over the rustic porch in front of the cottage, shed a perfume far and wide through the valley.

After the first exclamations of joy had passed between the mother and daughters,—exclamations by no means so tempered on the part of Madame as those which would have proceeded from the lips of a lady of the same rank of our own country,—the young people were led into the house; where their mother regaled them with fruit and coffee, served by the same Irish, French, and English damsel before mentioned; who, having accompanied Madame through all her perambulations, was now again become her sole handmaid in her new dwelling.

It must be supposed that the arrival of two accomplished and exceedingly handsome young ladies in a small country place, and young ladies, too, distantly related to the great lady of the village, should make some talk in the neighbourhood, and that many should be anxious to see them. Accordingly, the day after the arrival of Eleanore and Antoinette, most of the persons in the village and neighbourhood, who were in a condition to pay visits, called upon Madame; and Mrs. Montague, in character of a cousin of their father, invited the whole family to her house, and shewed every kindness which could possibly be expected.

I have before said, that the inhabitants of this village were blessed with a pious minister; Mrs. Montague also was pious; and, through her influence, there were many professors of religion in the place; on whose character we would not wish to decide; although certain inconsistencies in their conduct might have led to the suspicion that some of them, at least, professed more than they really felt.

Mrs. Montague was a lady of high extraction. She had been handsome, and certainly enjoyed superior talents for conversation, with an extent of general know-

ledge not common in females. She had been left a widow, a few years before, in full possession of her husband's large estates; and hereby possessed an extensive influence in the neighbourhood.

This lady had formerly been a leader in fashion; and possessed the peculiar and rare talent of rendering mixed society agreeable and lively, without the use of worldly excitements. She had been brought to a knowledge of religion, some years since, through the means of a minister whom she had heard at Weymouth; and her zeal and animation were soon enlisted on the side of what is right; and wonderful was the change which she shortly effected within the circle of her influence. Every plan of moral improvement, or for bettering the state of the poor, which came to her knowledge, was immediately tried. Nothing was now heard of at Montague-House but Sunday-schools, schools of industry, spinning-feasts, reading societies, and ingenious works to be sold at a repository in a neighbouring town, for the benefit of the poor.

It was certainly most delightful to see talents, influence, and money, thus employed; and much good was speedily effected. One hindrance to Mrs. Montague's plans, however, at first existed. This was an old rector, who hated every thing new, whether good or bad, useful or destructive. But this obstacle was speedily removed by the death of the old gentleman; and, as Mrs. Montague had the living in her gift, she failed not to appoint a person in his place whose ways and modes of thinking were agreeable to her own.

The gentleman on whom she was led to fix was a young man, who, to a warm heart, added a sound judgment, with correct and extensive views of religion. Such a man was Mr. Harwood; and there is no doubt but he proved a blessing to the little society.

Aided by Mr. Harwood, Mrs. Montague's plans now prospered to the utmost of her desires, and presently produced such a revolution in the village as astonished all who witnessed it. A stream of active benevolence ran through the society; young ladies appeared visiting from house to house, instructing children, praying by the sick, and administering to their wants; and the young men were little behind them in similar exertions.

Mrs. Montague had a *protégée*, a young person whom she had rescued from a very distressed situation, having been induced to this act of charity by the warmth of religious feeling which she had exhibited. This young lady (whom we shall call Joanna) was, however, though we hope not wholly unaffected by true religion, one of the worst helpmates which Mrs. Montague could have selected; being, at the same time, pleasing in her manners and extremely injudicious; active in her benevolence, but ambitious and changeable; when fond of any one, she was unable to see a single fault in his or her character; connecting the grossest flattery with her regards; while, at the same time, as might be expected, she could see no good whatever in those who did not please her.

The influence of this young person over Mrs. Montague was so great, that she could almost persuade her to any thing, or turn her from any purpose; and, as she was that lady's almoner, her influence in the village was even greater than that which she exercised within the precincts of the mansion-house.

Having now described the characters to whom I am about to introduce the family which has afforded the chief subject of this memoir; I proceed to remark, that, where religion becomes the order of the day; or, to use another term, when religion walks in silver slippers—when it is creditable to be religious—when ignorance of the doctrines of Scripture is generally censured—then is the time to dread hypocrisy, and to guard against self-deception.

Mrs. Montague was no sooner informed of the arrival of the young ladies, than she hastened to pay her respects to them, accompanied by her inseparable friend.

Madame received the ladies, in her disorderly parlour, with the same ease as if she had been surrounded by the splendours of a royal palace; not a whit conscious of the want of her cap and wig, or of the loose state of her morning-dress, which, by the by, she always wore without her *corset*. Mrs. Montague had seen enough of the world to be rather amused than surprised at the national peculiarities of Madame, at the superlative politeness of the old gentleman, and the familiarity of the maid; while the appearance of her two young cousins,

who united the decorum of English manners with the animation of their parents' countries, so greatly pleased and surprised her, that, when she returned to her carriage, in company with Joanna, she could not help expressing her admiration; adding the pious wish that these young people might be spiritually benefited by their residence in that village. "They are charming young women in person and manner, Joanna," she said: "you must cultivate their friendship, and lead them right, if possible."

"I shall have the greatest pleasure in so doing, Madam," said Joanna; "and, indeed, I already hope well concerning one of them."

"Of the little Antoinette you mean?" returned Mrs. Montague: "yes, there is a modesty and tenderness in her aspect which charmed me. I have seldom seen eyes at once so dark and yet so soft in their expression."

"Yes," replied Joanna, "she has fine eyes; but I do not think so well of her as of her sister. While you were conversing with Madame, I had an opportunity of discoursing with both sisters; and I found an openness and warmth in Eleanore which delighted me beyond expression."

"Of course," said Mrs. Montague, "you must be the best judge of young people, Joanna; they speak more unreservedly to each other than to their elders. Surely they are charming girls; and, as they dine with us tomorrow, we must endeavour to interest them in our little plans of charity; and thus we shall be enabled to make them useful."

The next day Mrs. Montague invited some of the most agreeable of her neighbours to meet Madame and her family; and she evinced her attention by desiring certain stews and hashes to be prepared according to the French fashion.

When Madame arrived at Montague-House at the hour appointed, she looked at least ten years younger than she had done the day before, by reason of her wig, her rouge, and her bodice; and, being much pleased with the polite behaviour of Mrs. Montague, she was in high spirits, and made herself very agreeable.

The old gentleman enjoyed his dinner and the bottle of French wine which was set before him; and, accord-

ingly, failed not to pay many very high compliments to the lady of the house. In the mean time, Joanna cultivated the acquaintance of Eleanore; and invited her to unite in various schemes of visiting the poor, giving instruction, working, reading, and walking.

After dinner, the ladies adjourned to a little favourite apartment of Mrs. Montague, elegantly and usefully furnished with bookcases, Indian cabinets, instruments of music, and specimens of the fine arts, arranged in tasteful confusion over the apartment. This favourite retreat had glass doors, which opened into a flower-garden, or kind of wilderness of sweets; and, as it was the height of summer, the doors were open, and all the perfumes of this flowery Paradise circulated, in consequence, throughout the room.

“Charmant! charmant!” exclaimed Madame, as she seated herself on a sofa in front of these open doors; “Madame Montague is perfectly French in her taste.”

In this pleasant retreat the ladies were presently joined by the gentlemen; and while they were taking their coffee, which the old gentleman (whom we shall call Monsieur) declared to be excellent, a number of delicate voices were heard, issuing from an adjoining apartment, accompanied by a fine organ.

Every eye was instantly turned to the side from which the sound proceeded; and Joanna, rising, opened a folding-door, and exposed a group of little charity-children, neatly dressed, standing in a half-circle, and singing a hymn of Cowper’s.

Madame, although she but half comprehended the scene, was all ecstasy; and immediately recollected something in her native country to compare with it.

The little children, having finished their hymn, withdrew; the doors were closed; and the conversation naturally turned upon the subject of the various plans which were going forward for benefiting the poor in the parish. Eleanore and Antoinette were requested to give their assistance. The young people both declared their willingness to forward any scheme of Mrs. Montague’s; and Madame seemed to enter warmly into every thing which was brought forward.

When they had finished their coffee, a walk in the flower-garden was proposed. Madame was no great

walker; but she was too polite to say, "No," to any thing which Mrs. Montague seemed to desire. She therefore put on her shawl; and Antoinette being ready to offer her arm, the party stepped out into the garden.

When a number of persons engage in a pleasurable walk, it is natural for them to separate into parties. Such was now the case. The elder persons extended their walk only as far as an alcove at the further end of the flowery wilderness, where they sat down to converse; and the younger people scattered themselves, in pairs or trios, over the wide domain without the iron rails of the flower-garden. Antoinette only remained with her mother and the rest of the elders.

Among the little distinct parties before mentioned, we shall accompany only one, which consisted of Joanna and Eleanore. These young people had already persuaded themselves that they were vastly fond of each other; and Joanna was now proceeding to lead Eleanore into a still more dangerous illusion, namely, that she was in a very advanced state of knowledge and experience with respect to religion, and that she was about to be a very shining light in their little society. "Do, my dear, tell me a little more of that dear, good old lady, Mrs. Hay," said Joanna, as soon as they had reached a retired walk in the shrubbery. "And so she took infinite pains with you, and brought you to a knowledge of your Saviour, and of the need of a change of heart? Well, this is indeed a blessing, and what I did not expect to hear. To tell you the truth, I understood that your family were all Roman Catholics."

"No," said Eleanore, "my father was a Protestant; and he left it, as his last injunction, that we should be educated in a Protestant school."

"But Madame is a Roman Catholic, is she not?" asked Joanna.

"O yes," said Eleanore; "and so is Monsieur."

"Well, but," asked Joanna, "are you satisfied to see a dear parent and an old friend living in error?"

"But they think themselves right," replied Eleanore.

"So you may say of heathens," said Joanna, "that they think themselves right. But should you be satisfied to leave a relation in heathenism?"

"No," returned Eleanore, "certainly not. But, if I

were to say any thing to my mother on the subject of her religion, I should offend her past forgiveness."

"And what, then," said Joanna, "are you to conceal the truth from your mother, because you fear you shall give offence? Do you not know, that we are to consider ourselves blessed, if we are persecuted for righteousness' sake?"

Eleanore made no answer.

"You have been blessed, my dear Eleanore," continued Joanna, "with a knowledge of the truth; you have been brought to know the necessity of a new heart; you feel the privilege, the happiness of being a Christian indeed; and do you hesitate to impart the same blessings to your dear mother—to the friend of your youth—to her who gave you birth? and will you allow her to live and die in darkness, to the utter perdition of her soul and body? O, Eleanore! I am sure your heart will not suffer you to continue in this neglect."

Joanna then proceeded to mention a number of trials, which she had undergone, or fancied she had undergone, for the sake of religion: and wished to make it appear, that she had been a heroine and a victim; and that it was necessary that Eleanore should become one also, if she would prove the sincerity of her profession.

The effect of this conversation on Eleanore was, probably, not exactly such as Joanna intended, but, certainly, it was what might be expected; for she returned to the company full of inflated notions respecting her own religious attainments, and full of dissatisfied and pragmatistical feelings with regard to her mother.

Mrs. Montague's carriage was ready, at an early hour, to convey Madame and her family back to their cottage, where they arrived at their usual supper-hour.

The little repast, which, for the most part, consisted of fruit and salad, was ready prepared when they arrived; and they sat down to partake of it, and to talk over the events of the day.

Madame spoke first, and expatiated on the *politesse*, the elegance, the magnificence, the perfect *gout*, of every thing at Montague-House. She enlarged, with warmth, on the hymn and beautiful group of children; and complained, in the same breath, that her shoes had pinched her all day; she asked if she had looked well; and ex-

pressed a wish that Mrs. Montague would wear rouge, and not persist in wearing her own hair, which she declared to be "une coutume non pas trop décente pour une dame d'un certain âge."

Monsieur, in his turn, or, rather, at the same time, was emphatic in discussing the merits of the *patés* and *fricassées*; and declared, that he had before conceived it to be beyond the genius of an English *cuisinier* to compound a *vol-au-vent*, or to whip up a *soufflet*.

After which, Madame, addressing her daughters, said she had hoped, when she heard the music in the next room, that they were about to make up a few quadrilles; adding, that the English were by no means adroit in making an evening pass off agreeably; and she called on Monsieur to support her assertion. From which it might be easily gathered, that she could not conceive how a person of common sense should make any objection to dancing; indeed, she added, that, for her part, though a little out of practice, had a dance been proposed, and Monsieur had offered his hand, she would have made it appear that she had been formerly, at least, one of the first dancers in that country where every peasant danced with a superior grace.

Monsieur failed not to acknowledge the obligations he felt, flattered by the readiness Madame expressed to be led out by him; and Antoinette, smiling good-humouredly, signified to her mother, that she had reason to rejoice in Mrs. Montague's scruples with respect to dancing; observing, that it would have been a cruel punishment to have figured off in the cotillon while suffering under the pressure of tight shoes.

"Oh! j'avois oublié tout cela," replied Madame, gravely; "mais revenons au fait? Est-il possible? Is it a fact? does Madame Montague think ill of the dance?"

"Madame Montague is a Lutheran," remarked Monsieur; "and Madame knows that such persons have very singular ideas."

"Bon! bon!" said Madame, shrugging up her shoulders in her turn; "je comprends; I understand. Mais c'est pitoyable, c'est pitoyable; néanmoins, Mrs. Montague est si aimable, si parfaitement comme il faut, that —il faut pardonner ses préjugés nationales; her national prejudices."

“They are not national prejudices, mamma,” said Eleanore; “the English, in general, do not object to dancing. But Mrs. Montague is, you know, particularly pious; and I only wish we were all, in some respects, more conformed to her opinions.”

“Eh, pourquoi?” said Madame, “I am no Lutheran. Heaven preserve me!” and she seemed alarmed.

“I wish, mamma,” replied Eleanore, “that your prejudices against the Reformed Church were not so deeply rooted. I cannot doubt that, if you and Monsieur would study the subject with coolness, you would soon discover the errors of your present faith.”

Monsieur let fall a portion of salad which he was conveying to his mouth; and Madame flamed out with a degree of intemperance which made the gentle Antoinette tremble from head to foot; while the spirit of Eleanore rose upon the occasion.

We do not pause to enquire whether the spirit which at that time inspired the latter was a spirit of true Christian heroism, or whether a small portion of natural pride and obstinacy did not mingle itself therewith. But, be this as it may, her mother’s indignation had no other effect than to heighten the colour in her cheeks, and to strengthen her resolution.

“Comment!” said Madame; “comment! how is this? I am, then, to be catechised and called to account, by my daughters, sur ma foi,—ma religion,—mon Eglise?”

“Daughters! mamma,” said Antoinette, imploringly: “I did not speak.”

“But I know you think with your sister in all these matters,” returned Madame; “I know you do.”

“You do not know, mamma, indeed you do not,” replied Antoinette: “though I think with my sister in many things, I cannot approve of that religion which would teach a daughter to be disrespectful and undutiful to a mother.”

Madame was too much inflamed to hear any apology. The harmony of the little party was completely interrupted. Madame would take no more supper; but went up to her room, and called her Irish damsel to undress her. Monsieur went into the kitchen to smoke a *che-rout*; and Antoinette, weeping, followed her sister to their apartment.

While the young ladies were undressing, they remained silent, though both had much which they might have said. At length, Eleanore said, "Cannot you cease crying and sobbing, sister? Why do you delight in adding to my distress? Are not my trials sufficiently severe?"

"Trials!" repeated Antoinette: "what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" returned the other; "strange that you should ask me, or rather more strange that you should not be able to participate in all my present feelings!" She then recapitulated to her all that had passed between herself and Joanna, respecting their mother's religious errors, and the duty which was incumbent on them to endeavour to convert her.

These ideas seemed as new to Antoinette as they had been to Eleanore; and, after a moment's reflection, she said, "Undoubtedly, sister, if dear Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Montague are right, my poor mother must be wrong. If there is no name but one whereby we can be saved, those who address the virgin and the saints must be in error. But I am thinking, Eleanore, that we must not go rashly to work in this business. Is there no more gentle and respectful way of addressing our dear parent, than the one you adopted this evening?"

"Of course," replied Eleanore, "I must be thought wrong, whatever way I take. This was no more than what Miss Joanna predicted."

Antoinette was silent; and Eleanore, in her turn, began to weep violently.

"Eleanore, do not be distressed," said Antoinette; "I cannot bear to see it."

"Then do not blame me," she replied, "for being anxious about our mother's spiritual welfare."

"I don't blame you," said Antoinette; "and yet I think that you might have chosen a softer way of introducing the subject. Suppose that we were to endeavour to persuade our mother to allow us to read the Bible to her, without entering into any controversy with her? You know that we have been long from her, and we may perhaps prejudice her mind against us by treating the matter so abruptly."

"You were always one of the wise ones," replied Eleanore; "cleverer by far than any one else."

Antoinette made no answer; and the subject was dropped for the present.

The next morning, Antoinette remembered that her mother had expressed a wish that some roses should be gathered while the dew was upon them, to make some preparation either for the hair or complexion. She accordingly arose at a very early hour, and was busy among the rose-bushes, when Madame appeared at the parlour-window, looking as if she had not quite slept off the ill-humour of the past night. At sight of Antoinette she turned away, and said something to Monsieur, who was within the room.

“My mother is angry with me,” thought Antoinette: “I am sorry for it; but this must not be—this will not forward our purpose.” So saying, she took up her basket, and, hastening into the house, she presented her roses, saying, pleasantly, “Accept, dear mamma, my morning-offering, and reward me with the approval that mothers only can give.”

“Dear child,” said Madame, saluting and embracing her, “you will not then dislike your mother, because she does not think with you in religion?”

“I am convinced, dear parent,” replied Antoinette, “that our opinions are much nearer than strangers suppose them to be. We love one Saviour; we trust in him only for salvation; and, being only different members of one head, wherein can we so widely differ?”

Madame looked with pleasure at Monsieur; who said, “Mademoiselle looks as fresh as the roses she has gathered.”

“But I hope, Monsieur, that I shall not fade as soon,” she answered; while another compliment from Monsieur followed of course.

The little party then sat down to breakfast; and Madame, with all the volatility and versatility of her nation, began to expatiate with Monsieur upon the subject of rose-water, rose-syrup, otto of roses, and every conceivable compound in which roses are used; and was so warmly engaged in the discussion, that she scarcely perceived when Eleanore came in, and certainly did not observe that she still looked disconcerted. Sorting, pulling, and drying the roses, occupied Madame so fully for some hours after breakfast, that she seemed to have

lost the recollection of every other affair. And thus passed over the first storm excited by Eleanore on the subject of religion.

In the midst of this bustle about the roses, and while the whole uncarpeted floor was scattered with leaves and stalks, Joanna arrived, by appointment, to take Eleanore out with her. Madame was not disconcerted at the confusion in which her house was found; and I doubt whether she would have been at all perplexed, had the roses, by which she had been surrounded, been so many cabbage-leaves or onions.

As soon as she saw Joanna, she enquired kindly after Mrs. Montague, complained of the pain she had felt all night from having worn tight shoes, and entreated Mademoiselle to come back and dine with her after her walk.

“We have a great deal to do, Madame,” said Joanna, “and, therefore, I must decline your invitation; but I hope you will allow your daughters to return with me to Mrs. Montague’s.”

“Please yourselves, young people,” said Madame; “I would have you enjoy yourselves; now is your time.” So saying, she bade both her daughters prepare for their walk.

But Antoinette, excusing herself, said, “No, mamma, I cannot leave you to finish your roses by yourself.”

What were Antoinette’s motives for not leaving her mother will reveal themselves hereafter, by other parts of her conduct. But, whatever they were, the compliment seemed to gratify Madame; who, in return, appeared reluctant to allow her continuance with her.

As soon as Eleanore found herself again alone with her new friend Joanna, she burst into tears, and represented the scene of the last night in such a manner as to excite her friend’s sympathy in a very powerful degree.

“I admire your virtuous courage, my dear Eleanore,” she said; “and I trust that you will not be discouraged, but will persevere in the good work which you have so happily commenced. The spiritual interest of our friends is that for which we should be anxious above all things; and although, in the promotion of this, we may occasion ourselves many enemies, and may sacrifice many of the comforts of life, and ensure much suffering, yet we ought

nobly to persevere; for we shall assuredly meet with our reward in the next world, if not in this."

There is a great propensity in human beings to fancy themselves heroes and heroines. Young ladies are particularly fond of representing themselves as great sufferers; indeed, many well-meaning persons, of each sex, draw down persecutions upon themselves, by desiring to have it supposed that they are enduring tribulation on account of religion, hastily concluding that all their connexions are in league against them.

Joanna, as the elder of these two young people, and the adviser, ought to have considered whether this work of converting Madame to the Protestant Church might not have been better attempted by a stranger than by her own daughter; or, if to be done by her daughter, whether a gentler mode of proceeding might not be more prudently adopted than the one to which she was urging her friend. She ought also to have looked somewhat more carefully for the evidences of Eleanore's own conversion, before she employed her in the work of converting others. For, alas! it is a certain though a melancholy truth, that many have mistaken a partial reform in some parts of their character and conduct, for that great and thorough change of the whole man, called in Scripture, the new birth. A base metal may be cast into various forms, yet its nature remains the same. All the external acts of religion are within the compass of natural abilities. There may be sore pangs and throes of conscience, which may fail in leading a person to God. A man may be able to talk well on religion, and yet know nothing of the power of it; he may give all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned, and yet have no religion. The work of true religion is generally, if not invariably, found to commence in deep self-abasement.

But Joanna had failed to look for suitable evidences; or perhaps she was not duly apprised of their nature; she, therefore, utterly failed in her judgment of the character she had to deal with; and so marred the work which she hoped to promote.

I shall not follow Eleanore and Joanna in all their rambles this day. They visited several poor sick persons, a school, and other places. But Joanna was ge-

nerally in so great a hurry to be doing something else, in some other place, that she was prevented from completing what she had begun where she was. Activity, through every period of life, is valuable; but when activity amounts to restlessness, it is almost a worse extreme than total indolence; for although sometimes restless and enterprising characters have been made the means of good, it is only when they are followed up by more plodding ones.—But to leave these reflections which the subject so continually suggests.

The young people, having concluded their business, repaired to Montague-House to dinner; after which, they employed themselves with their needle, and in forming new plans for the next day, till near sun-set; when Joanna proposed to return with Eleanore, and to bring her back to the cottage by a circular road, which would lead them through the wood at the back of the house.

The scenery in and about the valley which included Madame Northington's house was, as I before said, remarkably fine; and the view, from the highest point of the hill above the cottage, striking in the extreme.

The young people had nearly attained this summit, when they were accosted by Mr. Harwood, who had been walking that way, and who, being at a small distance below, hastened up the hill to join them. Having directed Eleanore to the different objects visible around them, he offered to conduct them by the shortest way through the wood to the cottage. They thanked him, and he accordingly led them in among the trees, and soon brought them to a spot where they saw the house directly at their feet; affording, with its thatched roof, its green porch, and abounding rose-bushes, now in high bloom, a delightful picture of rural beauty and retirement. On the little green just before the porch, sat Madame employed with her needle; and on a lower seat by her side was Antoinette, simply dressed, her dark hair being knotted at the top of her head. She was partly leaning against her mother's knee, in somewhat of a childish attitude; and was so deeply engaged with a book she was reading aloud, that she did not hear the voices of her sister and companions, though they called to her more than once.

“What a touching scene,” said Mr. Harwood, “there

presents itself, Mademoiselle!—your gentle sister waiting thus affectionately on her mother! If they had expected us, I should almost have fancied that they had placed themselves there on purpose to form a scene of peace and harmony.”

The party now descended from the hill, and presently appeared at the gate of the cottage-garden; but approached so quietly, that they could distinctly hear the voice of Antoinette reading in French to her mother.

As soon as they appeared, Madame and her daughter arose, and Madame came forward to receive them with her usual vivacity. She invited Mr. Harwood and Joanna to come into the garden, and dispatched Antoinette to bring some fruit. During the absence of Antoinette, Mr. Harwood took up the book which she had been reading, and perceiving that it was a French Bible, he laid it down again, with a feeling of increased respect for the young lady to whom it belonged.

When the visitors were gone, and the family-party again assembled round their supper-table, Madame enquired of Eleanore how she had spent her day.

The young lady, in reply, gave a long and animated description of the pleasures she had enjoyed, and intimated that few people knew how to make life so agreeable as Mrs. Montague.

Madame acknowledged that Mrs. Montague was a charming woman.

“Her religion,” returned Eleanore, “is of the right sort; it inspires every action; it is not the religion of forms and ceremonies, but that of the heart.”

With all this Madame acquiesced; and added, that she was a woman *d'un goût parfait*; asking Eleanore whether she thought she had ever been in France. And then, flying from the point in question, addressed herself to Monsieur on the subject of the *salade*, which she asserted had not the flavour of a French dish of the same kind.

“Apparemment! then,” said Monsieur, “it must be my fault, for having omitted some ingredient in the sauce.”

A vehement argument now arose upon the nature of *salade*, and the soils best suited for the cultivation of vegetables. In which dispute, although Monsieur spoke

with more science, Madame displayed most eloquence, and hence bore off the palm of victory.

Monsieur withdrew to smoke his *cherout*, and Madame repaired to her chamber, requiring her daughters to attend upon her.

On the mantle-piece in Madame's room was a little model of wax of the Virgin and Child, fixed in a glass case, by which generally lay a *livre de prière*, in Latin and French. "Now," said Madame, having employed her daughters a few minutes in undressing her, "now leave me; I am going to be occupied by my devotions. You think, Eleanore," she added, with an air of pique, "that no one can be pious but Madame Montague; but let me tell you I have seen more sincere piety among the Catholics than I ever did among the Protestants."

"The piety of the Catholics, Madame," replied Eleanore, "consists more in external observances than that of the Protestants; it will always, therefore, make a greater show in the view of the world."

"Eleanore," said Antoinette, softly, "do not let us interrupt our mother." So saying, she took hold of her hand to draw her out of the room. But it was too late; for Madame's anger being already kindled, she poured upon her eldest daughter a torrent of displeasure; in the utterance of which, she used as little moderation as she commonly did in her expressions of pleasure.

Not to have answered at all, would have been the best plan which Eleanore could now have adopted; but for this kind of forbearance, which often conquers by having the appearance of yielding, she was by no means inclined. —She had not so listened to the instructions of her new friend, Joanna; who had, during the day, been urging her to shew the sincerity of her profession by her endeavours to compel her mother, by the force of argument, and by constant importunities, to abandon her present dangerous and improper way of thinking. Joanna's conversation had, also, tended to raise Eleanore in her own self-estimation; and she was exactly in that temper which invites persecution, the pride and self-sufficiency of which is strengthened by opposition. Accordingly, insensible to the silent hints and gentle pleadings of Antoinette, she answered her mother with warmth; and still further inflamed her resentment by carrying on the

controversy, thus improperly commenced, to a considerable length.

Antoinette, at the same time, though fully convinced that her sister had truth on her side, refused to join her against her mother; and withdrew to her own apartment, where she spent half an hour in a state of mind exquisitely painful; being filled at one time with doubt whether she was not acting with a sinful cowardice; but still feeling assured that the measures which her sister was taking to convert their mother were those which would obstruct the work so much to be desired.

At the end of half an hour, Eleanore joined her sister. She entered the room in silence, closed the door after her, and sat down, weeping, at the foot of her bed.

Antoinette was at a loss how to address her, and therefore remained for a moment in silence. Then, approaching her, and taking her hand, she begged her to be comforted; using other vague expressions of consolation. By which she evinced, that she had some doubts of the propriety of that conduct by which she had drawn upon her their mother's resentment.

In answer to these feeble attempts at consolation, Eleanore, in high indignation rejecting her sister's hand, said, "Antoinette, you cannot judge of my feelings; you have, I am well convinced, no sense of the importance of religion strong enough to induce you to renounce all for the sake of your God. My conduct, therefore, appears improper to you; and you judge it better to administer to the present ease of our parent, at the expense of her spiritual destruction, than expose yourself to her momentary displeasure."

"I am not convinced," returned Antoinette, "that the measures you take——"

"That the measures I take," repeated Eleanore, interrupting her, "are altogether *prudent—judicious*—I suppose you would add. This is no more than I expected you would say—than I knew, beforehand, all the world would say. I was prepared to meet with anger and persecution; and I have found them. I am not surprised; I only pray that I may have fortitude to sustain all I may be doomed to suffer."

"But, my dear sister," returned Antoinette, "granting that I have not that degree of love for religion which you

have, and which I have reason to fear may be the case, yet I can assure you, that there is nothing on earth that would give me so much pleasure as to see our dear parent's mind properly instructed on the subject of religion."

"Why then," said Eleanore, "why then, but from sinful fear, do you refuse to support me when I endeavour to accomplish this?"

"Because," replied Antoinette, "I do not think you introduce the subject suitably. I think, that, instead of doing her good, you provoke her anger, and make her adhere more closely to her errors. Would not a gentler method be better? might not we, perhaps, lead her imperceptibly to a clearer view of the truth, without openly attacking those things which she has been accustomed to consider sacred and inviolable? I stayed at home with her purposely to-day, in order to please her; and the plan succeeded so well, that, when she asked me to read to her, I introduced the Bible, and she listened to it, for a length of time, with much complacency. Now, may we not hope, if we can get her to hear the contents of this holy Book, that it may be blessed to her? and that we may thus avoid the unhappiness of exciting her indignation against us?"

Eleanore persisted that the thing could never be done without irritation; and declared, that in this cause she was ready to give up all the peace of her life, even life itself; and Antoinette, on the other hand, continued to express her conviction, that a declared warfare ought to be avoided, if possible: and the young ladies, each retaining her own opinion, went to bed, to taste of a disturbed and uneasy sleep.

The last four-and-twenty hours, passed in these different ways by the different members of this family, may serve for a sample of many following days.

It is no wonder I cannot say that the friendship and confidence between Joanna and Eleanore grew gradually stronger; because this friendship had suddenly sprung up, in a day, to the usual bulk and solidity to which young ladies' friendships generally grow; and every desirable and undesirable degree of confidence had been placed in each other, before their acquaintance had been of eight-and-forty hours' date.

Joanna had regarded herself, as I have elsewhere observed, in the light of a second *Perpetua*; and had described herself as having forfeited every comfort, privilege, and promise of life, for the sake of religion. She had also inspired her young friend with the same heroic feelings; for Eleanore was hastily proceeding to entail upon herself the same unnecessary inconveniences that Joanna had done; not perceiving that as to any *real* sufferings and sacrifices, her companion was as remote from them as at any former period of her existence.

Joanna had not only explained the outward circumstances of her past life, but all her inward feelings, to her young friend. She spoke of attachments, formed in her unregenerate or unconverted state; (for these young ladies are not slow to conclude that the blessed change has taken place; about the attainment of which the more advanced Christian dares not so easily flatter himself;) of friendships she had broken off on the occasion of her change; of pleasures she had renounced, and penalties she had endured: and she represented, in very lively terms, her present feelings; her affection for divine things; her eager longings after spiritual enjoyments; her deadness to the world; concluding the whole by asking her young friend if she did not consider Mr. Harwood to be a very heavenly-minded man, and a striking exhibition of the beauty of holiness.

Such were the first communications, immediately touching self, made by Joanna to Eleanore; and their future conversations were, in substance, much the same, though varied according to circumstances: the latter enquiry, relative to Mr. Harwood, being enlarged and commented upon more, perhaps, than a prudent person might judge expedient.

And here let me pause, to press a point upon my younger readers which I consider of the highest importance to their spiritual welfare.

Are you, my young friend,—I will not say converted, or regenerate, or a new creature; for this, perhaps, in the first instance, would be urging the enquiry too closely; but—are you desirous to be religious? are you anxious to become an heir of heaven, and to escape the pains of hell? If such is the case, do not hastily commit the direction of your judgment to persons of your own age.

A young person leading another, generally speaking, is the blind leading the blind; and where is the wonder, if they both fall into the ditch?

While the intimacy between the two young ladies cemented itself daily, Antoinette remained much at home, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to conciliate her mother's affection; and, by this means, obtained such an influence, that this Roman Catholic parent would sit for hours at her needlework, (of which she was very fond,) while her attentive daughter read the Bible to her. Sometimes, indeed, Madame would propose another book, of a different tendency; and Antoinette would submit for the moment; but, at the next opportunity, she would bring forward the Bible again, or some work at once agreeable and suitable to her purpose; and she not unfrequently succeeded in causing these to be as acceptable as the French novels, to which Madame was particularly attached, and of which she had brought a considerable store from Paris.

Monsieur would sometimes sit within hearing of Antoinette's lecture; and, undoubtedly, he often hearkened with interest; though affecting to be occupied with his fishing-tackle, and curious flies for baits, of which he made an extraordinary variety.

After a while, a new duty fell upon Antoinette, which was to attend a little school, formed in an obscure village, or small cluster of houses, beyond the wood which shaded one side of the cottage.

Joanna and Eleanore, with the counsel and aid of Mr. Harwood, began this school soon after the arrival of the French family in the valley; and all went on prosperously until the young lady, who was at the head of the school, originated a new project, viz. a seminary, of the same kind, in a remote village on the sands of the sea, about a mile and a half the other way. On this occasion the woodland scheme would have fallen to the ground, had not Antoinette obtained her mother's permission to visit it, for one hour, every day.

"I consent to one hour," said Madame, "but I hope it will not deprive us of the pleasure of your company, and of your reading, for a longer time."

"And, sometimes, Monsieur will walk with me, mam-

ma?" said Antoinette, "and you will come to meet me through the wood?"

"If I can get a pair of comfortable shoes," Madame replied; "but that is no easy matter in England. What would I give for a pair of Monsieur Ton Ton de Pellerin's pumps, from the Rue Sainte Catharine, à Paris! I should think twenty *francs* infinitely below their value!" adding, in a doleful tone, "There is not a *cordonnier* on this island who can fit a well-made French foot."

Thus the matter was settled, and Antoinette allowed to become the lady-patroness of the school in the wood. She very soon, by her quiet attentions, proved a great blessing to the little children; and was long remembered by them after they had been deprived of her gentle influence.

It was in the autumn of the same year, after the arrival of this family in the valley, that the conversation I am about to relate took place at Montague-House. Mrs. Montague, Mr. Harwood, and Joanna, were sitting together, one rainy afternoon, when the following discourse took place.

"Madame Northington and her daughters," said Mrs. Montague, "are certainly an acquisition to our little society. The young people are truly engaging. So much modesty and so much animation united are seldom seen. As to Eleanore, I think her the loveliest creature I ever beheld. Joanna tells me that she has no doubt that the work of grace is begun in her heart."

Mr. Harwood smiled; yet it was not a smile of contempt, but rather a smile which indicated doubt.

"I don't like that smile, Mr. Harwood," said Joanna; "I plainly see that you do not know half the Christian excellencies of my charming young friend."

"I beg pardon, Miss Joanna," said Mr. Harwood. "Did I express any doubt? I did not mean so to do. Far be it from me to judge the young lady. I hope," he added, more seriously, "that I receive the injunction, *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* (Matt. vii. 1.) But permit me to state to you, my dear Miss Joanna, that I think there may be some danger in deciding so peremptorily on the merit of any character: 'tis God only who can judge the heart; it is required that a man should form an opinion from the actions."

“Well,” said Joanna, “and what fault have you to find with the actions of Eleanore?”

“None,” said he; “I am not presuming to find fault.”

“My good Mr. Harwood,” said Mrs. Montague, smiling, “what have you in your head now? But when young ladies are in question, young gentlemen cannot be serious or sincere.”

“To prove, then, that I can be sincere,” said Mr. Harwood, “I will confess the truth. I do not question the merits of Miss Eleanore; but when we venture to pronounce decidedly upon the conversion of so young a person as the one in question—one, too, who has never been tried—I think that we are not only in danger of deceiving ourselves, but of injuring the young person of whom we are inclined to form so high an opinion.”

“But Joanna, of course,” said Mrs. Montague, “has, I am sure, had more prudence than to express to the dear girl her good opinion of her.”

“I am not inclined to question Miss Joanna’s prudence,” returned Mr. Harwood; “nevertheless, I am convinced of this, that it is very difficult to conceal from any one with whom we associate familiarly, our opinion of their character. Were I compelled to associate continually with a man whom I considered a determined villain, I could not entirely conceal my feelings of dislike; it would be impossible; my opinion would appear; he could not but become sensible of it. Neither can the emotions of love, admiration, and esteem, be concealed. If you, Miss Joanna, believe Mademoiselle Eleanore to be a converted and decidedly religious character, you will be induced to address her as such. You will be led to speak to her as to an advanced Christian; and, by so doing, you may perhaps lead her into a fatal error, and cause her to suppose herself what she is not; and you may perhaps, by this injudicious conduct, (speaking after the manner of men,) prevent her from becoming what every Christian must wish her to be.”

“You have then made up your mind, Mr. Harwood,” said Mrs. Montague, “that Eleanore is not yet the advanced Christian we suppose her to be?”

“What business have I,” he answered, “so to conclude respecting the young lady?”

“Is she not one of your flock?” said Joanna; “and should not a shepherd know his sheep?”

“He ought certainly to use discernment,” answered Mr. Harwood, “and to pray for information on the subject; but he should not make his opinions known to others.”

“Saucily enough remarked,” said Mrs. Montague, laughing. “Joanna, my dear, you are now answered.”

“I am half offended,” said Joanna.

“I hope,” replied Mr. Harwood, “that I have said nothing rude or uncivil to you, Miss Joanna, or any thing disrespectful of your friend. But when I recollect how extremely difficult it is to decide upon any character, when I consider what the new nature really is, and the false appearances by which a person may deceive others, and, which is still worse, deceive themselves, I always shrink from the practice of setting up any individual as a model, or of expressing strong confidence, too early, in religious professions.”

“But the Scripture says,” returned Joanna, “that a tree may be judged of by its fruits.”

“True,” returned Mr. Harwood; “but are we not too apt to decide, not by the fruit, but by the blossoms?”

“But we have seen more than blossoms in Eleanore,” returned Joanna; “we have seen fruit.”

“Of what kind?” said Mr. Harwood.

“There are many evidences in the character of Eleanore,” continued Joanna, “which must surely denote a converted character. Consider the pleasure she takes in spiritual conversation; the activity she uses in doing good; the sense she often expresses of her own depravity; the zeal she displays for the conversion of her mother; besides a thousand other good qualities which she exhibits, and to which I could refer, to convince your suspicious mind.”

“I can believe,” returned Mr. Harwood, “from my knowledge of human nature, and especially of my own heart, that a young person may evince these dispositions which you have mentioned, and yet be in an unconverted state. Nay, I can believe more than this: that a person may have painful convictions of sin, a strong bent of the affections, a desire, like Esau, for repentance, and possess many rays of divine light, and have some taste of

the good word of God, and yet remain in a state of irreligion.—And I think this particularly likely to happen to an individual living in such a society as our own; where all the weight and influence of rank is thrown upon the side of religion; and where the individual is aware that she shall be admired in proportion to her apparent piety.”

“I believe you are right, after all, Mr. Harwood,” said Mrs. Montague. “Perhaps, Joanna, we have dealt too much in flattery with Eleanore. We have dealt with her too much as an established Christian; not considering her youth and few advantages.”

“At any rate,” returned Joanna, “it is always well to err on the side of charity, and to think better of any individual than he may deserve. But I cannot yet give up my good opinion of Eleanore.”

“No one wishes that you should give it up,” said Mr. Harwood; “but rather that you should investigate more closely, before you conclude any one to be a converted person, and an advanced Christian.”

“And pray, Sir,” said Joanna, “what do you consider to be the best evidence of a really converted character.”

“Deep humility,” returned Mr. Harwood, “which occasions a person to rejoice in every good work, although self has had no hand in it; a steady pursuit of that which is right, without the incentives of human praise; a conscientious observance of private and holy duties; a meek and lowly aspect; without desire to be foremost in conversation; without a wish to make self the hero and idol of our discourse; an entire and unshaken dependance on Christ; and a wish to follow him continually, though it be through the valley of humiliation and the shadow of death. And, to be candid, I do assure you, that I think I have seen more indications of a regenerate mind in the younger daughter of Madame Northington, than I ever observed in the elder.”

“You amaze me!” exclaimed Joanna.

“And you give me a different view of the matter,” said Mrs. Montague; “and it is worth consideration. But, pray tell me, on what particular parts of Antoinette’s character you build your opinion.”

“Especially,” said Mr. Harwood, “on her conduct to her mother. Her extreme attention to the old lady is particularly interesting; and I think I never witnessed

a more pleasing scene than that which presented itself on the day we came upon them so unexpectedly from the side of the wood."

"A pleasing scene!" said Mrs. Montague. "O, you are taken with the beauty of the exterior, Mr. Harwood—the thatched cottage, the pretty porch, the roses and woodbines, the venerable mother, and the blooming daughter sitting at her feet; though, by the by, the word venerable is not altogether suitable to my good cousin Madame Northington."

Mr. Harwood smiled, but answered, seriously, "I make it my prayer, that in matters of this kind even beauty may not pervert my judgment. But, beauty out of the question, (for indeed it must be, as there can be little to prefer in one sister, in this respect, to the other,) I must confess, that I think I have seen in the modesty, the retiring spirit, and gentle aspect of the younger sister, more signs of real grace than I could perceive in the elder."

"Well," said Joanna, "you have now spoken out; and I must confess that I entirely dissent from your opinion. If boldness in a good cause is a proof of grace, Eleanore is as superior to her sister as light to darkness. I, indeed, know that Eleanore has incurred the displeasure of all her family, by the ardour she has evinced for the conversion of her mother; while Antoinette has not supported her by a single effort. But so it is; those who are zealous for religion are liable to be censured, even by the friends of religion itself."

We do not presume to penetrate into the cause of this warmth and irritation which Joanna displayed on the subject; but Mr. Harwood thought it better to divert the conversation into another channel; and soon afterwards, taking his leave, Mrs. Montague was obliged, for the rest of the evening, to listen to the censures of her favourite upon the short-sightedness of the young rector.

A few days after this conversation, the three young ladies happened to meet at the school in the wood before mentioned; and as they walked slowly home, on their return, they entered into the following discourse.

Eleanore began by speaking of her mother's erroneous views with respect to religion; complaining of her obstinate adherence to her corrupted faith, and of her exces-

sive irritation when any hint was given of its not being the right one.

“And can you wonder at this, Eleanore,” said Antoinette, “when you consider that she was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and taught, from her earliest years, to think all it inculcates perfectly and exclusively right?”

“I wonder,” returned Joanna, “at no error of the human heart.”

“But in this case, surely,” said Antoinette, “there is much to be said by way of allowance.”

“No more, Antoinette,” returned Joanna, with a sarcastic smile, “than could be said for a heathen, who in a Christian country persists in his idolatries: nor do I consider the religion of the Papist any better than that of the Hindoo!”

“I am not defending it,” replied Antoinette, calmly.

“What then is the tendency of your remark?” said Eleanore.

“Nothing more,” replied Antoinette, “than that my mother ought rather to be pitied than blamed for the error in which she persists; and that she ought to be treated with tenderness, at least, by her own children.”

“Tenderness!” repeated Joanna; “what is that tenderness which will not arouse a sleeping friend, who is in danger, if his sleep continue, of being enwapt in eternal fire?”

“We do not disagree about the necessity of awakening my mother,” said Antoinette, “but about the manner of so doing. I must say, I do not think my sister’s conduct towards my mother judicious; and, indeed, its effect is decidedly bad; for, instead of removing prejudice, it makes her more attached to her delusions. Formerly I do not recollect seeing her much occupied by her forms; but of late she has been particularly tenacious of them.”

“Then,” said Joanna, “it appears that thus much has been accomplished; that she has now some degree of religion, whereas she formerly had none.”

“But if her religion is false,” said Antoinette, “what good have we done by urging her to cling more closely to it?”

“Any thing,” returned Joanna, “is better than a dead sleep.”

"I cannot think a false security better," replied Antoinette.

"I wish," said Eleanore, "you would press my sister to say what she would have had done for my mother: she neither wishes her, as you perceive, to be awakened, nor to sleep; to be shewn a new way, nor to be driven to her old one. Do, Joanna, make her explain herself, for she will not open her mind to me on this subject; but whenever I express my religious opinion to my mother, she is either silent or leaves the room; and, not unfrequently, she is so foolish as to harden my mother by her tears."

