

Ridicule and Repartee.—The fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too prompt reply, can never be too seriously or too severely condemned. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is impolite. Women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief for him that is wounded, to reflect that the hand that shot it was a fair one.

The Model English Daughter.—I do not like the discredit of the popular notion that our English girls are too genteel to understand how to cook, and to do shopping, and to manage the house. Whether the business is properly done or not, women should insist on its being regarded as a duty that there may be the better chance for its being done. If the daughter we are now contemplating is a rational girl, she will presently be in possession of the key-basket, and getting into training under her mother. She will be up early (thereby ensuring the early rising of the servants), and off to the fishmonger's, or the vegetable market—having the benefit of an early choice of good things. She will have planned with her mother the dinners of the week (with a margin for unexpected occurrences); and, therefore, when she has made breakfast, she is ready for her conference with the cook. She chooses to know how to do everything that she requires to be done; and, as far as may be, by experience. She experiments upon cakes and puddings; and the syllabubs, tarts, and preserves, are of her making, till she is satisfied of her proficiency. The linen in the housemaid's department is under her care, and it will be her fault if a tablecloth has a jagged corner, or the sheets a slit in the middle. These matters, so far, occupy very little time, while they afford more or less of exercise and amusement to a healthy mind.—*Harriet Martineau.*

EMMA ELMA.

"Come here, child; what makes you act so shy? don't you want to go home with me, and live in a fine house, and wait upon my little girl?"

"No I don't," replied the little flax-haired girl of some ten years, looking timidly in the face of the fashionable Mrs. Fenton.

"But you're obliged to, child; so don't make a fuss. I'm going to be very kind to you; buy you plenty of new clothes,

and you'll be far happier than you are here."

Turning to the matron of the asylum she continued:—

"I will call for the child this afternoon;" and with much fashionable grace the votary of fashion swept from the room.

"Emma, you lazy brat, take this bonnet to Mrs. Tanny's, and tell her it does not suit."

"Please ma'am, can't I wait till evening? 'tis so warm now, and my head pains me badly."

"No, you cannot wait one moment; you must go directly; your head always pains you when I bid you do a thing; you're the laziest child I ever saw, and so ungrateful; come, Miss, don't stand there gazing at me in that style! step along, and be back within an hour."

And little Emma took the bonnet box in her arms, and with faltering step she started for the millinery store of Mrs. Tanny. She had accomplished but a portion of her journey, when, overcome with heat and fatigue, she sank upon the stoop of an elegant dwelling. Resting her aching head upon her little hands, she thought of the time when she too lived in a large and elegant dwelling, and a fond mother's love was bestowed upon her; a faint recollection, too, she had, of a handsome man she used to call papa. Thus was she musing when she was startled by the appearance of a gentleman, who ascended the steps and entered the dwelling. A few moments more and a feeling of dizziness pervaded her system, and she fell fainting to the pavement.

When she again became conscious she found herself stretched upon a snowy bed, surrounded by all the appearances of wealth. A large easy chair in the centre of the room was occupied by the gentleman who had entered the dwelling just before she fainted. At first she knew not where she was, but a moment more and she remembered all, and supposed herself within the elegant dwelling upon whose steps she had stopped to rest.

"It must be her child—the same blue eye and flaxen curls, the expression of the whole face is the same;" thus mused the gentleman.

At length his reverie was broken by a

faint noise from the bed. Advancing, he said:—

"You feel better, do you not, child?"

"Yes, sir," faintly murmured Emma.

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Fenton, sir, in Oxford Street."

"Is she your mother?"

"No sir, I have no mother; she died two years ago, and Mrs. Fenton took me from the orphan asylum."

"Do you know what name your mother bore?"

"Mrs. Emma Elma, sir; 'tis my name, too."

"And you are my own, my darling little girl," he said, folding her to his breast; "I am your father: I have sought for you for many months, but now I am so happy, so very happy that I have found the child of my darling Emma."

No more unhappy moments, no more unkind treatment fell to the lot of Emma Elma.

Mr. Elma had, some eight years previous to the opening of our little sketch, left his native land and sought for wealth in foreign climes. The vessel in which he took passage had been wrecked, and he was reported as being among the lost.

Mrs. Elma, after learning that her husband was among the lost, left her native city and removed to a distant village; his letters, that were written after he was rescued from a watery grave, therefore, never reached her. He, after an absence of years, returned to his native city, to learn the tidings of his wife's death. Emma was happy, very happy in the home of her infancy. Life is composed of clouds and sunshine; to some the sunshine comes first, but to Emma her life-clouds were the first that crossed her pathway; but the sunshine stole through the darkness and she was happy in a father's love.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

The American mocking bird is the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant says that he heard a caged one imitate the mowing of a cat,