

comforting must the assurance be to a poor man, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths!" "The way of the wicked is as darkness, they know not at what they stumble; but the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

A few weeks ago a stranger passed through the village, and, being ignorant of the characters of those who dwell in Tiler's cottage, dropped three tracts at the gate. In half an hour after, Jack had made a boat of one of them; Humphrey a kite's tail with another, though it was not the proper time of year to fly a kite; and Nancy had torn up the third into curl-papers. But there will come a day when they will know how evil and bitter a thing it is to despise the means of instruction, and misuse what, under the Divine blessing, would have pointed them to the way of happiness and peace. To have no opportunity of improvement, is a bad thing; but to possess the means of becoming wise and to neglect them, is twenty times worse.

Any one passing the cottage of Thomas Tiler would know that a slothful man lived there; for the little gate swings to and fro on one hinge, the yard is half covered with nettles, the garden fence has fallen down in two or three places, and the thorn bushes, uncut, stretch far into the garden. Indeed, the place is so like the description given in the Proverbs of Solomon, of the premises of the slothful man, that had Tiler tried with all his might, he could scarcely have copied it more correctly: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Once farmer Brown sent Jack and Humphrey Tiler, into his fields, to work with the labourers. In the course of the morning, Jack had taken a knife from the waistcoat pocket of a labourer, who had put his clothes under the hedge; and Humphrey was caught drinking away at the wooden bottle of beer belonging to another of the men. They were very soon kicked out of the field, and returned to their habits of idleness. Nancy had been taken on trial by the miller's wife, and went on pretty well for the first day. The next day she grew idle, and was reproved for something she had done amiss, when she pertly replied that she did not come there to be put upon, and to be scolded for nothing. That same night a pillow-case was found hid in the garden, stuffed full of flour, which she had no doubt put there for one of her brothers to fetch away.

Nancy was soon sent home, and is not very likely to get another place. It takes many acts of integrity to establish a reputation, but one act of dishonesty is sufficient to destroy it.

Dearly as I love my native village, it grieves me that there should live in it a family so deeply plunged in almost hopeless wretchedness. The last time that I attempted to speak with Thomas Tiler about the welfare of his children, he replied, that if every one would mind his own business, perhaps things would go on better. Idleness, poverty, and dishonesty, go hand in hand together; and I am fearful that the end of Tiler, his wife, his father, and his children, will be evil.

FOR THE MIRROR.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CRUMBLING AND MUMBLING.

A TRUE STORY.

Some years ago, I left Nova-Scotia to travel in the United States, or as Major Jack Downing would say the Yewnited States. Uncle Sam and all his descendants are a queer humourous race, and chuckle as much over hoaxing an Englishman, as cheating a Southerner with a wooden nutmeg, or *clay hone*—so that they be cute, they laugh at the poor hoaxies. You must not CLASSIFY a citizen north of New-York with the simpletons of the South. The latter has more the manner and citizenship of Modern Europe, the gentleman in manner, the gentleman in society, and unpretending himself to practical jokes can scarcely appreciate the singular and ludicrous, although sharp shrewd character of the *genuine* Yankee. This however has little to do with my tale—either back or forward—but to my story. I had letters of introduction to a Clergyman of the Bay County, the Cape Cod of Pilgrim story, and having enjoyed the most agreeable society of that agreeable Town of rocks and breakers, C——, accepted the invitation of my kind friend to accompany him on a visit to a neighbouring Clergyman with whose eccentricity and those of his otherwise most worthy Lady, he had acquainted me. We found them at home in their humble Parsonage.—To the luxuries of life, as we term them, they were perfectly strangers. They knew not the difference between Imperial Tokay or more humble claret, Champagne had never appeared to them but under the humble appellation of Cider, and Turtle, and all the common luxuries of the table were utterly unknown. But punkin-pies, apple sauce, long sauce and short sauce, were amply supplied, with roast goose, and *spare rib* to honor their thanksgiving feast, in the Autumn—when like the Puritans their Ancestors, they returned thanks to the "Giver of all Good," for the plentiful harvest.

At other seasons of the year, hominy and molasses, and hasty pudding made from Indian Meal, together with a kind of bread

called biscuit, formed, together with salted pork their chief subsistence. When I was introduced, I found the old couple delighted to see their friend my companion, and as they were about to eat their Evening Meal, requested us to participate. My friend with a knowing look at me, acquiesced with great pleasure; and whilst this is preparing you will permit me to describe the Lady.—Imagine to yourself an antique dame of nearly seventy, smoking a pipe, and with broken and rotten stumps in her mouth which was extremely large, complaining of violent tooth ache, which induced her to smoke—this she very seldom did, she remarked, but took snuff to an excess. The whole distance between her nose and upper lip was saturated with the remains of her frequent snuffings. The old gentleman sat enjoying his pipe in his rocking chair, while engaged in conversation, and awaiting his evening meal.

This was now in readiness, and on the Tea, or as it was called the Supper Table, were arranged several bowls of milk, and in the centre a large pan of milk in which floated a tin dipper—and a plate of biscuit. We were desired to draw to the table, where chairs were placed, and after Grace had been offered, I was as the stranger, asked by the good lady of the house if I would have my biscuit mumbled or crumbed. Not knowing the difference, I politely as possible, said the first, when the old lady deliberately drawing my basin of milk to herself, and taking a biscuit in her snuffy hands commenced—what shall I say reader!! breaking the biscuit between her gums, and depositing the *cracked corn* in my bowl! Powers of Decency!—I could not stand the sight, but bolted, and here I am.

L.

JUVENILE AMUSEMENTS.

A careful master, on being informed that an unfortunate accident had befallen a young gentleman, at one of our public schools, from an arrow shot into his eye at play, summoned his pupils together, and after expatiating on the sad misfortune, addressed them in the following terms:

Young gentlemen, the love of play is natural to you—it is suited to your years, and salutary to your health; far be it from me, then, to abridge you of pastime properly selected, and seasonably used. It is my wish to regulate your pleasures, not to restrain them. Whatever is likely to be attended with danger, ceases to be an amusement. Did I not caution you on this head, you might, in case of misfortune, have reason to reflect on me. Think on the melancholy accident I have mentioned, and be warned.

"All kinds of play, likewise, where too violent exertion is required, where you risk the extremes of heat and cold, should be avoided, as inimical to health. How often is misery entailed on age by a single act of imprudence in youth! Whenever, we labour, it should be to forward some useful end; to do good to ourselves, or to benefit others.

"When danger and excess are guarded against, the field is open to you; and the ingenuity of youth, in so many preceding ages, has invented numerous sports to exercise without fatigue, and to amuse without endangering. Choose which you will, under the above restrictions—vary them, as often as you please—for variety is a source of pleasure; from me you shall have no obstruction. To see you happy shall be my delight—but to see you safe is my duty.