

feels impelled onward as the picture speeds,— watching its progress through all the starry cluster, crying as it goes, “Stars, stars! behold the story of a man!” Will he dwell in those stars hereafter, and join in the melodies which they sing while hurrying in majestic sweep around the throne of the father? Who knows but such may be?

“If yon bright orbs which gem the night  
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,  
Where kindred spirits re-unite  
Whom death has torn asunder here;—  
How sweet it were at once to die,  
And leave this weary world afar,  
Mixt soul in soul to clear the sky,  
And soar away from star to star.”

Well, as the holy star-light stoops down to bless the eye with its lustre, and the mind with its revealings, may it come even into our hearts as a ray from the Divinity, teaching us to love while we live; and, like the stars, to sing and circulate without jar sorely together.—*Familiar Things.*

#### BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

We all of us, in a great measure, create our own happiness, which is not half so much dependent upon scenes and circumstances as most people are apt to imagine; and so it is with beauty. Nature does little more than furnish us with the materials of both, leaving us to work them out for ourselves. “Stars and flowers, and hills, and woods, and streams, are letters, and words, and voices, vehicles, and missionaries,” but they need to be interpreted in the right spirit. We must read, and listen for them, and endeavor to understand and profit by them. And when we look around us upon earth, we must not forget to look upward to heaven; “Those who can see God in everything,” writes a popular author, “are sure to see good in everything.” We may add with truth, they are also sure to see beauty in everything and everywhere. When we are at peace with ourselves and the world, it is as though we gazed upon outward things through a golden-tinted glass, and saw a glory resting upon them all. We know that it cannot be long thus; sin and sorrow, and blinding tears, will dim the mirror of our inmost thoughts; but we must pray and look again, and by-and-by the clouds will pass away. There is beauty everywhere, but it requires to be sought, and the seeker after it is sure to find it; it may be in some out-of-the-way place, where no one else could think of looking. Beauty is a fairy; sometimes she hides herself in a flower cup, or under a leaf, or creeps into the old ivy, and plays hide-and-seek with the sunbeams, or haunts some ruined spot, or laughs out of a bright, young face. Sometimes she takes the form of a white cloud, and goes dancing over the green fields, or the deep blue sea, where her misty form, marked out in momentary darkness, looks like the passing shadow of an angel’s wing. Beauty is a coquette, and weaves herself a robe of various hues, according to the season,—and it is hard to say which is the most becoming.

**GOOD COMMON CAKE.**—Take six ounces of good common rice, the rice must be ground, and the same quantity of flour, the yolks and whites of nine eggs, half a pound of sugar, and half an ounce of caraway seeds. Mix well together, and bake for an hour in a quick oven.

**CUSTARD PUDDING BAKED.**—Boil a pint of cream, with three blades of mace or a stick of cinnamon; when cold take four yolks and two whites of eggs, nutmeg, and sugar to taste, beat them well, and stir into the cream, pour into cups, and bake in a quick oven.

**WHITE SPRUCE BEER.**—Take six pounds of white sugar, four ounces of essence of Spruce, ten gallons of boiling water, and an ounce of yeast. Work the same as in making ginger beer, and bottle immediately in half pints. Brown spruce beer is made with treacle instead of sugar.

**CURRENT WATER.**—Take a pound of currants, and squeeze into a quart of water; put in four or five ounces of pounded sugar. Mix well, strain, and ice, or allow to get cold.

**EFFERVESCING LEMONADE.**—Boil two pounds of white sugar with a pint of lemon-ginger, bottle and cork. Put a table spoonful of the syrup into a tumbler about three parts full of cold water, add twenty grains of carbonate of soda, and drink quickly.

**FOR A COUGH.**—Half an ounce of marsh-mallow root, half an ounce of liquorice root, both shred fine; boil in a pint and a half of water, until reduced to a pint. Strain it, and sweeten to taste with brown sugar-candy. Take half a tea-cup full in the same quantity of new milk, three times a day, particularly fasting, and the last thing before going to bed. Asses’ milk may be more effectual, when it agrees with the patient.

#### GREAT SALE OF SUPERIOR THOROUGH BRED SHORT-HORN CATTLE.

The Subscriber will offer for sale, his entire herd of choice short horns, comprising 50 head, young and old at Public Auction, on Wednesday, the 13th of October, 1852, at One o’clock, P. M. at his Farm 2½ miles from the City of Troy; reserving to himself one bid on five Cows and Heifers and one Bull, say six head in all, and these to be pointed out previous to the commencement of the sale; this bid will be made public when the six animals are brought to the stand for sale. Should any gentleman advance on the single bid made by the proprietor, the highest bidder will be entitled to the animal. It is proper to say, the severe drought in this vicinity reducing the hay crop one half, has decided the proprietor to make this sale at the time named, instead of next June, which he had purposed to do.

The well established reputation of this herd in this Union, and in Canada, and the splendid herd it has measurably sprung from viz; the famed herd of that eminent English breeder, the late Thomas Bates, Esq., renders it hardly necessary to comment upon its superior merits. It may not however be inappropriate to remark, that the establishment of this herd was commenced in 1838, and that the most careful attention has since been paid to its breeding, and it now contains mostly all the reserved stock of two former public sales. Since 1840, the proprietor has imported from the late Mr. Bates, and his friends and late tenants the Messrs. Bells, 7 head of short horns; and besides these he has now on the passage across the Atlantic, shipped 21st. June, on board the Packet Ship Kossuth, Capt. J. B. Bell, a superior yearling roan Bull, having many crosses of the famed Duchess Bulls of Mr. Bates. Including this latter animal and