

to pass, when who should come trudging up to the kitchen door, but Harry Davis, bearing in his hand a bandbox.

"O! the hat! you've found Bessie's hat, I know you have, for you smile," cried Annie, springing from her seat and running toward him.

"Why, Harry!" exclaimed both the boys in a breath.

"Why, Harry!" was echoed by the farmer and his wife, while Bessie hastened to take the box from him, saying joyfully, "Where on earth did you find it?"

Harry came in and took the chair that was handed to him by the old lady herself, and then proceeded to tell, that while they were all wondering about it at supper the previous evening, a sudden thought had struck him, which he immediately decided to act upon. That, as the nights were fine, he had set off instantly, changed his horse upon the road, and reached the city at daybreak, and repaired to Mrs. Bartlett's as soon as it was possible to gain admittance, where he told the story of the stolen hat without loss of time. That the good lady was much astonished, and how she went up stairs and found, to her still greater surprise, that she had in haste tied up the wrong box, and that the new bonnet was safe in the closet; how he had staid to breakfast, and then joggled home again, and was very glad if Miss Bessie was pleased with what he had done.

Every body was loud in their thanks, except the person who ought to have been the most obliged, but Harry seemed quite satisfied with the few words she offered him, accompanied as they were by a smile

and a blush, which said more than words could have done.

The boys now demanded to see the mighty affair that had occasioned all this fuss; so the box was opened, and there, sure enough, was the prettiest straw hat in the world, with its white ribbon outside, and its neat pink flowers within. Then the farmer desired Bessie to put it on, for it was the face, he said, that set off the bonnet after all, and when she had placed it lightly over her smooth brown hair, and looked round with heightened color, Harry Davis was a lost man.

Supper was a merry meal that night at Farmer Bond's, and after it was over, Harry had a long message for Bessie from Cousin Bartlett, but as the kitchen was rather warm, the whole party adjourned to the porch, till at last the farmer went off to bed, for he had been hard at work all day, and Mrs. Bond walked away to look after her dairy, and Tom and Sam, two as 'cute boys as ever lived, began to think, from certain signs, that *they* were no longer wanted, and so Harry soon had a clear coast. And then came the important question, "Could she be happy with an honest man who loved her?" And Bessie, blushing ten times more than ever, thought she *might*, and so, to make a long story short, the little maiden really promised to become Mrs. Harry Davis, and to wear her new bonnet for the first time as his bride. The wedding and the merry-making came off in due time, and not a few of the wise ones declared they had always said it would be a match, and never doubted that Bessie Bond went to New York on purpose to buy her wedding finery.

SYMPATHY.

TWO SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

I.

I WOULD not be alone; within I find
 All germs of human feeling, and their voice,
 Though hushed, a lingering echo leaves behind,
 As music birds the desert rock rejoice,
 Waking a sad, low cadence, that when passed
 Shall make the solitude more heavy weigh.
 Thus let me be responsive to the last
 To all that human hearts may rightly sway.
 What though each day a new-born grief disclose!
 The "cloud return" although the "rain" be o'er!
 The cloud its fold of "silver lining" shows,
 Which hope reveals more brightly evermore—
 And thus doth every warm, impulsive thrill,
 That comes to human hearts, more blessed make them still.

II.

I would not be alone; the monarch bird
 Comes from his cloud-encompassed height again,
 To listen where affection's voice is heard,
 "And stirreth up his nest;" oh not in vain!
 The wing that studded upward in the noonday sun,
 And spurned the tempest with a cold disdain,
 From love alone, that high empyrean won;
 Home-luring love, when that proud flight is done,
 Gently as dove he foldeth up the wing,
 And tames the fierceness of the burning eye,
 Where the loved One hath heard the breezes ring
 Around the swaying pine, and deemed him nigh.
 Warm from the nest he takes his heavenward flight,
 For love hath lent him wings to soar where all is bright.