

to Kate's real character, she sank in his esteem, and though the destruction of his hopes might inflict a deep pang, he could never love her as he had done. Kate retired to her room after his departure, and wept long and bitterly. When she met her guardian, her countenance still bore traces of sorrow, and he kindly enquired its cause. She told him of Mr. Harwood's bankruptcy, and his resolve.

"Noble fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Scott, with animation. "Well, my Kate! he has proved himself more worthy of you than ever."

Miss Percival replied not, and her eye fell beneath the enquiring gaze of her astonished guardian. At length she murmured, "And do you approve his determination?"

"Approve it! certainly, I do so; what honest man could do otherwise?" Then as he witnessed Kate's confusion, he added, "I hope, my dear child, you have not been foolish enough to quarrel with him for such a display of his noble qualities."

Kate's eye fell underneath his searching glance, but she recovered herself and replied, "But what would you have me do? I could not marry a poor clerk, and live on a stinted salary, with my expensive tastes and habits."

"And you have told him this and cast him off, now when he needs your sympathy and affection more than ever, and when he has shown himself so worthy of them. Silly girl!" he added in a tone of mingled anger and commiseration, "God grant you may not bitterly rue your folly!"

And she did repent it. When Harwood called his creditors together and laid before them a statement of his affairs, relinquishing everything to them: by doing which he was able to meet very nearly all the demands against him, though left absolutely penniless himself, they felt so much confidence in his uprightness, that they withdrew their claim for immediate payment, permitting him to continue his business, in hopes that he might soon be able to pay, without impoverishing himself. When Kate heard of this, bitterly did she repent her conduct, but it was too late to retract; when she met Mr. Harwood, he treated her with a cold politeness, which at once told her that he was lost to her irrecoverably. Her true friends, and especially Mrs. Russell, deeply regretted her course, yet Emily could not reproach her, for Kate had poured into her friendly ear the confession of her rashness, and her subsequent remorse and sorrow, and her friend well knew that oftentimes,

"The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while,"
and that Kate's gaiety was often assumed to hide from the gossiping community an aching heart;

yet she was gay, and therefore reputed heartless; she was conscious of this, and it gave to her character a bitterness and misanthropy unfelt before. Sometimes Mrs. Russell would remonstrate with her on her severe sarcasms and bitter irony, when she replied,

"I have the name of heartlessness, why not as well have the reality? especially as I succeeded so wonderfully in acquiring it, for besides yourself, and your sweet child, and I suppose I must include your husband, I care for no one in the wide world. They may amuse a passing hour, but otherwise, they are to me as though they were not. And yet," she added, and her rich voice assumed a mournful tone, "I often feel it sad to be,

"With none who bless me, none whom I can bless."

She brushed away a tear, and added with forced gaiety, "but regrets are worse than vain, 'As you make your bed, sue you must lie down,' as the old proverb says; and if mine is a thorny one it is my own fault, I suppose, and there is no help for it."

"Nay, my dear Kate, your case is not so hopeless," replied her friend; "True! the past is beyond recall; but you are very young, you may yet possess beloved and valued friends. Only cultivate what is lovable in your character, and love others, and you will doubtless receive affection in return. You have heard, I suppose, the oft repeated anecdote of Dr. Doddridge's little daughter, who when asked by her father 'What made every one love her?' artlessly replied, 'I don't know, papa, unless it is that I love every body.'"

"Ah! Emily it is easy for you to preach; with the devoted love of a kind and excellent husband, and all the sweet endearments of home, it is easy for you to love others, and to do good; you may say that these genial influences might have surrounded me; I know it well, and remorse dries up the kindness of the heart. When the withering consciousness of irreparable errors, the merited contempt of one who has loved, presses upon the soul, how can it be gentle and loving?"

"If you are conscious of your faults, dear Kate!" replied her friend with gentle earnestness, "and sorry for the wrong you have done, why not go at once in humble penitence, and lay your burden at His feet, who invites the weary and heavy laden to come to Him. He will not cast you out, but in His own way find balm for every wound, and indulge the godly sorrow for sin which softens, instead of hardening the heart."

"Yes, Emily! that might do for you, but for me, never." Her dark eye flashed as she added, "Yes, and Mr. Harwood would think I had turned saint, to win him back. No! though my