

promise that I will behave better; I never will be so angry again."

Mrs Bond put away the curls that had been, in the agitation of the moment shaken over her daughter's face, and tenderly kissing her cheek she said—I will rely on your promise, Kate—I shall pray that you may receive strength to keep this solemn promise, and, my child, if you feel at any time tempted to be angry, remember that God sees you, that the blessed Saviour and the angels are looking down from heaven upon you. Think of this, and you surely will not dare allow your anger to appear—and for the wicked thought in your heart, you must pray to God to forgive it."

Kate kissed her mother, and her little sister Ada, and then gathered up the fragments of her her carmine saucer, and box, and other articles. When she had nicely arranged all these she came to her mother's side again, and asked if there was anything more she could do.

"Not at present, my child—you had better now go to your own chamber and think for a little time, of the promise that you have made; and if you write it down it will assist in keeping it in your mind. The great danger with your temper is that you forget your good resolutions."

"I know it, mother—but how very hard it is to be good!"

"Do you think so, my love? Now tell me what very hard things the good have to perform?"

"O, I do n't know what in particular—but it does seem to me very hard. Some persons can be good easy enough I suppose. There is Lucy now—why she is always happy; nothing ever happens to provoke her or disappoint her."

"Indeed,—Why, I thought she was disappointed last week, the day she was to have gone to visit the Asylum for the Blind, you recollect how it rained—and did not Charley overturn her vase of wax flowers the other day, and break that beautiful passion flower—and only yesterday little Ada tore the cameo seal off Lucy's note you remember—and then she has a sister Kate who often wears her calash and gloves and *sometimes* mislays these articles, and takes other liberties which, if Lucy allowed herself to find fault, might furnish cause of complaint."

"O, I know it, mother, I know it! Lucy is the best sister and the best girl that ever lived—but then she has *naturally* a pleasant temper."

"And you, my daughter, have a strong mind and can control and regulate your temper if you will try. This you have solemnly promised to do. Let your motto be 'remember'—and your prayer 'Lead us not into temptation,'—and your sentiment,

Teach me to feel another's wo,

To hide the fault I see—

The mercy I to others show

That mercy show to me."

"A merry Christmas! merry Christmas!"—shouted Charley Bond, popping in his round, curly head through the half-opened door of his sisters' sleeping apartment.

"A merry Christmas! my dear sisters," echoed Frank Bond in a more quiet tone, as he pushed the door wide open. Lucy was not there; but Kate, startled from a sound sleep, awoke out in an angry tone, as she rubbed her eyes—"What do you mean by making such a noise, you block-heads?—shut the door I say."

"Why, Katy, how lazy you are!" cried Charles. "See it is light, broad day light, and

it is Christmas day, and we are to have our presents you know, Katy, so do rise. I have been up this half hour."

"Yes, and it took me half an hour good to wake you, Charley, do n't boast over your sister," said Frank. "Come, come, let us go and find Lucy"—and off the boys ran to the parlor, the quicker as they saw that Kate looked frowningly, and they knew she could scold.

Kate arose and dressed herself in great haste, fretting all the time because Lucy had not wakened her. She entirely forgot, for the moment, her promise to her mother, and her eye flashed with the anger that was in her heart. Poor Katy! How much trouble her violent temper gave herself as well as her friends. An angry person is always unhappy.

Lucy was the eldest child, a sweet-tempered, considerate, helpful little lady of about thirteen years old. Mrs Bond was an excellent woman and a most tender and exemplary mother, but she was often ill, and had hardly strength to govern her children. But Lucy never needed any correction—she was *naturally*, as Kate said, of a most sweet and amiable disposition. If Dr. Spurzheim had examined her head he would have said that she did not need any law to control her—she was conscientious. She had a high forehead, and the top of her head was expanded, so that there were large organs of *reverence*, *benevolence*, *conscientiousness*, *love*, and *ideality*, as a Phrenologist would say—and these organs, when predominant, give a peculiar charm of goodness to the character. Fortunate is the person who has a high head from the ear up to the middle of the crown, and then the forehead swelling up high and broad at the temples—so say the phrenologists, and Lucy had just such a head as a phrenologist would doze on—

"And Katy?"

I must in truth say that Kate's head was not, phrenologically speaking, as good as Lucy's. She had a high head at the back part of the crown exactly on the place on which the Indians call the scalp, and where the phrenologist says that the organs of *self-esteem* and *love of approbation* are situated—she had a very fine forehead, however, much like Lucy's, only not quite so high—and she had the back part of the head largely developed, where that organ with the long name, *Pilo-progenitiveness*, meaning the love of children, and *adhesiveness*, or the organ of the love of friends, are situated. Kate had both these organs large, and she loved her friends dearly, and little children, and young animals of almost every sort, were her delight. She always had a number of pets—but then her large *self-esteem* made her exacting and imperious,—and she had *firmness*, which lies next to *self-esteem* on the top of the head, also very large; and *combativeness* was by no means small, so that, on the whole, her head was one that showed she must be governed, either by herself, or by some friend.

To be continued.

'BE COURTEOUS.' 1st Epis. Peter, iii. 3.

Every thing in character and in manners, which contributes to make a man a Christian, helps also to make him a gentleman. So that the most complete Christian is really and truly the most finished gentleman. If all men partook of the spirit of the Bible, and governed themselves by its precepts, Chesterfield might be laid on the shelf, and a more polished state of society than he

ever dreamed of would every where be seen. And the manners of such an age would possess an excellence to which the studied courtesy of fashionable life is an utter stranger; they would be the unvarnished picture of the heart. In running the mind over the items of good behaviour, which distinguish the conduct of a gentleman, we meet with none of any importance which a Christian is not bound to practise by the terms of his profession.

Is it a breach of good manners to use profane or obscene language? so does the Gospel explicitly command 'swear not at all,' and 'put away all filthy communication out of your mouth.' Is it ungentlemanly to bandy mutual revilings? so is it unchristian to render 'railing for railing.' Is it an outrage upon genteel breeding to appropriate to one's self comforts or conveniences, when others are present who are equally entitled to enjoy them? the Scripture also enjoins, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' And thus might we multiply parallels until a combined character should be formed in which the Christian would behold the measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ, and the man of just sensibilities, and finished manners, should recognize his beautiful of a polished gentleman.

We have sometimes looked upon Christian society with these principles in our mind, and have been shocked to observe in what light esteem many Christians appear to hold the common courtesies of life, not remembering that the servant of the Lord must be *gentle* unto all men."

When we have seen a Christian, in his own house, neglecting his company, giving no heed to conversation addressed to him; but attending rather to some species of self-gratification; when we have seen him at the table of a friend helping himself to the choicest viands, and eating as if he were striving for a wager; when we have found him possessed of memory very treacherous of others' interests or business or comfort, while it was signally retentive of whatever concerned himself, we have wished to present him with a phylactery, inscribed in a mammoth characters with the injunction of the Apostle, 'BE COURTEOUS.'

When we see a Christian brother in a deliberative assembly, evidently kindled by the heat of debate, ready to discomfit his antagonist by any means, pouring upon him a flood of invective, or sapping his character and undermining his forbearance, by ungenerous hints and vexatious inuendoes; when we see him ready at all the trickery of intrigue and underplot, which are hardly tolerated in a promiscuous political assembly, we long to sit at his elbow, and, like the slave in the triumphal car of the Roman generals, whisper frequently in his ear a gentle check upon his besetting sin. Would not the Apostles admonition: *chasten* and