

was indeed miserable. Throwing myself upon my bed, I wept bitterly. How *could* I meet my parents' reproofs and the jeers of my brother Willie? were questions I often asked myself. I felt sure they would never trust my word again. I was in deep disgrace. Rising, however, I summoned courage to venture down-stairs, where the family were assembled at breakfast. My father did not smile as he bade me good-morning; but Willie wickedly inquired of my mother if she did not hear a noise in the night, like the chirping of chickens in distress.

I finished my meal in silence. After its conclusion, father called me to him, and talked upon the wickedness and danger of delaying to perform duties at the proper time. "Go to your room, my child," at length he said, "and on your knees, before God, confess your fault, and implore his assistance, for he alone can aid you in curing yourself of a habit which seems to be so fully confirmed."

CHAPTER V.

THE season of deep contrition and mortification which I experienced did not cure me of my deeply-rooted evil habits. For two or three days, to be sure, I prayed earnestly for divine