

Ann, but has since taken unto himself Patience also, whether in conformity with the order of the schoolmaster, we pretend not to say.

A swarm of Bees.—Be quiet. Be active. Be patient. Be humble. Be prayerful. Be watchful. Be hopeful. Be loving. Be gentle. Be merciful. Be gracious. Be just. Be upright. Be kind. Be simple. Be diligent. Be meek. Be lowly. Be long suffering. Be not faithless, but believing, and the grace of God be with you.

The Housekeeper and the Robber.—About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the Woodlands, a wild uncultivated barren range of hills in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, besides himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house, along with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night until his return. This the man promised to do: and Mr. Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in, she and the servant girl, at the usual time, went to bed. Sometime in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and inquired who was there, and what was their business? She was informed that a friend of Mr. Webster being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he pertook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his greatcoat, in order to dry it, when perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carving-knife? Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what sort of a guest she had to deal with, and his intentions. However, summing up all her courage and resolution,

she proceeded softly up stairs, and, with a rope, fastened, as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in a great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, said, "Are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution, presented it to his face, and fired! The report of the pistol alarmed the fellow above, who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villian, if you open the door, your a dead man." She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained, with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead. Another villain, who was taken shortly after, met with his deserts: and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity and unparalleled intrepidity, was soon after united to Mr. Webster.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

A small Matrimonial Breeze.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, just tell me that, for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to yer house?" "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "an' it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, weeping over the cold sod that covers me—then by St. Patrick I'll see how ye get along without me, honey."

Symptoms.—"I'll bet a sheep," said an old Merlith to his other half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy. For he is grinning at the plough, and he is grinning at the barn, and he is grinning at the table, and he is grinning to himself wherever he goes." "Poh," replied the old woman, "don't you know he got a love letter this morning?"

This world is becoming so refused and polished, that one can scarce stay in it, without slipping. We overheard a gentleman of colour a few days ago, inform another sable exquisite, that he had unfortunately raptured his 'expressibles, but that *forlin smiling*, they would be mended straight off.—*Mer. Adv.*

PRETTY BUSINESS FOR ZEPHYR.
He steals a kiss from my sweet Miss,
Before she can forbid it!
She sighs to find it was the wind,
And not her lover did it.