

mily; or your friends, the Misses Eberly and Fitzwilliams, and those constituting their particular circle, who expect service from others, but never think of rendering any, and who carry their prejudices so far as to despise those who work?"

Anna did not reply, and her brother said—

"I am in earnest, sister, when I say, that you cannot confer a greater favour upon your brother, than to go with him to see Caroline Murry. Cannot I induce you to comply with my wishes?"

"I will go," she replied to this appeal, and then hurried away, evidently no little disturbed in her feelings.

In half an hour she was ready, and, taking her brother's arm, was soon on the way to Miss Ernestine Eberly's residence. That young lady received them with all the graces and fashionable airs she could assume, and entertained them with the idle gossip of the day, interspersed with an occasional spice of envious and ill-natured remark. Knowing that her brother was a close discriminator, and that he was by no means prepossessed in her friend's favour, Anna herself observed her more narrowly, and as it were, with his eyes. It seemed to her that Miss Eberly never was so uninteresting, or so mal-apropos in what she said. The call on Zepherine Fitzwilliams came next in turn. Scanning her also with other eyes than her own, Anna was disappointed in her very dear friend. She looked through her, and was pained to see that there was a hollowness and want of any thing like true strength or excellence of character about her. Particularly was she displeased at a gratuitous sneer thrown out at the expense of Caroline Murry.

And now, with a reluctance which she could not overcome, Anna turned with her brother, towards the residence of the young lady who had lost caste, because she had good sense and was industrious.

"I know my sister's lady-like character will prompt her to right action, in our next call," said the brother, looking into Anna's face with an encouraging smile.

She did not reply, yet she felt somehow or other pleased with the remark. A few minutes' walk brought them to the door, and they were presently ushered into a neat parlour in which was the young lady they were seeking. She sat near a window, and was sewing. She was plainly dressed in comparison with the young ladies just called upon; but in neatness,

and in all that constitutes the lady in air and appearance, in every way their superior.

"I believe you know my sister," said Enfield, on presenting Anna.

"We have met a few times," she replied, with a pleasant, unembarrassed smile, extending at the same time her hand.

Miss Enfield took the offered hand with less reluctance than she imagined she could, but a few hours before. Somehow or other, Caroline seemed to her to be very much changed for the better in manner and appearance. And she could not help, during all the visit, drawing contrasts between her and the two very dear friends she had just called upon; and the contrast was in no way favourable to the latter. The conversation was on topics of ordinary interest, but did not once degenerate into frivolity or censoriousness. Good sense manifested itself in almost every sentence that Caroline uttered, and this was so apparent to Anna, that she could not help frequently noticing and involuntarily approving it. "What a pity," Anna once or twice remarked to herself, "that she will be so singular."

The call was but a brief one. Anna parted with Caroline under a different impression of her character than she had ever before entertained. After her return with her brother, he asked her this abrupt question,

"Which of the young ladies, Anna, of the three we called upon this morning, would you prefer to call your sister?"

Anna looked up, bewildered and surprised into the face of her brother, for a few moments, and then said:

"I don't understand you, brother William."

"Why, I thought I asked a very plain question. But I will make it plainer. Which one of the three young ladies we called upon this morning, would you advise me to marry?"

"Neither," replied Anna, promptly.

"That is only jumping the question," he said, smiling. "But, to corner you so there can be no escape, I will confess that I have made up my mind to marry one of the three. Now tell me which you would rather it would be."

"Caroline Murry," said Anna, emphatically, while her cheeks burned, and her eyes became slightly suffused.

William Enfield did not reply to the hoped for, though rather unexpected admission, but stooping down, he kissed her glowing cheek, and whispered in her ear,

"Then she shall be your sister, and I know you will love one another."

He said truly. In a few months he claimed