

the evening, when he will be more disposed to listen to me," she thought; again was this resolution forgotten in the winning society of her children, with whom she was romping with all her wonted glee, when at a later hour her husband rejoined her. He was a proud and fond father, and as the dear group gathered round him on his entrance, he alternately pressed them in his arms. Beatrice gazed earnestly in his face, while her confession hung on her parted lips. Sir Claude knew not what was passing in her mind, and he kissed her affectionately, remarking, that she looked pale. This brought the colour to her cheek, and she followed him to the sofa, where he sat down, taking the babies on his knee, while she knelt on a stool before them, endeavouring to summon courage to reveal her first secret. At this moment a servant entered, who approached her, with a small packet, which he informed her had come from Hamlet's. Beatrice received it in evident confusion; but Sir Claude was now so entirely engrossed with his children that he did not perceive it. When she showed him the heart, and reminded him of the similar device at Norwood Abbey, he smiled, calling her a silly romantic girl.

"No, I cannot tell him tonight," thought Beatrice; "tomorrow will be quite time enough. After all, of what consequence can it be: I am a fool to think so much about a trifle?"

When the morrow came, Beatrice found that procrastination had rendered her task still more difficult. She suffered this to pass also. And when another and another came, she felt that it was too late.

A few days following brought her a letter from her sister Mary, a part of which ran thus:

"MY DEAR BEATRICE,—I received your last letter with mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain. All that it contained respecting your children caused the first: all that it said about yourself, the latter; and with this I must commence, since dear as they are to me, still are you dearer. You tell me that 'you do not think your religious feelings have declined, though you are so constantly mixing in gay company;—that you still love and venerate holiness, and abhor sin.' My beloved sister, in this ignorance of your state lies your chief danger, since you rush into temptations, trusting in your own strength, and forgetting that without God's help you can do nothing. Think you that He follows you into the scenes of dissipation you are entering night after night? Oh, no. And will you venture into them without his guidance and protection? Are you not striving to unite what he has forever separated?—to be conformed to this world, and yet to call yourself a child of God? Beatrice, my sister, a great gulf divides the two, and those who halt between them are only what have been termed 'borderers.' They are not Christians, save in name. To be considered one in deed and in truth you must act consistently. Choose you then this day whom

you will serve, God or Mammon. Yet pause ere you make the awful choice, for on that depends the salvation of your immortal soul! and dwell on these words of Scripture: 'Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; for what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? wherefore come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord.' You remind me of the words of our blessed Saviour: 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' and you think, though you may not attain the highest, yet would you be safe and happy in the lowest. And ought this to satisfy her for whom Christ died? Is your own safety all that concerns you? Is there no love, no gratitude, due to Him? no desire to obtain the highest degree of glory he has prepared for his faithful servants? If this be indeed the case, then are you in danger of gaining none. Reflect on what I have said, I implore you, and do not cast my admonition away as being too strict. You remind me that you are only in the path of duty, while following your husband from one scene of pleasure to another, that necessity, more than inclination, leads you into them. I feel so convinced that our prayers for your safety will be heard, that in His own good time, God will rescue you from the life you are now leading, if he has to scourge you out with a rod of thorns. Edward, who cannot forget that you were once his dear pupil, has made up a small parcel of books. Take time from your sleep, rather than not read them attentively; and may the blessing of Almighty God accompany them, and imprint their valued truths on your heart, my own darling sister."

This letter was read and re-read by Beatrice with the deepest interest, until it made so great an impression on her that she declined accompanying Sir Claude to the opera that night, pleading, in excuse, a violent headache. The self-satisfaction she experienced in making this sacrifice was, however, swept away on the day following by Lady Julia Russel, who kindly informed her that Sir Claude had sat in Lady Stormont's box during the whole evening, and that indeed his attentions to her looked very particular. The heart of Beatrice swelled almost to bursting on hearing this, while hatred and jealousy strove for the mastery over all her new formed resolutions. Anger flashed from her eyes, as she inwardly exclaimed: "Never shall he go any where without me again, I am determined. Mary may preach as she likes: she cannot understand the position in which I am placed, or how widely dissimilar are our respective duties." Thus, when a card was put into her hand, announcing a fancy ball at Mrs. Heathcote Sutherland's, she made up her mind to attend it, notwithstanding all the warnings she had received, or the convictions she felt that she was not acting conformably to the precepts of her Bible.

Beatrice received from Sir Claude a most liberal