

am so thankful to you, ma'am! for sending that kind gentleman here yesterday," exclaimed Mrs. Hall. "He gave me money with which he directed me to redeem my bed, and the other things which I had pledged, so that poor Johnny is quite comfortable now."

"I sent no one here," said Emily, more surprised than ever; "what was his name?"

"I don't know, he did not tell me, but he said he had just heard how destitute we were, and I thought you must have told him, for nobody else has been here."

"It must be he," thought Emily! "How like my noble Frederick."

Mrs. Livingston offered to procure work for Mrs. Hall, by which she might obtain a livelihood, and the offer was gratefully accepted; and followed, by thanks, they left the humble abode, where the "widow's heart had been made to sing for joy" by the judicious bestowment of a few dollars.

"How can any one," thought Emily, "waste money on useless decorations, when so much misery can be relieved by a small amount?"

When she met Mr. Russell she said playfully, "Ah! Frederick! I have found you out, notwithstanding your secrecy. Why did you not inform us of your designs, that we too might contribute towards the same end?"

"I wished to give you an agreeable surprise," he replied, smiling affectionately.

"That was not your *only* motive, dearest?" asked Emily.

"Not my *highest*, I hope, but I shall not allow you to probe my heart too deeply." The smile and glance exchanged as he said this, showed how perfect was their mutual confidence.

A short week passed, and Mr. Livingston's apartments were filled with guests, for on that evening his Emily was leaving her childhood's home to bless her husband's house by her presence. And very lovely did she look when

"From the altar led,
With silvery veil, but slightly swept aside,
The fresh young rose-bud deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away."

Yet Mr. Russell was one to whom her parents could confidingly trust their child; he loved his young bride devotedly, and felt deeply his responsibility to God, and the claims of his Saviour on his heart. Thus in "the fear of the Lord," he had "a panoply of triple brass" to shield him from the vices and follies of the world. They both knew that however fondly they loved, the beloved object was only lent for a season, and their best hopes were garnered up in heaven, where "no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupt-

eth." Thus they began their wedded life; though "encompassed with infirmity," conscious of many sins and shortcomings, they rejoiced in the knowledge that "the blood of Christ, cleanseth from all sin," and constrained by this love they went forth to glorify Him in heart and life, who had bought them with so great a price.

CHAPTER II.

"I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly flashing eye,
That, maiden! there's that within thy breast,
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblessed."

A year rolled swiftly by; a precious little one was added to the household band of our young friends. As the grateful mother received her babe, and pressed her first fond kiss on its brow, she sought grace to train her child for heaven; and as the happy parents watched its opening beauties, their hearts were full of thankfulness.

But where is Kate Percival, Emily's early friend? She was little changed either in person or mind; her mother had died during the year, and she was now residing with her guardian, Mr. Scott, a man of wealth, and of great integrity of character. During the year, Kate could not attend her wonted scenes of gaiety, and thus, thrown upon her own resources for amusement, she cultivated a closer intimacy than ever with Mrs. Russell; and that kind friend, who ever sought her true welfare, often hoped that impressions had been made on her heart, which would not be easily effaced. But her "goodness was as the morning cloud, and the early dew, which soon passeth away." Her grief at her mother's death, though at first violent, soon wore off; and as she thirsted for the admiration which she always received in society, she was prepared, at the close of the year, to enter with zest into her much loved amusements.

Among her admirers was Mr. Harwood, a young merchant of reputed wealth, and of excellent character. He was charmed by Miss Percival's beauty, and accomplishments, and without taking much pains to study her character, fancied her all that he could wish. In short, he was very much in love, and his affection was not unreturned, for Kate loved him truly; yet I should be wanting in truth were I to pretend that she did not love his money also. *Au contraire*, she often thought with exultation of the splendor she should possess, when mistress of his establishment.—Harwood little suspected this, and deemed himself most fortunate in having won the love of so gifted a being. The wedding day was fixed, preparations were making, and while many in secret envied Kate, her sincere friends, and Mrs. Russell among them, rejoiced at her happiness, for her