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TO A FAIR INFANT ON HER BAPTISM. There is a fair and lovely flower, loveliest

That floats upon the quiet lake fanned by the summer wind; That flower is seen at eventide to drop beneath the wave, And all night long she lies entombed within her crystal grave.

But when, as rising in the east, the glorious sun appears, Emerging soon she lifts her head, and dries her falling tears;

And to his gracious quick'ning beams, she hastens to unfold Her petal robes of virgin white, and heart of purest gold.

So, like that lovely flower, baptised with water and with fire,
May Lucy's breast be washed from sin and every vain desire;

And ever in her face may all celestial graces The sweet reflected beams of faith, and hope, and love divine.

And oh! may He Who takes the lambs, and folds them in His arms,
Protect and succour thee, fair child, and
keep thee safe from harms,
May no death sickness lie in wait to crop

thy beauty's flower, No secret worm within thy heart the joy of

But oh! may goodness follow thee, and mercy all thy days,
Be thine—the peace of those who walk in wisdom's pleasant ways: Each blessing thine that hovers round the

Church's hallowed dome ; Ang every joy that blooms within the Para-dise of Home! And when in thee the fruits of Faith are

ripenn'd for the skies,—
And when the little dream of life is dark'ning in thine eyes;
May angels hover round thy bed, and bear thy soul away, To realms of uncreated light, and everlasting day!
—Penny Post. E. S. W.

Family Reading.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE. (From Parker's Parochial Tracts.)

Oh, I'm a miserable woman, that I am! a poor worn-out drudge! quite a slave! scrubbing and rubbing, toiling and moiling in all manner of dirt and sorrow! As soon as one set of lodgers is gone, another coming in! No peace, no respite! And night too, with his boat! No help in carrying the water, nor in beating the his teeth! Oh it's a miserable world, and this is a miserable place, and I'm a miseraboiling over!

do with her, uncomfortable.

she was continually comparing her present condition with what it had been at Ashton Hall; all the while she was there, she was to make crosses for others. always full of misfortunes. It was too hot,

which we are about to record took place, incessantly complaining. the family from Ashton Hall moved for

sand in front. let out that he was pretty well to do times persuaded her that her very life was in the world, and every year was doing a burden to her. in love with her, he said no more than he self to have.

ull southern aspect, and the lofty elms on ither side of it, and the high cliff at the back, made Tom Day's villa the warmest and most sheltered lodging-house at Winterbourne. In its garden the myrtle and scarlet geranium lived through the winter. and the blue prison flower hung in festoons rom pillar to pillar in the little verandah.

It had all that nature could give it to make it a bright and sunny dwelling; but nless we have sunshine in our own breasts, ur outward blessings are given us in vain.

Through every season of the year, Tom Day's house had a succession of lodgers, and each family as they quitted it expressed to Ellen the wish that they could always ive in such a pleasant place, and congratulated her on having her lot in life cast there. At first she would blush and smile, and her eyes would sparkle at the conhusband, and they were doing well, and it | fishing." was a beautiful place, and they had every hing to be grateful for." By and by, she used the same words, but they seemed like a mere form, and as if they did not come from her heart; there was no smile, and her eyes did not sparkle. At the year's were very much the same to her."

On the morning of the day on which our tale commences, she had received the farewells of her last lodgers with a curtesy, and their praises of Sunny Nook with a

sigh of resignation. The black spot had spread. A casual infirmity of temper was growing into a confirmed habit. No resistance had been The made to the tempter, and the poison of the sin of discontent was spreading through Ellen's whole character, and making herself and her husband wretched. Without being aware of it herself, she was growing p evish and complaining, and without a trouble in the world save those of her own making, was foud of talking as though fortune had a spite at her, and as if she had " worse luck than any body."

