

"There is forgiveness, you see, even for murder. Suppose it possible that the tempter is right, Toby, in whispering that terrible word to your conscience, yet he is not right when he says 'there is no forgiveness for you.' That is the lie with which he is seeking to murder your soul. You must meet whatever terrible truth he says by laying your heart open to God and confessing all to him; and you must meet the devil, lie with the truth, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' There is nothing else that can; and I am sure if you do this the devil will flee, and you will overcome and be saved."

We knelt down and prayed together, and as we rose Toby gasped out, "God bless you, Master Hugh! You do think that there is hope!"

Before we went, Hugh found Widow Trellis's prayer-book, and set Toby to learn the fifty-first Psalm. When we left he was sitting toiling at it, spelling it over as if it had been a letter fresh from heaven for him.

"I hope I was not abrupt and harsh," he said, as we walked home, "but I felt the poor fellow's anguish was too real to be lightly cured, that the only chance was to probe it to the bottom. It is a blessing for Toby that reading is such hard work for him. Every verse he reads costs him more labour than carrying a heavy load up from the shore. The work will bring calm to his poor, bewildered mind, so that he will better be able to estimate what his sin really is. And the words, I do trust, will bring peace to his poor, tossed heart."

A letter has come at last from Jack. It is short, and full of the most exuberant spirits. He has been in one or two skirmishes, which he describes at some length. He is only longing for a battle. Hitherto his adventures have only brought him a scratch or two, a little glory, and some friends. He mentions one or two young noblemen as his intimate companions, at whose names Evelyn looked doubtful. She says they had the reputation in London of being very wild, and one of them is a notorious gambler. He finds his pay, he says, very nearly sufficient so far, with prudence, and the kind *parting gifts* he received at home. A young officer, he says, and the son of an old Cornish house, must not be outdone by upstart fellows, the sons of cockney tradesmen; and if he is now and then a little behindhand, some good luck is sure to soon fall in his way, and set all right.

He has not yet made his fortune. But there are yet cities to be won; and after all, he remarks, there are nobler aims in life than to make fortunes. In a postscript he adds,—

"Tell Kitty that some of her friends the Methodists have found their way to Flanders. Some of those fellows have actually hired a room, where they preach and sing psalms, and make loud, if not 'long' prayers, to their hearts' content. They are, of

course, laughed at unmercifully, and get pretty rough usage from their comrades, which they receive as their portion of martyrdom, due to them by apostolic succession, and seem rather to glory in. But we must give even the devil his due, and I must say that one or two of the best officers we have, and our colonel among them, will not have them reviled. Our colonel made quite a sermon the other day to some young ensigns who were jeering at a Methodist serjeant. 'Keep your jests till you have smelt as much powder and shot as he has,' said the colonel; and, as we were turning away, he continued, 'At Maestricht I saw one of them (poor Stamford) shot fatally through the leg. He had been a ring-leader in vice before he became a Methodist, and as his friend was carrying him away (for they stick to each other like brothers), the poor, dying fellow uttered not a groan, but said only, "Stand fast in the Lord." And I have heard them, when wounded, cry out, "I am going to my Saviour!" or, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" When Clements, one of their preachers, had his arm shot off, he would not leave the battle—he said, "No, I have another arm to hold my sword; I will not go yet." When a second shot broke his other arm, he said, "I am as happy as I can be out of Paradise." I saw the preacher, John Evans, laid across a cannon to die, both his legs having been shot off; and I heard him praising God, and calling on all to love him, till he could speak no more. I call that a brave death for any man. Indeed,' said the colonel, 'it might be better for all of us if we were more like them. Drinking and dicing may be very gentlemanly amusements, but they don't make quite so good a preparation for a battle or an hospital-bed as the psalm-singing and preaching—you despise. At least,' he added, rather sarcastically, 'not for privates and non-commissioned officers. It is easier, at all events, to collect the men from the meeting-house than from the tavern, and on the whole, their hands are steadier. But, however that may be, in my regiment I choose to have religious liberty.' And," concluded Jack, "some of the young officers went away looking rather foolish, for there had been a little difficulty in our last affair in collecting officers who were sober enough to lead the men. And we all know our colonel is not a man to be trifled with."

"I am glad Jack has such a commanding officer," said father; "but as to those Methodists, Kitty, they seem to overrun the world, like locusts."

