

to each other under peculiar, and to me most painful circumstances, abroad."

"In Italy, I presume, where I know he went with Lady Woodford, soon after his father's death. Miss Woodford was with them!"

"She was, and at that time scarcely passed childhood—a lovely creature, the care of a pious and very sensible mother."

"Have you ever seen her since then? I am told she has grown up very beautiful."

"No! never! once I was invited by Woodford to the Abbey, but at a time when I was unable to accept it."

Captain Beauchamp seemed to shrink from further inquiry, for he stooped to gaze on the sleeping infant, making some remark on its innocent and calm beauty. As Katherine marked the tenderness expressed on his countenance, when the little thing clasped his finger with its tiny hand, she could not forbear sighing.

"Oh! that I could behold Neville thus noticing his child! Scarcely have I ever seen him kiss her, or take her in his arms." Captain Warburton entered as the thought passed over her mind. He started on beholding Captain Beauchamp with his wife, while a dark suspicion seemed to flit across him, for he glanced fiercely at Katherine. In a moment the evil thought was dispelled, on meeting her calm yet slightly astonished eye.

"Why! how now Beauchamp? are you turned nurse?" he then said with a smile.

"Oh! no! he leaves that duty for you," replied Katherine, taking up the child, and placing her in her father's arms; he received her with indifference, but when the babe looked up in his face and smiled, he pressed his lips on her fair face, saying,

"Poor little thing! you are come into a stormy world; but it is not your fault that you have added to my troubles."

"Ah! do not say added to them!" returned Katherine, reproachfully; "surely we ought to consider our child as a blessing sent from Heaven."

"Yes, to keep one awake all night with her crying," retorted her husband, giving her back to her mother.

"Then all the love must come from me—and all the gratitude to God for such a dear treasure," returned Katherine, pressing the babe affectionately to her bosom.

Captain Warburton seemed touched, for after gazing awhile on her pale cheek, he drew her towards him, saying, "Poor dear girl! you deserve to be loved—I wish for your sake that I were a better man."

That moment repaid Katherine for days and weeks of neglect, while Captain Beauchamp felt

disposed to say; "Warburton! have you ever prayed to become a better man, and with the prayer did you unite the wish?"

But he checked himself as he knew the remark would be ill received. Their expected movements were then alluded to—when Captain Warburton asked his wife how she liked the idea of leaving

"Very much indeed, Neville!" replied Katherine. "You know I have always disliked this place, where nothing is thought of but balls and parties. At Canterbury we shall be near to Sir Henry Woodford's family, which to me will be a great delight."

"Ah! I had forgotten that; yet take care, Kate! that they don't make a methodist of you. I detest all cant and fanaticism, remember!"

Captain Beauchamp and Katherine exchanged smiles, while the former observed,

"Cant and fanaticism are, without doubt, most objectionable—but whoever follows in the footsteps of Sir Henry Woodford, well will it be for him."

"Walk your way, and let me walk in mine; I dare say, we shall meet at the same point at last," replied Captain Warburton, rather caustically.

"There is but one way to Heaven, Warburton!" said his friend, very seriously.

"That is your opinion, and a very contracted one it is," retorted the other with a sneer.

"My opinion is, however, taken from the word of God," returned Captain Beauchamp.

Katherine looked uneasy, for she expected a burst of impatience from her husband, who said, as he walked over to the window, "You may say what you please, but I will never give up every enjoyment in life, to become a gloomy enthusiast in religion, and for what?—to grasp at a shadow!"

Katherine took courage now, and replied, "Oh! dearest Neville! do not indulge in that fatal error, that you must give up every enjoyment to become religious. Not one deserring of the name are you required to resign, but only those false pleasures—those dangerous sins—which destroy our peace on earth, and our souls to all eternity, unless God spares us to repent."

"Nor are we grasping at a shadow in striving to win Heaven," added Captain Beauchamp, his countenance becoming more and more animated; "we are too prone to view as doubtful those things which we cannot see. If we were to make them more the subject of our meditation, and feel their certainty—our time would not be wasted in frivolities and follies, which now too often it is."

"Beauchamp! you certainly mistook your profession when you entered the army; you would