A sharp fit of the toothache would have been a positive blessing to her, if it had befallen her in the first month of her marriage. The fact was that she was really Tom out all day, aye, and often half the too happy; she had a husband who doted on her, and made every thing smooth to her. It is a sad thing to say, but her very carpets! And little Tom fretting so with mercies had made her ungrateful. Si true is it that the safest and least danger. ous path for a Christian is one in which ble woman? What a fool I was to leave all things do not go well with him. So Ashton Hall, and . . . there's the kettle needful is it for our own personal happiness, no less than for our spiritual ad. So did Ellen Day bemoan her lot; and vancement and growth in God's favour, while she runs down stairs to look after the that we should obey the injunction of our kettle, the reader shall be made acquainted | blessed Lord, "If any man will come after with the nature of Ellen's misfortures. me, let him deny himself, and take up his Like many other people, she had so few cross daily, and follow me." We all need real troubles that she was disposed to a daily oross; and if we do not find crosses indulge herself in imaginary ones. She ready provided for us, we had better make had allowed herself to complain so much them than be without them. Only, if we about trifles, that without being aware of it, desire a blessing on them, we must take she had grown very discontented, and was good heed what the materials are from making herself, and every one who had to which we make them. We may make our crosses out of self-indulgenne, (as poor Now that she was no longer in service, Ellen did;) Scripture teaches us to make them out of self-denial. And we must remember this too, that we have no right

Ellen's infirmity had been a sore cross or too cold, or the place did not agree with to her husband. For a long while he could her; or the country was so dull; or she not understand how it could be that such had engaged herself for a nursery-maid's little matters as she declared to be this self?" cried Tom, with great earnestness, and a cloud of inky smoke which stretched place, while her talent was in the kitchen; source of her vexation could be a trouble in short, every thing went the wrong way, to any body. At first he tried to laugh and nobody, according to her way of think- her out of it, but he soon found that the ing, had ever so many troubles and vexa- would not do. Then with ready good tions as herself, and in looking forward to humour, he endeavoured to lighten her a future when she should be her own domestic labours, or whatever happened mistress, and have her own way, and then to be the cause of her trouble, by undernothing would go wrong, and nobody would taking them, so far as he could, himself. cross her. "Service is no inheritance," | Many a job in house and kitchen did he she would say, "that's my only comfort. do, which never fishermen was seen to do If I were but settled for life I should be before. His neighbours laughed at him, and told him that his fingers were thumbs, And before very long she was settled but little cared he what was said, if only for life. About two years before the events he could see her happy, and not hear her

However it was all to no purpose; and the summer season to the sea-side, and when Tom found that in spite of all his took up their abode at Winterbourne, efforts to make her comfortable, Ellen still which, as all the world knows, is one of the persisted in talking as if she were a most delightful spots on the Sussex coast, miserable woman, he began to grow callous a bright sheltered nook, in a little bay or to her imaginary miseries. Certainly it rather cove of its own, with a long row of made his home very uncomfortable at villa-residences built at the foot of a lofty times; but (so he consoled himself) "it cliff, and with a wide expanse of firm white was only her way;" and he determined Being a good fishing station, there are complain, he put his hands in his pockets over her husband now with frowns, as shame. However, there was a solemn hope was this, —" When the Summer plenty of boats, and where there are boats and began to whistle, or put his hat on there must be men to manage them. The his head, and went down to his boat. This Ashton children passed a good deal of their | did not mend matters : and by degrees the time on the water, and it was soon ob- way was preparing for that miserable state served that a certain Tom Day had ac- of things in which husband and wife are quired the exclusive privilege of carry- glad to escape from each other's presence, ing the young Ashtons out at sea, and instead of finding mutual society, help, and further, that when he came up to Sea View | comfort. Ellen grew more peevish and House for orders, Ellen Mason was seldom | complaining; and Tom became indiffer. out of the way. A fine, sturdy, good-look- ent to his home and all things connected ing fellow was Tom, with a merry laugh. with it. He was happier when buffetting ing eye, and an honest, open, sailor-like with the winds and waves than at his countenance; I suppose Ellen thought own fireside; and Ellen was happy no he seemed like one, who, if he had a where; and this, simply because she had wife, would know how to take care of given way to a discontented spirit, which her: and, as soon as he dared, Tom grew upon her more and more, and at

