



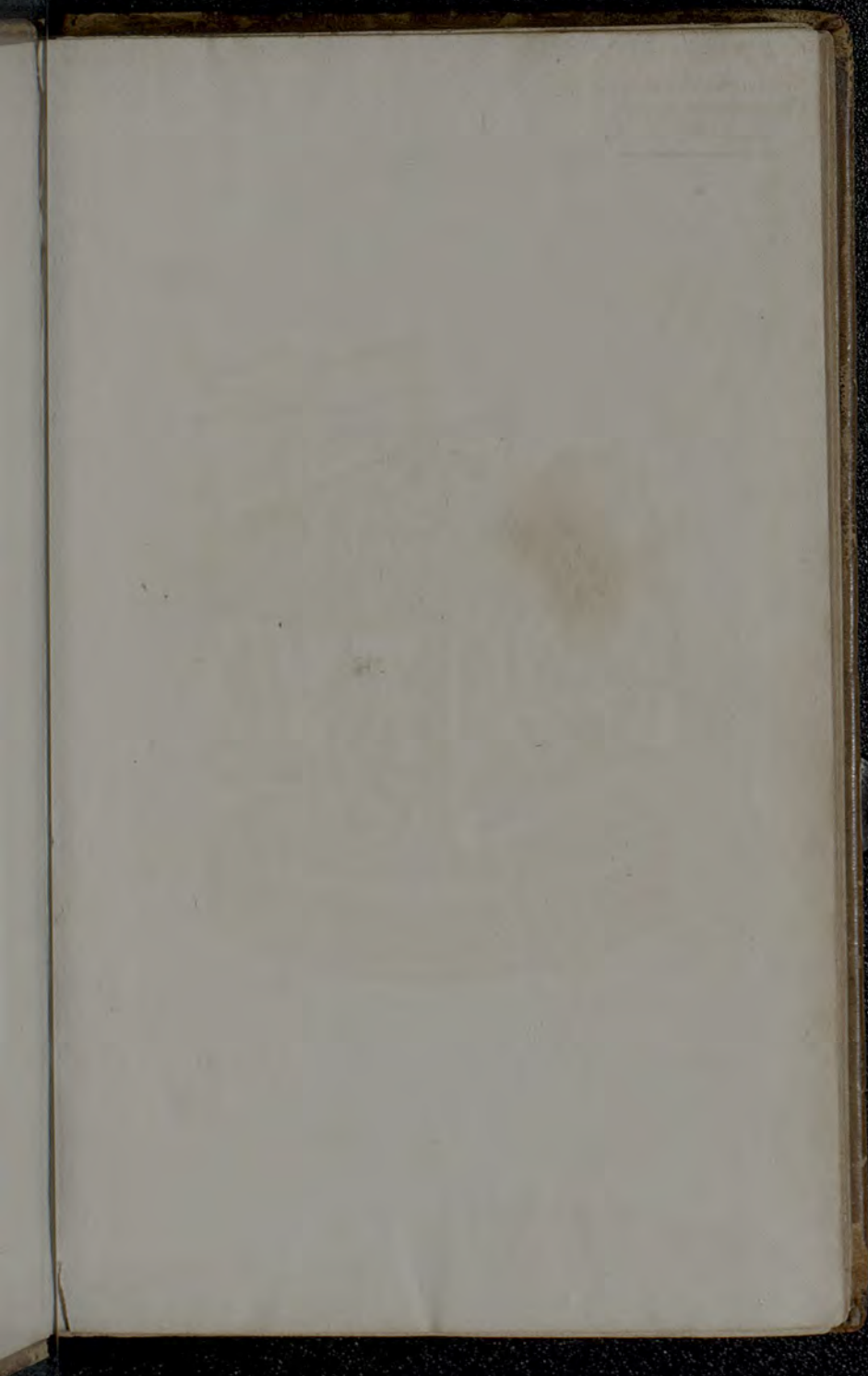
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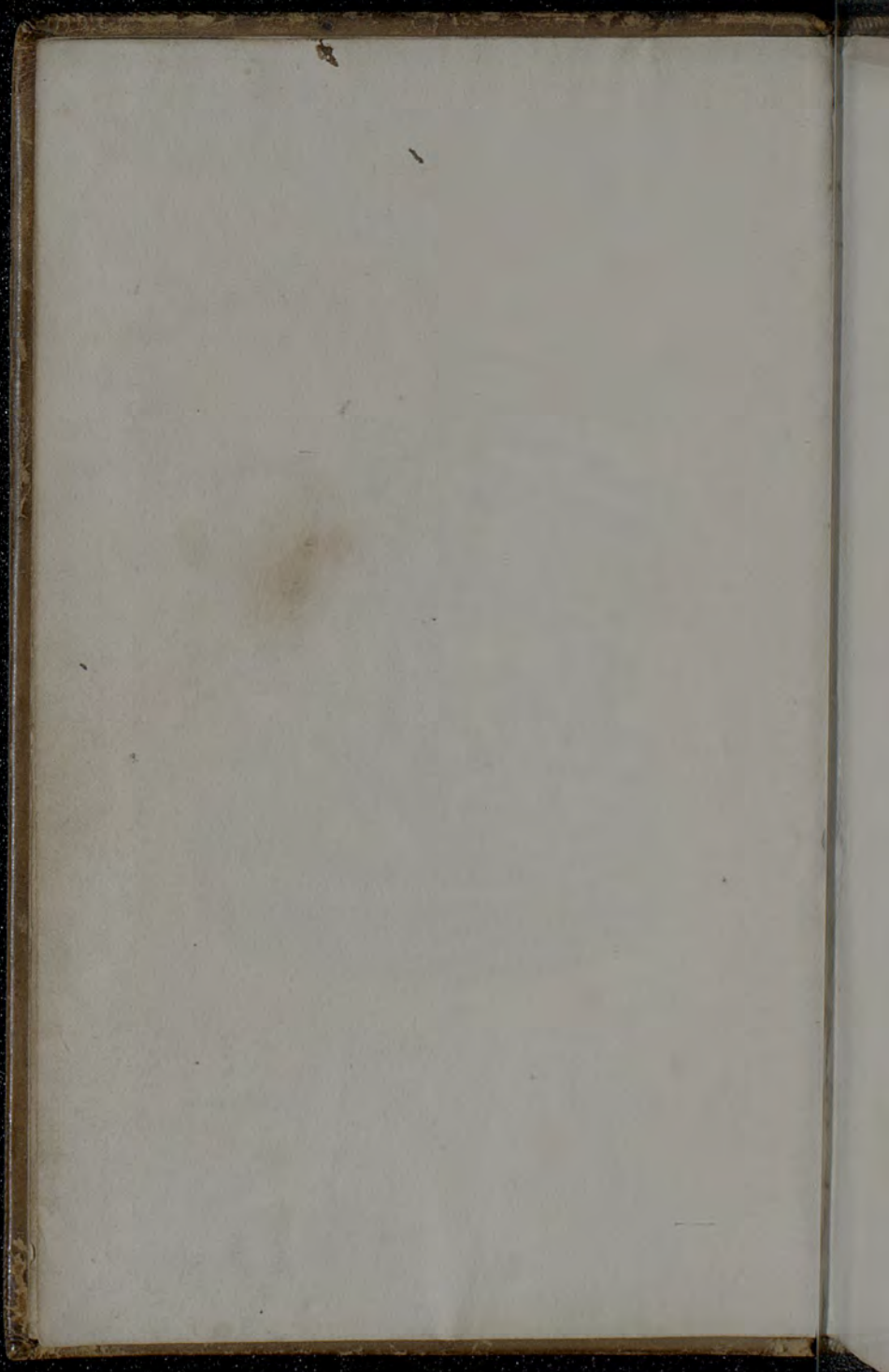
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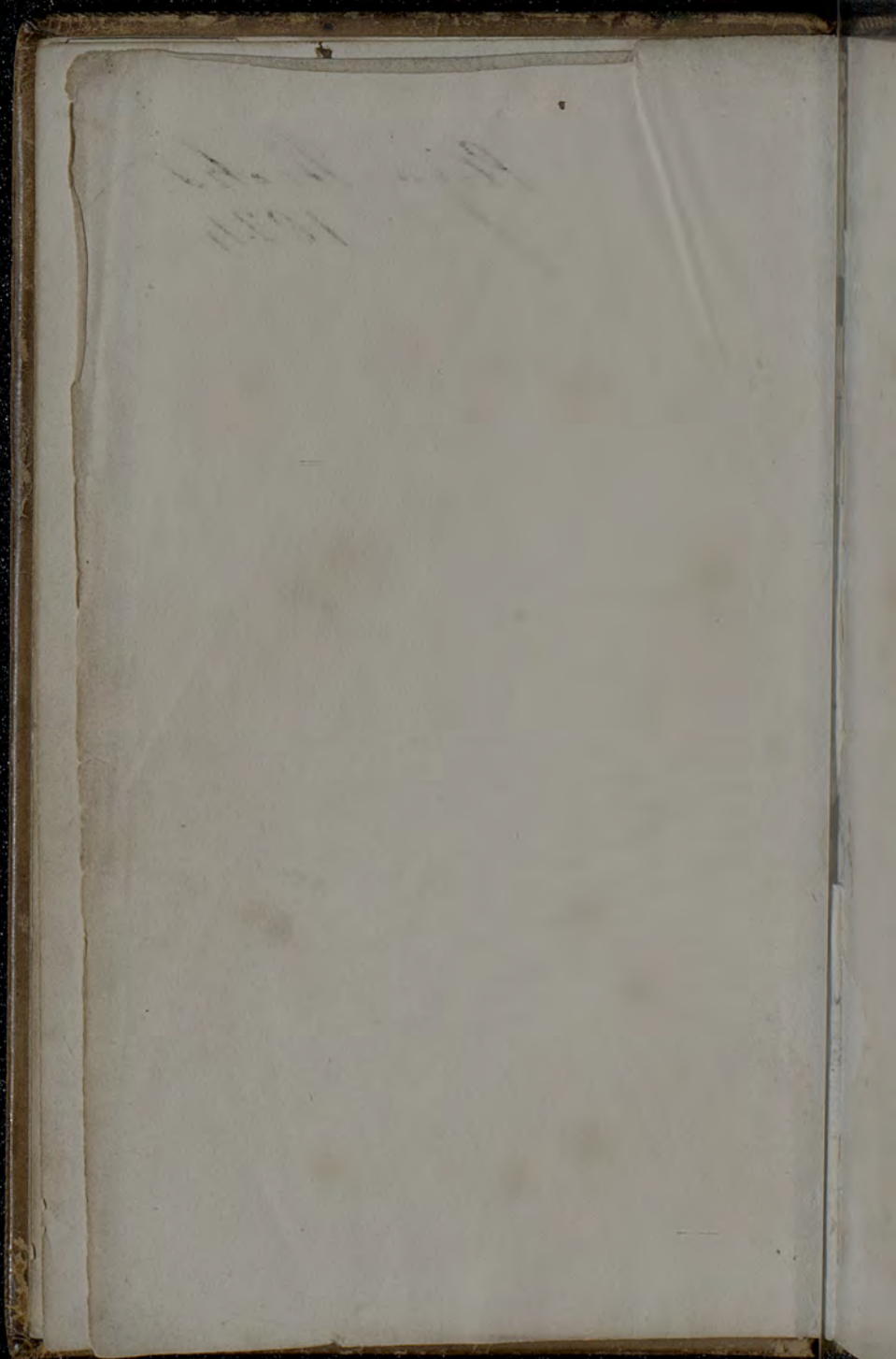
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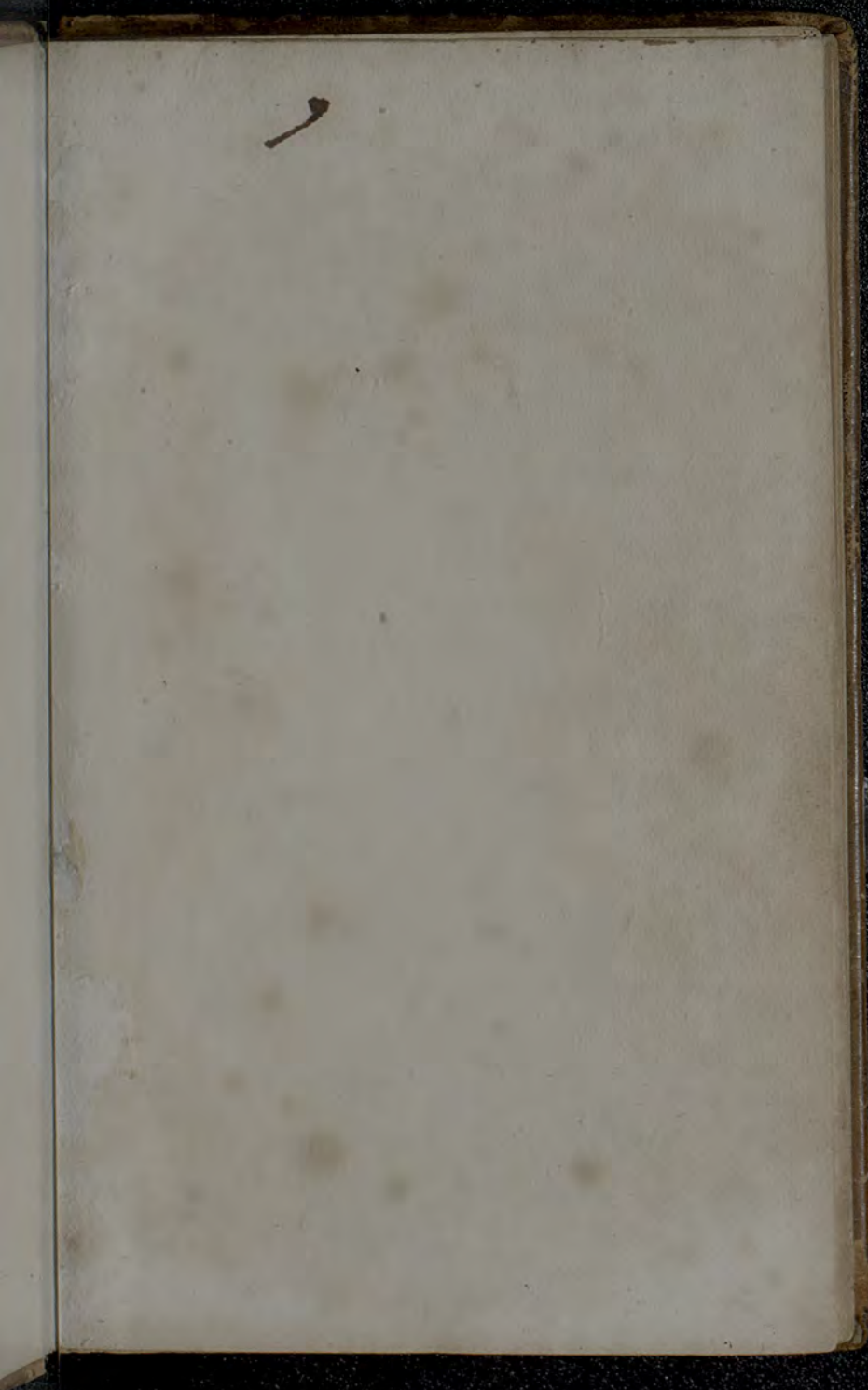
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Eliza Nichols
1824







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GLENVARLOW.

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HARRIET
AND
HER COUSIN;

OR,
PREJUDICE OVERCOME.

“ Wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”—Prov. iii. 17.

Second Edition.

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1823.

HARVARD

THE UNIVERSITY

PREFACE

It is to be feared that amongst the number of young persons who at present enjoy the benefit of a religious education, there are some who suppose themselves Christians on very slight grounds. Educated by pious parents, separated from the world, and all the gay amusements so eagerly pursued by young persons of the same age, and complying with every

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outward form of religion, they might, perhaps, be startled if any questioned their being Christians, while they have never really examined this most important subject. The unerring word of truth informs us, that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." It is possible to possess the outward form of religion, while the heart has never experienced the mighty change described in these words. The young person introduced in the following story, was placed in circumstances similar to those alluded to, and she supposed herself a Christian, while her heart was far from God, and destitute of all love to God. Perhaps her history may possess some interest to those who have

been educated as she was ; or to others, who esteem religion a gloomy service, yet are aware, that many as young as they, have found that the ways of religion are “ ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.”

HARRIET
AND
HER COUSIN.

CHAPTER I.

—“WELL, Harriet,” said Mr Melville to his daughter, as she entered the room, “have you again watched in vain, or what news has the post brought you this evening?”

“O no!” answered she, “I am more fortunate now; I have got a long letter, and one for you also, Papa!” added she, giving him a large packet.

"And is the eventful day fixed?" inquired her father, while he slowly opened his own letters.

"Nearly so," replied Harriet, "it is to take place the beginning of next month."

"And how soon does Maria wish to have you with her?" asked Mrs Melville.

"Very soon, but at least a fortnight before that time," replied Harriet, her countenance glowing with pleasure at the prospect of again seeing this dear friend, whom she had loved with the warmest affection from her childhood.

When Mr Melville had perused his letters, he gave them to Mrs Melville, and turning to Harriet, informed her that he had received another invitation for her, which he wished her to accept. "It is, my dear child," added he, "to spend a few weeks at my father's, with your cousin. You know, Harriet, I have hitherto declined every invitation of this nature, because I have considered you too young to be exposed alone to the difficulties you may

possibly meet with. But you are now going to Edinburgh, and I cannot again refuse a request so urgent. Your aunt goes to London immediately, to meet a friend just returned from India, whom she has not seen for many years. She must be absent for some time, yet is unwilling to leave Julia long alone with my father, and entreats you will accept of his invitation to spend a few weeks with them before you return home. They know you are to be present at the marriage of your young friend."

During this information, the expressive countenance of Harriet had undergone many changes. She appeared perplexed and disappointed; the gay, happy look, which animated her countenance on coming into the room, had given place to one of much anxiety.

"Does Julia express any wish to see me?" inquired she; "I believe she is now greatly prejudiced against me. And I know that you, dear Papa, and all of us,

have been misrepresented to my grandfather's family."

"It is the natural consequence of the painful circumstances which have taken place," replied her father. "But you also, my dear Harriet, must beware of being influenced by prejudice against Julia; remember she has never enjoyed the advantages you possess. She has an affectionate heart, and good talents, but has, unfortunately, been an indulged and spoiled child, and the faults which a tender parent might have subdued in the little orphan, have been unhappily disregarded, perhaps encouraged. Do not be severe in your judgment of her, but endeavour to gain her regard. Amongst the multitude of her various acquaintances, she has perhaps no *real* friends, and she seemed disposed to love you when she was last here, while you, satisfied with dearer friends, were indifferent about her."

"And how long do you wish me to remain?" asked Harriet, a little softened towards her cousin by the remembrance of

her early misfortunes, and the regard she had shown for herself when she was at Glenvarlow.

"Perhaps a fortnight, my dear," replied her father; "does that appear very long?"

"Ah! well," answered Harriet, "a fortnight of pleasure, and that not unmixed either, purchased by a fortnight of anxiety and pain, and a whole month absent from my own dear home."

"Do not fear the last period being *unmixed* pain," said Mrs Melville, "surely some pleasure will find its way to cheer you; and remember, dear Harriet, any thing that leads to your father's having more intercourse with such near relations, is most desirable: don't be alarmed, the time will soon pass away, and the country will be clothed in all its beauty when you return to us."

"And how am I to convey my precious self to Edinburgh?" asked Harriet; "it is a long day's journey. I always perceive

difficulties in leaving home ; I never yet saw any in returning."

" I shall take you there, my dear," said Mr Melville, (smiling), " will that satisfy you ?"

" O ! that will be delightful !" replied Harriet.

