

In the evening we had a long talk, Evelyn and I, in my chamber, before we went to bed.

Evelyn said,—I like you all very much, Kitty, but I am not sure that Betty is not the best and wisest among you, and the greatest friend to me. Aunt Trevelyman spoils me by her tenderness, and Uncle Trevelyman by his courteous deference, and you by your humility. But Betty knows better, and she has given me a bit of her mind, and I have given her a bit of mine. This morning I asked her to teach me to make butter, and she said, ‘Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I’ll teach you what I can, although I half think you are after nothing but a bit of play. But before we begin, I must tell you what’s been on my mind for some time. You may play, my dear, with Master about his battles, and with Missis at learning to sew, and with me at making butter, if you like, but I can’t abide play about religion, and I can’t think it’s anything else when you talk about Parson Wesley and his wonderful words, with those lappets and feathers and lace and curls flying about your face, and tripping on your high-heeled red shoes. The Bible’s plain; and I marked a text which you’ll be pleased to read.’

“She gave me her great Bible, and I read: ‘In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments,’ etc. ‘But, Betty,’ I said, ‘I don’t wear any tinkling ornaments, nor nose jewels, nor round tires like the moon, nor bells on my toes.’

“‘You may smile, Mrs. Evelyn,’ said Betty, very gravely, ‘but I think it’s no laughing matter. If that had been written in our days, my dear, your lappets, and furbelows, and hoop petticoats would have come in, sure enough. And it *was* written for you and me as sure as if it had been written yesterday; so we’ve got to understand it. But Parson Wesley’s sermons are no child’s play, my dear,’ she concluded; ‘and if you’d felt them tearing at your heart as I have, you’d know it; and till you do, I’d rather not talk about them.’”

“And what did you say, Cousin Evelyn?” I asked.

“I was angry,” said Evelyn, “for I thought Betty harsh and uncharitable, and I said,—

“‘I *have* felt Parson Wesley’s words, Betty, and I have learned