

and no farther; and here shall thy proud course be stayed. And the state of his mind all along, whether his progress in error be great or small, is wholly incompatible with the humility and simplicity of a child of God.

"That you, my dear boys, may never be suffered to wander in these fearful tracks, is the earnest and affectionate prayer of your friend,
T. W. HAMMER."

DRESS.—Concluded.

"And am I," said Cecilia, "to choose what I like out of all these, kind mamma?"

"Yes, whatever you please."

"O, what a nice morning frock, mamma, this is prettier than any evening frock I have now; what beautiful flounces, and a sash just to match that pretty bonnet. May I have this, mamma?"

"Whatever you please, only lay aside what you like upon this sofa."

"And this riding habit, how nicely it is embroidered, I will lay that on the sofa too."

"And this silk pelisse, what a sweet color, it will not do at home unless it is when I go out in the carriage, but it is just fit for the pump room and promenades here."

"Certainly, it will not suit you to wear when you run in green lanes; and gather roses and woodbine."

"I will lay it aside, however, mamma, if you please, and then this book muslin frock with roses at the bottom, how beautiful; and this broad pink sash just to match the colour of the roses; I must lay this upon the sofa too."

"I think I am quite set up now, how kind you are, mamma, but what is this! Oh, a flannel dressing gown. You think of every thing, mamma, but I have two already, however, I will have this, it is such beautiful fine flannel, and so curiously cut, I never saw a dressing gown made quite like it; so saying, she threw it carelessly upon the muslin frock bordered with roses. I suppose this is the fashionable way of making dressing gowns here."

"It is a very general fashion," answered Cecilia's mother, gravely. "And here is a flannel nightcap."—"Mamma, I do not wear flannel nightcaps," said Cecilia, smiling, "so I will not have this—it is a curious looking cap."

"The cap is always worn with the gown," said the mother.

Cecilia.—I often wear a flannel dressing gown, mamma; in winter; but I do not wear flannel nightcaps.

Mother.—That is not a dressing gown.

Cecilia.—What is it then, mamma?

Mother.—It is a dress which you are more aware of wanting than any other you have chosen. Cecilia looked at the gown with an apprehensive and enquiring look, and gently lifted it from the muslin dress.

Mother.—Nay, do not put it aside, it is a dress, I repeat it which you are sure to want, and for wearing which, there needs more preparation than for any other dress in this room."

Cecilia colored, then turned slightly pale, and stood still for some time in silence.

Mother.—Why should it distress you to look at a dress, it is your last dress, and if you are so anxious to ornament your body now, why should you be entirely careless how it makes its last appearance; does not this require some thoughts?

Cecilia.—Oh! mamma, this is shocking, what will it signify what my body wears after it is dead.

Mother.—And why not, my love?

Cecilia.—Because my soul will be gone.

Mother.—If it is your soul then which gives the chief value to the body, I should think that it is the decoration of the soul which ought to occupy the best and first of our thoughts and desires.

The mother extended her discourse a little longer on this subject, till perceiving that Cecilia was much affected, she thought it well to leave her for a time to her own reflections, surrounded by the ornaments of life and death.

Half an hour elapsed before she returned, and she found Cecilia sitting at the table as if in deep thoughts; her mother's bible had been opened before her, and all the dresses were carefully folded up, and returned to the places from whence she had removed them, she herself had been crying but her tears were dried up, and her countenance was serene though somewhat sad; she rose to meet her mother, and kissed her, saying, "I thank you, dear mamma, for what you have taught me, I did not know how foolish my heart was, but I hope I shall never love dress again."

"I trust you will, not my love, but this victory over the world can only be gained in one way, it is the cross of Christ which can alone crucify us to the world; and the love of dress and ornament is one of the world's strongest temptations to young people."

"And I hope, mamma, I shall try to adorn my soul, my immortal soul."

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

"That holy dress of which you speak," returned the mother, "and the robe of righteousness the wedding garment of the gospel, are all the work of our Saviour, and are indeed the true ornaments for which we should seek. If the soul is clothed with these we shall not fear the body's last dress, for we shall have a grounded hope that the body itself, after its last sleep in its last dress shall rise again to immortal youth and beauty."

"And will you dear mamma, choose for me what I shall wear now, and teach me how to choose what will be proper for me when I get older."

"I remember," returned the mother, "a wise speech said to have been made by a Jesuit, I believe by the founder of the order. It was this, 'Never give to your rank what it only allows, and never refuse to it what it indispensably requires.' But if our hearts are right with God, and we hope for wisdom from above, we are not likely to make any very important mistake in the management of our dress, any more than of any other worldly business."

"And I think, dear mamma, when I long for a gay dress, I shall never forget what I felt when I knew what that flannel dress was, and saw it lying across the muslin frock with the wreath of roses."

"It told you, my love, what we ought never to forget, that in the midst of life we are in death, and when you remember this important truth, you will do well to remember also, that there is none from whom we can seek for succour to deliver us from the guilt we have contracted, or from the pollution of worldly minds, but the Lord our Redeemer.

INSINCERITY.

Persons in general seem little aware, how much their conduct is governed by insincerity, and a restless desire of appearing to be what they are not. Let not my young friends think me harsh, but I would ask—is not your better judgment too often silenced in accommodation to the opinion of the world? And instead of this simple enquiry—what is right? Is it not often—what will this person think? or such a one say? till,

"Conscience deadened, by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturalized the crime."

And after all, what is it you aim to obtain? Applause? And what is applause?—a mere phantom—a bubble—grasp it, and it is like the empty foam of the ocean, which rises up, and dashes against the rock—swells impetuously above the bursting waves—glitters, and disappears—but,

"Sporting with bubbles—
Grasping empty air, but all become immortals,
To whom eternity's fast opening scenes must soon
Disclose their fates—their fixed unalterable fate."

These thoughts occurred to me after having casually heard the following conversation.

Emma. I have been calling on Mrs. West, and engaged that you and I would take tea with her on Thursday.

Jane. What! had you no excuse at hand? Mrs. West is such a weak woman, totally unable to converse, we shall hear nothing but gossip and scandal all the evening.

Emma. We have no other engagement you know, so I was obliged to say, we should be happy to visit her, though secretly wishing we could get off.

Jane. Well, come, we must sign our names to this paper. How much shall we give?

Emma. Really I do not exactly approve of the institution; but we shall be thought mean if we do not subscribe. Now, the S—s, the R—s, and the T—s, have all given a guinea, and, perhaps, they can afford it as well as we; but it is necessary for us to make more appearance, so I think we cannot do less than Mrs. M—.

Jane. The money, in my opinion, would be much better employed in relieving the real necessities of the poor family we visited yesterday: they have stronger claims upon our charity.

Emma. That is true; but you know, Jane, we cannot always stay and consider how many better ways there may be of employing our money; we should be ridiculed for such precision; but, in the present case, we shall be both fulfilling an act of charity, and ensuring its reward.

Jane. Ensuring its reward! What, by making it public! is that—

Emma. I said more than I intended; but yet to be candid with you, I see you are not yet entirely actuated by benevolence either, or why not bestow the sum on the poor family you mentioned?

Jane. We are under very many obligations to society at large, and probably could not long exist independently of it, therefore, it is our duty, to make ourselves, not only useful, but as agreeable as possible; so the paper shall have my signature.

Emma. And mine. But dear, how vexatious! I did not wish to see company this morning, and I hear a rap at the door.

Enter Mrs. Smith and her little daughter.