" Who will you have to attend you in town, my love ?" asked her mother ; " will you take Molly or old James to remain with you ?"

" O ! not Molly," said she, " if I take care of Harriet, it is quite as much as I can possibly undertake. Poor Molly is too young for the city ; and old James," added she, (laughing), " what use could he be of ? he could neither tie my sash, nor brush my hair. I require no servant, Mamma."

" Yes, my dear," answered Mrs Melville, " you must have some one with you ; and I would advise James," added she, (smiling) ; " notwithstanding his deficiencies as a waiting-maid, you may find him very useful :

he can live with some friend of his own, and only come to you when you want him. He may likewise be useful during your first visit, since Maria has delayed many preparations till she has your assistance."

"Thank you, my dear Mamma," replied Harriet, "that will do nicely; and James will take care of me, not I of him, and many an advice I shall get regarding my conduct. But are we sure he will like this plan?"

"We shall ascertain that from himself," said Mr Melville, as he rang the bell. "Send James here," said he to the servant who appeared. In a few minutes James entered, a venerable-looking old man, more active in his appearance than his white hair led one to expect.

"Did you want me, Sir?" inquired he, looking at his master.

"Yes, James," said Mr Melville, "come here, and tell us if you have any friend in Edinburgh you wish to visit?"

"I have a sister there, Sir," replied James,

"that I would like well to see, if any business of my master's took me there, but I could not wish to go just without that."

"Will you go and attend Harriet there?" asked his master.

"Miss Harriet!" replied James, "aye, that I would; but surely she is not going to Edinburgh by herself, Sir?"

"You see," said Harriet, (laughing), "James considers me quite unfit to take charge of myself, and perhaps he is right."

"I shall take Harriet to town, James," said Mr Melville, "but she will remain there for some weeks, and I would rather leave you with her than any one else."

"I shall be very happy," answered the old man, looking much pleased.

"Harriet goes first to Mrs Graham's," continued Mr Melville; "she is to be at the marriage of her friend, and will then pay a short visit at my father's."

A smile appeared on the countenance of old James, when the marriage was mentioned, but it quickly passed away when he

heard of the last visit ; and then turned towards the door, saying in a low voice, " Is Miss Harriet going to her grandfather's, Sir ? "

" Yes, James," said Mr Melville, " for a short time. Harriet is now older. I do not fear trusting her away from home, and this visit has been repeatedly asked."

" O ! Sir, she may be trusted any where," said James, as he left the room.

" Well, then, prepare for your journey," said his master, stopping him ; " we shall go next week."

During the last part of this conversation, Harriet had left the room, and passed into the garden, there to indulge her own thoughts at liberty. Gladly, at that moment, would she have relinquished the pleasure of seeing her friend, to avoid going to her grandfather's. She had not seen him for three years, and her remembrance of him was only painful ; she knew that he had no affection for her father, and had

frequently been displeased with his conduct.

Sir George Melville was a man of ancient family, and good fortune, and in all respects had been a man of the world, and valued such things as the standard of the world esteems laudable objects of ambition. His eldest son, the beloved father of Harriet, had greatly displeased him by marrying early in life, and retiring to an estate in the country, positively declining any public situation. On a late occasion, he had also a second time refused to offer himself as member for the county, when his father urged him to do so, and had reason to believe he might have been chosen its representative. Sir George understood not the motives which influenced the conduct of his son, and Harriet's great anxiety in the prospect of this visit, was the dread of acting in any way that might injure her father.

The pleasant thought stole likewise into

her mind, that if she was enabled to act right, and at the same time *please* her grandfather, possibly she might be the means of doing away in some measure the prejudice which existed.

She knew her parents regretted that the two families had no intercourse with each other, and she saw her father had expected the present invitation, for it evidently excited no surprise.

Harriet felt that she had no choice to make regarding this visit: it was determined she should go by those who could best judge of what was right for her to do, and she had been taught that we must not shrink from *duty* because it is opposed to our inclination. She resorted to her favourite retreat in the old garden, there to ruminate over what was likely to take place, and endeavour to reconcile her mind to this unexpected visit, which could never be agreeable to her. But Harriet could, at the same time, look up with assured confi-

dence and hope to her heavenly Father ; she implored the blessing and protection of her God, and fervently prayed that she might be enabled to follow her Saviour through *bad* as well as good report.

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CHAPTER II.

AT the period we have mentioned, Harriet Melville had attained her nineteenth year ; but she had not always been the sincere and devoted Christian we have introduced to our young readers, and we must go back a few years in her history, to make them better acquainted with her character. Harriet was the eldest of a large family, and her parents had watched over the opening powers of this first dear child with the most tender solicitude ; her faults were corrected gently, but with great steadiness. In her education every thing was given which they considered useful and innocent ; but the

cultivation of her mind was their chief object, and their first desire was to lead her soul to the knowledge and love of God. As Harriet grew up, she gratified the wishes of her parents in every respect, except on this last important point, which often occasioned them deep anxiety.

There was nothing in the conduct of Harriet of which they could disapprove, yet they feared that she possessed merely the outward form of religion, while she was destitute of its spirit, and suspected that the *motives* which influenced her heart were far different from those which the word of God requires.

Their fears were in some measure just. To gain the approbation of those she loved, was the ruling motive of Harriet's conduct, and if she attained this, she knew no higher object; and there was no sacrifice of her own pleasures she felt unwilling to make in the pursuit of it. Disappointment to her hopes she frequently experienced, but it proved no cure to this great error.

Harriet supposed herself a Christian, but she had never seriously considered what is included in that term. She thought many things wrong, in which some of her young companions indulged, and had she been led to join in them, she would have been very miserable; but she lived without prayer, and her *heart* was as far from God, as that of any of her young friends. She dreaded to do what she had been taught was *sinful*, but she had no *love* for any religious service; in the worship of God she found no pleasure. Occasionally, on the return of Sunday, and the serious employments which, in the family of a Christian, belong to that day, she felt the painful conviction that all was not right in the world within, and she formed repeated resolutions of reading the Bible with more attention, and trying to be more religious.

At different times, when she heard of a sudden death, the awful idea of an immortal soul being called from this world into the presence of God, without one moment to

pray for mercy, made so deep an impression upon her, that she found it impossible to banish it from her mind; and, filled with alarm, she retired to her knees, under the powerful conviction that she was not in a fit state to enter eternity, and earnestly implored that death might not find her unprepared. Yet these impressions faded away as the event which excited them was forgot; and, engaged in agreeable employment, and surrounded by those she loved, she was happy in the enjoyment of the present moment, and thought not of that eternity for which her soul was formed.

Harriet had repeatedly suffered uneasiness from the fear of death, but she had never witnessed the solemn scene. The sad messenger had more than once visited the family of her parents, but Harriet was then too young to know, or remember the painful event.

When she was about sixteen, and the warm feelings of her affectionate heart were yet unrestrained by the power of religion, death

was brought very near. Another member of the young family at Glenvarlow was removed; a beloved object was taken from her, and laid in the silent grave.

Harriet had a little brother to whom she was fondly attached, and who was her constant companion and amusement. He was the youngest of the family, and from his gentle and engaging disposition, he was the darling of the whole. This dear child was seized with a severe and dangerous illness, and at the end of four days was no more. From the time his illness commenced, Harriet seldom left his room, and if she moved from his sight, the little creature, accustomed to her way of amusing him, immediately asked for her. She watched him with deep and tender anxiety, and during his illness she felt a degree of misery she had never before experienced. She witnessed all his sufferings, and was standing by him, with her mother's arm round her, when she saw the last struggle of the departing spirit. Her father was supporting the dying child

in his arms, when he breathed his last sigh. He pressed the lifeless form of his infant for one moment to his heart, then laid him gently down, and turning, said a few words to the weeping mother. Harriet saw and heard no more. Deeply struck with the mild composure of her mother, contrasted with her own unsubdued feelings, she had for some hours endeavoured to suppress all emotion, and she now sunk down senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found herself laying on a couch still in her brother's room, her father sitting by her, bathing her temples; he gave her some cordial, and desired her not to speak for a little. Her mother was sitting with her eyes fixed on the countenance of her departed child, which had no longer any expression of suffering, but was calm and peaceful as if in a quiet sleep. Harriet felt that she had added to the grief of this moment from her want of self-command. She well knew how her parents doated on this little one, and she bitterly reproached herself for her own con-

duct. She moved to get up, and her father affectionately took her hand, saying, while he assisted her, "My dear Harriet, your brother is now happy,—mourn not for him,—God has early removed him from a world of sin and danger. Our duty is quiet submission to the Divine will; but remember all immoderate sorrow is wrong; beware of giving way to your present feelings, and pray that this sad event may be blessed to your soul."

He spake in an agitated voice while he led her near her little brother, and for the first time she ventured to look at him. His countenance was completely changed; there no longer remained any expression of pain or suffering, all was peaceful, even lovely;—her father had said he was happy, and she felt that now she could almost believe he was so; but, oh! to part with this much-loved object, to see him no more,—this idea brought with it a flood of tears, which she had no power to controul.

"It is enough, my dear Edward," said

Mrs Melville, addressing her husband, "take her away now, remember it is the first time she has witnessed death,—the impression may be too painful."

Her father took her to her own room, and calling their old nurse, desired she should go to bed for some hours, and forbid her being left alone.

In the evening, when Harriet made some inquiries regarding the rest of the children, she found they had been all taken to see their brother, and that her parents had been little out of his room. She wished to return there and take a last look of her little darling; but on going to the room, she found the door was now locked. She was alone, the stillness of death reigned over the whole house, and she felt an undefined fear which led her to go at a distance from this chamber, and near some one to whom she could speak.

This was the first time Harriet met with any real affliction. She was too sensible to consider the many disappointments of her

childhood in that light ; but now she was overcome, and confused in all her ideas. Many days were spent in tears, and in painful thought, and she felt unable to reflect on what had passed. She was deeply humbled at the remembrance of her own conduct ; she thought she had been selfish, and no comfort to her parents during this season of trial, while she had seen in them the most affectionate anxiety regarding her. It was her earnest desire to act so as to gain their approbation, to fulfil her duty towards them, and never to prove a source of pain, which she now feared she had been. But thoughts more alarming, and feelings still more painful, awaited the heart of Harriet, ere she was again restored to comfort.

CHAPTER III.

THE first idea on which the more composed thoughts of Harriet rested, after she had visited and wept over the little grave of her dear brother, was the firm persuasion which her parents expressed of the present and eternal happiness of their departed infant; this was the source of their comfort, and softened their grief. While Harriet listened with surprise to the strong language which she thought her father made use of, the inquiry powerfully presented itself to her mind, If they mourned the loss of their eldest, instead of their youngest child, could they have indulged the same hope? This

painful question was quickly answered by a conscience beginning to awake from the sleep of security and sin. Harriet tried to put away from her the uneasy thoughts which followed, but still they pursued her, however she was engaged; and her mind was filled with a variety of contending emotions.

One evening, when she returned from a solitary walk, her pale countenance attracted the anxious attention of her parents; they inquired if she was unwell, and supposing she had not recovered from her late fatigue, they entreated her to retire, and seek that repose which she appeared so greatly to require.

Harriet retired, but not to rest. One fearful thought had taken possession of her mind, and to banish it was impossible. She might soon be called to follow her brother to an unseen world, and what should then be the portion of her soul. When she reached her own apartment, scarcely aware of what she did, she placed her Bible on the

table, and seated herself before it ; but the word of life remained long unopened, while she pursued her own melancholy thoughts.

Harriet was well aware, that her parents were not satisfied with her, regarding the subject of religion ; and many serious, even alarming things, which her father had said to her, now returned to her remembrance, and filled her with anxiety and fear. Often had he urged upon her, with much earnestness, the care of her precious soul, while he taught her she was an accountable being ; and frequently had he ended his solemn entreaties by engaging in fervent prayer for her. She had at times been touched and affected, but it was more by the warm affection of her father, than from feeling the importance of spiritual things. She now reflected with bitter feelings upon the many and constant opportunities of improvement she had enjoyed, and that on her all had been lost,—far worse than lost. Would she not be called into judgment for them,—

“ For unto whomsoever much is given, much shall be required.”

In her first hours of serious thought, all her knowledge of scripture appeared only to increase her alarm ; but, on deeper inquiry, she found the benefit of early instruction. She knew there is but *one* way in which a sinner can find acceptance with God, and that Jesus Christ is that living way of access to the Father, and that none shall be cast out who come unto God by him. She saw herself guilty in the sight of God, and dead in sin. God demands the affection of the heart, and from her heart and thoughts, the God who made her had been completely excluded ; the God who preserved her, and surrounded her with blessings too great, too many to number, was banished from her affections. Often, while outwardly engaged with others in his worship, her heart was sinfully employed in foolish thoughts, to prevent the intrusion of any serious idea that might occasion alarm. Her past sins presented them-

selves before her ; she saw them in a new light, and she thanked God that she had not been cut off without time to implore mercy to her soul. The Spirit of the Lord had touched the heart of stone, and the tears of repentance flowed abundantly. She prayed for pardon with her whole heart, and for the first time in her life she knew what prayer was. After some hours spent thus, in deep thoughts, in fervent prayer, and in reading some passages of scripture which she remembered ; but fearing she supposed they spoke more comfort than was correct, she dare not trust her memory till she again saw them in the written word. She experienced a secret hope enter her mind,—a hope so sweet, in the midst of all she now felt and suffered, that she was filled with wonder. Conscious of her own ignorance and weakness, the first passage of scripture to which she turned for comfort, was the full and free promise of the Holy Spirit contained in the 11th chapter of the gospel by St Luke. She knew the power

of God alone could enlighten the dark mind, and soften the hard heart ; and when she found new thoughts arise in her mind regarding spiritual things, she felt overpowered by the idea, that *such* might have been occasioned by the influence of the promised Spirit upon her soul ; but O ! she feared to indulge such hopes with the conclusions that must follow ; and rising from her knees, she approached the window, which she threw open, unconscious of what she did, till recalled to herself by discovering the morning light beginning to dawn. “ Surely,” thought she, as she looked up, “ a new light has likewise dawned on my soul. O that it might advance as certainly as the sun shall arise to enlighten this world. But the one will meet with nothing to oppose its progress, while the other will be checked by every thing around.”

Harriet remained at the open window, indulging the new thoughts which visited her mind, and watching the effects of the rising sun, till every well-known object was

illuminated by its pure and soft light. And once more lifting up her eyes to heaven, she found her heart enabled to pour forth its desires in the hitherto unknown language of prayer. She then withdrew, and gently closing the window, retired quickly to bed.

When Harriet again awoke to consciousness, after some hours sleep, a multitude of confused ideas passed through her mind, some very painful, others of a more pleasing nature. The scene of death which she had lately witnessed, had made a deep impression on her mind, and still presented itself before her. The affection of her parents, and her own grief at the loss of her dear little companion, were all painful, and still so recent, that time had not softened the vivid remembrance of what had passed. But when the solemn and interesting history of her own mind during the preceding evening and night, returned distinctly to her recollection, her heart felt oppressed with feeling till then unknown to her. She

feared to indulge the idea, yet she had a faint hope,—she had experienced the beginning of that change of mind which she had been so often taught must take place in every fallen man, before he is in a state of safety. She felt her heart turned to God, as it had never been till now. She found she had prayed to her God before she was aware of being so engaged, and felt such a hope that her supplications would be answered, as filled her with holy pleasure.

Harriet again perused some of the passages of scripture which first imparted a gleam of consolation to her soul. She received them in simplicity, as the promise and the words of God, and considered those blessed indeed who might take the comfort offered in them; and she hoped the time might come, when she also should be included amongst their happy number; but now, alas! she was sinful, and ignorant, and had much to learn. While her tears flowed, this idea alarmed her more than all else,—

the dread that she might lose the impression now made upon her, and return to the state of deadness in which she had hitherto lived. While considering this danger, she heard the bell which assembled the family to morning prayers. Often had this summons interrupted Harriet at her favourite occupations, and been heard with feelings of dislike. Now the sound of it made her tremble, and it required all her courage to join with others in the worship of that God whose presence and power she began to feel within her, and around her.

She entered the room amongst the last of her father's congregation. The portion of scripture which was read suited the present state of her mind, and the solemn and earnest prayers of her father for every individual present, deeply affected her. When worship was over, she retired for a few moments to regain her composure, and returned to breakfast, making a strong effort to conceal every appearance of emotion.

She now found, in addition to the family,

Dr Lawrence, the clergyman of the parish, an intimate and esteemed friend of her father's. He was an old man, but still in the vigour of health, talents, and usefulness. Harriet had known and loved him all her life, but she now regarded him in a different point of view, and looked upon him as an ambassador of the God of heaven, whose peculiar office it was to teach lost man the way of salvation. "Ah!" thought she, "could I speak to him, he would tell me what I must do to be saved, and how I am to withstand the difficulties I foresee." Harriet, however, had not courage to speak to any one, and she carefully endeavoured to conceal all that passed in her mind. From this time, every moment Harriet could command was spent alone, in prayer, in studying the Bible, and the good books with which her room was always supplied. Some of those she had before read, others she had looked at; but she knew the contents of none of them, and she selected what she supposed from their names would

be most suited to instruct her ignorance. The following Sunday, a slight indisposition detained her from church, which, for the first time, proved a severe disappointment. She longed to go there,—she expected from church she knew not what, but it was the appointment of heaven, and she knew all good people found pleasure in its service. On the next Sunday, she went to the house of God with clearer ideas of what might be gained there. She had read much during the preceding fortnight, and received more spiritual knowledge than she had done in the sixteen years of her life which had passed away. In the morning, Dr Lawrence preached a sermon on affliction, to which she listened with much interest. The strong consolation which he addressed to believers under every trial, excited her wonder and astonishment; but nothing could she apply to herself, and at the close of it she felt cast down and discouraged.

The subject from which Dr Lawrence preached in the afternoon, were these striking

words: "And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Harriet gained much instruction from the first part of his discourse, and when the animated preacher went on, and described in a particular manner, some of those to whom the offers of salvation were peculiarly addressed, she felt as if the secrets of her heart were laid open, and every word was intended exclusively for her. She remembered not the hundreds of other sinners around her, whose souls were precious to their spiritual guide. She felt alone in the presence of her God, and listened with joy to the wondrous plan of salvation, now clearly discovered to her soul. And she did then, with her whole heart, accept of Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and gave herself up to be redeemed and governed by him alone. Her mind was in a solemn and composed state, and she joined in the fervent prayer of her pastor, that a blessing might rest upon the holy services of that sacred day, so earnestly, that she

was overcome by the feelings which dictated her supplications.

Harriet, from this period, felt that a solemn transaction had taken place,—that she had, by her own voluntary choice, given herself up to God. She remembered the words of her Saviour, “That he who putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is unfit for the kingdom of heaven.” But she knew that strength was promised from above, to enable the weakest of his people to walk in the narrow path which leadeth to eternal life.

Harriet now commenced a new existence. Hitherto she had lived without God in the world, but from this time she applied herself to the duties of daily private devotion, and all her desire was to have her rebellious heart and thoughts brought into subjection to the will of her Saviour, and by knowing and loving him on earth, to be prepared for that better service, and that clearer knowledge, to which his people are admitted in the world above.