better; that Winterbourne was a growing The kettle, which by boiling over, had place; that a lodging-house (and there interrupted the course of Ellen's lamenta. were one or two of them on sale) would tion, was speedily removed from the fire, be a safe investment for money, and that if and the work of preparing her house for he could but find a wife to take charge of fresh lodgers proceeded. Even in her it, he should be a happy man. And if, in grumbling, Ellen had a pride in her house, addition to all this, he told Ellen that he and unknown to herself, she had a great admired her more than any one he had ever deal more interest in it, and every thing seen, and that he was over head and ears connected with it, than she believed her-

felt, and than he had good cause to say, Grumbling had become a habit to her, for barring a slight shade of discontent and so as soon as she resumed her work. which now and then passed over her face, she resumed her grumbling. Yet it was Ellen was a very pretty girl, and what not without a feeling of satisfaction that is more to the purpose, a well-principled she looked upon her pretty parlour, when and well-disposed one; so that when upon the labours of the broom and duster were enquiry and further knowledge, she was concluded.

satisfied that Tom was a good man, and "It is a neat place, I will say that for it, likely to make a kind husband, she con- when it's properly cleaned up. There is trived to let him know that she did not some comfort in seeing a house look as it care how soon Ellen Mason became Ellen should, tho' I'm worn to death with cleaning it. Dear! dear! if I lived any where The autumn of that year had not passed but in a lodging house, how happy I should into winter, before the young Ashtons had be! But these lodgers, coming in one gone home with a new nursery maid, and after another, they're always making some Ellen's savings were helping to furnish mess or another, and never think of the "Sunny Nook" (so the new purchase was trouble they give. And the sea, that's minute more were upon the beach, whither are, they might have been worse!"

It was well named Sunny Nook; for its every thing, and wets every thing. Who ing, she threw open the folding doors which opened out into the garden, and lation of the little village. began to clean the windows. "Never saw such a mess in my life! Who would tempted me to come here?"

"Why, you fell in love with me, and could'nt help yourself, you know," said a good natured voice behind her.

had long passed away.

"So I was, and so I am, but I ran home

just to get my glass, and take a look at that schooner there."

served Tom to himself, as he gazed in their eyes, the fated vessel, one sound end, she "was sure she was very glad if through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, the lated vessel, one sound through his telescope, without paying much in their eyes, after the indignant bellowing of "and if the haze would clear away a bit, I the baffled fire. should see more of her."

"Why, what's the matter with her?" matter with her, but I can't understand sand and then meeting a sudden and comwhy she keeps beating about in that plete resistance to all further progress,

window cleaning."

"Why do you clean them so often then?" "Because, if I don't, the lodgers will quarter of an hour or more, and then

worry yourself about the windows; when the fire became visible once more. By the other lodging houses, I'm sure."

more than a day or two, because of the ing a cataract of liquid fire, which ran "Well, then, don't clean these windows retreating tide had left the vessel stranded,) till you're rested."

rest for me, Tom. I've never known rest being exhausted. And no wonder! for the since I left Ashton Hall, and as for having cargo had consisted of hundreds of barrels rest ever again till I'm in my coffin, the of turpentine and rosin. In a short time thing's impossible."

And then to shew how impossible it was insupportable, that none could approach the that she ever could have rest, she began to fatal spot within many yards. All attempts clean a large pane so vigorously, that in a at extinguishing the fire were hopeless, to moment her cloth went through it, and the save any thing was impossible, and the glass was shivered to pieces.

