

remarks, and encouraging her entire trust in the merits of her Saviour; upon Him she had anchored all her hopes for eternity, and she felt *sure* she was safe. Her countenance expressed nothing but peace and love, occasionally lighting up with a radiance the most heavenly, as if glimpses of the better land had already opened on her vision. This continued, with few intermissions, up to the very last, when she became restless and uneasy from pain and extreme weakness.

"Turn my face from the wall, I want to see you," she requested, in the feeblest accents.

Lady Woodford performed this kind office for her, then, bending down and kissing her, she asked her:

"Are you happy, my child—is your Saviour near you?"

"Yes, happy! he is with me! bless—bless you all!"

She spoke no more for some time after this. Lady Woodford and Clara were watching her with intense solicitude, thinking she slept, when suddenly they beheld her eyes open, a sweet smile playing on her lips.

"See, see! Mamma, Ernest, Neville, angels hovering between us. Oh, how lovely!"

Evidently her mind was wandering, yet its dreams were of heaven. Quickly the brightness fled, and a livid hue overspread her face—the cold hand of death was upon it. A scream from Clara proclaimed the event—the spirit of Katherine was released from its mortal tenement, and had returned to the bosom of its God. Lady Woodford sank on her knees by the side of her distressed daughter, exclaiming:

"This is the moment for prayer! Oh, Lord! come to the relief of thy servants, pity their sorrow, assuage their grief, teach them to say, 'Thy will be done!'"

Two days after the melancholy event, Mr. Atherston arrived at the Abbey, having travelled night and day in the hope of beholding his child. Alas! the closed shutters of the house as he drove up to the door, announced that he had come too late. He tottered into the hall, where he was met by Sir Henry Woodford, who would not have known him, so altered was he from the man he had remembered him in former days. They gazed on each other in silent sorrow a few moments, when the father said:

"Where is my daughter—my poor Kate?"

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," was the touching response.

Mr. Atherston clasped his hands, and looking up to heaven, exclaimed:

"Just are thy decrees, oh Lord! For my obdurate cruelty am I thus punished!"

And bursting into tears, he fell forward into the arms of Sir Henry. "The rock was smitten, and the waters gushed forth." The heart that would not feel for the woes of others, now bled for its own.

Accompanied by his sympathising friend and Lady Woodford, he entered the chamber of death. There they found dear Clara kneeling by the couch of the departed one. Scarcely daring to breathe, the father drew near. Nothing could be more lovely than the appearance of Katherine; the calmest, sweetest expression sat on her marble features; her long fair ringlets, arranged by the hand of affection, clustered in profusion over her shoulders; her hands were meekly crossed on her breast, whereon still lay the lock of Ernest's hair, and the Bible he had given her. But for the solemn stillness of the figure, one might have thought she slept. Mr. Atherston bent over her with a fond gaze, as if to study every well-known lineament, then kissing her cold forehead, he groaned aloud:

"Take me hence! I can bear no more! Oh, Katherine! my child! my child!"

Of all pangs, that of remorse is the severest. Under this the unhappy man now writhed, and could find no consolation.

The amiable family, under whose roof he remained, though in heavy affliction themselves, still strove to soften his, and to lead him to the word of God for help and support. But all their efforts were vain; a settled gloom, bordering on despair, had taken possession of him, and like the bereaved one in Rama, he *refused* to be comforted. Over his little orphan grandchild he shed torrents of tears, scarcely allowing her out of his sight a single moment. The child soon became fond of the "poor old man," as she called him, telling him that when the spring returned her mamma would come back.

"She will never come again, my lamb," returned the sorrower; "harshness and unkindness have driven her away, and earth will behold her no more."

He remained at the Abbey one week to attend the remains of his Katherine to her last abode. During this he made his will afresh, bequeathing large sums to the little Amelia, and to his absent son, Arthur; the remainder of his fortune he devoted to the erection of an hospital, in the hope (poor ignorant man) of propitiating the Almighty to pardon his many offences. Sir Henry Woodford, at his own earnest request, became the guardian of the child, who, it was agreed, should spend a portion of every year with her grandfather, and the rest with her friends at Woodford Abbey.

When all was concluded, and duly signed and