

fully rivetted, and she felt constrained to listen in serious earnest. Truths, with which she had all her life been familiar, suddenly appeared before her in a new point of view. In astonishment and great dismay, she discovered that she was guilty, lost, undone. Instead of entertainment, she had found terror; and when she left the chapel, it was in deep anxiety and distress. But an instinctive feeling whispered, that where the wound had been given, there the balm would be found. She came again and again, and at length Calvary burst upon her view, and she found herself a member of that church of the redeemed, which the Saviour has purchased with His own blood. Lady Emily could never tell how it was that she had become convinced, or why these things, so familiar to the outward ear from childhood, had never before affected her, or come home, as they now did, with telling power to her heart. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Like the man blind from his birth, and restored by the Saviour's healing touch, he could only say, "This one thing I know; that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Dear reader, may it be yours to know this transformation! May the Spirit breathe with life-giving power into your soul! May you realize in your own happy experience the meaning of that comprehensive word, "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

"Oh, what an evening of happiness we have spent!" Lady Emily exclaimed, when, after having joined in prayer, and mingled their voices in praise, the party at length separated, and she was left alone with her friend; "how strengthened and refreshed I feel after such a season as this! Dearest Anna, how little I knew a short time ago of what was meant by the 'communion of saints'; how little I imagined that it was a deep and delightful reality!"

"And had you free consent to come to us this evening?" said Mrs. Dudley.

"I was not forbidden; and that is the best I can expect. You know mamma never interferes with me. She says papa has given me more the education of a man than of a woman, and she knew it would never come to good. Dear papa only seems disposed to kill me with kindness; but, indeed, I can hardly bear to receive his gifts, when I know how deeply I am grieving him. I meet with plenty of cold looks and altered manners, but nothing is so hard to resist as dear papa's unvarying kindness. I see that he is vexed and mortified beyond expression, and it is hard to bear, that religion must make me seem ungrateful for all his love. Still, it is sweet to bear the cross, when I think for whose sake I bear it. And one day I am sure my prayers will be answered, and we shall again be one in mind. But, oh, Anna,

you cannot think how painful it is to feel that there is an estrangement between us, and that I am living under the disapproval of those dear parents whom, hitherto, I have always felt it my first duty to please."

"I know it, dearest. It is thus that vital Christianity has come as a sword into many a household. But be you faithful; be true to your trust. You stand alone now as a witness for Christ in your home, but keep your light steadily burning, and one after another will come to your side. Strive to show the 'beauty of holiness' in your family. Let your parents feel more than ever your dutiful affection, and show them that it is only your supreme duty to God that leads you in anything to differ from them."

"Oh! how I feel now that the 'friendship of the world is enmity against God!' Light and darkness cannot be more opposed than the spirit of gay life to the mind of Christ. I feel that it would be death to all spirituality of mind to be dragged again into those scenes. No wonder the command has been made so clear and so emphatic to the Lord's people—'Come out from among them, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing.'"

"But we find something to compensate even now, for the loss of all these worldly pleasures, do we not?"

"Compensate!" Lady Emily repeated, with her bright, sunny smile; "that is too cold a word. The returned prodigal found the bread in his father's house more than *compensate* for the loss of the 'husks which the swine did eat.' Just like husks, those amusements of the world, they are so unsatisfying, such famishing diet. Oh, that dear papa may soon join me in tasting of the 'bread of life.' Dearest Anna, I hope you will all join your prayers with mine, that he too may be 'converted and live.' Ah, if I should be the happy means of leading him to Christ, I might then feel indeed that all his love and tenderness was repaid 'tenfold into his bosom.' Let us pray without ceasing till he, too, becomes a Christian."

And now, from this time, began a contest between the powers of darkness and of light, which, ever opposed, are in some cases roused to peculiarly active conflict. It was a choice bird that had escaped from the snare of the fowler, and eagerly did he seek to lure her back again beneath its deadly meshes; but "a stronger than he" was her deliverer. Hidden in the "clefts of the Rock," she was safe from his wiles; and those "silver wings, and feathers like gold," should never more be dragged into the pollutions of the dust.

Vainly did her youthful and affectionate friend, Mrs. Annesley, exert all her fascinating powers, and seek to win her back to the world. Vainly did Lord Elton lavish gold at her feet, hoping she might be induced to indulge her natural taste for splendour.

Not through coldness or apathy—for Emily, decided as she was, possessed as ten-