

of wealth. Only from her gentle friend could the proud beauty brook aught of reproach; yet, with all her hauteur, Kate Percival was a gay young creature, whose great flow of spirits, lively satire, and animated conversation, made her the life of the company. I will not describe the many pleasant days which we spent together at C., the rambles through the groves, the depredations committed on the blackberry bushes, the rides and walks through the picturesque country, the strolls on the beach at sunset, when we would listen to the music of the waves as they broke along the shore, till we could exclaim with the poet—

"I have loved thee, Ocean!
Unchangeable, saw to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

I must not, however, linger to recall these scenes, but hasten to the narration of my simple tale.

It was a bright afternoon in the following autumn when these two young friends were walking through one of the principal streets of New York, engaged apparently in interesting conversation. They entered at length a milliner's shop, and began examining the tasteful articles scattered around in profusion; while Emily quietly selected what she wished to purchase, Kate Percival was loud in her expressions of admiration.

"Here is a charming bonnet, Emily!" she said to her friend, "so tasteful and elegant, with this lovely wreath of orange-flowers. It is just the thing for you, and you must really purchase it."

"I had chosen this," replied Emily quietly, as she held up one to her friend, and I like it quite as well as the other."

"A paltry thing!" answered Kate; "why it would suit a quakeress."

"Not quite, I am afraid," said her friend smiling; "but I shall not allow you to trounce my pretty little bonnet, for it is quite as elegant as the other."

"But you must have this," rejoined Kate; "I have set my heart upon it, and you will not be so obstinate surely as to refuse me."

"I cannot afford to buy that, dear Kate! this one, which I like quite as well, is only half the price."

"Fie, Emily! I did not think you so stingy; and on such an occasion too, when I well know that you have money enough. Well, I congratulate Mr. Russell; he will have a most prudent economical wife, worthy to be the saving dame of some poor laborer." She curled her lip as she spoke.

Emily replied with a bright smile, "Nay, Kate, your shaft cannot wound me there. Mr. Russell does not approve of extravagance in dress any more than I do."

"Extravagance!" exclaimed her friend as they left the shop; "but it would not be extravagant for you to purchase what you like; were you poor the case would be different."

"It would, for *then* self-denial would be a necessity; *now* it is no less a duty. Money is given us, not merely or chiefly for self-indulgence, but as a talent to be improved for the good of others, as well as for our own comfort."

"Then we had better all turn quakeresses at once," rejoined Kate, "and appear in plain drab, mob caps, and poke bonnets."

"Certainly not," said Emily smiling; "you mistake my meaning. There may be as much pride in an affected plainness and peculiarity of costume as in the richest and most fashionable attire. I think one should dress with neatness and taste; but though I would not wish to appear singular,—I think that a professed follower of Christ ought not to go to the same length in fashion as those who bow to no rule of duty but their own inclination."

Kate began to reply, when a little girl, very thinly clad, whose lips and cheeks were blue with the cold, advanced towards them with a basket of fruit, which she offered for sale. Kate said they did not want any, and turned away. The pale face of the child, which had beamed with hope, became sad, and Emily was struck by her hopeless glance; she kindly inquired the price of the apples, and had leisure to notice her appearance: her face, though now pale and thin, had evidently been pretty, and the large dove-like eyes glanced so timidly from beneath the heavy fringe that shaded them, that our young friend was quite charmed, and enquired if her parents were living.

A tear moistened the child's eye as she artlessly replied, "My mother is, ma'am! father is dead, and poor mother has to stay at home to take care of Johnny, for he is very sick."

"Who is Johnny, my poor child?" asked Emily, whose kind heart was touched with the apparent misery of one so young.

"My little brother, ma'am! mother says he will soon die and go to heaven, where poor papa is. I wish I could go too, for I read in my Testament the other day that they never hunger there, but are always happy." A tear ran down her cheek as she spoke, and Emily enquired if her mother lived near.

"Yes, ma'am! just down this street," and then, emboldened by the kindness of the lady, she added with energy "Oh! if you would be so