"Why do you say, Eleanore," replied Antoinette, "that I have refused to give you my opinion? Have I not, again and again, entreated you not to enter into any argument with our dear parent; because I perceive that, when she is not in a state of irritation, she will allow me to read the Bible for hours together to her; and she has even accommodated herself so far to me as to join with me in prayer?"

"What sort of prayer?" said Joanna, rather sneeringly.

"In a simple address to Christ, her Saviour and my Saviour. For I often speak to her of the Saviour, and point him out as the only way of salvation to every order and denomination of men; and she hears me with a degree of complacency, which would surprise you, who have witnessed her irritation on these subjects at other times."

"The truth of the matter is," returned Joanna, "that Eleanore endures the brunt and heat of the battle, and that you come quietly in afterwards to gather the spoil: she endures the odium, and you rejoice in the victory."

"Victory!" said Eleanore; "so but the victory is obtained, I do not care who has the renown." So saying, she yielded to a burst of passionate sorrow; and, sitting down on the root of a tree which was near, she continued for some time to weep and bewail herself; while Joanna comforted her by reminding her, that contempt and persecution were the lot of every faithful servant of Christ.

There is not a greater consolation to a young lady, under twenty, than to suppose herself singularly and he-

roically a sufferer. It is astonishing what this single reflection will enable a young lady to undergo. The time was when young ladies delighted in supposing themselves persecuted for their beauty. But, as the records of persecuted beauties are not now held in so much repute as they were in the middle of the last century, when the histories of Pamela and Clarissa were recommended from the pulpit, it has been found necessary that heroines should find some other cause of complaint, more suited to the taste of the day; and, on this account, it has been found convenient, by many young persons, to affect heroic valour on the subject of religion, and thereby to procure difficulties, which would never have existed had not they wished they should. This was the case with Eleanore; and the indiscreet friendship of Joanna was the secret cause of this extraordinary humour.

But my young reader may perhaps think that I am tardy in narrating my story; and that I introduce too many of my private opinions. Fearing that this may be the case, I shall endeavour to proceed with my narrative.

Madame Northington had taken her cottage in the valley for one year only, intending to remain there from year to year, as she might like her situation. But the good lady had a restlessness about her, which made it very improbable that she would remain here so long as she had done at Reading; where a constant flux and reflux of foreigners had added a novelty to the scene, which rendered it very agreeable to her. This was not the case in the valley. When she had admired the roses and woodbines of one summer; the partycoloured leaves of one autumn; the hoar frosts and clear nights of one winter; and the buds and blossoms of one spring; she became tired of the *magnificence* of Madame Montague, and of the bustling loquacity of Mademoiselle Joanna; and, giving her landlord notice to look for another tenant, she prepared herself for a voyage across the Channel.

It might be expected, that, when Eleanore was informed of the intended departure from the cottage of the valley, she would have evinced some uneasiness; but, on the contrary, she expressed considerable pleasure, saying, that she had long wished to see France, and the charming scenes so frequently spoken of by her mother.

“But you forget,” said Monsieur, “that we are not Lutherans on the other side of the water, Mademoiselle; and your religion, however respected it may have been in this place, will not be much revered there.”

“You do not suppose, Monsieur,” replied Eleanore, “that my religious feelings are such as will be affected by the praise, or dispraise, of man? My principles, I hope and trust, are not so variable, as that I should depart from them, because they may not happen to suit those with whom I associate.”

“Bon,” said Monsieur, with an emphatic shrug, “nous verrons.”

“You will not, I hope,” said Eleanore, addressing her mother seriously, “use any compulsion?”

“Point du tout,” replied Madame, waving her hand; “votre père de l’église réformée; and it was his last request, that I should leave his children to liberty of conscience. I have never yet interfered with you, my daughters; and we should do better, if you would allow the same liberty to me.”

Eleanore made no reply, therefore no one can tell what she thought; but Antoinette, taking her mother’s hand, and pressing it to her lips, said, in a gentle tone, “Beloved parent, we are sensible of your indulgence; continue to treat us as you have done, and we will follow you with delight to the most distant part of the world.”

Madame’s heart was warmed by this expression of affection, so consistent with the whole tenor of her younger daughter’s conduct. She accordingly threw her arms round her neck, bestowing upon her many expressions of tenderness; and thus ended the conversation.

During the few weeks previous to the intended departure of Madame and her family, Joanna and Eleanore were almost inseparable, and their professions of admiration and esteem became more fervent than ever. Joanna spoke with increased persuasion of Eleanore’s advancement in the life of faith, and of the manner in which she would surely endure the trials and difficulties she was about to encounter. Keepsakes, and copies of verses, and little notes, were continually interchanged; and, if possible, more close and intimate assurances of everlasting affection were bestowed. It was evident, on the part of Joanna, who had considerable warmth of

heart, that she really looked forward with sorrow to the separation; but Eleanore, notwithstanding her wish to appear sorrowful, was unable to conceal her real state from her mother; who, seeing through all her daughter's disguises, one day exclaimed, in a sort of triumph, "Je crois véritablement, oui, je crois que Eleanore ne s'affligera point à dire un adieu éternel à son amie, et à la belle vallée de S——."

"And why do you think so, mamma?" replied Eleanore, not a little offended. "Do you think that I do not really love Joanna? and that I have not taken a serious and lively interest in all our works of benevolence and charity?"

"Je ne sais pas, —I do not know," said Madame, blending French with English, in her customary manner, when she talked with her daughters, (to whom English was at that period more familiar than their mother's native language,) "cependant j'ai mes soupçons."

"Oh! maman! maman!" replied Eleanore, with warmth, "you are unjust, cruel, barbarous! Heaven only, which knows my heart, is witness of the tender, the unparalleled friendship which exists between me and my beloved Joanna; and Heaven only knows what my sufferings are, and have been, on the prospect of this separation."

Madame shrugged up her shoulders on hearing this; and Monsieur raised his eyebrows, and displayed, in their perfection, the three deep furrows in his large and sallow forehead: then, drawing out his snuff-box, and taking a larger pinch than usual, he closed his box, tapped it with his second and third finger, and restored it to its usual place in his waistcoat-pocket.

It may be asked, what there was in all this in any way reflecting on the friendship existing between Joanna and Eleanore. The young lady, however, saw something in the manner both of Monsieur and Madame which touched her sensibly; and, leaving the room, she indulged herself in weeping for some time. But, as Monsieur had his *salade* to gather and prepare for supper, and Madame had some equally important engagement to call her attention, it was not discovered that Eleanore was so long absent, nor supposed that her heart had received so deep a wound.

I shall not pretend to describe the scene which took place between Joanna and Eleanore on the eve of their departure; nor attempt to give an account at large of the manner in which, to the very last, Eleanore preserved the good opinion of Joanna. Suffice it to repeat one of the expressions used by Mrs. Montague's *protégée* on the occasion.—“You are about to leave our happy and peaceful island, my friend, and to be familiar with scenes where pleasures tempt, and the enemies of religion will persecute: but continue stedfast and unmoveable, as you have hitherto been; braving the displeasure of the world, the alienation of friends, yea, even the contempt of your own family; and, though separated from you, I shall still rejoice and triumph in my Eleanore.”

After this ecstatic and highflown address, by which Joanna had puffed up the mind of her young friend with high conceit of her past good conduct, she proceeded to speak about the necessity of Christian humility; alleging that true wisdom consisted in a man's knowing himself to be without moral strength, and in being disposed to trust for divine aid; and then she summed up the whole by complimenting her friend upon having already attained this knowledge; thus curiously blending right and wrong, truth and error, and indiscreetly mingling eulogiums on humility with incentives to pride;—the effect of which was, that Eleanore returned home, after having taken her last adieu of her friend, with a mind full of self-complacency; as if conscious she possessed some kind of secret, by which she was able to conduct herself better than all the world besides.

This same evening, Antoinette, who had in the morning taken leave of Mrs. Montague and Joanna, walked up to her school on the summit of the hill, to bid farewell to the children who had occupied her attention for so many months past. She carried with her some little books, and certain productions of her own hand, to present to her little charge; and she was just in the act of bidding them adieu, not without some tears, that will flow when any tie of tender intercourse is about to be broken, when Mr. Harwood, brought hither at that moment either by accident or design, appeared at the little gate leading to the school-house. At sight of him, Antoinette disengaged herself hastily from the weeping lit-

the flock, and, entreating a blessing upon them with an emphasis of which she was not herself aware, proceeded to the gate where Mr. Harwood stood; and, as she attempted to pass, said with much feeling, "Good-by, Mr. Harwood; I pray that you may be happy. We go to-morrow: perhaps I may see you no more."

"To-morrow!" he repeated: "what! so soon?" and, letting go the gate from his hand, he followed her steps along the wood-way path. "I am sorry you are going," he said, "I am truly sorry, for my own sake, for those dear children's sake, for your sake, dear young lady."

Antoinette turned her head away to conceal her tears, which were still flowing; yet she had sufficient self-command to speak, and she said, gently, "I thank you, Sir."

Mr. Harwood then proceeded, with much sympathy, to point out to her the dangers to which she would be exposed in the country to which she was going. He made some striking observations on the weakness of human nature; and reminded her that the strength of the Christian was in his God, and not in himself; and that the moment he attempts to proceed in his own strength, his fall is certain.

Much more did this excellent young man say upon the subject; to which his young auditor listened with marked attention. At length, arriving at the brow of the hill, and in view of Madame's house, he stopped, and took his leave of Antoinette, earnestly and ardently praying that the divine blessing might rest continually upon her. She had been much affected during the whole time; it was not, therefore, surprising that she wept when he took his leave, and continued to do so as she urged her way down the side of the hill.

Mr. Harwood stood still till the trees concealed her from his view; then sighing, and exclaiming, "Lovely young lady! may the Redeemer bless you!" he was turning away, when he discovered a lily, which Antoinette had worn in her bosom, lying on the ground. He picked it up. It had been gathered with its leaves, but the stalk was broken just beneath the flower; and the white bells hung languidly down. He was at that moment reflecting on the dangerous situation of this engaging young person in the infidel and popish country to

which she was going; and the simile of a lily among thorns not unnaturally presented itself as he looked upon the flower he held in his hand. Moreover it was a broken stalked lily, and its delicate cups were already fading. Some gloomy apprehension suggested itself as his imagination continued to apply the emblem; but, as he returned back through the wood, he took a small volume of Cowper's poems from his pocket, and, laying the lily smoothly between the leaves, thus preserved it from the speedy dissolution which awaited it.

The next morning, Madame left her cottage, in high spirits; herself, Monsieur, her two daughters, and the faithful Irish damsel; and many hours had not elapsed before they were on board the packet, and in view of the shores of France.

The family landed at Boulogne-sur-Mer; and Madame expressed her highest delight in being able to breathe again the air of France. It was not her intention to proceed to Paris; for her mother was still living; and the resentment of this old lady against her daughter was still so strong, that no kindness could be expected from her. She therefore resolved to stop short of Paris; and, having employed a friend to hire a house at Abbeville, after a night's rest, the travellers proceeded on their journey to that place.

Abbeville is a walled city, on the banks of the Somme, containing few good houses, but a noble church, built in very ancient days.

The house prepared for Madame Northington was in a street which runs parallel with the river. It stood in a court, surrounded with high walls, with a high gateway, and a porter's lodge or house occupied by the *concièrge*.—The house itself was of brick, having few rooms; but these were large and high, with many windows, opening like folding-doors, and descending to the floors of the rooms. The rooms were boarded with a dark wood, cut in octagonal and zigzag forms, and kept carefully polished. The walls were either covered with striped papers, or with coarse oil paintings, representing figures, nearly as large as life, and gaudy landscapes, in imitation, no doubt, of the goblin tapestry. The articles of furniture in these apartments were few, but gaudy, and nothing in good taste but the beds; which, being placed

in recesses, appeared, when the curtains were drawn around them, like the tents we see represented in ancient pictures. But this house, appearing, as it certainly would to English taste, bare, wide, and gloomy, and standing in a dirty street in the dirty town of Abbeville, was much more suited to the taste of Madame than the retired cottage she had just left.

When set down at the gate of this house, she expressed her satisfaction in high terms, and very readily received the congratulations of Monsieur; who, as he led her into the vestibule, complimented her on her new and delightful abode, and upon her return to her native country.

Madame here added to her family a second maid-servant, and lost no time in securing to herself the attentions of a confessor, who resided in the same street, and officiated in the great church. This gentleman made himself very agreeable, both in his religious character, and in that of a visiter; being disposed to sit for hours, with pleasure, playing at *tric-trac* or chess.

It was the day after the arrival of the family at Abbeville, that the following conversation took place between the two sisters. They were together in their own room, which, being situated at the back of the house, commanded a view of the green waters of the Somme, and certain clusters of houses on the other side of the river, inhabited by the lowest of the people, and, by their dilapidated state and antique fashions, denoting their great antiquity; the scene being not unfrequently varied by some small craft which plied on the river. Antoinette, who was seated at the open window, remarked, with a sigh, that they had not exchanged for the better in point of prospect; but that, nevertheless, she should not regret the change if it administered to her mother's happiness.

"I wonder at you, Antoinette," returned Eleanore: "how can you rejoice in that happiness which is produced by such circumstances, and involved in such error and prejudices?"

"True," said Antoinette; "I had for the moment forgotten those things, and I take shame to myself for it."

Eleanore then proceeded to speak with warmth against the mummery and nonsense of the papal religion; de-

claring her fixed resolution to keep herself as remote from it as she was when living under the eye of her dear Mrs. Montague.

“God give us grace so to do!” said Antoinette.

Eleanore looked at her sister with an expression of some wonder, and said, “Antoinette, I have always suspected you, and so has Joanna; she has expressed as much to me; you are secretly inclining, I greatly fear, to the delusions of papacy.”

“Who? I?” said Antoinette, with amazement: “what can you mean?”

“That you do not regard the false doctrines of papacy with the dread and aversion which they merit,” remarked Eleanore.

“O, sister! dear sister! how can you entertain such a thought?” replied Antoinette. “If I know my own heart, I utterly abhor them; and I would reject every doctrine which is not clearly revealed in Scripture; though I would indulge feelings of charity towards all who are under the influence of such errors.”

“I fear for you, notwithstanding,” said Eleanore.

“And, in so doing, you are right,” replied Antoinette, meekly. “And now, dear sister, now,” she added, rising, and embracing her, “let us endeavour, united as we are here, and unfriended, and without a guide in spiritual matters, to support and assist each other: let us make this chamber our chapel; and here, no doubt, we shall find our God as near to us as he ever was.”

Eleanore, in return, embraced her sister; although there was something in her manner which had a chilling and depressing effect, which Antoinette felt, though she could scarcely account for it.

Madame was much occupied during the remainder of the week in remodelling her own and her daughters' dresses: the next Sunday was to be a day of religious festival through all Roman Catholic communities.

“You will accompany me to the great church to-day?” said Madame to her daughters, while taking her coffee, on the Sunday morning.

“You must excuse me, Madame,” said Eleanore, gravely.

Madame looked at Antoinette.

“I am sorry to refuse you, my dear mamma,” said

Antoinette; "but I know your candour; you will not press me."

Madame was evidently disconcerted, and remarked that she should not ask them again. "But you have not seen the mass in France," she said, "and the ceremony will be *magnifique* to-day."

Antoinette thanked her for wishing to gratify them.

"You will go then?" said Madame.

Eleanore did not speak; and Antoinette remained also silent for a moment. At length, deeply affected, she prostrated herself before her parent, and exclaimed, with all the vivacity of her maternal people, "O, beloved mother! if you knew what it costs me to refuse obedience to you, you never would ask me to do what I am unable to grant. I will wait on you as a servant, I will devote my life to your service; but this I cannot do. Never, I implore you, ask me again; for you make me miserable when you compel me to disobey such a parent."

Madame was affected; and the more so, because the manner of Antoinette was generally composed and calm, and free from the expression of passion. She embraced her, and then rising, withdrew to her room, without adding another word.

Where the members of a family have such opposite opinions relative to religion, the Lord's-day cannot prove a day of ease to any of them.

At ten o'clock, Madame, dressed with care, and highly rouged, set off to the great church, attended by Monsieur in his *chapeau quarré*, and followed by her faithful servant carrying her missal.

Eleanore shut herself up in the saloon, up stairs, which was the only apartment that looked upon the street; and, as she expressed a wish to be alone, Antoinette withdrew to her own chamber; and there endeavoured to employ herself profitably, to compensate the loss occasioned by seclusion from divine service with her fellow-creatures.

Those who have visited foreign lands, and who have been deprived of the blessings of public worship, have often experienced the goodness of God, in spreading for them a table in the wilderness, and making waters to flow in the parched desert. Such sovereign goodness and mercy did the solitary Antoinette experience this day;

and, though she saw before her only a group of old black timbered houses across the green and muddy waters of the Somme, which seemed, from their antiquity, to have been coeval with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and the heroes of the Crusades; and although no sound reached her ears but the voices of the little neglected children playing on the banks of the river, and the bells of many churches calling the inhabitants of the city to mass; yet such pleasing reflections occupied her mind, and so enwrappt was she in heavenly desires and glorious prospects, that she started with surprise when she heard the voices of Monsieur and her mother below, who, being returned from mass, were calling aloud for dinner.

Antoinette felt such peace and satisfaction of mind, that it was without effort she appeared cheerful at dinner; and when the repast was finished, she arose, and, fetching her Bible, proposed reading to her mother, according to her former custom. But Madame had now other pleasures and other notions in her head: she accordingly did not receive this proposal so cordially as she had formerly done; but, extending herself on a sofa, and closing her eyes, she said, "Read on, I shall hear;" and presently fell into a deep sleep. Not, however, before she had heard several impressive sentiments, which recurred to her mind when she awoke, as appeared from her remarking, as she called for coffee, "Antoinette, you did not begin where we left off the last time you read; but, perhaps, instead of going straight-forwards, you selected something you thought more suitable to my case. Well, however, you are a good girl; and you did not leave me even while I slept. I love these delicate attentions."

"I delight in pleasing you, my dear mother," said Antoinette; "and, although there are some things on which we do not exactly agree, yet there is one essential particular in which we do, so that I trust we shall coincide in every thing by and by. We both unite in the love of one Saviour, and in placing our whole trust and confidence in him for our salvation; and we both revere the Bible, and I hope we shall, in future, take it increasingly for the guide of our actions."

"I hope so," returned Madame, rising from her sofa: "but hasten the coffee, my child; I am going to walk."

When Madame had taken her coffee, Antoinette contrived to escape out of the room, lest she should be asked to accompany her abroad. But before she had reached her room-door, she heard strong expressions passing between her mother and her sister, on the occasion of Madame's requesting her to join her in her evening airing.

"To-day is Sunday," returned Eleanore to her mother: "I cannot go out on a Sunday."

"Et pourquoi?" said Madame; "were you not always from home les Dimanches en Angleterre?"

Eleanore then entered into a long discussion on the difference of going abroad on a Sunday in England, where every thing she saw confirmed and strengthened her in her faith, and in going out in France, where the habits and customs of the country were so diametrically opposite to it: but Antoinette heard no more, for she closed her door, and returned to her devotional exercises and serious reading.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when Antoinette opened her door again. She found the house perfectly still. She went down into the hall and kitchen, but saw no one. The yard was small and paved, being inclosed with high walls, excepting towards the river; but a few flowering shrubs grew in one corner of the inclosure. She stepped out to enjoy the fresh air, and to gather a rose. No one interrupted her. She heard, indeed, the voices in the street, and the bells continually ringing for vespers; but saw no one.

At length she approached the gate which opened into the street, and saw the old wife of the *concièrge* sitting at her door, in the small house which she occupied by the gate. The old woman accosted her; she returned the salutation, and said, "How long has my mother been gone out?"

"Il y-a deux heures," replied the old woman; "and Monsieur is also gone, and the two servants. Madame is gone to the public gardens, and the servants to the *guingette*. Wherefore does Mademoiselle remain at home?"

After this little adventure, Antoinette returned to her apartment, and remained there till the family returned.

Thus passed the first Lord's-day in France, and much

in the same manner passed the next and the next. In the mean time Madame's acquaintance in Abbeville continued to increase; she was often from home, and oftener received visits at home; not by regular invitation, indeed, but as might happen from those who came to chat and to take coffee.

In this society Eleanore and Antoinette were obliged to mix, more or less: but all was gay under the roof of Madame Northington; and, when her friends were present, she seemed to take little notice whether her children were at home or otherwise. Some of these new connexions were agreeable, and some ingenious; all, however, were sprightly. Madame's spirits arose in this society; and Monsieur told her she was becoming quite sprightly. Antoinette, however, did not attach herself to any of these new associates, though she was polite to all. But Eleanore, after a while, became fond of several individuals among her own sex; and one young lady, who played the harp delightfully, and made artificial flowers so wonderfully resembling nature, that the bees might almost be deceived by them, at length found means to render herself so agreeable to her, and to obtain such influence over her, that, to the great astonishment of Antoinette, she suddenly ceased to speak of Joanna, Mrs. Montague, and the heavenly-minded Mr. Harwood; and declared her determination to learn to play the harp, and to obtain the art of making artificial flowers: "for," added she, "Pauline has undertaken to be my instructress, and will receive me at her house every day for the purpose."

"But Pauline is a Papist," remarked Antoinette; "and will not your going there so frequently lead to unfavourable impressions?"

"O!" said Eleanore, "she will not interfere with my religious principles: though she is nominally a Papist, her sentiments are wonderfully pure; she is no bigot; she has great liberality."

"That is," said Antoinette, "she has no religion at all, I suppose?"

"How uncharitable!" returned Eleanore.

"Not at all," returned Antoinette: "France is full of persons who are without religion; and I consider it a special duty of persons in our situation, to avoid such intercourse."

“Antoinette,” replied Eleanore, “I really am at a loss to know what would please you. My dear Joanna had too much religion for you, and Pauline has too little. The truth of the matter is this, I believe,—that you are of an unsociable temper, and not formed for friendship.”

“Yes, I am,” said Antoinette, “I am formed for friendship; and I earnestly desire to cherish the affection of my natural friend and companion, if she would permit me.”

“Antoinette,” said Eleanore, “there is much jealousy in your disposition: you cannot bear a rival.”

“No,” replied Antoinette; “I do not like to find a rival in a stranger who would deprive me of the confidence of my sister: I bore this sort of rivalry with patience when I thought it was for your good, and when I considered how much you gained by changing my society for that of Joanna; but I shall not so quietly acquiesce in your forming an intimacy with one who may injure you in your religious interests.”

“Antoinette,” said Eleanore, “you are a compound of contradictions: you seem at one time to carry your toleration of the Roman Catholic religion to a great extent, and the next moment you abhor the very name of a Papist. But on these matters,” she added, “we shall never agree; we had better, therefore, call another question.”

Madame Northington and her family had been at Abbeville for nearly nine months, and they were now looking forward to the renewal of spring, and the enjoyment of those pleasures the season might bring. During this interval Madame had possessed a remarkable flow of spirits. Antoinette had been enabled to preserve the same calmness of mind, and integrity of manners, which occasioned her to be so much respected by the discerning Mr. Harwood. Monsieur still continued to make salads and take snuff; and the Irish maid still found means to serve Madame in the heterogeneous offices of cook and *fille-de-chambre*. But an entire revolution had taken place in the pursuits of Eleanore; and some would have thought, also, in her sentiments; but probably this was not altogether the case. She was not become a Papist, but a complete lover of pleasure; being always from home, and intimately associated with young people who were utterly unacquainted with religion.

It is to be supposed that Antoinette sometimes pleaded warmly with her sister on this departure from the right way. She failed not to remind her of the high profession she had once made—of the high reputation she had once held—of the love she had expressed for her Saviour—and of the dreadful condemnation she would bring upon herself, if she still continued to yield to the temptations of pleasure, and to reject the admonitions of truth.

Eleanore generally put off these reproofs by a haughtiness of manner which she well knew how to display; but her sister observed, with pleasure, that she could not conceal the uneasiness which they excited. With pleasure, I say; because this circumstance led her to hope that there still existed some remains of better feeling in her sister's heart. These expostulations had, however, no further effect on Eleanore than to make her uneasy for a little time; and, while the family continued at Abbeville, she became increasingly connected with worldly persons, and departed still further from the character she had formerly assumed.

But my young and inexperienced reader may perhaps be induced to ask, "Is this a common case? Does it often happen, that persons, after having made a great profession of religion in one situation—after having acquired an accurate knowledge of its doctrines—after having possessed the faculty of being able to speak well upon it—and after having seemed to take a delight, for a length of time, in its ordinances and duties—is it common for such persons wholly to depart from the good way, and to plunge themselves again into the follies of the world?"

Yes: I fear these instances are common; and hence the danger of setting up any human being as an idol, or inducing any one to think that he is a pattern to his brethren, or in any way a meritorious object of praise.

The Scripture saith, *Many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first:* (Matt. xix. 30.) and, no doubt, in the great day of account, it will be found that many, whom we may not expect to realize that blessedness, may be admitted into the kingdom of heaven; and some excluded, whom we have looked up to as saints and leaders upon earth. *Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo,*

here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. (Matt. xxiv. 23, 24.)

But the chief object of this narrative is, to point out how far a person may approach to the right way—how well he may talk—how busily he may work—how zealously he may seem to labour for God—and yet be utterly destitute of true godliness; and, because he is influenced by selfish and worldly motives, he may be as utterly devoid of saving grace as the vilest reprobate on earth.

The leading motive of Eleanore's conduct was that selfishness which induced her to accommodate herself to the prevailing fashion in whatever society she happened to reside. It was worth her while, in many respects, to appear pious during the latter years which she spent at school; the same inducement presented itself when living under Mrs. Montague's influence: and, as self-deception is readily practised, it was particularly soothing and agreeable to her to be told, by Joanna, that she was an exalted Christian, and one who was ready to renounce all for her God; and there is little doubt but that, at the time, she believed all her friend's commendations to be no more than she thoroughly deserved. On coming to Abbéville, however, all temptation to seem what she was not suddenly ceased; and it was therefore not surprising that she presently threw off the cloak, and plunged into all the pleasures of the world.

Madame had a particular restlessness of disposition, owing, in some measure, perhaps, to her disagreement with her mother. She wished to be restored to favour, and to move again in the exalted sphere in which she had been born. Accordingly, at the end of a twelve-month, she gave up her house in Abbeville, and moved towards Paris, where her parent then resided, and employed several instruments to bring about a reconciliation, but without effect, her mother being a woman of extraordinary pride. She seemed to feel this disappointment much; and, finding no rest in the neighbourhood of Paris, she yielded to Eleanore's solicitation to proceed towards Switzerland, where Monsieur had a

small estate and farm-house, occupied by a tenant, in the valley of Anzasca.

The journey was tedious; and the family met with a very painful accident in descending a steep road in the south of France. The horses took fright, and, running furiously down the hill, the carriage was overturned; and Madame, who had very imprudently put her head out of the window at the first alarm, received so dreadful a contusion, that she was taken up for dead, and remained for many hours totally insensible.

It was in the neighbourhood of a large and venerable convent where this accident happened; and to this place Madame, being taken up by some peasants who were working in the adjoining field, was conveyed; Eleanore and Antoinette, who were but slightly hurt, followed their mother; while Monsieur and the Irish maid remained behind, to look after the carriage and baggage.

The convent to which the peasants were bearing the apparently lifeless Madame Northington stood at the bottom of a deep valley, inclosed with high grounds, covered to their summits with vineyards. The valley widened just around the convent; and a number of ancient and magnificent trees half concealed the Gothic walls and turrets of the venerable edifice.

The peasants hastened forwards, and, having rung at the gate, the door was presently opened, and Madame was carried into a large hall; where, being laid on a long bench, various members of the society gathered round her; and an elderly nun, who had been accustomed to act as doctress and nurse of the society, declared, that, if the lady were not instantly bled, no hope could be entertained of her recovery.

“Oh, Madame!” said Antoinette, in extreme agony, “cannot we procure some one to bleed her? O my mother? suffer her not to die in this way, without time for thought, for repentance, for any serious reflection.”

“Do not agitate yourself, my daughter,” said the lady-abbess, a venerable and dignified personage, who had entered the hall on the first report of the affair; “all that you so piously wish shall be done.” And, so saying, she with her own hands bared the arm of Madame; while the old nun before mentioned prepared to perform the operation.

It was some moments after the incision was made before the blood began to flow; and, during that time, an awful stillness reigned through the hall, interrupted once only by the voice of the abbess, who uttered an expression of fear lest their help should be too late. The blood at length flowed freely; and Madame, after having uttered one or two deep sighs, opened her eyes.

“The holy Virgin be praised!” said the abbess; “she lives! But, my sisters, more must be done; a physician must be sent for, and her head examined: there may be injury there.”

Accordingly, the abbess very kindly gave orders that a medical man, who lived in the neighbourhood, should be immediately called; and, directing that the sick lady should be lifted up, and laid on a bed, she continued some time conversing with Eleanore, and enquiring the name of the family, and the cause of the accident.

In the mean time, Madame was raised up on the arms of the nuns, and carried through the hall, followed by Antoinette. They passed a high and arched doorway, and came to an ample staircase, illuminated by a high Gothic window of painted glass, and ornamented with a ballustrade of richly-carved wood. They ascended this staircase, and entered a very long gallery, receiving its light from a window at each end. Along this gallery were ranged many doors, opening into the little cells of the nuns. At the end of this gallery two others branched off, in the form of a cross. At the further end of one of these was the chapel; and, at the other, the abbess's apartment, and a chamber appointed for distinguished guests. Into this chamber Madame was carried, and laid upon a bed, from whose lofty tester were suspended curtains of dark velvet.

This apartment was hung with the tapestry of Gobelin; the subjects represented being from the legends of the saints. In the centre, between two large windows, was a figure of the Virgin, large as life, wearing a crown, and holding, on one arm, the infant Jesus, and, on the other, a globe, indicating her sovereignty over the earth. Before this figure was a marble table, on which lay a superb missal, and a string of beads.

Antoinette, as soon as her mother was laid on the bed, approached her, and spoke to her; but, although Ma-

dame had her eyes open, and appeared to be looking about her, she made no answer.

“Are you better, Madame?” said Antoinette; “are you in pain?”

Antoinette repeated her question several times; and at length Madame replied, by asking her if it would be long before they reached the highest summit of the Alps; “for,” added she, “I long to go down on the other side; this excessive elevation, this towering height, so far above the clouds, makes my head dreadfully dizzy.”

Antoinette turned with terror from her mother, and looked at the nuns, several of whom stood by her.

“My daughter,” said the sister Beatrice, (the old nun before mentioned,) “your mother’s head is affected; she does not know what she says. Do not speak to her.”

Antoinette made no reply; but, sitting down by the bed, she continued to weep for some time; her mind being exercised by many exceedingly painful thoughts respecting the spiritual state of her mother; who had appeared more averse to real religion, and more attached to mere forms, for some months past, than she had ever before known her to be.

When the surgeon arrived, he expressed a fear that Madame had received a very severe injury on the head; and added, that an operation must be performed, which, though painful, was absolutely necessary for the preservation of life.

It being thought improper that her daughters should be present during the operation, and as they felt unfit for conversation with strangers, the abbess very kindly permitted them to retire to a small apartment prepared for them, where they were presently joined by their old servant; who, having informed them that Monsieur was lodged in the village, hastened to attend her mistress, leaving the two sisters to converse with each other.

“I cannot sleep,” said Antoinette, “till I hear that all is safely over. O my poor mother! may her life, if it please God, be preserved a little longer!”

Eleanore joined in the same wish, and proceeded to relate to her sister the conversation which she had entered into with the abbess. She expressed her sense of the kindness of these strangers; and added, “While we are here, we must, if possible, conceal from them that

we are not of the same sentiments with respect to religion."

"It will not, perhaps, be necessary to enter on the subject," returned Antoinette.

"But they will surely require of us to join them in prayer, and to hear mass," said Eleanore.

"Why should we look forward to difficulties which may never arise?" replied Antoinette.

"It is as well," returned the other, "to make up our minds on what we are to do, if required to avow our faith one way or another."

"There can be no difficulty in that," returned Antoinette; "we must not pretend to be what we are not. But we may hope, that, although firm, we shall have grace given us not to be violent or ungrateful."

Eleanore made no answer; and the sisters remained silent till their servant returned to them, and told them that the operation was over, and their mother was going to sleep.

The young people were much relieved by this news, and soon were enabled to take some rest.

It was necessary to keep Madame still for many days; no one was allowed to speak to her: and as her Irish maid was thought to be the most experienced nurse of the family, she was ordered to remain with her; and her daughters were, by this circumstance, left at liberty.

As Eleanore had expected, though treated with the utmost kindness, and even familiarity, by the nuns and novices, they were required to hear mass and join in prayer.

On this occasion, Antoinette confessed that she had been brought up in the Reformed Church; but Eleanore, to the extreme astonishment of her sister, hinted, that, though she had been educated by the Protestants, she had much respect for the faith of her mother's country; and that she had no objection to join with the novices in their religious exercises.

In consequence of these avowals, Antoinette was immediately treated with indifference by some of the nuns; and was exposed to hear perpetual discourses in favour of the Romish religion; while Eleanore instantly became a favourite through the whole house; and was in danger of being as intimate with the young nuns and novices as

she had been with Joanna and Pauline. But the effect of this intimacy was not, as Antoinette expected, an increase of superstitious zeal; but a sudden elevation of spirits; and continual whisperings with her young companions; and frequent games at romps and loud titterings with the novices, when unobserved by the elder nuns.

In a short time, Eleanore appeared to be acquainted with all the tricks and jests of these giddy and uninstructed girls; as was evident by certain expressive looks and watch-words which passed between them, when assembled at meals, in the presence of the more serious nuns, and on other occasions.

Where a number of persons are together in one house, with little employment, unless the discipline is very strong, and the rulers are extremely watchful and discerning, the most odious vices will creep in, and offences will grow to a magnitude and luxuriance of which those who are ignorant of human nature can have little idea. Hence the goodness of Almighty God, who has associated mankind in small and distinct families; providing, in his wisdom, that each family should have its special ruler and natural government; and great is the folly of man, who counteracts, in a thousand instances, these arrangements of a wise Providence.—But to return to our story.

Madame was declared out of danger; and Monsieur, who had waited in the village near the convent, now thought himself at liberty to proceed to Switzerland, to prepare for the reception of his friend, when she should be fit to travel. But before his departure he made as handsome a present to the convent as his slender means would permit; cordially thanking its inmates for their kindness to his relative.

After the departure of Monsieur, Madame's health gradually improved; notwithstanding which, her daughters observed that great pains were used to keep them from her; and that, when they did see her, her manner was cold and reserved. The truth of the matter was, that the abbess, on finding that Eleanore and Antoinette were Protestants, had taken occasion to speak to their mother on the subject, and had blamed her for bringing them up in error; and, having declared to her that there is no salvation out of the Romish Church, she had filled

her with distress and terror; and had so effectually worked upon her fears, that she was the prey of superstitious horrors; and was, in fact, thrown into a state of derangement; which occasioned her to be unspeakably wretched. She, however, confessed her sin to the abbess; and assured her that she would use all the influence in her power to induce her children to renounce their heresies. In the mean time, her bodily health was restored; and, as there was no longer any reason for her remaining at the convent, every thing was prepared for their journey, and she proceeded with her daughters and servant towards Switzerland.

Eleanore and Antoinette had observed the gloom of their mother, and the absence and wildness of her manner: they hoped, however, that these symptoms would gradually pass away when she was at a distance from the convent, and witnessed new scenes, and formed new acquaintance; but when, after having travelled several miles in an open carriage which they had hired to bring them to the foot of the Alps, she still retained the same gloomy indifference, Antoinette began to be alarmed, and Eleanore to be irritated.

“I fear that you are not well, Madame?” said Antoinette.

“Well in body, but ill at ease in mind,” returned Madame.

“And wherefore should you be unhappy, Madame?” said Antoinette; “are not your children and your faithful servant with you? and are you not going to a dear friend, and into a delightful country?”

Madame, in reply, burst into tears, and then avowed her uneasiness, and the cause of it; adding, with much tenderness, “My dear children, I cannot bear to look forward to your perdition. O! permit me to persuade you to renounce your errors. Make me happy in thinking that the souls of my children are not doomed to destruction.”

Antoinette replied, in the most affectionate manner, “Beloved parent, make yourself easy; we will talk on these subjects another time; we will hear all you have to say; and we will read the Bible together, and pray for help from above: but at present you are weak and low, and not able to converse on these subjects. Let us

now enjoy these lovely prospects, and refer this argument to another time."

"But do not, Antoinette," said Eleanore, "do not hold out false hopes to our mother: you know your determination against the Roman Catholic doctrines; you have lately evidenced your dislike in the strongest manner; and yet you promise our mother to consider of them again. Is this just and upright?"

Antoinette looked at her sister with an expression of displeasure, such as she had scarcely ever before betrayed; then turning to her mother, she said, "I give you leave, Madame, to judge of my religious principles by my actions. If I am assisted to treat you with attention and tenderness, be assured that the help is from above; and do at least defer for a while any uneasiness respecting my spiritual state. And now, dear parent," she added, "I must give you an account of the manner in which my time was occupied among the kind sisters, while you were shut up in your room. We breakfasted, dined, and supped in the refectory. Our fare was plain, but neatly served, and wholesome; and I was much pleased with the novelty of this way of life. And then the work, mamma, the beautiful work the nuns execute, I could scarcely have conceived so much variety possible; I learned many new stitches; and, I hope, improved myself in embroidery."

In this manner she proceeded, making out a long story from slender materials, but in an innocent way; till Madame's attention was engaged, and her spirits revived; of which she gave evidence by making certain remarks on the country through which they passed. At length, coming to a little stream and a mill by the side of the road, Antoinette said, "That little mill, and that stream, and that wood in the back-ground, remind me of a story I heard at school: the thing happened in France, in this part of France, I think; perhaps in this very place. Shall I tell it you, Madame?"

"Why, Antoinette," said Eleanore, "you are very full of talk to-day!"

"O, that is because I am pleased," she said. "But, mamma, will you hear my story?"

"Yes, child," said Madame; "it will perhaps divert me."

So Antoinette told some tale which she adapted to the scene, and her mother listened; and thus she beguiled the time till they came to the end of their first day's journey.

"You are, and always were, an unaccountable girl, Antoinette," said her sister, when she found herself alone with her. "How long have you taken up this talkative humour? and how long is it to last?"

"As long as it diverts my mother," replied Antoinette.

"But where is the profit of it?" asked Eleanore.

"I do not know," replied the other; "but if the Almighty pleases, it may, perhaps, hereafter turn to some account."

"You have some scheme in view, Antoinette," said Eleanore, "I am certain you have."

"You are not mistaken, sister; I have two," replied the other: "one is to amuse and please my mother, and make her fond of my company."

"And the other?" asked Eleanore.

"To induce her, if possible, to hear me speak upon religious subjects, without irritation," added Antoinette.

"You will never succeed," returned Eleanore.

"I shall, if I am divinely assisted," replied the other.

"Can you expect the divine blessing," asked her sister, "upon ways so circuitous?"

Antoinette made no answer; and the conversation ended. She however persisted in her plan of amusing her mother, by frequently talking to her; and she succeeded so far, that Madame appeared tolerably cheerful during the remainder of the journey; though it was feared, from many circumstances of her conduct and appearance, that her brain had sustained an injury which had impaired her intellect past the hope of recovery.

The little family crossed the Alps without accident; and, having travelled through a part of Switzerland, arrived at Vanzon, where Monsieur had promised to meet them in order to escort them to the valley of Anzasca.

It was from the town of Vanzon that Monsieur first pointed out to them Monte Rosa, the glory of the southern Alps, raising its snow-crowned peaks above the dark, deep, and rich valley of Anzasca.

Madame and her family spent a night at Vanzon, and pursued their course the next morning.

The valley of Anzasca is perhaps one of the most beautiful and fertile regions in the world; being remarkable for its rich vegetation, which is scarcely equalled in Europe. The roads through this charming valley are everywhere shaded in the autumn by pendent vines; and the most luxuriant vineyards, above and below, overspread terrace above terrace. Here are rich and verdant meadows which present all the varieties of Arcadian landscape; nor are mountain torrents, channelling the rocks, and forming grand and refreshing waterfalls, wanting to improve the scene, and to shew what the God of nature can do to adorn the habitation of man. Chesnut trees, of a size and beauty truly astonishing, shadow these lucid streams, and shelter the cattle beneath them.

The valley is in many parts extraordinarily deep; and many neat villages are scattered through its delightful and peaceful shades. But who shall enumerate the variety of lovely flowers which beautify these verdant solitudes?—flowers of various tints and hues; and fitted for almost every climate, according to their situation on the southern bank or northern crag. These lovely pastures gradually rise from the depths of the valley up to the rocky summits of the snow-clad mountain.

At the moment when the carriage which conveyed Madame and her family entered the valley, the summits of the mountain exhibited a bright and rosy tint, which, contrasted with the dark shades at its base, presented a scene so glorious as to defy all description. Madame appeared cheerful; her spirits were raised by seeing herself again surrounded by her family; and the presence of Monsieur seemed to give her renewed pleasure. Monsieur was a botanist, and anticipated much pleasure in exploring the mountain; and Madame, though formerly fond of company and gaiety, was not without some taste for the beauties of nature. She was much pleased with the lovely scenes, which varied every moment as they advanced into the valley; and Antoinette, full of admiration, which these attractive objects inspired, was not less happy than the rest of her companions. Eleanore was the only one who was not pleased. She did not like the tinge of solitude which every object exhibited. Eleanore could not live without gay excitement; and though there were many villages scattered over this dis-

trict, yet the appearance of the houses did not excite the anticipation of much pleasure, or the lively amusement which she had found in the neighbourhood of the English cottage.

At length, Monsieur pointed out, with much glee, the gable-ends of his old mansion, appearing from between two small groves of chesnut. The house was of stone; of old and heavy architecture; with a large stone porch projecting in front. The travellers had scarcely time to glance at this enlivening object, when it disappeared, owing to the winding of the road, for a considerable length of time; till, at length emerging from a shadowy lane of exquisite beauty, they suddenly found themselves in the paved court-yard of this old mansion, which was now converted into a farm-house.

A neat Swiss dame was ready to receive them, and to conduct Madame through the old hall to a large parlour, opening with folding-doors into a garden, where a collation of fruit, cream, cheese, and butter, was set forth on a rustic table.

Madame loved novelty, and the scene suited her; for the garden was fragrant with flowers, rich with fruit, and gay with bees. Beyond the high old wall which encompassed the garden, were the groves of chesnut before spoken of; and above and beyond these appeared the nearer parts of the mountain, exquisitely disposed in lights and shades, in upland and dingle, in lawn and woodland; and beyond, still beyond, arose the snowy peaks, now no longer glowing with a rosy hue, but of a brilliant and dazzling white. Madame was all rapture, and Monsieur full of talk; Antoinette was therefore glad to withdraw into silence; her newly-taken-up character of loquaciousness being as uncongenial to herself as it was now unnecessary.

After having partaken of the refreshment, and spent some time in conversation, the family adjourned to their apartments.

At the usual hour in the morning, Antoinette went to her mother, hoping to find that she had slept well; but what was her grief on perceiving that she was in tears, and that the high spirits of the day before had yielded to an excessive depression! "O, Antoinette!" said she, "I am unhappy; I have been thinking of you and Elea-

nore; I have been reflecting on all that was said to me in the convent; I have been blaming myself for marrying a heretic; I have been blaming myself for bringing up my children among heretics; and unless you, my child, my Antoinette, the daughter of my heart, unless you consent to renounce your heresies, I shall be miserable through life."

Antoinette had a small Bible in her hand, which she had brought with her, with the design of reading to her mother. She held the book before her mother, and said, "Dear parent, we shall now have abundance of leisure; we will talk together every day in the beautiful environs of this place; we will sit down at the foot of the mountain, and I will read this holy book to you; and I will promise you, that in whatever instance you shall be able to prove to me that any one of my opinions is contrary to Scripture, I will renounce that opinion; and we will pray together; pray that we may be guided into truth; and I doubt not but our prayers will be heard."

