

Helen began to be interested, and believed that this was the price.

"I don't begrudge it," said her mother, "you will look so lovely in it." So she went out shopping with her daughter, ordered the fruit and cream, got the gloves, and looked so forbiddingly at all the church people she met, that no one dared approach Helen.

I don't know that Tom Harkness was very complimentary; but he remarked to his dashing Cousin Nell, that "Mrs. Morley was a regular brick!"

Mrs. Morley's eager eyes watched Helen as she came with her friends from her ride, and she saw that the shade of seriousness was gone from her face. It might return; but Mrs. Morley had discovered that society and amusements were a spell to chase it away. The trap of the card-party she sprung upon her unsuspecting daughter, by inviting all the young people who were eating strawberries and ice-cream after the ride, to come on Monday for croquet, and on Tuesday for cards.

"That's right, Mrs. Morley!" cried Harkness, quite elated. "You give just the jolliest card-parties of any one in town."

The following day was Sabbath, and Mrs. Morley's schemes were nearly defeated.

Perhaps Helen would not have gone to church, the gayety of the previous evening having jarred her newly-awakened feelings; but some of her friends stopped for her, and she went. Ralph had the headache, Mrs. Morley the asthma, and Fred was in bed reading a novel.

Early on Monday, Mrs. Morley produced a fashion plate, saying, "Here's something quite new, Helen! a suit for playing croquet. We must get it up for you. I dare say the seamstress could have it ready for this afternoon, if I helped her. No one here has any thing like it."

"I don't feel like croquet," replied Helen, tears springing to her eyes. "I wish the girls were not coming: I am unhappy."

"You're moody, and have spring-fever," replied Mrs. Morley. "Croquet is just what you need. It is a healthful exercise."

So it was, but the best of things can be ill-timed.

Mrs. Morley sent Helen to bake some cake, and herself sat down to work at the new dress. Looking up, she saw Luke Rogers entering the gate. She went to the hall, motioned the servant, and told her to inform Mr. Rogers that the ladies were both busy, and could not be seen. Mrs. Morley could hardly have been more careful to guard her Helen from small-pox than from the contagion of religion.

"Helen," said Mrs. Morley, "run in and ask Miss Tracy to our card-party to-morrow."

"She won't come," said Helen. "She thinks it's wrong; and indeed, mother, I

believe you had better not have it. People will talk; and — and — I don't want it, mother!"

"Nonsense! Why, Miss Tracy has been here to cards a dozen times!" cried Mrs. Morley.

"Yes; but she thinks it inconsistent, and is sorry for it. She told me yesterday that she had set me a bad example; and she did not think church-members should play cards, and she never should again."

"There, Helen!" exclaimed Mrs. Morley angrily, "That is sufficient. I am a member of the church, and very likely as good a guide for you as Miss Tracy, if I am not fanatical. Go up stairs, and take off the puffed trimming from your blue silk. I shall have white lace put on instead for to-morrow night."

Helen obeyed: she always obeyed; and, as she began to rip her dress, she mused what use it was to contend against her mother's stronger spirit. Mother said all would come right; and Helen could join the church at some suitable time, when she was settled in life. Why should she not be happy now, and have all these amusements which were offered her. Ought she to condemn her parents, her brother, and Tom Harkness, just on Mr. Rogers's say-so? These were new doings in Alden, and people had got on very well without them these many years. Then the thought of Stacey, of grandma, and of Cousin Stella came to her: but she argued to herself that Stacey was an ignorant colored woman, and the same rules would not apply to her and to Helen Morley; grandma was very old, and old people, who had nothing to do but die, were different from a young girl; and finally Cousin Stella was said to be odd and queer and strong-minded. Here the maid brought Helen a bouquet from Tom Harkness's hot-house, and then she ran down to her mother with the blue dress. She was very merry at the croquet-party; and, when the card-party came, she was quite herself, her mother said,—lively and trifling, and without a shade of seriousness.

Yes, Helen had cast aside penitence and prayer, and yearning after holiness. She had resolved to follow after the world, as her mother desired. Some other time the convenient season might come to hear the voice of the Spirit; but she would not listen now. No more to the revival meetings went Helen Morley. Her days were filled up with fashion and amusement; and she spent next Sabbath laughing and chatting with Fred and Tom. The harvest of souls was gathered in. God's reapers had reaped the white fields; but Helen's love and faith had not been laid up in the heavenly garner. Whether ever again a season of awakening shall come to her, when earthly tempters are put away, and she shall yield