On strict examination, Harriet found little to change in her outward conduct; the restraint of a religious education had happily preserved her from many dangers to which others are exposed. Habits of selfishness and indolence, with the long list of youthful faults that might be added, had been checked on their first appearance by the watchful care of her parents. But she found that the *motives* of her conduct must be completely changed, and she discovered with pain the unworthy motives which had too often influenced her. Now she must simply endeavour to do what was right in the sight of God, and consistent with the dictates of her own conscience, even should it occasion the disapprobation of those she most dearly loved; and she must labour to still in her heart every rising wish for the praise of man. Harriet had many difficulties to contend with in her own mind, yet she felt at times a degree of peace and happiness in drawing near to her God and Saviour, greater than she had ever before experienced. Her pa-

rents remarked that she spent much of her time alone after her brother's death ; but they knew her affectionate disposition,—it was her first loss, and they did not object to her love of solitude, hoping that perhaps other impressions were at work in her mind—that the death of one child might prove the spiritual life of another. They saw her spirits gradually revive, and they thought her more amiable, more attentive to their wishes, and more affectionate than ever ; but no farther satisfaction had they obtained regarding her state of mind.

Harriet could easily carry on her new studies unobserved, from having been allowed to wander about alone in all safe places from an early age. Her only companion in her first solitary rambles, had been a large and favourite dog, which had, in some measure, charge of his young mistress. When she began to wish for a more intellectual companion than her faithful attendant, she had recourse to books ; and all her play hours were spent in the fields. This liberty she

dearly loved ; and at a period when most young people are still insensible to the objects around them, she could point out every picturesque scene, and every spot of rural beauty, that could be seen from her father's property. She had long admired the wonders of creation, while her heart never rose to the contemplation of the source of all. But when the still greater wonders of redemption were unfolded to her soul, she was filled with astonishment and gratitude. She beheld every object in a new light, and gazed on all the beauties of nature with new and higher feelings of admiration and enjoyment. Her Bible became her constant companion, or some good work suited to enable her better to comprehend its holy truths.

The eldest brother of Harriet, George Melville, was one year younger than she was ; a generous, affectionate, clever boy. From the time he went to school, Harriet had no companion in her own family. Susan

was but ten years old, and Mary and little James still younger. Harriet was greatly beloved by them, and was the sharer of all their little joys and sorrows. She was the gentle and affectionate friend to whom they applied on all occasions, and in whom they trusted with implicit confidence.

Though without a companion near her own age at home, Harriet had several young friends to whom she was fondly attached. Her parents had seen great evils result from the system of bringing up children without any companions, which many careful and devoted parents have adopted as the safest plan. They had seen it foster in young people much self-conceit, and many false opinions of their own fancied superiority, which in after life rendered them less amiable and less happy in their intercourse with others. They had endeavoured to obviate these evils by selecting a few good companions for Harriet, thus early teaching her a just opinion of her own attainments, to suit herself to the different tempers around her,

to attend to the comfort of others, and frequently to give up her own wishes in doing so. Of all her young friends, Maria Graham was most dear to her, and as she became older, was her chosen and intimate friend. Maria's father had been the school-fellow and friend of Mr Melville. He died at an early age, leaving his afflicted widow with two infant children. The youngest, a little boy, soon followed his father to a better world, and Maria became the sole object of her mother's existence. Mr Melville proved a faithful friend and comforter in all her sorrows; he was the guardian of her child, and Mrs Graham and Maria spent part of every year at Glenvarlow. Maria was the first person to whom Harriet ventured to communicate the change which had taken place in her mind, regarding the subject of religion. Harriet was naturally of a reserved temper, and she had concealed from every human being the new pursuits, enjoyments, and hopes, which animated her heart.

Maria received the intelligence with feel-

ings of sincere gratitude and delight. She had often tried in vain to fix the mind of her friend on this subject, but Harriet turned from it with coldness and indifference. Harriet wrote to her a short time before she joined them in the country, and gave her a brief account of what had taken place ; the young friends met again with increased pleasure, and still warmer affection.

At this time, Maria was only a few days at Glenvarlow, and Harriet's state of mind still continued unknown to her parents, till a little incident occurred one evening, about eight months after the little boy's death, which betrayed it to her father.

Harriet had naturally a very sweet voice, and a considerable taste for music, which her father had cultivated with much care. In the evening Harriet generally spent some time in singing to him his favourite songs, and the voices of all the family frequently joined in the hymns and sacred music with which the day was often closed.

One evening Harriet went to the music

room at the usual hour: no one was there; her father was engaged with a person on business who had come from a distance, and Harriet sat down at an open window, from which she had a view of the setting sun. After she had watched its last rays, she took a little volume out of her pocket, and began to read. The passage on which she opened was suited to the softened feelings which the beauty and stillness of the evening had excited, and she was soon so deeply engrossed with the subject, that she did not perceive when her father entered the room. He approached and put his hand on her shoulder, saying,

“Have I kept you waiting, my dear?”

Harriet started up, and in much confusion put the book in her pocket. A few tears had escaped, and she appeared greatly disturbed. “Is any thing the matter?” inquired her father.

“No, papa, nothing, I assure you,” replied Harriet.

“Why then those tears?” said her father,

taking her hand, and placing her on the sofa by him.

Harriet spoke not, but still appeared confused.

"Harriet," said her father, in a grave tone of voice, "what book were you reading, and why did you appear so very unwilling that I should see it? I hope you have no concealments from your parents,—your best friends. They repose much confidence in you, I hope you are not unworthy of it."

"O my dear Papa," said Harriet, "I ought to conceal nothing from you," and she put the little volume into his hand, saying, "when you gave me this book, I neither understood nor liked it; now, I hope, I understand it better, at least, I am sure I like it." She then hid her face on his shoulder, and burst into tears.

Mr Melville discovered with astonishment, that it was a very serious little treatise he had given her some time before; he saw it had been frequently perused, and was

marked in various places. He pressed his daughter affectionately to his heart, while he offered a silent prayer to heaven for her. He then gently drew from Harriet a short but distinct account of the change that had taken place in her views, and urged her confidence only till he felt assured that the work was of God ; into the rest of her history he did not intrude.

“ My dear Harriet,” said he, “ you can at present form but a faint idea of the comfort you have now given me. A few years hence, when your knowledge and faith are more enlarged, when you can take deeper views of spiritual things, think of this evening, consider the happiness you have imparted to your father, and you will then better comprehend the nature of it.” Mr Melville conversed with her for some time, gently hinting at the first experience of a young Christian, leading her thoughts to the happy security of those who placed their hope in Jesus,—to the strength that is promised them,—to that *peace* with God which

is the portion of every faithful and believing soul.

Harriet felt calmed and solemnized by the conversation of her father, and saw how much help she might derive from him if she had courage to apply for help in her difficulties. After his coming on the subject of prayer, she said to him in a low voice,

“O! Papa, you have prayed with me when I cared not for it, you will not refuse me now? you know not how often I have wished to ask this favour.”

At this moment Mrs Melville came into the room, saying, “I have heard no music to-night, Edward, and are you still sitting by moonlight?”

Mr Melville had one arm affectionately round his child; he held out the other hand to her mother, saying,

“Come hither, Mary, and you shall hear the sweetest music ever touched your heart.”

Harriet wished to get away; her father detained her for a moment, then embracing

her, whispered, "Well, I shall follow you in a few minutes."

Harriet soon reached her own apartment, there to reflect on what had so unexpectedly taken place. She was, on the whole, relieved, but felt agitated: and one thing surprised her much. Her father did not at first appear satisfied she was in the right path; but after she had answered a few plain, and, as she considered, simple questions, regarding her faith, and the foundation of her hope, he spoke such words of encouragement and comfort to her, as, at the time, elevated her almost above this world, though now she feared to apply them to herself; and she thought it strange her father should appear so satisfied regarding her, while she felt so many doubts arise about the safety of her own state.

Her father joined her in a short time, after imparting the same joy to her affectionate mother, which now gladdened his heart. He again folded her in his arms.

"For what purpose, my dear child," said

he, "are we met here? This little room has, I suspect, been hallowed by many a prayer. O Harriet! bless that God who has early led you to the knowledge of Himself; how many around us think there is no pleasure in drawing near to God." He read a portion of scripture suited to lead her to realize the presence of God with them, and then poured out his soul in prayer for this beloved child. When they rose from this service, her father inquired if he had expressed what she wished.

"O yes! what I wished—all I wished," said she, as she hid her face from his gentle yet penetrating look: "Will you sometimes visit me here, my dear Papa, you do not know how much I require assistance,—may I ask this?"

"Ask any thing—every thing you wish, my dear child," answered he, "but now we are keeping the family waiting, it is the hour of worship."

Her mother kissed and blessed her with considerable emotion when she entered the

room, but said nothing; words were not required. Harriet understood and felt overcome by her gentle kindness.

After this circumstance, Harriet felt more than ever grateful to her parents, for the mild and tender way in which they studied her reserved temper. Nothing was said to her on the subject of religion, unless she herself led to it; or, if alone with her father, he sometimes conversed with her, without making it necessary for her to answer him.

She found great delight in the conversation of her father. She heard the ideas that were floating in a confused and undefined manner in her own thoughts, clothed in distinct and powerful language by him, and she recognized them under this new form with peculiar pleasure. Interested in the subject, she was led on to follow it, without being aware how much of her own mind she was betraying to his knowledge.

Harriet soon became a member of the church, and was admitted to its holy privi-

leges by Dr Lawrence, her esteemed and much beloved pastor. This was a solemn period in her life ; it was also a time of much enjoyment, which she ever remembered with feelings of gratitude and pleasure. Harriet by degrees became less reserved on this sacred subject, and could apply to her mother in the difficulties which presented themselves before her ; and Mrs Melville then explained to her many things she had not before understood.

Harriet had wished, the preceding summer, to commence a little school for some of the children on the estate, who lived at too great a distance to attend the parish-school ; but to her surprise, her mother positively disapproved of her plan, and refused her consent, assuring her, at the same time, that her father would find means to have the children instructed. She now explained to Harriet, that if the children could not otherwise have been taught, she would have consented to her plan, but that not being the case, she did not wish her to attempt

any thing of the kind while she seemed so totally ignorant of true religion.

"If you now wish to undertake the same thing, my dear Harriet," added she, "I shall not only consent, but assist you with pleasure. Had you commenced when you first proposed it, would it not have been a very cold and formal religion you must have conveyed to those little ones, while your own heart felt not its influence."

"O yes! Mamma," replied Harriet, "you were indeed right, and now I feel the responsibility would be so great, I have no wish to attempt it unless it is necessary."

"Your father has long wished us," answered Mrs Melville, "to have a school here under our own care, when my health and home duties could admit of it. I shall now have an able assistant in my dear Harriet."

Her mother also informed her, that in addition to their anxiety regarding her own soul, the influence which she had over all the younger ones, made it very important

to them, that she should early be brought to the knowledge of religion, and choose that better part. Had she continued opposed to strict religion, and eagerly mixed in every gaiety that offered, the younger ones were likely to expect pleasure from what she pursued, and to follow the same course. Now, they at least saw religion her choice, and the source of her happiness; and perhaps the same God would in mercy open their hearts, and number them amongst the lambs of his flock. "O my dear Harriet!" added she, "you have occasioned your father and I many painful and anxious hours. Your judgment, and the powers of your mind, were advanced far beyond your years, on every other subject, but the marked coldness and indifference you shewed to this, too plainly proved that your heart was far from God.

"Your brother's mind appears in a different state. George possesses good talents; his taste for study, and his strict education, early led him to examine the evidences of

the Christian religion,—and so far his principles seem correct and steady. Whether his conduct is guided by them, we cannot be so certain; but all that a father can do for him by prayer, affection, example, and precept, he will possess.”

Harriet turned the conversation to another subject, and avoided again coming upon this. She well knew that George had not adopted the opinions of her parents; and she remembered, with pain and regret, many wise conversations they had together when he was last at home,—their determination, when they attained the years of discretion, to choose the happy medium between a disregard to all religion, and the strictness and extreme peculiarity of their parents. She saw the folly that had then reigned in her mind, and that she had talked of religion while she was in complete ignorance of its nature. Harriet feared the return of her brother, and expected to meet with opposition from him when he found that she had renounced all their former opi-

nions, and now considered wrong many things in which she had formerly indulged, and intended still farther to indulge. The first holidays which occurred after this change in Harriet's mind, she had looked forward to with some anxiety: but George was at home only for two days. The rest of his time had been spent with a friend of his father's, whose son was placed at the same school. These two days passed rapidly away, and there was no opportunity for Harriet's new opinions being discovered.

At the close of other six months, she was more established in the faith,—more able to give her brother a *reason* for the change he perceived, and to answer the inquiries which he naturally made. They differed in opinion on many points, but his affection for Harriet was increased. He saw her steady adherence to what she considered right,—he found her mind daily gaining new powers,—her standard was high,—and he saw with pleasure the fair promise of a superior cast of character in this dear sister.

Maria Graham spent the following summer at Glenvarlow. For a long period Harriet had silently pursued the interesting studies which engaged her thoughts ; but when she again enjoyed the society of her dear friend, she could, without reserve, communicate to her the various feelings which animated or discouraged her. A new source of happiness had been discovered to her since her soul had been led to the knowledge and love of God. Her's was not a divided heart, anxious to retain as much of this world's pleasure as a Christian might dare to indulge in ; she desired to follow the Lord *fully*, and to renounce every thing inconsistent with his holy will. For some time, doubts regarding the true state of her soul frequently disturbed her peace. The change from a natural state to that of acceptance and reconciliation with God, is described in the scriptures as so great, she feared she would be deceiving her own heart in venturing to include herself amongst the number of God's " hidden ones." The

scriptures call that state, "being brought from darkness to light,"—"from death to life,"—"from the dominion of Satan to the liberty of the children of God." Had this mighty change taken place in her soul? This important question gave rise to painful doubts, and led to deep self-examination and fervent prayer. But "as the morning light shineth more and more unto the perfect day," so did the spiritual light advance in her soul, and doubts and difficulties gave place to increasing knowledge and more assured faith. The Sabbath had formerly been an irksome and tedious day to Harriet,—now she welcomed its approach, while she anticipated, with joyful hope, the heavenly peace and light which might be imparted to her soul in the holy services of that day. When public worship was over, she stole away to some lonely and sequestered spot, where she could enjoy such an evening as the poet describes:—

AND HER COUSIN.

55

“ Is there a time when moments flow,
More lovelily than all beside ?

It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

“ Oh ! then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,

The different forms of nature wear,
One universal garb of love.

“ And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

“ Delightful scene ! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear,
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

“ If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

“ Delightful hour ! how soon will night,
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign !

And morrow's quick returning light,
Must call us to the world again.

" Yet there will dawn at last a day,
A sun that never sets shall rise,
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies."

Maria Graham returned home in Autumn, with a promise from Harriet that she should be with her before the important event took place, which was soon to include her amongst the matrons of the land.

The winter passed away, and Harriet was summoned to fulfil her promise in the letter we have already mentioned in our first chapter; and, at the same time, she received the invitation to her grandfather's, which poisoned much of her pleasure in preparing for her journey.

The following post brought another letter from Maria, entreating Harriet to come to her without delay; and her father promised to be ready to accompany her to town in two days.

Harriet never left home, and all the dear friends it contained, without sad and melancholy feelings. Every thing in this world is so uncertain,—so much might happen ere she saw them again. At this time, many different ideas occupied her thoughts; still regret at leaving her own dear home retained the chief place for some time; and the parting words of her mother, as she pressed her to her bosom, “May the blessing of God rest upon you, my beloved child!—remember your own weakness,—but trust in the faithful promise of your Redeemer,”—for some hours made her dread this visit to town, she knew not why. Her father, during their journey, made her better acquainted with part of his early history, and the cause of her grandfather’s displeasure, and warned her of various subjects, which she should avoid alluding to in his presence.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER, as Harriet still thought, a long day's journey, they entered Edinburgh too late in the evening to be sensible of its beauties. They soon reached Mrs Graham's house; and, as the carriage stopped, were cordially received by Mr Maitland, an old friend of Harriet's, and the future husband of Maria Graham.

"You have been anxiously expected," whispered he, as he handed Harriet from the carriage.

She was soon in the arms of her friend, while Mrs Graham received Mr Melville

with almost as much pleasure. After an hour's converse, the friends parted; Maitland to accompany Mr Melville to his lodgings, the girls to rest, as was supposed, but in reality to talk over the events which had taken place since they met, and those immediately in prospect.

The following morning Mr Melville came to take Harriet to her grandfather's. She felt anxious to have her father's protection during her first visits there, and he intended leaving town in two days.

She went with a beating heart to visit this relation, who is in general the most indulgent and least formidable of any. She felt for her father; and, as she looked at him, she thought his colour was a little heightened. She tried to ask some questions regarding the objects she saw as they went along, but his answers were short and indistinct, and they passed on in silence.

When they arrived at Sir George Melville's, they were shewn into a room, where they found the old gentleman still at break-

fast, and reading a newspaper. Julia was presiding at the breakfast table, but also writing a note.

Sir George received his son politely, and with more kindness than usual. Harriet, guided by her affectionate heart, approached to embrace Julia, but was repulsed by a hand very coldly held out to her, and a still colder speech,—“ I hope you have not suffered from your journey.”

Sir George, however, embraced his granddaughter with something of the feeling that might have been expected; then, looking at her with surprise, “ Harriet,” said he, “ I left you a child, I now find you a grown-up lady. How long is it since I saw you.”

“ Three years, I believe,” answered Harriet, smiling.

“ Ah! well,” said he, “ three years have done much for you, you are greatly changed. I hope, Edward,” continued he, as he turned to his son, “ I hope the child is not conceited.”

“ I hope not,” replied her father, as he

looked at Harriet, and discovered to her, by that look, that he was pleased with their reception.

The conversation then turned to the news of the day ; and Sir George begged his son to read a paragraph which he pointed out to him in the newspaper, while he finished breakfast. This led to some conversation on politics, a subject on which the father and son agreed better than on most others.

Harriet tried to speak to her cousin, who appeared cold and stiff. Her manner amounted almost to rudeness, and Harriet found it in vain to attempt conversing with her. On rising to answer a question of her grandfather's, she changed her seat, and came near her father. About the same time a young man was announced, apparently an intimate in the family, who placed himself beside Julia. The gentlemen continued the conversation with each other, the young man holding rather an animated part. Harriet was occupied in examining her grandfather. He was greatly altered since she had seen him ;

he appeared in delicate health, and looked much older ; he also appeared gentle, and was very different from what she expected. While the young man continued talking to Mr Melville, she observed her grandfather looking at her for a little ; then, turning to Julia, she heard him say, " The likeness is much increased," and he sighed deeply.

Julia looked displeased, and made no answer.

Mr Melville soon rose to take leave. Sir George inquired how long he remained in town, and invited him to return and dine with them that day. This was done with more stiffness and apparent effort, than had yet appeared. He turned also to Harriet, and asked her to accompany him.

" I am sorry I am engaged this evening," replied Harriet.

Mr Melville inquired the dinner hour, saying he was afraid business would oblige him to leave them earlier than he would wish.

" Five o'clock is the dinner hour, Ed-

ward," said Sir George ; " don't expect to find any new fashions here." And he seemed rather dissatisfied with this question.

" Then," said Harriet, modestly, " if you will allow me to return with Papa, it is only in the evening I am engaged."

" I shall rejoice to see you," said the old gentleman, taking her kindly by the hand ; " and let me tell you, Harriet, that is the first thing you have said, that betrays your being a country girl ; don't lose either your pretty roses, or your natural ways, in this affected town. But when are you coming to pay me a longer visit ? I hear a wedding has brought you to Edinburgh ; don't let that turn your head, child, you are too young to think of such matters. When do you come to us ?"

" In about a fortnight," replied Harriet, as she unconsciously turned her eyes upon Julia, who was carelessly looking out of the window, and as yet had taken little notice of her uncle and cousin.

" Well," said her grandfather, again shak-

ing hands with Harriet, "Come with Edward to-day, and we shall get better acquainted." Julia reddened, and now bade them adieu a little more politely.