Madame seemed consoled by this proposal of her daughter, and consented to rise and go down to breakfast.

There is a restlessness frequently attendant on derangement of the head; a restlessness which proves a very severe trial to the afflicted person, and also to those with whom they associate. Madame had always been fond of novelty, and became soon weary of the same place, and of permanent employment. But this restlessness was now become excessive; so that she was never easy but when walking about, and being talked to, read to, or attended to, in some form or other; being in twenty moods in one day; sometimes laughing, sometimes crying, sometimes talking, sometimes silent, sometimes angry and irritable, and again pleased to excess with every thing.

Severe in the extreme was the trial to her daughters. And now was the time when the work of grace was to be proved. It was not the trial of an hour or a day, but of many weary hours and lingering days. It was a trial which Eleanore could not endure; she shrank from it, and confessed that it was a burden too intolerable to be borne. "My mother," she said, "is humoursome, she

is whimsical, she is gloomy, she is self-indulgent; I do not think we ought to comply with her."

"Her head is evidently injured by the accident," said Antoinette; "she is not herself. Let us try to bear with her; or, rather, let us pray for help."

Eleanore made no reply; and the burden of attention was thrown on Antoinette, excepting at those short intervals when Monsieur or the maid-servant were enabled to relieve her.

And now let us attend this pious and lovely young woman through all her patient labours to serve and please an afflicted mother. Let us see her conducting her distressed and afflicted parent through all the beautiful environs of the farm-house in which they resided; sometimes, when the weather suited, sitting down with her on the grass; then strolling with her through a shady lane, or by a mountain brook; sometimes leading her through the farm-yard, or dairy, or in any path her wayward fancy might direct her; talking to her, at times, in a lively strain, or telling her stories, or watching an opportunity to pray with her, or to read to her from the sacred Scriptures. Often would she take occasion, from some striking scenery of nature, to lead her thoughts to heaven; and to speak of the blessedness of that region where sorrow and sighing shall be no more, and where everlasting bliss will be enjoyed in the presence of the Redeemer.

The divinity, the character, the offices, the merits, and the death of the Redeemer, were the frequent subjects of this young woman's discourse; and when Madame alluded to the supposed merits of the saints, or any other popish error, Antoinette had always some little manœuvre to draw off her mother's attention from these matters; till, by the divine blessing, she had contrived to place the whole paraphernalia of popery so far in the back-ground, that Madame's mind was almost conducted to the simplicity of the Reformed Religion without being sensible of it; and the consequence of this was, that her mind was more calm, her opinions were more simple, her desires more heavenly, and her affections much refined; and all this was accomplished without her being conscious that she was no longer a Papist.

One morning, while Antoinette was congratulating

herself upon this blissful change in the mind of her mother, Eleanore, on some slight occasion being given at breakfast, began to speak upon the subject of religion; touching on some of those points which had formerly been the cause of dispute between herself and her mother. Madame's cheek began to flush, and her eyes to express displeasure. Antoinette looked imploringly at her sister; but Eleanore refused to take the hint. Madame grew angry—she spoke loudly—she trembled, and reverted to the unpleasant affairs which had taken place in the convent; adding, that the abbess had censured her justly when she condemned her for allowing heretics to educate her daughters.

Antoinette was exceedingly displeased; perhaps she had seldom, in the course of her life, felt herself so carried away by hasty feelings. She turned to her sister, and said, “Eleanore, by your entire neglect of our mother, for many weeks past, you have forfeited your right to address her any longer on religious subjects.”

Eleanore, as might be expected, answered with warmth. But as she spoke, Antoinette had time to recollect herself; and, with true Christian grace and humility of spirit, she held out her hand to her sister, and begged her pardon; while, in a tone more worthy of her high and holy profession, she humbly entreated her, as a friend, henceforward to avoid religious disputes; and thus the contention ceased between the sisters. But not so the consequences of the imprudent remarks made by Eleanore; for she had revived by them so many painful remembrances in the breast of her mother, that the poor afflicted lady was again filled, for a length of time, with spiritual distress; and it was many days before Antoinette could be the means of restoring her to a composed state.

Now the spring arrived, with all its attractions; and Antoinette was engaged in leading the parent she loved through the fair and pleasing scenes which surrounded them. Antoinette found perpetual objects of amusement for her dear parent; and discovered, with delight, that she was gradually recovering her cheerfulness; though, at the same time, she perceived more childishness and feebleness of intellect in the afflicted lady than she had remarked in the autumn.

It was in the month of April, when all nature was smiling around, that the family were surprised, one morning, while they were at breakfast, by the arrival of a young gentleman; who, entering the room, addressed Madame as his aunt, the two young ladies as his cousins, and Monsieur as an old friend.

This was no other than the eldest son of Madame Northington's brother, the Comte de J—, the young Theodore de J—; or, as he was termed, the Chevalier de J—. He had been taking a tour in Italy; and, on his return, had left his travelling-companions, that he might visit his relations in the valley of Anzasca.

The Chevalier de J— was the complete man of fashion, though possessing all the ease which is common to his countrymen. His person was remarkably fine, and his face strikingly handsome; his eyes being dark and brilliant, and his features regular and manly. "I am come, Madame," said he to his aunt, after the first salutations were over, "to spend a fortnight with you; and to explore with you, Monsieur, the various heights of your mountain. Afford me and my valet some room in a neighbouring cottage, and we shall be perfectly satisfied."

Madame was all rapture at the sight of her nephew; Monsieur full of compliment; and Eleanore violently seized with her old temptation, viz. the desire of pleasing at all events. What was passing in the mind of Antoinette was not equally apparent, as the expression of her countenance did not vary from its usual composure. Certain it is, that a mind under divine influence, as we suppose that of Antoinette to have been, is not liable to those rapid transitions from joy to sorrow, from elation to depression, to which other minds are subject. She, however, was particularly courteous to her cousin, and thanked him for his kindness in visiting her poor mother; but, as the rest of the company were all eager to talk, less was required of her.

The party sat some time over their breakfast; after which, they placed themselves before the doors which opened into the garden, where they enjoyed a fine prospect of the mountain.

Madame had many questions to ask her nephew, and the young gentleman had much to relate. Eleanore had

also many little contrivances for drawing attention to herself; and Monsieur had also his stories to tell: in consequence of which, the conversation did not flag; and Antoinette, who was silent, had ample leisure to contemplate the character of her cousin. She thought him pleasing—particularly so; his manners were a pattern of ease, refinement, and fashion. He was aware, that, by this visit, he was conferring a favour; while his vanity and self-love were pleased by the manner in which he had been received: he was, therefore, in high good-humour; and his fine features glowed with youth and conscious pride. Another circumstance also rendered him additionally pleasing in the eyes of Antoinette. From the first moment he had seen her, he had been struck with her appearance; for her modesty and piety had given her forcible attractions in his eyes, though he was probably unaware of the cause whence these attractions proceeded. And although the loquacity of the party had prevented him from addressing her particularly; nevertheless, there was a something in his manner, when he turned towards her, of respect and deference, which raised him in her opinion. In short, she thought him so amiable, that she could not help frequently saying to herself, “How heartily do I wish that my cousin Theodore were of the Reformed Church!”

A conversation, carried on for some hours, is seldom worthy of recapitulation; especially when the parties are, for the most part, destitute of true seriousness; I shall, therefore, pass on till the dinner-hour; after which, the evening being cool, the party set out to walk. Antoinette, as usual, kept close to her mother, and declared her intention of proceeding no further than her mother could conveniently bear. Monsieur wished to tempt the chevalier into the higher regions of the hill; and Eleanore was ready to accompany them. Accordingly, these three climbed some considerable steeps; and the sound of their voices in loud laughter frequently reached the ears of those below.

Antoinette directed her mother's eye to them, in different points of view, as they ascended; and the old lady regretted her inability to be with them.

At length they quite lost sight of them, and Madame sat down on the grass with her gentle daughter by her

side. Antoinette's little Bible was then produced; and she had already read several chapters from the Prophet Isaiah; commenting, in her simple way, as she proceeded; and endeavouring to represent to her mother the future glory of Christ's kingdom on earth; a subject on which she especially delighted to dwell; when suddenly she heard a noise behind her, and, looking upwards, she saw her cousin bounding like a chamois down the hill, having left his companions on the heights above.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the old lady, as he approached, his fine features glowing from the exercise, "where have you left your cousin, and Monsieur?"

The young gentleman made no reply to this question, but approaching Antoinette, he presented her with a *bouquet* of mountain flowers, saying, "My beautiful cousin, I bring you this offering from the hills, to prove to you, that, lovely as these flowers are, they are infinitely excelled by those of the valley."

Madame called for an explanation; when the gallant chevalier added, "There is a bloom in this flower of the valley (pointing at the same time to his cousin) more rare and excellent than any thing which Paris or Versailles could possibly supply."

Madame laughed: "Ah," she said, "des compliments, such as I remember in my youth:" then turning to Antoinette, she added, "but she deserves every kind thing you can say to her; she is the best of daughters."

"To the best of mothers," returned Antoinette quickly: and, laying her hand on her mother's arm, "a good mother, cousin Theodore," she added, "will make a good daughter."

By this time Theodore had extended himself on the grass, at the feet of the ladies, and, having thrown aside the ermine cap which he used for travelling, was brushing up his hair from his forehead with his open hand, at the same time whispering to Antoinette a compliment of a less equivocal nature than the one he had before ventured to utter.

He had spoken low, but Antoinette answered aloud, "Dear cousin, let us be as brother and sister while we are together, and do not say more to me than you really think."

"I never say more than I really think," said the

young man, looking earnestly at her, and speaking with quickness.

“I did not mean to call your sincerity in question, Theodore,” said Antoinette; “but while we are together let our intercourse be that of a brother and sister. I have no brother; I have never known that endeared relation. Let me experience this kind of friendship in my cousin.”

Theodore looked at her with an expressive and enquiring glance; then added, “So let it be. And now, my dear sister Antoinette, tell me, do you never leave your mother’s side?”

“I never wish to do so,” said Antoinette, cheerfully; “for where, I pray, can I be better?”

“My sister Antoinette is a prodigy,” remarked Theodore.

“What!” said Madame, “is it such a wonder in these days to see a daughter by her mother’s side?”

The conversation then took another turn; and Eleonore presently appeared descending the hill, and playfully reproaching her cousin for want of gallantry, in having led her into difficulties, and left her in them.

It was impossible for him to be deaf to such a call; he sprang up immediately, and was at the young lady’s side in a few minutes. The party then returned to supper, and the conversation was kept up with considerable gaiety till the hour of rest.

In the manner described above, did several days pass after the arrival of Theodore, with the exception of one or two exploring parties on the mountain, from which the ladies were of course excluded.

During this time, it became evident to all, that Antoinette was the favourite of the chevalier; and Madame, with her usual want of judgment, expressed her pleasure on this idea; and said, more than once, “O, Antoinette, what delight would it give me to see you married to your cousin!”

Antoinette could have answered, “How could you expect me to marry a Roman Catholic?” but, dreading to refer to this forbidden topic, she said, “Am I not without a dowry, mamma? it cannot be expected that my uncle should give his consent to such a marriage. It is better therefore that we should never think of it.”

In the mean time, the marked attentions and strong expressions of the pleasing youth were continually drawing the thoughts of Antoinette to the subject; and the strength of natural inclination, though powerfully controlled in her regenerate heart, now arose with a vivid power and influence to plead for the young man; and Antoinette was compelled to confess that she had never known so great a trial. Nature now entered into a contest with grace, as warmly and as vehemently as could be imagined; and Antoinette painfully felt that she should assuredly fall in the contest if not divinely upheld. For some time past she had slept in a little closet within her mother's room, instead of her sister's apartment; and now she found the comfort of such retirement; and, by the divine blessing, she used the opportunity to indulge in earnest prayer, and endeavours to raise her soul above all vain allurements. Sometimes, indeed, she could do little more than say to her God, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!" Nevertheless, He who had given her the heart to cry thus to him in the anguish of her spirit, speedily appeared for her relief; and, before the young man had left the valley, she found herself fully enabled to renounce him in her own mind; and, to further her object, she withdrew as much as possible from his society. She was afterwards confirmed from day to day in the propriety of this renunciation, by finding that her cousin, though a nominal Papist, was, in fact, an infidel of the school of Voltaire; of whom he continually spoke with enthusiasm, until checked by her; for, one day, in the warmth of her feelings, she observed that she considered the friend of Voltaire as an enemy of God.

From that time the young man spoke more cautiously of this infidel writer, and more guardedly in the presence of Antoinette on the subject of religion; notwithstanding, sufficient proofs were afforded her, that her opinion respecting his infidelity was well founded.

But my history has run to so great a length, that I feel myself compelled to pass over certain events very briefly, that I may be able to enter more fully on some circumstances of more importance.

After a protracted residence of a month in the valley of Anzasca, the Chevalier de J—— took his leave, though

not before he had made such a declaration of his regard for Antoinette, as rendered it necessary for her to give him a very decided answer, which she did agreeably with the intention she had formed of rejecting his suit, should it ever be brought forward.

Madame and Monsieur were displeased at her behaviour on this occasion; but she soon found means to reconcile them to her again by the amiableness of her deportment.

After his departure, the little family continued to reside together, in some tranquillity, till the end of the autumn, when a decided change took place in the state of Madame's mind.

The conduct of Antoinette, with respect to her cousin, had so forcibly convinced her mother of the stability and sincerity of her religion, that she began to regard her with increased esteem, and to listen to her with increased delight; and many were the profitable hours which this mother and daughter spent together in the beautiful regions at the foot of the mountain; while such a revolution took place in the mind of Madame, as Antoinette could no otherwise account for than by believing that the Lord had granted a blessing on her humble endeavours to lead her parent in the heavenly way: this caused her to rejoice exceedingly, and her heart was filled with consolation.

The change observable in Madame was this—her spirits were become calm and equable, her mind was full of heavenly things, and her concern about worldly matters nearly vanished. She appeared truly a new creature in Christ Jesus: old things were passed away, and all things were become new. Her health in the mean time was feeble; and, in the end of the summer, her weakness increased; but, before the autumn was far advanced, her state was such, that her children looked daily forward to her death. At length, that event took place; and, though some time expected, it seemed sudden at last. She expired in the arms of Antoinette; and the last words she uttered were expressive of gratitude to God for giving her such a child, and of her hopes of salvation in Christ her Saviour.

I will not attempt to describe the grief of Antoinette, or the feelings of other individuals of the family, on the

occasion. Among Madame's clothes a will was found, which had been made and executed at Abbeville, but with the existence of which her daughters were unacquainted. In this will the Comte de J——, and his mother the comtesse, were appointed guardians of her daughters, if she died while they were under age; he was also appointed trustee for the whole of his sister's little property.

This arrangement was replete with many very unpleasant circumstances to Antoinette, though, as it appeared, by no means equally so for Eleanore, who had long secretly sighed to be acknowledged by her noble relations. Some doubt was, however, entertained whether the comtesse and her son would administer to the will and accept the offices of guardians; but this doubt was cleared up so soon as letters between the parties could be exchanged. The old comtesse, when informed of the death of her daughter, seemed to lose all sense of displeasure against her, and even expressed a wish to see her children.

Monsieur accordingly settled his affairs in Switzerland, and once again prepared to pass the Alps with his young cousins; resolving to take leave of them when he had consigned them to their grandmother's care.

I could say much of the grief of Antoinette in quitting the valley of Anzasca—a place endeared to her by many tender recollections. She continued to cast many a look back on the high peaks of the Monte Rosa, till, after several days' journey, these peaks were no longer distinguishable from the white clouds which rested on the horizon.

Monsieur and the young people, with the Irish maid, lingered long on the road: perhaps they were sorry to part; but certainly they might have accomplished the journey in a much shorter time than they actually did.

It was in a dark, cold evening in November, when they reached the Barrière, and drove through the gloomy streets of Paris for a considerable length of way before they arrived at the gates of the Hotel de J——, in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré.

At the gate of this hotel Monsieur took his leave, saying he would call upon his young friends in a few days. The old man was affected, but he did not like to shew it

before strangers; he therefore made his escape at the moment before the gates of the court were thrown open to receive the carriage.

The houses of persons of consequence in Paris, and, indeed, in all other towns in France, are, for the most part, built in courts considerably withdrawn from the street, and presenting to the view of the passenger without high and gloomy walls and gateways. These courts are generally paved; and a flight of steps and folding-doors must be passed before the visiter is ushered into the great hall of the hotel. The apartments in all these houses are arranged in suites, one room opening into another, and presenting to the eye of a stranger a more magnificent *coup d'œil* than more superb apartments could supply on a less ostentatious plan.

Eleanore was not so entirely overwhelmed by her feelings but that she was fully aware of the magnificence of the house she was entering the moment she set her foot in the hall; where two superb staircases, and a variety of marble figures as large as life, indicated the dwelling of a family of rank. Several *laquais*, who were apprized that such ladies were expected, were ready to conduct them to a range of apartments above stairs, which had been set apart for their use; and here one of the *filles-de-chambres* of the comtesse presently waited upon them, to tell them that Madame the comtesse was not that moment at home, but that she was expected every hour. She also brought them refreshment, and offered to assist them to change their dresses; by which they perceived, that their grandmother expected them to make their best appearances before her.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, however, before the arrival of the comtesse was announced. She was then going to dinner, an hour when the young people had been accustomed to think of going to bed; and they were introduced to her in a saloon, most sumptuously furnished, where she was seated on a sofa.

The young people had expected to see an old woman. They were therefore much surprised to find her looking younger than their mother had done some months before her death, highly rouged, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. Madame de J—— was habitually a haughty, worldly-minded woman; which appeared through

the whole of her conduct. She was, however, softened, and evidently pleased, by the appearance of her granddaughters; in whom she saw beautiful and well-educated young women, in whose external appearance nothing was needed but what a little fashionable society, and a Parisian milliner and dress-maker, could speedily confer. The old lady was, moreover, not entirely divested of some compunctuous feelings respecting her daughter, whom she was conscious of having treated with too much severity.

The Comte de J——, the father of the chevalier, was not at that time present in Paris, being absent in a foreign court, on some diplomatic business.

The first compliments between these newly-met relations were scarcely over, when the Chevalier de J——, in the uniform of the Garde du Corps, among whom he had lately been admitted, came joyfully into the room, accosting his cousins with a warmth of affection which was particularly acceptable to them, after the cold and formal manner with which the comtesse had received them. It was impossible for Antoinette not to feel a second time the influence of his attractions, connected as they were with so much admiration of herself; and, as she had now no object of affectionate regard, such as she possessed in her mother, her disengaged heart was in greater danger of yielding to the temptation than ever; but she knew in whom she might trust, even in him who has said, *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.* (Heb. xiii. 5.) Her feelings were, however, such for the moment, from a sense of her present situation, and a remembrance of the past, that she wept when Theodore accosted her; a circumstance which the young man did not fail to interpret much in his own favour. The recent death of her mother was supposed to be a sufficient apology for this effusion of feeling, by the rest of the company; and as she soon recovered her usual composure, the party adjourned into the dining-room, where they found an addition to the party in the Abbé St. Clair, who was the confessor of the comtesse; and who, having owed his preferment to the interest of the family, was wholly devoted to its service.

The abbé was particularly lively and agreeable in conversation; by reason of which, though some of the com-

pany were silent, there was no lack of conversation at the table.

After dinner, the young ladies requested permission to retire to rest; and Antoinette was not sorry to find a separate apartment prepared for her, although she was affected to learn that it was by the especial desire of her sister; for, since the indiscreet patronage which Joanna had bestowed on Eleanore, an indifference had arisen between the sisters, which, on the part of Eleanore, had now amounted to absolute alienation. Surely, we ought to learn the imprudence of exalting, on any pretension whatever, one part of a family in preference to another. Family peace has, perhaps, oftener been destroyed by such want of judgment than by any other means whatever. What compensation could Joanna, as appears, ever make to Eleanore for the injury she did her in depriving her of such a friend as Antoinette?

Antoinette was, however, somewhat compensated for the neglect of her sister, by being informed that Alice O'Neal, (the Irish maid,) who had, it seems, boasted of her talents as *fille-de-chambre*,—an office which, in common with many others, she had long performed for Madame Northington,—was permitted to be her attendant.

Antoinette was troubled with many uneasy and painful thoughts, which prevented her, for some time, from enjoying her usual repose; but when sleep, at length, came, it was peaceful and serene.

It is not the custom, in genteel French families, to make the breakfast a social meal: a circumstance which was very pleasing to Antoinette, who, by reason of this, enjoyed some hours of retirement in her own room the next morning.

About noon she was called to her grandmother, who was breakfasting in her elegant bed, and holding a kind of levee, which consisted of *marchandes des modes* with their *chiffons*, and other persons of the same description.

Antoinette was surprised to see Eleanore sitting familiarly by the comtesse's bed, mending a new glove, which had been torn in an attempt to pull it on too hastily.

Before Antoinette had finished her morning-salutations to her august grandmother, Theodore came into the room, calling to Eleanore, and asking her, with less ce-

remony than a man commonly so polite might be supposed to use, if she had repaired his glove. At the sight, however, of Antoinette, he changed his tone, bowed, and, taking her hand, expressed a hope that she had recovered her fatigue.

While he was speaking to her, Eleanore threw the glove at the young *garde du corps*, using some lively expression which her sister did not exactly hear. In reply to which, he took up the glove, and, gently patting his cousin's cheek with it, pressed it to his lips, and added, "Henceforward this glove will be inestimable to me." So saying, he hastened out of the room, bowing to Antoinette, and adding, that he was already an hour too late.

In the mean time, the old lady had entered into discussions, of high importance in her own opinion, with the various work-people around her, on the subject of *corsets*, *bonnets*, *pelisses*, artificial flowers, elegant *dishabilles*, and the best way of rendering *sables* becoming. Antoinette had been accustomed to hear her mother lay a great emphasis on matters of this kind; she was, therefore, the less astonished at the vivacity displayed by the comtesse on the present occasion: and though at first she certainly felt the latter part of the discourse sadly grating to her feelings, yet, almost before she had time to recollect herself, she was interested in what was going forward; and shared in the anxiety of the various artisans, in their efforts to give to her and to her sister that air of fashion, which every person present agreed was all that was necessary to render them superlatively captivating.

These important matters were not arranged till a late hour. It was then time to dress for dinner; for, although the old lady was supposed to be in grief, and could not, with any decency, be seen abroad at present, yet she was at home with her intimate friends; so that the hotel was by no means such a scene of retirement as might have been imagined, when the circumstances of the family were considered; and Antoinette was perfectly amazed, when she entered the saloon in the evening, to find it full of her grandmother's friends, and to be accosted on all sides with the most extravagant expressions of esteem and admiration.

Antoinette was inclined to smile when first she heard the praise of her beauty and elegance, and heard the compliments paid to her grandmother as having two such daughters. But these flatteries, which at first only amused her, at length glided into the most secret recesses of her heart, and had a pernicious effect on all her feelings. Her spirits gradually rose; the melancholy and serious scenes which had taken place in the valley of Anzasca were obliterated from her recollection; while the reappearance of the young comte, also, late in the evening, and his nearness to her at the supper-table, with the entire devotion of his attention to her, completed the fascination of the scene; and she withdrew to rest in such a state of mind, that she was glad to be relieved from her reflections by sleep. During this time, she had only seen her sister in company; but, as a degree of indifference had long been increasing between herself and Eleanore, she now felt her estrangement much less than she would otherwise have done.

The next and the next day passed much as the former had done. Antoinette saw the young comte frequently during this period; and was always treated by him with such marked attention, that she thought it was impossible his regard for her could pass unobserved; but she was increasingly reluctant to ask her own heart what she felt for him; for, amiable as he appeared, she was but too well convinced of his utter contempt of religion to be able to deceive herself respecting the propriety of encouraging his affection.

In the mean time, there was much in the conduct of the comtesse and Eleanore which was impenetrable as it regarded Antoinette. The comtesse treated her with apparent kindness, but with a reserve which she could not comprehend. The old lady had at first proposed taking her granddaughters into public, or, as we should say, introducing them into the world, as soon as a decent time should have elapsed from the death of their mother; but, before that period arrived, these plans were disconcerted by a violent attack of gout, which confined her to her bed, and so considerably affected her spirits, that she suddenly transferred all her anxieties regarding the worldly concerns of her granddaughters to the state of their souls; and then the enquiry was set on

foot respecting the kind of faith in which they had been brought up: and when the awful truth was brought to light that they had both been educated in the Reformed Church, such a scene of confusion ensued, on this discovery, as could not be easily conceived. The abbé was called in, and the two young ladies subjected to various exhortations and arguments; in which the abbé displayed more zeal than knowledge, and more perseverance than charity.

The comtesse had supposed that her relatives would have given way at once, under the superior and enlightened instructions of the abbé; but when she found that Eleanore dared to dispute with him, and that Antoinette was determinately silent, she became furious, as her countrywomen would say, and had recourse to threatenings, and denunciations of banishment; which had such an effect on Eleanore, that, in a short time, she gave way, acknowledging herself convinced; and, to the grief and amazement of her sister, professed herself, in the most decided manner, a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus ended all the lofty professions of Eleanore; and thus the last tie was dissolved which united these children of one parent.

The young comte had been absent with the court at St. Cloud during the illness of his grandmother, and he was, therefore, not made acquainted with all which was passing at Paris; otherwise, he would, no doubt, have resisted the sort of spiritual tyranny which was exercised over his cousins. Antoinette fully expected that, after her sister had recanted, more violent measures would have been resorted to with herself; but, on the contrary, her grandmother suddenly ceased to speak to her on the subject of religion, and treated her generally with more coolness and reserve; while the abbé, though he did not relax his attentions, altered his manner, and affected a sort of pity and regard for her, as for one who, though in error, was nevertheless truly amiable; and thus he used every means of rendering himself agreeable and acceptable to her. He undertook the office of teaching her Italian, and making her acquainted with the more elegant parts of French literature.

In this new character, he rendered himself so interesting, that his pupil began to love her lessons, and esteem

her tutor; and that to such a degree, that when he began, after a while, to insinuate his erroneous doctrines, and to aim at the object of his design, she endeavoured not to see that object, or, at least, not to appear to see it; being desirous of exercising the same charity towards him as she trusted he felt towards her.

In this situation, so dangerous in every respect, she saw her cousin only at intervals, and for a few minutes at a time. She supposed that he was entirely ignorant of the contest between herself and their grandmother on the subject of religion: but in this she was mistaken; for he had lately been made acquainted with some particulars respecting it; and he was, indeed, much more interested in the issue of this contest than she had any idea of. From the first moment he had seen Antoinette, he had admired and loved her; and she had by no means lost at Paris that interest in his heart which she had obtained in the valley of Anzasca. He had not yet, indeed, succeeded in winning her confidence, or bringing her to acknowledge any preference; but, as he had no doubt of his own powers of pleasing, he could attribute her reserve to no other cause than to the obstacles raised by religion; for he was himself nominally a Papist; and he well knew the prejudices of such as belonged to the Reformed Church against those of the Roman Catholic Communion. He therefore entered, with his whole heart, into the plans of his mother for the conversion of Antoinette through the means of the abbé, and waited impatiently the result of the schemes of the wily priest.

In the mean time, winter passed away; the comtesse's health was restored; Eleanore and Antoinette were divested of their mourning-garments; and the old lady was fully prepared to introduce her daughters into the splendid circles of the capital.

The abbé had advised her not to agitate the subject of religion before she had engaged her younger grandchild in the gaieties of Paris, hinting, that the young lady might probably be less decided on the subject of religion when her mind was more occupied by the pleasures of the world; and such advice, undoubtedly, proved the abbé to be not unacquainted with the nature of the human heart: and the comtesse had actually resolved

to follow this advice, and would have done so, had she not been disconcerted by an unforeseen circumstance.

It was by Eleanore that she was thus diverted from her plans; for that young lady reported a conversation which had passed between her and her sister; a conversation in which Antoinette had pleaded strongly with her sister on the inconsistency of her change. Antoinette would perhaps have acted prudently in not mentioning the subject to Eleanore; yet we can hardly blame her: nay, some might think that she ought to have opposed more decidedly the apostacy of her sister. But, be this as it may, it was the mention of the arguments used by one sister with the other, which threw the old lady off her guard, and caused her, at this time, to summon Antoinette into her august presence. There she broke forth in all the violence of her natural temper; and, after having uttered several vehement reproaches on her obstinacy, she abruptly put the following question:—whether she were willing to obtain her highest favour by adopting the true Catholic faith; or, by perseverance in heresy, to risk the loss of her protection, and that of her family, for ever.

Antoinette was wholly unprepared for an attack of this nature, and dreadful was the contest it excited in her breast. On the side of error, all that was pleasant and dear to worldly hopes was arranged to invite her; on the other, she saw nothing but deprivations and perplexities. Among the former, arose the beloved image of Theodore, now first forcibly presenting himself as an object of affection; and, among the latter, a long and hopeless estrangement and absence from this object now felt to be too dear to her heart.

It is to be feared, that, had the comtesse insisted on an immediate decision, the temptation would have proved too great, and Antoinette would have sunk beneath the trial. But the old lady seeing her hesitate, and interpreting that hesitation to a cause contrary from that whence it really proceeded, she became enraged, and, rising in haste, left the room, saying, that she would give her granddaughter a short time to consider what line of conduct she would adopt.

Antoinette being thus left, hastened to her own apartment, where, closing her door and falling on her knees,

she rested her face upon her spread hands at the foot of the bed. She was in the attitude of prayer, but she was not praying. So far from her mind being raised to heaven, it was in a tumult of worldly passions and feelings, against which her renewed nature scarcely made an effort. Yet she was a child of God, and her heavenly Father forgot her not, and forsook her not in this hour of trial. What she could not do for herself was done for her; and the affair was decided for her in that way in which she could not have decided it for herself.

The comtesse, in quitting Antoinette, hastened to seek Eleanore, and, finding her alone in the garden, she began in all the haste of passion to inform her of what had passed between herself and her younger granddaughter. Such was the heat with which this information was given and received, that neither the comtesse nor Eleanore were aware of the sound of approaching steps, and they were both amazed when Theodore stood before them. The young man, as he drew near, had heard the name of Antoinette, and a bitter censure passed on that beloved name; it was therefore natural for him to ask in what way Antoinette had deserved this censure; and the comtesse was in no humour to conceal the cause of her anger: he was accordingly immediately informed of all that had passed, and the obstinacy of Antoinette was represented to him in the most unqualified and bitter manner.

“Permit me to ask you, Madame,” said Theodore, “what you mean to do if my cousin persists in her resolution of adhering to the mode of worship in which she was educated?”

“To renounce her for ever,” replied the comtesse.

“That is, to send her back to her friends in England?” said Theodore.

The old lady made no answer.

Theodore then addressed Eleanore, and asked her if she too were engaged in this opposition to her sister.

The face of Eleanore flushed with indignation on being thus questioned: she had, no doubt, reasons of her own for being deeply interested in what was passing between her grandmother and her cousin; she was, however, unable to frame any thing like a consistent answer: on which the lip of Theodore was raised with an expres-

sion of the utmost scorn; and he again turned to his grandmother, and affecting indifference, "Well, Madame," he said, "do as you please: but understand that the same act of banishment which removes Antoinette from beneath your roof will extend itself to me."

The comtesse was struck with astonishment, as this was the first open declaration which Theodore had made of his regard for Antoinette. She had indeed observed the attention which he had paid to her, but she had attributed this to that gallantry for which her countrymen are celebrated through Europe; and as she well knew that her grandson had been betrothed almost from infancy to another lady, she supposed that he was only amusing himself with Antoinette, during the interval that must needs pass until his affianced bride should be thought old enough to leave the convent, where she was receiving her education. Great then, indeed, was the amazement of the old lady on receiving this proof of the regard of Theodore for Antoinette; and, being uncommonly irritated by this new provocation, she burst forth into such violent expressions of displeasure as threw the young comte entirely off his guard, and led him to utter sentiments very unbecoming his relative situation. But we forbear to repeat what passed at this time: suffice it to say, that the comtesse thought proper, before her grandson left her, to make some apology to him, and to assure him, that, if he would excuse the warmth of some of her expressions, Antoinette should be no longer molested, and the affair should at least remain as it was till the return of her son, his father, to Paris; which event was expected to take place in a few weeks. What the motives of the comtesse were in making these concessions did not appear at that time: even Eleanore could form no conjectures respecting them; and the young man was entirely misled by them.

Neither was Antoinette less perplexed by the mode of treatment she met with, for at the usual hour of dinner the comtesse sent to request her presence, and she was received, as formerly, with such condescension and kindness, that she was led to hope that the discussion which had given her so much pain would not be renewed.

From that time things remained in the same state till the return of the comte; which happened in a few weeks.

Eleanore and Antoinette were received politely by their uncle when introduced to him: but there was little cordiality in his manner. He was haughty, formal, and impenetrable, and practised the unmeaning ceremonies of life in the very bosom of his family. He had been the husband, for one year, of an unfeeling woman; and had never thought of a second matrimonial alliance since relieved by death from the first.

So much for the comte, the brother of the warm-hearted, though injudicious, Madame Northington.

It was soon after the return of the comte, that Theodore, watching his opportunity, went to the door of a small room in which Antoinette commonly employed herself, and there he found her sitting composedly at an embroidery-frame.

It is recorded of the late unhappy queen of France, that, when all other amusements failed, she could sometimes solace herself with her needlework. So it was with Antoinette during this most anxious period of her life: yet it will not be wondered at if she were sometimes obliged to stop in the midst of her work to wipe away the tear, lest it should fall and deface the delicate flower which was formed by her skilful hand.

Touched with the sight of his weeping, yet patient, cousin, Theodore rushed into the room; and then followed such a scene as I should despair of describing. In this interview Theodore exhibited all that was amiable, open, and honourable in his nature. He began by making a full and free profession of his regard, assuring Antoinette that, if she would but for a while profess herself a Papist, he had no fear of obtaining the full approbation of his father to their marriage; "for," added he, "I have already made it known that I never will consent to complete the union which was planned for me in childhood." He further added, that, should he be blessed in the possession of her hand, she should be entirely at liberty to practise any mode of worship she might approve. Numerous were the arguments he used to shake her constancy; employing all the various forms of speech, and the attractive figures of rhetoric, usually employed where the heart is deeply interested, and where the happiness of life seems, as it were, to be suspended upon a favourable answer.

In reply to all this, Antoinette could only weep; but her tears and silence betrayed the struggles of her heart, and the contest which raged within her breast, between natural feelings and her renewed nature. During this interview Theodore was fully sensible of his lovely cousin's regard for him; while, at the same time, he perceived that her attachment to religion was a strong and vital principle; stronger than the strongest feelings of our nature; and able to support her under inflictions worse than death, and of preserving her from false doctrine and worship.

The sound of the comtesse's voice, who was returned with Eleanore from an airing, obliged the young people to break up this conference, which had only added to the unhappiness and hopelessness of their condition.

In the mean time, the comtesse had informed her son of all that had passed under his roof relative to Antoinette, and had consulted him respecting the methods to be taken with the young heretic. They had accordingly arranged their plans, and only awaited an opportunity when they should be quite certain of the absence of Theodore to put them into execution.

In a day or two this convenient time arrived, and Antoinette was informed, one morning, that the comtesse desired to see her as soon as she was dressed.

There was nothing which Antoinette dreaded more than an interview with her grandmother; and she was so much affected on receiving this summons, that she could not refrain from tears. The faithful Alice O'Neal was present, and endeavoured to console her.

"Dear Alice," said Antoinette, "I know not why I should be so much alarmed. Surely there can be no reason for my terror: but, should any thing unpleasant happen to me, should we be separated, you will hasten to England, Alice, and tell Mrs. Montague my situation."

"What can you fear, Miss?" asked Alice.

A second summons from the comtesse prevented the reply of Antoinette, and she was led to her grandmother's chamber; where, in the presence of the old lady, and of the uncle, she was required to say whether she were willing to renounce her heresies, and receive the only true faith.

Antoinette was enabled to make such a reply as every

one who wishes her well must desire; and she was then dismissed.

As she returned to her chamber, she met her sister in the gallery. Eleanore did not move away, as she had lately been accustomed to do, when there was any chance of avoiding her sister, but stood still till she approached. Antoinette held out her hand to her. Eleanore took hold of it and kissed it; but with a motion so rapid, that Antoinette had no time to prevent her; for it seemed to her almost degrading for an elder sister thus to condescend to a younger sister.

The next moment, however, Eleanore was gone; and a servant, following Antoinette from the comtesse's chamber, informed her that her lady was about to take an airing, and wished for her company.

Antoinette did not doubt but that the comtesse had chosen this way of being alone with her; and she prepared for this airing, with the expectation of a long and painful discussion. Being told that her grandmother was in the hall, she went down to her without loss of time, and found her waiting on the steps of the portico, her carriage being ready in the court.

Her grandmother appeared flushed and agitated, and directed her granddaughter to get into the carriage. Antoinette obeyed, and the old lady followed her.

Antoinette feared, that, as soon as they should be alone, the comtesse would enter on the subject of their last interview: but she was mistaken; she did not speak; and they continued silent while the carriage traversed several streets.

At length Antoinette ventured to lift up one of the blinds, and to ask whither they were going. To which question the comtesse made no reply.

Soon afterwards the young lady perceived that they had passed the barrier. At this she started, and repeated her question; but the old lady preserved her silence.

The carriage drove rapidly, and in a short time Antoinette observed that they were in the fields. She now felt real apprehensions, and said, "Dear Madame, tell me where we are going?"

"What do you fear, foolish girl?" said the comtesse, and relapsed into silence.

They now entered into a forest, as Antoinette per-

ceived by the shade cast within the carriage; and in a short time they stopped at the door of a small house, where the abbé was waiting with another person unknown to the young lady. Here the comtesse alighted with her granddaughter; and Antoinette saw, to her utter amazement and terror, a travelling-carriage prepared for a further journey. Some luggage was bound on this carriage.

It would take more time than I have to spare, to describe the scene which took place when the comtesse directed Antoinette to get into the travelling-carriage, and told her that the abbé was to be her companion the remainder of the journey. Suffice it to say, that, after having exhibited the utmost reluctance, she was compelled to obey; and the comtesse, having seen her depart with her two companions, returned to Paris.

The unhappy young lady was treated respectfully, though closely watched, by the abbé, during the course of her journey, which was of many leagues. Neither could she form any idea of the place of her destination, till, at the end of five days of very rapid travelling, they were set down at the gate of a convent, situated in the depths of a forest.

This was a convent of peculiarly supposed sanctity, situated in the province of Languedoc, and as much withdrawn from the world as any situation in a civilized country could possibly be.

“Now! now!” said Antoinette, as she looked up from the carriage on the high towers of this ancient building, which had been built for strength in the days of barbarism, “now! now! I comprehend the whole! here, at least, I shall be out of the way of their ambitious views!” but this was the only expression of impatience which the unhappy young lady had used during her long journey; and, instantly correcting herself, she added, “but thy will, O my God, be done!”

The abbé gave his hand to assist her from the carriage; and, while they were waiting until the gate should be opened, he assured her, that if she would but pledge her honour to renounce her heresies, he would instantly convey her back to Paris.

“You do not then doubt my honour?” said Antoinette.

“No,” returned the abbé, “I have no reason so to do.”

“How then can you so utterly reprobate my religion?”

The abbé made no answer; and the gate was opened, and speedily closed upon the unhappy young lady.

During the course of this history, I have been obliged to enter into so many particulars, that it is not now my intention to give a full account of the trials of this pious and lovely young woman in the ignorant and bigoted society to which she was now conducted. It is sufficient to observe, that having resisted, for conscience' sake, the ardent pleadings of the only man she ever felt she could have loved, she was afterwards enabled to triumph completely over all the persecutions to which she was exposed in the convent; although the sufferings she endured, during the few long months of her residence there, were very great.

Theodore, when apprized of the disappearance of Antoinette, as might be supposed, was filled with resentment; and, not being able to procure any clew by which to make out the place of her retreat, immediately set out for England, to which country he imagined she might be sent.

In the mean time, Alice O'Neal was not forgetful of her lady's interest; but, with the shrewdness for which her nation is remarkable, she resolved, before she took any steps to quit Paris, to make out, if possible, the direction in which Antoinette had been taken.

With this view, she made many private enquiries among the servants; but, as none of them were in the secret, she could not possibly obtain any information. She then thought of the *côcher* who had driven the comtesse from the hotel on the morning when her dear lady had left her: for, on this occasion, the comtesse had used a hired carriage, having purposely sent her own the day before to have some alteration made in it. After a length of time she discovered the man, and learned the name of the place to which he had driven the carriage.

Now having some clew, she prosecuted her enquiries, and discovered the second stage; but was then at a loss, because from that town many roads branched out in different directions. The abbé, at that time, was not in

Paris, but he soon returned; and Alice, having formed a sort of friendship with his valet, asked him many questions, by which she hoped to elicit something to her purpose, yet without success. But one evening, meeting this man as he was carrying some letters of his master's to the post-office, she offered to accompany him, using the freedom of the half Irish and half French character, which she possessed, and taking the letters from his hand at the moment he was about to deliver them up, she read the directions, while he was parleying with an old acquaintance in the post-office, and perceived that one was directed to a priest in a certain district in Languedoc. "This will do," said she to herself; "and I will bear it in mind."

Her next step was to speak to her mistress; for, since the loss of Antoinette, she had sought to assist at the toilet of Eleanore; and, accordingly, the next morning, when waiting on Eleanore, she said, "Mademoiselle, I wish we could hear something of your dear sister."

"Wherefore do you make yourself uneasy respecting her?" replied Eleanore: "my grandmother, as you have heard, thought there was a growing attachment between her and her son, and, to check this, placed her as parlour-boarder for a short time in a convent; for, as you must well know, Alice, marriages between near connexions are not approved in this country."

"But dispensations are easily obtained," said Alice, "if that were all. But what need was there to send her so far off?"

"So far off!" said Eleanore, thrown off her guard by this abrupt enquiry. "Who told you?"

"It would be strange, indeed," replied the faithful servant, "if I did not know what every body knows."

"What does every body know?" asked Eleanore.

"Why, that Mademoiselle is not in Paris," replied Alice.

"Nonsense," returned Eleanore; "I thought——"

"What did Mademoiselle think?" asked Alice.

"Why that you knew a great deal more than you seem to do."

"And where," replied Alice, "has Monsieur l'Abbé been?"

"How should I know?" replied Eleanore.

“I should not wonder if he has been in Languedoc,” said Alice.

“Languedoc!” returned Eleanore, colouring violently: “what makes you think of Languedoc?”

“I don’t know,” replied Alice, “but because I dreamed of it last night.—But, Mademoiselle, hold your head still; I shall surely hurt you with the comb, if you tremble so. But, after all,” added she, “no wonder that you tremble and look pale, thinking of the dear creature who is gone.”

Eleanore did not know what to think of this conversation, and was at a loss whether she should repeat it to the comtesse; but while she was deliberating, Alice asked to be paid her wages and discharged, which was immediately granted her. Before she left France, this trusty woman procured an Englishman, with whom she was acquainted, to write for her, and convey her letter to our old friend, Monsieur, who had again retired to the valley of Anzasca; wherein she told him what had passed, and gave him all the information she could to aid him in finding out the place where Antoinette was concealed. After this, the faithful creature made the best of her way to England and to Mrs. Montague.

Alice was not the first person who had brought the news of what had taken place in France, relative to her young cousins, to that lady; for Theodore had been with her before. She was, however, the first who had thrown light upon the subject, or had given any clew whatever to the situation of Antoinette.

Alice found Mrs. Montague prepared for a journey to France, in which journey Mr. Harwood was to accompany her, together with Joanna. Alice begged also to be permitted to attend them, in the situation of waiting-maid to Mrs. Montague; and, as she could speak French better than any of the party, her services were gladly accepted.

They agreed to take shipping at Brighton, and proceed immediately to the south of France, in their way to Toulouse. Mr. Harwood suggested that they should write to Monsieur to meet them at Toulouse; and also to the Chevalier de J——, to inform him of the difficulties in the way of their plans.

