

distressed Katherine. "Much rather would I conceal your faults, and pray to God to amend them."

Truly is it said that a soft answer turneth away wrath. The heart of Captain Warburton was evidently touched by hers, for, taking her hand, he said,

"You are a sweet, forgiving girl, after the provocation I have given you; but the truth is, Kate, I was very unfortunate at cards last night, and lost much more than I could afford; this made me so wretched that to drown thought I swallowed bumpers of wine, and by the time I reached home my brain seemed on fire. Do you indeed pardon me?"

In a moment Katherine was in his arms.

"Pardon! oh! yes! ten thousand times, dearest Neville!" were her words; "but never, never use such a mode of forgetfulness again. The loss of money may be repaired—the loss of God's favor cannot; and without this, miserable would we be indeed. Have you forgotten the casket mamma gave me? Take from it what you require to pay your debts, and, if you love me, promise never to touch a card again."

This display of tender disinterestedness could not fail to make an impression on the thoughtless young man, who as yet had not gone so far in the broad road of sin as to be lost to all right feelings. He pressed his wife again and again to his bosom, calling her his good little angel, and shrinking not at the promise she exacted, unaware how impossible it would be to preserve it inviolate, in his own strength—ignorant where to seek it from a higher source.

Weeks and months now passed away during which time Katherine had been tried in various ways. The passion of jealousy, the darkest and deadliest that can torture the heart of woman, had frequently been roused by the attentions of her husband to the flirtatious Miss Selina Dashwood, while his frequent absences from home too plainly convinced her that he still indulged a love for play, notwithstanding his word to the contrary. There was much gaiety going forward in the neighbourhood at this season, but Katherine, since the loss she had sustained in her sweet brother, had felt no inclination to mix in such scenes. Indeed, her present delicate state would not have permitted her to encounter the fatigue of the crowded ball room, where so many nights were wasted in folly and vanity by the husband for whom she had sacrificed so much. She continued to hear constantly from Mrs. Atherston, who was settled at Nice, but her letters gave so indifferent an account of her health, that they afforded pain rather than pleasure to the unhappy girl. Arthur, she informed her,

had decidedly declined entering the Church, preferring the Navy as a profession, to the utter disappointment and indignation of his father, who vowed he would disinherit him. This last blow, added to the separation from her daughter, had so completely crushed the forsaken mother, that all hope of her recovery was now abandoned; but from the beautiful resignation she displayed, and the pious counsels she continued to give Katherine in every letter, might be traced the happy change that had taken place in her mind, which, through the grace of God, was ripening fast for glory.

It was in a newspaper carelessly taken up one morning that Katherine, the miserable Katherine, read the short announcement of her beloved mother's death; one loud piercing scream she uttered, ere she fell back into the arms of her husband, who had flown forward to receive her. She was immediately conveyed to her bed, where, in a few hours afterwards, she gave birth to a little girl. Tenderly did the excellent Mrs. Bruce fulfil the part of a parent towards the afflicted young creature—yet still she was not her mother, and floods of tears she wept as she lay reflecting on past days, when, suffering from some childish illness, that fond being had watched over her, administering to all her wants—that being who now lay cold and silent in the grave of a foreign land.

"And was it not my conduct that hastened her there?" she would exclaim in an agony, "Oh! mamma, my own darling mamma! never shall I find a friend like you on earth again. Never, never!"

For the first few days and while her life was considered in danger, Captain Warburton showed every anxiety and affectionate solicitude; but the moment his fears were relieved, he resumed his amusements—leaving his dull home for scenes more congenial to his tastes, and satisfying his conscience that the society of Mrs. Bruce would amply compensate for the absence of his.

It was the earnest desire of that pious lady, to improve this season of solitude and affliction to poor Katherine, and to try and fill up the void in her being breast, with those treasures of which none might deprive her. The interesting letters of Mrs. Atherston she carefully collected, knowing the happiness they would afford her daughter when once she came to feel the value and necessity of a renewed heart. She united all her efforts to console her, and lend her to God, with the most fervent prayers for success, nor were these long left unanswered, for as Katherine slowly recovered, she showed evident signs, in her behaviour and conversation, that a work of grace was already begun. With wint joy the