When Mr Melville and Harriet returned to dinner, they found a few friends of the family assembled; amongst others, Sir Charles and Lady Ormond, with two daughters; Captain Stanhope, the gentleman who had called in the morning, and who seemed quite domesticated in the family; an older gentleman, named Campbell, lately returned from India, an intelligent and agreeable man, with whom Mr Melville had a long conversation during dinner, regarding Indian matters. Julia now appeared more attentive than Harriet expected; she was polite, though very stiff and cold in her manner. Sir George was very silent; he frequently looked at his son, then at Harriet. He sometimes looked at the latter so earnestly, that she felt confused by it, and blushed deeply. Yet, as she saw more of her grandfather, she became less afraid of

him, and felt that he excited a degree of interest she had not expected.

Mr Melville was mild and attentive to his father, but did not attempt to converse with him. Sir George looked more cold and formal than he had done in the morning, and seldom addressed his son, but was too polite to be inattentive to any one in his own house.

As Harriet retired with the ladies from dinner, her father whispered, that he would come to her very soon. When they were seated in the drawing-room, Lady Ormond entreated her dear Julia to favour them with one of her lovely songs. Julia declined, and repeated a similar invitation to Miss Ormond, a tall, handsome, affected girl. This request was immediately complied with; and, once seated with a beautiful harp in her arms, she appeared to have no intention of yielding her place, till the sweet strains of her powerful voice had attracted the gentlemen to the drawing-room, and increased the number of her admiring audience.

Harriet had conversed a little with another Miss Ormond, a sweet-looking girl, neither handsome nor affected, and liked her appearance better than that of any of the rest of the gay party.

Harriet felt she was an object of *scrutiny* to the females present; why, she was not quite certain; and this younger Miss Ormond had parried a rude speech of Julia's, addressed to Harriet, and saved her the painful necessity of answering it. She felt grateful for this instance of good nature from a stranger, and was endeavouring to converse with her, when her father came and relieved her from this party, and conveyed her to one of a very different description, at Mrs Graham's.

The following day, Mr Melville and Harriet again called on Sir George. He was not at home, but Julia now received them politely, and as one who saw she must submit to an evil she could not avoid, and had determined to make the best of. She invited Harriet to accompany her to visit a

mutual relation, to whom Sir George had desired her to carry a letter on business, which he had left with her for that purpose. Harriet consented, and Mr Melville conducted them part of the way; when he left them, the following conversation took place between the two girls.

Julia. "And pray when does this marriage take place, which has induced you to forsake the woods of Glenvarlow at this season, to favour the city by your presence?"

Harriet named the time.

Julia. "Your friend has not selected a handsome lover at least."

Harriet. "Are you acquainted with Mr Maitland?"

Julia. "O! not I, but he was pointed out to me the other day."

Harriet. "And did his appearance not please you? he is in general considered handsome, but that is all taste."

As this moment, Maitland passed; he bowed to Harriet, but did not stop. She

saw her cousin had observed him, but said nothing.

Julia. "And where go the youthful pair after the knot is tied? what favoured spot is to be associated in their minds with the honey-moon?"

Harriet. "That important point seems not quite decided yet."

Julia. "Pray how did you like the Ormonds yesterday? don't you think Miss Ormond a striking beauty?"

Harriet. "She is certainly very handsome. May I ask if they are great friends of yours, and what kind of person is Sir Charles? he does not appear very bright."

Julia. "O they are intimate friends of mine. Sir Charles is a good-natured man, who lets his wife and daughter do what they please, if they don't interfere with him or don't spend too much money. Miss Ormond came out this winter, and Sophia is to be introduced next year; what do you think of Lady Ormond?"

Harriet. "Don't make me answer so

many questions, when I have seen your friends only once, and you have just told me they are *intimate* friends."

Julia looked at Harriet, and smiled; it was the first cordial look she had bestowed upon her, and Harriet hoped it would be the harbinger of others.

She did not mind her cousin's manner at present; her thoughts were occupied with other and interesting matters, and it was easy to bear with her for an hour or two; but the promised fortnight at her grandfather's was still before her, and the idea of it did not become less unpleasant as the time drew near.

When they returned from having paid their visit, they again met young Maitland. He now stopped, spoke to Harriet for a few moments, took a letter from his pocket and gave it her, saying, "I think you will be pleased with this answer to your wishes; the child is to be received next month;" then bowed, and bid her "good morning."

"And pray," said Julia, "who is this

genteel pleasant-looking acquaintance of yours, who has twice found means to meet you in our short walk?"

"I thought you knew him," replied Harriet smiling, "that is Mr Maitland."

"That Mr Maitland!" exclaimed Julia with surprise, "that is not the person who was pointed out to me, that surely is not a Methodist?" added she.

"And why not?" inquired Harriet laughing.

"Why," said Julia, "he does not appear like one, he wears the manners of the world, and looks uncommonly pleasant."

"He is nevertheless what you call a Methodist," replied Harriet, "and a strict one too. But who told you about him and made this mistake?"

"It was Lady Ormond," said Julia, looking confused.

"Lady Ormond!" repeated Harriet with surprise, "what in the world does she know about Maitland, and what interest can she possibly take in him?"

"Oh! she heard you were coming to town," replied Julia, "and she asked me some questions about you, which led her to tell various strange stories of those she called Methodists, the truth of which I begin to question, as I certainly do not find *you* quite what I was led to expect."

"And what did you expect?" inquired Harriet, with some curiosity. But her cousin changed the subject of conversation, and during the rest of their walk was extremely pleasant.

When they parted, she thanked Harriet for having accompanied her; and evidently wished to atone for her former rudeness.

Harriet felt pleased with this change in her manner, though uncertain how long it might last, and still she looked forward with anxiety to this visit at her grandfather's.

Mr Melville returned to Glenvarlow the following day, after again calling on his father. Sir George was still formal, polite, and cold. Nothing passed to afford Mr Melville any pleasure; and on parting with

Harriet, he desired her to let him know if she was unhappy at her grandfather's, and if so, he would bring her home immediately. The fortnight passed rapidly away which Harriet spent with her dear friends. The short, but solemn ceremony, which placed Maria Graham in a new situation for the remaining years of her life, was soon over; and an hour after, Harriet found herself alone with Mrs Graham, whose spirits were likely to fail, after the exertion she had made during the morning to appear composed.

Harriet passed a day of unceasing effort. Mrs Graham was absent and thoughtful, and for once in her life inattentive to her guests, a few friends of the young couple who had been present at the marriage, and returned to dine with her. Every thing devolved on Harriet to make the evening pass agreeably, and she succeeded to the satisfaction of every one but herself.

Mrs Graham left Edinburgh the following day to pay a visit to a friend in the country; and Harriet, with a heavy heart, had at last

to prepare for going to her grandfather's; but to the great annoyance of old James, she took longer to get ready for her removal to the next street, than if she had been preparing for her journey to Glenvarlow. Still something was forgot, some note which ought to have been written the day before.

"Now, Miss Harriet," said old James, "I have one thing to beg of you; you know I have mostly lived here ever since we came to the town, but will you not keep me long at your grandfather's? I would rather come back twenty times a day, than stay there when you don't want me."

Harriet promised faithfully to remember this request, and told him he need not come with her if he would return before dinner to carry some letters to the post-office.

Still Harriet lingered at Mrs Graham's. It required all her courage to encounter this visit at her grandfather's. Again and again she implored the protection of her Saviour, and strength to obey his will. Earnestly she prayed that her present intercourse with

the world might never lead astray that heart which she had so often devoted to God alone.

A *third* time old James appeared, to inquire if she was ready, evidently considering it quite unsafe to leave her at Mrs Graham's, and that it was part of his duty to see her in her new residence. Harriet had no further excuse for delay, and with much reluctance she departed with her faithful attendant.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Harriet arrived at her grandfather's, she found the carriage at the door waiting to take him out an airing. He was impatiently waiting for Julia, who had not come in at the hour he appointed. He was out of humour when Harriet went in.

"How are you to-day," said he, "I hope, Harriet, you know what it is to keep an appointment, and not have an old man waiting upon his grandchild." Harriet inquired if she could send for Julia, or be of use in any way.

"Why, yes," said he, "if you can come with me, I shall wait no longer; but I am now too old to go out alone."

They accordingly set out, and drove a little way into the country. It was the first time Harriet had been alone with her grandfather, and she felt it rather formidable; but the old gentleman was soon in very good humour, seemed pleased with his new companion, and Harriet found it more easy to converse with him than she expected. When they returned, Julia received Harriet more kindly than she had hitherto done; thanked her for having taken her place, and said she had been detained much later than she intended. "Papa is so irregular in his hours," added she, "it is very inconvenient to me; if he would keep to any one hour, I could be ready, but I cannot stay at home the whole day; as it is, I cannot return half the visits paid me."

Harriet. "While I am here, perhaps my grandfather will allow me to accompany him: does he go out every day?"

Julia. "Yes, every day, unless the weather is very bad."

Harriet. "Do you include Sunday?"

Julia. (Looking up.) "O yes, always on Sunday, unless it is a storm."

Harriet. "Then I shall be happy to go with grand-papa every day but Sunday; you must never trust to me on that day; I hope then to be at church."

Julia. "Do you go to church every Sunday?"

Harriet. "Yes, every Sunday, unless something unavoidable happens to prevent me. Do you go to church, Julia?"

Julia. "Yes, occasionally."

Harriet. "Does grand-papa ever go to church?"

Julia. "Never since I knew him, and you had better not propose such a thing; he detests all Methodist ways. But here is an invitation I forgot to give you," and she handed Harriet an invitation from Lady Ormond for the following day; then added, "Papa seldom goes out to dinner, but he has promised to go with us to-morrow, and

I hope you will not refuse, unless it is against your principles."

Harriet. (Smiling.) "Not against my principles, but rather against my inclination; however, I shall certainly not refuse. Shall I answer this pretty little card, or do you mean to write?"

Julia. "You had better answer it yourself, they will like to see a new hand, it will give them something to talk about."

Julia said this in a contemptuous voice; Harriet looked at her with surprise, and she blushed deeply.

Harriet. "Did you not tell me these people were great friends of yours?"

Julia. "And you paid me the compliment of believing I could love such a goose as that affected Miss Ormond, who does not possess one idea above the accomplishments to which her life has been devoted."

Harriet. (Laughing.) "I have seen them only once. Has the sister obtained any more of your regard? I like her appearance better than that of the beauty."

Julia. “Sophia is a good girl, and has more sense, but she is a dreadful *proser*, and I don’t like her much; but adieu to the whole family for the present, they are rather a sore subject to me.”

Harriet. (Looking kindly at her.) “And why so, my dear Julia?”

Julia. (Turning away her face.) “O! why, because my penetration, which I considered great, was rather taken in by Lady Ormond this winter. But what now am I about, talking in this way to one whom I met with the deepest prejudice against, and to whom I never meant to speak a kind word in my life?”

“Banish that cruel intention,” said Harriet, as she gently took her hand.

“Harriet,” said her cousin, fixing her eyes upon her, and in a grave voice, while she held her hand, “I hope you are as *sincere* as your countenance appears, and as I am disposed to believe. If I am deceived,—but forgive me, and adieu; we must dress

for dinner." She pressed Harriet's hand for a moment, then quickly left the room.

Harriet was greatly astonished by her cousin's words, and still more by her manner. Her habitual coldness had for a moment given place to so much warmth and apparent interest, that Harriet saw she was by no means the frigid and indifferent character which she often appeared. She remained in the spot where her cousin left her, vainly endeavouring to discover what she could possibly mean, and forgetting the lateness of the hour, till old James came to inquire for the letters he was to take charge of. They were still unfinished, and, as far as Harriet saw, it would be a difficult matter to procure a moment undisturbed at her grandfather's.

James, to his great joy, was dismissed till the following day; and scarcely had Harriet completed her toilet, when Julia came to ask if she had written her answer to Lady Ormond. That likewise was not accomplished.

"It is your own fault, Julia," said she ;
"I was so deeply engaged trying to comprehend your last strange words, I forgot the hour, till old James disturbed my reverie."

"Old James !" said Julia, in a tone of great surprise ; "Who is old James ? is he still with you ?"

"There, again," replied Harriet, laughing, "is another strange speech, and you look astonished, my dear Julia, may I add, bewildered. I see you remember *who* old James is,—to that I need not reply ; but why are you surprised at his being still with us ? James was in the family before I was born, I don't think I should know Glenvarlow without him ; but you still look puzzled."

"Harriet," said her cousin, "was old James once a servant of my grandfather's ?"

"Yes," answered Harriet, "I think he was, I am not certain ; I shall ask him."

"O no !" said Julia, interrupting her, "wait,—ask nothing, wait, I intreat."

At this moment Julia was summoned to

the drawing-room, two ladies having arrived who were expected to dinner. "Write your note quickly," said she, "and come down. But," added she, turning back, "be sure you write it well."

Harriet was more and more surprised at what had passed, and what mystery good old James could be concerned in. She was aware, that after the two first visits she had paid at her grandfather's, Julia had watched her with much apparent curiosity, and every time they met her manner became different. The formal coldness so repulsive to Harriet entirely vanished; she became kind and almost frank, and appeared to like her society, though at times she treated her with great contempt. Harriet now felt convinced she had not acted from mere caprice, but from some false idea. She was anxious to discover the truth, and determined to question her cousin the first opportunity she could procure.

The following day Harriet again went out with her grandfather. She found it easy to

amuse him, and he became every hour more gentle and affectionate to her. Yet she felt surprised that he never made one inquiry regarding her mother, or the younger ones. George he sometimes mentioned; and, on one occasion, said he was a fine promising fellow, if he did not adopt his father's foolish opinions, and reject the good this world offered him. They went out early, and Harriet hoped on her return to have an opportunity of speaking to her cousin. But no,—Julia did not come in till very late, and then apparently not in good humour.

Sir George, provoked by her lateness, went to Lady Ormond's alone, leaving the girls to follow him.

The party was large, and, to Harriet, far from pleasant. Most of the people were acquainted with each other, and Harriet a stranger to all of them.

Lady Ormond was very polite, and at different times conversed with her. On one of these occasions, the subject of music happened to be introduced. At the close of a

speech, Lady Ormond added, "What a pity it is you have never been taught music, Miss Melville; your fine tall figure would have suited the harp so well, and it is such a lovely instrument."

Before Harriet had time to reply, Lady Ormond had devoted her attention and her smiles to some one else. Harriet was a little surprised by her remark, and now remembered for the first time, that, since she had been at her grandfather's, she never had been asked to play; and now she discovered that it was supposed Methodists thought music a sinful indulgence. She had collected her ideas, when Lady Ormond again turned to her, saying, "Do you admire the harp, Miss Melville?"

"Yes; so much," answered Harriet, "that I had a master for it, when we were last in Edinburgh."

"Do you play, then?" asked Lady Ormond, in a voice of great surprise; "I thought all those of your very peculiar ideas of religion, considered such things wrong."

"O no," said Harriet, laughing, "some of them cultivate music with great pleasure."

"Indeed!" replied Lady Ormond, in a half-contemptuous voice, and again turned to another person.

Harriet was left to muse over the mistaken opinions people ignorantly form of Christians, or to converse with Sophia Ormond, who had followed her as a shadow the whole day, and who frequently recalled Julia's very just description of her to Harriet's recollection.

On their return home in the evening, the first words Sir George spoke, when he entered the drawing-room, in a displeased tone, were to Julia.

"Pray, Julia, why did you come into the room at Lady Ormond's to-day before your cousin? Don't you know that Harriet ought to walk before you?"

"O Sir," said Harriet, "I was obliged to Julia for doing so; I was a stranger there."

"One reason," replied Sir George, "why she ought not to have done so."

"Harriet cares not for these earthly honours," said Julia, in a voice of great contempt.

"No," answered Sir George, still more displeased, "Harriet is evidently above minding such a trifling matter, but remember I do; I know the world we live in. Let this never happen again; but recollect, that while Harriet lives with me you are not even Miss Melville, only Miss Julia. Harriet is the eldest child of my eldest son, and here she shall have her place as such."

Julia reddened, and appeared extremely displeased, but made no reply. Harriet felt very uneasy, and at a loss what to do, or how to break the silence that ensued. But Sir George immediately turned to her, saying, in a softened voice, "I overheard part of your conversation with Lady Ormond, Harriet; are you really acquainted with music?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Harriet, thankful

to have any new subject introduced, " Papa is very fond of music."

" Edward used to be so," replied his father, " but he is so changed now. It is not fair to you, my child, at this moment to ask you to play; but if you will let me hear one Scotch song, you will gratify an old man." He took her kindly by the hand, as she instantly got up, while he added, " I see, Harriet, you are accustomed to oblige people."

Harriet, young and modest, felt this a severe trial to her lively feelings. Whether she ought to sing or not, was likewise a doubt which passed through her mind. She had not been asked; but, thought she, people suppose Christians teach their children nothing. This idea decided her in a moment, and, covered with blushes, she played and sung the favourite song which her grandfather requested.

The old gentleman listened with delighted astonishment to the lovely voice of his grandchild, and was again forcibly struck

by her pleasing resemblance to the human being he had most dearly loved.

When Harriet stopped, he quickly named another song. She thought he appeared agitated, and he turned from her when she looked up. When she finished the song, she rose instantly, and put away the harp, saying gaily, "Won't that be enough to-night, grand-papa?"

"Yes, my dear child," said he, holding out his hand to her, "it is enough. You are unconscious how much your voice, your countenance, recalls to me of past days,—thoughts that will not tend to promote sleep," added he, putting his hand to his forehead.

"I hope"—said Harriet, hesitating.

"You have done me no harm, my dear child," said he, "but now good-night,—it is late." He pressed her affectionately to his heart, and then left the room evidently struggling to conceal the emotion which he could not overcome.

Julia was seated at the other end of the

room, and now apparently not in bad humour. The music seemed to have had a softening effect also upon her, and she had frequently looked at Harriet with surprise, while she listened to her.

"I fear," said Harriet, "I ought not—but could I refuse to play?"

"O no!" said Julia, "do not be uneasy; Papa won't be the worse of it. It is your striking resemblance to my grandmother that has overcome him. He has frequently mentioned it. You know his devoted attachment to her, and how he suffered when he lost her. They were every thing to each other. Perhaps you must not sing when he is present unless he asks it, which I have no doubt he will."

"No, certainly, never!" replied Harriet.

She now hoped to bring Julia to some explanation of the words which so much excited her curiosity; but Julia immediately retired for the night, and Harriet feared to introduce the subject, or detain her. Harriet again accompanied her grandfather du-

ring his daily airing. The old man seemed at a loss how to be kind enough to her. She was now quite at her ease with him, and her gentle playfulness seemed to revive his spirits. She was shocked with Julia's inattention to his comfort and amusement. This, her first duty, Harriet saw she totally neglected; and she endeavoured, as far as possible, to be a companion to him in the absence of his daughter.

The following day was Sunday, and Harriet feared she might not be able to spend it as she thought right, without exciting some ridicule; and she tried to prepare herself to bear it patiently.

On the subject of religion, her cousin treated her with great scorn. She spoke of all religion with the greatest contempt, and frequently repeated strange and untrue stories of those she named Methodists. This evening, however, Harriet reminded her she must not trust to her going out with her grandfather next day, as she intended to be at church.

Julia answered that she always went out on Sunday herself, even when her aunt was at home ; it helped to pass part of that *dull* day.

“ So you acknowledge you think it *dull*,” said Harriet ; “ that I did not expect.”

“ You will only get truth from me,” replied her cousin ; “ and I believe, Harriet, it is a dull day to every one, even to you good people.”

“ There you are mistaken, then,” said Harriet gently ; “ it is often the happiest day of their lives.”

“ Don’t speak to me of religion,” said Julia impatiently ; “ I always love you ; but when any thing leads to that subject”——

“ Ah ! well !” replied Harriet, “ and I cannot promise to avoid that subject with any one I love. But, Julia, you have never yet explained to me what you meant.”