After some delay, on account of passports, Mrs. Mon-

tague and her party made their short voyage in a successful manner; and, being landed in France, with proper passports, they made a rapid journey into Languedoc.—Being arrived at Toulouse, Alice was sent to the post-office to enquire for letters, and found one from Monsieur to Mrs. Montague, directing them to proceed to a small village among the mountains, near the town of Mende. This letter, however, contained no information concerning Antoinette.

After a night's rest at Toulouse, the party proceeded towards the mountains, and arrived at Mende late on a pleasant evening in autumn.

The mountains which bounded the whole horizon in the north-east would have afforded subject of great delight to the party, had not their feelings been more deeply interested in the fate of Antoinette, the nearer the time approached when they hoped to have a termination put to their anxiety.

Mrs. Montague and her friends slept at Mende, and proceeded the next day to the village specified in Monsieur's letter. They had not many leagues to travel, but, by means of the roughness of the roads, they were compelled to perform this last stage on horseback and with great caution. On leaving the plain, they entered into certain tracks along the sides of the hills, and were interested by the view of charming valleys, and groves of oaks and chesnuts, where the mountain-shepherds fed their flocks amidst scenes of rural beauty and simplicity. At length they saw before them the hamlet specified in the letter of Monsieur, consisting of many thatched cottages, situated under the shade of a rude coppice. A torrent poured from the hills to the left of the village, and formed itself into a lake in the depths of the valley. The inhabitants of this village were, as the travellers had been informed at Mende, of the Reformed Religion; and a plain church, with a wooden spire, marked the place of worship belonging to these poor people.

The travellers proceeded till they came to the entrance of the rural village, where they alighted; and, not seeing an inn, or any thing like one, they asked a person whom they met where they might conveniently lodge and accommodate their horses.

Being directed to a small farm-house, they proceeded

immediately towards it; and there, entering a courtyard, they speedily met with the accommodation they desired. The horses were led into a kind of barn which served for a stable, and Mrs. Montague and her party were conducted into a rude kitchen.—“But,” said Mrs. Montague to Mr. Harwood, “now that we are here, what next is to be done? Where is Monsieur to be found? Or is it likely that poor Antoinette should be in this place?”

While she was speaking, Monsieur himself entered the house, but not with his usual alacrity and animation. He approached Mrs. Montague; he took her hand; he looked earnestly in her face; but the tears stood in his eyes.—“Ah, Madame,” he said, “you are, indeed, come; but you are come too late. Nothing now remains to be done but to weep over the grave of our beloved Antoinette. Murdered by the harshness and cruelty of her relations, our Antoinette sleeps in the dust.”

On hearing this, Alice, the faithful Alice, uttered a shriek of horror; and, rushing out of the house, hastened to the little burying-ground of the village, indicated by the steeple of the church peeping over the thatched roofs of the houses which bordered the village street.

As if led by one impulse, the whole party followed, and entered, by a narrow wicket, into the church-yard, which was on all sides but the front encompassed by the coppice.

In the darkest and most retired corner of this church-yard, in a place overhung by the thick boughs of the neighbouring trees, a newly-made grave had attracted the eager Alice. Before Monsieur was able to come up to her, she sprang forwards, and was about to throw herself on the grave, when she saw a young man standing by it, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the spot. It was Theodore, whose love for Antoinette was stronger than death.

At sight of Alice he started, for he knew her again, but did not speak, till the poor woman, wringing her hands and bending towards the grave, exclaimed, “O, my daughter! dear child, whom I have borne so often in my arms in thy infancy! lovely and pious lady! and do I live—do I live to look upon thy grave? A thousand afflictions fall on the heads of those who brought thee to this!”

Theodore shuddered at these words, and said, "Alice, they did not expect it to come to this—they could not have expected it." So saying, he turned away, and for a while yielded to the agony of his feelings.

In the mean time, the rest of the party were come up; and as they surrounded the grave they wept, and uttered the deepest expressions of sorrow and regret.

"Lovely Antoinette!" exclaimed Mrs. Montague. "O, Joanna! we did not know her value when she was with us; but now she is taken away."

Joanna was distressed; she could not speak; but, kneeling down, she kissed the earth which covered the grave.

At that moment, Theodore, who had walked to a little distance, returned, and, advancing, gave his hand to Mrs. Montague. Mr. Harwood then stooped towards the grave, as if intent on the object entombed therein, when suddenly he clasped his hands, and raising his eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed, "Look up, my friends; Antoinette—our lovely Antoinette—is not dead; she lives in the presence of her Redeemer—of him who completed her salvation." Then, falling on his knees, the pious young man poured forth a prayer, so warm, so fervent, so evangelical, that all the party were edified, soothed, and comforted.

"Religion," said Theodore, as he arose from the grave, "religion, I am persuaded, is no fable, no trick of priestcraft. O, Mr. Harwood!" he added, extending his hand to him over the grave, "give me a share in your friendship; be my guide, my counsellor; endeavour to complete the work which my Antoinette began."

All were deeply affected; but I forbear from further description of this scene.

As they departed from the grave, and while they gave it one last and lingering look, Mr. Harwood exclaimed, "As a lily among thorns was the lovely Antoinette; but now she is removed to a more genial soil; and unfolds her beauties in the paradise above."

But now, as my story has run to an unwarrantable length, I hasten to conclude as concisely as possible; and, because my readers may wish to know how Antoinette came into the valley near Mende, I must inform them, that, having suffered severely in the convent, she

contrived to make her escape, aided by the inadvertence of a porter, who accidentally left open a door of the garden, at the hour when the family were assembled in the chapel, and, after walking for some miles through the forest, she escaped to the mountains; and took shelter, in the village before mentioned, in the cottage of a poor old woman, a descendant of one of the ancient Waldenses. There, while living in obscurity and poverty, for some weeks she enjoyed great peace; which was augmented rather than diminished by the rapid advances of a disorder occasioned by the dampness of the cell in the convent.

From this place she contrived to write to Monsieur; but her letter did not reach him till a few weeks before her death. He, however, arrived in time to administer consolation to her during the last few days of her life, and to be benefited by her pious conversation.

Theodore did not arrive till a few hours before her death. She, however, knew him, and was able to say much to him on the subject of his eternal interests. He and Monsieur both witnessed her death; and her eyes were closed by Theodore himself.

The succeeding history of the various personages of this narrative may be briefly stated.

Monsieur returned to the valley of Anzasca, after having parted with Mrs. Montague; and his first work there was, to rid his library of all the books of the French sophists, which he replaced with the productions of some of the most excellent Swiss divines. This procedure indicated a state of mind which leaves us no more anxious thoughts for our old friend Monsieur.

Madame la Comtesse did not long survive her granddaughter. She had not foreseen the dreadful catastrophe occasioned by her severity; and it was observed that she never seemed happy after being informed of it.

The comte lived some years after the death of his mother; unacquainted with domestic happiness; spending most of his time in the houses of *restaurateurs* and the *cafés*, amidst clusters of infidels and noisy politicians.

Eleanore, who had so sinfully acquiesced in the ill-usage of her sister, in order to remove a rival who stood between her, as she thought, and the affections of her cousin, whom she had long secretly loved, had, however, entirely failed of her object; and, finding that, although

Antoinette was dead, Theodore did not think of her as she had wished, in the height of her disappointment she married an old nobleman who happened to present himself at the time, and became a wife without affection, and, sometime afterwards, a mother without principle. She lived to see all the horrors of the French Revolution, and finished her life in a prison in Paris; but whether in a state of penitence for her complicated offences, or otherwise, we cannot tell.

The chevalier, afterwards the Comte de J——, ever preserved the friendship he had formed with Mrs. Montague and Mr. Harwood. He visited them more than once in England, before the breaking out of the Revolution; and when that awful event took place, he spent many months with them in the valley so often spoken of in the early part of my narrative. Mr. Harwood and Mrs. Montague had reason to think that his religious views were correct, his principles fixed, and his morals pure. He still, however, talked of Antoinette, and was pleased to be shewn the places in which she delighted when residing in England. When the reign of terror was past, he returned to France; but not finding himself at liberty in Paris to follow his own ideas of religion, he bought an estate in Switzerland, where he was residing when we last heard of him.

Joanna was still living with Mrs. Montague when these records were made; but we have not heard whether she has yet added judgment, moderation, and composure, to her other excellent qualities.

Of Mr. Harwood we have nothing to add, but that he still continued to assist Mrs. Montague in all her benevolent designs.

And now, my courteous reader, I conclude my narrative, and am amply repaid for the trouble I have taken in compiling it, if I have succeeded in shewing, by a fair and lovely example, the nature of those works produced by the Holy Spirit in the heart of man; and how entirely distinct they are from those appearances and imitations which are often mistaken for them.

The lady of the manor, having concluded the history of Eleanore and Antoinette, requested her young people to unite with her in prayer.

A Prayer for Divine Guidance.

“O ALMIGHTY LORD GOD, hearken to our voice, for we have no other hope or trust but in the merits and death of thy dear Son. We hope, through the infinite mercy of our God, that we have been brought to a sense of our lost and ruined state by nature. We feel that we are utterly vile and helpless, and entirely guilty in the view of infinite justice; at the same time, we bless thee that we perceive the sufficiency of that salvation provided for us, and so gloriously effected by the wonderful cooperation of the three Persons in the Trinity. Lost, as we are, through the malice of Satan, yet have we been predestinated to life through thy love; and though justly condemned for our sin, yet are we justified by the merits of God the Son; and though unfit, through the sinfulness of our natures, for admission into glory, thou hast promised that a new heart shall be bestowed upon us by the operations of thy Spirit, whereby we may be prepared for good works, and fitted for a participation of eternal happiness in the world to come. But, O Lord God, the heart of man is desperately wicked, and Satan has been a liar and deceiver from the beginning; suffer us to implore thee that we may not become the objects of deception by either. Save us, O Father, from self-deception; and grant that we may not, through ignorance or pride, be led to imagine ourselves the subjects of grace, when worldly motives only have influence over our hearts, and when our object is merely to stand fair with our fellow-creatures.

“Search us, O Lord; and help us to search ourselves. Lead us to examine the inward workings of our hearts when alone and unobserved by our fellow-creatures; and cause us to abhor our sinful estate, and to humble ourselves deeply before thee. O embitter the pleasures of sin to our souls; and hedge up our path with thorns and briars, when we are tempted to go astray. O teach us to hate the evil we formerly loved; and grant, that, as truly penitent, we may be willing to renounce all our own works, and desire only to be clothed with the righteousness of thy dear Son.

“Now to God the Father,” &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Q. *Why was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?*

A. *For the continual Remembrance of the Sacrifice of the Death of Christ, and of the Benefits which we receive thereby.*

Q. *What is the outward Part or Sign of the Lord's Supper?*

A. *Bread and Wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.*

Q. *What is the inward Part or Thing signified?*

A. *The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the Faithful in the Lord's Supper.*

Q. *What are the Benefits whereof we are Partakers thereby?*

A. *The strengthening and refreshing of our Souls by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our Bodies are by the Bread and Wine.*

Q. *What is required of them who come to the Lord's Supper?*

A. *To examine themselves, whether they repent them truly of their former Sins, stedfastly purposing to lead a new Life; have a lively Faith in God's Mercy through Christ, with a thankful Remembrance of his Death; and be in Charity with all Men.*

THE time was now at hand when the bishop was expected; and hence it was necessary for the lady of the manor to bring her work to a speedy conclusion. Accordingly, when she had once more collected the young people, she questioned them as follows, according to the prescribed form of our Church.

“Q. Why was the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper ordained?

“A. For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.

“Q. What is the outward part or sign of the Lord’s Supper?

“A. Bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.

“Q. What is the inward part or thing signified?

“A. The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord’s Supper.

“Q. What are the benefits whereof we are partakers thereby?

“A. The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.

“Q. What is required of them who come to the Lord’s Supper?

“A. To examine themselves, whether they repent them truly of their former sins, stedfastly purposing to lead a new life; have a lively faith in God’s mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death; and be in charity with all men.”

These questions and answers being repeated, the lady of the manor proceeded in her remarks to the following effect.

“The nature of man is such, my dear young ladies, that, as far as we can observe, he is incapable of receiving instruction but through the medium of his senses. So certain is this, and so condescending is the Almighty to our weakness, that, during the first ages of the world, he conveyed his lessons through this medium, by visible types and emblems; so that, by an attentive study of Scripture, we shall perceive that things visible are symbols of things which are invisible. Moreover, the truly enlightened Christian is enabled, above others, to discern the true import of these signs; and to look through them on the things that are eternal. In later ages, therefore, as well as in earlier periods, believers are taught through the medium of their senses, by emblematical representations.

“Hence, in condescension to our weakness, the Almighty has instituted the two sacraments of Baptism and of the Lord’s Supper. Of the former of these we have already spoken; we will, therefore, now proceed to the latter.

“You all know the occasion of the institution of the Lord’s Supper,” continued the lady. “*The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. (1 Cor. xi. 23—25.)* Hence, as the Apostle observes, *as often as we eat this bread, and drink this cup, we do shew forth the Lord’s death till he come.* (verse 26.)

“Such being the original institution of the Lord’s Supper,” said the lady, “we must next proceed to consider the fitness of the emblems employed.

“These are ‘bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.’ This bread and wine signify ‘the body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord’s Supper.’

“I have several times before had occasion to speak to you, my dear young people,” continued their excellent instructress, “on the nature of types and shadows. Many of the emblems used in the Old Testament are as yet not understood; while certain fanciful and indiscreet persons have brought the subject of types into disrepute by their injudicious interpretations. Perhaps the time has not yet arrived in which the figurative language of Scripture is to be entirely unfolded. But that the time is approaching I have no doubt, as the learned and enlightened are daily adding to the number of those explanations which are satisfactory and past dispute.

“Respecting the meaning of bread, in this connexion, there can be no question: our Lord himself says, *I am the bread of life.*

“Bread, in ordinary language, is used for all food or provision for man. So spiritual bread is the support of the regenerate man, or the renewed creature.

“Wine is the juice or blood of the grape; and is, in consequence, either good or bad, according to the nature of the grape from which it is derived. That which proceeds from the true vine must be good. The blood of Christ is the consolation of the Church.

“Thus,” continued the lady of the manor, “we see that bread and wine are the representations of the body and blood of Christ broken and shed for us; and, by a faithful reception of the Lord’s Supper, we partake of the benefits of Christ’s death, and find strength and refreshment to our souls.

“It has been my object, through the whole course of my instructions, to give you, my dear young people, an outline of the grand scheme of redemption; beginning with the nature and attributes of Deity; and shewing that it was impossible for the Almighty so far to depart from his own character as to allow of sin, or to let sin pass unpunished. Every attribute of the Almighty is perfect, and must remain so for ever. How sin first originated we know not; but, knowing, as we do, that it did enter into the world, we cannot understand how the sinner can be saved consistently with truth and justice, but by the sufferings and death of the Son of God. And although, to the most enlightened minds, there are some mysteries in the dealings of the Almighty with his creatures, yet, as far as our own peculiar interests are affected, every thing is plain and satisfactory. We are born of a race which has corrupted itself. We are ourselves also corrupt. The divine justice is engaged against us. The incarnate God became the subject of wrath, that he might redeem us. We are commanded to receive him as our propitiation. In case of such acceptance, we are to be considered no longer as servants, but as children; and we are to enjoy all the privileges of children, viz. support, comfort, chastisement, and instruction, in this present life; and, in the life to come, an admission into our Father’s house, and an everlasting home with him.

“The two sacraments are appointed as signs and seals of our adoption; the first being the type of the washing of regeneration, and the second, of our admission to a communion with our Saviour, and of our participation in his strengthening and supporting influences.”

“I think, Madam,” said Miss Emmeline, “that I un-

derstand much of what you have last said. I hope that I have a tolerably clear idea of the grand outline of religion, and of the necessity, as it respects the perfections of the Almighty, of the death of our Redeemer to rescue guilty man. I hope, in speaking of these things, that I do not use terms which are too familiar. And I wish also to acknowledge, that I never could understand why it was necessary that our Lord should die for us, though I could readily recognise it as an act of kindness and benevolence, till you explained to me the nature of the divine attributes, and shewed me that these attributes could not cease to be infinitely perfect; and hence, that justice must be satisfied before mercy could be exercised. Thus the many beauties in the great plan of salvation unfolded themselves to me; and I was brought to understand how God in human flesh was made to be a propitiation for the sins of the human race, and by his infinite perfection to give merit to his obedience."

"A merit," replied the lady of the manor, "so glorious, so sufficient, so beyond all computation, that, if all the sins of the sons of Adam were included in one mighty sum,—and mighty indeed it would be,—that sum of guilt would be but as dust in the balance when weighed against the infinite merits of our Lord; for that which is finite cannot be brought into comparison with that which is infinite."

"In reflecting on these things," said Miss Sophia, "it appears that we have nothing else to do but to believe and be saved."

"This is our great duty and mercy," said the lady of the manor.

"And now, my beloved young people," she added, while the tears stood in her eyes, "may the Almighty guide and direct you! may my humble endeavours be blessed to your everlasting benefit! and may the periods we have spent together shed their benign influence through the whole of your lives, and bring their consolation in the hour of death!"

At the termination of this aspiration, the young people, looking at each other with apprehension, seemed to enquire if they were to consider this as a sort of valedictory address; as they knew well that the next day was the time appointed for the confirmation: and more than

this, they knew that the sons of the lady of the manor were expected in the beginning of the week, if not sooner, and that other occupations would then engage the attention of the excellent lady. Still, however, they could not bear the thought of finally dissolving their assembly; and they all expressed their regret, and with one voice petitioned for a renewal of their pleasure, and for one more story.

The lady of the manor was not less willing than the young people thus to employ another day; and while she assured them that she hoped the friendship thus commenced between herself and them might only be interrupted by death, she promised what they asked; and intimated her intention of finishing her series of narratives by one in which she would give them an example of a female character, in which every Christian grace shone forth in its fairest form; an example which she trusted might be imitated by them when the days of infancy were past, and the beloved guides of their youth were no longer at hand to admonish them of every deviation from the right way.

“The effect of female influence on society in general,” she observed, “shall be the subject of the narrative which I select; and I humbly pray that such influence may never be perverted by any female now present.”

The lady then produced her manuscript, and read as follows.

Female Influence.

Had any one told me, some years since, that I should become a writer, and, what is more, a writer on such a subject as I now have chosen, I should have smiled with incredulity, and should have thought the person greatly deceived who should venture to utter such a prediction: but, with the advance of years, such an entire revolution has, by the divine blessing, passed upon my feelings, that I now hate what I once loved; and what I once delighted in, I now look upon with unfeigned abhorrence. What this change is, some of my readers will, no doubt, have guessed already; to others, perhaps, it may remain a doubt till they arrive at the conclusion of my narrative.

I do not choose to give the real name of my family, nor

its titles. I am a peer of the realm, and so much I am compelled to tell my reader; and, if he pleases, he may henceforth suppose that my first title is Roxeter, and my second Bellamy; that my family name is Westfield, and my Christian name Theodore. So much for empty names.

I now proceed to say, that I am the only son of an earl, and that my chief seat is in a part of England most remarkable for its beauty. My mother, of whom I remember little, was the younger daughter of a marquis, of whose family I never knew much. I have one sister: she is considerably older than myself. I shall have occasion to say much respecting this sister during the course of my narration.

My father, for several years before his death, was very deeply engaged in politics, and my mother much occupied by a town life. My parents spent the greater part of each year in London; and, as they seldom carried us thither, my childhood and youth, till I was old enough to be entered in the University, was spent, for the most part, at my father's principal seat, a place which it is my pleasure to call Hartland-Hall.

This is a noble old mansion, situated, as old houses commonly are, in a valley, and encompassed by a magnificent park; which includes as fine pasture and woodland, and as great a variety of hill and dale, of home and distant prospect, as any piece of ground of the same extent in the United Kingdom.

My father kept an establishment at the Hall; and there a handsome table was provided for my tutor and my sister's governess; which last was a formal maiden lady of about fifty years of age, strongly marked by the small-pox, and otherwise far from well-looking; having been expressly chosen on account of these properties by my mother, who entertained the common notion, that an ordinary-looking woman was not liable either to vanity or indiscretion.

This remarkable personage was in attendance on my sister as soon as I can recollect any thing: but so slight an impression did she make on my mind, that I cannot say at what time she took her departure; but not, I believe, till her pupil had caused her to feel that her authority was wholly at an end.

But if my sister's governess was a mere automaton, a sort of breathing machine without a mind, not so was my tutor, Mr. Helmly. Seldom, I believe, has a more dangerous man found means to enter a family, and make himself acceptable to its master, than this man was when my father chose him for my preceptor; and gave to him, soon after, the rectory of Hartland. He had passed through a regular education, and taken his degree of master of arts. He was an accomplished scholar, had a fine flow of language, and was possessed of a ready and a wicked vein of humour. He had been a traveller too—had seen Rome and Naples—and could talk of Switzerland, Venice, and Paris. He understood vertu, and knew the names of the celebrated artists of the Flemish and Italian schools. He could preach moral sentiments, and sing profligate songs; and he could go through all the established forms, with a saint-like aspect, in a place of worship; and, when returned to the house, lay aside all regard for religion, nay, all decent mention of it, with as much ease as he divested himself of his gown and band.

There is, perhaps, scarcely a period in the English history when vital religion was at so low an ebb as from the time of Charles the Second till the crisis of its revival towards the latter part of the eighteenth century. During that period, piety was seldom thought of as a qualification for a tutor or a governess; while wit and talents seemed to form a tolerable excuse, even in a clergyman, for profane or profligate language.

The present age is, at least, more correct and consistent in its taste; and the worst of persons in this polished country are disgusted with profanity and profligacy in the sacred profession. I was certainly very unfortunate in my tutor, and I have often wondered how my father, who was a man of honourable character, could have been so blind as he was to the person whom he had chosen as the preceptor of his son.—But so it was: and the consequences will appear to be such as might be expected.

My sister, of whom I have yet said little, was between seven and eight years older than myself, and probably, from the knowledge I have since had of her character, would not have condescended to have cultivated my regard in the degree she did, had she not been early taught

that I, as the only son, was to be the stay and support of the family dignity; for the honours and many of the lands, in case of my death, would have passed into another branch of the family. She was named Juliana, after my mother, and was a fine woman, though, perhaps, had she been in low life, she might have been thought somewhat masculine in her appearance; yet her carriage was noble, and her voice peculiarly sweet and full. She was an adept also in adorning her person. I never knew a woman who dressed so well. She sat upon a horse with unusual grace; and danced remarkably well. While we were children, it was often said, that Lord Bellamy ought to have been the girl, and Lady Juliana the boy: for I was so fair a youth, had such fine auburn hair, such bright blue eyes, and such a ruddy complexion, that it was feared I should have been what is called a pretty man; a misfortune which I, however, escaped, by the manliness of my figure; though, after all, I was, perhaps, more of an Adonis than was favourable to my welfare in the society of the other sex.

In writing his own life, a man, if he has any modesty, or wishes to be thought to have any, must feel a little awkward when he is, or has been, particularly distinguished by any good quality or accomplishment, and it becomes necessary for him to state it; but as this superiority of person, in which I prided myself more than on my birth or fortune, had a considerable influence over my life, circumstances require me to mention it; and to say that for many years of my life I valued the external comeliness which I certainly possessed in a remarkable degree, far more than it merited; and, when I became a father, bestowed my affection very partially on my children, preferring those who in that respect were superior, and feeling little regard for another who had fewer personal attractions.—But of this more hereafter.

And now, having spoken of my exterior qualities, I shall leave those which were internal to unfold themselves as my history advances.

I remember little of any importance which took place during the first ten years of my existence. My life during that period was monotonous, but not unhappy. I hated my book and loved play, as other boys generally do. I spent as little time as I possibly could with my

tutor, and as much as could be stolen from other occupations with the groom and gamekeeper. I suppose, that I was allowed to be as careless in my outward appearance at that time, as in my mind, if I may judge by the process of combing, brushing, and setting up, (to use a military term,) which took place whenever it was signified that my Lord and Lady were expected; a little before which times, my tutor always kept me much closer to my books, taking care not to relax his discipline until the great people had again turned their backs upon us, and were fairly on their road to Town; by which system I generally gained more in the three summer months than I did in all the other months of the year.

When I was in my twelfth year, my mother died, and was brought down to Hartlands to be buried. And it was soon after this that my sister, who might then be about eighteen, began to attach herself particularly to me. She was taken to Town, however, the next winter, introduced at court, and made acquainted with all the elegant varieties of the great metropolis, while I was left at Hartlands under the tuition of my worthy preceptor.

After the second winter, the career of my sister's gaiety was stopped short by the indisposition of our father, who was taken suddenly ill in the House of Lords; and from that period was so wholly unfit for business, that he became a mere cipher in the family. He was removed, by the advice of his physician, to Hartlands; and, as he was not entirely in such a state as might authorise his friends to act for him, though in fact incapable of acting for himself, that disorder ensued at the Hall in which every one did what was good in the sight of his own eyes, with this deduction only—that nothing was done in my father's sight which might rouse him from that apathy into which his attack (which was probably paralytic) had so suddenly thrown him; moreover, my sister's whims were also carefully attended to.

I was about fourteen years of age when these events took place, and was rapidly advancing towards that state of unprincipled profligacy to which I afterwards attained. It was about this period that my sister's character began to unfold itself; and it was then that I began to feel that influence which in after-life operated so powerfully on my character.

The influence of the female mind over the stronger mind of man is greater, perhaps, than many men are willing to acknowledge. Its operations are various, and some men struggle fearfully to disengage themselves from it. But this I believe, that, more or less, all men have felt its power; and those, perhaps, have experienced it to the greatest extent who would have it supposed they despise it most. It is generally thought that this influence is most powerful when engaged in the cause of evil; but I doubt the fact. A woman loses many of her charms, and, consequently, much of her power, in the opinion of man, when she ranges herself on the side of that which is wrong; while it is impossible to calculate the influence of a virtuous woman, when that influence is exercised with tenderness and modesty. The ruin produced by a bad woman may be sudden and violent, and compared to the bursting of a volcano, or the overflowings of the ocean; but the influences of virtuous women are like the gentle dew and morning showers, which descend silently and softly, and are known only by their effects in the smiling aspect of the valleys and the weight of the autumnal branches.

My sister was between nineteen and twenty when my father was brought down, in the state above mentioned, to Hartland-Hall; and she then took the management of the family, in a great measure, upon herself, and really conducted herself with an ability which astonished every one. She sat at the head of the table, entirely relieved my father from all attention to visitors, delivered her commands to the servants, reprov'd where she thought right, and, as I before said, made every person submit to her caprices. But, though certainly haughty to her inferiors, she was extremely pleasing to her equals; and though her manner was without stiffness, yet it was impossible for any person, of any age or sex, to advance one step nearer to her, in the way of freedom, than she chose to permit.

My tutor was naturally an extremely forward spirit, and, as he dined at our table, he had many opportunities, after my father's settlement in the country, of conversing with my sister; but he was not long left in doubt respecting the distance at which he was to keep himself; and he had sense (or, rather, I should say

cunning) enough to keep very exactly to the bounds which were prescribed to him: that is, he never addressed my sister but with the profoundest respect, although he used other liberties in her presence which, in these days, would scarcely be permitted even among ladies of much inferior rank; for he seldom restrained himself from uttering any sentiment, however profane or incorrect, which gave him an opportunity of exhibiting his talent for wit, although his patron's daughter was sitting by his side.

But although my sister could tolerate a profane expression or a vain jest, yet she could not endure what she called ill breeding; that is, any departure from the accepted modes of high life; and, soon after her arrival at Hartlands, she gave me a most severe lecture on the general style of my manners. She began in a sort of sarcastic tone, and told me that my behaviour in company did credit to my masters, viz. the groom and gamekeeper; adding, that, so far, I had been a very attentive pupil, and that she doubted not but I should soon be very fit company for the stable-boys; and then, when she had brought up the blood into my face, she changed her tone, and urged me, by the honour of our ancient and noble family, to try to become more of a gentleman.

I have often thought, that the term gentleman, in its most enlarged signification, includes all human perfections; and that it was a term better understood by some of the heroes of the chivalric age than by my contemporaries, and, most assuredly, than it was by my sister; who cared little how much of my evil nature I indulged, provided I did it with a certain air, and in obeisance to certain rules of gallantry, and certain points of honour. For instance: I might give utterance to any principle whatever, however vile or profane, in the very best company, provided I clothed these sentiments in certain doubtful terms and fashionable phraseology; and I might depart from every point of common honesty, in my dealings with my fellow-creatures, provided I could do it without detection, and with a careless air, and an affectation of despising the very gains of which I was most greedy.—With all this she endeavoured to inspire me with a sort of ambition; a kind of vague expectation, of becoming a very great man, and of excelling all who had gone before me.

Such were the lessons given me by my sister, and given me, for the most part, in a sort of satirical way; which, together with the sneers of my tutor, who found means to pour contempt on all that is sacred and all that is holy, gradually formed my character in an awful mould; as will soon be evident.

In the mean time, years rolled on. Having been kept at home till I was eighteen, I was sent to the University, and from thence to travel. My tutor was my companion during my residence at the University, and afterwards on the Continent; notwithstanding which, while in these places, I passed through as complete a course of extravagance and dissipation as any young man who ever left his father's house in the same circumstances; and, at three-and-twenty, I was suddenly called home from Paris to bury my father, and to take up my new honours.

While I had been abroad, my sister had married an old lord, (to whom we will give the title of Seaforth,) had brought him an heir, had become a widow, and had returned to her father's house, where I found her on my return.

Her deceased lord, it seems, had been much encumbered by debts and mortgages: he had, therefore, left his wife with a very moderate jointure, and his son in the hands of guardians and trustees; who, during the minority, were to improve the estate, and to bring the affairs into as good a condition as possible against the boy came of age.

My sister's marriage had, it seems, been formed, on both sides, on lucrative motives; and both parties had been in some degree bitten in the reciprocal attempt to deceive each other. My sister, however, had gained rank; and her little son enjoyed a title, and was heir to a good estate. Upon the whole, therefore, she was not much dissatisfied with her bargain; though she told me a piteous tale when I arrived at home, and gave me a long history of the harshness with which she had been treated by her lord's trustees. It was soon settled that she should reside with me; and my father's remains were scarcely consigned to the family-vault, when we began to remodel and change every thing at the Hall; my sister urging me to the most foolish expences, in order, as she said, that we might make it a complete place.

We were visited by nearly all the distinguished families in the county; we had new equipages from London, hired expensive servants, and bought costly horses; and, before we had half completed our changes at Hartlands, we went to London, and began as many new arrangements in our town-house. I was resolved, also, that the entertainments which my sister gave should excel any thing of the kind displayed that season; and, to crown all, I attended the fashionable clubs, betted high, and lost my money. The consequence of all this was, that, in a few months, money ran short, or, rather, we began to apprehend that it would do so very speedily; on which, my sister persuaded me to pay my addresses to a Miss Golding, a banker's daughter in the city, a lady of immense fortune.

My title, and probably my person and manners, were pleasing in the eyes of the city lady; and, I no sooner offered myself than I was accepted. Neither did I meet with any difficulty in making an excellent bargain with the old gentleman, whom I contrived to blind completely by my specious appearance and courtier-like expressions.

After a short courtship, I was married; and took my bride down, to spend the honeymoon at Hartlands.

What this lady might have been in the hands of a man who had drawn her out by kindness, I cannot say; but to me she proved a very uninteresting companion; for she had no pleasure in any thing but pomp and show. I, therefore, after the first few weeks, left her to amuse herself as she chose; and, attaching myself wholly to my sister, we were as much together as circumstances would admit. We walked and rode out in the same parties, I consulted her on every occasion, was regulated by her taste, and made her the confidant of all my secrets: and, in return, her conversation was a constant source of amusement to me; and never more so, than when (which was often the case) she had a skirmish of wit with my tutor; in which (as I always told him) he came off the worst; while neither the one nor the other of the combatants, in this war of words, was very conscientious in rejecting those expressions or principles which gave him or her any real or supposed advantage.

At this time, Hartland-Hall was constantly full of com-

pany. During the whole of the autumn after my marriage, it was crowded with gentlemen, who had gathered there for the enjoyment of country sports; and there was much excessive drinking and high betting going forwards.

With such a lord, and such a pastor, it may be easily supposed what a scene of confusion must have ensued throughout the parish; Lady Roxeter being a mere cipher among us, and my sister giving her chief weight and countenance to any measures which led to extravagance and dissipation: and, in fact, the corruption was very general, both as to morals and religion; the Hall being as it were a centre, from which every thing that was vile irradiated to the very extremity of the circle.

We spent the autumn at Hartlands, and returned to London at Christmas; and, by this time, I was become so fashionable a husband, that I almost entirely neglected my wife, and scarcely saw her either in private or in public.

It was the caprice of that year for people of quality to act plays, in their own houses, before large audiences.—My sister was seized with this mania, and caused me to erect a theatre in my Hall; and we got up several plays, in which I shone forth in high style; and my sister displayed considerable talent in several characters.

This freak was a very expensive one, and served to withdraw me still more from my wife, and to introduce me into very low company; for I became acquainted with several actresses whom we hired to fill up our *dramatis personæ*, and other professional persons of dubious characters; and, after our rehearsals, we had private suppers, where every one strove to shine, no matter at what or whose expence.

At length, this winter and this spring passed away; and, in the beginning of the summer, before we had left Town, my unfortunate wife (for unfortunate indeed she was to have fallen into such hands) brought me a son, and died immediately after his birth. The child's life was despaired of for several days; which circumstance led me and my sister to a close enquiry respecting my deceased wife's fortune; and I was at once relieved from many cares, by finding that her property was so secured, that I should not be obliged to refund in case of the in-

fant's death. I well remember, that, in examining these papers, with my chamber counsellor, my sister, we had a hearty laugh at the manner in which we had so entirely blinded old Golding, by the splendour of the coronet and the emblems of grandeur which we had held before him.

My reader is, I fear, beginning to detest me; but not more, I trust, than I detest myself.

In the sight of men in general, I believe that all newborn babes look alike. I thought my boy, when first shewn to me, a very ugly little thing; and, as I had no regard for the memory of his mother, and had satisfied myself that I should lose nothing by his death, I made up my mind, should he die, to give myself little concern on the subject; though I had sufficient decency to desire my sister to see that he had a nurse, leaving it to her to provide such a one as she thought proper. But in this important point I never once consulted the child's grandmother; and merely consented to her entreaties that he might be baptized by the name of Augustus—Augusta having been his mother's name.

I have said above, that it was left to the care of my sister to provide my young lord with a nurse. There were many candidates for the situation; and I once carelessly hinted, that I thought a woman from the country would be the most suitable; but my sister had her own ideas on the subject; and a person was chosen who had nursed the son and heir of a duke, a very fine lady in appearance,—flounced, and furbelowed, and powdered, if not painted,—who undertook to forsake her own child, to administer nourishment to the little lord, on condition that she should have a suitable establishment in the nursery, and the use of a carriage.

Accordingly, this woman, whose name was Freeman, was sent off with the child, in high style, to Hartlands; while I and my sister took a turn to the Lakes, wishing to have it supposed that the afflicted widower required some change of scene.

At the end of two months, we returned to Hartlands; and it was then, for the first time, that I took a deliberate view of my son. We arrived late in the evening; and at breakfast, the next morning, the little heir was introduced by his nurse, accompanied by Lord Seaforth,

(my sister's son,) who was then about two years of age, and who was, as far as strength of limb and healthiness of complexion went, a fine bold boy, and such a one as I should not have been ashamed to own; but my own little son, notwithstanding his cambric robes and lace *rosette*, appeared to me far removed from being a fine child. He was excessively pale; there was a marked languor in his eyes; and his nurse, who was become more stout since I had seen her, had not imparted any of her own *en bon point* to her noble nursling; for the limbs of the child were attenuated, and his face shrunk, or, rather, I should say, it had never been filled up. In short, I fancied that my boy looked very like his old grandfather, Alderman Golding; and, having just looked at him, I tapped his nurse on the cheek, and, telling her that her brat did her but little credit, I bade her take him back to the nursery.

She began to prate to me, probably supposing that I might be uneasy to find my child looking so unwell; but I bade her be gone, in a half insolent and half playful manner; and then, turning to my sister, said, "That boy is a regular Golding—the very image of his grandfather. It will never be believed that he is my son! O! what comparisons and reminiscences there will be when we both appear on the stage of public life together!"

"That is what will never happen, Roxeter," replied my sister; "for the child will never be reared."

"Do you think so?" I said. "Well, then, give me some breakfast; and I must make haste to look out for another wife, who may bring me such an heir as I shall not be ashamed to own."

We remained at Hartlands only a few weeks after this conversation, and then commenced an excursion to the Continent; leaving Mr. Helmly and the two children at Hartlands.

My reader will not be at a loss to fill up the outline of our excursion, through France and Switzerland, to Italy, nor be puzzled to conceive the manner in which two such persons, having no want of ready cash, would fill up their time in Paris, and other gay cities, between that place and Rome. At length, we arrived at the great metropolis of the world; and there, having spent the time of the Carnival, we proceeded to Naples.

It was at Naples that I was destined to indemnify myself for the loss I had sustained in a lady-wife; and the manner in which this took place I shall take the present occasion to relate.—Being on an excursion in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, we stopped, one fine evening, to take refreshment at a small inn, to which we were attracted by its beautiful gardens and fruit. We had ordered a table to be set for us in the garden, with ices, and some fine wines, and were just about to sit down to our repast, when an English livery-servant came up to us; and, delivering his master Sir William Daurien's compliments, (for I choose to give this name to the worthy baronet,) added the information, that his master and lady were at the inn, with their granddaughter, and that, understanding I was here, they hoped for the honour of an interview.

This baronet's name was perfectly well known to me, for his seat was not further from Hartlands than four miles; and its antique turrets, its clock-house, and its terraced gardens, formed a pleasing view from several parts of the park. I had never, indeed, to my recollection, seen Sir William, or any part of his family; for he had been long abroad; having gone to the south of France on account of the illness of an only son, many years since.—This son, it seems, had partially recovered in the warm climate, had married, and died, leaving only one daughter, who had recently, as I afterwards learned, also lost her mother, and had become an orphan, wholly dependent on her grandfather and grandmother: the old gentleman and his lady, who were returning to England, had resolved on a tour through Italy, and were actually spending a few days in the rural inn where I had accidentally put up with my sister. I had brought but one servant from England, namely, my valet, who was, I well knew, not given to tell tales to disgrace his lord; and it was owing to Villars that my name, &c. were known to Sir William; and hence the polite invitation above spoken of.

Of course, I used every degree of politeness, in the reply I returned to the baronet, with an earnest entreaty that he would join me and my sister in the garden, and partake of our repast; and, while the servant was absent on this errand, my sister reminded me that I must as-

sume my very best manners before this complete old English gentleman; adding, that she had heard our father often speak of him as of a most respectable, honourable, and discreet sort of personage.

“And, no doubt,” I added, “a most tiresome, fatiguing old fellow. But for once I will do as your Ladyship wishes; and you shall see how very *comme il faut* I can be, and what honour I will do to my family and breeding.”

I had scarcely made up my mind to the part I meant to act in the ensuing scene, when the grotesque pair appeared in the *chiaro oscuro*, at the end of a long walk covered with trellis-work, over which some vines had been made to extend their tendrils; precisely such a couple as may be seen on canvas in every gallery of family-pictures of the last century; at the period when long ruffles and lappets graced the fair sex, and tie-wigs and large pockets disfigured their good men. They came forward with gold-headed canes in their hands, the lady every now and then uttering a short cough or hem; and so slow was their progress, and their appearance at first in a situation so remote, (for the trellis was very long,) that I had an opportunity of making several comments upon them to my sister before it was necessary for me to arise and pay my compliments. But, just at the moment when it was needful to move, I was surprised to see the worthy pair, who had hitherto advanced arm-in-arm, separate by a simultaneous motion, to give room for a delicate young female to step in between them. She was a young girl, full-grown indeed, but of so pleasingly a youthful form and air, as to give rather the idea of a child than of a woman.

The appearance of this fair creature added wonderful interest to the scene, which I was beginning to consider an insufferable bore, (to adopt the sort of language I should have used at that time,) and imparted such alacrity to my motions, and such assiduity to my manner, that I have no doubt I made, at this first interview, a very pleasing impression on my father's old friend. It was, however, with some difficulty, after having succeeded in getting the party settled at the table, that I could withdraw my attention sufficiently from the sweet face of Mary Daurien (for the young lady was the grand-

daughter of Sir William) to enable me to pay proper attention to the old people, whose long, formal expressions were only to be endured, because I could not see Mary under any conditions but those of being polite to her friends.

Much as I had been in the habit of associating with the noblest and fairest of my countrywomen, I had never been so captivated by any lovely countenance as by that which then first broke upon my view. But, much as I admired Miss Daurien, I misunderstood her mind and character. I confounded her remarkable modesty and simplicity with childishness, and, in fact, (for why should I not speak out?) thought her destitute of strength of mind; while I attributed her reserve and silence to a deficiency of talent; little wondering at that, supposing her to have been brought up by her grandmother. But I had felt the perverted influence of the strong mind of my sister, and had always protested against marrying a clever woman; therefore my admiration of Mary was not in the least diminished by the erroneous ideas I had conceived respecting her; and when the worthy old couple rose up to take their leave, I attended them, most obsequiously, to the door of their apartments; and we separated with as many compliments on each side as would have served Sir Charles Grandison for the day of his nuptials.

When returning to Naples, I asked my sister what she thought of Miss Daurien for my second wife.

She replied, that, if I must have a wife,—and perhaps it would be as well that I should, as my son was a poor, weakly thing,—the piece of waxwork I had seen that evening would do as well as any other, and, in some respects, better; as there were some fine fields attached to her person, which would form a very pretty addition to my estates at Hartlands.

Under these considerations, it was resolved that I should make myself agreeable to Miss Daurien; and endeavour to win over the old people, who were already very well prepared to like me on account of my name and family.

Sir William and Lady Daurien came into Naples the next day, and I lost no time in paying my respects to them, accompanied by my sister; and found them living

in an exceedingly handsome style, in a beautiful house on the Bay.

On a second view of the lovely Mary I became more delighted with her than ever. I thought that she resembled a beautiful *madonna* in white marble which I had seen in a church in Rome, excepting that the *madonna* wanted that soft and tender flush which mantled in her cheek when she moved or spoke.

During my first visit I was all mildness and complaisance, speaking in the softest and smoothest cadences, listening with unwearied attention to the long stories of Sir William, and being observant, to the last degree, of all the *minutiæ* of ceremony which Lady Daurien thought necessary to exercise herself, and to require of others. In short, I played the hypocrite to perfection, talked pathetically of my departed parents, and ventured, though I felt somewhat awkwardly, to express some moral sentiments; which brought a smile of approbation from the old lady, and a ruder sort of compliment from Sir William; who, on one occasion of this kind, shook me heartily by the hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "There, now I recognize the son of my honourable and respectable friend, the late worthy and excellent Earl of Roxeter."

All this was vastly well; yet I could not perceive that I made any advances in the favour of the golden-haired Mary, who sat apart during the whole of our visit busily engaged with a piece of embroidery fixed in a frame. Several formal morning and evening visits passed between the two families before I had the slightest opportunity of improving my acquaintance with Miss Daurien. But at length a party was made to visit Pompeii; and then I trusted that such an opportunity would be afforded; but Sir William made his granddaughter take his arm, and that so perseveringly, that I had not an opportunity of even addressing one word to her, till on our return, when we chanced to pass the door of a church in which some ceremony was taking place which we desired to see, and for that reason entered. I soon perceived that something very absurd was going forward, although the organ was playing a very solemn and beautiful air. The crowd in the church was great, and I contrived to get close to Miss Daurien, though I did not presume to speak to her.

As we were coming out again, my sister, speaking in English, which was probably not understood by any one present beyond our party, expressed extreme contempt of the absurdities of popery; on which I reprov'd her, thinking this was a fine opportunity of shewing off; and, throwing as much pathos as I possibly could into my voice, and assuming as much humility as I thought might appear natural in my manner, I said that I would willingly endure every aspersion which the proud world might throw upon me, could I but feel all those warm and ardent emotions of religion which many who are called fools and zealots are known to experience. I hoped this sentiment would be approved, but I expected not so warm an approval as it met with: for the lovely young lady by whom I was walking suddenly turned to me, and, while her whole countenance beamed with approbation, she smiled upon me;—it was the first smile she had bestowed on me particularly; and, at the same time, such a ray of intellectual light and glory passed over her features as I had never before beheld on any human countenance. She spoke, and said, softly, “I am pleased, my Lord, to hear this sentiment from you. We should not despise any of our fellow-creatures.”