"It might have been worse," said Tom, of the good ship "R-becca." surgeon. Never mind the glass."

there's not a glazier within four miles of to land." voke a saint, Tom."

would have been the result. Day was their deliverance.

formerly with smiles. fresh wind was blowing, and during the ers" any where?) were pressed upon them. young beholder. But when any one-

Eilen, Eilen, look out yonder! As sure have been worse,"

her ashore to save their lives !" "On fire!" cried Ellen, darting up, and condition." forgetting in a moment all her silly pique, "Nay, my friend," rejoined the captain, his excited fancy formed similitudes to the

where, where? I see no fire." the smoke, don't you, driving across the has not forgotten us. We have had yellow thing trifling, with its last hoarse cry; then sails? you see how they're steering the fever on board since we left America, but wolves and bears, from far off other lands. vessel, don't you? Would they steer her only one of the crew died. Our ship might But all the while Francie knew he was snug so in broad day light, knowing as they have taken fire in the midst of the Atlantic, and safe himself; no fears disturbed him must that in five minutes' time they will and then we should have all perished. whatever the noise may have been. be aground within fifty yards of our cliffs, Nay, if it had happened only yesterday, Throughout the whole of it he carried his if they had any hope of saving their own there was such a fog off your coast, that one steadfast hope, and in the morning lives by any other means ?"

spoke the mass of smoke surrounding the ship might not have been insured, but, never-failing word of comfort, "Ah! there ill-fated vessel grew thicker and thicker. thank God, she is, so my poor wife and shall be no loud wind, no waking nights The hatches had been fastened down to children will not be beggared. We might when once the summer comes! prevent the approach of air to the flames, have run her among rocks, and been The summer came with its glad birds, and to retard the progress of ignition; but dashed to pieces in trying to land. We and flowers, its balmy air; and who can it was a question of time, that was all, might have landed among men who would paint the exquisite delight of the suffering Without saying another word, the husband us. Oh indeed, good friends, we have Living almost continually in the fresh air, and wife ran out of their garden, and in a much to be thankful for. Bad as things he seemed to expect fresh health and lodgers: it spoils every thing, and fades neighbours were hastening.

would have thought that it is only a week November, and heavy clouds were drifting the garden of their quiet home. The wind ago since I cleaned these windows, and across the sky, and obscuring the sun, had lulled, the rain had just ceased, the now,-ugh! one can hardly see through which, however, gleamed forth at intervals. heavy clouds were passing away, the sun them for the salt on the glass!" So say. The tide was going down, and the firm was breaking forth with a mild evening white sands were thronged with the popu-

Nearer and nearer came the vessel, and every instant the smoke, black as ink, ever have thought I should have to take to poured forth in denser masses from every window-cleaning? I am sure I never cranny of escape, eddying round the white cleaned windows at Ashton Hall. What sails, spreading over and obscuring the a fool I was to leave it! What could have deck, and then, stretching out in a long. low line above the waters, darkened both sea and land.

Nearer and nearer it came, and gradually, as it approached, was heard a sound Ellen could hardly resist a smile in which still grew louder and louder, till it terrible misfortune. Oh, dear Tom, forgive spite of herself, and the tone of her hus. rose above the howling of the wind, and me. Help me, pray for me,; when you band brought back a vision of days that the tumult of the waters dashing over see me giving way to my besetting sin, sciousness of her happiness. "Yes," and sciousness of her happiness. "Yes," and she thanked God for it, "she had a good so, Tom, I thought you were going out the pent-up flames, writhing and strug- will not come into my mind in vain!" "I wish you would not make one jump bourhood. It was the angry roaring of I think by God's grace, the recollection gling to burst forth, raging like wild beasts, greedy of a prey, which some obstacle detains for a moment from their grasp.