“ And I cannot now,” said Julia, interrupting her ; “ you hear Papa calls me, and I must leave you.”

The following morning Harriet breakfast-

ed alone. She found every one was later than usual on this day at her grandfather's. She went *alone* to church, her mind filled with painful thoughts. Her grandfather's advanced age, his indifference to all religion, her cousin's avowed hatred to the subject, oppressed her heart. She could only pray for them, and earnestly implore, that, weak and helpless as she was, she might be enabled to honour and not to injure the cause of religion while she remained with them.

When Harriet joined the family at dinner, she found two old gentlemen in addition, who frequently came on Sunday, but no one else. When they left the dining-room, Julia inquired if she was going a third time to church; and on finding Harriet was not,

"Why, then," said she, "do you now consider your Sunday over?"

"No," replied Harriet; "would you think another day over at six o'clock?"

"What do you mean to do now, then?" inquired Julia.

Harriet. "What do you wish me to do?"

Julia. "Answer my question first, and as if I was not in existence."

Harriet. "Am I to answer it truly, or just tell you that I may perhaps read till I suppose you are ready for tea?"

Julia. (Looking up). "Answer me truly."

Harriet. "Well, then, dear Julia, I have been at church, and I have heard two very good sermons. One of them I particularly liked, part of which I wish to write out while I remember, as some of the ideas contained in it were new, and very pleasing to me. When I go to my room, this is the first thing I wish to do."

"And then"—said Julia.

"And then," repeated Harriet, "I shall endeavour to *pray*,—and perhaps for *one* I love,—one who turns away from all religion, and knows not what she thus rejects,—one who has frequently been present to my thoughts of late when so engaged. O Julia!" added she, (affectionately taking her hand), "if I could persuade you to inquire

into this subject, to think of your immortal soul, of that eternity which awaits us both !”

“ Harriet,” said her cousin, looking earnestly at her, “ religion does not make you gloomy. I should remark you any where as being uncommonly cheerful.”

“ Religion will never make any one melancholy,” said Harriet, “ but the want of it may.”

While she said the last words, she fixed her eyes on Julia.

“ I am not melancholy,” said Julia in reply to her inquiring look.

“ Not when in company, perhaps,” returned Harriet, “ but are you never so when alone, or on Sunday, that “ dull day ?” ”

“ I did not agree to be questioned,” said Julia, smiling, “ it was you who were saying your Catechism ; but I am detaining you from your own employments.”

“ O ! how gladly would I remain with you,” said Harriet, “ if I had the faintest hope that I could be of any use, if I could

only remove *one* prejudice from your mind."

"That you have already done," said Julia; "but, Harriet," added she, "how animated you always get, whenever you speak on this subject. Did it always afford you the same pleasure? You were brought up to it."

"But turned from it," said Harriet, "and long rejected it, as you now do."

"What do you mean?" inquired Julia, again looking earnestly at her.

"Simply what I say," replied Harriet.

At this moment, the door was thrown open, and Miss Ormond was announced.

"How provoking," said Julia, aside, "these people haunt and torment me."

As Miss Ormond fluttered in at one door, Harriet made her exit at another, not choosing to spend any part of Sunday in listening to the silly tattle of this pretty girl. She felt much disappointed at her present interruption,—for the *first* time, Julia seemed disposed to listen to her on this sub-

ject so near her heart ; she had even appeared *interested*, and this girl was come to banish every serious thought that might have been excited, by her foolish and most trifling conversation.

Harriet, however, was not entirely right, *she* could not read the heart of her cousin.

When Harriet returned to the drawing-room, she found Miss Ormond still there, and the gentlemen now come up stairs.

Had it not been a Sunday evening, Harriet would have been amused with the conversation between Miss Ormond and an old gentleman, the remains of an old beau, who paid every possible attention, and addressed the most insinuating speeches to the pretty girl, who, in return, appeared to receive all with much complacency. The ridicule of the scene struck the lively mind of Harriet ; but on this sacred day, she felt it almost dangerous to be with those who so boldly disregarded the command of God, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy," as all in her grandfather's house ap-

peared to do, and she determined to leave the room the moment tea was over. She accordingly did so; and when she returned late in the evening, she found Julia alone, deep in thought; her grandfather had retired early, and made no remark on Harriet's being absent.

"Does Miss Ormond come often on Sunday?" inquired Harriet.

"Yes," answered Julia, "I cannot tell the time or hour in which I am secure against her visits."

"And what was the purport of this one?" asked Harriet; "she seemed full of something very important."

"O yes!" replied Julia, "not tired of all the balls at which they have appeared this winter, lady Ormond is to have a grand affair next week; the *last*, and intended to be the gayest of the season. And there is a card for you, Harriet, will you go?" added she, smiling, as she looked in Harriet's face.

"No, certainly," said Harriet, "but did

she bring an invitation to a ball on Sunday, and do you, Julia, think that consistent with this day?"

"My aunt would consider it very wrong," replied Julia, "I cannot say I do. If people are only thinking of such things, writing a note about them is much the same. But," continued she, changing the subject, "did you ever see any thing like Miss Ormond and that poor withered old beau. I believe the girl would flirt with any thing that wore a coat."

Harriet could not recall her cousin to any serious subject at this time, and another week passed at her grandfather's without her having an opportunity of asking Julia to explain what she hinted regarding old James. Whenever she approached the subject in the most remote way, Julia instantly turned to something else. At last, on one occasion, when she had made another vain attempt, Harriet smiled, and said to her, "You in general give me truth, and

say you do so ; why, in this instance, do you act so differently ?”

“ My dear Harriet,” replied her cousin, looking very grave, “ only be patient, and I promise to explain all ; for once in my life I do not act from mere inclination.”

During this period, the two cousins had much conversation with each other on various subjects. Julia appeared most anxious to discover Harriet’s opinions, and if they happened to coincide with her own, on any little matters of taste or feeling,—if they had derived pleasure from the same books,—if they admired the same poetry, &c. Julia would look up, with a glow of delight shed over her whole countenance, that often filled her cousin with surprise. Harriet saw she was often restless and unhappy, and that her mind was not satisfied with the life she now led. She discovered many attaching qualities in her cousin, but also many great faults, and much self-will. To submit in the merest trifle to the wishes of her grandfather, the only parent she had ever

known, and who tenderly loved her, if not quite agreeable to herself, seemed so very difficult, that she rarely yielded ; and since Harriet had gone out with him, except on Sunday, she had not once offered to accompany him. Harriet supposed such instances of selfish inattention frequently occurred, as her grandfather expressed no surprise, and had often praised Harriet for never keeping him waiting, and wished she could teach Julia to be as good a child.

“ But do not make her a Methodist,” was, in general, the conclusion of his speech.

Harriet's extreme gentleness, her playful and engaging manners, had won upon the old gentleman's heart more than he was aware of. Every evening, if they happened to be an hour alone, he made her bring the harp near him, and seated in his large arm chair, with his face almost concealed by the cushions, he appeared to have great enjoyment in listening to her ; and Harriet felt happy that she could in any way afford him amusement. She remarked that he never asked her to

play if any one was present, and she always found it possible to avoid doing so.

One evening Julia had gone to a party, and Harriet was left alone with her grandfather. He seemed more unwilling to converse with her than usual, and after she had twice informed him his coffee was ready, he still continued walking up and down the room with a slow and measured pace, with his stick in one hand, but not using it. Harriet, since she became more at her ease with him, frequently stole away his stick, and offered her arm in its place, and accompanied him in his walk. She was always received on these occasions with great kindness, and he would sometimes say, "Edward will have one good sick-nurse at least, when he gets old and dependent as I am." But this evening Harriet had not courage to go to her grandfather. There was something unusual in his appearance, and she feared some event had happened to distress and to agitate him. Again she ventured to ask if he would now take some coffee.

"Harriet," said he, looking to her for a moment, then turning away, "what servant have you in town? Was it the ghost of old James, or was it old James I saw here to-day?"

"It was old James," replied Harriet trembling; she dreaded the mystery which appeared in some way connected with the old man, and much as she wished to ask him his history, Julia had so earnestly begged her to delay, that as yet she had made no inquiry. Her grandfather still continued to walk up and down with his eyes fixed on the ground; at last he stopped, and said to her in a solemn voice, and without looking up,

"Harriet, you are no longer a child, nor do I mean to treat you as a child; answer me a few questions distinctly, and do not *rashly* repeat what I say. Has old James always been at Glenvarlow?"

"Always since I remember," answered Harriet; "he has twice been absent a few

days to visit his friends, but never at any other time."

"Has he never been in the service of any other person but your father since you remember?"

"O! no, never at any time," replied Harriet.

"Do you know the history of old James?" inquired Sir George.

"Not all his history," said Harriet, "his wife died some years since."

"I do not mean his own history," said her grandfather, interrupting her impatiently, "do you know how he first became a servant in my family?"

"I do not," replied Harriet.

"Well, then, I shall tell you," said her grandfather, as he continued walking about, his eyes still cast down. "Old James," said he, in a voice of great agitation, "old James was once in some measure the means of saving my life." He paused for a little, then continued in a calmer tone of voice. "On inquiring about him some time after, I found

he was not happy in the situation where he was, but that he had never been induced to mention the very painful circumstance to which I allude. I then took him to be my own servant. He had been with me seven years when your father chose to marry. James had formed a strong attachment to Edward soon after he came into the family, and talked some nonsense of his having saved his soul; and he often said, that whenever Edward had a house of his own, he would be his servant. I considered this as mere talk, and paid no attention to it. But the morning Edward left my house to be married,—and I must do him the justice to say, that in this he had no blame, he was ignorant of it, old James came to me, and said he had been as comfortable in my service as his master could make him, and he would never forget my kindness, but that he wished to follow Mr Edward; that to him he owed what he never could repay, and if I did not object, he would ask him to permit his going to Glenvarlow."

"Harriet," continued he, "I did not expect this. I had never felt for James but as a friend, and I thought—but to come to more recent matters. I was lately informed that James had left your father, and entered into the service of another master; are you *sure* there could be no foundation for this story?"

"Quite sure," replied Harriet.

"Then here also I have been deceived," said Sir George, "and I have been unjust to Edward. We live in a strange world; how can people find pleasure in imposing upon an old man, and depriving him of the pleasure he might perhaps enjoy from his own children. Now Harriet, my love," added he, apparently relieved by the conversation that had passed, and coming to his arm-chair, "give me some coffee, and think no more of my inquiries."

Harriet tried to speak on some other subject; he answered her, but then, looking at her, he smiled and said,

"Harriet, you are a young thing yet, you

must learn not to obey one in every thing they ask ; sometimes they do not wish it. Tell me, how does Edward spend his time at Glenvarlow ?”

Harriet blushed deeply, and began modestly to answer his question, at first only in a general way ; but Sir George put so many different inquiries to her, that very soon her heart alone spoke on a theme so interesting to her. All former prudence was forgot ; and as she at last described the warm attachment of the tenants to their master, and the many proofs of it which had come under her own observation, she observed the old gentleman hastily wipe away a tear that had almost escaped. The unknown something which had hitherto restrained her grandfather was now over ; he inquired with the deepest interest about every one of the family, each by name, and made Harriet describe the youngest boy minutely to him.

In this manner the evening was spent. Sir George appeared sad, but not unhappy. He had never seen Harriet so animated be-

fore, and he watched her expressive countenance with melancholy pleasure. At length he said to her, in a low and suppressed voice, "Do you know any thing of your grandmother, Harriet? does Edward ever speak of her?"

"O yes, frequently," replied Harriet; "he adores her memory, we all know what we lost in her."

Sir George was affected by her answer, and put his hand over his eyes for a moment; then taking a picture from his bosom, he gave it to Harriet, saying, "There is a true likeness of one who was all my happiness while Heaven spared her to me, but she was too good for this world. While she lived, none of my children were alienated from me, none were strangers in their father's house; but, alas! now,—my dear child," added he, "it is not merely in countenance, but in disposition also, that I find you resemble my beloved Mary."

Harriet kissed affectionately the hand which he held out for the picture, saying,

"She fervently wished she might resemble her."

Sir George seemed to fear losing the precious miniature for one moment, and Harriet dared not ask to see it again, though she had not time to examine the sweet and lovely countenance. "Papa has a picture," said she, "but it is not a good one, and for that reason he will not even shew it us; he says it does not convey a just idea."

"I know it," replied her grandfather, "Edward is right, and that is like himself."

It was now late, Sir George looked pale, and appeared much exhausted, but Harriet thought he seemed relieved and happy, and while she gave him the support of her arm to his room, he expressed much fond affection for her, and such unqualified approbation of her conduct since she came to him, that she could not restrain her tears.

What had passed this evening, conveyed to Harriet the most delightful hope, that ere long her grandfather would be quite reconciled to her dear, dear father. If he could

only be persuaded to visit Glenvarlow, then she thought all would be well ; but no one could really know her father, unless they saw him at home surrounded by his happy children and family. How earnestly did she pour forth the desires of her heart to " Him who has all power in heaven and in earth." How fervently did she implore that she might be enabled to act right in her present situation, that wisdom might be imparted to her, and that, sinful as she was, nothing might be seen in her conduct inconsistent with her profession.

The following day, Julia told her that her grandfather had informed her of their conversation the preceding evening.

" I rejoice it has at last taken place," said she ; " I saw, on reflection, it was better for me not to tell him old James was here, Papa does not like to be interfered with ; every one has his own peculiarities, and I knew he must very soon discover the truth for himself. We were informed that your father had treated him so harshly, and was so bad

a master, James could remain no longer with him."

"Papa never was harsh to any one," said Harriet in a reproachful tone.

"We were likewise told," continued Julia, that he did not give his children a suitable education; knowing you, dear Harriet, has proved the reverse of this. I have often been amused how Papa has tried to discover your different accomplishments, while you modestly endeavoured to conceal them. Papa now says, with emphasis, Edward's daughter is the best educated girl I have seen,—in this they have been unjust."

"And who, my dear Julia," inquired Harriet, "has been so cruel as to misrepresent Papa in such a way, and deprive him of his father's regard?"

"It was—" said Julia, and then paused; "but why may I not tell you? it was his brother, my unfortunate uncle, and you know his own fate now,—obliged to flee from his country, and married to a person whom his family can never receive as a relation."

"But what motive," said Harriet, "could induce him to act thus to my father?"

"The hope," returned Julia, "that he might influence my grandfather to alter his will, which, you know, when most displeased with your father, he declared he never would,—that the representative of the family ought always to possess the family property,—that he considered any thing else unjust."

"My grandfather seemed greatly agitated when he mentioned old James," observed Harriet.

"He is always so," replied Julia, "and only once in my life have I heard him allude to the circumstance of his first acquaintance with him, and my aunt knows no more. She says Papa was greatly hurt and distressed by James leaving him, and she has no doubt it tended to widen the breach between him and my uncle."

"But if Papa had nothing to do with that," said Harriet.

"O," replied Julia, "people do not con-

sider all these things, especially if there is an enemy at hand to misrepresent every thing."

Several days passed, in which the two girls were incessantly engaged in visiting, or receiving visits, and Harriet was exhausted by the trifling conversation she was compelled to listen to. She was likewise disappointed in not receiving letters from Glenvarlow, which she expected; and one evening, on retiring to her own apartment, her spirits were so worn out, she threw herself into bed, and found relief in a flood of tears.

In a few minutes the door softly opened, and Julia came into the room. She started back on seeing Harriet in tears; then coming to her,

"My dear Harriet," said she, "what has happened? what is the matter?"

"Nothing has happened," replied Harriet, getting up, and wiping away her tears, "nothing, I assure you."

Her cousin took her hand affectionately, saying, "Harriet, I know I do not deserve

your confidence, but if it is in my power to do any thing,—if I could be any comfort to you,—something is the matter, why do you weep?”

“It is your kindness, my dear Julia,” answered she, “that now brings these tears. Believe me there is nothing of consequence the matter. I am tired of the life we have led for some days, I have not had one moment to myself, and you know all these people are strangers to me, though you may feel interested in them.”

“I care not,” said Julia, “if I never saw one of them in my life again.”

“And,” continued Harriet, “I hoped for letters from home, and have been disappointed; there is the sum of my griefs; now, don’t you see what a foolish cousin you have?”

“And I love her the more for it,” said Julia, embracing her kindly; “but to explain the reason of my intruding into your room, can you give me some sealing wax? I must not go down stairs for fear of dis-

turbing Papa. I have done, Harriet, what you never would have been guilty of. I have neglected writing a letter my poor maid is very anxious about. Yet now she may take it early in the morning, if you can give me sealing wax to keep all safe from curious eyes."

Harriet supplied her with what she wanted.

"Now, then," said Julia, looking affectionately at her, "I must go when I would gladly remain with this strange cousin of mine, who steals away both my affection and confidence in a manner I cannot understand; but this letter must be written ere I court the favours of Morpheus; and it is to be dictated by poor Betsy, which, alas! is no small trial to my sweet temper; but if I again neglect it, you will think worse of me than ever; so, dear Harriet, good-night."

Harriet now loved her cousin with all her heart, and her affectionate kindness was very gratifying to her.

Next morning, Julia again came to her

cousin before she went to breakfast. After inquiring if she had slept, she said to her,

“ Harriet, you are a perfect enigma to me ; this morning you are looking as fresh as a rose, and more than usually happy ; what is the cause ? ”

“ The simple cause, my dear Julia, is this,” replied Harriet ; “ I have spent some time in reading the Bible, and in prayer. I *am* happy, and I hope, if this day is spent even as yesterday was, I shall be able to feel more as I ought, and perhaps derive good from it, instead of being wrong, as I was last night. Ah ! my dear Julia, we bestow much labour in supplying the perishing body with its necessary food,—but our immortal souls are equally dependent on the spiritual food provided for them, and if denied it, their health, their comfort, must suffer. So I found it yesterday ; but you do not understand what I mean, dear Julia.”

“ Not entirely,” said she, “ but surely there is something real in this religion of yours. How unlike my poor aunt’s ! But

come away, I need not offer to send your breakfast to you in bed, which was my pious intention,—you never seemed to require it less. And do you get up uncommonly early next morning when you have had a disturbed night? it is an odd plan.”

“ I had not a disturbed night,” said Harriet, laughing, “ and I have not been up earlier than usual. I was too late yesterday, which made me less comfortable all day, being unable to recover the hours I had lost.”

“ What,” said Julia, “ do you get up before seven o’clock?”

“ Often still earlier,” replied Harriet, “ and love my morning hours better than all others. At home I am generally out.”

“ Well,” replied Julia, “ and you come to breakfast looking so good humoured; and I am invariably *cross* in the morning, and feel every thing a trouble. I could wish my aunt home again, merely to save me the trouble of making breakfast. Then I have also to get up every morning, even when I have been late out at night, because, if I did

not, Papa would be alarmed and think me ill, then most likely send for the doctor to prescribe, and, alas ! I fear he has no recipe for the temper."

Sir George now came to breakfast, bringing letters from his daughter, and one for Julia, and saying, " Susan thinks of remaining a few weeks longer, and then coming down with her friends, who intend visiting Scotland, if she hears I am well, and if you, Julia, are not tired of your charge. Susan spends her life in attending her old father. I am glad she has had this amusement ; the variety to her may do us both good, and I shall certainly write her to remain. I cannot leave town for some weeks, if she is home then, it is enough. Julia, my love, you are impatient for your aunt's return?"

" I shall be impatient for nothing," answered Julia, " if Harriet will only remain with us."

" You do not propose to leave us, Harriet?" said her grandfather, turning to her.

"I have been here above a fortnight," said Harriet, "and I think I shall be expected home soon."

"But, my dear," answered Sir George, "no one goes the very day they intended, unless their visit has been uncomfortable, which I hope, my child, yours has not been?"

