

lovers of pleasure behold the true Christian thus employed, how would they wonder at the self-reproaches, the deep regret experienced for faults which they never dream of as being theirs. How every vain and foolish thought that has passed through the mind is lamented, how every impatient expression, or feeling of anger, or discontent, is condemned and repented of. Clara knew that as a fallen creature she was full of sin, that to God's grace alone was she indebted for all the good she performed. This made her humble, and dependent, and full of charity towards the failings of others. In comparing herself with Katherine, she might have thought, "How superior am I; never did I disobey my parents or bring on them affliction by my misconduct; I have always been to them a dutiful and obedient daughter, performing my duties to the utmost of my power; surely God must love me and reward me for my works." But no, this would have been the proud Pharisee; in the spirit of the Publican, she deplored her own weakness and constant proneness to err, entreating the Lord to shield her from temptation, and from all the assaults of her spiritual enemy, to make her a better Christian, a better child to her inestimable parent, and more fitted for the Kingdom of Heaven. After this necessary duty, which we affectionately recommend to all our young friends, Clara sought her couch, strengthened and comforted, and at peace with all the world.

The next day Captain Beauchamp was obliged to return to his duty, but at the request of Lady Woodford and Sir Henry, he promised to visit the Abbey as often as he felt disposed. The eyes of Clara expressed pleasure as he did so, for the two days spent in his society had to her been very happy ones. Could she have read his thoughts, and perhaps she did, as he pressed her hand on taking leave, she would have seen how entirely he shared in hers, how much he admired and esteemed her.

"And what am I to say to Warburton?" he asked, turning to Katherine.

"Will you kindly give him this note, and also this to Mrs. Bruce?" she replied, placing them in his hand.

He smiled benevolently upon her, then addressing himself particularly to old Lady Woodford, who Sir Henry playfully avowed 'had fallen in love with him,' he left the room, and accompanied by his friend, rode back to Canterbury.

A fortnight passed, during which time Captain Beauchamp had been a frequent visitor, either coming with a book for Clara or a message for Katherine. One morning he brought a note from Mrs. Bruce to the latter, containing an urgent desire for her return home, but without

stating her reasons. Katherine in surprise inquired if Warburton were ill.

"I never saw him looking better," replied Captain Beauchamp; "and he begged me to tell you not to hurry home on his account while you were so happy with your friends."

"What then ought I to do? you see Mrs. Bruce's advice," said Katherine, anxiously.

"You are always safe in following that," returned Captain Beauchamp, moving away, and evidently wishing to avoid further questions.

When Katherine announced her intention to return home, to Lady Woodford, that kind friend expressed regret, yet thought her quite right in so doing.

"You must come to us again, my love," she said, "when I hope we may induce Captain Warburton to accompany you."

Katherine with tears thanked her for all her kindness. The only peace she had known since her marriage, had been during her brief stay at the Abbey, and it was with unaligned sorrow that she prepared to leave its beautiful shades, its sylvan groves, above all the Christian friends who had invested every scene with a double charm; and to return to the care, the unkindness, the loneliness, which she too well knew awaited her in her own humble abode.

Captain Warburton was absent when Lady Woodford's carriage set her down at the wicket gate; how small, how mean everything appeared in her sight, in comparison with the splendid mansion she had quitted.

"But that would not cost me a tear," she murmured; "if my affection were only returned by the one dearest to me on earth; a wilderness would become a paradise to me then."

She entered her bed-chamber with her infant, which she had to hush asleep and attend to herself. Her mother's and her brother's forms rose up before her imagination, and added to the melancholy of the moment.

"This must not be," said the young wife, struggling against the feelings that oppressed her. "If Neville finds me so sad he will be angry." But long had Katherine to await his return, and when at length he did come, his welcome was forced and cold. He had not expected her so soon, and he had formed some pleasant engagements which her presence might interrupt.

"I thought you were to have staid at the Abbey another week; so Beauchamp told me," he said, throwing down his cap and gloves on the table, while a frown contracted his brow.

"Lady Woodford kindly wished me to do so, but ——" Here poor Katherine paused, not willing to confess why she had not complied.