

pious Mrs. Bruce beheld the saving change, a true Christian can alone understand. The Bible of dear Ernest was now her constant study, the Psalms especially, affording her the utmost comfort—they seemed as if addressed to herself, to express her wants, her repentance, her hopes. From these she would turn to her infant, whose helplessness soon engaged her pity and her affections. If at times she felt a pang that its father took so little notice of it, she would say in a voice of resignation.

"Never mind, my sweet Amelia; we have a father in Heaven whose love never fails—who will abundantly recompense us for the coldness and neglect of our earthly parents—I dare not complain of the unkindness of mine, but yours—Oh! he ought to love you."

But in truth Captain Warburton had no heart to love any one—completely a man of pleasure, self was his idol. Had Mr. Atherton behaved with the generosity he fully expected when he married his daughter, his faults might not have become so flagrant, but soured as he was by disappointment, unable to forego his expensive habits, and keenly feeling the additional expense of a family, no wonder that he viewed the poor little intruder with indifference. Katherine too seemed changed in his sight, her beauty being of that delicate, fragile nature that, young though she was, already was it beginning to fade under the pressure of sickness, sorrow and fatigue, for the whole care of her infant devolved upon herself, her husband being unable to afford a second female servant. How often, as she watched over the cradle of her helpless charge, was she reminded of the trouble and anxiety she had caused her own dear mother.

"Alas! and how did I repay her?" she would then say, weeping; "never was I aware of the enormity of my sin and ingratitude till I became a mother myself."

Doubly interesting did Katherine become to her real friends, now that they beheld her in her present responsible station—fulfilling it to the utmost of her ability, and seeking at the same time a better knowledge of Him, who was leading her gradually out of darkness unto the marvellous light of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Trials usually are the appointed means to effect this saving change, and Katherine, poor girl! had her full share of them. Captain Warburton had hitherto treated her more with indifference than with positive unkindness, but as his pecuniary difficulties increased, his bursts of passion and violent language were less restrained in her presence—though to the world he still maintained a fair appearance, and was the great favorite of all the vain silly women in the place, whose atten-

tions and flatteries he received with returning smiles and adulation. And (will it be asked) did Katherine still love him? Yes! for such is woman—and such the deep affections implanted in her breast, that like the flower whose stem is trampled upon and broken, fresh buds will spring up again from the undying root, and send forth their fragrance on the morning air. This doubtless is the design of a gracious Providence, to lead us to prayer, and to render those duties which would otherwise be too burthensome—supportable and even pleasing. At the desire of her husband, Katherine made one last attempt to soften her obdurate father, and wrote to him a letter expressive of her grief for the loss of her beloved mother, and of her penitence for ever having caused her a moment's anxiety. She then mentioned the birth of her child, adding that her own health was not nearly so good as it used to be, delicately hinting that if she were able to have a nurse for the little Amelia she would be saved much fatigue, which she really felt unequal to bear. This letter she directed to Granby Lodge, desiring it might be forwarded to Mr. Atherton's present address. After waiting anxiously an answer for many, many weeks, it was returned to her from the dead letter office, bearing several foreign post-marks. None knew where her father had gone; Katherine tore it in a thousand fragments,

"Yes! yes! he is indeed dead to me," she cried despairingly: "and an orphan I may henceforth consider myself."

She was sitting one morning alone in her dull dark parlour, rocking her child's cradle as it lay sweetly sleeping, while on her knee rested her open Bible, when Captain Beauchamp was announced. He smiled kindly on her as he approached, saying,

"I know not whether my tidings will please you or not; but I came to tell you that our Regiment is ordered to Canterbury, and will march next week—Warburton seems pleased at the thoughts of the change."

"To Canterbury!" exclaimed Katherine, her countenance brightening. "Oh! how rejoiced I am to hear it; Sir Henry Woodford's place! Woodford Abbey is in the neighbourhood. Could any thing be more fortunate?"

"Sir Henry Woodford!" repeated Captain Beauchamp, a tide of crimson rushing over his face; "are you acquainted with his family?"

"Not personally with his mother and sister, but with himself most intimately," replied Katherine, surprised by the unusual emotion he displayed. "Is Sir Henry a friend of yours?"

"A most valued one," replied Captain Beauchamp, his voice faltering. "We became known