The squall increased; down came the "Did you never see a schooner before?" rain in torrents; but the anxious crowd "She's Dutch built, that's evident," ob- upon the shore stood motionless, one sight

Baffled for a short space only! for at the moment she grounded, the force and more of heaven than of earth-even a pass-"I don't know that anything is the shock of her keel cutting its way into the ing glimpse stirring our hearts, and filling strange way, nor what her people are seemed to have the effect of causing the cherub than an angel-as we picture them timbers to gape, and of removing every -with his gladsome hazel eyes, his daz-There was something about her which obstacle which hitherto had hindered the zling fairness, his clustering golden hair, was puzzling to Tom's nautical experience. visible ascent of the flames. Within a and his almost winged step. Such he At last he said in an unsatisfied tone, minute the whole space about her stern was, at least, until sickness laid his heavy "may be they are waiting for a pilot," and was a mass of fire, lapping up every ob. hand upon him; then, indeed, when after he shut up his glass, but instead of taking ject within its reach, curling round the days of burning, wasting, fever hours of it into the house, he put it into his pocket. masts, running in tongues of flame among weary restlessness—the little hand at last "Can I do any thing for you, Nelly, the rigging, darting the balls of fire from lay motionless outside the scarcely whiter before I go? he asked, addressing him- point to point, till every part and portion coverlet of his tiny bed, the fair, still head of the schooner was wrapped in fearful pressed down upon the pillow, and the pale "No, thank you, Tom. You have left conflagration. The rain continued to fall face gazing with the silent wonder of reme to do every thing by myself, and now, heavily, the waves beat over the ship, but turning consciousness on the anxious ones when all's done, you offer to help me. not the slightest check appeared to be around it; then, indeed, a bright yet pity-There are only the windows to be cleaned, given to the devouring element. For a ing look would flit across it, or dwell in the and you can't do that, for you would break brief space the fire was less bright, for the anxious eyes-a look such as we assign to every square you touched. If there's a wind was now veering about continually, angels in our dreams, when some fond thing on the face of the earth I hate, it's and sweeping in eddies round the vessel fancy seems to bring them near to us, carried the smoke with it, and obscured weeping for mortal griefs beyond their every object. So things continued for a remedy. the wind having shifted and blowing so young—the struggle of typhus fever "Let 'em grumble," said Tom, "don't steadily off the land, the progress of they're dirtiest, they are cleaner than at and by there was a loud explosion, which than hope could venture to expect, the caused the affrighted crowd to hurry away "Of course they are. You would't in all directions; then another, and anhave your house like Hogg's lodging, other, and then some portion of the stern would you? People never stay there gave way, and there issued from the open-

over the sands, (for by this time the rolled through a low barrier of rocks and "Rested!" exclaimed Mrs. Day, in a sea-weed, till it forced its way into the sea, very injured tone, "I'm sure there's no with which it appeared to mingle without the heat and glare of the flames was so crowd of villagers could only gaze upon "Are you hurt? Have you cut your- jets of white, and green, and ruddy flames,

greatly relieved, "we might had to pay the And what meanwhile had been the fate of the crew? By God's great mercy, not room, holding on by chairs and table; "Never mind the glass," and 'it might one of them porished. Though scorched, then to the clinging of some loving hand; have been worse!' Why, Tom, you'd and almost suffocated by the dense fumes and then, at last, the graceful balancing of make one think you were a fool, by the of the turpentine, they were able to remain his light body, until he stood quite erect way you go on at times. I do believe I'm on board till the vessel ran on shore, and the unluckiest creature that ever was born! the flames burst forth. Then they leapt

us? And then to go and say, 'It might have been worse'. You're enough to proconsent they fell upon their knees, while, way, always maintained, "It was Francie It was well for both parties that the con- in some brief and well-known form of versation was here brought to a sudden prayer in which all joined, their captain bower." However this may have been, stop. Had it proceeded further, the quarrel offered up in their native tongue, for himwhich seemed to have been long impending self and them, a thanksgiving to God for impressed upon his mind. In all his long