I had now ascertained the sort of thing which would please; and I made such ample use of my discovery, that I obtained the prize, and, in short, made Miss Daurien my own within the second year after my first wife's death, and within three months of my arrival at Naples.

As money had not been the leading object of this marriage, as it had been of the former, I left Sir William to manage the settlements according to his own wishes. A certain portion of the estates must needs go with the title to the heir male, but fortunately these were not the lands adjoining to Hartlands, neither was the house in that neighbourhood so limited. This unentailed estate, therefore, and a very large sum of money, was to pass to Mary's children. And the deed was so worded, that, in condition of the death of my eldest son, which we talked of as a thing very probable, my eldest son by Miss Daurien was to have no part of her fortune in case of younger children, though the estates were to be his if the elder brother lived. By this arrangement, though not intended, it was evident that it would become the interest of

every child I might have by my second wife to desire the death of the son of my first.

I had passed off so well at Naples for a discreet, steady, and virtuous young man, that I was in great dread lest any gossiping countryman, or countrywoman, should arrive before the knot was tied, to betray my true history : but fortune favoured me—no such person appeared. The settlements were finished and signed, the marriage was concluded, and we were on our way towards England, before my lovely young wife had discovered, by experience, that I was very different from what I had always appeared to her.

A few days before my marriage was to take place, I received a letter from Mr. Helmly, informing me that my son had been several times attacked by convulsions ; and that, as there was no hope of his life, it would be well for me to hasten home, lest the Goldings should raise any difficulties respecting his mother's fortune. I was well aware that no difficulties could be raised ; yet, as I thought it would be better to be on the spot, I resolved to return immediately, and to return by sea, which I concluded would be the most speedy and easy method. However, as it did not suit me to seem sad just at that time, I did not say any thing respecting this communication till I had been actually married about two days. I then informed my wife of the state of my son, affecting to have just received the letter ; and she not only instantly acquiesced in the necessity of returning, but undertook to reconcile her parents to the measure. Passages, therefore, were immediately procured in an English vessel, which was only waiting for fair winds, and we embarked directly ; Sir William and Lady Daurien having engaged to follow us to England, over land, as soon as possible.

I did not much increase my acquaintance with the character of Lady Roxeter at sea ; for she was so much affected by the usual malady of young mariners, that I was obliged to deliver her over to the care of my sister : but we had a speedy and prosperous voyage ; and, entering the Channel with a fair wind, soon found ourselves on English ground. We remained only one night in the sea-port, and arrived at our house in Town the next day, where I found a servant just come up from Hartlands.

This man, by name Thomas Jefferies, an old groom of my late father, hastened to meet us in the hall, as soon as we had entered it, proclaiming, in high glee, the convalescence of my son, after such an illness as few infants are able to contend with; adding, "But, my Lord," (for I remember the words he uttered, as if I had heard them but yesterday, as well as the ludicrous expression of sorrow with which they were delivered,) "you must expect to see the babe looking uncommon bad: he is quite a sight, poor little gentleman; but I warrant he will be quite another thing, when he has his father to see after him; or if these ladies here would but be so good as to take him in hand ——" and he was going on, when I interrupted him. I know not all I said; yet I remember that I called on his infernal majesty to silence him. And my sister said, "Go, Thomas Jefferies; I will speak to you presently."

While this was passing, I perceived that the eyes of Lady Roxeter were fixed upon me in a manner so penetrating that their glances seemed to thrill through my breast. And she said, "Never mind, my Lord, how the dear baby looks, let us thank God that he is alive: I trembled lest I should have heard of his death. Let us go down to Hartlands immediately: I long to see the dear little babe: he shall never, never want a mother again. I fear he has been neglected. Let us go to-morrow--to-night. I shall have such pleasure in nursing and comforting him." And, to my great amazement, she yielded to a flow of tender and affecting tears. O! what a contrast did she then form to my sister, who stood like a Juno, contemplating her with a sort of scorn mingled with astonishment! Well, indeed, might the poet say,—

"O woman! woman! when to ill thy mind is bent,
No hell contains so foul a fiend!"

It was impossible to suspect that those eloquent tears, and those still more expressive suffusions of brilliant red over her neck and cheeks, were the effect of art in my lovely wife. Yet I could not quite understand her feelings. I could not conceive how she could have such an interest in an infant she had never seen; and one who, if he lived, must obstruct the temporal interest of every

child she might hereafter have. Yet I thought her altogether so lovely, though to me inexplicable, that I could not help using every means in my power to soothe her, and even promised (contrary to my original intention) that I would set out the next day for Hartlands.

Thus I led her into the interior of the house; ordering at the same time that a dinner might be got ready as soon as possible; and then, having introduced her to the noble suite of apartments which had been devoted to my first wife, I left her, hastening to unburden my mind to my sister.

“Juliana,” I said, as soon as I had shut the door of her dressing-room, “what are we to make of this? how did you interpret Mary’s tears? What could have given occasion to them? Was there any thing of intended reproach to you or to me in those tears? Does she suspect that I do not desire the boy’s life?” And then I began to shuffle, and to say, “If there were any hope of the boy’s becoming any thing like a man, and of not remaining always a poor, sickly, diseased object, I, of course, should wish his life. But no father,” I added, “could desire a son to live who is to be a miserable invalid all his days.”

“And to mingle the blood of the citizen Golding with our hitherto unpolluted race,” replied my sister, “when there is hope of an heir or heirs who have no such stain!”

“Stay, stay,” I said; “did not you recommend and promote my marriage with Miss Golding?”

“I did,” she replied, “because at that time such a measure was necessary—you wanted money then.”

“And I found Miss Golding’s fortune so acceptable,” I added, “that I shall feel the benefit of it all my life.”

“Very true,” replied my sister; “but the death of the boy would not affect the property you received with his mother.”

“No,” I replied, “thanks to the folly of old Golding.”

“Well then,” said my sister, “why should you be so very anxious that he should live, when it is altogether likely that he will be a cripple.”

“A cripple!” I repeated.

“Yes,” she replied, with a sneer; “for Thomas tells me that the surgeon thinks his nurse has let him fall, and injured the spine.”

O! how I raved, and what imprecations did I call for upon the wretched woman and her underlings! And my sister, I thought, seemed to enjoy my ravings; and this thought enraged me the more. At length, however, she called me to recollection, by saying, "But I have not answered your question respecting Lady Roxeter. Really, Roxeter, I cannot tell what to think of her: she is certainly not a woman of strong sense; but she is a good-natured little thing; and I should suppose that the little scene that she had worked up was merely owing to her late fatigue and sickness."

"Do you think so?" I said.

"I do," she replied: "I was aware, when we were at sea, that you had married a woman of weak spirits. Lady Roxeter is uncommonly nervous."

I was again agitated: for I saw there was spite in my sister. She knew that, of all things on earth, I disliked a nervous woman.

The end of this conversation was, that I became excessively sullen; and, when called to my dinner, I let my wife see that I had my gloomy tempers as well as my gay ones.

However, before the repast was concluded, the lovely, innocent, unapprehensive countenance of my Mary, with the gentle touch of sadness still resting on her features, wholly disarmed me; and I had quite recovered my temper and cheerfulness, when I was disturbed again by the appearance of old Mr. Golding; who, having heard of my arrival by the busy Thomas Jefferies, had hastened to pay his compliments to his noble son-in-law, and arrived just as we had returned to the drawing-room.

My sister frowned and bit her lips when he was announced, and I exhibited as much indifference and *hauteur* in my manner as I was capable of, and that was not a little; expressing much more surprise than pleasure at his presence. The old gentleman was in mourning for his wife, who was lately dead, and looked much broken and cast down; and, as he had never seen me since his daughter's funeral, the sight of me would have been sufficiently painful, had I received him kindly. All this ought to have disarmed me; but it had not that effect; and I was brute enough not to seem to see that there was no chair near at hand for him to sit down upon: for

my valet, who had ushered him in, (few of the servants being at that time in Town,) had known enough of my mind to feel assured that he should not give mortal offence by shewing a slight to the old citizen, as he had often heard me call my father-in-law.

But the neglect of the valet was soon amply repaired by Lady Roxeter's attention, who, though she had never seen Mr. Golding before, hastened to place a chair for him, begging him to be seated; and then, addressing him in her usually endearing manner, "We are very happy, Sir," she said: "the dear baby, your grandson, is better; and you may be assured, that, when I reach Hartlands, I will do every thing in my power to make him comfortable; please God, I will endeavour to make up to him the loss of his own dear mother." And, as she spoke, the tear glistened in her eye; and, as usual on all occasions of the slightest excitement, a livelier colour was diffused over her cheeks, and embellished her whole countenance.

What a change took place on the countenance of the old gentleman, as this invaluable woman stood before him, and addressed him in the manner I have described! He hemmed once or twice, as if unable to command his voice from extreme emotion, and then said, with an expressive bow of his head, "Lady Roxeter, I suppose,—dear lady,—and will you take care of my poor boy? May the divine blessing rest on you!—on all who are dear to you!—on all the children whom God may give you! May your offspring never know what it is to want a mother!" and the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, notwithstanding every effort he could make to restrain them.

While this was passing, my sister and I both sat as if we had no part in the scene, and no concern either in the old gentleman or the child on whose behalf he expressed so much interest. But, however unconcerned we might appear to be, we had our feelings, and they were not agreeable ones. For my part, I felt a degree of sullenness, which had been very common with me formerly, although I had seldom given way to it since my last marriage; and, that I might indulge this feeling, I rang the bell, and gave orders to my valet about some affairs which might just as well have been settled at another

time ; finding occasion to blame several of my people for certain offences I had not thought of till that moment ; and, at the same time placing my back to the fire, I kicked my sister's *poodle*, and sent it whining to the other end of the room.

Lady Roxeter had sat down near Mr. Golding ; and, having entered into conversation with him, was obliged, more than once, to break off, from the absolute incapacity of making herself heard. She looked at me, at first, with a sort of innocent amazement ; and then, turning to the valet, who stood just within the door, "I should be obliged to you, Villars," she said, "when you have received all your lord's orders, to bring refreshments for Mr. Golding : I expected you would have done this, without being admonished that it was proper so to do."

She spoke this in such a style of grave displeasure, and with so much real dignity, that my sister, who was at the moment engaged in caressing her offended lap-dog, stared at her with amazement ; and I felt the blood rise to my very temples : however, I commanded myself, and even forced myself to finish the evening with more civility to Mr. Golding than I had commenced it with.

This was my last interview with the old gentleman. He died soon afterwards, but not till he had been told of the kindness of Lady Roxeter to his grandson ; and he died blessing the gentle and affectionate stepmother.

Early the next morning, we commenced our rapid journey to Hartlands ; and I had the satisfaction, soon after sun-set, to see the old Hall again.

I was anxious that Lady Roxeter should be pleased with the place, and I had the satisfaction to see that she was so. As we drew nearer our home, and as one beautiful scene unfolded itself after another, she was all gaiety, and seemed to look forward, with real delight, to a long and happy life with me in that delightful place. And, ah ! why might it not have been as happy as it was long ? why might not all the bright expectations of my charming wife have been realized ? Was I not the man who alone, of all men she had ever seen, was most dear to her ? Was it not in my power to fulfil all her wishes, and to have gratified all her innocent desires and simple pleasures ?

But I will not anticipate.. My Mary's vivacity impart-

ed itself to me; and I was ready, at that moment, to promise all she might have asked. But she asked for nothing, and wished for nothing, I believe, but my happiness, in which hers was bound up. We were sitting side by side in the coach, and my sister sat opposite to us. This last said but little; but I saw that she was not in a good humour; and I knew that she was jealous of the growing influence of her sister-in-law.

At length, we arrived at the gates of the park. It was moonlight; and the moonbeams rested on the dark groves, and played on the polished surface of the lake. "This will do, even after Italy, my Lord," said Lady Roxeter. "And then it is our home—our sweet home. We will try to render it happy, the Almighty helping us." And, as she spoke, she took my hand and kissed it, with an air so dutiful, so affectionate, so becoming, that I was increasingly delighted with her; and more satisfied with myself for having obtained such a paragon; and thus we drove up to the gate of the Hall in the highest good-humour.

The first person who appeared, when the folding-doors were opened, was Mr. Helmly. Our meeting was cordial; and when I introduced him to Lady Roxeter, she bestowed upon him one of her lovely smiles, but was impatient to know how the baby was—thus again reminding me what ought to have been my first thought as a father.

Mr. Helmly shrugged up his shoulders, and, affecting a degree of concern which he did not feel, replied, that the child was for the present better; "but, dear lady," he added, "I could almost advise you not to see him: he is a pitiable object; it might affect you too much."

"What! not see him!" she replied, in beautiful indignation; "not see him, little lovely one! I mean to spend every leisure moment I have with the babe; it shall be my heart's delight to attend him!" And, so saying, she addressed herself to the housekeeper, who had come from her own premises to pay her duty to her new lady; and they withdrew together. And thus I was left with Mr. Helmly, my sister having run up to see her own son.

We were no sooner alone, than he broke out with expressions of admiration of my second choice. "A charm-

ing young lady! all elegance and beauty!" he exclaimed; and then, passing from that subject, he spoke of my son; and in part confirmed what my sister had told me, the night before, in Town, respecting the dangerous nature of his complaint.

I informed him, also, that I had heard his nurse had let him fall, and caused this injury. But he fired at this suggestion, and declared it to be his conviction, that there never was a more careful, prudent, excellent person than Mrs. Freeman—"quite a treasure"—with much more to the same purpose; which vexed me exceedingly, as it deprived me of an object on which to vent my rage: for I was almost mad with the fear that I might, perhaps, be obliged to bequeath my title and estates to a little deformed creature; and such was my opposition and rebellion to the divine will in this instance, that I said I wished nothing so much as that the child were under the sods with his mother and grandmother.

It was in Mr. Helmsly's study (for we had arrived unexpectedly, and no other room was ready for us) that this conversation took place; and we were interrupted, in the midst of these expressions of my wicked desires, by a servant, who begged me to come immediately to Lady Roxeter.

I obeyed the summons; and found her standing in the gallery, at the head of the principal stairs. She was excessively pale, and her own maid (whom she had brought from Navarre) was at some little distance, holding a light. "I have seen the baby, my Lord," she said.

"And you are shocked at his appearance?" I asked.

"I am," she answered, "dreadfully shocked;" and she trembled violently.

"Were you not advised not to go near him?" I enquired.

"Unhappy baby!" she replied, "thank God that I did not take that unfeeling counsel. The child is a poor object indeed! a pitiable, a miserable object! But what should you and I have been, had we been left, during infancy, in the hands of such wretches as those who have the care of your son? It was well we came unexpectedly; it was well that I insisted upon going to his chamber as I did. Oh! unhappy little babe! His pale

face reveals the secret of his many sufferings. The women who have the charge of him are now both intoxicated! the one, indeed, more so than the other; and all the people in this house are so careless as not to have discovered what is as plain as the light of day even to one so inexperienced as I am."

I was petrified; I was really for once shocked. I bade the waiting-maid light me to the nursery; and there I found all the women in the house collected, trying to make Mrs. Freeman know that I was come, but without success.—The vile woman was asleep in the bed, in her clothes, and could not be roused; while my unhappy little son lay by her, seemingly as unconscious as herself.

I cannot, I dare not, repeat all that I said on this occasion. I ordered the servants to seize the miserable woman, and take her away; and bade all her partisans troop after her; while such other servants as did not belong to the nursery stood aloof, trembling at my rage, which was for once just, although, perhaps, not properly exercised.

In the mean time, Mr. Helmly and my sister came up, and arrived just in time to share my resentment; the one for his blindness in not having discovered the errors of the nurse, and the other for having recommended such a woman for the service. For once my inflamed spirit thoroughly overpowered their more deep and determined ones; and they stood pale and motionless before me, unable to urge any plea in their own favour, at least, that night; but, the next morning, they both contrived to make me believe they had been entirely deceived in the character of Mrs. Freeman; and Mr. Helmly assured me, that, had we only given a few hours' notice of our arrival, or waited till the morning before we had seen the infant, his nurse would have appeared to us in a light so wholly different, that we should have been as much deceived by her as he had himself been.—But to return to the nursery scene.

When I had routed the cruel woman and her partisans, and silenced my sister and Mr. Helmly, I looked round for Lady Roxeter and the infant; and was told by Thomas Jefferies, who stood just without the door in the gallery, that the lady had snatched up the baby in the beginning of the bustle, and carried him off in her arms.

“And I am heartily glad of it,” said the old man, speaking as it were apart. “I am much mistaken, if, after all, the step-lady will not prove the best friend.” As he spoke, he pointed the way in which Lady Roxeter was gone, and I followed immediately.

The nursery was on the second floor. I ran down the stairs, and along the gallery; and, being directed by a light, I turned into the room which had been my first lady’s dressing-room—one which had been furnished very elegantly for her—and where, over the chimney-piece, was her full-length portrait, in the robes of a countess, and adorned with the coronet. On a low seat, just before the fire-place, sat my second wife. Extended on her lap lay my son, and the tears of his step-mother were flowing freely for him. Her maid (the old Frenchwoman, a Protestant, from the kingdom of Navarre) was standing by her, holding a light, and looking anxiously on the child. Lady Roxeter looked up at me when I entered, and then her eyes were fixed again on the infant, while she heaved a deep sigh. I thought that the expression of her countenance was reproachful. I felt that I deserved her displeasure, and actually quailed beneath her gentle eye. I advanced. I stood before the lovely stepmother and the unhappy child. I hardly dared to look upon him; it would have been a comfort to me never to have seen him. O how did I wish that he had died before my arrival in England! But the alternative was not left me—I must see him—I was to be made to feel.

Oh! what a sight was that miserable infant to me, when I first saw his poor pale face, after the lapse of seventeen months! for so long a time had passed since I had quitted Hartlands. I have seen larger children of ten months old; yet his limbs looked the longer, from their being miserably attenuated. His face was that of a person sunk with age, and it was impossible to form a judgment of what his features would have been in health; and, notwithstanding all the uproar which had been made around him, he still lay in a dead slumber. He had not been undressed, apparently, since the morning; for his dress, though soiled, was richly decorated with lace, and one golden ringlet had escaped from beneath his cap, and had fallen carelessly over his marble brow.

I looked at him for a moment, and then at Lady Roxeter; whose eyes, suffused with tears, were lifted up to me. "You think me unfeeling, Mary?" I said.

"No, no," she answered, "no, no, my dear Lord; but I think you have been cruelly deceived, and I thank God that we are not come too late. The baby may yet be saved. If he could live through all this inhuman treatment, surely, surely there is a prospect that he may yet thrive in kinder hands. Cecile, good Cecile (that was, the Frenchwoman then present) has promised me that she will take the charge of him. He shall sleep in the room adjoining to this, and he shall have every comfort." And she rested her face on that of the baby; while her whole frame was agitated by the strength of her feelings.

I was beginning to expostulate with her, and to propose some alteration in her plan; on which she lifted up her head, and, speaking vehemently, and almost passionately, "Say not a word, say not a word, Lord Roxeter," she said. "They have called you a cruel father, and a bad husband; but they shall never say this of you again. You shall redeem your character; it shall no more be said of you that you are without a heart."

She was proceeding; when I burst forth with some most violent expressions, not sparing oaths and execrations, and insisting on knowing who that person was who had dared *thus* to speak of me, and to my wife.

She started at this enquiry, and changed colour.

"Speak," I said, "I will be informed," and I stamped with passion. I was angry with myself, and vented my rage upon the unoffending.

She looked in my face, and replied, with calmness, "I have spoken with haste. I was not told in so many words that you were a bad father, or that you had been a bad husband; but these things were insinuated. It was not in England that I heard them; and I did not believe them. Had I believed them," she added, "I had not now been here, Theodore; for it was before we were married that these things were intimated."

Angry as I was, I could scarcely help smiling at the inference which it was natural to draw from this confession of Lady Roxeter, which proved that her affection for me had been stronger than her prudence. Yet I was

in such a temper that I could have murdered the person who had thus attempted to deprive me of the affection of my wife; little thinking that the blow, could I have struck it, would have reached my sister's heart. My suspicions, however, did not fall on that quarter; yet I insisted on Lady Roxeter telling me the name of the mischief-maker.

She was silent, and her eyes were fixed on the baby.

I repeated my entreaties—I added commands.

“My Lord,” she replied, “I wish you to understand this, that I never will so far depart from my character, as a woman and a Christian, as to be the channel of discord. I am sorry that I said what I did. May God forgive me this offence. In pressing a duty on you I forgot one in myself. Be assured, that no person can have power to weaken my affection for my husband. But, as I have said these things, let us derive some advantage from my communication. It seems that the eyes of the world are upon you—that you have been suspected of being a careless father. Permit me to redeem your character. Permit me to be a mother, a tender mother to this baby.” And she raised her streaming eyes and clasped hands towards me. “Assist me,” she said, “to rear him up to be the glory and support of your noble family; the heir of all your honours; your friend and comforter in old age, and mine also, as I may deserve such kindness from his hands.”

“Angel of a woman!” I exclaimed, falling on my knees by her side, and clasping her in my arms, “you have conquered! take your own way; take your boy; do what you will with him: but urge me not too far; keep him out of my sight; and don't expect me to delight in the grandson of old Golding, (and the inheritor, perhaps, of all the qualities of that low family,) as I undoubtedly shall do in the children of my Mary.” These latter words were whispered in her ear as I knelt by her; after which, I sprang up and left the room.

I saw Lady Roxeter no more that evening, for she came not to bed; and, as I was told, was the whole night with the child, having sent for Dr. Simpson, the family physician; refusing to let the surgeon who had formerly prescribed for my son continue to attend him, the reasons for which were very evident.

I was not very abundant in my enquiries after the child, yet I was not so insensible, when the physician appeared at breakfast the next morning, not to ask his opinion, especially concerning the injury the child had been supposed to have received in his back. Dr. Simpson informed me, that the child had certainly had a fall, and sustained some injury, but, he hoped, not an irreparable one. And he further added, that the infant had been, he imagined, drenched with opium, to keep him quiet; and that if he had not had a remarkably good constitution he must have expired long since; and that years would probably pass away before he would appear like other children.

There was no remedy for all this: but I remembered the hint which Lady Roxeter had given me, and did not say I wished that my son were dead already: nor did I use that phrase, so often adopted by persons who would conceal their want of feeling under the cloak of piety, viz; "Please Heaven to take him, and put him out of his pain:" but, on the contrary, I made a very pathetic speech, on the subject of paternal affection, &c. which was exceedingly well received by the good doctor, and which made my sister and Mr. Helmlly look unutterable things. And I did this with the better grace, as Lady Roxeter was not present to give me one of her mildly-searching looks.

After breakfast the physician took his leave; and I had a long conversation with Mr. Helmlly and my sister, in which they contrived to convince me that they had no suspicions of the bad character of the nurse. After which, the housekeeper and butler were examined, respecting what they had seen or suspected of the nurse: but they, as well as the inferior servants, played their parts to admiration; assuming the innocent and the unsuspecting; and expressing the most vehement regard for the young lord. And thus the matter passed over, and I began to attend to other things.

The only person who spoke out on the subject of the ill-usage sustained by the child, was Thomas Jefferies, who told me at once, that he considered Mrs. Freeman to be as vile a woman as ever entered a house; and that I might be very thankful that she had not added the burning of the Hall to the breaking of my son's back;

a disclosure which had much influence in inducing me to insist upon it that she should be dismissed from my premises.

This matter being settled, we proceeded to other arrangements. I allotted apartments for my sister and her son; and pointed out the province of Mr. Helmly. I sent orders to town for new equipages and furniture. I looked over my stud and dog-kennel; and planned with my sister certain improvements in my pleasure-grounds and park. I sent for a French cook, and a maid for Lady Roxeter; for my sister asserted that my wife had not the smallest idea how to dress herself. And all this we did without the least reference to the real female head of the family.

Within a very few weeks from that time, we had entered into that mode of life, which continued with little variation for several years. We spent nine months, on an average, out of the twelve, at Hartlands, and the other three in Town, or at Brighton. While at Hartlands, our house was always full of company; and, with the exception of Sir William and Lady Daurien, who returned to England a few months after ourselves, with persons selected either by me or by my sister. They were either gay, worldly individuals, of high *ton*, or such as could contribute, by their talents, to relieve the tedious hours of a country life. Persons, for instance, who could sing a good song, tell a good story, and converse with spirit.

During one or two seasons, we had a celebrated actress at Hartlands; and then we got up a few plays, and invited all the neighbourhood. I had my hounds, too, and my hunters; and these occasioned a number of persons to be about us.

But the chief life and spirit of Hartlands, after my sister, was Mr. Helmly; the most witty person of the age who ever wore a gown or cassock. It was wonderful what command of countenance this man possessed. I have often known him excite the greatest levity in our pew, with the grimaces he made in the pulpit on one side of his face, while the other side, which was exposed to the view of the congregation in general, was as demure as that of the marble figure of an old saint in a cloister. And then he and my sister united and mingled their ef-

forts, exciting each other's talents in a way so admirable, that no comedy was more amusing than their company; while the serpents that lurked under these rattles were not suspected, I believe, by many who listened to them. Moreover, there was a sort of classic charm shed over the whole domain of Hartlands: every point of the park had its temple or obelisk; every grotto its naiad; every bed of roses its Flora; and every profane conversation, or indecorous sentiment, was rendered gay with the flowers of rhetoric, or dazzling with the tinsel of wit.

We were readers too, and fond of poetry, and were supplied with a variety of new publications, the selection of which was generally left to Mr. Helmly; and of the nature of these selections my reader will easily guess by what has been stated. In short, a variety of attractive objects was collected at Hartlands for the purpose of making the most of *this life*. Mark what I say—*of this life*—without a view to the next. And my sister was the presiding spirit who arranged and ordered every thing; and if talent consists in suiting the means to the end desired to be obtained, Juliana certainly, in her day, displayed as much talent as any woman with whose history we are acquainted. To enjoy the world, to make the most of it, to live at others' expence, and to accumulate her own money, were the things at which she aimed; and she succeeded in accomplishing her desires. It is another question, whether the end and means were worthy of an immortal being; a question into which I shall not now enter.

It seems that one of the objects which Juliana had in view, was to induce me to suppose that Lady Roxeter, though beautiful, was a mere child, and very unfit to be the companion of a man of sense. I had never indeed tried Mary's companionableness. I had never seen her prove the strength of her mind, excepting in the case of my son: and although I had certainly felt the influence of her mind over mine, in that instance, yet my sister had afterwards contrived to insinuate, that the feelings she had then evinced were nothing but caprice; an exhibition; a whim of sporting the tender stepmother; in fact, a piece of spite to bring her own superior feelings into comparison with the indifference of the child's aunt. How my sister converted me to these opinions I hardly

know, but this I recollect, that they were strongly confirmed in my mind by the extremely delicate conduct of Lady Roxeter, who, finding that when the child slept in a room only separated from ours by the intervening dressing-room his cries often disturbed me, had caused his little establishment to be removed to a distant part of the house, from which I could not hear his voice. Lady Roxeter carried her delicacy so far in this respect, that for several months she never mentioned the child's name to me, but on one occasion; when she asked permission for Thomas Jefferies to be his special servant, to assist in carrying him out and wait upon his nurse.

This extreme delicacy was misconstrued by my sister, as I before hinted. And as Lady Roxeter was at this time in expectation of becoming a mother, Juliana said to me, "Did I not tell you that the violent uproar which your lady made about Augustus would all end as such things generally do? Who now ever hears any thing about his little lordship? You say you never hear his name mentioned. And the poor little object is carried moping about by that old fool, Thomas Jefferies, who is more fit to be a groom to a colt than to attend a young nobleman; while the grotesque old Huguenot creeps behind, trying to make the Welsh clown understand the *patois* of the Pyrenees. But any person of sense," continued Juliana, "must have foreseen all this. Lady Roxeter cannot be so simple as not to know that Augustus excludes any boy she may have from the honours and advantages of your estates; and, if she has no son, there is an immense property that descends in the female line. It is only that part of the estate to which the title is attached which must go to the male heir."

"At that rate, Lady Seaforth," I said, "it is a misfortune to you that I married at all."

"I don't say so," replied Juliana; "your property has been greatly improved by your marriages. Fortune bestowed on you a face and person, which have done great things for you with the ladies. And it is well for your son that it has been so; for I much question whether he will ever win the hearts of rich and noble ladies. Though, to be sure," she added, laughing, "we women are capricious creatures; and, as the fairy tale informs us, the beautiful princess who fell in love with Riquet à

la Houpe, became so blind, in consequence of her passion, that she even made it a question how her prince could ever have deserved an epithet so ungraceful."

This vile conversation was not without its influence; and, though it operated against my own wife, I had a sort of pleasure in believing that Lady Roxeter was capricious; for an unwarrantable feeling attended me at that time, which was a growing dislike to her, on account of her superior merit.

Lady Roxeter had been much pleased with the physician who attended Lord Bellamy, and, therefore, she begged to be permitted to remain at Hartlands during her confinement, that he might be at hand. Lady Daurien also much wished it, and I, therefore, consented, though my sister opposed the wish; and, within the first year of our marriage, I was the father of a second son, who was pronounced to be as fine a child as ever was seen. He was called Theodore, after me.

It was during Lady Roxeter's confinement that I had a very interesting conversation with her. We were together rejoicing over our little son, who lay on his mother's lap, when I put her to the test, by asking, "Do you not now, my dear Mary, regret that there is another to deprive your son of the earldom?"

"No, my beloved Lord," she replied: "I would rather obtain the blessing of God for my children than I would leave them a royal diadem. Let us look at the generations of old, and ask if we ever saw the righteous forsaken, or their seed begging their bread; while we find in history examples without end of the sudden and entire destruction of whole families, whose parents have sought only their worldly aggrandizement. Had I been absorbed in selfish and worldly desires for my children, I should not have acted as I have done towards your son."

"Then I am to understand, my dear Mary," I said, playfully, "that you did as you have done by Lord Bellamy, to bring good luck to your own children. But do you not know that Fortune is blind and capricious, and does not deal out her favours by the rules of justice?"

"Fortune is blind," she replied: "but the wheels of Providence are full of eyes."

"What do you mean by that?" I answered: "you are enigmatical, Lady Roxeter."

“Am I, my love?” she replied: “perhaps to some I may be; but not, I hope, to you. All my riddles may, I trust, be easily solved. I wish to have but one rule of action; and I desire to have but one object of supreme desire.”

“And pray,” I asked, “what may be this one rule of action of which you speak, Lady Roxeter?”

“The will of my God,” she answered, solemnly: “I desire to be conformed to that will, and to take it as the rule of all my actions. It was by the study of the word of God that I learned to look with contempt on worldly honours; and, had I desired them for my children, I might have looked with jealousy on your infant son, and might have closed my heart to all his innocent and endearing ways.”

“And was it by the same rule of action that you bestowed your heart on me, my Mary,” I said, profanely enough, “and overlooked all my faults, because of my title and fine person?”

“I thought you pious when I married you,” she answered, with a sigh; “and I was but young.”

“And therefore,” I added, “it was not difficult for me to deceive you. Is that what you meant, my dear Mary?”

The tears started in her eyes; she tried to restrain them, but was unable; and she threw herself forward into my arms. “O, Theodore!” she said, “could I but see you what I wish in this respect, I should be blessed, blessed indeed! Did you but know the misery I endured, when I found you were not of the number of those who love their God, who acknowledge their sinfulness, who are willing to accept the offers of redeeming mercy, you would be sorry for me—for yourself; you would surely reflect on the state of your soul. Perhaps I have done wrong,” she continued; “I ought to have spoken to you before on this subject; but I waited some such moment as this to open my heart to you, to beseech—to entreat you to regard your highest interests. O, my beloved husband! be assured you are in the wrong way: you will never find happiness in the pursuits you have chosen; no happiness in this world, nor safety in the next; for you cannot but know yourself to be a sinner; and, as such, you are liable to the divine displeasure; neither can you be ignorant that

there are ample means of salvation provided for you." I attempted to interrupt her, but she proceeded; she would not be interrupted. "We are all sinners," she added; "we have all offended; we are all vile. Let us look at the commandments, and enquire which we have not broken. From perfect justice what have we then to hope, but as that justice is connected with the merits of the Saviour? And this is the Saviour on whose glory you cast contempt, my Theodore, and encourage others to do the same; while you live entirely with a view of pleasing self, and utterly regardless of every duty which interferes with that object."

My ineffectual efforts to interrupt her, seemed to urge her to speak her mind, without waiting to select her expressions; which, probably, would have been milder had she not been so urged. I was, however, resolved to hear no more: yet I was not so brutal as to quarrel with her just then, as her infant was not yet a fortnight old; I therefore used what I considered a vast deal of forbearance, tapped her on the cheek, said she had preached a very pretty sermon, and, kissing the boy and his mother, I arose, looked in the glass, arranged my hair, yawned aloud, and walked out of the room, singing an opera-tune as I went along the gallery, to convince my wife that I was not in the least degree impressed by what she had been saying. I, however, met her the next time with a determination to silence her at once, if she attempted another admonition of the same kind.

When Lady Roxeter was sufficiently recovered, she appeared again among us, and took the same position which she had formerly done in the society at Hartlands. What that position exactly was, my reader, no doubt, is desirous of knowing.

The place at the head of the table had, of course, always been given to her, with other distinctions of the same description; but otherwise she seemed to have been considered as a complete cipher; all the visitors regulating their attentions to her by what they saw were paid by me, with the exception only of some of the gentlemen: but the attentions of these she would not admit, beyond what ordinary politeness actually required. It was impossible but that she must have seen and felt the undue influence of my sister; but such was her delicacy respect-

ing her, that for a long time she left me in doubt whether she did see it. She seldom mentioned her name to me; and if she did so, it was without comment or remark. I, however, perceived that she never admitted her to intimacy, never asked her advice, or entered any further into discourse with her than was absolutely necessary. She treated her, however, with invariable respect; and, when Juliana intruded her counsels, heard her with calmness, till she had finished what she had to say, and sometimes thanked her, but never attempted to reason with her, or to enter into any explanation of what she thought would be better to do.

She was perfectly polite to all my visitors, even ceremoniously so; but she declined games of hazard, of which we were very fond, and would take no part in our theatrical amusements. When compelled to hear conversation of an evil tendency, she was silent and grave; and I have seen her look very sad on these occasions; and sometimes she would expostulate with me on the sin of allowing such conversation at my table; reminding me of the dreadful consequences which were likely to ensue from the mode of life which I led; at the same time pressing upon me the doctrines and duties of religion in a manner most beautifully impressive. But these private exhortations produced no other effect than to induce me to shun her society; which, when she perceived, she used them more sparingly, and, at length, entirely desisted from them. The only person whom I ever heard her reprove with any thing like severity, was Mr. Helmly, and that on account of his sacred character; and, undoubtedly, he was often awed by her presence, and was never so much himself when she was in the room.

My sister hinted to me, that there was great pride and rudeness in Lady Roxeter's refusing to join in our amusements; which induced me on one occasion to urge her to take part in a game of cards. We were in the drawing-room, after tea, and there were no persons present but such as I was very intimate with;—it was soon after the birth of Theodore;—and when we were cutting in for whist, and my sister held the cards to her, I urged her to take one. She excused herself in a playful way for some minutes, saying, she did not know the cards, and should be obliged to count the spots like a baby. But, on my

saying that I insisted upon her doing as I desired, that I would have her act as others did, and not pour contempt on me and my company by singularity, she said, in a low voice to me, "My dear Lord, please to excuse me; do not enforce your commands; I cannot obey; I will give you my reasons at another time."

"Do you think it a sin to play at cards, Lady Roxeter?" asked my sister, who had overheard the whisper.

"No," she replied, firmly, "I do not condemn any person who plays: the evil is not in the cards, but in what they may lead to." And then she added, "I should be much obliged to you, Lady Seaforth, if you would allow me the liberty you take yourself. I do not choose to play."

I started up from the sofa on which I sat near to her, and, placing myself with my back to the fire, I told her that I did not admire the word *choose* from the mouth of a married woman; and that I should be obliged to her to explain if it were meant for my ears, or for those of any other person.

She gave me one of those lovely, imploring looks which she had sometimes before directed towards me; and then smiling, she addressed the company, and said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you are polite, you will withdraw, and leave my Lord and Lady to fight it out. I feel, I own, something like the naughty boy, who would not say A, lest he should have to learn B; and I am very unwilling to play at cards to-day, which is Friday, lest I should have to play again to-morrow, which is Saturday, and the next day, which is Sunday." And as she uttered the last word, she looked at Mr. Helmly, who had the grace to blush; for it must be understood that our card-tables were in as much requisition on a Sunday evening as on every other day of the week.

I could not restrain myself on receiving this affront; and I spoke with violence, and said some very unbecoming things, of which she took no notice; and, as no one answered, I found myself awkwardly situated: for I scarcely know any thing so provoking as the adversary failing in the midst of a wordy quarrel: a man feels so like a fool beating and buffeting the empty air with loud words, especially when he knows that every one present thinks him wrong. And thus I had made myself ridicu-

lous, and my fair adversary was on the point of gaining a complete triumph; when, like a loyal wife, in the true spirit of conjugal submission, she rose before all the company, came up close to me, entreated my pardon, acknowledged she had spoken unadvisedly, and begged me, as a favour, to excuse her joining in our card-parties, as she had an unconquerable distaste for the amusement, though she was far from wishing to interfere with the opinions of others.

An old gentleman who happened to be present immediately concurred with her in an open way, while all the rest, no doubt, did the same in their hearts, and said, "Come, come, my Lord, acknowledge yourself conquered in the way which women only ought to conquer, by submission. Grant the boon so humbly asked. Give your hand to the fairest of fair solicitors; and, since she pleads incapacity, excuse her from learning to read those volumes whose author is said not to have been of the best report; and thank your good fortune which has bestowed on you a lady who loves her needle more than the dice-box."

I was excessively angry, because I had, I felt, played a foolish part in the affair: however, I made the best of it, shook hands with Lady Roxeter, and told the old gentleman that he must now look to his own safety, for the penalty of making up matrimonial quarrels is well known to be a union of man and wife against the peace-maker.

This scene was concluded by every one present sitting down to cards, with the exception of Lady Roxeter; and, from that period, this subject was never again agitated between her and myself. For I really thought it was quite as well that she was not fond of cards; which, in unskilful hands, and, indeed, in skilful ones, often become a very expensive amusement, as I had, indeed, frequently felt.

During the spring of this year I went to London with my sister, being called there by business. Lady Roxeter did not accompany us, on account of Theodore whom she was nursing: indeed, to say the truth, I did not invite her. We proposed staying only a fortnight, but were tempted to remain there week after week till we had completed more than six; and a most gay and wild

life did I then lead. I renewed my acquaintance with some ladies of the theatre whom I had formerly known, and invited them to Hartlands in the autumn. I attended certain clubs, where I gambled high; and had a violent quarrel, which my sister pressed me to settle by a challenge and a duel, that terminated by my being wounded and brought home in a miserable condition to my house, while my adversary fled the country.

Thus in six weeks I ran a complete career of folly, and had nearly lost my life; and, when all was done, I found my sister a miserable comforter on my bed of pain, and my own thoughts still worse. She tried, however, to reconcile me to what I had done, and told me, that, as a man of honour, I could not put up with the affront I had received. But I drove her out of my room, and would have driven away my own thoughts also, but that was not so easy.

In the mean time, the news of my vile conduct, and of my wound, having reached Hartlands, Lady Roxeter procured a nurse for her little boy, and appeared, on the third morning after the duel, standing like a ministering spirit by my bedside.

The scenes which then took place might fill a volume. Instead of the reproaches I had deserved from my wife, I met with nothing but kindness; and, when she was informed of the losses I had met with in play, she never uttered one murmur; but pressed me to give up my house in Town, at least, till these losses were made up. She even succeeded in inducing me so to do, and adopted the necessary means for effecting it. She reconciled me also to my sister; and prevailed on me to write to the gentleman I had engaged with in the duel, to entreat a hearty reconciliation. The happiest few weeks I had ever known were those which ensued when all these arrangements were made, although I was still confined to my room; while the influence which my lovely wife had acquired in the hour of pain still remained in its full force; while I felt subdued by anguish and weakness; while the world was excluded from my thoughts, and my sister unable to whisper her dark counsels into my ear. The only thing that annoyed me at this time was, that Lady Roxeter would be constantly endeavouring to draw my attention to the subject of religion; and, though she

used all the address in her power to make it acceptable to me, yet it was not likely that she should succeed, for my heart was not prepared for its reception; and though I did not shew all the disgust I felt, yet I had not at that time those renewed feelings which would have enabled me to receive spiritual things. Still, however, what she then attempted to do was not entirely lost upon me. I apprehend that from that time I had a clearer view of what religion is, and was able to trace the actions of religious people more readily to their motives; and to perceive that there was a sort of connexion between them and their conduct, which I had not before observed; for I had been in the habit of indulging the opinion, that religion was either the effect of caprice, of sourness and disappointment, or of slavish fear.

At length it was judged that I might appear abroad with safety. We took leave of our Town-house, which we had let for the term of seven years, and commenced our journey to Hartlands, whither my sister had gone a few days before us.

And now what I have next to say will probably surprise my reader more than all I have before related. I was no sooner arrived at Hartlands than Lady Roxeter began to lose her influence again, and my sister to recover hers.

I shall account for this by saying that my sister's influence was in unison with all my old habits, while that of Lady Roxeter was in opposition to them. I was environed also at Hartlands by a set of people who from childhood had been accustomed to administer to my depraved tastes. There never, perhaps, was a set of worse servants in any nobleman's family than those who surrounded me; the tenants, the villagers, and the very cottagers, partook largely of the depravity which proceeded from the Hall. The rector of the parish was an infidel; the visitors only augmented the tide of folly and dissipation; and all, having something to hide, had some secret motive for keeping me unacquainted with their proceedings.

By reason of these circumstances, I had scarcely recovered my health and strength before every thing had fallen again into its usual routine. My sister was become lady paramount, and Lady Roxeter comparatively

a stranger to me. Whole days frequently passed in which I saw her only at meals; and then merely saw her; for, as I before remarked, she seldom took much part in the conversation. Still, when I remembered her late kindness, my heart would sometimes smite me; but my self-reproaches had no consistent and lasting effect. If sometimes they induced me to lavish tokens of affection upon her, they more frequently induced me to be rude and irritable towards her. It was natural for her then to withdraw from me, and the distance became daily greater between us.

I must not, however, omit to mention one circumstance which happened about this time. I had been quite enraptured with the growth and improvement of my second boy on my arrival from Town; he was then eight or nine months old, and as beautiful a baby as ever had been seen. I was proud of him—I was anxious that every one should admire him. And the first day after our arrival, being in expectation of a large party at dinner, I desired that he might be brought down when the cloth was drawn.

“You will permit me, my love, to direct that Augustus shall be brought with him,” said Lady Roxeter.

I started at this suggestion, and it was with great difficulty that she could get me to acquiesce. At length I considered that the boy could not be kept back for ever; and that, perhaps, the present was the best time to introduce him; when, if there was any thing singular in the elder brother, the younger would be present to draw off the attention of the company.

I had not seen Augustus, even at a distance, for several months; and I had no idea what kind of appearance he would make.

The hour at length came, the dessert and wine were set on the table, the door was opened, and two neat young women appeared, one of whom carried the infant, and the other led his elder brother. My sister's son, a great boy at that time of five or six years of age, finished the procession. My eye instantly fixed on the Lilliputian Lord Bellamy; the little man with the great name; and I saw an exceedingly delicate child, with features perfectly regular, and a complexion of almost transparent purity; but having, in a slight degree, something of

that appearance which commonly attends persons who are deformed. He was at that time in his fourth year, but looked much younger. He was dressed with minute care, in a sort of robe richly trimmed; and his hair hung in bright golden clusters around his face and neck. He seemed a timid child; and his first motion, on entering the door and beholding the company, was to turn back and endeavour to make his escape; but, on being intercepted by his attendant, and, at the same moment seeing Lady Roxeter, he darted towards her like an arrow from a bow, and with the activity of a squirrel had mounted on her lap before a moment had expired. There, as from a tried place of security, he gazed around on the company, and then, looking up to his mother, his whole face lighted up with a smile which would not have disgraced a cherub. It was a scene which every one felt. The hardest hearts in the company were softened, with the exception of one only; and the blushes which rose in the cheeks of the beautiful stepdame, with the tears that stole into her lovely eyes, seemed to say, "This moment pays for all my cares and fatigues."

