

"And that is just the explanation of some of my difficulties, Cousin Kitty; for I *have* my difficulties Kitty. Life—I mean the inner, religious life—is not so smooth to me as you may think, as I thought it must be always henceforth when I heard that wonderful sermon of Mr. Whitefield's. Or rather, it is not so plain. For I did expect roughnesses, more, perhaps, than I have met with; but I did not expect perplexities such as I feel.

"My difficulties are not interesting, elevating difficulties, Kitty, such as would draw forth sweet tears of sympathy and smiles of tender encouragement at some of the religious tea parties. No one has taken the trouble to make me a martyr. I should rather have enjoyed a little more of that, which is, perhaps, the reason I have not had it. Mamma was a little uneasy at first; but when she found I did not wish to dress like a Quaker or to preach publicly from a tub, she was relieved, and seems rather to think me improved. Harry says all girls are sure to run into some folly or another, if they don't marry, and probably even if they do; and some new whim is sure soon to drive out this. Papa says women must have their amusements; and if I like going to see the old women at the manor, and taking them broth and reading them the Bible, better than riding a thousand miles for a wager, as a young lady did the other day, he thinks it is the more sensible diversion of the two. His mother gave the people broth and bitters, and probably they like the Bible better than the bitters. I am a good child on the whole, he says; and if I ride to the meet with him in the country, and give myself no sanctimonious airs, he cannot object to my amusing myself as I like in town. Indeed, he said one day he thought Lady Huntingdon's preachings were far better things for a young woman to hear than the scandalous nonsense those Italian fellows squalled at the opera. But, Kitty, although he talks so lightly, do you know, the other evening, as he had taken his candle and was kissing me good-night he said,—

"By the way, Eve, if you don't fancy going with me all the way to-morrow, I'll drop you at the gamekeeper's lodge beyond the wood. His old woman is very ill, and she says you told her something that cheered her heart up; so you might as well go again. She is an honest old soul, and she says you reminded her