wearied out with his wife's fretfulness, and It would have been well if the crowd tinually turned to outward objects, to the her womanly pride was piqued that she around them had done the same: but we eternal face of nature and the season's not to mind it. So when she began to could no longer exert the same influence English are miserable victims to false change, and evermore his little word of s lence; men removed their hats from comes." Hurt and angry at Ellen's hasty words, their heads; and down more than one he had turned away from her, and was in weather beaten cheek an unwonted tear the act of taking the path which led out of was seen to glide. But when the poor carriage had been provided for him, in the garden to the sea-shore, when once fellows rose from their knees, they were more his attention was rivetted to the almost stunned with a hearty cheer, and resting on soft cushions, he was lightly schooner, which was now rapidly ap- kind words and offers of assistance (can proaching the shore with her sails set. A there be such children of hell as "wreck-

short time in which Tom had been talking to his wife, the vessel had come full into his crew, gazing at his blazing vessel, silent, unable to speak: and then turned The careless whistle which had been com- calmly to an officer of the coast guard who menced with the view of hiding deeper was already on the spot, and who with beyond it, as quickly interrupting, he would feelings, stopped in a moment. The tele- Tom Day and others, were condoling with exclaim, "Wait till the summer comes scope was raised, as suddenly let fall, and the sufferers on their misfortune, "We -then Francie will walk again." then in a voice which was choked with must submit," he said, in such broken agitation, the fisherman exclaimed, "Oh English as he could muster, "things might storm; it shook the windows, moaned in

as there is a heaven above us, that vessel "Well master," said Tom, "there are neys with a most menacing voice. Older is on fire, and the poor fellows are running not many men, I reckon, who would think hearts than Francie's quailed that night, of that, if they found themselves in your and he, unable to sleep, lay listening to it

It was but too evident: even while he us. Oh, it might have been worse! The thoughts, he finished his relation with the

It was about noon; but the month was late in the afternoon he stood with her in glow, and a bright rainbow spanning the heavens, interrupted only in one spot by a mass of black rolling smoke. "I can't get these poor fellows out of my head; I wish I

"Do you?" replied Ellen. "Well, I hope that I shall remember them to the longest day I live. Oh Tom, Tom! how ashamed of myself I feel! what a thankless, ungrateful wretch I have been! I have been making miseries of my very mercies, while they have found blessings in their a line of rocks in the immediate neigh- remind me of yonder smoking wreck, and

And it did not? And in a year's time Sunny Nook was once more the happiest home, and Tom Day the happiest man in Winterbourne.

> LITTLE FRANCIE. WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

I once knew a little boy, a little child of hree years old; one of those bright creaures whose fair loveliness seems almost them with purer and holier thoughts. But this, the little Francie, was more of a

It was such a strange sickness for one with a baby frame; but life and youth obtained the victory; and quicker even pulses rallied, the cheeks grew round and rosy, and the little limbs filled up again. Health was restored, -health, but not strength; we thought this for a white. We did not wonder that the weak limbs refused their office, and still we waited on in hope until days and even weeks passed by; then it was found that the complaint had left its bitter sting, and little Fancie could not walk a step, or even stand.

Many and tedious and painful were the emedies resorted to; yet the brave little heart bore stoutly up, with that wonderful fortitude, almost heroism, which all who have watched by suffering childhood, when the tractable spirit bends to its early discipline, must, at some time or other, have it may be soon or late, it may be in this remarked. Francie's fortitude might have transitory world, or it may not be until afforded an example to many; but a dearer lesson was given in the hopeful spirit with has "no need of the sun, or of the moon which the little fellow himself noted the to shine in it," when all grief or grievance "Cut myself? no; but there will be five out to sea for miles, till the returning tide effect of each distressing remedy, marking will have passed away; and so 'twill all shillings to pay to the glazier, if there's a swept over a few charred and hissing each stage of progress, and showing off seem nothing, for the summer has come. timbers, which were all that then remained with eager gladness each step attained, from the first creeping on the hands and knees, to the tip-toe journey round the alone, and so moved slowly on.