I never saw Mr. Helmly so taken by surprise as he was on this occasion. He looked at Lady Roxeter as if he could have knelt down and worshipped her. And Sir Berkeley Greaves, an old gentleman who sat next to her—by the by, the same worthy personage who had come forward so busily in the affair of the cards—proposed that we should drink Lord Bellamy's health in a bumper, and that the ladies should not be excused. And this being done with hearty good-will, every one turned to look at the other blooming and sparkling cherub in my arms.

This nursery-scene was not prolonged more than a few minutes. The children were speedily dismissed, but not so the impression which had been made upon the company. For from that time Mr. Helmly became a warm and open advocate of Lady Roxeter. In a conversation which I had with him many years afterwards, he told me that he dated the commencement of his better state from that moment of glorious triumph of Christian principles and tender affecting feelings of the affectionate stepdame.

I shall take occasion in this place to give Mr. Helmly's own account of the case.

“I never,” said he, “had seen religion, excepting in connexion with low and coarse manners. I had never viewed an exhibition of its effects among the young, the lovely, and the elegant. I had always associated it, in my own mind, with low life and vulgarity. Lady Roxeter had always inspired me with respect, and I had thought her beautiful; but when I saw how she had been enabled to triumph over all unkind and selfish feelings in her conduct towards her stepson; when I read in the manner of the child the various private kindnesses by which his young heart had been drawn towards her; I began to see that there must be something more in religion than I had conceived; and I resolved, in order to satisfy my mind on this subject, that I would read my Bible with attention; that, in short, I would seek into the mine from which I had seen such treasures drawn. And, having received this desire I trust from above, I began to read my Bible, and then to pray over it, and, after a while, to withdraw myself from society. And circumstances favouring me, I became more and more secluded from the company which had formerly injured me. And thus, from step to step, I was conducted to the knowledge of the truth; to utter self-abhorrence and self-loathing, and to an entire hopelessness of being ever able to make up for the evil I had done in my parish, and to you, my pupil. And then again Lady Roxeter became my leading star, by guiding me to the Saviour; and by shewing me where true peace and happiness were to be found.”

Such was Mr. Helmly's confession.—And now to return to my own immediate story.

I had almost forgotten to say that the first introduction of the children after dinner had taken place on a Sunday. After coffee in the drawing-room this same evening, cards were proposed, as usual, by my sister. I had vowed never again to play for more than a certain sum, but I had not forsworn cards entirely. I was accordingly quite ready to join the proposed party; and was therefore both surprised and disappointed when I found that Lady Seaforth could not muster a party. Lady Roxeter had walked out of the room the moment the cards were called for. Mr. Helmly had done the same, and Sir Berkeley declined cutting in.

My sister looked amazed, but commanded herself till

the company had taken their leave; and then bursting forth in high indignation, "Roxeter," she said, "are you become a bigot since your illness?" But, not waiting for an answer, she added, "I dare say you are quite right: but I do beg that you will be judicious, and not expose yourself by too hurried a conversion. Learn prudence, and foresight, and discretion from Lady Roxeter! Really, I never was convinced of her sagacity till this day! A careless, thoughtless, straight-forward creature, like myself, must bow profoundly to such marvellous wisdom and foresight!"

"Please to explain yourself, Lady Seaforth; you are as enigmatical as the sphinx," I said.

"Not at all so," she replied; "I am far from enigmatical; I am too straight-forward. But what could be more wise and prudent in the second lady of Lord Roxeter than to lose no time in endeavouring to gain the affections of the son of the first, the heir of the honours and estates of his father; and, by so doing, to win to herself the suffrages of the whole world?"

"Why, surely, Juliana," I exclaimed, "you cannot suppose that Lady Roxeter had such views as these when she took the part of a dying baby? No one supposed that the child would have lived when she took him in hand."

"A dying baby!" repeated Juliana; "baby, indeed! a boy of two years old, and one who had exhibited the constitution of a Hercules! As to the distortion of his back, deformed persons are commonly known to outlive all their generation. Shew me a deformed person, and I will shew you one who is likely to outlive us all."

I stormed and raved at her; but I nevertheless imbibed as much of the poison she desired to insinuate as the most malevolent person could have wished; and when I next met Lady Roxeter, it was in an ill humour.

As the summer advanced, we filled our house; and in the autumn came two actresses from Town, who set us all on fire for theatrical amusements. We had also a visit from a Madame de Clarcie, a widow of a certain age, with whom my sister had formed an intimacy in Paris; and who, by her flatteries, her follies, and her levities, obtained an influence over me which would hardly be believed by persons who have not felt the same sort of fascination.

When this lady first rose on the hemisphere of Hartlands, and was brought in contrast with Lady Roxeter, I should as easily have anticipated the greatest miracle as have allowed myself to suppose it could have been possible that I should have been drawn aside from my allegiance to my lovely wife by such a creature as this. But the downward road is easy. I had given a rein to my evil passions; I found it more soothing to these to hearken to the flatteries of this vicious woman than to raise my sentiments and feelings to the standard of Lady Roxeter; and the small and almost imperceptible separation, which at first existed between us, was become, before the end of this season, an almost impassable gulf. Yet I could not perceive how far Lady Roxeter was aware of my coldness. Her manner was always calm and polite when in company; and when we were alone together, she was affectionate; but it was evidently the affection of one who had a large share of fear mingled in the composition.

Strange to say, this manner did not please me, because it left me nothing to complain of; and, having opened my mind on the subject of her behaviour to my sister, adding, that I would rather be quarrelled with than be treated with such entire politeness and propriety; she replied, that I might as well make myself perfectly contented; that Lady Roxeter was what she had first conceived—a mere wax doll—a quiet sort of domestic animal, who, provided she had meat, and drink, and clothing, wanted nothing else, and had no other hopes or desires.

“How is this?” I said; “did you not, but a short time since, tell me that she was long-sighted, and never lost the view of her own interest?”

My sister laughed, and replied, “That must be a dull animal indeed which cannot discern where the best pasture is. But indeed, brother, you must not consult me on these subjects; if you cannot manage your own wife, I am sure I cannot do it for you. And, really, I think you ought to be very well content: a woman who was more attached to your fine face would not sit down so quietly and so calmly to witness all your vagaries and flirtations as poor Lady Roxeter does. So make the best of it, and remember that you might be worse off.

And come, now," she added, "let us consider what piece we shall act when the whole of our party is assembled. Shall it be 'The Distressed Husband?'—I think there is such a comedy—and you shall act the hero; and fret, and fume, and stamp, and rant, because you cannot put your wife out of humour, or induce her to forget her manners."

"Pshaw!" I said, "no more of this nonsense!" and I looked in a large mirror near which I was standing, and added, "Well, if I cannot find the means of attaching my wife to me, I need not die of despair; I am not quite such a wretch as to apprehend that others may not like me:" and thus ended our conversation.

From that period, I may reckon that I plunged more and more deeply into every species of dissipation. We converted a very large dining-room into a theatre, and fixed on the first play which we were to act. It was "The School for Scandal;" and I, of course, was the hero. We also chose a farce, in which was a pretty, simple, female character, a sort of *peasante*; and Madame de Clarcie insisted upon it, that Lady Roxeter would be the very thing, if she would condescend to take the part. My sister immediately said that she was quite certain that no one would be able to make her use such condescension; and I immediately asserted that I both could and would. My sister dared me to it; and we made a bet of five guineas on the subject, my sister being bound in honour not to interfere.

I was half sorry when I had used this bravado; fearing that I should have some difficulty in executing what I had undertaken, though I never doubted my ultimate success. However, I lost no time; but, being told that Lady Roxeter had walked out into the shrubbery, I followed her, with the farce in my hand; and soon found her alone, with a book, in a retired root-house. She smiled when she saw me, and made some remarks on the beautiful tints of autumn shed from a wood-scene, over a wide piece of water directly opposite.

After some indifferent conversation, I opened my errand to her, told her that we had arranged all our characters for our representation, and depended on her for that of Phœbe in the farce.

She heard me through in silence, but I could not see

her face on account of her bonnet; and then answered, "When a husband's judgment is opposed to his expressed wishes, how ought a wife to act?"

"What do you mean, Lady Roxeter?" I asked.

"That the Earl of Roxeter," she replied, "cannot possibly judge it right for his wife to take part in a comedy among professed actresses, and before a large audience; and that therefore his lady will serve him best in the end by declining so to do, though he may have been persuaded to make the request."

"Am I to understand by this, Lady Roxeter," I said, "that you will not acquiesce with my wishes?"

"Not *will not*," she answered, "but *cannot*."

"Let me tell you, that I insist upon it," I replied. "If you will point out any one pursuit of mine in which you do not refuse to take a part, I will excuse you in this particular. But, without further words, do you or do you not intend, in this instance, to set my commands at defiance?"

She made no answer.

I used some rough words, and bade her speak out.

"I cannot obey you in this particular," she replied.

"And wherefore, Madam? —out with it all."

"You did not expect that I should, my Lord; you would have been surprised if I had," she answered. And then, bursting into tears, "Oh, my husband! my dear, dear husband! when, when will you see me as I am? when shall we be again as we once were?"

"When you know how to obey, Madam," I said; "and understand this—I shall judge of your love and obedience by your acquiescence in the wishes at this time expressed by me. Let me know, this evening, what your determination is."

"If I alter my mind, my Lord," she replied, "be assured that I will inform you; but if I am silent, do not attribute it to obstinacy, or to want of affection. I know that I owe you the duty of obedience; and, when your commands do not interfere with higher obligations, you never shall have reason to complain of me."

"And pray," I asked, "what higher obligations have you than those which you owe to me?"

"My duty to God," she answered, calmly, "is superior to any I can owe to man."

“And pray,” I asked, “what sin is there in taking a part in an innocent farce?”

“None, my Lord,” she replied, “none that I know of; but there is a sin in disgracing our Christian profession by inconsistent conduct.”

“And pray,” I demanded, “who is to judge of what is inconsistent in my wife? and who has a right to make comments on her conduct, if I am satisfied?”

“Consult your own judgment, my Lord,” she answered; “and you will at once see that I could not obey you in this instance, without lowering myself, not only as a Christian, but as your wife, and the mother of your children.”

“Then perhaps you think that I am lowering myself by taking a part in the proposed representation?”

She was silent.

“Speak!” I said: “why don’t you speak?”

“I will then, since you desire it,” she answered: and, without further hesitation, she again pressed me closely on the subject of religion; intimating to me, that it was of no use for her to differ with me on minor points, when our whole views of life were entirely different.

I was provoked at this, and asked her what she meant.

She answered me with that sort of calm decision which indicates a mind made up to endure all consequences; and then proceeded to declare where our designs in life wholly disagreed. She made it appear, that it was her earnest desire to promote the real honour and welfare, not only of the family, but of all dependent on it, or influenced by it; and that she considered real prosperity consisted, not in the favour of man, but of God. And then, without regarding my frequent attempts to interrupt her, or heeding my unmannerly comments, she proceeded to give me such a view of the only way appointed to render sinful man acceptable to God, that, notwithstanding my determined wickedness, I was struck with the beauty of the scheme of salvation, and its wonderful adaptation to the wants of man; and for a moment the idea passed across my mind that I would become a Christian some time or other. But the thought was momentary; my convictions passed away as a flash of lightning in a summer evening; and, jealous of my authority as a husband, I broke out with violence, called my wife a bi-

goted fool, and walked away in such a humour as I should find it difficult to describe.

I was gloriously sulky at dinner; and my sister augmented my ill-humour by whispering, "You are trembling, I see, for your authority as a husband."

In the drawing-room, after dinner, we were very busy with our theatrical arrangements, and the question arose with the two actresses, who were present, respecting the character of Phœbe; on which, Madame de Clarcie addressing Lady Roxeter, every one present united in entreating her to undertake it. She disengaged herself from these entreaties by saying that she would not disgrace them by her *gaucheries*; and then suddenly quitted the room, and appeared no more that evening in the drawing-room; but I sought her in her own apartments, and we had a very lively discussion; the result of which was, that she told me plainly she would not do what she thought decidedly wrong, though, to escape my anger, which, she added, was what she dreaded more than that of any other earthly thing, and next in degree to the reproaches of her own conscience. We parted mutually dissatisfied. I left her in tears—hastened to my sister—threw my five guineas into her lap—and swore, that, if my wife would not grant me her obedience, she should never again be the object of my affection.

There was, from that time for many long months, as it were a zone of ice between me and my wife; and though she sometimes endeavoured to melt the ice by her smiles, yet those forced smiles, proceeding from a saddened heart, were wholly inefficient even to thaw the bare exterior of the hardened surface.

In the mean time, our theatrical preparations went on, and we had several dressed rehearsals preparatory to our public nights, when we expected large parties of the neighbouring gentry. Whether Lady Roxeter was or was not present at these rehearsals I know not, and never enquired. I was too busy with my own concerns, and too sullen to ask questions; but I was somewhat curious to know whether she would honour us with her company at the public representations. But fortune, as I profanely said, favoured her on this occasion; for Lady Daurien was taken suddenly ill, and required the immediate attendance of her granddaughter, who set off

directly on receiving the summons, and remained several days at her grandfather's.

During her absence, we not only gave two admired representations at Hartlands, but we undertook to represent the same comedy and farce in the nearest town, for the benefit of a strolling company there, which had lent us some assistance in our exhibition at Hartlands; and we even went so far as to have a bill printed, expressing such and such characters by a gentleman, and such and such by a lady from Drury-Lane, &c. &c.; my sister, however, having the prudence to employ one of the London ladies in her place.

It was the day after this bill was printed, yet some days still before the exhibition was to take place, that, in riding over the park, I saw Lady Roxeter's carriage driving in from her grandfather's. The children had been sent, with their nurses, to fetch her, and were with her in the coach. As soon as she saw me, she stopped the carriage, and alighted, begging me to do the same. Her air was sad, perhaps the more so from the impression of the scene of sickness in which she had passed the few last days, but she appeared composed and determined. She looked, as I before observed, like one who had made up her mind to the performance of a certain duty at all hazards. I would have passed her by with a simple enquiry after her health; but she would not be so put off. "I am particularly anxious to speak with you, my Lord," she said: "I request, that I may for once be heard; I have something of importance to say."

I sprang from my horse, and gave the bridle to my groom, and stood till the carriage, &c. had passed on.— She then, laying her hand on my arm, began a very earnest and affectionate expostulation with me on what I was about to do, viz. to appear in public in the character of a stage-player. It may be easily supposed what she said; every reader may understand what might be urged against an act of this kind in any man calling himself a gentleman. I attempted several times to interrupt her; but she would not hear me till she had said all she designed to say; and then, turning from me with inimitable grace, and wiping away those tears she had endeavoured to repress, she indulged an agony of grief, while her sobs seemed almost to choke her.

I stood like a fool; I attempted to speak, but did not succeed. At length, rousing myself from the astonishment which this scene had excited, "Lady Roxeter," I said, "you are jealous."

"No," she replied, "no, Theodore, I am not jealous. Well I know that not one of these women with whom you associate possesses that place in your affections which your wife has. You may be cold to me; but it is not because any other woman has your heart. This I know, that you cannot cease to honour and respect me until I cease to *deserve* that honour and respect."

"You speak with confidence, Lady Roxeter," I said.

"I speak as I feel," she answered: "I am not jealous."

"You are mistaken," I replied; "you are jealous, and it is of Madame de Clarcie."

Something like scorn sat upon her beautiful lip, which passed away immediately, and gave way to a milder expression. "No," she said, "I am not jealous of poor Madame de Clarcie; jealousy and pity will not unite in the same breast. I pity that poor woman, and I wish her well. But it little matters what *I* feel; only this once hear me, my beloved husband, and hearken to my pleadings:" and she laid her hand on my arm again, and looked at me earnestly.

At that moment, my sister and a party of ladies appeared in sight, advancing along an avenue. I started from Lady Roxeter, motioned to my groom to lead up my horse, mounted in all speed, and tried to forget all that my affectionate counsellor had said to me; neither did I permit her pleadings to have any effect in preventing my appearance in public in the character of Charles Surface.

And now, having entered somewhat fully on the events of one period of my life, I must pass over some succeeding years more succinctly.

In the spring of the next year, Lady Roxeter brought me a daughter, whom we called Laura; and from that time for many years I scarcely spent two months together at home. I visited London, Brighton, Paris, and other gay places; and, when at home, had my house overflowing with company. But my fortune, owing to my two marriages, being almost princely, (for, soon af-

ter Laura's birth, Lady Roxeter came to her whole fortune, by the death of her grandfather and grandmother,) I contrived never to exceed my annual income; though perhaps I rather owed this to the prudence and moderation of Lady Roxeter than to my own care, for I spared nothing which I thought might minister to my personal indulgence.

In the mean time, my sister commonly moved about with me; having no other settled home but Hartlands, where she never liked to be when I was absent. Her son was sent, soon after the birth of Laura, to a public school, and we generally saw him twice a year; on which occasions I never failed to predict that he would make his mother's heart ache; a prediction which always excited her mirth, as she took it for a compliment to the boy's spirit.

It was when this boy was in his eleventh year, Lord Bellamy in his ninth, Theodore in his seventh, and Laura in her sixth, that we all met at Hartlands; after I had been absent on the Continent for many months. It was the Christmas season, and my sister had suggested to me that I ought to take the education of my sons under consideration. "As to Lord Bellamy," she said, "there is still about him a tendency to deformity, and he would probably be made a laughing-stock at a public school; you may as well let him stay at home with his step-mother for the present, and learn to hem cambric. But you must not suffer our noble Theodore—your own boy—to be ruined; you must be steady, brother, in this particular, and let him go from home immediately." She then mentioned a place near Town, where Lord Seaforth had been for two years, and promised to arrange every thing for me respecting the school; "that is," she added, with a smile, "if I could make his doting mother consent to part with him."

This conversation took place on our journey from Town to Hartlands; and I promised my sister that I would act upon her suggestions.

Lady Roxeter had long been accustomed to see me go and return without using any expressions of kindness towards herself. We were, indeed, become a perfectly fashionable husband and wife; though, to do her justice, all the coldness was on my side. I felt I had injured

her, and her presence made me very uncomfortable; but I was too proud to betray my feelings. Every advance, therefore, which she made towards an expression of affection was met with indifference; and all her kindness driven back upon herself. I can hardly conceive a more determinately cruel conduct than mine, and that for such a succession of years as might, it would be thought, have worn out the affection of any woman.

On the occasion of this Christmas meeting, there would have been some little revivals of affection; our children would have drawn us a little nearer to each other; for there never were two finer children than Theodore and Laura, or more simple and amiable little creatures than they were at that time; had I not, almost immediately on my arrival, informed Lady Roxeter that it was my determination to send Theodore to school. "He is a fine fellow, Lady Roxeter," I said; "and, so far, it is all well. But he must now leave home; women do not know how to manage boys—they make perfect milksops of them. At Theodore's age, I myself should have ventured to mount any horse in my father's stud, and could out-bully any groom in his stable; and that was, because I was left to go where I would, and say what I would, and had no kind of petticoat discipline exercised over me. To school, therefore, Theodore must go: it is a decided thing; and my sister takes him to Town when she returns with Seaforth."

Lady Roxeter was mute when she first heard this decree; and then, when able to speak, she begged and entreated for a little delay; suggested other plans, and even wept; yea, she would have knelt, I am sure, had there been a chance of success.

But I was determined, and I told her I would have the management of my own son; adding, that, for the present, she might act as she pleased with Lord Bellamy; but that I certainly should presently interfere in his case also, and should send him to a public school as soon as his health was sufficiently strong: in the mean time, Mr. Helmly might teach him his Latin accidence.

Mr. Helmly was not present; for I should have informed my reader that he no longer resided at the Hall, but in the parsonage-house.

"Mr. Helmly has begun Latin already with Augus-

tus," said Lady Roxeter; "and might he not begin with Theodore, and thus preclude the necessity of his leaving home immediately?"

"We will not discuss that matter again, Lady Roxeter," I replied: "the point has been once determined; it shall not, therefore, if you please, be agitated again." And I turned to my sister, and introduced some other subject.

The cold and haughty manner in which this matter was settled, as far as I was ever able to judge, made a deeper impression on the heart of Lady Roxeter than the years of unkindness which had gone before. It was long after that period before she had recovered herself enough to endeavour even to smile upon me; and well did I deserve this. I will not say that I did not feel it; but I had deprived her of her chief earthly enjoyment; I had stabbed her to the deepest recesses of her heart. Her principal delight, since her arrival at Hartlands, had been derived from the presence of her children. The ardent love with which Lord Bellamy had returned her tender affection had awakened the warmest feelings, and given her the purest delight, from the very beginning; and her nursery, assuredly, had not become less interesting when the presence of her own children was added to that of her step-son. And when continually repulsed and chilled by my cruel conduct, these children comforted her; and she found a delight, beyond all that the world could supply, in instructing these little ones in the way of piety; and in taking them with her to survey her favourite flowers; to visit the lovely scenes in the neighbourhood of the Hall; and to call upon the poor people.

I was not, indeed, aware of the subject of her instructions to the children; and, had I known it, I should not have approved of it: but I felt that these little ones formed her chief delight; and it wanted not much discernment to perceive that they were of importance to her comfort, and that it was agony to her to part with Theodore.

It was during this Christmas vacation that I thought I first saw a change in Mr. Helmly. Instead of being all gaiety, as formerly, he was very serious, and seemed evidently to have something preying upon his mind. But he was little inclined to open his heart to me; and

I was too proud to solicit his confidence. But my sister hinted that Lady Roxeter had won him over to her side; "as, no doubt," added she, "she will influence all your friends, and children too, if she is permitted to do it."

"If you think so," I said, "we will send Bellamy to school with your son after the Midsummer holidays: as I have promised that he shall be left a little longer with Lady Roxeter, I will not now depart from my word."

Theodore was sent to school at the same time that my sister went to London with her son; for Seaforth's school was beyond London from Hartlands; but I did not see the parting between the mother and son; and he was kept at school a whole year without coming home; during which year, Lord Bellamy was left with Lady Roxeter, and was really grown a fine boy; having almost lost the defect in his form. I was in the mean time much from Hartlands, for the truth was, that I had formed acquaintance about Town, without whom I could scarcely exist; and, although I was miserable with these people, I was more so without them; for, at least, they helped to divert my thoughts from my own wretched condition. For, strange as it may appear, there was already, I am convinced, a change passed on my heart. I was not even then dead in sin: I had been entirely so at one time of my life; but never since my first serious conversation with Lady Roxeter. From that period every bad action had been followed by instant conviction; and, though I fought long and hard, desperately hard, against these convictions; yet, the work which had been begun, through the intervention of my beloved wife, still went on, though long unseen and unsuspected. And I could compare my experience to nothing so readily as to some mighty bulwark, which appears to stand in undiminished strength for years after the work of destruction has begun to sap its foundations. Yet who could have believed that I was actually a subject of divine and gracious interposition, even during those years when I seemed, and really was, most headstrong in the ways of wickedness?

It was during the first Christmas vacation after Theodore had been a year at school that we all met again at Hartlands, and then I signified my intention of sending Bellamy to school with Lord Seaforth. On this occasion,

Mr Helmly, no doubt being urged by Lady Roxeter, argued the point most vehemently with me. He stated, that Lord Bellamy had escaped being a cripple by the most tender and watchful care of Lady Roxeter and Dr. Simpson, and that he was not in a state for the rough treatment which he must experience among other boys; and when he found that his arguments would not prevail, he called in Dr. Simpson to corroborate his opinions; but all to no purpose, my mind was made up. Augustus was sent with Lord Seaforth and Theodore to their respective schools, and little Laura alone left with her mother. At this time I could understand nothing of the state of Lady Roxeter; her manner was that almost of apathy. She never departed from that politeness which she had acquired from education and good society; but she was extremely silent, and was not amused by company. Her mind and affections seemed to be elsewhere than with us. Her eyes were very red with weeping the day the children went; but she never mentioned their names, and often absented herself from the company. I also remarked a sort of formality, and, indeed, an appearance of cold displeasure, on the part of those servants who were at all occupied about Lady Roxeter; and I found that when I condescended to jest in the presence of any of the lower classes in the parish, as I had been accustomed to do in former times, without any regard to the nature or tendency of my jokes, the young women, and younger servant-maids especially, looked particularly grave, and even displeased, upon me. But what struck me most was, that I saw something of this manner in Mr. Helmly, which seemed to me very extraordinary.

I mentioned this to my sister, who replied, that she had no doubt but that Lady Roxeter was making her party good against mine; and that, when Lord Bellamy was old enough to support her, I should be made to feel the effects of these underhand dealings.

“Well,” I said, “at any rate it seems that Hartlands is no place for me;” and I took myself off post-haste for London. But I had not been in London a week, when I received a letter to say, that my eldest son had been knocked down in an uproar at school among the boys, and it was feared was most materially injured.

He had received a blow on the knee which produced fever from excessive pain. On receiving this information, I sent a surgeon from Town to the boy; and, as I was on the point of making an excursion to Brighton for a few days, I contented myself with what I had done. But on my return to Town I found another letter, informing me that the fever had taken an alarming turn, and begging me instantly to come to see my child. Being thus pressed, I could not decline the journey; and my sister accompanied me, with the view of bringing away Lord Seaforth.

"This boy will be a cripple after all," I said, when I got into the carriage. "I wish we had left him with Lady Roxeter, Juliana. He was not fit for a public school. And yet he must be my heir. I shall be blamed for this accident I am well assured."

"If he survives this fever, and all his other ailments, he must be your heir it is true," she replied; "but the chances are now much against him."

When arrived at Croydon, where the school was situated, I instantly saw, by the grave face of Mr. Palmer, the master, that things were very bad with the boy, and, therefore, was not surprised to hear that he was quite delirious. But I was a little startled when told that he had called so vehemently for Lady Roxeter, that it had been thought necessary to inform her, and that it was very probable she might be with us in a few hours.

I desired to be taken to my son, and my sister followed me to his chamber. We found him in a strong fever and a high fit of delirium; a nurse, a servant-maid, and Mrs. Palmer being in attendance. "Here is your papa and your aunt, Lord Bellamy," said Mrs. Palmer; "your dear papa, and your kind aunt."

"No, no, not dear," said the boy; "not dear, not dear, not kind. Go, papa, go," he said, looking wildly at me, "and take my cruel aunt away; and bring my mamma—my own dear mamma—bring my own mamma."

My sister and I stood fixed at the foot of the bed; and Mrs. Palmer said, "Poor little dear, he is always calling for his mamma. Sometimes it is his own very mamma he wants, and sometimes your present lady, my Lord. We cannot always tell whom he means: but he

was like one wild last night, when the nurse told him that his own mamma was dead."

It seems that he heard these last words of Mrs. Palmer, though spoken very low; and, turning hastily to her, he said, "Did you say that mamma was dead? Then I know who killed her. Poor mamma! her heart was broken when Theodore and I went to school. And you did it," he added, looking fiercely at his aunt: "but I knew you would kill her when I was sent away. You are a cruel woman, and you know it."

My sister gave me a look, in which rage seemed to struggle with that self-command which is habitual with persons in a certain rank of life. But she commanded her voice entirely, and said, "Mrs. Palmer, we must excuse the poor boy now, he is quite beside himself. Was his head injured by his fall?" And she proposed that we should send for further advice; acting the anxious aunt with a nicety which, at another time, would have made me smile: but the variety of painful feelings I endured at that moment were such as would, at least with me, admit of no dissembling. I stood, with my arms folded, at the foot of the bed, with my eyes fixed on my son; who continued to look with a wild sort of terror on my sister, who was hovering about him with a great appearance of concern. I was beginning almost to fear that she would overact her part, when suddenly the whole countenance of the poor boy changed its expression; his eyes were fixed in one direction, it was towards the door; he tried to raise himself in the bed; he extended his arms, and, the next moment, Lady Roxeter had rushed into them. I heard a few words only: "My child! my darling! my own Augustus!"—"Mamma! mamma! my own mamma!" and then, Lady Roxeter, looking round her, while one arm still embraced the child, she saw me and my sister, neither of whom she had before observed. "My Lord," she said, "I am glad to see you here."

"I am equally pleased to see your Ladyship," I replied, with cold politeness: "and now that Lord Bellamy is in such good hands, Lady Seaforth and I might as well return to Town, we can be of no further use in this place;" and, wishing Mrs. Palmer a good-morning, I walked out of the room, followed by my sister.

Lady Roxeter hastened after me into the passage at

the head of the stairs, and said, "My Lord, will you not stay a few minutes?—I hope you are not displeased at my coming. Stay only a few minutes; I have many things to say."

"Displeased!" I repeated; "surely your Ladyship is at liberty to do as you think right? I never wish to put a force on your inclinations."

She took no notice of the unkindness of my answer, but said, "If the dear boy gets better, would you wish me to take him down to Hartlands?"

"He will require a nurse a long time," replied Lady Seaforth; "and, certainly, as you are the child's *own mother*, you are the fittest person to have the care of him, Lady Roxeter."

"My Lord," returned Lady Roxeter, "I would wish to have my directions from you: you are the father of the poor child, and therefore ought to say what your wishes are respecting him."

"After what I have just heard, Madam," I replied, "after having been told by the boy himself, that he has no regard for me, and actually detests his aunt, I, of course, should not think of interfering: it seems that he considers you to be his real mother; and to you, therefore, I commit him."

"Poor child!" she exclaimed, lifting up her lovely eyes; "and does he consider me as his real mother? Beloved child! and am I not so? Did I not become his mother when I joined my hand and gave my heart to his father?—that heart, my Lord," she added, "which is still devoted to you, and has never undergone a change."

"Perhaps not," I answered, coolly: "but, at least, I cannot feel myself obliged to those who have set my son against me;" and I was about to enter into a sort of explanation with Lady Roxeter, which explanation might most probably have tended to a reconciliation; when my sister interfered, and threw me again upon my haughty reserve, by whispering, "If you are going to have a scene, excuse my remaining here to see you make yourself ridiculous. Have you any commands for Town? I shall be off with Seaforth in a few minutes."

"I am at your service, Lady Seaforth," I answered; and I bowed very politely to my wife, and walked off, handing my sister down the stairs.

The next news I heard of Lord Bellamy was, that he was at Hartlands with Lady Roxeter; and that he was well, as far as referred to his fever, but suffering much from his knee. I will not say but that I had some qualms of conscience on the occasion; for the child certainly had never been fit for a public school. But my mind was immediately after this diverted from these thoughts by an offer on the part of the ministry of a very splendid diplomatic situation on the Continent.—I shall not say in what court. This offer I immediately accepted, and, as the business was urgent, set off without loss of time; having previously arranged with Lady Seaforth to follow me with a suitable establishment and equipage.

I had been more hurt by what had passed during the delirium of Lord Bellamy than I had chosen to confess: nevertheless, my feelings at that time had no other effect than to lead me to acquiesce more willingly to a proposal of my sister, viz. that we should take Lord Seaforth with us, and my son Theodore, that they might acquire the polite languages of the Continent; and that we should procure an elegant classical scholar as a tutor for these boys. “I cannot think,” said she, “that after this accident Lord Bellamy is ever likely to be reared: in that case, it will be of great importance to you to retain the affections of Theodore, which could not be if he were left with his mother: for you saw how she had worked on her step-son, and, of course, she will have much more influence on her own son. And, therefore, I consider that common policy ought to lead you to this measure.”

Thus this cruel plan was determined upon. Theodore was sent for: a tutor was obtained, and, within a few months, I found myself established with my suite in a princely style, in a certain capital on the Continent, the name of which my reader will permit me to omit.

Lord Bellamy was ten years old when I left England; and I remained abroad, though not always in the same court, till he had entered his twenty-second year; Theodore, at that period, being in his nineteenth, and Laura in her eighteenth year.

Theodore and Lord Seaforth had finished their education in a university in Germany; at that time rendered fashionable by a son of his Majesty the King of England having been made a member of it. And, although I was

but little acquainted with the morals of my son, I was very much flattered by the universal success which he met with in society. He was an uncommonly fine young man; his talents were superior, his manners graceful, and his accomplishments of the first order. The only thing, however, which I did not quite relish in him was, that he exhibited a considerable degree of determination of character; a quality which my sister had sometimes attributed to his mother; not considering, that, when properly directed, this stedfastness is, perhaps, one of the finest qualities of the human mind. And true indeed it was that Lady Roxeter had displayed a firmness throughout her whole conduct, and a strength of purpose, which I believe has been rarely equalled, and, perhaps, never excelled, by any of her sex.

This firmness, however, of my son had not been properly directed; and therefore, of course, was injurious, and produced those effects I did not approve. For I was myself advancing in life, being in my forty-fifth year, when I thought of returning to England; and beginning to feel more than I could have wished the effects of the very gay life which I had hitherto led. My self-disapprobation was also beginning to make me very uneasy, and many parts of my life began to appear to me as very disgraceful: for, although I have not said much on this subject, I had drunk the cup of what the world calls pleasure to its very dregs. I had tasted of every pleasure which the world could bestow; and I was wearied, though not satisfied, and out of humour with others, because I was angry with myself.

I have little to say of what was passing at Hartlands during my absence on the Continent. With Lady Roxeter I had long ceased to correspond: but she wrote frequently to her son. I heard, however, of no changes of consequence. Mr. Helmly had offended me by a letter, in which he had ventured to expostulate with me on my neglect of Lady Roxeter, soon after I had become an ambassador. I had not answered his letter; and my steward never entered into any thing but business. I, therefore, knew little of the changes which had taken place at home, when I landed in England, and sent forward to give notice of my speedy return to the seat of my fathers.

It was a lovely evening in the end of August, in the year seventeen hundred and ——, when his Excellency the Earl of Roxeter, and his sister, Lady Seaforth, Lord Seaforth her son, and the Honourable Mr. Westfield, the son of Lord Roxeter, in a splendid barouche, followed by I know not how many Abigails and valets, in travelling-carriages, entered the rural street of Hartlands; while the bells sounded from the steeple of the church, and the little boys of the village ran shouting before the cavalcade to open the park-gates. I had tried to keep up my spirits during the day; but with so little success, that I perceived the eyes of all my companions by turns fixed upon me, as if enquiring what was passing in my mind. As we approached Hartlands, these unpleasant feelings increased, and I really trembled when the carriage stopped at the Hall-door.

The door was opened by the old butler, attended by two footmen, with whose physiognomies I was not acquainted. The first circumstance which struck me, on entering the Hall, was the countenance of the butler. He welcomed me, indeed; but not with a smile—not even a forced smile.

“Is all well, Morris?” I said, as I advanced.

“Quite so, my Lord,” was his laconic answer; adding, “and I rejoice to see that Time has laid his hand so lightly on you, my Lord.” He bowed, and I passed on.

Mr. Helmly was the next person whom I met. He was much aged since I had seen him. He had lost his vivacity. He seemed affected on beholding me. His lip trembled; but he assumed an easy air; yet I saw that it was assumed. My son was by my side; he recognised him immediately; his eye brightened at the sight of him: he stood in the door-way of the inner hall, through which was the entrance to the drawing-room, and said, “My Lord, Lady Roxeter and Lord Bellamy are within; shall I lead you to them?”

“Certainly,” I said, affecting ease: “why don’t they come to receive us?”

Mr. Helmly made no answer, but, hastening to the door of the drawing-room, threw it open, and announced me and my son.

Theodore had been taught to suspect and fear his mo-

ther; he rather, therefore, lingered behind me than pressed forward. The door being open, Lady Roxeter appeared. She was sitting on a sofa, and seemed to have been struggling with a sort of faintness; her daughter was on one side of her, and Lord Bellamy on the other. One glance shewed me that Lady Roxeter was less changed by time than either myself or my sister; in fact, she was younger than either of us by several years. She was still a beautiful woman. She arose as soon as she perceived that I had entered, but seemed to await some signal from me to know how she was to meet me. I advanced; I saluted her politely, and paid her a compliment on her appearance. How this scene would have passed off, and whether she would have been able to preserve her composure, had I been the only person she had had to receive, I know not; for she had scarcely had time to admit my cold salutation, than her attention was fixed upon her son, who was stepping forwards to address her; and, throwing herself into his arms, she yielded to a flood of tears; leaving us to place what interpretation we chose on this burst of feeling. For a moment I could think only of my wife; and I verily believe, that, had not my sister and her son entered at that crisis, I should have embraced her, pressed her to my heart, and begged her pardon for all my past offences. But the keen eye of my sister was upon me; and my pride recovering the power it had lost for a moment, I resolved not to seek any reconciliation: for I always affected to say that we had never quarrelled, and that, if we were shy and distant, it was by mutual consent, and only what fashionable people were accustomed to be. I, however, secretly resolved that I would be more polite and attentive to Lady Roxeter than I had formerly been; and, in pursuance of this resolution, I said, "Let me beg you, dear Lady Roxeter, not to agitate yourself. We are all met together after a long separation; let us be joyful; we will have no tears." And I turned to my daughter and gave her a paternal embrace, though I had scarcely yet seen her features; and, stretching my hand to Lord Bellamy, whose figure I then for the first time observed attentively, I added, that I had great pleasure in seeing him again after so long an absence. I know not how my sister and Lady Roxeter met; for my eyes

could only move from my daughter to my eldest son, and from my eldest son to my daughter, as they stood perplexed and confused before me, hardly knowing how to conduct themselves towards relations whom they evidently dreaded more than they were inclined to love.

I was, however, quite delighted with the appearance of Laura. She was a lovely young creature—really beautiful, and elegant in the extreme. But she seemed almost afraid to look up; and her timidity gave a sort of coldness to her manner, which a little mixture with the world would, I judged, have enabled her to have thrown off. But, much as I was delighted with her, I was as much hurt by the appearance of Lord Bellamy. He had never recovered the injury he had received at school. His knee had become stiff, and one limb was, in consequence, contracted. Indeed his whole person had acquired that appearance of distortion which was feared and anticipated from his infancy. His stature was lower than the common standard: notwithstanding which, his face was such a one as it seemed hardly possible to have spoiled. His eyes were brilliant, and his features perfectly regular. Had he not been so cruelly injured in infancy, he would have equalled in person, if not surpassed, his brother Theodore. However, the uneasiness and anxiety he seemed to experience, while under my gaze, did not contribute to the agreeableness of his physiognomy. Never, surely, was a family-meeting, after so long an absence, so uneasy to every individual; though there was certainly a wish on all sides to pass things off, at least, without what my sister was in the habit of calling a scene. Theodore was dull and restrained; Lord Bellamy and Laura silent and sad; Lady Roxeter less able to command herself than I had almost ever seen her: for, as I afterwards discovered, she was particularly hurt by the embarrassed manner of her son towards herself. Mr. Helmly was trying to conceal his displeasure under a careless air; and my sister, well as I thought I understood her, playing a part which seemed to me utterly inexplicable: for she was actually shewing off the affectionate sister to Lady Roxeter, and the tender aunt to Laura; while her son, after having looked at my daughter with considerable attention, availed himself of the first move to place himself by her

side, and endeavour to engage her in conversation; a manœuvre which evidently displeased her elder brother, who attached himself as closely to her left side as Lord Seaforth did to her right. How we got through that evening, I cannot say; but it went heavily enough. The next day, however, brought us relief, by the arrival of several persons whom Lady Seaforth had very providently engaged to follow us immediately from Town; and then we did better, and each of us seemed more at our ease.

I could not, however, be many hours at Hartlands without perceiving that there was a strong party against me; in fact, that there was not a virtuous or feeling person in the neighbourhood who did not detest me. Distant, and habitually haughty as I had long been to my wife, I had always used myself to speak familiarly to every other female who would bear it from me; and, by this conduct, I had formerly excited a very improper spirit among the daughters of the cottagers and tenants at Hartlands, and, no doubt, done an immense deal of mischief there. I had the same habits with the female servants of the family: I was therefore much struck by the grave and discreet manner of a servant-maid whom I met with by chance, and employed to carry a message to the butler. This young woman, on being familiarly addressed with a tap on her cherry cheek, evinced a sort of silent contempt of me, which I could ill endure. In the village, and at the farms, wherever I called during my morning walk, I was received with cold reserve; not a single smile was bestowed upon me; and the tenants' wives, whom I had known from a child, all answered me gravely, and as briefly as civility would permit. Thomas Jefferies passed me in the park, with a very formal bow; and my old gardener and steward were as silent as possible, though I could not say they were deficient in respect. I bore this pretty well till Mr. Helmlly joined me in the shrubbery; and, observing a certain sort of constraint in him also, I broke out, and asked him what had taken them all. "You all look," I said, "as if it were a sin to smile—as if you were so many monks of the *Chartreux*; or were all going to be executed to-morrow. Is this the way I am to be received in my own domains after an absence of ten years?"

“They that sow tares in their fields, my Lord,” he replied, gravely, “cannot expect to gather wheat. Can you suppose that we can rejoice to see you, and welcome you to your home, when we cannot expect any benefits from your return?”

I was mute with amazement, and thus gave him opportunity to proceed. And he did go on, in good earnest; and paused not till he had probed me to the quick; taking upon him a tone of authority which I could not resist.

Were I to repeat all he said, word for word, I might fill volumes; I must, therefore, content myself with giving the heads of his discourse. He began, by saying that he pitied me, though he blamed me, and pitied me the more, because he had brought me up in a contempt of religion; a sin, he added, the remembrance of which had embittered many of the past years of his life. He then proceeded to say that he had been brought to a sense of his sin, and to a feeling of the extreme wickedness of his past life, not so much by the precepts, as by the blameless and lovely example of piety exhibited by Lady Roxeter—“the woman, my Lord,” he continued, “whom you have despised, neglected, insulted, and perseveringly ill treated for many years.”

“Go on, Mr. Helmly,” I said, when I could speak; for my indignation had almost choked me; “say at once all you have on your mind, and then permit me to bid you adieu; for I imagine that, after this interview, it will be quite as well for us to consider each other as strangers; for, be assured that I never will hold intercourse with any person who interferes between me and my wife.”

“A good resolution, my Lord,” he replied, calmly; “and I trust you will adhere to it. Dismiss the whole tribe of meddlers, and then the good work of reconciliation will be speedily accomplished between you and your lady; and, though I may suffer with the other impertinent persons in your train, yet I shall have one consolation which the rest will not enjoy; I shall see peace restored to that noble family in which, having no children of my own, my heart is entirely bound up.”

I took no notice of the generous turn of this speech, but asked him whether he thought it a likely means to

induce me to be cordial with Lady Roxeter; even supposing, I added, that I had quarrelled with her; to hint to me that she had deprived me of the affection of every old friend I had in the world. "What," I asked, "is the meaning of all the solemn faces I have seen to-day, Mr. Helmly, if Lady Roxeter has not been setting every one against me?"

"The meaning, my Lord, is this," he replied, "that, since you left us, which is ten years, a new generation has risen up at Hartlands: children, whom you left, nine, ten, and eleven years of age, are now men and women, acting their part on the stage of life, and influencing their parents more or less. These children have all been brought up under the eye and control of Lady Roxeter; she established a village schoolmaster and mistress, years ago; and I verily believe that there have not been ten days in each year since you left us, in which she has not visited these schools. Her mode of instruction is peculiarly happy, and it has been abundantly blessed. If, therefore, she is bound up in the hearts of all these children, and, through them, in the hearts of their parents, can you wonder, my Lord, can you be surprised, or can you ask, wherefore you are not received as you expected to be? Such an influence as that of Lady Roxeter, acting, year after year, in a village like this, must have a powerful, an irresistible effect; an effect which you will vainly try to resist; and especially as Lord Bellamy, having been entirely brought up by your lady, is, through the divine blessing, as stedfastly fixed in the way of what is right as his mother can possibly be."

