

of her feelings to escape her; but she smiled approvingly, and held out her hand, which Kate took and kissed with a look of love and deep respect.

Mr Bond came home to dinner; he brought a large packet, which he very carefully placed on a side table.

"O, father, have you bought us any Christmas presents?" said Charley, climbing on the knee of his indulgent parent.

"Wait till after dinner, my son, and then, if your mother is able to open the packet, you will see what I have bought.

"But I want to see now, father. Don't you want to see what there is, Kate?"

"No—that is, I will not ask to see till mother can open the packet," said Kate.

Mr Bond, who always dreaded Kate's noisy and often violent importunities, was surprised to hear her speak so gently, and he looked around to see what occupied her. But she was sitting quietly by her mother.

Presently they were summoned to dinner, and during the meal Kate never once raised her voice when speaking, above its common tone; nor did she make a gesture of impatience at any delay which occurred in her being helped; and she passed Charley's plate without a single scowl.

"What a very pleasant Christmas dinner we have had," remarked Mr Bond to his wife, as they left the table; "the children have behaved so well!"

The children! it was only because Kate had been good; the others were very quiet children, but she had usually contrived to keep some of them in an uproar.

"Now for the presents!" said Charley. The packet was brought by Lucy, Kate for once suffering her to take the lead without opposition.

What a rich display of books met the sight of the young Bonds, as the packet was opened. "Here," said Lucy, "only see, mother, this Token is for you: it has your name—from Charles G. Bond to his beloved wife, Mary Bond—a Token of affection."

"How beautiful it is," said Kate, her eyes sparkling with delight—"O, I am so glad dear mother has a present?"

"And here," said Mrs Bond, "is the Magnolia for Lucy, and the Gift, for Kate, edited by a lady, (and I think it is a lady's work to edit annuals)—and here is the Boston Book for Frank, and the pretty Keepsake, for Charley, and a horn book, for little Ada. O, we are all rich in these remembrances of affection."

"I do not think these annuals are worthy of all praise," remarked Mr. Bond; "the literary contributions ought to be of a more serious, useful and elevated character; but they are far less exceptionable than the fashionable novels; and then the arts of design and engraving are encouraged by the annuals. On this account it is that I shall always consider it a duty to purchase

our own works of this description; but the foreign annuals have no such claims."

Mr. Bond was stopped in his critical remarks by the gravity of the children, who had now brought out their own store of presents, and each one was giving something to their parents, and to each other.

"I have nothing for my brother Frank," said Kate, sorrowfully.

Her mother gave her a small packet—"that is in room of your box," she whispered.

Kate opened it, and there was a new Chinese puzzle, the blocks of which might be formed into one hundred and seventyone curious forms, representing fortifications, bridges, towers, &c.; and there were twenty-eight geometrical figures, which Mr Bond observed would be a useful study for Frank and the girls too.

"Yes, I think it will be an instructive amusement for Kate," said Mrs. Bond; "and she can assist Frank in puzzling out the puzzles."

"It requires more patience than my little rattlecap of a Kate possesses, I fear," said Mr. Bond, passing his arm fondly around his daughter's waist.

"O, but I am going to be a pattern of patience, father—I am, indeed."

"You are a good girl to-day, very—and you can always be thus, if you try, Kate; but"—

"O, do not express any doubts, my dear," said Mrs. Bond. "Kate has undertaken to govern her own temper, and to be good—she will persevere."

"God bless you, my child, and strengthen you to keep your resolutions," said Mr. Bond, solemnly, laying his hands on the head of his daughter.

"O, I will try, father—I feel so happy since I began to be good, that I shall persevere. If I find myself growing angry or cross, I will remember this pleasant Christmas, and then I shall be able to conquer my bad feelings."

**Cheerfulness.**—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under the hedge lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life, spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of this life is highly necessary; but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

**The purpose of life.**—The design of the Almighty in placing us in this world is that we may prepare for another: this is the grand end of our existence.—Therefore all things in life ought to be made subservient to it. Food ought to be taken simply in reference to the support of the body. Clothing ought

to be put on in reference to the fitness to answer the design of it, viz: to protect the body against the inclemency of the weather. Worldly goods ought to be regarded solely as the medium of procuring the necessaries of life, and the desire of laying up to an indefinite amount, ought not to be indulged. We ought, in a great measure, to be indifferent to the various circumstances in life; pleasure or pain; poverty, or riches; prosperity, or adversity: we are but "strangers and pilgrims," "sojourners" here below:

"No matter which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy;

But O! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend?"

That's the main point. Eternity ought to be all, and should swallow up all the rest.

*Post-office, Halifax, Dec. 14, 1836.*

The Mail for England, by H. M. P. Starr, will be closed on MONDAY evening next, at 5 o'clock.

#### MARRIED.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Morrison, Mr. George Conrad, of Lawrence Town, to Miss Susanna Elizabeth Romkey, of South east Passage, Dartmouth.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. Philip Lester, to Margaret Cochran, both of this place.

#### DIED.

On Tuesday, the 6th instant, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Athol, aged 7 years.

On Saturday afternoon last, Mary Kerwick, aged 17 years.

Early this morning, after a short but severe illness, in the 29th year of his age, Mr. John Eustace, of this town; Funeral will take place on Sunday, at one o'clock: the friends and acquaintance of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

At New York, on Friday, the 2d day of December, instant, after a protracted illness, Eliza Lee, eldest daughter of John Tremain, Esq.

#### STATIONARY, &c.

The Subscriber offers for sale on reasonable terms:

**WRITING PAPER** of all kinds, Drawing and colored Paper.

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November 4.

J. MUNRO.

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