

eclipsed by the peerless moon. Indeed the only art or science in which Kate ever made any proficiency, was the art and science of being happy, and in this she so remarkably excelled, that one could scarcely be in her presence half an hour without feeling unaccountably comfortable themselves.

She had a world of sprightliness, a deal of simplicity and affection, with a dash of good-natured shrewdness, that after all, kept you more in awe than you would ever suppose you could be kept by such a merry, good-natured little body. Not one of Isabelle's adorers ever looked at her with such devout adoration as did the laughter-loving Kate. No one was so ready to run, wait and tend—to be up stairs and down stairs, and everywhere in ten minutes, when Isabelle was dressing for conquest: in short, she was, as the dedications of books sometimes set forth, her ladyship's most obedient, most devoted servant.

But if I am going to tell you my story, I must not keep you all night looking at pictures: so now to my tale, which I shall commence in manner and form the following:

It came to pass that a certain college valedictorian and a far off cousin of the two sisters, came down to pass a few months of his free agency at their father's: and, as aforesaid, he had carried off the first collegiate honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery at the last commencement.

So interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes, and all that, was the reputation he left with the gentler sex. But alas, poor Edward, what did all this advantage him? so long as he was afflicted with that unutterable, indescribable malady, commonly rendered bashfulness—a worse nullifier than any ever heard of in Carolina. Should you see him in company, you would really suppose him ashamed of his remarkably handsome person and cultivated mind. When he began to speak, you felt tempted to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle, he made such a distressing affair of it, and as to speaking to a lady! the thing was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this 'rara avis' was coming to her father's, she was unaccountably interested to see him, of course—because he was her cousin, and because—a dozen other things too numerous to mention.

He came, and, was for one or two days an object of commiseration as well as admiration to the whole family circle. After a while, however, he grew quite a domestic; entered the room straight forward, instead of stealing in sideways—talked off whole sentences without stopping—looked Miss Isabelle straight in the face without blushing—even tried his skill at sketching patterns, and winding silk—read poetry and played on the flute with the ladies—romped and frolicked with the children, and, in short as old John observed, was as at home in the morning till night.

Divers reports began to spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion was heard in the camp of Miss Isabelle's admirers. It was stated with great precision, how many times they had ridden—walked—talked together, and even all they had said. In short, the whole neighborhood was full of

That strange knowledge that doth come,
We know not how—we know not where.

As for Kate, she always gave all admirers to her sister, ex officio; so she thought, that of all the men she had ever seen, she should like cousin Edward best for a brother, and she did hope Isabelle would like him as much as she did; and for some reason or other, her speculations were remarkably drawn to this point; and yet for some reason or other, she felt as if she could not ask any questions about it.

At last, events appeared to draw towards a crisis. Edward became more and more 'brown studious' every day, and he and Isabelle had divers solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a peculiar solemnity of countenance. Moreover, the quick-sighted little Kate noticed that when Edward was with herself, he seemed to talk as though he talked not, when he was with Isabelle, he was all animation and interest; that he was constantly falling into trances and reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly; and, in short, had every appearance of a person who would be glad to say something if he only knew how.

'So,' said Kate to herself, 'they neither of them speak to me about it—but I should think they might. Belle I should think would, and Edward knows I am a good friend of his; I know he is thinking of it all the time, he might as well tell me, and he shall.'

The next morning Miss Kate was sitting in the little back parlor. Isabelle was gone out shopping, and Edward was—she did not know where. Oh, no, here he is, coming book in hand, into the self-same little room: 'now for it,' said the merry girl mentally; 'I'll make a charge at him.' She looked up; Master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves of his book in a very unscholarship manner; he looked out of the window and then he walked to the sideboard and poured out three tumblers of water; then he drew a chair up to the work-table and took up first one ball of cotton, looked at it all over, and laid it down again, then another, then took up the scissors and minced up two or three little bits of paper, and then he began to pull the needles out of the needle book, and put them back again.

'Do you wish some sewing, sir?' said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended these operations.

'How—ma'am, what?' said he starting, and upsetting the box, stand and all, on the floor.

'Now, cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton,' said Kate, as the confused collegian stood staring at the cotton balls rolling in divers directions. It takes sometime to pick up all the things in a lady's work box; but at last peace was restored, and with it came a long pause.

'Well, cousin,' said Kate in about ten minutes, 'if you can't speak I can; you have something to tell me, you know you have.'

'Well, I know I have,' said the scholar in a tone of hearty vexation.

'There's no need of being so fierce about it,' said the mischievous maiden, 'nor of tangling my silk, and picking out all my needles, and upsetting my workbox as preparatory ceremonies.'

'There's never any need of being a fool, Kate, but I am vexed that I cannot say—[a long pause.]'

'Well, sir, you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far, don't you feel as you could finish?—Don't be alarmed; I should like of all things to be your confidante.'

But Edward did not finish—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.

'Well, I must finish for you, I suppose,' said the young lady, 'the short of the matter is, Master Edward, you are in love, and have exhibited the phenomena thereof this fortnight. Now you know I am a friendly little body, so do be tractable, and tell me the rest. Have you said anything to her about it?'

'To her? to who?' said Edward starting.

'Why Isabelle, to be sure—it's she, isn't it?'