"Well, Sir," I replied, "the sum and substance of all this, as far as I can understand, is, that Lady Roxeter and Lord Bellamy are to rule every thing; and that I am to be a complete cipher in my family and on my own estate: all of which would be perfectly well, if I could but consent to become a mere puppet dancing on the wires of female influence; which you, my worthy friend, seem to have been for some years past. But, as I am not disposed, at present, to be quite so submissive, you must permit me to wish you a very good morning; and, if you will add to the benefits already bestowed on me, henceforward to forget the road between the Hall

and the parsonage, I shall consider that the conversation of this morning has had the most agreeable and happy effect." So saying, I took off my hat, made a low bow, and walked off in all speed, leaving my old tutor to his own cogitations.

Thus another sacred tie was broken by me; but my career was to be short; all was hastening on to the catastrophe. I was soon to see the effects of my wickedness: that they were not more fatal was, I believe, through the mercy of God, to be attributed to this circumstance; that I could not suffer alone; I could not have been made more miserable than I was, without having partakers in my sufferings, among those who had not deserved the chastisements I had so justly incurred.

I saw no more, for some time, of Mr. Helmly, as may be supposed; but I failed not to repeat all he had said to me to my sister, who made light of it, saying, "The man's head is turned; they are all a set of bigots together; and they have lived in solitude till they make mountains of mole-hills. If they would let you and Lady Roxeter alone, you would do vastly well; you are as easy and as happy a pair as any I ever saw; a perfect pattern of matrimonial felicity. What would the old man require? But he is a bachelor, and, like all other old bachelors, has very ridiculous ideas of matrimony." She then turned the conversation, and made a proposal which did not surprise me, neither did it displease me; it was on the part of her son for Laura.

Lord Seaforth was equal in rank to me. His estate had been wonderfully improved by the long minority; and I could not see that Laura could do better. I therefore closed with the proposal at once, and without any reference to Lady Roxeter; and it was agreed between us that Lord Seaforth should endeavour to make himself agreeable to my daughter; there being no doubt entertained of his success. Lady Seaforth also proposed to go, in a few weeks, to her son's house in the adjoining county; at which time I foresaw that circumstances would call me to Town; and I meant to pay Lady Roxeter the compliment of taking her with me, that the world might see what an easy and happy couple we were: for, although I tried to put a good face upon it, I began to be a little ashamed of my character as a

careless husband. I also wished to have my beautiful daughter introduced at court; and, as Lord Bellamy did not choose to die, I thought that it would be impossible to keep him any longer in the back-ground.

It was an object, however, to me to make Hartlands as gay as possible while we remained there: in consequence of which, we filled our house, and assembled a variety of persons, selected chiefly for their powers of giving amusement.

In this gay and heterogeneous society, Lady Roxeter preserved her usually calm and dignified deportment; never making her appearance till the hour of dinner, and frequently leaving us for an hour or more when we were set down to cards. As to her daughter, she hardly ever left her mother's side; and, when obliged so to do, I observed that she always attached herself to her elder brother. She even would be handed by him to dinner; and when I expostulated with her on the singularity of this behaviour, which I did in a playful way, she answered, that she did not know before that it was rude to give her hand to a relation, and would not, therefore, repeat the offence.

I was not aware that she thus intended to extend the prohibition to Lord Seaforth, her cousin; and I perceived, when she pleaded this my command as an excuse for not being handed to dinner by Lord Seaforth, that I had not quite so simple a person to deal with in Laura as I had supposed. Still, however, I did not feel that I quite understood her: I therefore resolved to cultivate my acquaintance with her, and try to attach her to myself; and, for this purpose, I bought her a beautiful horse, and invited her to ride out with me. She seemed to be pleased; and, though she was rather reserved during our first few excursions, I soon found the means of rendering her communicative.

One morning, while walking our horses under the shade of an avenue in the park, I resolved to try her feelings as they regarded me and her mother; and I said, "Laura, you expected, no doubt, to find in me a harsh father? the world, I hear, gives me a bad character, both as a father and as a husband."

"Does it, papa?" she answered: "I did not know it. But we must not mind what the world says,

when we are conscious that we don't deserve its reproaches."

"Does she mean to be very severe under a gentle aspect?" thought I, and scarcely knew what to answer. "Do you think, Laura," I asked, "that I do deserve this character?"

"No, papa," she replied, with apparent simplicity; "though there is one thing I have considered: perhaps people thought it odd that you should have left mamma with me and Lord Bellamy at home when you went abroad, and the story might originate from that; because people could not know that it was mamma's choice to stay, on account of my brother's health."

I was more and more puzzled; I looked keenly at her.

"Is she designing," I thought, "or quite simple? I would give something to know this.—Did your mother tell you that it was her choice to stay at home, Laura?" I asked.

She turned her full face to me, and looked as if surprised at the question: and then answered, "Why, papa, I know you would not have left her if she had not wished to stay. I must think you very unkind to have such an idea."

"O," thought I, "you can reason, and put two things together, though you are dimpled, and have coral lips and dove's eyes. I must mind what I am about with you, I see." And then I carelessly said, "But did you, and your mamma, and Lord Bellamy, never wish to join me abroad?"

"We wanted to see you, and Theodore also," she answered; "but we were very happy! O, very happy! all my life has been happy, papa: we have had so many pleasures! and mamma was so kind!"

"Well," I said, "and what were your pleasures?"

"We lived very quietly, papa. You know the room which opens on the wilderness, as we call our flower-garden, where we can see the south dingle, and the waterfall, and the temple, and the woods—there mamma used to live; and the small room beyond it was Augustus's study; and there we used to breakfast; and then mamma taught me, while Mr. Helmlly gave Augustus his Latin lessons in the next room; and we always went on with our employments till two o'clock, and then we

dined—for we were very vulgar, papa, in that respect; and then mamma and Lord Bellamy used to ride out in the pony-carriage. And I had a little horse, and Thomas was my groom, and we went far and wide; first to the school, and then to see the poor people, and then to look at what the work-people were doing in the park or gardens; and then we came home and had tea; and then we went to work again; and Mr. Helmly came most evenings to teach Augustus; and at eight o'clock we had prayers in the music-room, that we might have the aid of the organ; and then to bed. O, papa, we were happy!" and I thought she sighed.

"Happier than you are now?" I asked.

She rather hesitated, and then said, "I don't know, papa; we ought to be happier now."

"But are you so?" I asked.

"I think I should be," she replied, "if Lord Seaforth were not here."

I felt myself colour; but I endeavoured to speak with apparent carelessness, and asked what Lord Seaforth had done to offend her.

"He has not offended me in particular," she replied; "but I cannot like him, because he misleads Theodore, and would willingly make him as bad as himself."

"As bad as himself! why, what do you mean, Laura?" I asked.

"O, papa," she replied, smilingly, "why do you ask me?"

"Because I wish to know what you mean."

"Don't force me to speak out, dear papa," she answered. "But I know what is good and right in a young man, and I do not see what can deserve to be called either the one or the other in my cousin: but, if he would let Theodore alone, I should not mind.—O, papa! papa!" she added, with an expressive earnestness, "one thing only I am sorry for; and that is, that you did not leave our own dear Theodore with mamma when you went abroad. He might, then, have been such a young man as Augustus. He might have had the same engaging and lovely manners; the same kindness to dear mamma; the same benevolence to the poor. O, papa! he might have been a comfort to us all."

I was affected, I could not help being so, at this pa-

thetic address; but I strove to smother my better feelings, and I said, "Well, Laura, time will shew; you are too young to judge of these things." And I immediately put my horse into a canter, and thus broke off the discourse, from which I had obtained no satisfaction; for I had wanted to discover by Laura some such flaw in her mother's conduct as might justify my own ill behaviour. But no such flaw appeared; and I, on the contrary, was made to feel, that, if my daughter did not already condemn my conduct to her mother, it was owing to that mother's extraordinary delicacy, and not to any want of discernment in herself. In short, this conversation made me thoroughly uncomfortable; and dwelt so much on my mind, that my sister, when she saw me next, discovered that something had vexed me; and was artful enough to draw from me all that Laura had said, even respecting her own son.

When I had made the full recital, "Brother," she said, "you are the dupe of Lady Roxeter; and, unless you get Laura out of her hands, you will lose your daughter's affection, as surely as you have done that of Lord Bellamy.—Let me go, as soon as possible, to Seaforth-Castle, and let me take Laura with me; and I will engage, that I will soon make her change her mind respecting my son. This, let me assure you, Roxeter, is what is necessary to be done, or Laura will be lost to you past recovery."

I felt reluctance at the idea of giving Lady Roxeter pain by separating her daughter from her; but these better feelings were overruled in the manner I shall take occasion to describe.

The evil effects of want of confidence, between a man and his wife, seldom appear in their full force during the infancy of their children. When they grow up, the seeds of discord produce their fruits of misery; and the storms of divine vengeance roll with irresistible fury on the guilty head.

As I before said, my chastisement was light in comparison of my desert; yet it was not without severe sufferings that I was brought to a sense of my sin.

I remained in a state of irresolution, as it regarded my daughter, for some time after the above-mentioned conversation; and, during this period, I had more uneasy

thoughts than I liked to acknowledge; and often found myself looking with the eye of pity, of remorse, and returning affection, on Lady Roxeter; indeed, I have no doubt but that I should have knelt at her feet, implored her forgiveness, and have been received again to her most cordial affection, within a very few weeks after my return to Hartlands, had I not dreaded the sneers of Lady Seaforth, whose eagle-eye was ever upon me when my wife was present. But I was not to be let off so easily; I was to be made *to feel*; I was to be thoroughly cast down and abased, before the work of mercy could have its effectual course.

I have stated that Lady Roxeter had been much hurt by the indifference of her son Theodore. It seems that the young man had been so prejudiced against his mother and elder brother, that he scarcely attempted to treat the one with kindness, or the other with politeness. During the first few days, however, of their residence at Hartlands, Theodore had not transgressed the rules of general decorum towards his brother; but, at the end of that period, on Lord Bellamy hinting that he did not approve of the continual betting which was going forward between his brother and Lord Seaforth, Theodore broke out, and spoke what he called his mind to Augustus; giving him to understand that he wanted none of his interference; that he wanted none of his advice; and that he considered him as a person who knew nothing of the world, or even of polite life: adding certain hints respecting hypocrisy, deceit, and want of honour, all of which he endeavoured to fix upon his brother. Thus rancour, long indulged, but hitherto smothered, burst forth on a very slight occasion; and Lord Seaforth omitted no means, in an underhand way, of rendering the anger of Theodore more violent against his brother.

From that time, every attempt which Lord Bellamy made to win the friendship of his brother was repulsed with determined and haughty disdain. And thus Lord Bellamy was thrown back again upon his beloved step-mother; whose faithful and warm affection had hitherto formed the solace of his life.

According to what had been agreed between me and my sister, Lady Seaforth shortened her stay at Hart-

lands; and, the day of her departure being fixed, she paid the compliment to Lady Roxeter of asking her to permit Laura to accompany her.

I was present when this proposal was made; and I at least expected a polite though unwilling acquiescence, or a reluctant reference to me. I was, therefore, surprised to hear Lady Roxeter give a decided refusal—one, indeed, which was too decided to be altogether polite. I saw my sister change colour, and I said, “Lady Roxeter, you must permit me in this instance to interfere: I have never, hitherto, meddled in any concerns of your daughter, I have left her entirely to your control; hence, she has lived much in retirement: it is now, I think, time that she should see a little variety of life; and I think that we ought to accept the offer of Lady Seaforth with the utmost alacrity.”

“You will excuse me, my Lord,” replied Lady Roxeter: “I cannot part with Laura.”

I felt my indignation rising. “You cannot, Lady Roxeter!” I said: “you mean you will not.”

“Well then, my Lord,” she answered, “let it be so; *I will not.*”

“I beg Lady Roxeter may be pressed no further,” said my sister, haughtily: “I am truly sorry that I made the proposal; but, of course, I can say no more; and, as I cannot hope to have my niece with me, I must hasten my departure, for I really have lingered here too long. To-morrow then, if you please, ——”

“To-morrow then, Lady Seaforth,” I thundered out, “you shall take Laura with you! I will be trifled with no longer. Lady Roxeter, I will be master of my own house, and of my own family. When I signify my will, I expect it should be submitted to.”

Lady Roxeter became very pale. She rose, and, looking imploringly at me, “Lord Roxeter! dear Lord Roxeter!” she said, “permit me an interview alone. If you love me,—and she checked herself,—if you love Laura, let me speak to you without witnesses.”

“Shall I retire, Lady Roxeter?” said my sister.

“Do, do, Lady Seaforth,” she replied: “do, for mercy’s sake, leave me and my Lord together for once! Do not try my patience any further! Let my Laura alone, I beseech you; unless you would wish to see me

dead at your feet! Are you not contented with the ruin of my Theodore? O! when I remember what he once was, when I see what he now is, I am beside myself—I am unable to control my indignation! All, all else I could have borne! Yes,” she added, becoming hysterical from excess of feeling, “I could have borne every other misery!—the blasting of all my hopes—the neglect of my husband—the contempt of the world—any thing, every thing, had you left me my son! And now you would take my Laura!” and she fell back upon the sofa almost in a fainting-fit.

My sister ran to the door, and was about to fasten it within, when some one without gently pressed it against her, and my eldest son appeared. He had been passing through a little vestibule into which the room opened, and had heard his mother’s voice in unusual accents. What his suspicions might have been I know not; but, on seeing his aunt, his countenance flushed with indignation, and he pressed forward and came to the sofa.

Lady Roxeter was not quite insensible; she had evidently struggled against the sensation which had nearly overcome her, and had raised herself up before Lord Bellamy approached her.

“My mother,” said the young man, “what is the matter? you are ill; you are distressed at something;” and his eyes sought mine with an air of defiance; while I looked down upon him with all the scorn which I could collect in my features.

“Come with me, Augustus,” said Lady Roxeter, seizing his hand.

“My aunt, perhaps, will condescend to tell me why I find my mother in this condition,” said Lord Bellamy.

“You may ask her yourself, Sir,” said Lady Seaforth.

“If it is as I suspect, she will not satisfy my curiosity,” returned my son.

“What do you mean, Sir?” I asked, although I well understood him: “do you intend to insult your aunt? Think you I do not know the malice of your heart, young man?” and I placed my hand on his shoulder, and shook him roughly. I knew not what I did. I am thankful I did not strike him; but I might have done so, had not my sister on one side, and Lady Roxeter on the other, succeeding in parting us. The next minute

he left the room, with his stepmother, and I found myself alone with my sister.

What was next to be done was difficult to say. I was now come to an open rupture with Lady Roxeter and with my son, and nothing seemed to remain but either to seek a reconciliation, or to carry on the quarrel with a high hand. My sister recommended the latter measure.

I sent to speak with Laura. I directed her to get ready to attend her aunt, who was about to depart immediately from Hartlands.

Laura, it seems, had seen her mother in the mean time, and had been thus prepared to resist my commands. But I had embarked on an enterprise which I was determined to carry through. I was resolved to come to the point, and to ascertain who was master at Hartlands. I accordingly would hear no excuse on the part of Laura. I hastened her preparations; I handed her, all bathed in tears, into Lady Seaforth's chariot-and-four; and finished the evening at a public dinner, where I happened to be engaged on some county business. I contrived to drown thought that night: but the next morning, when I awoke, I began to consider that I was rather in an awkward situation; having quarrelled with my wife, and my son and heir, and having at the same time the house full of visiters; some of whom were ladies, and others gentlemen, of distinguished rank; being also anxious to appear fair in the eyes of the world; at least not outrageously bad; for the world will allow a good deal; but there is a point beyond which the world will not go.—What then was to be done? I resolved to leave it to chance; and was relieved in the drawing-room, before dinner, by the appearance of Lady Roxeter, looking indeed more sad and solemn than usual, but, at the same time, perfectly calm. Lord Bellamy was present, and took occasion to beg my pardon, for not having treated me with respect the day before. In consequence of which, I addressed him once or twice during dinner, and asked him to drink wine with me. Theodore and Lord Seaforth had been absent the last two days at the county-races, and knew not what had passed. Thus I had, I trusted, carried my point, and no consequences of a very unpleasant nature had ensued.

In the mean time, Theodore and Lord Seaforth had been making some very high bets at the races; and Theodore had not only lost all his ready money, but incurred a debt of a considerable amount. He came home in low spirits, and received a very severe reproof from me when I gave him the money to defray the debt; which I did not do without assuring him that I never again would assist him through a similar difficulty. He was humble on the occasion, which pleased me. Lord Seaforth had, it seems, met his mother and Laura on their way from Hartlands, and had joined their party; in consequence of which, Westfield had lost his companion, and associated more with me; but he still seemed to entertain a strong prejudice against his mother and elder brother.

A letter from my sister, soon after, informed me that Laura was more cheerful than she had expected; that she behaved affectionately to her; and that, to do Lady Roxeter justice, she believed she had not so entirely prejudiced her mind against her father's family as she had suspected; or, rather, she added, that Laura had not so fully imbibed the poison as she might have done; adding this flattery: "Your daughter is like yourself, dear Roxeter—she cannot bear malice; she is a sweet girl; and my son will be happy in such a wife. I think and trust that he is winning his way to the heart of his beautiful cousin as rapidly as we could wish."

Another letter arrived soon after the first; wherein my sister informed me that she was about to remove to Town, with her son and Laura, and hoped soon to see me there with Theodore. I was beginning to be weary of Hartlands; and accordingly accepted my sister's invitation with so much glee, that I was actually in London with Theodore as soon as she was.

Laura's appearance did not quite answer my sister's description. She looked pale and unhappy, and anxiously requested permission to return to her mother. But I put her off, by saying, that, as soon as I could arrange matters in my Town-house, which I was furnishing anew, I should send for Lady Roxeter and Lord Bellamy.

And now, as if I had had a foreknowledge that my time would be short, I entered into as complete a round of dissipation as I had ever done in any part of my life;

and became a still more careless father to my son. The consequence of my example was such as might be expected. A very few months had passed in London before he had been introduced by Lord Seaforth, as he afterwards told me, into every kind of vice. Gambling was his besetting sin, as it is of most young men brought up on the Continent; and, by indulging this habit, he became again involved in a heavy debt; in order to defray which, he wrote to his brother to lend him the money; which his brother did on one condition only—that he would leave London and come to Hartlands.

This he promised to do within a week after the receipt of the money; but did not get clear of the town till he had received another considerable loan from Lord Seaforth; after which, with a heavy heart and light purse, he took a place in the mail for Hartlands; informing me, that he wished to be in the country against the shooting-season, that he might gather the first-fruits of my manors.

He arrived at Hartlands late one evening, and was affectionately received by his mother and brother; and, in return, endeavoured to shew a reciprocal feeling, but with little success. For, as he himself afterwards stated the case, his mind was so thoroughly set against his mother, and his irritation was so great against his elder brother, on no other account, as was evident, but because he had taken the liberty to enter into the world before him, and to continue to live through as many accidents and mischances as might have destroyed any half-dozen of the knights of the round table, that it was next to impossible to him to be easy in their company; and therefore, though bound by a degree of honour—that of his word passed to his brother—to remain at Hartlands, he resolved to give them as little of his company as possible; and, for this reason, he spent the whole of the day in the fields with his dog and gun.

In the mean time, I was pressing forward the marriage of my daughter, and my sister was using all her influence to the same effect; and such was the gentleness of Laura's spirit, that I have no doubt we should have prevailed, had it not been for letters continually received from the country. It was after having received one of these letters, that Laura wrote me a note; in which she

stated, that, having two parents to whom she owed equal duty, she could not consent to oblige one at the expence of offending the other. Her mother, she added, wholly disapproved of the marriage. She also assured me, in the most decided terms, that the proposed alliance could not be more displeasing to her mother than it was to herself; and that nothing but the conviction that the proposed union would give pleasure to both her parents could possibly induce her to overcome her reluctance.

In my reply to this note, I required her to say whether she would submit if her mother would consent.

She replied, that she should then think it her duty to consent; at the same time she added, that she prayed her mother never might comply.

The result of this correspondence, which I shewed to my sister, was, that I set off immediately for Hartlands, taking Lord Seaforth with me. I arrived early in the day, having travelled all night; leaving Lord Seaforth in the village of Hartlands, where he was to remain till he heard from me.

When arrived at the gates of the shrubbery, I met my two sons; the younger being in a shooting-jacket, and having a fowling-piece on his shoulder. They were in very earnest conversation. Theodore looked flushed and fiery, and he was talking loudly. They both started on seeing the carriage, which had stopped at the lodge; and I caused the door to be opened, and sprang out to join them.

"You are come at a critical moment, Sir," said Theodore. "My brother has been warm with me: he is exceeding averse to my sister's marriage; he would separate me from my friend; and he charges me with want of brotherly love in desiring to promote the union."

"Does Lord Bellamy understand what *my* wishes are?" I asked, haughtily.

"I do, Sir," he replied; "but——"

"No more, if you please, Sir!" I answered, interrupting him: "you will oblige me by permitting me to manage my own affairs. I ask not your interference; I never trouble myself with your concerns; and I only require the same forbearance from you."

"But in this case, Sir," replied Lord Bellamy, "I cannot be an uninterested witness——"

He was proceeding; when I turned abruptly to Theodore, and asked him what sport he had met with since he arrived at Hartlands.

I scarcely know what answer he made; for, in truth, I did not care; I was thinking of other things: but I recollected, afterwards, that there was something in his manner which I thought strange at the moment, though I did not stop to consider what it might be.

When I arrived at the Hall-door, I turned into the house, leaving the two young men together. I hastened to my library, and sent for Lady Roxeter; and such an interview we then had as I never before witnessed. We began calmly and politely. I tried all that argument and persuasion could do to induce her to consent to the marriage so much desired: but she was firm, and for a length of time calmly so; but in the end became like one beside herself; and in that state she expressed herself in a way that even touched my obdurate heart. "You, my Lord," she said, "were the object of my first love; by you all my conjugal affections were inspired; by you my heart was first warmed to love; by you," she added, (and she wept as she spoke) "that heart, once so warm, has been frozen—congealed to ice: and yet, if I have been unhappy, I was not made so by a man I did not love. How then can I consent that my daughter should be exposed to the same dreadful risk with one who, let me tell you, my Lord, has not half your good qualities! O! even now, after so many years of blighted hopes, I still delight in thinking of you as you were, as you once were to me; and sometimes I still hope—yes," she added, "I still hope—that I may yet find comfort in you. I could be contented—yes, I could be contented—if, even on your dying bed, you would do me justice, and render me again that heart which I never, never deserved to lose."

"And yet, but a moment past, you spoke of your love for me, Lady Roxeter, as of a thing gone by."

"Did I?" she answered; "then I spoke in haste. But what are words, my Lord? Take actions for vouchers; judge me by these: I am willing to stand the test, as far as it concerns my husband and my children; though, in the sight of Heaven, I know that I am a miserable, guilty wretch; and acknowledge that I have no

hope but through the merits and death of my blessed Redeemer."—As she spoke these last words, she raised her eyes and united hands towards the heavens; and again I beheld that expression of the marble *madonna* which I had formerly admired so much in the days of her youth and first beauty.

I stood like one petrified and overpowered, and felt almost ready to give her my hand; or, rather, to restore her to the full possession of my heart, and of all its accompanying rights and privileges. But I deliberated a moment; and Oh! what misery did that cold delay occasion! But I will not anticipate. My gentler feelings passed away as a summer breeze; I thought of my sister's scornful smiles; and grew hard again. Lady Roxeter, too, regained her composure, and, with that, her dignity. As she prepared to leave the room, she turned to me, and said, "My Lord, think me not obstinate, think me not undutiful; but, when the happiness of our child is at stake, I must be firm, cost me what it will; and here I solemnly declare, that I never can consent to give our child to a man whom I cannot respect."

I saw the door close after Lady Roxeter, while I still hesitated whether I should call her back; and then, as if the moment of grace was past, I struck my hand on my forehead, and began to deplore my destiny as accursed; while I had no one to blame but myself. I then called for refreshments, and a bottle of wine, which last I nearly emptied; after which, I walked out to look for my son Theodore; but, not finding him, I returned to the house, and tried to lounge away a few more hours till dinner-time in reading a new publication which I found on the library-table; but this would not do, though the book was an interesting one.

When it was getting dusk, and I was becoming quite impatient for the return of Theodore, a note was brought to me from the young man, to inform me that he had met with Lord Seaforth in his morning-airing, and that he had been engaged by him to dine at the Roxeter-Arms, the principal inn in the village; begging me to join the party, and hinting that he had some communications to make to me. The proposal suited the restless state I was in at the time; and I accordingly put on my hat and hastened to obey the summons; bidding a

servant to follow me, and desiring that Lady Roxeter should be told that I should not be at home to dinner.

When arrived at the Roxeter-Arms, I found the two young men in a state of high irritation; for which Seaforth accounted to me by informing me that Theodore had been quarrelling violently with his brother about Laura's marriage; that he had accidentally met his two cousins in the park; that they were then at high words; and that he verily believed Theodore would have struck his brother, had he not interfered. He added, that the gamekeeper and Thomas Jefferies had both been drawn to the place by the angry voices of my sons; that Theodore had invited Lord Bellamy to finish the quarrel in an honourable and gentlemanly way; but that Lord Bellamy had declined the challenge.

"And very properly, too," I said, being exceedingly angry with Theodore, and really alarmed at the furious spirit which the young man had displayed in this affair. "Cannot you understand, Theodore," I said, "what the world would say, if you were to kill your elder brother?"

Theodore burst out: he called Lord Bellamy a base, mean, despicable fellow, and used other outrageous expressions; scarcely controlling himself when the landlord came in.

"Be silent!" I said, speaking in French; "or, by heavens, I will deprive you of every shilling that I can."

Theodore muttered something which I did not understand; and now I perceived, for the first time, that he had been drinking, and was in a state of considerable intoxication. I knew that it was useless to reason with a man in that condition; I therefore tried to turn the conversation into another channel, and succeeded till the cloth was withdrawn; when Lord Seaforth, filling a bumper, nodded to Theodore, and said, "Give us the toast you promised: what is it to be?"

"Confusion to all elder brothers!" said Theodore; and, at the same instant, the waiter entered the room, to remove something from the side-table.

Lord Seaforth pretended to start at this toast as if it had not been the one he expected, and I became seriously angry; but, seeing the waiter's eye upon us, scarcely knew what to do. I, however, reprov'd Theodore very sharply when the servant had left the room.

On which the young man grew sullen; and, from that time, scarcely condescended even to answer his cousin when he addressed him.

“Well,” I remarked, after a while, “this is not particularly agreeable. We may as well return to the Hall. It can answer no end whatever for you to remain here, Lord Seaforth; there is no chance of our winning Lady Roxeter to your side by any forbearance on your part. I have had a hard battle to fight for you already, and she is as firm as a rock. But I think I should like you to try your own powers of persuasion with her; and if they do not answer, we must have recourse to other measures.” So saying, we arose and left the inn.

When entered within the gates of the shrubbery, a servant met us, and enquired if Lord Bellamy had been with us.

“No,” I replied, “I have not seen him since the morning.”

“My Lady is uneasy about him my Lord,” added the servant.

“What,” I replied, (for I had been drinking too much as well as my son, although I could bear it better,) “has little Master broke away from the apron-string at last? Well, we shall make something of him by and by;” and we walked on.

When we entered the Hall, I observed, that not only the butler, but the steward and one or two more persons were waiting there to see us enter; and the question was again put to us—whether Lord Bellamy had been with us.

“No,” I replied, somewhat peevishly; “I have not seen him since the morning. How should I know where he is?”

Old Cicely then put her wrinkled face forward from behind some of the other servants, and, addressing Theodore, “Mr. Westfield,” she said, “do you know where your brother is?”

Theodore answered, with an oath, that he neither knew nor cared; but Lord Seaforth, as I afterwards recollected, spoke not a word.

We were going forwards to the library, when a confused noise behind us caused us to look round; and we heard a knocking at the outer door of the Hall, and se-

veral persons from without called at the same instant for admittance in a manner most urgent and terrific.

“It is as we thought,” said Cicely; “I feared it would end in this way.”

I felt as if something terrible was about to take place. I was sobered in a moment, and stood looking at the door in a state of mind which God grant that none of my readers may ever realize. The folding-doors were both forced widely open by the servants within, who were all crowded round it. Mr. Helmly first appeared. His face was that of ashy paleness and horror. At the same time a sound was heard as of persons ascending the steps and bearing a heavy weight.

The next moment, several men entered the hall; they were bearing a body, which seemed to be without life.—Theodore and I both recoiled, as if we had seen a serpent. To speak was past my power. I know not how Lord Seaforth was affected. As the horrible *cortège* advanced, the light of the lamps, suspended from the ceiling of the hall, flashed on the face of the inanimate body. It was that of my unhappy and injured son; it was poor Lord Bellamy. There was some blood on his face—there was more on his dress. His hand, which had been laid on his breast, seemed much shattered.

No one could speak or give any direction respecting what was to be done but Mr. Helmly. “Fly for a surgeon!” he said: “take the fleetest horse in the stable! life may be not quite gone. Lead on, lead on to the library-sofa! Bring wine! right or wrong, some cordial must be forced down his throat!” And he walked on, while the bearers of the unhappy young man followed to the library.

Theodore was following, when I seized his arm and arrested his progress.

“Monster! villain! murderer!” I said, as I shook him violently; “tell me, wretched young man, when did you this? and then take a knife and finish your work, by plunging it into your father’s heart.”

“I did not do it, I did not do it, my father,” he replied; “as I live, I did not do it.” And he threw himself on his knees before me.

“Wretch, you have murdered your brother!” I said, and I spurned him from me.

At that instant, a dreadful, an appalling shriek sounded through the Hall; and, the next minute, Lady Roxeter appeared falling forward from the stairs, which she was in the act of descending when my horrible words met her ear. A female servant, who had followed her closely, caught her by her dress, and saved her fall; and she was borne away to her own chamber by others of the women who had come at the alarm of their companions' cries; there, as I afterwards learned, one fit followed another, till happily such a state of confusion and delirium ensued, as saved her for a length of time from a distinct sense of the misery of her condition. But the sight of my once beloved, yes, and at that moment, still beloved Mary, fainting, perhaps dying, in such a situation, could hardly add one agony more to the horrors of my condition, in that miserable, most miserable moment. Did my reader suppose that any thing I could have told him would have brought him to pity me? But surely at that crisis, vile as I had been, I was an object of pity.

As I before said, I spurned my son with my foot—I called him a murderer, a monster, a fiend—I would hear none of his excuses—I would not hearken to his earnest asseverations of innocence—I was like one in a state of derangement—the blow had struck me in the most vulnerable part, and where least expected.—My poor son turned from me at length to his cousin, and applied to him to confirm his innocence.

“You can bear witness, Seaforth,” he said, “that, after you had met me with my unhappy brother in the park, I never left you. I was with you from that time till the present moment. I could not have done this without being seen by you.”

Lord Seaforth hesitated, the cold-blooded villain hesitated, and then said, “Undoubtedly, Westfield, I could swear to your having been with me, from the moment of your parting with your brother to the present instant, with the exception only of one half-hour, more or less, when you went, as you recollect, to the lodge, to send a person with a note to your father.”

“And to the lodge only I went,” said Theodore.

“And then,” I exclaimed, “you met your brother—and then you did it! Begone, villain! Disgrace of your noble family, begone, and be accursed as a second

Cain!" and I raised my hand to strike him, but was arrested in the act by Lord Seaforth, who was obliged to use all his strength to restrain my violence.

"My father! my father!" said Theodore, again kneeling before me, "I pity you, from my heart I pity you! but the time will come in which my innocence will be cleared up."

"Your innocence, monster!" I said, attempting to strike him again: "who will believe your innocence? Did you not but just now drink 'Perdition to all elder brothers?' I have not patience to hear you. From you at least I did not expect to receive my punishment." And I burst into an agony of tears, with loud groans. I wished for death—for annihilation.

"O that my brother, my dear brother, might live," said Theodore, "to bear witness of my innocence! Perish all earthly honours and possessions! what are they in comparison with a good name? and that I have lost. But, Seaforth, you could, if you were willing, bear witness to my innocence;" and he looked his cousin full in the face.

I looked up at the same moment, and my eyes too were fixed on my nephew. And the idea then first occurred to me, that they were both concerned in the transaction.

Lord Seaforth was deadly pale, but did not speak.

Theodore called on him again, and urged him to speak. I did the same. Advancing to him, and laying my hand roughly on his arm, "Speak!" I said, "tell all you know! or, by Heaven, I will make you speak before the higher authorities!"

"I have nothing to say," he replied: "I never left the Roxeter-Arms, after I entered the house this afternoon with your son, till I quitted it with you; and the landlord and servants there will bear witness that what I say is true. While your son went to the lodge with the note, I was in the stable-yard talking to my groom, and the landlord was present the whole time."

"You have had a hand in this awful business, Seaforth," I said; "and God will witness against you, if no man does."

"You may think what you please, Lord Roxeter," he replied; "and you may also now say what you please, for you are not yourself."

He was proceeding, when interrupted by Mr. Helmly. "My Lord, I come," said he, "to tell you there is hope: we hardly yet know what injury has been done; but Lord Bellamy still lives. He begins to breathe freely: he has once opened his eyes: he will yet live to explain the means by which he has been brought to this condition;" and his eye glanced fearfully on the young men.

A servant appeared at that instant announcing the surgeon, who passed at the same moment towards the library, where I followed.

The library was crowded by servants: he ordered that only two men-servants, with the housekeeper and poor old Cicely, should remain; and he proceeded immediately to examine the injuries my poor son had sustained. He first cut off the sleeve of the coat—Lord Bellamy still remaining nearly insensible. He found the shoulder much shattered with small shot. It was also dislocated, probably, he said, by the fall; the hand also had been torn at the same time, and other slight injuries sustained. He assured me, however, that there was no danger of life from the wounds; "though," added he, "had the shot been a little higher—had the temples been struck, the unhappy youth would never have spoken again." A violent swelling had, however, been induced by the dislocation of the shoulder; and a quantity of blood had flowed from the various wounds.

The surgeon ordered a temporary bed to be prepared in the library, to which he caused the poor sufferer to be removed. After which, he succeeded in making him swallow some restoratives.

All this took up several hours; and O, what hours of misery were those! what hours of complicated suffering!

I was surprised, when Lord Bellamy was in bed, to see Theodore enter and take his station by his pillow. I saw those about my eldest son recoil as he entered; and I plainly read their strong suspicions on their countenances. I looked sternly at Theodore. It was a look which bid him leave the room; but he stood his ground, folding his arms, and keeping his eyes fixed on his brother. "Desperate and hardened villain!" I muttered between my teeth; but I dared not to speak out. However, seeing the surgeon preparing to leave the room,

to give some directions to the servants, I followed him out. In the hall I found Thomas Jefferies and Mr. Helmly; and then I first found opportunity of asking where and by whom Lord Bellamy had been discovered. And, after various cross-examinations, I found the fact to have been as I shall state it.

It seems that the gamekeeper and Thomas Jefferies had been in the park together, about two o'clock in the afternoon; and there, hearing loud and angry words not far distant, they had run to the place from whence the sound proceeded, and found my two sons engaged in a violent dispute, Lord Seaforth being present; they then heard Theodore challenge his brother, and tell him that he was not fit to live. The two servants stood aloof till they saw the young men part; but which way they went they could not tell, by reason of the intervening trees. What they had heard had, it seems, so much alarmed them, that they went immediately to Mr. Helmly to inform him of the violent state of enmity of the brothers, and reached his house about three o'clock; but he was not at home, and did not return till six. Mr. Helmly was startled by their information, and went with them to the Hall, desiring to see Lord Bellamy; but Lord Bellamy was absent. The alarm then began to spread among the servants; and several of them went in different directions to enquire after their young Lord. The gamekeeper, Thomas, and Mr. Helmly, who went in the direction where Lord Bellamy had been last seen, were the persons who found him. He was lying under a thicket, in a sort of hollow, into which he had been precipitated, and they had no doubt but that he was actually dead.

Here was a tale of horror, a dark and shocking tale!—I never, never—no, not if I were to live for ages—shall forget what I felt when I had heard it throughout. I can only say, that, for the time, I was as one deranged. I know not of what extravagances I was not guilty. My people were compelled to use force with me, and I believe that I had something given me to calm me; for I remember that they put me to bed, and forced me to take a nauseous draught; and that my raging-fit was speedily followed by a deep depression, attended by a miserable languor.—But enough of such a wretch as I then was;

yea, and still should be accounted; were I to be judged by my own merits.

In the mean time, every individual of the family seemed to be bound by a sort of spell, which held him back from seeking any thing like explanation. Theodore persisted in watching by his brother's couch, although he felt that he was eyed with horror and suspicion by almost every person who entered the chamber; yet, as no one actually gave utterance to his suspicions, no opportunity was allowed for extenuation or self-defence; great care, however, was taken never to leave him alone with Lord Bellamy.

It was thought, that, when Lord Bellamy was so far recovered as to be able to speak, he would, either to Dr. Simpson, who had been sent for, and was in constant attendance, or to Mr. Helmly, give some account of his accident. But though, after forty-eight hours, he was decidedly better, he volunteered no such confession; and it was even observed, that he looked at his brother with a sort of horror which he could not disguise.

Such was the state of things for four days; at which time Mr. Helmly, seeing that Lord Bellamy was much improved in health, plainly put the question to him, having previously sent every person out of the room, saying, "Now, Lord Bellamy, as you are, through divine mercy, so far recovered, it behoves you to satisfy our anxious enquiries.—How did you meet with the unfortunate accident by which, let me tell you, you nearly lost your life?"

Lord Bellamy was much agitated when the enquiry was thus urged upon him, and for a minute or two seemed to doubt whether he should reply: but, after a while, seeming to recollect himself, and having made Mr. Helmly repeat the question, he replied, that really he had been so stunned at the time, that he could give no account whatever of the affair.

"Do you not remember where you were, or what you were doing, just before the accident, Lord Bellamy?" said Mr. Helmly.

"I was walking in the park," he replied.

"And alone?" said Mr. Helmly.

"Quite alone," replied Lord Bellamy.

"You had been walking with your brother and Lord Seaforth, I think?" said Mr. Helmly.

“Some time before I had,” replied Lord Bellamy; “but we had parted, and gone different ways.”

“Had you chanced to approach in the same direction do you think, Lord Bellamy, before the accident happened?” said Mr. Helmly.

Lord Bellamy answered rather pettishly; which was not usual with him; and said, “Really, Mr. Helmly, I know nothing at all about the affair. I dare say no one meant to hurt me. But, as I have found by repeated experience, if there is any mischief abroad, it commonly falls on me, I ought in prudence to have stayed at home when there were so many sportsmen in the wood.”

“Then you think that it was by accident that you were shot?” said Mr. Helmly.

“Did not I tell you, Mr. Helmly,” said Lord Bellamy, “that I knew nothing at all about the matter? I have quite lost my recollection of the whole transaction.”

Mr. Helmly felt much hurt, for he was quite certain that Lord Bellamy could tell more, if he would; however, he resolved to say no more to his pupil till his mother and I were able to judge what further ought to be done in the business.

Such continued to be the perplexing state of affairs; when, having recovered my recollection and reason, after four days of severe illness, I insisted upon rising.

Dr. Simpson expostulated with me; but I opened my whole heart to him. My illness, I told him, was entirely mental, and could not be cured till I was more at ease. I further added, that for some months I had felt some relentings of conscience; and that, of late, conscience has been as a worm gnawing at my heart. I stated, that all the miseries in which my family were then involved were owing to my base conduct towards Lady Roxeter; whose character I now saw in its true light; and saw it to my shame and confusion. I stated also, that I had always a foolish sort of dread of being supposed to be under female influence; and, like many other men who have the same sort of jealousy, I had refused due deference to a virtuous woman; and at the same time allowed myself to become the dupe of every artful and ambitious female who chose to impose upon me. “And now,” I added, “in order to find peace,—though peace,

I fear, is gone for ever,—I must be carried, if I cannot walk, to Lady Roxeter's apartment; that I may kneel to her; that I may implore her pardon; and that I may entreat her to co-operate with me to save our children—our lost, our ruined children!"

Groans and tears—deep groans and unfeigned tears—accompanied this confession. Dr. Simpson resisted me no longer, but himself assisted me to the door of Lady Roxeter's dressing-room; where, without giving notice, I entered, and fell on my knees before her.

She was still very ill; but the joy, the rapture with which she received me cannot be described by any words I might use. She made me rise; she made me sit on the sofa by her side; and she wept long, very long, in silence, upon my bosom; neither did I speak; for no language could express our feelings. Mr. Helmly was called to enjoy and participate in our reconciliation; and, when the first agitating feelings were over, we found the immediate advantage of restored confidence.

Lady Roxeter was not a stranger to our horrible suspicions respecting poor Theodore; but it seems that she was by no means so convinced of his guilt as I was. It was a comfort to me that she was not so; yet I could not partake of her more agreeable views of the subject. I feared, I believed the worst. I did not suppose my son to have been a deliberate murderer; but I feared that he had, in passion, attempted his brother's life—a crime which, even under the most favourable circumstances, I could not think of without horror. Lady Roxeter stated to me her reasons for not believing this.—She had seen Theodore several times since the accident; she had begged, entreated his confidence; and he had persisted in his innocence of the black act; although he owned that he had been tutored to hate his brother, and even to desire his death.

"Well," I replied, "I will hope, I must hope; it would be death to me to relinquish that hope."

During this conference, it was settled that Mr. Helmly should set out immediately to bring Laura home; and I promised Lady Roxeter that I never again would endeavour to press a marriage on our daughter.

These things being arranged, Dr. Simpson interfered, and persuaded me to return to my apartment, where I

enjoyed a sweeter rest than I had done for many days; and I received this first composed sleep which I then enjoyed as a sort of earnest of the divine approbation. Not that I had not much misery to pass through still; but the Almighty, in our grief, remembers mercy.

Mr. Helmly departed that evening, and travelled all night. We concealed his journey, in order that Laura might be safe with us before Lord Seaforth should suspect what we were about.

The next day, Lady Roxeter was well enough to be carried down to the library; and I was told by those who saw it, that the meeting with the stepmother and the son was truly affecting. They both wept: but Lord Bellamy sobbed aloud, like an infant; and the attendants would have separated them; but Lady Roxeter insisted upon being left alone with her son. "I know," she said to the physician, "that he has something on his mind; it will ease us both to have a private conversation. While the thorn remains in the heart, we shall never recover our health; I beseech you, give way to my earnest entreaty."

It was complied with, and Lady Roxeter was left with her son. The conversation which then ensued was of the most interesting nature. Lady Roxeter immediately came to the point; and, having stated to her son that she thoroughly understood his motives for seeming to forget all that happened during the day of the dreadful accident, added, "Do not think, my dear son, that by this means you screen your brother from suspicion; his character is blasted by your silence; the worst suspicions, even of his dearest friends, are confirmed by it. Unless, therefore, you consider that even these dark apprehensions are better than certainty, you will tell us at once all that happened on that miserable day."

Lord Bellamy replied, that he really could not recollect any thing that happened after he parted with his brother and Lord Seaforth in the park.

"This is equivocation, Augustus," replied Lady Roxeter; "and it will not do with me: I will know the truth. If you would not drive me distracted, if you love your brother, if you love me, tell me every thing. I can bear the worst; I am prepared for it. You are still living, through the mercy of God. Your brother cannot be

punished by law. His character, as I before said, is completely blasted; his situation cannot be worse than it is. Fear not that I should cease to love my child. The truth I will know—But do I not know it already?—Theodore sought your life; and you cannot deny it.” And she wrung her hands; and was, as she described it, in a sort of frenzy; tearing her hair, and calling for death to end her misery.

While she was in this state, Theodore entered the room, being sent in by the physician. He walked up to her, and begged her to be composed.

“No, no,” she said, “this is too much; this suspense is more than I can bear, and retain my reason. Theodore, explain this dreadful mystery. Where and how did you meet your brother? and what drove you to the horrible act? Speak this moment, or I renounce you for ever.”