"Do not suppose me so ungrateful," said Harriet, blushing painfully.

"Then you will not leave us," said Sir George, holding out his hand kindly to her; "indeed, Harriet, I cannot part with you yet."

Julia looked in anxious suspense, and as if *much* depended on Harriet's answer; and, when Harriet modestly said she would remain with pleasure, if she could be any addition to them, she instantly started up and took Harriet in her arms, saying with emotion, "This is very kind; I should have been miserable, if you had left us at present."

The old gentleman embraced his children

with much affection, saying it did his old heart good to see them love each other.

"Yes," added he, "write to Edward. Tell him he must spare you to us a little longer; and tell him that I doat on my sweet amiable Harriet."

Harriet felt quite overcome by the extreme kindness they expressed for her; and when, in a little, she looked at Julia, she saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and that she still betrayed more emotion than she had ever seen excited in her before.

"Write to Edward to-day," said her grandfather, "and bring me your letter before you shut it, and I shall add a few lines."

These words brought a glow of heartfelt pleasure to the countenance of Harriet. Years had passed away since her grandfather had written his son, except some formal letters on business; and this intention in some measure rewarded Harriet for the self-denial she had exerted in consenting to remain. Glenvarlow in all its beauty,—home in its most pleasing form, had incessantly presented it-

self before her for the last two days, and she thought with delight, that a very short time would restore her to all the happiness she enjoyed there. Her heart sunk when her grandfather spoke of her remaining in town some weeks longer, and it required all her self-command, and the remembrance that her father would approve, to comply immediately with this request. When they left the breakfast parlour,

"Dear Harriet," said her cousin, putting her arm round her, "I cannot make speeches, yet be assured I feel your kindness in consenting to remain with us. We can offer you little here suited to your taste,—nothing like your own pursuits at Glenvarlow."

"You can promise me *one* thing," replied Harriet, in a coaxing tone of voice.

"What is that?" inquired her cousin.

"Just promise me, dear Julia," said she more earnestly.

"May I venture blindfold?" said Julia, hesitating.

"O yes, do venture," said Harriet.

"Then it must be with this reservation," replied her cousin, "if I possibly can, I shall comply with your request as amiably as you have done with ours."

"It is," said Harriet, "that you will promise to answer me every question I chuse to ask regarding my *now* very dear cousin, Julia Melville."

"Who could have imagined such an unreasonable request, and from you, Harriet?" replied she, turning away her face, "I cannot promise."

"But you have already promised, my dear friend," said Harriet, "and now no more at present; it is not in bright sunshine you shall be asked to fulfil it. But, good bye, I must write Papa."

"And you will write exactly what passed this morning," said her cousin.

"The substance, at least," replied Harriet.

"The very words," said Julia, with emphasis; "Harriet, I insist upon your doing this."

"The substance will do," replied Harriet.

"No," said her cousin, gravely, "write all that passed. Can you be so foolish, Harriet, as to be modest because your grandfather said he doated on his sweet amiable child, words that will delight all Glenvarlow? What! and are you to blush again? O, Harriet," added she, laughing, "how some people would be amused, if they knew you."

"Well," said Harriet, "you are perhaps right, I shall do as you desire."

"You had better shew me your letter," said Julia, "I can scarcely trust you."

"You may, if I have said so," replied Harriet; "and I might be again laughed at."

"Well, I believe I may trust you," said Julia; "so get away and lose no more time, I shall feel more at ease when the letter is off."

CHAPTER VI.

"I THINK," said Harriet to her cousin, the following day, "that Miss Ormond has not been here so frequently of late."

"O," replied Julia, laughing, "I am entirely indebted to you for that most agreeable circumstance."

Harriet. (Looking up.) "How so? What do you mean?"

Julia. "None of that amiable family have any affection for you, dear Harriet; and I have informed them all, that *now* I love you dearly."

Harriet. "How can you remain so inti-

mate, my dear Julia, with a family, each one of whom, I am sure, you despise."

Julia. "I am not intimate with them. "But," added she, looking down, I have acted very foolish regarding that family, and now I must bear the consequences; I cannot draw off hastily from them."

Harriet. "How did Lady Ormond at first deceive you, dear Julia?"

Julia. "Merely from my own silly vanity. She is pleasing in her manners; she seemed to take a wonderful love for me, and made so much of me, that I thought her sincere. She flattered me very sweetly, and at that time I did not know that she could have any object in doing so,—that—that"

Harriet. (interrupting her, laughing). "That she was happy enough to have a son. Now, tell me what sort of a person the poor youth is?"

Julia. (Smiling.) He is handsome, and of a magnificent size. I believe, likewise, he has an amiable temper, is always contented—"

Harriet. (With an arch look.) “ Even when you rejected him ? ”

Julia. (Laughing.) “ Not much the reverse even then, I suspect ; but he was taught how to act on such a momentous occasion.”

Harriet. “ Well, finish your description.”

Julia. “ To proceed, then, he has always been of this prodigious size from an infant, and the wonder of all the mamma’s in the county, though, I suspect, not the envy of any, for, alas ! the mind kept not pace in its dimensions with the spacious body. The amazing growth of the one seemed to impede the advancing powers of the other ; and I feel so impressed with the impossibility of both attaining equal extent, that, Harriet, should you ever be invited to your cousin’s marriage, you may expect the bridegroom to be scarcely visible, such a tiny little form, but then filled with such a mind,—O how astonished you shall be !—but forgive this wandering. The young baronet still remained an only

son and heir to immense riches ; and his friends are so very anxious to see him married, that I believe they would bestow him upon you, Methodist as you are, if you will only be agreeable to him ; but, like most other fools, he is positive on some points, and won't always be pleased with the young lady mamma desires him to love. He returns home next week ; will you, Harriet, show some kindness, and be adorned in your sweetest smiles when he appears ?”

Harriet. (Laughing). “ No, dear Julia, I can promise nothing after your description ; besides, you know, did he possess every possible charm, unless he was a Methodist, he could have no charm for me.”

Julia. “ O ! I forget that part of your creed,—it is most uncharitable. Your pious example might be of infinite use, and lead others to adopt your opinions.”

Harriet. (Laughing). “ Their foolish example would be more likely to lead me astray. Remember, dear cousin, the heart is naturally bad, not good. Do you assent

to that doctrine? But answer me quickly. Here is the carriage, do you mean to come out with me to-day? Not once have you honoured us with your company since I have gone with grandpapa,—will you come?"

Julia looked ashamed, and answered, hesitating, "If you wish it."

"Yes, I do wish it," replied Harriet; "come away."

Some days after this conversation, the two girls were sitting alone one evening,—Sir George having consented to dine with a party of old friends. Harriet thought her cousin looked sad, and that she had frequently appeared absent of late, and she wished to ascertain what could be the cause, and determined to endeavour to get a little more into her history when they had the prospect of being many hours alone; and turning to her, she said, "If I remain above a month here, dear Julia, you will surely, in common civility, think it incumbent on you to return my visit, and come to Glenvarlow?"

Julia. (Sighing deeply). "I should like to see Glenvarlow once more."

Harriet. "And why that sigh? Surely Glenvarlow cannot be associated in your mind with any painful idea?"

Julia. "And why are you so sure of that?"

Harriet. "You were but a child when last there."

Julia. "True; but a child can both feel and suffer at times."

Harriet. "What can you mean? Were you unhappy there, my dear Julia?"

Julia. "I was not happy, Harriet; and the image of Glenvarlow has often haunted me as a painful dream."

Harriet. (Putting down her work, and looking earnestly at her). "What do you, —what can you mean?"

Julia. "I have only said truth, dear Harriet. It would be a long story to tell you more; but let me assure you I met with nothing but kindness at Glenvarlow,—

real kindness," added she, turning away to conceal the tear she could not controul.

Harriet. (Taking her hand affectionately, and drawing near her). "My dear, dear Julia, what remembrance is so painful to you? Do speak to me; you know your promise. You make me answer every thing you chuse to ask, why will you not place the same confidence in me?"

Julia. "O Harriet, you have nothing to conceal—you are good—you are all you ought to be—while I am—I am miserable," said she, covering her face, and bursting into tears.

Harriet was surprised, and almost alarmed, by the agitation of her cousin, so unlike what she had ever seen in her before. She tried to soothe her, and at length her gentle and affectionate kindness succeeded, and Julia became more composed.

"My dear, kind Harriet," said she, "I know you have discovered that I have not been happy of late, and I had determined to let you see the true state of my wretched

mind, to ask your advice, but many things have deterred me. Harriet, my conscience has not always been so dead as I have led you to suppose. I resolved to tell you all, but hitherto I have not had courage, and I have avoided your searching looks. To-night you have brought me to the point, and I shall keep my promise. Listen, then, to my confession; do not interrupt me, and when you know what I am, give me your advice, your true opinion. Now, proud heart, be still.

“ I was a child, dear Harriet when I last saw Glenvarlow,—but I was a child of twelve years old, and a child begun to know she had a mind within her, on the peace of which depended her happiness.

“ For some time previous to my visit there, the effects of my too indulgent education had been discovered in my being so completely spoiled, that I was for ever miserable, and in a passion, or in tears daily. Papa and my aunt felt the misery of their darling being in this state; they lamented

their own folly, but applied no remedy. You know Papa was called to London on unexpected business. I had been ill. My uncle invited me to Glenvarlow, having understood they did not wish to take me so long a journey. His invitation was gladly accepted, and many were the exhortations I received to be a good child when away from home. I spent four months at Glenvarlow. I am not surprised you do not remember much about my visit there ; to you it made no change, but to me it was living in a new world. The first time I showed the violence of my temper, the noise, occasioned by our difference of opinion, brought your father into the room. We were disputing loudly, and George accused me of being the cause of all. I was in great alarm, and expected some very dreadful punishment to follow. You may imagine my astonishment, then, when my uncle spoke kindly to me, found fault with his own children, and told them they must be indulgent to me,—that I was accustomed to be an only one,—spoke

gravely to you, Harriet, and said he had not expected to have to reprove you for such childish folly. I looked at him with wonder, and from that moment I regarded him as a superior being. I do not, however, remember much of my visit, till towards the end of it, except that I was struck with your being such good children, and painfully convinced that a great reform was needful in myself. I saw, too, that you were far happier than I ever was. But, Harriet, it was the last day I spent at Glenvarlow that has haunted me—but do not look so earnestly at me—there, take your work, dear Harriet. It was a Sunday. In the evening, your father took me into his own room, and spoke very seriously to me, and told me a great deal about my own Papa, and that, if I hoped to meet Papa in heaven, I must believe in the Saviour he loved, and cease from sin. He went to family-worship from his room. I never, at any time, thought of listening ; but, at the close of his prayer,” (continued she in a low voice), “ my attention was ar-

rested by a prayer offered to God for *me*,—individually *for me*. These words, O never shall I forget them ! they have haunted and poisoned many an hour. It was, Harriet, that God, my father's God, might watch over me ; that his arm might be around me for good ; that I might be kept from the evil of a guilty world, and be led to choose Jesus Christ as the "portion of my soul." His voice trembled while he proceeded earnestly to pray that all dear to him might be taught to know God. When prayers were over, the children bid their parents good-night, and went to bed. Still I kept hold of my uncle's hand, and I remember my eyes were fixed upon his countenance. He looked kindly at me, and solemnly blessed me ; then putting his arm round me, he asked me if I would return to Glenvarlow. I burst into tears, and wept bitterly ; and I remember no more, but that he conveyed me to bed, and that I set out for home next morning. That prayer, Harriet, I may say, was the first I ever listened to, and was the

last I ever heard except in church, where I have seldom been, and this is the first time I ever mentioned it.

“I was found improved on my return home; but, instead of imputing it to the true cause, the gentle steadiness and attention of your parents to me, it was merely said, that having companions often convinced a child it was spoiled. I felt the injustice of this, but was quickly returning to my former ways, when it was proposed I should be sent to school. I was pleased with this plan, and happy at any change. When I again returned home, Harriet, at the end of two years, with much additional folly reigning in my vain mind, I heard many evil stories regarding your family, and of all who adopted the same religious opinions; and I was rather pleased to think I had been deceived in you all when a child at Glenvarlow, and even that prayer ceased to haunt me, when you, Harriet, came here to revive every feeling of former days; to convince me that I have *since* been deceived regarding you, and

that I never was so at Glenvarlow. And O! Harriet, when I think of my conduct to you, I am, indeed, humbled and ashamed. You came here because we had urged your doing so, and I treated you unkindly, with contempt,—with ridicule. I saw you felt it,—painfully felt it,—but the moment I became sensible of my folly, you received me not merely willingly, but with affection,—you made every thing easy for me. O! Harriet, how nobly you have acted towards me,” added she, taking Harriet fondly in her arms, and hiding her face, “and this reward at least you have, you have gained that heart so deeply prejudiced against you. I love you now as I never loved any other human being, more than any thing this world contains. And I am persuaded there is a something in your religion we do not comprehend,—something heavenly that bears such fruit as this;—but O! I shrink from you,—from the idea of your religion, when I remember all my pride, my folly, my waywardness.” She again wept bitterly. Har-

riet pressed her affectionately to her heart, assured her how warmly she returned her regard, and gently inquired what effect seeing her father again had on her mind.

“One thing we are told,” replied Julia, “that he was a very severe and unkind father, that his children scarcely dared to speak to him; this I never could believe, and when you came I saw it was perfectly untrue. He looked at you with the tenderest affection, while you addressed him more as a very dear friend, than as a parent. This I ventured to remark to Papa, after the first day you dined here, but he did not receive my discoveries well. He was displeased, and I then determined to let him judge for himself, for even then I felt some strange symptoms of love revive in my heart for you, Harriet, though I continued to treat you as I did. O! how I have watched you since you came here, watched every word you said, every sentiment you expressed. I have never been an hour in the room with you, either alone

or in company, that I could not have told all you had said or done."

Harriet. "What dreadful scrutiny you must have exercised! You frighten me."

Julia. "I need not, then, I did for a time suspect you of being rather calm and cold; but the night I found you in tears, undeceived me there also. Do not blush, Harriet, that little circumstance raised you much in my esteem. I could not love an angel if he had a cold heart; but, my dear Harriet, now that I have so far conquered my pride, and betrayed to you how unhappy I have been while I laughed at you and your religion, will you explain distinctly to me why you always dwell so much on the necessity of prayer, whenever you endeavour to rouse me to serious thought?"

Harriet. "Because, my dear friend, we are promised no spiritual blessing unless we ask it in prayer. The Bible says, "Ye have not, because ye ask not." "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." Do you never pray, Julia?"

Julia. "I have tried to pray of late ; but I cannot pray," added she, hiding her face on Harriet's shoulder.

Harriet. "What made you wish to pray of late ?"

Julia. "It was your conversation, Harriet. When you came here, I expected you to preach to me,—to prose for ever,—to tell me it was wrong to go to this ball, and the other party ; and that you would be always gloomy. On the contrary, it was I who was gloomy, you always looked happy and cheerful. You never told me I was wrong ; any thing you said was not cold preaching, it was dictated by the warm feeling of your own warm heart, and it has at times reached mine."

Harriet. "Do you ever read the Bible ?"

Julia. "That also I have tried of late, but I cannot understand one word ; it is a useless and unmeaning task. Perhaps, when one has lived many years without reading the Bible, it requires time to get accustomed to the peculiarity of its style."

Harriet. "Did you pray to God to enable you to understand what you read?"

Julia. "No, Harriet, I would not do so with another book. I would bring my reason and common sense to understand what the Bible teaches regarding our duty."

Harriet. "God has promised us better help in this study, than reason and our unaided sense."

Julia. "What help do you mean?"

Harriet. "That of God the Holy Spirit, to enlighten our minds, and enable us to comprehend spiritual things."

Julia. "I do not understand you, dear Harriet, you must speak in simple words. Speak to me as if you were teaching a child. What do you mean by spiritual things?"

Harriet. "Every thing that relates to God, and to the salvation of your soul. Do you believe that we are all sinners?"

Julia. "I feel that I am a sinner. I think you very good. I never saw you do any thing wrong."

Harriet. "That proves how very little

you know of me. But you think yourself a sinner,—do you believe the Bible to be the word of God?"

Julia. "Yes, certainly, can you suppose we do not believe the Bible?"

Harriet. "You have told me you never read it, dear Julia. If you really believed it to be the word of God, you surely would value it more."

Julia looked down confused, but made no reply.

Harriet. "Do you remember what the Bible teaches regarding the character of our great Creator, that God is infinitely holy,—that sin is the abominable thing which he hates,—that God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,—and that in his sight every thing is sinful that is inconsistent with his holy law. We have all sinned, my dear Julia, and "the wages of sin is death." In the scriptures God has revealed one way, by which alone we can be delivered from that death and misery to which our sins have exposed us. Jesus Christ, the Son of

God, came into the world to save lost man, and, by his righteousness and death, restore all those who believe in him to the favour and friendship of God. Do you understand me, dear Julia?"

Julia. "Not clearly, but I have some idea of what you mean, and I wish to understand you."

Harriet. "O! form that wish into a prayer for light from heaven to shine upon your soul, to illuminate that darkness which reigns in all, till the Spirit of God visits the heart. You have found, that of yourself you cannot understand the sacred volume. O! now read it in a new manner; earnestly implore the assistance of God to enable you to comprehend his own word. Come in the spirit of a little child, to be taught of him. Divine light will shine upon the word of truth, and will enlighten your mind. Wait thus upon God. You shall be enabled to believe and obey him, and thus find rest and peace to your soul."

Julia. "O Harriet! if you knew what

a creature I am ; so many faults, what you would call *sins* ; so regardless of what I think right ; O ! you would have little hope of me !" (again weeps.)

Harriet. " If I saw you with ten thousand faults, if you were conscious of them, and wished to be delivered from them, if you felt one desire after peace with God, I should hope every thing for you. I should hope ere long to see you enjoying such happiness as at present, dear Julia, is unknown to you."

Julia. " I have both been happier, and more unhappy, since you came here, than I ever was before."

Harriet. " Explain this contradiction, my dear friend."

Julia. " I found pleasure in your society, and your conversation. From the second time I saw you, I wished to gain your friendship and affection, Harriet, however much my conduct may have appeared to contradict this, because my wayward temper could not always be restrained, I

cannot convey to you how I have sickened of my former companions, the heartless, trifling girls, who spend their lives in pursuing after gaiety. My poor heart longed for some one whose ideas could soar beyond the ball-room, and all the gossip of their neighbour's concerns,—for one friend who could understand me, who despised all that from which I turned away in disgust. Harriet, you came, and I saw, with a mixture of delight and of mortified vanity, that you were in mind as far superior to me, as I fancied myself superior to the girls I shunned. Still, in your society, I somehow forgot my vanity; you excited my interest, I longed to gain your regard, and I was happy. But when I came to know you more intimately, when I saw your *real* superiority, the amiable sweetness of your temper, your want of selfishness, of conceit,—but why do I enumerate these perfections?—in every thing your conduct was a reproach to me; by degrees my self-esteem was humbled; and when, at last, you con-

strained and persuaded me to listen, till you urged me, with tears, to think of my immortal soul,—when you reminded me, that not only those who are guilty of great sins, but those, also, “who forget God,” shall at last be banished for ever from his presence, O Harriet! you thought your words made no impression on my hard heart, but they at least forced me to look within, and convinced me, that I was amongst the number of those who “forget God.” One night, when haunted by some very painful thoughts, the remembrance of your father’s prayer, once offered to God for me, came over my mind with a feeling I cannot describe. I knew, at that moment, I was not fleeing from the blessing he had asked; I earnestly desired it, and believed, that if I could obtain it, I might yet be happy,—but, Harriet, I have been very miserable.”

