

call them, will not chime well together. All that I have heard you allege against Caroline Murry, raises, instead of lowering her in my estimation. So far as a gentle, and truly lady-like deportment is concerned, I think her greatly superior to the two friends you have named as pinks of gentility."

Anna looked into the face of her brother for some moments, her countenance exhibiting a mingled expression of surprise and disappointment.

"But you are not going to walk with her in the street any more, I hope," she at length said.

"And why not, Anna?"

"Because, as I have said before, she is not genteel."

"Genteel, you were going to say. But that allegation, you perceive, Anna, has no weight with me; I do not consider it a true one."

"Well, we won't talk any more about it just now, for it would be no use," said the sister, changing her voice and manner; "and so I will change the subject. I want you to make a call or two with me this morning."

"On whom?"

"On Miss Eberley and Miss Fitzwilliams."

"It wouldn't be right for me to do so, would it? You know I don't consider them genteel," said the brother, with affected gravity.

"O nonsense, brother! Why will you trifle so?"

"But, seriously, Anna, I do not consider that those young ladies have any very strong claims to gentility; and, like you, I have no wish to associate with those who are not genteel."

"If you talk in that way, William, I shall get angry with you. I cannot hear my most intimate friends spoken of so lightly; and, at the same time, accused of a want of gentility. You must remember that you are reflecting upon your sister's associates."

"You must not, and I know you will not, get angry with me, sister, for speaking plainly; and you must do me the justice to believe that in speaking as I do I am in earnest. And, you must also remember, that, in saying what you did of Caroline Murry, you spoke of one with whom your brother has associated, and with whom he is still willing to associate."

Anna looked very serious at this, nor could she frame in her own mind a reply that was satisfactory to her. At last she said—

"But, seriously, brother William, won't you call on those young ladies with me?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"Well, what is that?"

"Why, on condition that you will, afterwards, call with me, and see Caroline Murry."

"I cannot do that, William," she replied, in a positive tone.

"And why not, Anna?"

"I have already told you."

"I cannot perceive the force of that reason, Anna. But, if you will not go with me, I must decline going with you. The society of Miss Murry cannot be more repulsive to you, than is that of the Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliam to me."

"You don't know what you are talking about, William."

"That is my own impression about you.—But come, now, sister, let us both be rational to each other. I am willing to go with you, if you will go with me."

"Yes, but, William, you don't reflect, that, in doing as you desire me, I will be in danger of losing my present position in society. Caroline Murry is not esteemed genteel in the circle in which I move, and if it should be known that I visit her, I will be considered on a level with her. I would do any thing to oblige you, but, indeed, I would be risking too much here."

"You would only be breaking loose," replied the brother, "from the slavery you are now in to false notions of what is truly genteel. If any one esteems you less for being kind, attentive, and courteous, to one against whom suspicion has never dared to breathe a word, and whose whole life is a bright example of the pure and high-toned principles that govern her, that one is unworthy of your regard. True gentility does not exist, my sister, merely in a studied and artificial elegance of behaviour, but in inward purity and taste, and a true sense of what is right, all exhibiting themselves in their natural external expression. The real lady judges of others from what they are, and neglects none but what are wilfully depraved.—True, there are distinctions in society, and there are lines of social demarcation—and all this is right. But we should be careful into what social sphere we are drawn, and how we suffer ourselves to be influenced by the false notions of real worth which prevail in some circles that profess a high degree of gentility. I hold that every one, no matter what may be his or her condition in life, fails to act a true part if not engaged in doing something that is useful. Let me put it to your natural good sense, which do you think the most deserving of praise, Caroline Murry, who spends her time in 'doing something' useful to her whole fa-