

ters, though young and pretty women, so censorious, that their most intimate friends were not exempted from their ill-natured animadversions.

Directly Alice discovered these qualifications in their new neighbours, she gradually discontinued her visits—but Sophia refused to be warned by her sister's experience, and suddenly contracted, with the girls, a great intimacy, and scarcely a day passed without her taking her work to spend her afternoon with the dear Newtons.

"I don't like this over intimacy between Sophia and the Newtons," said Mrs. Linhope to Alice, as Sophia left the house, under the ostensible reason of paying them a visit—"particularly, as the girls never come here in return. I wish, Alice, you would inform your sister that I do not approve of her spending so much of her time at L——."

When Alice made known to Sophia their mother's request, she received the injunction with the most violent burst of indignation. "It is very hard," she exclaimed, "that I must always have these tyrannical restrictions put upon my actions. How would you like, Alice, to be denied the society of your friends?"

"If mamma thought them eligible acquaintances, dear Sophy, she is too kind and indulgent to thwart your wishes. But you know that Mrs. Newton is a very censorious woman.

"But the young people are not answerable for the faults of their mother," returned Sophia fiercely.

"True, Sophy, it is not for faulty beings like us, to visit the sins of parents upon their children, if we did not see them following in the same course. The girls are to be pitied. They have been educated by a woman who is ignorant of her duty, and therefore incompetent to instruct her children in their's. If they had been brought up in the fear of God, they would in all probability have proved good and useful members of society."

"If they are not so self-righteous as some people," said Sophy, spitefully, "that will be considered no disqualification by their friends. The Miss Newtons are charming and amiable girls, though they do not subscribe to foreign missions, and half a score of other ostentatious charities for the benefit of the heathen, whose happy ignorance of the dogmas of Christianity afford the godly a glorious opportunity of gratifying their spiritual pride and self-conceit."

"When you feel the importance of these despised duties, Sophia, you will recal this speech with remorse and sorrow," said Alice sternly. "I know the character of the Miss Newtons well, or I should not venture to express my opinion of them so freely. But though we are taught in holy writ, to forgive our enemies, (and cruel enemies Sophy, they have been to me, accusing me most unjustly of being the cause of that unhappy affair between poor Marsham and the Count de Roselt,) we are not com-

manded to associate with irreligious and worldly minded people."

"Alice," returned Sophia, angrily. "I do not mean to give up my friends, to satisfy your whims."

"But the duty you owe to your mother?"

"Will not be increased by an act of injustice," returned the offended Sophia, casting a hurried glance on the time piece on the mantle shelf. The hand pointed to half-past five. The colour rushed to her face, and dyed her neck and arms of a lively red, and hastily adjusting her hat and shawl, she left the house, quite regardless of the tears and entreaties of Alice.

"What pleasure can Sophia find in the company of those worldly gossiping Miss Newtons?" thought Alice, as she watched her with a sigh take the road to L——

Nor did Sophia feel any pleasure in their company, although she had defended them so fiercely, to answer her own purpose. They were people whom she despised, whose threshold she rarely crossed. Her evenings were spent in the company of Captain Ogilvie, and not as Alice supposed, with the Miss Newtons. She had named their house as the usual termination of her evening rambles, because she well knew that neither Alice nor her mother would ever seek for her there, or be very ready to offer to accompany her thither. There were times when her dangerous correspondence with Captain Ogilvie, and the pressure of the debts she had contracted in order to make herself more agreeable in his eyes, goaded her almost to madness, particularly as her lover had made no positive offer of marriage. He professed to entertain for her the most ardent attachment, and if a being so cold and selfish as Philip Ogilvie could love any thing in human shape besides himself, it was the beautiful, weak girl, he endeavoured to seduce from the paths of virtue by his specious flattering and artful promises.

It was a clear bright evening at the latter end of September, and the Captain had appointed Sophia to meet him in a lonely romantic lane that skirted L——wood at five o'clock in the afternoon, as his hurried note imported that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. Sophia's vanity soon concluded what that important communication must be, and she believed the blissful moment was at hand which was to terminate all her anxious hopes and fears. That day appeared the longest in her existence. She thought the hours would never move onward, or the tardy sun decline in the horizon, so long his beams lingered on hill and vale. She watched with feverish impatience the motion of the time-piece. Its evolutions seemed to have made a sudden pause and the violent beatings of her heart alone proclaimed his unerring progress towards eternity. Just as the long anticipated hour arrived the entrance of Alice and their conversation together, made her outstay the eagerly expected moment, and