

throng of gentle maidens that approached with elastic steps the pretty residence of the kind widow B. on that eve of radiant sunset. It was our birthday, and the good lady had designed a little surprise party in honour of the occasion. Gay and courteous she appeared as she met on the threshold the smiling party, and greeted them with words of hearty welcome. The beautiful daughter Jesamine, whose graceful neck bowed like a swaying lily, was all animation and kindness; and that social tea-taking was like a love-feast to us all.

We were soon seated in the fairy little parlour, each feeling that this was to be one of the very pleasant evenings. The door was flung open and the elegant Jesamine advanced towards us and placed on each of our heads a wreath of snowy flowers, and never shall I forget the sweet grace—the expression of irresistible love on her beaming countenance at that moment. She seemed indeed like a ministering spirit sent forth to execute a commission of peculiar tenderness on this oft too cold and chilling earth. There was one present on that cheerful night who gazed with an entrancing rapture on the winning face of the lovely Jesamine. Tall and manly was his form—warm and generous his heart. Report said that the spirited young Fielding sought the hand of the blooming Jesamine, and that it was not refused. And who could have looked upon them in their trusting affection and youth, and not have wished them many and happy days to bless and cherish each other on the journey of life?

Twelve months have elapsed since the little birthday party, and now another group has assembled in that same sweet parlour. The blushing Jesamine stands in her robes of matchless whiteness and gives her young heart in all its devotion to the happy Fielding. 'Twas a quiet, pleasant party; all were well satisfied, and the gentle, loving bride prepared to enter her new home in the picturesque village of S—. Many were the warm wishes poured out for the happiness of the youthful pair, and a fond mother's blessing descended on their heads as they turned their steps to the door of Jesamine's pretty cottage home—the home of her childhood—with a promise soon to revisit it again. But alas! we know not what a day may bring forth! Well has

the sacred writer said, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." The evening of their arrival at S—, the bride complained of an unusual sensation of languor and fatigue, which was succeeded by severe pain in the temples. Next day she was unable to leave her couch, and symptoms of typhoid fever set in. Constantly did the faithful husband watch beside her bed; every remedy was resorted to; the best and most experienced physicians were summoned, but all in vain! Stern death his work must do; and despite all the impassioned prayers for her recovery the bride of a week was consigned to the dark and loathsome tomb, there to await the final reckoning. Called from the sweet home of her young husband, from all the endearments of life, and with changed countenance was sent away; the bridal robe was exchanged for the ceremonies of death, and the devoted partner of her love now weeps by his widowed hearth.

Oh! ye young and gay whose forms are yet untouched by disease, whose spirits are buoyant with life and hope, to you this mournful event speaks in tones of touching earnestness—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." "I say unto ye all watch." Oh! come without delay and present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. Oh! banish all thoughts of earth and its fleeting enjoyments; "for what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Oh! that your footsteps may be planted securely on the Rock of Ages, so that on the day of adversity and death the Arm of the Allsufficient may be underneath and around you, and His strength be made perfect in your weakness.

E. N. L.

THE SHOOTING FISH.

This very remarkable fish is a native of the East Indies. Nature has constructed this aquatic sportsman in a very singular manner, but one admirably adapted to his sporting predilections. The fish has a hollow cylindrical beak. He frequents the rivers or the seashore in search of food, and from the unusual manner in which he provides for his daily wants he

derives his name. When this hungry gentleman espies a fly or an insect not taking due care of himself, but sitting on plants in shallow water, he swims away to the distance of four or five feet, and often of six feet, that he may take aim at his prey; and when he has done so to his satisfaction, he then, with amazing dexterity and cleverness, ejects out of his tube-like mouth one drop of water, which is so well directed and so swiftly shot forth that it never fails to knock the fly into the water, and once there all hope of escape is gone—the fish darts upon its prey and eagerly devours it; thus supplying us with another instance of the diversified modes in which Nature qualifies it countless millions of creatures with the powers necessary for procuring food.

ORDER.

Young friends, put things right back in their proper places. Never leave things all about, helter-skelter, topsyturvy—never. When you use an article—hoe, shovel, rake, pitch-fork, axe, hammer, tongs, boots and shoes, books, slates, pencils, writing apparatus, pins, thimbles, pin-cushions, needles, work-baskets, kitchen furniture, every article of housewifery or husbandry, no matter what it is—the very moment you are done using it return it to its proper place. Be sure to have a special place for everything—a place for everything and everything in its place. Order, order, perfect order, is the watchword—heaven's first law. How much precious time is saved, aside from vexation, by observing order—systematic regularity! And little folks should begin early to preserve order. These loose, slipshod, slatternly habits are formed in youth, and habits once formed cling for life.

Young friends, begin early to keep things straight in their proper place. Study neatness, order, economy, sobriety—everything just, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—LOCKE.