

even as I have taught you ? Why then indulge such ideas, you little jealous, captious being. But I must not detain you here," he added, "for I expect Boileau and the rest of the party every instant. Return to your room, love, and try to obtain some repose. I would not have you exposed to their remarks for much."

"I forgot every thing, every one else, when I fled down hither," said Beatrice, deeply blushing to be reminded that she had stepped beyond the rules of decorum in so doing.

Colonel Brereton folded her affectionately in his arms, as he replied :

"The dear right will soon be mine to bid you stay ; until then, God in Heaven bless you, my own innocent minded child."

Beatrice bounded away from him with lightened, happy feelings, and retraced her steps to her room, from whence she heard the baying of the hounds and the cheerful horn of the huntsman in the court-yard, and she watched at the window till she beheld Colonel Brereton come forth and mount his horse, which was pawing the ground and neighing, in his eagerness to start. He gave one rapid glance towards her window, then galloped off, followed by the whole party of gentlemen from the Abbey, whose merry voices she heard re-echoing through the woods long after they were lost to her view.

On the entrance of Norris at a late hour to dress her for breakfast, the contrite Beatrice clasped her arms round her, expressing her sorrow for the impatience she had shewn towards her the preceding night, and giving the reason of the agitation she had found her in.

"La, bless you, my dear young lady, I am too well used to your tantrums to take offence at them," replied the consoling Norris. "But I think if Colonel Brereton had seen you tearing your dress, and trampling on your beautiful flowers, in such a passion, he would have blessed himself."

"Do not remind me of it ; I am ashamed of myself. Dear Norris, accept this little broach as a peace offering, and keep it for my sake : I have often heard you admire it"—and Beatrice placed a very pretty topaz one in her hands as she spoke.

"Well, you certainly have most winning ways after all, Miss Beatrice," returned the delighted Norris ; "but I do wish, for your own peace of mind's sake, that you would not allow every trifle to ruffle you, or take such fancies in your head, else depend upon it you will not live to make old bones."

"I wish to goodness, Norris, the power were mine to command my feelings ; but you know that from my earliest childhood I never could."

"Because you were never punished for giving way to them," returned the honest servant. "I have seen you as a child scream till you were black in the face, stamp your little foot, and throw something at your brother or at me, and my mistress

never so much as say a word to you ; indeed, she would pet you the more, by giving you a cake or a toy to cease crying. I am sure such spoiling as that is against Scripture, which commands the rod to be applied, if we wish to save the child."

Ah, do not blame my dear mamma ; often when I am alone do I reproach myself for my undutiful behaviour to her," said Beatrice, sorrowfully, "while every unkind word I ever uttered to my brother and sister recurs to my remembrance with painful vividness," and she pressed her hands over her eyes ; "But let me not think about it now," she added, in a gayer tone. "When I am older, dear Norris, I shall have more sense, mamma has often said so."

Norris smiled affectionately, and shook her head. "Miss Mary says, 'we should sow the good seed while the soil is new, not wait till it becomes hard and sterile, and full of weeds.' 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it ;' but leave him to his own headstrong ways, and where will they carry him at last ? not to the Lord, who will have mercy on the humble, and will lead the gentle ; but who beholds the proud afar off."

Norris feared to say more, as she perceived the countenance of Beatrice become overcast ; but now it was more in sadness than in anger ; for when her faithful old nurse, after completing her toilet, had left her alone, she knelt down, praying earnestly for forgiveness, and for help from that power whose paths of pleasantness and peace she had forsaken, to revel amidst those of pleasure, whose enchanted ground she had found full of snares, artfully concealed beneath flowers.

The manners of Lady Brereton towards our heroine this day were more distant and reserved than usual, occasioned by her having heard an exaggerated account of her early visit to Colonel Brereton, from her woman, Mrs. Fry, who had met her on the stairs.

"Upon my word, Claude," she observed to her son, on his entering her boudoir before dinner, "I feel the charge of so intractable a girl too heavily, and I would gladly be released from it. If you are so lenient to her faults now, you will complete the work her silly mother has begun, and bitterly rue it hereafter."

"What would you have me do—correct a beautiful young creature with the same severity that I would a rebellious troublesome, soldier ?" inquired Colonel Brereton, much annoyed. "Could I have acted otherwise than I did this morning, when she fled to me in such a fearful state of agitation ?"

"Caused by her own wilfulness," proceeded Lady Brereton. "I repeat, I shall be thankful when my responsibility ceases, and that she is once more restored to her home. Would that she had never left it, to come here."

"My dear mother, I must entreat of you to spare