

TO A FAIR INFANT ON HER BAPTISM.

There is a fair and lovely flower, loveliest of her kind. That floats upon the quiet lake fanned by the summer wind.

Family Reading.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

(From Parker's Purochast Tracts.)

Oh, I'm a miserable woman, that I am! a poor worn-out drudge! quite a slave! rubbing and rubbing, toiling and moiling in all manner of dirt and sorrow!

And before very long she was settled for life. About two years before the events which we are about to record took place, the family from Ashton Hall moved for the summer season to the sea-side, and took up their abode at Winterbourne, which, as all the world knows, is one of the most delightful spots on the Sussex coast.

It was well named Sunny Nook; for its full southern aspect, and the lofty elms on either side of it, and the high cliff at the back, made Tom Day's villa the warmest and most sheltered lodging-house at Winterbourne.

Every thing, and wets every thing. Who would have thought that it is only a week ago since I cleaned these windows, and now, —ugh! one can hardly see through them for the salt on the glass! So saying, she threw open the folding doors which opened out into the garden, and began to clean the windows.

It was about noon; but the month was November, and heavy clouds were drifting across the sky, and obscuring the sun, which, however, gleamed forth at intervals.

late in the afternoon he stood with her in the garden of their quiet home. The wind had lulled, the rain had just ceased, the heavy clouds were passing away, the sun was breaking forth with a mild evening glow, and a bright rainbow spanning the heavens, interrupted only in one spot by a mass of black rolling smoke.

prove that his expectation had not been in vain. One lovely day he and his little play-fellows were in a group tramping themselves in a part of the garden, when some friend passed through.

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