

Remember not the faces of those who did thee good ; and turn a deaf ear to their remonstrances, when thou art grown strong and rich.

So shall ye be able to build high places unto the lord ; and offer sacrifices unto vanity. Yea thus will arise Castle-Follies, and Methodist chapels.

Lo, I speak unto ye in a parable.

In days of yore, came a young man from a far country, even from the land of cakes, where prevaileth the Scotch fiddle even unto this day.

And he was poor and needy ; and an old man of the name of Slapsly, came out to meet him ; and he sojourned with him many days, and sate at his board, and ate of his meat, and drank of his drink.

Now Thomas desired to go unto the great city of Hochelaga, and the old man paid his passage, and provided him with money to support himself.

And in course of time, Thomas became rich, and did build houses ; but poor Slapsly died one day and was gathered to his fathers.

Now it so happened that the old man desired to have some sugar, to make him comfortable before his death ; and he said unto his wife, arise, and go unto Thomas, for the sugar.

And Mrs. Slapsly did as she was desired, but she had no money, and Thomas would not give her trust for one pound of sugar.

Now three days after, the angel of death visited the poor man's mansion ; and Thomas followed him to the grave with the other mourners.

Go thou, now, therefore, my son, and profit by this example.

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*Gentlemen coming to buy one Scribbler and borrow two, will please put the change in their pockets to pay for one : it will save trouble to both parties.*