

the Sabbath school, and many of the poor, ragged little children that she had sought out.

Emily did not wear as rich raiment as many others that worshipped in the same congregation with her; nor did she pay as much attention to, or seem to think as much of what she did wear as many others. But she paid especial attention to one kind of clothing, and the way of wearing it, which many greatly neglected, but which had so beautified her that all admired and praised her. She had an old book of fashions that she had carefully studied—studied it every day—and clothed herself according to its styles. It was not Godey's, nor Graham's, nor the latest Paris. True, the book was old and the styles were old, and some young ladies thought them not in good taste; but all agreed that Emily looked beautiful in them. They were simple and cheap, and still better, they were the same the whole year round.

And this was the rule and instruction of Emily's book, on the subject of personal decoration: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible. Even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Now this was Emily's standard. And it is sad to think that the times and the styles have so changed as to make this fashion of dress and adornment so little valued and practiced by society; especially when it is declared that God so highly esteems and prizes it.

Roselle worshipped in the same congregation, and was a member of the same church with Emily. Roselle was a very good girl, and a fine young lady. Roselle was sometimes called beautiful.

"What beautiful girl was that came into church, just as they were singing the second time, and sat in the middle aisle, about half way up?" asked a stranger at the close of service. That was Roselle. She was splendidly dressed, had a fine form, and could not fail to attract attention wherever she went. But did you notice that girl sitting in range of her, back near the door, just under the gallery? No, of course you would not. She came in before service commenced, and took a seat back. Her dress would attract no attention except for its plainness. The pastor saw her, how eagerly she listened to every word of the discourse; how the smile of faith and hope beamed upon her countenance, as he spoke of the rest that remaineth. That was Emily. The stran-