

abundant rain, bring forth fatness? Is it the mechanic, whose saw, lathe, spindle, and shuttle, are moved by this faithful servant? Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and the perplexities of business, to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty but yielding ocean? Is it the physician, on his administering to his patient some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the disease which threatens? Is it the clergyman, whose profession it is to make others feel, and that by feeling himself, that the slightest favor and the richest blessing are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver? Who that still has a glass of water and a crumb of bread, is not ungrateful to complain?

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLANDER; OR OLD MOLLY THICKENS.

Tell me not of the Cæsars and Alexanders who in their turns have governed the world, for their condition was so much above mine, and such a period has passed by since they lived, that I cannot hope to gain any thing by the influence of their example; but give me one solitary instance in common life, of a person governing their tongue, and I will listen to you for an hour; ay, for two hours! and do my best to profit by the example. I could give you fifty instances of slander, but where shall I find one person who, in passing through the world, adopts the christian and kind-hearted resolution, "I will take heed that I sin not with my tongue?"

Thomas Stanley was a hard-working, honest man, and lived at a small house at no great distance from the finger-post at the skirts of the town. Now Thomas had, somehow or other, got possession of an excellent recipe for making ginger-beer, and had established a snug little trade in disposing of his refreshing beverage. Good ginger-beer is a very pleasant drink in summer, and Thomas certainly did right in endeavouring to gain a trifle by the sale of his refreshing liquor; especially as he could still work at his employment of gardening, while his wife, served their customers. It was a cheerful sight to see Sarah Stanley neatly dressed, cutting the strings, and drawing the corks of the ginger-beer bottles, on a hot summer's day, as they went off pop! pop! one after another.

One time Thomas had a job on hand in his garden, which required a great deal of water, and as dirty water was quite as good as clean water for the purpose, he fetched it from a neighbouring horse-pond, instead of drawing it from his own little well, where the water was as clear as crystal. Unhappily for Thomas, as he came back from the

pond, he met old Molly Thickens, the veriest gossip in the place. Her tongue was always going, and what was worse, it was always spreading some ill-natured slander.

Molly Thickens was not one who would plainly tell an untruth of another. She went to work in a way that was much safer for herself, and much more dangerous to the objects of her slanders; for every report which she spread abroad was accompanied by the remark, that for her part, she could not believe it to be true. Directly that she saw Thomas Stanley with a yoke across his shoulders, and a bucket on each side, filled with black, dirty water, she stepped in first to one neighbour's house, and then to another, to say that she hoped Thomas Stanley was not going to make ginger-beer with the water from the horse-pond! Indeed, for her part, she could not believe that he would do such a thing. In a very little time the report spread far and near, that Thomas Stanley was laying in a store of dirty water from the horse-pond, for the purpose of making his famous ginger-beer. Several of the neighbors were on the look-out, and there was Thomas Stanley sure enough, carrying water in two buckets from the pond. This was deemed proof positive; they would not have believed it, but they had seen it with their own eyes, and Thomas was condemned without further investigation.

All this time Molly Thickens was, as she said, good naturedly endeavouring to contradict the report, for she went everywhere declaring that it was a sad tale which had been told of Thomas Stanley, but that she could not bring her mind to believe that it was true.

I have somewhere read of a man who, wishing to injure a baker who had enraged a crowd of people, cried out, "Don't nail his ear to the door! don't nail his ear to the door!" in consequence of which the exasperated crowd, who never would have thought of doing such a thing, immediately nailed the ear of the unfortunate baker to the door-post.

Now thus it was with poor Thomas Stanley, for old Molly's declaration, that she could not believe the report, made others believe it, or excited a suspicion of its truth.

When Thomas first heard of it, in the consciousness of his innocence he paid but little attention to the rumour; but when it gained ground, he made an attempt to clear himself of the charge.

In former times ignorant people used to try a supposed witch, by throwing her into the water; if she swam she was a witch and deserved to be burnt to death; if she sank, and was drowned, then she was acquitted of her witchcraft, but, in either case, she lost her life. Poor Thomas was tried pretty much in the same manner, for while he was quiet, one half of his neighbours cried out, "O! his conscience condemns him,

he knows that it is of no use to contradict the truth."—And when he bustled about to deny it, the other half cried out, "If his conscience was clear, he would not take such pains to persuade people of his innocence.

The end of all was, that not a bottle of ginger-beer could Thomas sell, and he and his wife were obliged to quit a neighbourhood where every body suspected them of evil. Thus were too honest persons ruined by a slanderous tongue, while Molly Thickens, the slanderer, sought a reputation for kindness, by declaring louder than ever, that though all the world seemed to condemn poor Thomas and Sarah Stanley in the affair of the ginger-beer, for her part, she could not bring her mind to believe it was true.

A TALE.

There was a man by the name of Hayes, who in consequence of I kuow not what violation of laws, had betaken himself to that region along our frontier, which the king of Netherlands thought proper to recommend the abandonment of not long ago. Hayes had been educated, was a fiery, intrepid fellow.

'Sir,' said he to me one day, 'I am a sad fellow—very childish, very wicked, and of course very wretched. I am a fool I know—but I can't help it. I never see a fur cap of that color, pointing to his own which lay steaming on a settle before a huge roaring fire—on the head of a boy, without feeling as if I could cry my eyes out. I have been, what you told me you or ce were—a husband and father, a proud father and a happy husband. You remember the fires we had in 1825? Well, I had camped out that fall, and was making a fortune; how, and with what view is nobody's business. You needn't stare—I saw the question rising in your throat; well I had left my wife; no matter why; incompatibility of temper, if you like.—All I have to say is, that she was altogether too good for me. Had she been more of a woman, and less of an angel, I should not have been what I am now—an outcast—a wanderer—a hunted outlaw.—Oh, you needn't stare. I've told you about all I mean to tell you on that head. Well—we separated—in plain English, I ran away from my wife, taking with me only one child—my poor dear Jerry—the only child I was sure of; for between ourselves, my good sir, the evil one put it into my head to be jealous of my poor wife—and so I left her all the children with blue and grey eyes, and took with me the only one that resembled me. Ah if you could but have seen that boy's eyes! They were like sunshine, though black as jet. Well, Jerry and I got along pretty well for nearly three years, when one day I received a letter from my wife, saying