It was in Autumn this illness seized on Don't you know there are new lodgers over her side into shallow water. "And the little one, just when the leaves were coming in to-night, and don't you know so it came to pass, that they all escaped turning and the orchard fruits becoming ripe. His nurse attributed it all to his sitting on a grassy bank at play on one unhimself-eating red berries in the holly confinement to the house, his thoughts con-

He kept it up throughout the long winter, and the bleak cold spring. A fairy little which, well wrapped up from the cold, and drawn along by a servant, to his own great delight, and the admiration of many a attempting to reconcile him the better to his position-expatiated on the beauty or comfort of his new acquisition, his eager

During the winter there was a fearful the old trees, and howled down the chimall-quiet, but asking many a question, as "things are bad enough, and we have had sounds. One time it was poor little children "No, no, that's yet to come, but you see a bad time altogether, but our good God cruelly turned out, and wailing; then somethe chances would have been all against telling of it all, with all his marvellous

when the fiery element would burst forth. be more disposed to plunder than to help child that had waited for it so long?strength from each reviving breath he called) with beds and carpets, tables and lanother thing, as bad or worse than the lodgers; it spoils every thing, and fades neighbours were hastening.

"I can't get these poor fellows out of lodgers thing, as devery day would deem himself lodgers; it spoils every thing, and fades neighbours were hastening.

prove that his expectation had not been

One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in a group pmusing themselves in a part of the garden, when some friend passed through. Francie longing to show how much he could do, entreated hard to be taken with them "along the walk just to the holly bower." His request was granted; and on he did walk, quick at first, then slowly, slower; but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the fitful color went and came, and the spasms grew more and more frequent. No, with a heavy sigh, he admitted, 'Tis a very long walk now; Francie must not be tired; sure the summer has come." And so, determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright proofs around him, he succeeded in accomlishing his little task at last. Thus the summer passed away, and

again came the changing autumn, acting upon little Francie to a degree he had never reckoned on, and with its chill, damp air, nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effort than before, he had again tried the holly bower, the scene of his self-accusing misdemeanour, as the cause of all his sufferings. He sat down to rest; above his head, as the autumnal breeze swept through them, "the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play,' and as little Francie looked upward toward them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that has passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over his heart. He nestled in closer to his mother's side; still looking up, but with thoughtful eyes, he said, "Mamma, is the summer quite gone?"

"Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the

"Quite gone, mamma, and Francie not nuite well?

His mother looked away; she could not bear her child to see the tell-tale tears his mournful little words called up, or know the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's upon her hand, and looking down, saw ner darling's face—yes, surely now it was as bright as an angel's-gazing upward to ner, brightly beaming, brighter than ever, and his rosy lips just parted with their own sweet smile again, as he exclaimed in joyous tones, -" Mamma, the summer will come again !"

Precious was that heaven-born word of childish faith to the care-worn mother, to cheer her then, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after experiment and anxious watch, until, at last, she reaped her rich reward in the complete realization of her bright one's hope. Precious to more than her such words may be, if bravely stemming our present trouble, whatsoever it be-bravely enduring, preserving, encouraging others and ourselves, even as that little childwe hold the thought, that as the revolving year brings round its different seasons, as day succeeds to-night-and even as surely as we look for this, and know it-so to the trusting, faithful heart there comes a time we have reached that glorious city, which

Advertisements.

HERBERT MORTIMER, BROKER, House, Land and General Agent,

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(Opposite St. James's Church.) REFERENCE kindly permitted to J. Cameron, Esq., T. G. Ridout, Esq., Jas. Browne, Esq., W. McMaster. Esq., P. Paterson, Esq., Messrs. J. C. Beckett & Co., Bowes & Hall, Crawford & Hagarty, Ridout Brothers & Co., Ross, Mitchell & Co. Twenty years' Debentures constantly on Sale, at a liberal Toronto, October 1st, 1852.

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