“I am spurned by my father,” replied Theodore, “I am renounced by my mother, I am suspected and held in abhorrence by the whole world; and all for a crime of which I am as entirely innocent as the babe unborn. And yet I have deserved all I have met with; because I have allowed myself to hate my brother, to envy, to despise him, to grudge him his birthright, and his very existence; nay, because I would even, in passion, have contended with him in a duel. But I am not an assassin, and you, Lord Bellamy, can bear witness to my innocence, if you would but speak the truth.”

“Theodore!” said Bellamy; and then interrupted himself.

“Go on!” continued Theodore; “say all that is in your mind. I care not what you say; I am desperate! This country shall not retain me long! I will not remain, to be the scorn and contumely of every honest English heart. I have been an unprincipled young man; a rebellious, undutiful son to the best of mothers; unworthy even of one gentle tear;—but I am not a murderer! Do me, at least, the justice of saying that it was not by me that you were reduced to the situation in which you now are, Bellamy; and then I bid you farewell for ever.”

“Theodore!” repeated Lord Bellamy; and was silent again.

“Let me entreat you, my dear Augustus,” said Lady Roxeter, “let me entreat you, by the love you bear me, by all I have ever done for you in helpless infancy, by the happy happy hours we have spent together, nay, by that sacred name I have taught you to reverence from babyhood, to speak out. Tell all you know. You cannot make me believe that you do not know who was near you when you were wounded. Say, at least, that you knew not whence the shot came; that you heard no voices; that you believe it to have been merely an accident.”

“I do, I do believe it to be an accident, dear, and loved, and honoured mother,” said Lord Bellamy; “I do believe it to have been an accident: I accuse no one; I suspect no one.”

“And you saw no one near you at the time? you had no reason to think that any one was near you?” asked Lady Roxeter. “Answer me at once: I charge you, by your duty as a son; was there any one near you at the time the accident happened?”

“There might, there must have been, some person near me,” replied my son, “or the accident could not have happened: but I repeat, that I have no recollection of the circumstance.”

“Augustus,” said Lady Roxeter, “you will drive me beside myself. Now, now, indeed,” she added, “I am a miserable woman! My children, my children, you will break my heart! My Laura is gone! my sons are lost to me! my heart is broken!” And she fell on her knees by the bedside, covering her face with her hands.

Theodore rushed from the room, being unable to bear the scene any longer; and, meeting Dr. Simpson in the hall, entreated him to call me.

I was dressed, and lying on my sofa, when the summons arrived from my son: I made what haste I could to obey it; and found Theodore returned to the library, awaiting my appearance in a sort of gloomy silence, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground; while Lady Roxeter, having become more tranquil, was again pleading with Lord Bellamy to grant her the confidence she required. Lord Bellamy, in the mean time, appeared to be under the influence of violent agitation.

Dr. Simpson followed me into the room, to beg us to

defer the explanation, which he judged was going forward, till our minds were more composed.

“They never can be composed, Sir,” said Lady Roxeter, “till this heavy weight is removed from our hearts.”

“True,” replied the physician; “but you are none of you fit for shocks like these.”

Dr. Simpson was an old man, had seen much of the world, and was a tried friend of the family.

“It seems,” said he, “that neither you, my Lord, nor you, Lady Roxeter, are sufficiently calm to try this matter fairly. There is some misunderstanding, some mistake in this dreadful business, I am convinced. I have been a close observer since I have been in attendance here, and my opinion respecting the affair does not coincide with that of others. Might I be permitted to state it in the present company?”

We earnestly entreated him so to do; and he begged that Thomas Jefferies might be called. Theodore ran with alacrity to find him: he was at hand; and Dr. Simpson then directed that every one should be ordered out of the hall, and the library-door locked.

“I am in spirits,” said the good old gentleman: “we are now in the way of getting at the truth without calling counsel. We have hitherto been all too warm, and too ill, and too much agitated; and, moreover, too anxious to keep our private opinions to ourselves, to be in the way of finding out the truth. In cases of this kind, enquiry generally tends to restore peace. I cannot believe that Mr. Westfield is guilty of deliberate villany; though I know that you all suspect him. Do not speak, Sir; you may trust in me; and, such being the case, I am of opinion that the matter should be searched to the bottom. It is only where we fear to bring conviction and shame upon a dear friend that we can desire to prevaricate. And now, Lord Bellamy, I begin with you; and, having felt the pulse of your mind, and observed all your symptoms, I venture to pronounce, that you do not choose to speak what you know, for fear of implicating your brother and increasing your mother’s misery. Is it not so, my Lord?”

Lord Bellamy made no answer.

“Well, well,” said Dr. Simpson; “very well; all

consistent. And now, Thomas, state to us the precise spot in which you found Lord Bellamy."

Thomas Jefferies explained this matter very clearly.— There is in the park a small point of land bulging out like a promontory over the valley; three sides of which are encompassed by the woods, the fourth side being skirted by low bushes, through which is a little foot-path from a hamlet at the further end of the park to the Hall; the ground near the path being in some places so sunk as to form a sort of ditch between the path and the smooth level grass on the summit of the knoll.

"It seems that my young Lord was walking on this path when he received the shot," said Thomas, "and that he fell immediately into the ditch; for we found him lying with his head in a very awkward posture, and his arm bent under him."

"Can you point out the precise spot, Jefferies?" said Dr. Simpson.

"Yes, Sir," replied Thomas, "I know it from this circumstance—there was a mountain-ash just above."

"A mountain-ash?" said Theodore; "I have a confused idea —."

Dr. Simpson interrupted him. "If you please, Mr. Westfield," he said, "we will feel obliged if you will keep your confused ideas to yourself for the present: I don't doubt but that we shall set all your ideas in their right places very soon. Do you remember the chesnut tree, Lord Bellamy?"

"I do, Sir," replied my eldest son.

"Was that chesnut tree far from the place where you parted from your brother and Lord Seaforth?" asked Dr. Simpson.

"It was, Sir, answered Lord Bellamy; "at least a quarter of a mile."

"And permit me to ask you, what was your motive for walking forward in that direction, and up a very steep path, as I recollect? You are not accustomed, I think, to choose these difficult ways."

Lord Bellamy coloured, and replied, "Really, Sir, I do not know that I had any particular reason for so doing."

"Very good," said Dr. Simpson, smiling. "Then I am to understand, that you had no reason for climbing a very steep rough ascent? I know the place well. But

it seems that you did climb up in this direction; and that you remember the mountain-ash. Perhaps you stopped to rest under the tree?"

"Perhaps I might," said Lord Bellamy, impatiently. Lady Roxeter was going to speak, but Dr. Simpson entreated her not to interfere.

"And now," said Dr. Simpson, addressing Theodore, and looking him very steadily in the face, "do you, Mr. Westfield, wish me to proceed, or shall we leave the matter where it now is?"

"Go on, go on, if you honour and love our family, Sir," replied Theodore; "ask me any question you wish; and, if you please, let an oath be administered to me; I am ready to tell all I know."

"Very well," said Dr. Simpson: "then please to inform me, why did you part from your brother in the park, and walk away with Lord Seaforth?"

"Because I was a fool and a madman. I had promised Seaforth to give him my interest with my sister, and I was angry with my brother for opposing me."

"You supposed then," said Dr. Simpson, "that your sister was attached to Lord Seaforth, and that her happiness depended on the marriage?"

Theodore blushed as he answered, "No, Sir, I had no such thought."

"Then we are to believe that your warmth in this cause was owing to your affection for Lord Seaforth, are we not, Mr. Westfield?" asked the doctor.

Theodore hesitated; but Dr. Simpson silently awaited his answer, which came after a few seconds, and was a negative.

"Then I am to suppose," said Dr. Simpson, "that as your brother, to whom long walks are a great inconvenience, undertook to climb one of the steepest crags in the park without a motive, in like manner you quarrelled with this same brother, and sought to make your sister unhappy also, without a motive?"

"I had a motive for desiring my sister's marriage," replied Theodore, reddening violently, and then turning very pale; "I owe Seaforth a large sum of money, and my debt was to be cancelled as soon as the marriage took place."

Here was a new light shed on the subject. I bit my

lips—I trembled from head to foot; and we thought Lady Roxeter would have fainted. There was a dead silence in the room for more than a minute; at length Dr. Simpson spoke.

“You have done well, Mr. Westfield,” he said, “in speaking the truth so far. Where a wound has long rankled, it must be probed to the very bottom before the healing ointment can be administered. You have grieved us all, young man; you have brought your noble parents to death’s door; but all I am convinced will be well finally.” And he turned to Lady Roxeter, and said, “Dear lady, be comforted; your prayers have reached unto heaven; they will be accepted through Him in whom you have trusted; and your husband and children will yet be blessed.” The good old gentleman then wiped his eyes, and went on with his examination.

But, before I proceed with the narration, I must pause to make one remark, which is this,—that I have often considered that there is not a greater benefactor to society, nor one who has larger means of usefulness, than a pious, skilful, and intelligent physician. Such an one is admitted into families in the hours of sickness and affliction, when the hearts of men are susceptible and humble, and prepared for the admission of such counsel as may administer to the comfort of the soul in this life and in that which is to come.—But to proceed with our trial.

“I am to understand by your late confession, Mr. Westfield,” said Dr. Simpson, as he proceeded to question Theodore, “that you felt yourself to be in a certain degree under the power of Lord Seaforth, and, therefore, followed as he led. I understand that he is not attached by any means to Lord Bellamy. I can perceive, also, that he would be displeased at the opposition made by him to his marriage. This is all natural; but I wish to know whether you can recollect what passed between him and yourself when you parted from your brother.”

“I have a very indistinct recollection of what happened then,” replied Theodore, “for I was inflamed with passion: but I remember suggesting to him, that, as several members of the family were much opposed to the mar-

riage, it, perhaps, might be as well to think no more of it."

"And what happened then?" asked Dr. Simpson.

"We had high words. I don't remember what either of us said; but we became more calm after a time."

"And in what direction did you walk?" said Dr. Simpson.

"We walked over the knoll," replied Theodore.

Even Dr. Simpson started at this answer; and we, the unhappy parents of the young man, were ready to expire. Thomas Jefferies looked sternly; and Lord Bellamy hid his face in his pillow.

"You walked over the knoll; and what did you do there?" said Dr. Simpson: "did you go straight forward?"

"We did not," replied Theodore, who became more agitated as he proceeded.

Dr. Simpson was going to speak again, when I interrupted him. "We have had enough," I said; "I can hear no more. Theodore, my best advice to you is, to leave this country. Your wants shall be amply supplied. Money you shall have, if that can make you happy: but let me never see your face, or hear your name again. I knew it, I knew it;" I added, turning wildly to Dr. Simpson; "I knew how it would turn out;" and, a sudden frenzy taking place of the unnatural calmness with which I had commenced my speech, I was only prevented, by Dr. Simpson and Thomas Jefferies, from falling furiously on my son and felling him to my feet.

Theodore had shrunk to the furthest end of the room; where, as soon as he could be heard, he begged for a little delay of his sentence.

"I am myself puzzled and confounded," he said; "but that I had any intention to murder my brother, I deny most solemnly. The events of that awful day seem to me as a confused and fearful dream. And yet, I think, were I more cool, less agitated, less miserable; did I but see my parents more composed; I might be able to unravel this clew—this dreadful clew." And then, addressing Dr. Simpson, he entreated him to go on with his questions. "Let me be heard, at least, let me be heard," he said. "And O, my dear brother," he added, "if you have any love, any pity for me, tell

us all you know. And now I do recollect another circumstance; I remember it well; I did let off my piece upon the knoll, and I directed my aim towards a high tree which intercepted the view of the valley."

"Ay," said Thomas Jefferies, "the mountain-ash."

"Peace!" said Dr. Simpson, who again addressed Theodore. "Do you recollect, Mr. Westfield, wherefore you directed your piece towards the high tree?"

"Because we had sprung a bird," replied Theodore, "who flew directly across the lawn to that tree."

"And you saw the bird?" said Dr. Simpson.

"Yes, over my head, I am sure I did," replied the young man.

"But in the tree?" asked the doctor.

"I scarcely know," he replied; "but I fired in that direction."

"Were you mad, or were you intoxicated, young man?" I exclaimed.

"Not mad, Sir," said Lord Bellamy, "but intoxicated. He was intoxicated that morning."

We all turned to Lord Bellamy; and Dr. Simpson said, "Come, Sir, now is your turn to speak. You can do no harm now by any thing you can say: your silence cannot serve your brother any longer. It is very plain that it was by his hand that you were wounded; and the story, at best, is an awkward one, as you are his elder brother. But I will do Mr. Westfield the justice to believe that he had no intention to injure you when he thus scattered death in the bushes. You had certainly been a dead man, had he aimed his piece an inch higher; but this is nothing now to the purpose; the question is—to prove, for the satisfaction of all who love the family, whether Mr. Westfield did or did not intend to injure you. He says that he did not. I believe him; and all here would wish to believe him also: but belief, even in common matters, is not in a man's own power."

"Sir," replied Lord Bellamy, "I am now convinced that my silence can be of no avail; I am willing, therefore, to answer every question you choose to put to me. I should not have been silent so long, could I have made up my mind to what would have been best for my brother. And this is certain, that, had I been convinced that he really meant to injure me, nothing should ever

have forced me to have said that he was standing near me when I received the shot. But proceed, Sir, and put your questions; I am ready to answer them."

"What was your motive, Lord Bellamy," said Dr. Simpson, "for climbing the steep path in the park, when you had parted from your brother and Lord Seaforth?"

"I wished to keep my brother in sight," answered my eldest son. "I heard him very boisterous with my cousin; and I feared the consequences, knowing that he was not himself."

"What do you mean by not himself?" said Dr. Simpson.

"That he had drunk much, and was intoxicated," said Lord Bellamy.

"What! at that hour of the morning?" asked Dr. Simpson.

"I am sorry to say, Sir," replied Theodore, blushing violently, "that I have long been in the habit of drinking in a morning: it was a habit I acquired at the university in Germany; we all did it there; and it has increased upon me of late."

"As all bad habits do," said the doctor. "Did you know this to be a fact, Lord Bellamy?"

"I did, Sir," replied my eldest son.

"Favour me, Mr. Westfield, by informing me what liquor you have been accustomed to take in this way," said Dr. Simpson.

"Brandy-and-water, Sir," replied Theodore, with a downcast look; "and sometimes neat brandy."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Simpson; "then I no longer wonder that your own brains were affected, and that you almost succeeded in scattering those of your brother, on the eventful day of which we are speaking. However, upon the whole, I would rather hear of this brandy-business than of something worse."

I then recollected that I had observed something extraordinary in Theodore's manner when I met him in the shrubbery; but he certainly then was by no means what I should have called intoxicated. I therefore asked Lord Bellamy if he could give any account of his brother having become more inebriated after I had parted from him.

“Yes, Sir,” replied my eldest son; “after we had parted from you, my brother went into the house, and called for brandy-and-water, and Morris expostulated with him; on which, from a sort of bravado, he took more than he probably would have done. He was quite intoxicated when he came out into the air again.”

“This is all true, Sir,” said Theodore, addressing me; “I believe it is all perfectly true; but I was not sensible of it at the time.”

“And so, knowing that your brother was not himself when you parted from him in the park,” said Dr. Simpson, “you followed in the same direction which he had taken, Lord Bellamy? and, when the young gentlemen were on the knoll, you were in the path below? Did they see you?”

“I thought they did,” said Lord Bellamy; “they looked towards me several times; but I was often hid from them by the bushes.”

“Did they cross directly over the knoll?” asked Dr. Simpson; “or did they pass on immediately?”

“They loitered some time on the knoll,” replied Lord Bellamy; “during which time I leaned my back against the mountain-ash to rest myself. I had almost resolved to speak to them, not wishing to seem a spy upon their actions. They both had fowling-pieces; and Lord Seaforth fired at a bird which sprang from the woods in a contrary direction to the place where I stood.”

“You acted very imprudently, Lord Bellamy,” said Dr. Simpson, “in thus creeping about the woods near to two young sportsmen, one of whom you knew to be intoxicated.”

“I did, Sir,” replied Lord Bellamy; “I know that I did very wrong; but I was so much below them, that I hardly conceived that I could be hurt by them. But I am no sportsman myself; I never entered into the subject; and was not so much aware of my imprudence as another person might have been.”

“Well, you stood under the tree, and saw Lord Seaforth fire: what happened next?”

“I heard Lord Seaforth say, ‘We have had enough for one day; let us go to the inn; I begin to feel hungry;’ and the next minute the bird flew over the woods towards the mountain-ash. At the same instant, I saw

Theodore's piece levelled in the direction where I stood. Lord Seaforth was behind him; and I heard him say, 'Lower! lower!' and the next moment I fell; and knew no more till I found myself in this room, and awoke to the horrible conviction that my brother had sought my life."

Dr. Simpson then turned to Theodore, but did not speak.

"I have little to say, Dr. Simpson," said the young man. "I remember Seaforth pointing out the bird to me which flew over the knoll; I also remember him saying that the bird had settled in the tree; and this also I recollect, that he gave my piece a sort of jerk just as it was going off, by which the direction of the shot was considerably lowered; and that he said something about its being an accident; and that he then hurried me immediately off to the inn, saying that he had seen the bird fly off unhurt: but I can recollect no more; and, indeed, I hardly know whether what I have now stated is correct. And now," he added, "my dear father and mother, I have told all I have to tell. If my story does not bear the impress of truth, I have nothing more to plead on my behalf; I must throw myself on your pity; and will bear what I have so richly deserved by my former bad conduct; namely, the contempt and hatred of all my friends."

"O my brother! my Theodore!" exclaimed Lord Bellamy, extending his arms towards him, "let me at least prove to you that I believe you innocent. Let us here at this moment commence a friendship never to be interrupted: let who will doubt, I am now convinced that you never designed to hurt me."

The two brothers then met in a warm and cordial embrace.

The conviction of Theodore's innocence seemed at that moment to rush to every heart; while Dr. Simpson kept rubbing his hands, and saying, "I knew that the world had not got hold of the right villain, or, I should say, of any villain at all; I knew that my brave boy here was no murderer; though I hardly knew how to set about unravelling the mystery. He has been the cat's paw of one of the most artful men that ever breathed. Think you, my Lord, what a fine thing it would have

been for Lord Seaforth to have married the sister, and got one brother hanged for murdering the other: or, even suppose that murder could not have been proved against Mr. Westfield, yet there would have been a pretty windfall to Lady Laura, in the case of the death of her elder brother—the whole, instead of a part, of her mother's property. Mark you not now, Lord Roxeter, the dark spirit which has woven this web, in which you were all well nigh entangled? But see you not, Mr. Westfield, the horrors of intoxication? Had you not been infatuated by brandy, you surely could not have been persuaded to have scattered death with such a random stroke. Had the aim been a few inches higher, your brother would have been a corpse. The smallest shot on the temple, or in the brain, would have done the work past all recovery. But we must see the foul fiend dislodged. My Lord, you will surely not delay the act of ejecting Lord Seaforth from his quarters at Hartlands? But stop!" he added; "we must see Lady Laura safe first."

Thus the good old gentleman went on; while we, the more interested persons, could only weep and embrace each other: and, surely, at that time, such a reconciliation took place as has not often taken place on earth.

A few hours added our sweet Laura and Mr. Helmly to our party; and then, indeed, it was complete; and our happiness was scarcely augmented by hearing that Lord Seaforth was gone off to Town in a chariot-and-four.

We ate no dinner that day; but, in the evening, we all met again in the library, to partake of the refreshing infusion of the oriental herb. And there, extended on a couch by the side of Lord Bellamy's bed, Mr. Helmly and my family being present, I once again implored the pardon of Lady Roxeter for all my past offences against her. I thanked her, in words as expressive as I could select, for her long and patient endurance of my ill treatment. I confessed, even in the presence of my son, the error into which I had fallen in allowing other confidants to interpose between me and my wife. I was not so much misled, I observed, by strangers of the other sex, as I was by a female in whom I had been accustomed to place my entire confidence. All my misery began through listening to my sister, and being guided by her;

in consulting her respecting things that ought to have been only agitated between me and my wife. "I was always jealous, from a boy, as well as I can remember," I added, addressing my sons, "of female influence—of what I vulgarly called petticoat government; and, by reason of this jealousy, I habitually resisted the proper influence of a virtuous wife; while, at the same time, I was blindly led by any other woman who chose to undertake the management of me. And this I believe to be more or less the case with all men who have the same kind of jealousy which I possessed; for the same weakness which makes a man resist the virtuous and pure influence of good women, leaves him subject to those who are evil: and hence it is often found, that a man who has, throughout life, railed at the whole female sex, is, in his old age, governed by his servant-maid. For the Almighty has so arranged the economy of his providence as to give most influence to that portion of the human race which is physically the weakest; and thus there are few, if any, men existing, who are not more or less biassed by the females with whom they associate. Hence the vast importance, my sons, of associating with virtuous women."

"And the amazing responsibility," added Lady Roxeter, "which hereby attaches to our sex. How much it pleases us in younger years, my Laura, when we observe the effects of our personal and acquired accomplishments on the other sex! and when, in after-life, we find similar effects produced by our engaging manners, and the agreeableness of our conversation! and yet how few of us consider that this influence which we possess over the other sex is a talent for which we shall be accountable before the tribunal of a just God! O may we render it subservient to the advancement of the divine glory!" And then she made it appear, in a manner which I thought most beautiful, although I did not then fully understand it, how the moral qualities, and external and intellectual attainments of the female sex, are all immediately ranged on the side of God and truth, as soon as the parties are regenerated and united to Christ; and she concluded by entreating her sons, if they hoped for peace and prosperity, to unite themselves only with such women as feared and loved God.

“And, further,” I rejoined, “I would have you consider, my sons, how wonderfully the gentle influence of your mother has, at length, triumphed over all the machinations of those who opposed her. I am at this moment as one awakened from a long delirium; a sort of madness, in which I had nearly brought total destruction on my family. Had your mother given way, had she been carried along with the torrent of evil in which I was involved, what now would have been my situation? You, my firstborn, would, perhaps, long ago have been committed to the dust; my Laura—I tremble to think of it—would have been the wife of one who had murderous designs in his heart; vice would have haunted every cottage on my estates; and where I now behold order and peace, there would have been confusion and ruin. But now—now, owing to the persevering firmness of my wife,—now that my mind is enlightened,—I have nothing to do but to seek repentance for my grievous offences; and to endeavour, through my future life, to make up for the misery I have occasioned.”

I could add no more; we were all in tears; it was a moment never to be forgotten; and, through the divine mercy, it never was forgotten. Thirty years are passed since that period—thirty happy, thirty blessed years. Not one of those who were then together is yet dead, except Mr. Helmly.

My beloved wife still enjoys good health. She is the neatest and most lovely old lady I ever saw, or ever shall see. Her hair, indeed, is quite grey; and she has lost every tooth: but her complexion is still fresh; and her cheerful piety forms the delight of all her children and of her grandchildren.

Augustus and Theodore have long been united in the strongest bonds of holy friendship. They both married some five-and-twenty years since. They were blessed in their wives and in their children; and their union was cemented, about twelve months since, by the marriage of Lord Bellamy's eldest son to the eldest daughter of Mr. Westfield. And when my granddaughter brought her husband a son and heir, which happy event took place about two months since, my feelings of delight, of joy, of gratitude, of ecstasy, were such, that I immediately set to work to compile these memorials, that others

might know what my God had done for me. Neither could I help saying to Theodore, when we came out of the church after the baptism, "Do you now wish that you had never had an elder brother, or that he had been suffered to die in his infancy?"

But O! what an elder brother, what an elder son, has that dear Augustus been! how did his character beam forth when he saw his father and mother reconciled and united in the bonds of affection! how gay, yea, how playful, he became! He improved, too, in his person as he became more happy.

He had evidently the essential qualities of a very handsome man; and, as he advanced in life, his defects became less remarkable, or were less observed; and his countenance was more and more pleasing. How did he, how does he still, doat on his mother! He would have no wife, but one of her choosing; and her adoption was guided by true wisdom; for she prayed to be directed in her choice. Lady Bellamy is only not equal to her husband's mother.

It was long before Theodore was as steady as his brother; but his brother's friendship was the means of his salvation. And here again appeared the blessed effects of his mother's influence: for who had formed the mind of Lord Bellamy but Lady Roxeter? and thus, in the faithful discharge of her duty to the son of another, she, by the divine favour, saved her own child.

Dear Mr. Helmly lived to see my sons married; and died, blessing Lady Roxeter; whose happy illustration of Christian principles had been the means, through the divine mercy, of awakening him from his deadly dream of infidelity.

My lovely Laura, whom I had almost forgotten to mention, married a very pleasing young gentleman, the son and heir of a baronet; to whom I presented Mr. Helmly's living. She is still the happiest of wives, and has a lovely family.

Thus are we blessed in every branch; and to what, under Heaven, do we owe all these mercies, but to the influence of a virtuous woman? on which, as it ever will be found, the divine blessing eminently rested; while our fields have been made to flourish, and our valleys to stand thick with corn.

Of my poor sister and her son, I will say nothing, having little that is pleasant to relate respecting them. And of old Thomas Jefferies, I can only add, that he waited at Lord Bellamy's wedding, and that I closed his eyes not long afterwards. He died in peace.

But, before I conclude my history, I must add a few observations on myself, lest I should be the means of leading my reader into error. It must not be supposed that every thing went smoothly with me, after the time of those very dreadful events in my family which so suddenly awakened me to a sense of my misconduct. The truth ought to be told.

I was scarcely recovered from the illness I had at that time, when I began to feel the force of old bad habits, and was actually deliberating on a journey to Town; but Theodore was taken ill, and we were in apprehension for his life. He was no sooner better than I was attacked by a fit of the gout, and remained an invalid for several years; being sometimes a little better, and sometimes much worse. I suffered excessively from pain; and also from violent nervous attacks, which made me excessively peevish. Moreover, I was helpless, and very dependent on others, and whimsical too. I fancied that no one could do any thing for me but Lady Roxeter, or my sons and daughter.—And this was, in the end, the first of blessings to me; because Providence afforded to Lady Roxeter and my eldest son occasions without end of leading me to an increased knowledge of religion, and of that wonderful scheme of man's salvation, which infinite wisdom conceived, infinite love carried on, and infinite power completed.

Long did my worldly wisdom contend with divine conviction; and long did my guilty conscience continue to tremble at the remembrance of perfect holiness and perfect justice. Long did I feel the terror inspired by these divine attributes; and even years passed away before I could satisfactorily comprehend how mercy and truth had met together, and righteousness and peace had kissed each other. But at length the Son was revealed to me through the medium of the word and Spirit; and the Father, being beheld through the Son, appeared no longer an object of terror to my mind. Then did the clouds roll away from my benighted mind; while the

angel of the covenant shone forth on my soul with a brilliancy and glory which turned my night into day, my hell into heaven, and my despair into joy.

I was fifty-four years of age when this happy change took place; and, since that time, I have been as one travelling through the land of Immanuel, and keeping the glories of the Celestial City in view continually.

The lady of the manor here ceased to read, and, closing her manuscript, she entreated her young people to join her in prayer. And, as the young ladies imagined that this was to be their last regular meeting at the manor-house, there were few among them who did not express their regret by their tears.

The Prayer on Occasion of the last Meeting at the Manor-House.

“O HOLY LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, glorious and mysterious Three in One, hear the prayer of thine unworthy servants. Hear my prayer for these beloved young persons now assembled in this place; and, not only for these, but for all young females now about to enter into more public life. Make them the happy partakers of the benefits of the Christian dispensation in all its extensive bearings; that, being chosen, before the foundation of the world, according to the infinite love of the Father, they may be justified by the Son, and called, regenerated, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit; and that they may be enabled so to act, as to prove blessings in their generation; imitating the spirit and conduct of her, of whom the Saviour said, ‘She hath done what she could.’ And, inasmuch as Scripture and experience have taught us that the influence of the female over the stronger sex is such as tends either to much evil or to much good, grant that they may be assisted so to use that influence as to promote what is right in those with whom they are connected; whether as wives, friends, sisters, daughters, or parents. Restrain them, O Lord, within the becoming bounds of modesty, discretion, and silence; and cause them to instruct others, not by empty words and noisy exhortations, but by the fair and gentle influence of lovely deportment and consistent conduct. Grant

that their adorning may *not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.*

“O Holy Father, assist them to be truly the help-meets of those for whom woman was created; their domestic friends and companions through the weary pilgrimage of this life; their comforters in the hour of anguish; the careful stewards of the worldly goods of those with whom they dwell, and the jealous guardians of their honour. Let them share in all the benevolent acts of their fathers and husbands; and be ready to give up their own pleasures and comforts at the call of duty; and, having done these things in the strength of the Lord, may they cheerfully give all the glory to Him to whom alone it is due; to Him who ordained them to good works before the earth was formed; who had thoughts of love towards them ere yet the breath of life had been vouchsafed them; and justified them by his obedience and death; and to Him who calls, regenerates, and sanctifies them; and promised assuredly to bring them in the end to glory and honour; such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Conclusion.

I HAVE now brought my reader to the last chapter of my Lady of the Manor. Years have passed away since this series was commenced ; and many of those for whom it was originally undertaken have passed from childhood into youth, and have become themselves heads of families, and parents. These volumes, too, commenced in scenes of deep retirement and obscurity, have passed into remote regions of the earth ; and their contents are diffused past recalc among multitudes of immortal creatures, who are all more or less influenced by their contents.

If then these volumes have been the channels of sacred instructions ; if the writer has been assisted through this series of stories to convey the truth, and nothing but the truth, to her readers ; the end for which she undertook them is fulfilled, and she has had her reward. But if they have been the mediums of error, she has lost her aim, and her object has entirely failed. Nor could she, in this case, consider the highest meed of human praise as the smallest compensation for her trouble ; while conscious of having failed in her higher and nobler aims.

And having said thus much, she proceeds to wind up her history, and to give her last account of the manor-house, and of those with whom it is connected.

It was on the eve of the day of the confirmation that the last meeting took place at the manor-house ; and many were the tears shed when the party broke up. The lady of the manor embraced each of the young people, and again and again prayed for the divine blessing upon them : but she could not promise them other meet-

ings and other lectures such as they had enjoyed aforetime; for she daily looked for the return of her sons, with their tutor; and she knew that many engagements and duties would be consequent on their return.

The morning broke upon the village with the songs of birds and ringing of bells; the sun shone clearly; and all was gay and gladsome. Were not the feasts of the Jews occasions of delight? and were they not the appointed types of seasons of rejoicing in the latter days? And wherefore should we not be gay, and happy too, and warm and openhearted to all about us, on our high days of religious festivity? And what occasion could be more delightful than that which then offered itself? The young people of the village—the sons and daughters of each family—the blooming and beautiful ones of each household—were to be taken within the gate of the King's court, to take their oaths of allegiance; and the minister of the King was to receive them, and accept their vows in his Royal Master's name. And, through the indefatigable cares of the lady of the manor and of Mr. Vernon, there was, by the divine blessing, such a spirit of loyalty (to carry on our simile) diffused among the young people who were to assemble that day, as is seldom found in so large a society at one time; and this spirit of unanimity, obedience, and love, shone so brightly on their youthful countenances, that a sort of lustre seemed to be reflected on the congregation, which every one felt, though some knew not how to account for it. But, indeed, it will always be found, that, where there is the true and devout exercise of religious feelings, there is also a peace and gladness of heart which imparts a glory and happiness to all who partake of it.

When all were assembled in the church, the bishop (who was one, indeed, who might be called the eye and light of his diocese) thus addressed the candidates for confirmation:—

“ ‘Do ye here, in the presence of God and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your baptism; ratifying and confirming the same in your own persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and to do all those things which your godfathers and godmothers then undertook for you?’ ”

To which every one audibly answered, “ ‘I do.’ ”

The bishop then added, “ ‘Our help is in the name of the Lord,’ ”

“ *Answer.* Who hath made heaven and earth.

“ *Bishop.* Blessed be the name of the Lord,

“ *Answer.* Henceforth, world without end.

“ *Bishop.* Lord, hear our prayers,

“ *Answer.* And let our cry come unto thee.”

The whole congregation then united in prayer, as follows :

“ ‘Almighty and ever-living God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins ; strengthen them, we beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and daily increase in them thy manifold gifts of grace ; the Spirit of wisdom and understanding ; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength ; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness ; and fill them, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. Amen.’ ”

After this prayer, the young people were made to kneel round the altar ; and the bishop laid his hand on each, saying these words : “ ‘Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace, that *he* may continue thine for ever ; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until *he* come unto thy everlasting kingdom.—Amen.’ ”

This being done, the bishop said, “ ‘The Lord be with you ;’ ”

“ *Answer.* And with thy spirit.”

Then followed the Lord’s Prayer ; with two more prayers, and the Blessing.

After the episcopal benediction, the assembly broke up ; and the young people, as had been agreed upon, walked up with the lady of the manor to the beloved manor-house, where they were to dine.

It was after having taken an early dinner, that the lady of the manor proposed a walk in the shrubbery with the young people ; and there they sat down in a beautiful root-house, which commanded a view of the surrounding country. Before them was the park, where many a deer, with branching horns and dappled coat, was feeding, under the shade of trees which had flou-

rished in the same place beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the village.—Across a dingle, where was an abundant stream of pure water, the front of the manor-house was partially seen ; and, more remotely, the tower of the village church, rising above the woods ; and, to add to the delights of the place, the air was mild, and perfumed with the breath of many flowers.

“ Let us think, in this happy and peaceful scene,” said the lady of the manor, “ of what has been done to-day.—You, my beloved ones, have solemnly bound yourselves to the service of the one only and true God ; and He has accepted your vows, and received you into his family ; (for surely I may not question the desire which you all entertained that your service might be rendered sincere ?) and, in being thus received into the family of God, you have already become entitled to the benefits of children. And what are these benefits ? They are a participation in the nature, the happiness, the honour, and dignity, of the parent. A good father never receives any pleasure, but he calls his children to partake of it ; he enjoys no advantage of which he does not desire his children to have a share.—If he finds his children to be unworthy, he does all that in him lies to make them otherwise : he uses reproof and chastisement ; he adapts his instruction to their capacities ; and he comforts and soothes them in affliction.

“ If, then, my dear young friends, we have this day received the blessing in faith, and have been enabled sincerely to devote ourselves this day to our God, all will surely be well with us in the end ; though we may and surely shall have our troubles, our chastisements, and our corrections, while in the flesh ; but all will be done in love ; and we shall assuredly find peace at the last. And now,” added the lady, “ may the Almighty bless you, and give us all a happy meeting in the world to come !”

She could add no more, for she was affected to tears ; in which she was joined by all who were present ; and how long these tears might have continued to flow we know not, had not the party been startled by the sound of approaching quick steps. They all looked eagerly in the direction whither the sound seemed to come ; and, the next moment, two noble-looking youths

appeared, glowing with joy and health. They were the sons of the lady of the manor, and were just arrived from the Continent; having hurried from the sea-port before their tutor and their servant, to embrace their mother a few hours sooner.

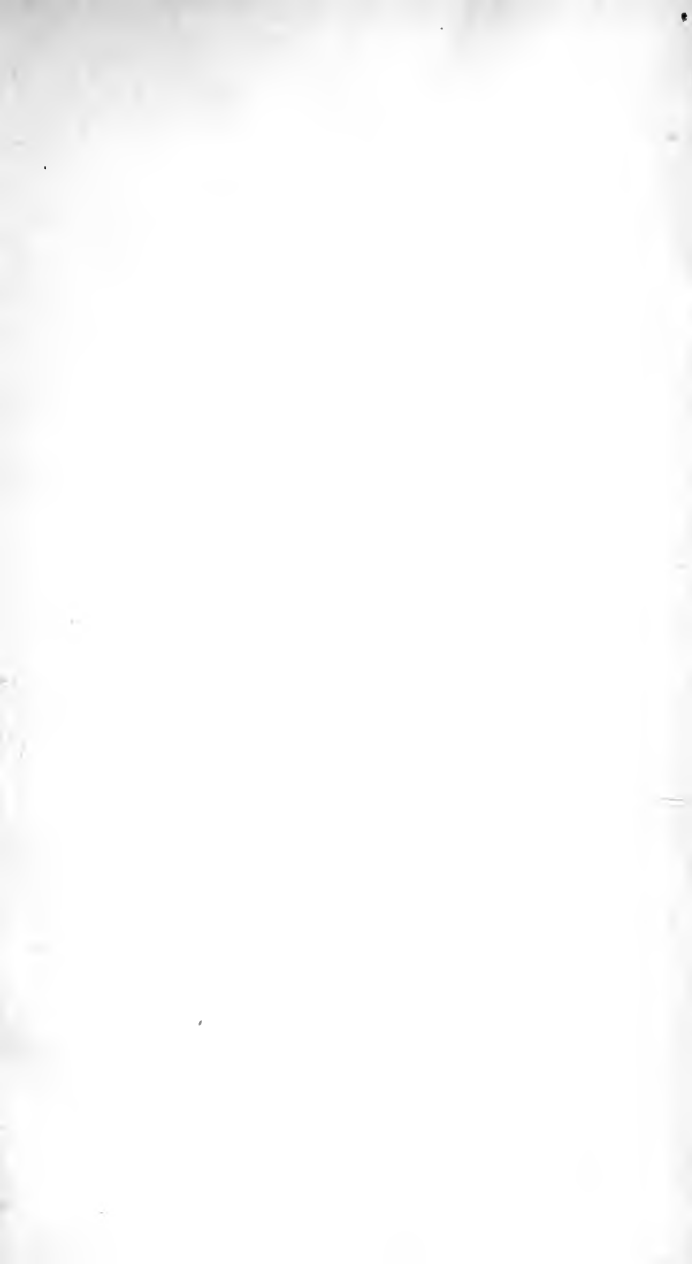
Those who delight in doing good to the children of others will assuredly be blessed in their own; (that is, if they have not neglected the nearer for the more remote duty;) and the lady of the manor was supremely blessed in her sons—these young men being all that the most affectionate and enlightened parent could desire. The young ladies would all have withdrawn on the occasion; but it was not permitted. “You shall all partake in my joy, my beloved ones,” said the lady of the manor; “for you were my comfort and delight in my bereaved state. Come with us, therefore, to the house; and, when my dear sons are refreshed, we will all join in one chorus of thanksgiving and praise.”

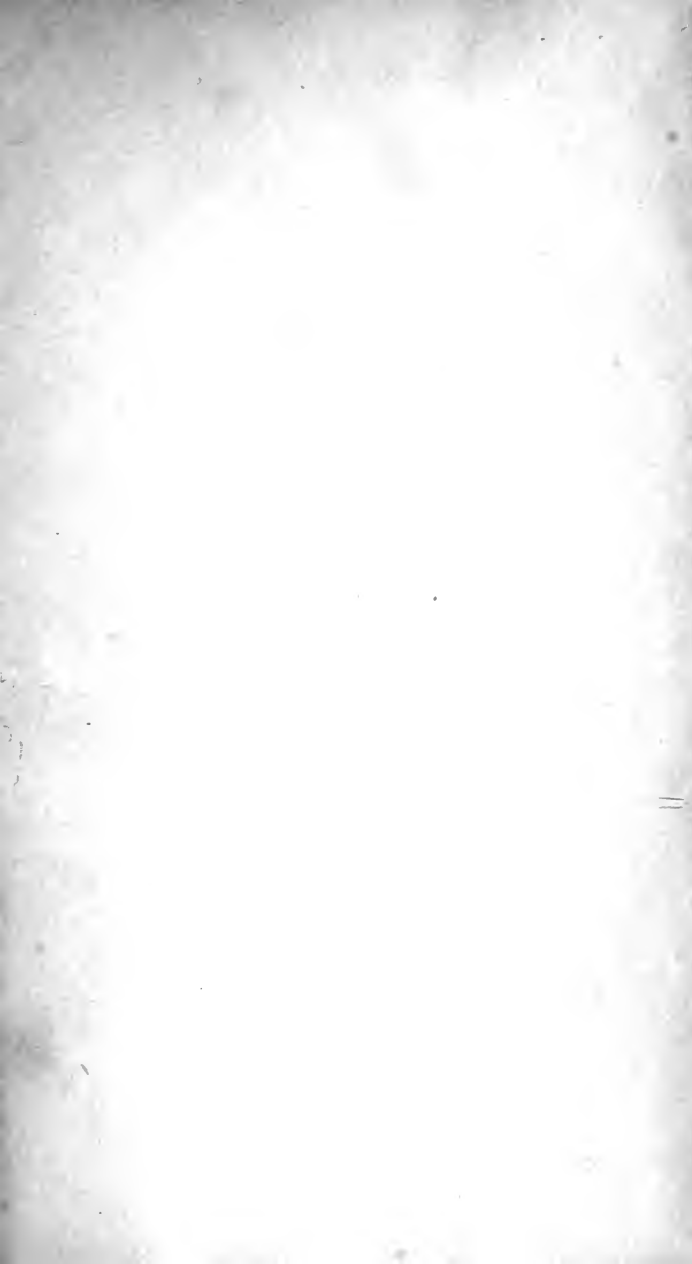
Several years are passed since the events above related took place; but, from late accounts, I find that the lady of the manor is still living, and is now surrounded by her children’s children—her two sons having been married some years since; the elder, who lives with her at the mansion-house, to Miss Emmeline; and the younger, who chose a military life, in imitation of his father, to Miss Sophia, the youngest, though not the least beloved, of the pupils of the lady of the manor.

The remainder of the young party who used to attend the instructions of the lady of the manor are dispersed in various directions; many being married, and some dead; but all, as I have been assured, having given evidence that the labours of their respected instructress have been by no means thrown away upon them.

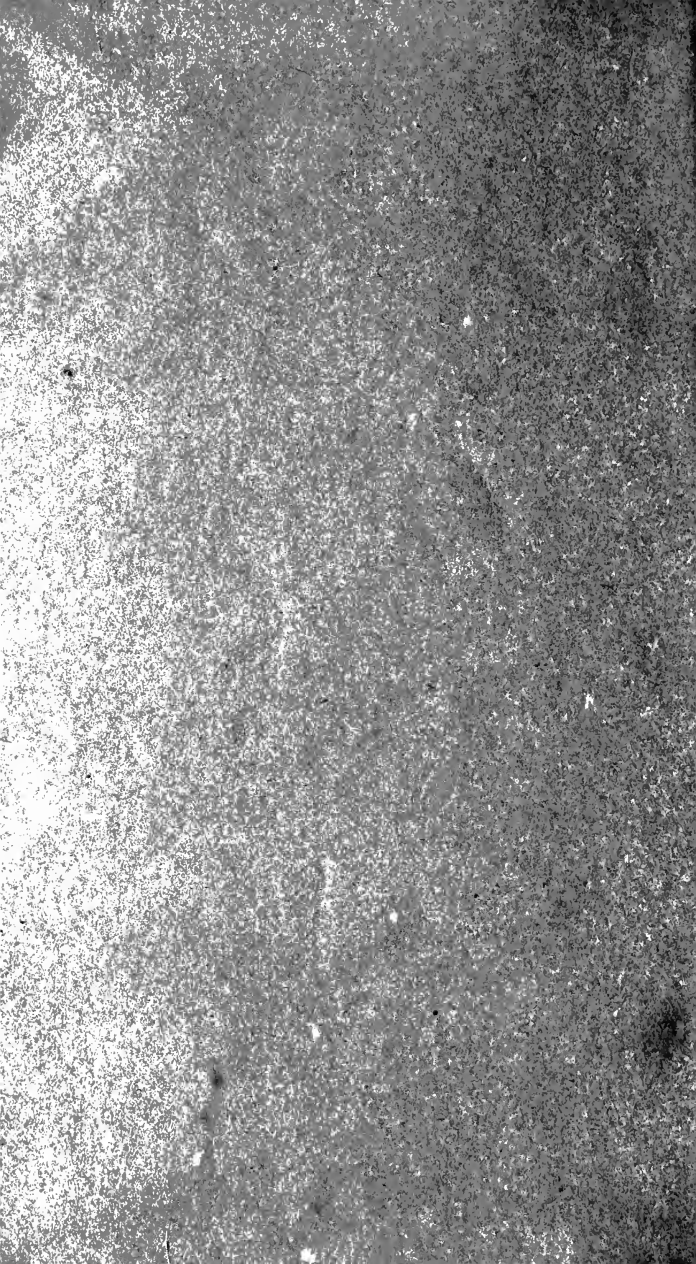
THE END.













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