Our journey to London was like a holiday trip all the way after Aunt Beauchamp's coach met us at Plymouth. Two old servants had been sent on horseback to guard us from the dangers of the way; and two Flemish cart-horses were added to the four sleek carriage-horses to pull our massive machine up the Devonshire hills, or out of the deep ruts in the

miry roads through the marshy grounds of Somersetshire. In addition to our escort, Hugh rode beside us armed with two pistols; and father, inside the coach with us, carried a loaded cavalry pistol, so that we could have opposed a formidable front even to a combined attack of mounted highwaymen. We met, however, with no adventure beyond being once or twice nearly "stugged," as Roger would say, in the mud, and once or twice missing our way, and being belated on the moors.

Mother's conscience was rather disturbed by the pomp in which we travelled, especially when the landlords and landladies came bowing and curtsying to receive her "ladyship's orders."

"Kitty, my dear," she said, "I really think I ought to tell them that this is not our coach. I feel like an impostor."

She was consoled, however, by the reflection that but for a few accidents as to priority of birth, father might have been riding, by his own right, in a coach quite as magnificent; wherefore, for his sake, she abstained from such confessions.

We did not enter the city till midnight, by which time the street lamps are all extinguished; so that we plunged into deep puddles and ruts, in spite of our huge coach lanterns and two volunteer link boys, who terrified mother by flaring their torches at the windows. Once or twice her terrors were increased by encountering some noisy parties of gentlemen returning drunk from various entertainments, and showing their valour by knocking down the poor old watchmen, or wrenching off the street-knockers. One of these parties actually surrounded our coach, armed with pistols, bludgeons, and cutlasses, with hideous yells and demoniacal laughter, when father (Hugh having left us), taking them for highwaymen, presented his cavalry pistols, with some very strong military denunciations, at the head of one, demanding to know their names, whereupon the whole company decamped, leaving father in great wrath at the constables, the King's ministers, and the whole "sluggish Hanoverian dynasty."

At length we arrived at Great Ormond Street, to mother's unspeakable relief. She recommended me to add to my devotions selections from the Form of Thanksgiving after a storm, with that after Victory or Deliverance from an Enemy; "for certainly, Kitty, my dear," she said, "at one time I thought we were in the jaws of death, and gave all for lost—our goods and even our lives. And now being in safety, we must give all praise to him who has delivered us."

I do not find the household in Great Ormond Street the same as when I left. Evelyn has more to suffer at home than she ever hinted at to me; not, indeed, exactly persecution, but little daily annoyances, which are

harder to bear—those little nameless irritations which seem to settle like flies on any creature that is patient and quiet, as Evelyn certainly is.

Poor Aunt Beauchamp has become fretful and irritable, and keeps up a continual gentle wail against Evelyn and her eccentricities. Cousin Harry, from his masculine heights of the race-course and the gaming-table, treats her "Methodism" with a lofty superiority as a feminine peculiarity.

Uncle Beauchamp alternately storms and laments. He had absolutely forbidden her attending any of those "canting conventicles," as he calls the preachings at Lady Huntingdon's, the Tabernacle, or the Foundry. Moreover, he actually made an *auto-da-fé* of all her religious books. But this Evelyn considers to have been, rather a help than a hindrance, as at the particular time when her further acquaintance with this literature was arrested, it was falling deep into fiery controversies concerning the Calvinistic and Arminian doctrines; and she says she finds it more profitable to draw the water of life from the source before the parting of the streams. By the time the streams are open to her again, she hopes they will have met once more, and each have left its own deposit of mud behind.

But, although I have seen her face flush and her lip quiver often at many an unjust and bitter word, she will by no means be pitied.

"I am so sorry for you all," I ventured to say to her one day; "I wish you understood each other. You have many things to suffer, dear Evelyn."

"I am no martyr, Cousin Kitty," she replied, with something of her old scornfulness, though it was turned on herself; "and please do not try to persuade me I am. Half my troubles are, no doubt, brought on by my own wilfulness, or want of tact; and the other half are not worth calling troubles at all. I think we sometimes miss the meaning and the good of little trials, by giving them too long names. We bring a fire-engine to extinguish a candle; and the candle probably burns on, while we are drenched in our own shower. We take a sword to extract a thorn, and drive it further in. But, oh, Kitty," she said, her whole countenance suddenly changing into an expression almost of anguish, "what miserable selfishness to talk of my burdens! Think of the void, the pangs of those who are dying from the hunger of their hearts for God, and will not call it hunger, but 'sensibility,' or 'repressed gout,' or 'the restlessness of youth,' or 'the irritability of old age,' or 'the inevitable worries of life,' or anything but that great hunger of the souls God created for himself, which proves their immortality, and proves their ruin, and might lead them to him to be satisfied. How can I to help them to find it out?"

(To be continued.)