

able; positive madness! If it were not that such folly cannot last, in a mind like hers, I should be in perfect despair."

He moved about through the brilliant rooms, wrapped in his own bitter thoughts, and felt relieved when Lady Elton at last expressed her wish to leave. The pale, drooping lady Sarah was exhausted by the fatigue of dancing, and threw herself languidly into a corner of the carriage.

"Poor child," said her scarcely less languid mother, "no wonder you are tired. The heat of the rooms was so great I thought I should have fainted; and we have all this to go through again on Saturday, at Lady Vere's. I fear it is too much for you, dear."

"Oh, never mind, mamma: I shall keep up very well," was Lady Sarah's reply, in a faint husky voice. "One must go through it, you know; and better die of fatigue than of ennui. But, dear mamma, we must be sure to give Emily a glowing account of it, and make her repent her desertion."

"Silly child!" said her mother. "I really think we are to blame for indulging such whims. I have no patience with young people setting up to be wiser than their parents!"

"Direct opposition would only do harm," said her husband. "A mind like hers must be led, not coerced. Leave Emily to me, and you will see if I do not win her back."

They arrived at home, and the ladies immediately withdrew. Too anxious for sleep, Lord Elton wandered into his daughter's sitting room, and threw himself into the chair which she had lately occupied. A hymn-book lay on the table near it. He took it up, and glancing over a few pages, threw it down with an expression of intense disgust.

"Wretched doggerel!" he thought; "is it this that occupies that fine intellect? She that could appreciate and delight in the noblest and most difficult authors, to descend to such contemptible stuff as this! More my companion and friend than my child, she was everything to me; but now I feel as if I had lost her. It must not go on—it cannot be. Nothing shall be left untried to win her back, and bring her to her right senses again. Unluckily, her mother never understood her; and Sarah has so little mind, she could not influence her. But Mrs. Annesley; ah, she will be a powerful assistant, so engaging and attractive, and really attached to Emily. I will enlist her good offices, and help her ingenuitly in every way. Emily must be recovered from this disgraceful infatuation."

And where was this daughter, whose absence left such a blank, and caused so many regrets and such painful anxiety? Let us seek her out, and discover the cause of her strange withdrawal.

It is a quiet drawing room that we enter now, and a scene very different from the brilliant one we have so lately left. There is no lack of elegance, but it is the elegance of re-

finement rather than of fashion. A beautiful harp and piano, thrown invitingly open, tell of musical powers cultivated and prized. Books, too, are not wanting; and, without possessing a single unmeaning luxury, the room looks charming, homelike, intellectual, and cheerful. A little party are gathered round the table, deeply engaged in an employment worthy of immortal minds,—the study of the Bible.

As we look on them and mark the holy and reverential thought beaming in those countenances, as they bend over the inspired page, it seems as though they are beings of a different sphere from the gay revellers we have left; and so in truth they are. Born from above, they are citizens of a heavenly country, and in daily, constant communication with the land of their birth. Illustrious exiles! their nobility is hidden, but it is not the less real; and though despised by the "world-lying in wickedness," in which they must sojourn for a season, celestial eyes see in them a beauty and perfection beyond all that earth can offer. To them the senses of the soul have been unsealed, and their ears hear, and their eyes see, things which have not entered into the heart of the natural man to conceive. Heirs of a glorious immortality, of a divine inheritance, already its sunshine glows in their hearts, already its climate has begun in their souls. Even now they are tasting a rich cluster from that land of promise, which shall cheer and refresh them on their journey, and lead them to press on with new courage. Ah! their joys are indeed very different from those of earth; and as far above them, as the soarings of the lark in the skies to the shining of the glow-worm, cleaving to her native mire.

Lady Emily Lisle is one of this little circle. She speaks little; but the expression of her face, as from time to time she lifts her deep-lustrous eyes from the sacred page, and her look of earnest attention, as she listens to the explanations given, show with what gladness she is partaking of the fruit of the Tree of Life. So lately a subject of the god of this world,—so lately an ardent votary at his shrine of self-indulging pleasure and artificial glare,—so newly emancipated from the bondage of corruption,—how wondrous to see already such keen relish for things true and pure, and lovely and divine!

But there is nothing so hard for the Lord; and, through the effectual working of His Spirit, Lady Emily had indeed become transformed in the spirit of her mind.

It was but a few weeks before, that at the persuasion of her friend, Mrs. Dudley, she had accompanied her to S— chapel. Entering with the most perfect indifference and unconcern, she had no thought except to have her mind amused for an hour with the preacher's novelty, and, perhaps, to find material for a hearty laugh on her return. But insensibly she found her attention almost pain-