

MY COUSIN MARY.

It is pleasant to recall by-gone days, and wander again in imagination through the bright paths of youth and merrier fields of childhood, and though many a sad recollection and bitter association may crowd into view, yet not a few of the happiest hours of after-life, are spent in thus mentally living over our youthful days. One of the greenest spots in my childhood, is where, when a happy child, I wandered hand in hand with my cousin Mary;—she, a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, and I, a self-important urchin of six. Many wondered at her juvenile taste, but she let them wonder on—and happy in her innocent pursuits, she roved alone with me; while I, the merriest of the merry, felt when with her as if the whole world was the companion of my gambols, so *very great* was my estimation of her. Cousin Mary was an orphan, and for several years she had known no home but the one she shared with me under my father's roof; and our days glided on with nothing to disturb their tranquillity. But unfortunately—for so I thought it—I was not the only one who considered cousin Mary the most beautiful and sweetest of God's creation. A stranger, visiting our little village, saw her, and, struck with her rare loveliness, had sought an acquaintance; and I, pleased that another could enjoy so well our pastimes, rejoiced in his coming, and was never satisfied unless he was a partaker. But soon jealousy was aroused in my bosom—for I found that my cousin Mary evidently preferred my friend George's society to my own; and when I flew sobbing to my mother, and vented my tears and complaint on her bosom, she told me it must not grieve me, for George was going to marry my cousin in a very short time; and so it was. A week from that time saw her the bride of him who had not wooed in vain.

How well do I remember that morning. She was to leave us immediately after the ceremony; and while all were congratulating her, I stood aloof, sobbing as if my heart would break. In a moment a kind arm was around me, and a soft cheek that could belong to none but cousin Mary, rested on mine. She had never looked so beautiful, and never did I love her so well; and as I clasped my arms tighter around her, I felt as if no one could separate us. But the dreaded moment came—the parting words were spoken—and the carriage, with her whom we held so dear, was soon lost to our sight. For days I pined for my play-fellow, and as I turned listlessly from my old employments, my only question would be, "When shall we hear of cousin Mary?"

One day I had wandered farther than usual from home, and returning, saw the post-boy galloping up the hill, and felt sure there was a letter from Mary. I dashed on full of joy and hope. As I burst into the parlour, my mother was weeping violently, while silent though eloquent tears rolled down my father's manly cheek. He drew me tenderly to him, and then came the mournful disclosure. The ship in which they had taken their passage had perished in a storm, and she was lost, and with her all on board. Deep and lasting was my grief; and though my sorrow was softened by age, yet now, as I gaze on the deceitful waters that perhaps have rolled o'er her loved form, and I think of her as I last saw her—the pure and joyful—a chastened tear silently drops to the memory of MY COUSIN MARY.

H.

HIGH LIFE AND MEAN THINKING.

How much nicer people are in their persons than in their minds! How anxious they are to wear the appearance of wealth and taste in outward show, while their intellects are poverty and meanness! See one of the apes of fashion with his coxcomberies and ostentation of luxury. His clothes must be made by the best tailor; his horse must be of the best blood; his wines of the best flavour; his cookery of the highest zest; but his reading is of the poorest frivolities. Of the lowest of the animal senses he is an epicure—but a pig is a clean feeder compared with his mind; and a pig would eat good and bad, sweet and foul alike, but his mind has no taste except for the most worthless garbage. The pig has no discrimination, and a great appetite; the mind we describe has not the apology of voracity; it is satis-

fied with but little, but that must be of the worst sort and everything of a better is rejected by it with disgust. If we could see men's minds as we see their bodies, what a spectacle of nakedness, degradation, deformity and disease they would be! What hideous dwarfs and cripples—what dirty and revolting cravings and all these in connection with the most exquisite care and pampering of the body! It may be, if a conceited coxcomb could see his own mind, he would see the meanest object the world can present. It is not with beggary in its most degraded state that it is to be compared; for the beggar has wants, is dissatisfied with his state, has wishes for enjoyments above his lot; but the pauper in intellect is content with his poverty, it is his choice to feed on carrion; he can relish nothing else; he has no desire beyond his filthy fare. Yet he piques himself that he is a superior being; he takes to himself the merits of his tailor, his wine merchant, his coach-maker, his upholsterer, and his cook; but if the thing were turned inside out, if that concealed, nasty corner, his mind, were exposed to view, how degrading would be the exhibition!—*Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.*

BIRTHS.

In this city, on the 14th ult., the wife of Brother J. R. Fraser of a daughter.

In this city, on the 20th ult. the wife of Brother M'Donnough of a son.

At Lachine, on the 25th ult. the wife of Bro. Thos. Allan, teacher, of a son.

On the 27th ult., the wife of Brother Dr. Scott, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Stanstead, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. R. V. Hill, Past Grand J. C. Chase, to Miss Fanny Gayford, daughter of Asa Gayford.

DEATHS.

On the 16th inst., at his residence, Notre Dame Street, after a long and painful illness of dropsy, Bro. John R. Fraser, son of the late Alexander Fraser of Dublin, Ireland, aged 39 years.

In this city, on the 24th inst., after a short illness, Brother R. T. Howden, Esq., Principal of St. Paul's School, aged 38 years, deservedly and sincerely regretted by all who knew him. His loss is a public as well as a private one, a loss which will be deeply felt, not only by a disconsolate widow and family, but by a large portion of the public, to whom he has rendered so much service as a Teacher, and particularly by the juvenile portion, who will now miss his kind instruction and example.

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