'No, Miss Catharine, its you!' said the scholar, who like most bashful persons, could be amazingly explicit when he spoke at all.

Poor little Kate! it was her turn to look at the cotton balls, and to exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever; and—but that's no concern of mine.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

The whole broad earth is beautiful

To minds attuned aright,

And whereso'er my feet are turned,

A smile has met my sight.

The city, with its bustling walk,

Its splendour, wealth, and power,

A ramble by the river side,

A passing summer flower.

The meadow green, the ocean swell,

The forest waving free,

Are gifts of God, and speak in tones

Of kindness to me.

And oh, where'er my lot is cast,

Where'er my footsteps roam,

If those I love are near to me,

That spot is still my home.

RELIGION PLEASANT.

From the Canada Baptist Magazine.

Now surely it is a most unfair and unreasonable thing to throw on religion the scandal of making a man unhappy, because it has not given enjoyment to those who never cordially embraced it; and such must be all those persons who can give up the truth, and walk no more in the way of godliness.

But if, after all we have said, the objector is not satisfied, let him appeal to the thousands who have embraced religion, and have lived and died in her service. Let the records of the church be examined, and the testimony of the wisest and best of men be received. Or let him appeal to Christians around him; let him enquire from them where happiness can be found, and they will give the same answer. Let him visit the death bed of the believer, and tell us what but religion can impart so much serenity, and enabled its possessor to enter the valley of the shadow of death with exalted pleasure, saying to his relatives as he retires from the world, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves." Philosophy never did this; it has in some of its happiest efforts preserved the mind from violent agitations, but it never could point the way in which its adherent could obtain a victory over death, and descend to the grave singing, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Triumphs like these are peculiar to the religion of the gospel, which ennobles and dignifies its possessor, throws the purest pleasure in the path he has now to walk, enables him to contemplate his departure from the world with joy, and then conducts him to a state where he shall for ever engage in the praises of his Saviour, who has led him to the fountain of happiness.

NECESSITY FOR CONTROLLING THE PASSIONS.—A proud, irritable, discontented and quarrelsome person, can never be happy. He has thrown a tempestuous atmosphere around himself, and must forever move in the region of storms. He has employed sure means to embitter life, whatever may be his external circumstances. He has been the architect of his temper, and misery must be the result of his labor. But a person who has formed his temper and dispositions of mind after a right model—who is humble, meek,

cheerful and contented, can commonly find a convenient shelter when overtaken by the storms of life. I should, therefore, be our early lesson to subject the passions, appetite and desire, to the control and guidance of reason. The first are the gales to impel us in the voyage of life, but the last ought still to sit at the helm and direct our course. The stream when it slowly descends with a hoarse murmur from the mountain, and ripples through the plain, adorns and enriches the scene; but when it rushes down in a roaring and tempestuous torrent, overflowing its banks, it carries devastation and ruin along with it; so, when the passions, appetites and desires, are kept under due restraint, they are a useful and felicitating part of our nature; but when they are allowed to rage with unbridled fury, they commit fearful ravages on the character which they were fitted to adorn and exalt. We must watch over the first movements of the heart, and not indulge, with secret complacency, in imaginations, which we would be ashamed to avow. If we wish the stream of life to be pure, it ought to be our aim to preserve the fountain whence it flows unpolluted. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

RECOLLECTIONS.—Time mellow's ideas. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified and at the same time endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which, when present, we gave but little attention, are cherished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of tender kinds, the ties which they had in the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects at the immediate time are unable to excite.—The hum of a little tune, to which, in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook, which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruin of an ancient building which we remember almost entire—these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures and the ambitions of the present moment fade and disappear. Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than genial to the mind.—Of this tender power which remembrance has over us; several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we treat it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as our virtue.

SINGULAR WILL.—An English miser, John Bluech, lately died in London, leaving the following will: I give and bequeath to my nephew, my old black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece, the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grand-children, one of the little earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed. The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may easily be imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a way by no means flattering to him, and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug, her legacy, a kick, which broke it in pieces, when 'lo! a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy.' Each hurried to examine his or her legacy, and the flannel waistcoat and little earthen pots were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to cause them an agreeable surprise.

The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the one most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably, more good-will has arisen and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatever; the pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturalist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, become his triumph, which, though often obtained by a chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.

An Orchard is a very pleasing appendage of the garden. If thickly planted with dwarfs, the ground should be always kept digged, the surface around the stems strewn with stable litter, and the central intervals cropped in lines with potatoes. But if the trees be tall standards, not very near to each other, a very good crop of grass can be obtained, which may be made into hay, or cut green for a cow, always remembering to carry the fodder to the stall. The grass of an orchard is generally too much neglected; it ought never to be tramped by horses or cattle, but fed off by sheep in October and November, then dressed with some maiden loam, mixed with a fourth of rotten manures and a trifle of soot and salt, being sprinkled with a pound or two of Dutch clover to the acre, raked, or bush-harrowed, and rolled every March; a pasture of no despicable quality, will speedily reward the industry of the occupier.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—"Well, Norah, is your husband at home?"

"No, sir, he has gone to court."

"Gone to court!"

"Yes, sir; he is summoned to the Court of Requests."