Harriet. “O! resist not the conviction that has been made on your mind, my dear Julia, it is intended to lead your soul to God. O! turn to Him with your whole

heart; he will answer your prayers. You feel yourself a sinner, it was for such that Jesus died. His precious blood is of infinite power to cleanse from all sin. Trust in this offered Saviour; rest your faith on him. Come unto God by him, and you shall never be cast out."

Julia. (In a desponding voice). "You forget my ignorance, Harriet; I do not understand what you mean when you speak about faith. I have hitherto supposed it was merely an assent to the truths of Christianity, but that is not what you mean."

Harriet. "No, my dear Julia, it is with the heart we must believe."

Julia. "Explain this to me, from the Bible,—there is one in my room," (getting up).

Harriet. (Taking a little Testament from her pocket). "I have got one here."

Julia. (With surprise). "A Bible in your pocket, Harriet?"

Harriet. "Yes, a dear little companion

that never leaves me, and you shall learn from it what God himself has taught concerning that way by which, unworthy as we are, we may at all times find access unto him."

Harriet turned to a few plain passages of the Bible, which she read to her cousin; then to the 3d chapter of the gospel by St John, and stopping at the 14th verse, said, "You remember, dear Julia, the history to which this refers?"

Julia. "Do not ask me what I remember; speak to me as one completely ignorant; alas! it is too true."

Harriet. "I trust it shall not long be so, my dear friend, and you will, I think, remember, that when the children of Israel were in the wilderness, to punish them for one of the many instances of their rebellion and ingratitude, we are told, that the "Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died." When, at their earnest request, Moses prayed to God for them in

this affliction, "The Lord said to Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live." Here was the means which God appointed to save them from immediate death. But it was not enough that the means of recovery were appointed, and that all the congregation knew and assented to its being so; they must also apply as they were taught, before they could derive individual benefit from it. If any amongst them rejected this method ordained by God for their cure, they found no other means of deliverance; but if any looked, they were healed. That *look* was *faith*. So Christ Jesus is our only Saviour. To him we are to look; but it is more than the assent of the understanding,—it must be the look, the desire of the heart. "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Julia. (Looking up). "How simple that appears."

Harriet. "Our great Redeemer invites us to come unto him, that we may find life and peace to our souls. He is the new and living way of access unto the Father. In him God is reconciled. He undertook the mighty work of man's redemption. He obeyed and suffered all that was necessary to accomplish it, and his dying words proclaimed, "It is finished." O! fear not, my dear friend. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." O! draw nigh unto God, and the promise is, that he will draw nigh unto you. You shall be taught to hate sin, and to flee from its influence; for God has sent his Son to bless us, in turning us from our iniquities."

Harriet continued to read to her cousin various parts of the Bible, and conversed with her for a considerable time, while she listened with deep attention and increased interest; at length, Harriet paused.

"Go on, my dear Harriet," said she.

"No," replied Harriet, "I cannot, it is very late, we must be interrupted soon."

Julia. "You will cease, and all my comfort will cease."

Harriet. "Fear not, my dear friend, only believe. Religion must be a sacred thing between the soul and God. I wish to leave you now, that in secret you may pray to Him "who is able to do for you more than you can ask or think." "

Julia. "I fear I cannot pray,—the employment is so new to me,—I dare not approach God,—indeed I cannot pray."

Harriet. "You desire the pardon of sin,—God alone can impart this great blessing. You need the Holy Spirit to enlighten and teach you; hear what God has said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them who ask him." Does the parent reject the first attempts of his child to make its wants known to him? does he not rather welcome, with peculiar pleasure

its first attempts, however indistinct? Remember how the returning prodigal was received."

Julia. "O Harriet! how *sure* all this appears to you, while I see but faintly the new path in which I must walk. Dear Harriet," (added she, embracing her affectionately), "what return can I ever make for all your kindness, your warm interest in me? I now feel that I possess one friend on earth, who can understand me, can pray for me."

Harriet. "One who loves you—loves you dearly; and who earnestly desires your present and eternal happiness."

Julia. "Will you mark some of those passages you have now read to me, and will you lend me your Bible for this night?"

Harriet. "O! if you knew the pleasure your request gives me, my dear friend."

Julia. (Getting up). "Good bye, then, dear Harriet, I shall not return to-night;

you will excuse me to Papa, if he comes up stairs; adieu, my dear, my best friend."

A few minutes after Julia retired, Sir George came home. "I am very tired, my love," said he, "I am too old to dine out now; I am happier at home, with my children. Where is Julia? But it is too late to sit down. I only came in to say good-night;" and kissing her affectionately, he retired to rest.

Overcome by the various feelings her conversation with her cousin had excited, Harriet was happy to find herself in the solitude of her own apartment. The moment she had so fervently desired was at last come. She saw Julia awakened to serious concern regarding the salvation of her soul. She earnestly implored that the Spirit of God might teach and illuminate her whole mind; and she continued long in supplication for her friend, that every blessing contained in the salvation of Jesus might be communicated to her soul. Harriet felt overwhelmed by the idea that she

had been the means of leading her cousin to think seriously of religion. Weak and sinful as she was, God had employed her as an instrument of conveying good to another! She felt humbled before God, yet her whole heart was filled with gratitude and joy, and she now reflected on the ways of Providence with wonder and astonishment. She had come to her grandfather's with extreme reluctance, and many anxious fears. For a time she had many painful things to endure, but how thankful did she now feel that she had ever been brought there. She even ventured to hope, that ere long she might see her beloved father restored to his former place in the affections of his aged parent.

Sir George now frequently spoke of his son, and Harriet knew that old James had for some time been constantly in the house, and that her grandfather had often conversed with him. James seemed to find pleasure in making himself useful in the family, and even at times attended during dinner.

Harriet made no remark on this change : so much appeared involved in the history of her old friend, she feared to do harm, and determined to ask no questions ; it was evidently agreeable to her grandfather, and while James often bestowed advice on her regarding her conduct, she made no inquiry into his.

The following morning, Julia came to her cousin's room, some time before breakfast, and gently opening the door, asked leave to come in.

Harriet was surprised to see her so much earlier than usual, and hoped it was a fair promise for the future.

Julia. " You are surprised to see me, dear Harriet, but our last conversation did not lead to the oblivion of sleep, nor did I wish it ; I have had much to think of."

Harriet. (Embracing her kindly).
" But you are not more unhappy, my dear friend ?"

Julia. " O ! no ; I feel so much relieved by having told you all. And your Bible

speaks comfort, but I discover so much evil in myself; yet I do feel less miserably restless, a sort of calm, as if I had found what in the end may give peace to the conscience. The *conscience* will make itself be heard, dear Harriet. However quiet it may remain for a long period, yet again it speaks, and can give alarm even when surrounded by all the gay and pleasing folly of this world. Death perhaps carries off a companion from the giddy scene, as thoughtless as one's self. The cold grave has an unwelcome sound; and amidst all that is intended to banish thought, eternity will present itself to the mind as a fearful certainty; and the splendid ball-room, with all its decorations, its beauty, fashion, and enjoyment, is seen for one painful moment in its true light, a scene of madness and folly,—immortal sinners, losing the time of mercy granted them, and by every possible means endeavouring to banish God from their thoughts!"

Harriet. "And you have felt thus, at these gay scenes?"

Julia. "Yes, that I have ; but likewise a mysterious remembrance, I know not what, of Glenvarlow, disturbed my thoughts at such times : however, they had almost ceased, till you came to awaken them, and to shew me what a Christian really is, for of that I had no idea. But, Harriet, I came to ask you to read with me. I can understand so very little, and what you have explained to me appears so different, so new.—But we must now go to breakfast, and we meet with so many interruptions in town,—when will you read with me?"

Harriet. "Let us come here, whenever grandpapa leaves us. Perhaps we may then have a quiet hour. Don't look so very grave, dear Julia."

Julia. "I shall never, never, be a Christian. I have no steadiness, I hate all trouble,—and knowledge, I suppose, cannot be gained without trouble. Look at that large Bible laying open there ; I am ignorant of all that is contained in it, and you tell me that the Bible is every thing to the Christian.

When I read it, I cannot understand it; and, alas! I cannot have you always to teach me."

Harriet. "You shall have a better teacher, my dear friend. God himself shall remove the veil from your heart, and as he at first commanded the light to shine out of darkness, so will he impart light unto your soul, and give you the knowledge of himself, and of Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal."

Julia. (Her eyes filled with tears.) "O! that it may be so: how sweetly you speak encouragement to me, my dear friend; but we must go."

Harriet felt rather anxious about her cousin, when she remembered that Lady Ormond's ball took place on the evening of this day; she feared the late serious thoughts would be banished from her mind, at least for a time. The following morning Julia appeared to a late breakfast, some time after Sir George had left the room.

"Well," inquired Harriet, "did you en-

joy the ball last night, or were you visited by any gloomy thoughts?"

Julia. "I rather enjoyed it. The ball was one of the best we have had this winter. I met some pleasant acquaintances there, and had many agreeable partners, all declaring they were rejoiced to see Miss Melville once more,—that in vain they had hoped to meet with her at every party,—and were afraid that even a ball might not have sufficient attraction to induce her to leave a very dear friend at present living with her, who, though young and beautiful, had renounced all those innocent and suitable amusements. Now, dear Harriet, don't look so melancholy; I know what you fear, but your thoughts are mistaken for once. I have not forgot my serious conversations with you; nor am I, be assured, less disposed to read, to listen to you now, than I was before I went to this ball. I have been too much used to these scenes, they make little impression on me now. I believe one reason why I liked the ball last night, was

me feeling happier in myself, and the idea that there was perhaps some pleasant change before me. I thought too, Harriet, that possibly it might be the last of these gay scenes I might witness, if I should become an entire convert to your opinions; but this is very uncertain, and the idea brought a pang with it, for I know not how I could ever bear the ridicule of my acquaintances, and much I deserve, for much have I bestowed on others."

Harriet. (Smiling.) "I never said you must give up balls."

Julia. "No, you thought I possibly had sense enough to discover for myself, that it must be impossible to serve two masters,—to give the heart to God, and to this vain world."

Harriet. "You have frequently hinted at my aunt's kind of religion, but you have never told me distinctly what you mean."

Julia. "I thought of her at this moment. She believes it is quite possible and proper to unite religion and a love of this

world ; and I am not surprised she does ; her religion will never rouse a sleeping conscience,—will never alarm the gayest child of this world. Ever since I remember, Harriet, I have had the same opinion of my aunt's religion ; and, however wrong it may appear to you, I have often turned away in disgust from her and it. My poor aunt would not omit reading a chapter of the Bible, and reading a prayer with the same form, every morning, on any account whatever. I believe she would think herself in danger of some fearful judgment, if she did. But how often have I seen her, with her Bible before her, stop to inquire what dress I intended to wear the following evening, when the next ball took place to which I was invited, then read a little more, and again pause to make some inquiry equally trifling ! O how often have I thought, if there is a God in heaven, who demands the worship of his creatures, what mockery is this,—a form without a feeling, neither head nor heart engaged ! The consequence

was, I gave up even the appearance of any regard to religion. My aunt was alarmed, and remonstrated, while I boldly declared, that no religion must be quite as acceptable with God as hers could be. You look surprised, dear Harriet, but this is a very small specimen of the many naughty things I have said to my poor aunt; and I know she will yet be a sad trial to my temper, even should I be enabled to follow the sweet and amiable example you have set before me since you came to us."

Harriet smiled, and was beginning to reply, when she was interrupted by a message from her grandfather, requesting her to come immediately to him. When she entered his room, she found him surrounded by many papers, and a gentleman with him, busily engaged in writing.

"Harriet, my love," said her grandfather, "do you think your father could come to town for a few days, without inconvenience?"

Harriet said she knew of nothing to de-

tain him at Glenvarlow particularly at present. "And I am sure," added she, "he will be happy to come, if you wish it."

"I could arrange this business more easily if my son was with me," said Sir George, addressing the gentleman; "could you delay for a short time?"

The gentleman replied, that any time during the following week would be quite the same to him, as he intended remaining in town for ten days.

"Then Harriet, my love," said Sir George, "go and write immediately to your father, and request him to come to town for a few days; I shall be much obliged to him, —it will save much trouble. And tell him," added he, as Harriet was turning away, "that I hope he will live with me when in Edinburgh."

A slight flush passed over the old gentleman's countenance as he spoke the last words. Harriet felt for him, and, kissing his hand affectionately, replied in a low

voice, "I shall do this with great pleasure, dear grandpapa."

Harriet's letter reached Glenvarlow the following evening. Mr Melville was ignorant of the business on which he was called to town, but, from Harriet's letters, he saw that his father's sentiments were considerably changed regarding himself and his family. Harriet had been with them for many weeks, and was now warmly attached both to her grandfather and Julia. Mr Melville had suffered deeply from the painful circumstances which had for so long a period estranged the affections of his father from him, and he longed to be again restored to the place which he once held in the heart of this parent, and be able to soothe the last years of one he dearly loved.

Mr Melville hoped that much good might result from Harriet's visit, and this unexpected invitation to himself encouraged his hope, and he prepared with pleasure immediately to comply with it. Harriet was delighted with the prospect of seeing

her beloved father, and saying to him a thousand things, which she found impossible to write.

During the two days which intervened before Mr Melville's arrival, Harriet thought her grandfather unusually absent and restless. If he began to read, he got up again in a few minutes, walked to the window, and perhaps asked some question, which betrayed that his attention had never been engaged by the book which he still held in his hand; he then continued to walk about for a little, and generally made some inquiry regarding Glenvarlow. He was walking about in this manner, and leaning on Harriet's arm, the evening his son was expected to arrive. Harriet, in reply to something he had said, mentioned a little anecdote of her father, which she thought might please him. Sir George, the moment she concluded, turned to her, and said, rather abruptly,

"Harriet, if I ever made an idol of any of my children, it was of Edward. The

sweetness of his disposition, his engaging modesty, and his early promise of uncommon talents,—every thing endeared him to me ; but these strange opinions of his—and to bury his fine talents in the country his whole life—he is greatly changed.”

Harriet. “ Perhaps he is changed, my dear Sir, but he is only improved. I am sure you would think so if you had an opportunity of knowing him ; and he is just coming to us.”

“ Harriet,” said her grandfather, interrupting her, “ I wish to remember that I have been deceived, and therefore unjust ; but you adore this father of your’s ; you would not have me take your opinion of him ?” (added he, looking kindly at her, and smiling).

Harriet. “ I would indeed. Who ought to know a person better than his own child ? O ! if you knew him as I do !”

About an hour after this conversation, Mr Melville arrived. Harriet had long been watching every sound in the street, and was

folded in his arms the moment he entered the house. Sir George was touched by the warm affection of his dear child, and himself gave his son a cordial welcome, and thanked him for coming immediately to town.— Julia remembered with shame her former rudeness to her uncle the last time she saw him, and kept modestly in the back-ground; but he received her so affectionately, and with so much kindness, she very soon forgot that she had felt in disgrace with herself, and conversed easily and with pleasure with Mr Melville.

Harriet enabled them all to get on comfortably. She was now acquainted with her grandfather's ways. Her joy at seeing her father, excited her lively spirits; and the first evening passed more agreeably, and with less embarrassment to any one, than even she expected.

During the two following days, Sir George and his son were employed on business of importance, and the girls scarcely saw them; but Harriet's quick eye discovered, every

time they met, that Sir George was more and more pleased with her father. On the third day after Mr Melville's arrival, they dined at a late hour; and Harriet was almost overcome by seeing her grandfather enter the dining-room leaning affectionately on the arm of his son. When he came to his chair, he said, in a calm voice, "I do not see why I should have the trouble of being landlord when I have my son with me. Edward, you will take this place. John," said he to the servant, "move my large chair between the two young ladies. Stanhope, you must yield your place to me for this day. James, bring your master a chair; my son will take this place while I am so happy as to have him with me."

Little incidents at times excite more emotion than a stranger can account for. It was so on this occasion. Mr Melville knew his father, and this little circumstance was openly declaring to every one the complete reconciliation which had taken place between them. Mr Melville was for a mo-

ment considerably agitated; and it required a struggle to prevent his dark and manly eye being disgraced by a tear. Harriet seeing her father's agitation, became in a moment perfectly composed. His countenance was flushed for a little, then so pale that she felt in pain for him, and almost anxious. Julia looked happy and delighted, and continued talking to Captain Stanhope and his brother, the only strangers present. Stanhope looked puzzled; but ever ready to follow, as Julia chose to lead, he talked and laughed as much as could be wished. Sir George was perfectly composed, till he observed the emotion of his son. He then looked affectionately at him, and said, unconsciously, "My dear Edward," but in a voice so low, that only the watchful ear of Harriet heard him. Old James was standing behind Harriet, when Sir George called him to bring a chair for his son. The old man having executed this order with a heart overflowing with delight, hastily wiped his eyes; but finding he could not controul his

feelings, was obliged to leave the room, and did not return. He knew Sir George, and he had seen with much pleasure that his young mistress daily gained more and more of his regard ; but when he saw his beloved master again thus openly restored to his proper place in the affection and family of his father, the old man was quite unhinged, and he retired to weep in secret. He almost adored his dear master. To him he owed all his present comfort, and every hope that cheered his soul in the prospect of eternity ; and his master's interests and happiness were dearer to him than any thing on earth. Sir George spoke only to his son, and seldom fixed his eyes on any other object. He seemed to gaze at him with delight ; while the respectful, mild, and affectionate manner of his son, excited the love and admiration of all present.

“ I never thought my uncle handsome before,” said Julia, “ but really to-day his fine countenance has been too expressive, too moving. My dear grandpapa, what

wretches those are that could wish to deprive you of this son !”

Harriet happened to be left alone with Sir George a few minutes in the evening, and she inquired if her father’s coming to town would be as useful to him as he expected.

“ I am not sure of that,” replied he gently ; “ Edward finds more work for me to do than I intended, and he himself will act in nothing ; he is more disinterested than ever ; he is too generous. Harriet, my child, you may well love this father of your’s ; there are very few such men in the world.”

Harriet’s whole heart rejoiced at these words of praise bestowed upon her beloved father ; but she could make no reply, as at that moment he and Julia entered the room together. Harriet had seen very little of her father since he came to town, and had, from this cause, been disappointed in some of her plans regarding her cousin. Mr Melville seemed constantly engaged on business,

even when not with his father. Harriet thought he often looked pale, and felt, she knew not why, rather anxious about him. One evening she followed him to his room, after the family had separated for the night. She found his table covered with papers, and her father preparing to write, instead of going to rest.

“ My dear Papa,” said Harriet, “ you have looked ill all day ; are you not going to bed ? ”

Mr Melville. “ Not for an hour or two, my love. I wish to have this business concluded ; my father will be more comfortable when it is over.”

Harriet. (Looking anxiously at him). “ Are you quite well, Papa ? ”

Mr Melville. “ Yes, my dear child, perfectly so ; but I have been engaged on very painful business to-day. My father has informed me of all the circumstances which have banished me from him for so long a period,—circumstances which have hurt and shocked me, and which, till now, I was

in ignorance of. Harriet, my father has had great excuses for his conduct. Those who deceived him, have indeed acted in a strange manner. My father is much relieved by having made me acquainted with every thing, and the impression on his mind appears more completely removed than I could have hoped. I owe this in a great measure to the affection of my beloved child," said he, pressing her fondly to his heart. "Your conduct since you came here,—your genuine simplicity, which had nothing to conceal,—your artless ways, betrayed to one who knows the world as well as my father does, the false and unjust conduct that had been practised upon him,—and to my Harriet, and my faithful friend old James, I owe this happy reconciliation to my father. But, my dear child, I must not let you remain at present; letters brought me to-day, inform us of your unfortunate uncle being involved in most distressing circumstances. Something must immediately be done for him. My father is so much irritated at his

past unworthy conduct, I have found it very difficult to persuade him to act in any thing, or again to name him in his will, from which I find he had been entirely excluded ; still it must be more agreeable to him receiving assistance from his father, than from me. We must do every thing possible for him, poor fellow ; we may yet hope for a reform ; the power of God may reclaim this wanderer."

