

many days at a time from the Lodge; and so certain was its owner of his one day becoming his son, that in addressing him he generally styled him familiarly "my son Lewis." While basking in the sunshine of the colonel's favour, and certain of the affections of his lovely and loving Charlotte, Lewis little imagined that the day was near at hand, when he should seek admittance within those doors which had witnessed the sports of his childhood—and seek in vain; that the man who had so often extended to him the right hand of fellowship, would regard him in the light of an alien; and that the mistress whom he adored would listen to his protestations of unaltered and unalterable love, with sighs and tears.

For a long time after his conversion, Colonel Stainer's regard for the young man struggled against his conviction, that it was a sinful act, to encourage his suit to his daughter; but the gloomy and fanatical spirit at length prevailed; and he seriously informed his astonished auditor, that he must either become decidedly pious, professing the same views as he held himself, or relinquish all claim to the hand of his daughter. At first, surprised and amused, Lewis Chatworth only laughed at his old friend's zeal; but when at length he was convinced that the matter was no jest, he implored him in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to revoke his sentence, or at least to give him time to think over his strange proposal. To this latter request the colonel gave his reluctant consent, and the young man still continued his visits, for some time after the Lodge had received its new mistress.

It is now time to say something of Mrs. Stainer, the only woman who had been able to obtain any influence over the cold, stern character of the colonel. During one of his most melancholy fits of pious self-upbidding, he had met her at the house of a mutual friend, and, struck with the serious dignity of her deportment, and her unaffected zeal in the cause, which, to do her justice, was very dear to her heart, he had been encouraged to confide to her his own experience, earnestly soliciting her advice and assistance. This was given so frankly and effectually, that it won the heart of the obliged party, and finding that the religious lady, whose conversation had afforded him so much comfort and satisfaction, was single, and her affections disengaged, he in return, made her the offer of his hand and fortune. His suit was accepted, and to his no small surprise, the youthful wooer found the property of his third wife was very little inferior to his own. Mrs. Stainer was really a good woman, and had the interest of her friends sincerely at heart; but her character was stern and uncon-

promising, and she regarded all beyond the circle of her narrow and bigoted creed, as vessels of dishonour, fitted for destruction. On her arrival at the Lodge, the whole house underwent a thorough reformation. One of its spacious apartments was fitted up as a private chapel; all the pictures from the old masters that adorned the walls, were removed as sensual and profane, savouring too much of idolatry. A sober style of furniture and draperies superseded the gay and elegant decorations in which the second Mrs. Stainer once delighted; and her successor, suiting her own costume to the sober aspect of the house, was arrayed with a plainness and precision which was quite conventional. Her domestic arrangements were conducted with the utmost order and regularity. There was a time to rise in the morning, and a time to lie down at night; a time to read and a time to pray; a time to work and a time to teach; but no time for idleness—none for play. Every moment of the long summer day was used, not abused; and the ever active mind of Mrs. Stainer never rested one moment for the lack of something to do.

There was the Poor drawer, which contained every article of worn apparel, which could be converted into garments for the indigent. There was the Tract drawer, well stored with the best and most instructive of this valuable class of writing for the wants of the people—the distribution of which afforded wholesome exercise, and gave the donor an opportunity of visiting in person the abodes of the poor. There was the Medicine drawer, amply provided with the most effectual and simple remedies for the suffering and destitute, and which likewise contained a private purse, for the procuring of nourishing diet for those who were recovering from the effects of disease.

Then there was the Missionary box, the poor box, and half a dozen other boxes; the collecting and management of whose contents fell entirely upon Mrs. Stainer. Her whole existence was devoted to works of charity; and though her manner was rather dictatorial and forbidding, her heart was in the right place, and she never considered the amount of fatigue and labour she endured in a good cause. Unfortunately she expected too much of others. What she was able to perform herself she considered another might do; and she never listened to any excuse which could be urged, if it at all interfered with religious duty.

A few afternoons spent in the company of young Chatworth brought her to the conclusion that he was not a fit husband for Miss Stainer, although she at present was both personally and mentally unknown to that young lady. He was what the