

tion of being a belle and a beauty. She had almost ceased to remember that her sister, whose once beautiful form was now part and parcel of the earth wherein it lay, left a written testimony of her trials; that she laid open her heart's feelings, hopes, and disappointments for her advantage—that, to prevent her sister's tears, she had reshed her own—for she had torn afresh wounds which time had comparatively healed, and had again emitted the drops of blood distilled from her lacerated heart. "My blessed child!" said her mother, "have you forgotten poor Rachel's legacy?—how she bequeathed you the knowledge of her 'temptation,' that your fate might not be as hers?"

She laid a few leaves of paper upon her table, fairly and plainly written—and Kate re-tensioned her lamp, and flung the garland from her brow, that she might read **THE STORY** of her dead sister.

"**A WOMAN.** Kate!—a young unmarried woman's trials are generally of the affectionate trials of temper—trials of judgment—trials of power—come afterwards—but a young girl's trials are of the heart.

"I hope you have not yet understood what it is to love; unless indeed, you love what is lovely.—lovely not only for time, but for eternity. The impression made on a young heart may be considered light; and yet, Katherine, it is long—oh, how long!—before it wears out I found it so. You know the pains my dear mother ever took to impress upon us our religious duties—to teach us Christ—all in all sufficient; and to manifest our faith by our works. I fear me that I trusted too much to my own strength—that I thought too much of my own acquirements. The pains bestowed on my education made me superior to my companions, but not, alas! superior to myself. The remembrance of your sister—of the once living reality of her who pines these hues—will, before you read them, have faded to an outline vision. You will remember a thin, pale girl, who loved flowers and music, and for whom you gathered the finest grapes, and the thou-ht of her will bring back her last kiss—her white brow—her dead hand, the never to be forgotten touch of death—the tears—a mother's precious tears!—and then the funeral. Ay, my beloved sister, all will be as a vision; but we may learn wisdom from such.

"I did think too highly of my acquirement and practised them more for the sake of display, than a desire to give pleasure. They attracted the attention of one who, possessed of much beauty, much talent, and some—indeed many—amiable qualities, was, nevertheless deficient in the great requisites for domestic—much less Christian—happiness. For a time, we were as two gay butterflies sporting in the sunshine; I learnt to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, to feel his feelings, to live but in his presence; and yet I hardly knew it—was not that strange? One of the mysteries of love; perpetually denying his influence with my lips; lying to my own heart—practising self-deception—but however I might have succeeded in deceiving myself, I did not, could not, deceive him. He knew his power, and while he loved me.—(Ah! Kate, take my experience with you in the world, and remember that while men talk of love, women feel it)—loved me—he believed well—yet endeavoured to laugh at my 'amiable weaknesses,' 'early prejudices, want of worldly knowledge.' Such he termed, in honied words, woman's best and surest safeguard—her refuge, her hope—her shield and buckler. At first I was alarmed—but he never wounded my feelings. Day by day, secure of my affections, he became more careless in his expressions, though he gave me no reason to suppose that he was guilty of infidelity. I wanted the courage, and in truth, the Christian knowledge, to combat his assertions, and for a long time, I sheltered myself under the hope, almost the belief, that he did but jest. And awful as it was, still it was a comfort—a coward's comfort truly, that has no truth for its foundation. My dear mother, too, trembled while she prayed for my happiness—but my father thought of the splendor of the alliance, and rejoiced therein.

"The time approached for our union, and the care, attention, and tenderness of my affianced husband made me almost forget what then I had hardly time to think upon amid the congratulations, the preparations, and the festivals that were to celebrate our marriage. Every one, too, assured me how certain I was of happiness, and I endeavoured to—yes, I did—believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of an unsanctified hope, and I fought against my doubts and Christian terrors—it was to be the last Sunday before our