

have made a capital parson," said Captain Warburton, forcing a laugh.

"And I trust I shall not make the worse soldier for serving my God with fidelity," replied the noble minded young man, who, perceiving from the impatient manner of his companion, and the fear expressed on the countenance of Katherine, how useless it would be to say more on the subject, after a few casual remarks withdrew, regretting more than ever that she, poor girl! had in her blindness united her fate with one who must prove such a hindrance in her heavenward path, and a source of such constant anxiety and sorrow.

Not so did Katherine reason; she thought that when they quitted — happiness, perfect happiness would again be restored to her, for would not Neville be separated from all his evil associates, those associates who had weaned him from her? and would he not again become the ardent and devoted lover? True! poverty would still follow them, but this she dreaded not, cared not for, if only he was kind. Such reasoning as this proved her to be entirely ignorant of the world. She reflected not that in all places human nature is the same, equally prone to sin, when left unrestrained by the grace of God—that her husband would carry with him the same propensities, the same passions, and meet those who would be as ready as, at —, to encourage him in his downward course. Happily the future was hidden from her sight. Had it not, never would she have had strength to proceed on her weary pilgrimage.

On the morning of her departure, she looked around the dilapidated rooms, now despoiled of what little furniture they had possessed, while an expression of thankfulness hovered on her lips. Captain Warburton was in a violent passion with the Barrack Master about some charges which he considered unjust, and to avoid their high language, she hastened her arrangements to join her kind friend Mrs. Bruce, with whom she was to travel. A few days' march brought the Regiment to Canterbury—and to the great joy of Katherine, Captain Warburton obtained quarters in a detached cottage, far from the noise and bustle of the Barracks. Her first inquiries were for Sir Henry Woodford, and his mother and sister, who, she was told, occasionally came into town on the Sabbath day, to attend the Cathedral. With considerable eagerness did she look forward to meeting with them; but the first Sunday she was doomed to disappointment; in vain she gazed around her; all were strangers. Soon, however, were her thoughts engaged, when the beautiful service commenced, and she seemed almost transported from earth as she listened to the pealing tones of the organ, and heard the voices of the

choristers, the forms of her sainted mother and young brother appeared before her imagination, and tears forced themselves in rapid succession down her cheeks. The new Regiment appeared to attract some observation; and sorry are we to say, that many who ought to have known better, were seen talking and smiling, and making signs to each other, that would have constrained even a heathen to exclaim, "Can there be a God worshipping in this place?"

Many days passed; but few visitors came to welcome Katherine to her new abode, its humble appearance possessing no attractions for the wealthy and the gay. To the surprise of many, however, one morning a handsome carriage was seen driving up to the little wicket gate. Katherine rose in some agitation as the door opened, and Lady Woodford was announced. She would have flown forward with joy to meet her, had she not instantly been repelled by the cold and distant manner of her ladyship, who, addressing her most formally, accepted the chair offered her by the abashed and humbled girl.

"Can this be the parent of the warm-hearted Sir Henry Woodford?" she thought. "Oh! how are my hopes ever to be crushed."

Lady Woodford gazed steadfastly on her saddened countenance as the thought pressed heavily upon her, and her own softening from its grave expression, she said,

"My son, Sir Henry, would have accompanied me to pay his respects to you; but he was called away on urgent business, which will detain him until the day after to-morrow."

"And Miss Woodford—is she also from home?" asked Katherine timidly.

"Oh dear! no!" replied her ladyship in a peculiarly dry tone; "my daughter never leaves home without me."

"I have heard so much of her that I quite long for her acquaintance," returned Katherine, trying to surmount the embarrassment she felt in the society of one so frigid.

"You are very kind," replied Lady Woodford, bowing; "my daughter has for acquaintances none but those of my selection."

The colour mounted to the temples of Katherine at this remark, while, in a tone of surprise, she said, "I beg your pardon; but I always understood that you were very intimate with my dear mamma."

"You understood right, Mrs. Warburton; your amiable but unfortunate mother was a most valued friend of mine," rejoined her stately ladyship.

A painful pause ensued, when, suddenly the recollection of all the sorrow she had caused her parent, by her most undutiful and ungrateful conduct, flashed across her, and accounted at once for