In a few minutes Harriet left her father, that he might, undisturbed, labour for the good of the being, on earth, who had most deeply injured him, and had endeavoured to fix many a stain on his spotless character.

For some days more, Sir George and his son were still employed on different matters of importance. Sir George desired they might not be interrupted ; the girls had therefore to entertain all his visitors in addition to their own ; and Julia, now wishing for time to employ very differently, at last became quite impatient at the uninteresting, and constant interruptions they met with.

"I wonder," said she to Harriet, when they were left together, "I wonder how often we have been compelled to say the same thing over again to-day. Have you any such days as this at Glenvarlow?"

Harriet. "O! no, none such. O! that I only had you at Glenvarlow, in all the beauty, the stillness, and peace which reign there,—here there is no quiet to be obtained, no time for thought,—but there every thing tends to lead the mind to God, and to spiritual things. His infinite power and goodness are painted on all around; and O! his presence and love are most sweetly felt when alone with God, beholding his fair creation, or viewing the pure heaven, and, by the power of faith, being enabled to penetrate these visible heavens, and behold, within the veil, that multitude which no man can number, worshipping a present God, the light of whose countenance shall no more be withdrawn from their souls."

Julia. "O! stop, Harriet, I cannot follow you even in thought now; but tell me, did

you always enjoy the same pleasure from nature, which now it seems to impart to you? At times I would rather not behold all the beauty in which it is clothed."

Harriet. "No, my dear friend, often has the harmony and extreme beauty of nature been oppressive to me, because my soul was not in unison with the scene before me, and all its loveliness and peace pointed out strongly to me the confusion that reigned in my mind. I have turned away with painful feelings from my favourite and most lovely haunts, and coming home, back, as I felt, to the works of man, I have endeavoured to employ myself in this world's affairs, to banish the uneasy impressions which still remained. O! no, a Christian alone can fully enjoy what, perhaps, the genius of an infidel can paint."

Harriet continued to read the Bible with her cousin part of every day. She found her ignorant beyond what she had before imagined possible; but Julia was conscious of her own wants, and anxious to obtain in-

struction. Harriet observed with pleasure, that she often struggled to subdue her wayward temper, and that she early saw the absolute necessity of cultivating holiness in heart and life, by every one who professed to be a Christian.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE night, about a week after Mr Melville came to town, Harriet was disturbed in the middle of the night by a confused noise in the house. She listened a few minutes, and thought she could distinguish her father's voice. She immediately got up, and softly opening the door of her room, watched till she again heard him speak. She then went to him, and inquired anxiously what had happened.

"Your grandfather has been ill for some hours, my dear," said Mr Melville; "but we have got medical assistance now, and I hope

he will soon be easier." He turned from her, and went towards his father's room; then coming back, he added, "You must perhaps go to your cousin, she may be alarmed if she hears noise in the house at this hour."

Harriet returned to her own apartment for a few minutes. Her father had said little, but she saw he was alarmed. Till that moment, she knew not the degree of attachment which her warm heart felt towards her grandfather. The mere possibility of his being in danger, was dreadful to her; and she trembled so violently, she felt quite unable to go to Julia, and she feared to communicate to her the alarm she felt. One thought of Julia, however, in some measure composed her feelings, and banished all remembrance of herself. Anxious to save her any alarm in her power, and struggling to subdue her own emotions, she went to the support and comfort of her young friend.

During the preceding evening, Sir George

had felt rather unwell, and on going to his room, he desired his servant to remain by him for a time. He went to sleep, but continued restless and disturbed, and soon waked considerably worse. When sensible that his illness was increasing, he sent for his son. A physician was immediately called,—strong remedies were applied, but Sir George continued very ill. When Harriet passed his room as she went to her cousin, she stopped a moment. All was again quiet. She went on softly to her cousin, who was still in a profound sleep. Harriet paused a moment before she spoke to her. She knew not what might be before them, it might be long ere she could again enjoy such peaceful repose, and she determined not to disturb her while all continued so quiet.

Harriet looked at her friend while in this unconscious state, with painful apprehension. Julia had experienced the conviction of sin,—a faint ray of spiritual light appeared to have arisen in her soul,—but was she prepared to submit with patient resignation

to the will of God, should trial and affliction await her? Harriet turned away from this painful thought, and again listened whether she could hear any noise from her grandfather's room, but all was silent.

It was now day-light, and she attempted to read, but could not command her attention. She could, however, pour forth her earnest supplications to heaven for those friends now so dear to her. After two hours of anxious watching, she again heard considerable noise proceed from her grandfather's room, and found it necessary to inform her cousin.

She awoke her so gently, that at first Julia took no alarm. She got up, and wished to go immediately to her grandfather. Harriet entreated her to delay till she could learn from her father how he was. Several people seemed to be moving about the house, and Harriet thought she heard her father go to his room. She followed him there, and found him standing at an open

window, pale and agitated. He held out his hand to her, but did not speak.

"Do you apprehend danger, my dear Papa?" inquired Harriet.

"We have got more assistance, my dear," replied Mr Melville; "much may still be tried, and my father's own physician hopes every thing from the strength of his constitution; but he allows there is danger at present; he requests perfect quiet may be kept in the house. I shall trust to you, my love, to see this order implicitly obeyed. How is poor Julia?"

Harriet answered him regarding her cousin, and informed him she wished to go to her grandfather. Mr Melville replied,

"No, my dear, she cannot be allowed to see my father; but you may assure her he does not suffer much; and tell her I shall come to her the first moment I leave his room."

Whenever Julia found she was not to be permitted to see her grandfather, she be-

came greatly alarmed, and, as Harriet expected, gave way to very rebellious feelings.

For three days and nights, Sir George continued very ill, and his life was still considered in great danger. His son never left him for one moment, and if at any time the curtain concealed him from his sight, he immediately inquired for him. Every medicine, every cordial, was administered by his son; he was able to speak only a few words at times, and these were all expressions of gratitude and affection to his dear son.

On the fourth day, the physicians at length pronounced him out of danger, but added, that great care was necessary, from the extreme weakness to which he was reduced, and still his son could not be persuaded to leave his room.

The day after their great anxiety was over regarding Sir George, the two girls were sitting together, when Julia, hastily looking up, said,

“ Till this moment, Harriet, I never re-

collected that this day is Sunday, and you have not been at church."

Harriet. "No, dear Julia, I never thought of going to church to-day."

Julia. "Don't you consider going to church a *duty* whenever it is possible?"

Harriet. (Smiling.) "I do certainly think it a duty, but I have so long felt it a pleasure, that I have ceased to view it in that light; and to-day, I think my first duty is to be with you, my dear friend, and to be ready to assist Papa in any way in my power."

Julia. "Indeed I know not what should have become of us without you and my dear kind uncle, nor can I express what I feel towards both of you. My poor Papa, he would have found me a bad sick-nurse. But I think I have learnt much of late, Harriet; another time, when I am tried, perhaps I may be enabled to act more as I ought,—to be less useless;—but, O! I have much yet to learn. How very merciful it was," added she, "that my uncle had been so long with

us before Papa was taken ill ! What could we have done alone, and at such a time my uncle could never have ventured to come to him."

Harriet. " You seemed to like the idea of Providence in the passage we lately read. Can you feel it on this occasion, dear Julia, as manifested to us ?"

Julia. " O ! Harriet, I have frequently thought of it since. It has been peculiarly striking to me in the present instance ; but it is all for your sake,—for your father's sake ; as yet I dare apply no such comfort to myself. O that I might !"

Harriet. " And why will you thus put it away from you, my dear friend ? I think it was particularly for your sake I was ever brought here."

Julia. (Weeping.) O ! my dearest Harriet, what do I not owe you ! You have been every thing to me. If this soul is saved at last, you have been the means of leading me to know my danger, and you have taught me the way of salvation. This

illness,—death brought so fearfully near,—it seems as if intended to impress all your instructions more deeply on my heart. O! may it indeed have this effect.”

Sir George continued gradually to recover, and the girls were generally allowed to spend the forenoon with him; in the evening he wished for no one but his son. The country had been mentioned by the physician, as desirable for his patient, whenever he was able to be removed; but his own house was too distant, the journey was too great for him. Harriet and her father had frequently urged his going with them to Glenvarlow, but he appeared unwilling to consent to their wishes.

“You know, my dear Sir,” said Harriet, one day when alone with him, “that you promised Julia should come and return my visit; and you once said, you would perhaps come for her, when you wanted her home again. Now, if you would only come and bring her to Glenvarlow, I am sure the country would do you good; and the air is

so mild, and we have so many sweet and sheltered walks there, where the wind never blows, I am certain it would revive your strength ; and you know," added she, putting his hand round her neck, as she sat on a footstool by him, " you would then see the younger ones ; and as you like Harriet a little, you would probably like the others also. Little James, I am sure, would amuse you, he is such a merry fellow ; and then you would see my father at home,—and you know how I have wished this."

Sir George. " But, Harriet, I love Edward enough,—a great deal too much,—I know not how I can ever part with him. No man ever possessed such a son, and none ever so unjustly, so deeply injured"—

Harriet. (Interrupting him). " O don't think of these old stories now, dear grand-papa,—only don't part with him ! See him with his own family, see him at home, then you will love him a thousand times more."

Sir George. " That is one positive rea-

son against my complying with your wish, dear Harriet," (looking kindly at her).

Harriet. "Don't say so, my dear Sir; but do come," (coaxing the hand she held),—"I am quite sure you would be happy with us."

Sir George. "I am sure of that too, Harriet; if I was persuaded it would be agreeable to you all, you should not have to urge this request. But such a father as I have been," passing his hand over his eyes, "I cannot be a welcome inmate."

Harriet. (Kissing his hand affectionately). "The most welcome, and the dearest that Glenvarlow has ever seen."

Sir George. "And your mother, Harriet—you speak of your father, you seldom mention your mother."

Harriet. "No, my dear Sir, because you have no prejudice against Mamma, you only don't know her. Wicked people had prejudiced you against Papa, and when I *dared* I liked to speak of him. I know you will like Mamma; every one does. You will

find her so mild and cheerful, and so well-informed, I only fear you will then tire of Harriet, for she will converse with you on a number of subjects, of which I am quite ignorant. I have not one anxious thought on that point, I know you will love and esteem her."

Sir George. "And tire of my sweet Harriet!" (taking her affectionately in his arms), "who has brought happiness back to my heart, and to my home, and who has restored my beloved son to me? No, my child!"

Harriet was in her grandfather's arms, when her father entered the room. He came up to them smiling, but looked uneasy when he saw his father agitated.

"Don't look anxious, my dear Edward," said Sir George, "I am quite well,—quite happy, and likely very soon to be at Glenvarlow. Harriet assures me you can still welcome me there, after all that has passed. O my son!"

Mr Melville. "My Harriet knows what

has long been the first wish of her father's heart; but I am much afraid she has not proved a good sick-nurse to-day. I fear this emotion, my dear father. Will you permit me to send away this naughty child?—the doctor enjoins so much quiet."

Sir George. "It will do me only good, my dear Edward; these drops disgrace our manly days, but not at my age," (supporting his head on the shoulder of his son). "My children restored to me,—and such children,—so much happiness. Edward, I cannot part with you, neither can I be so selfish as to keep you longer away from your own family; I shall go with you to Glenvarlow; I shall satisfy this dear child, to whom I owe so much; I will see her father *at home*."

Mr Melville was greatly overcome by the agitation of his father, and could not regain his composure for some time. Harriet felt alarmed at having occasioned so much emotion, and feared her grandfather, in his present state of weakness, might suffer from the

consequences of it. He saw her anxious countenance, and read her fears, and assured her, that this matter being determined, would only hasten his recovery. By degrees the party assumed the *appearance* of being happy, which so much agitation, and so many tears, seemed to contradict.

Julia rejoiced with all her heart, when Harriet informed her, that they were really to accompany them to Glenvarlow. To part with Harriet at present, she thought would be impossible ; she yet required her instruction and example, and felt she was too weak and ignorant to stand alone, without one Christian friend in the world.

The following week Sir George was able to go out a little airing several times ; and at last the doctor consented to his going to Glenvarlow, attended by so many careful and anxious friends, only prescribing slow travelling, and to stop if his patient appeared fatigued, and to be at least three days on their journey. All was now bustle and preparation for their departure. Old James

seemed to be restored to the vigour of youth, when he knew the whole party were coming with his master to Glenvarlow.

On the evening previous to their leaving town, Harriet was describing to her cousin some of her pursuits in the country, and her plans for her, with much interest, when a letter was brought to her. Julia continued to watch her animated countenance while she perused it, and then said to her,

“That letter has given you pleasure, dear Harriet, from whom does it come?”

Harriet. “It is from Maria, and has indeed given me pleasure. Maitland and she are to be at Glenvarlow in a few weeks, and I shall have great delight in introducing to you, dear Julia, that pleasant looking acquaintance of mine, whose appearance once excited in you such extreme surprise.”

Julia. “I have rarely seen a more pleasing countenance.”

The smile which accompanied this reply, was quickly followed by an expression of such painful sadness, that Harriet observed,

and inquired the cause of a transition so sudden.

Julia. “ Ah ! my dear friend, how shall I feel when in a society composed only of Christians ! I am unworthy of being admitted amongst them ; all will appear strange to me ; and they can only look upon me as an intruder,—your friend Maria, for instance.”

Harriet. (Interrupting her.) “ Put away from you such thoughts, my dear Julia. You do not know the heart of a Christian ; even the faint hope that you had any desire to be numbered amongst them, would secure to you a welcome more kind, more affectionate, than ever greeted you from your dearest worldly friend. And if you will not call me presumptuous, dear Julia, I may add with truth, you will see no one at Glenvarlow who is not ready to meet, with partiality and indulgence, any friend of Harriet’s. But you know you are my particular charge, and it must be my endeavour to make your time pass agreeably.

And somehow I think I shall succeed," added she, smiling; "so, my dear friend, look pleased and happy again, as you did when I first told you grandpapa had consented to come with us."

The weather continued as favourable as could be wished. Sir George was pretty well, and the party met with nothing to detain them.

At the end of the second day's journey, the invalid appeared much exhausted; and, whenever he had taken some refreshment, his son intreated him to retire to rest.

"I cannot sleep at this early hour, dear Edward," replied he, "but I shall lie down, if you will come with me, and let me have some of your conversation; *that* has a charm in it that always revives my spirits."

He retired with his son, who now appeared almost necessary to his existence, and the girls were left together; and, placing themselves at a window which commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country, they remained silent for some time,

Harriet fully occupied by sweet thoughts of home. At length Julia, apparently starting from a reverie, exclaimed,

“Is it possible that I am thus far on my way to Glenvarlow? Harriet, the events of the last few months appear to me like a dream, I can scarcely believe in the reality of them. Let me again hear the sound of your voice,—assure me all is truth,—say I shall not return to the vanity, the sin, and folly, in which you found me involved.”

Harriet continued silent, her eyes fixed on the lovely scene before them. Julia implored her to speak.

Harriet. “I feel so happy at this moment, I could almost like to plague you a little, dear Julia; we have been so grave, so sad of late, and now every thing smiles upon us.”

The sweet playful expression of Harriet’s countenance, put to flight all Julia’s melancholy thoughts.

“Harriet,” said she, “you are indeed a strange girl. The present happiness of

your friends is all your work, yet, instead of being elated by it, you appear only more modest, more gentle than ever. O how many self-important airs should I have been adorned with, had I accomplished such a reconciliation between a father and son! Such self-consequence as would have disgusted even those who felt their obligations to me, while you, Harriet, you actually unite the gentle playfulness and humility of an amiable child, with the wisdom of old age."

Harriet. (Laughing.) "Alas! if you have thought me too merry before, what will you say of your friend when you see her at home. And at this hour to-morrow evening, my dear Julia, we shall, I trust, be at Glenvarlow. But," added she, while she rose and embraced her cousin, "I am so happy at this moment, I have no sense for connected or grave conversation."

Julia. "And still, in your gayest moments, dear Harriet, there appears a something in you that tempers and keeps all in

order,—a sacred, yet happy feeling, which was evident in the expression of your countenance this moment, when you said, I trust we shall be at Glenvarlow. I believe you can commit every thing to Heaven.”

Harriet. “O that you were right in this! It is only by endeavouring to realize the overruling providence of God in every event, that I can enjoy any comfort. In sorrow, this supports the soul that looks to God as a reconciled Father, because “all things shall work together for good.” And O how much more precious do our blessings become when we receive them as proofs of a Father’s love! Even our earthly friendships assume a different form when thus viewed, my dear Julia.”

Sir George was so much recovered from his fatigue, that they were able to proceed on their journey the following day; and about the hour Harriet expected, she once more discovered the distant woods of her beloved Glenvarlow. A calm and lovely evening shed over the scene its pure and

peaceful influence, as it was presented before them clothed in its richest beauty.—Harriet had left it under a very wintry aspect, and now all around appeared in her eyes more charming than ever. Mrs Melville and the children anxiously expected their arrival. When Harriet again saw her mother, it recalled her parting words, which had made a deep impression on her mind; and this hour which brought her grandfather to Glenvarlow, and united him to her beloved father and his family for the remainder of his days, she ever numbered amongst the happiest of her life.

In the fulness of her own joy, however, she did not forget those whose feelings were mixed with painful self-reproach and vain regrets. It was leaning on Harriet's arm that Sir George first entered the house of his son. When seated in the drawing-room, Mr Melville intreated him to allow the children to be sent away.

"You are not used to so large a party, my dear father, and after so much fatigue."

"No! my dear Edward," replied he, "I must see them all for a little, then I shall retire, and in solitude try to feel thankful for the happiness of this day; and leave my dear daughter," added he, taking Mrs Melville's hand affectionately, "to enjoy the return of her husband and child, without the intrusion of a stranger."

"Not a stranger, my dear Sir," replied Mrs Melville, "but a parent we rejoice to see."

Harriet was now surrounded by the younger ones; the little girls each held a hand; and looking up in her face, were both speaking at the same time. Little James was mounted on the back of her chair, with one arm round her neck; but his eyes were fixed on his grandfather with an uncertain and inquiring look. Sir George looked at them, and turning to their mother, said,

"I see Harriet is the idol of every one."

Her mother smiled her assent, but did not reply; and then made some inquiry re-

garding their journey. While they continued conversing for a little, the old gentleman's eyes remained rivetted on the children. The youngest girl soon came softly round, and placed herself on her father's knee, her rosy little cheek laid back, almost touching his dark countenance. The situation seemed one well known to her, and she appeared satisfied in being restored to it, for she spoke none. She now and then looked at her grandfather, then turning away half frightened, she drew closer to her father. A smile passed over Julia's countenance, while she thought, Here is the parent whose children *feared* but could not *love* him. Before the sun had withdrawn its last rays, Harriet had once more visited some of her favourite haunts, and pointed out to Julia the spot where she had shed many tears at the prospect of this visit, which had now terminated so happily.

And here we may leave them ;—the old gentleman to enjoy his new found happi-

ness, surrounded by his children ;—Julia to gain increasing knowledge of the Christian life by the example set before her in the family of her uncle ;—Harriet to resume the pursuits and pleasures of her much-loved home. Sir George, after he had spent a few weeks at Glenvarlow, acknowledged to Harriet that she judged right,—no one could be really acquainted with all the excellence of his son, unless they saw him at home. Sir George has once been seen in the parish church ; all prejudice against religion has long been removed from his mind ; and we may hope that he also shall be led to the knowledge and love of God, even at the eleventh hour.

FINIS.

