



## STANZAS.

Unto him who loved us, and gave himself for  
us, and washed us from our sins in his own  
blood.

REVELATION.

How hath he lov'd us?—Ask the star  
That on its wondrous mission sped,  
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene  
Where he, Messiah, bow'd his head;  
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,  
Found in her lowliest inn—no room.

Judea's mountains, lift your voice,  
With legends of the Saviour fraught;  
Speak, favor'd Olivet, so oft  
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought—  
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave  
Frequent his weary foot did lave.

How hath he lov'd us? Ask the band  
That led his woes with breathless haste,  
Ask the weak friend's denial tone  
Scarcely by his bitterest tears effac'd;  
Yes, ask the traitor's kiss—and see  
What Jesus hath endur'd for thee.

Ask of Gethsomano, whose dew  
Shrunk from that moistur'd strangely red,  
Which in that unwatch'd hour of pain  
His agonizing temples shed!  
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,  
Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

How hath he lov'd us? Ask the cross,  
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky;  
Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst  
Their corments at his fearful cry,  
O! ask no more; but bow thy pride,  
And yield thy heart to him who died.

## CLARA HOWARD.

Clara Howard was a vain girl, who was very fond of dress. She had been called a beauty when she was about five or six years old; and she still thought herself one, although she became very thin and sallow from living on candies and such dainties, instead of plain wholesome food.

She had an uncle who was a sea-captain: he was very fond of her and often brought her presents when he came from sea—Among other things he once brought her a little monkey, to amuse her by its tricks. All monkeys are imitative creatures, but this would try to mimic every one. He was very much attached to his little mistress, and would follow her all about the house. Clara was not fond of her books, and when her mother would send her up stairs to prepare her lessons for school, she would lay aside her grammar or geography, and dress herself in all the finery she could get, and practice at the glass, the airs and graces of the ladies she had seen in the street: One day, in looking for jewelry in her mother's wardrobe, she found a large and very brilliant pair of ear-rings and some sparkling old-fashioned rings. She tied strings to the ear-rings, and hung one on each; put the heavy rings on her fingers, and going into the next room she took the seamstress's new bonnet, which was gaudily trimmed with flowers and placed it on her head. While she was turning her head from side to side, and thinking how very pretty she looked, she heard

her mother calling her. She threw the things on the dressing table, and hastened down stairs, thinking she could come back and put them in their places, before her mother would come to her room. But contrary to her expectations, her mother came up when she did, and they entered the room together, what a sight presented itself!—There was Clara's monkey standing in the chair before the glass with the ear-rings hung on his ears, the finger-rings sparkling on his paws, and the bonnet on, which being too large for his head, had fallen back—there he stood, smirking, bowing, and turning his head, from side to side as he had seen Clara do. Mrs Howard burst into a fit of laughter, but Clara, seeing how exactly her motions were copied, was so mortified at the thought of the ridiculous appearance she too must have made, that she could not help crying.

As soon as Mrs Howard saw the effect it had on her daughter, she said to her, "I hope this sight, my dear Clara, may cure you of your fondness for dress. You see how ridiculous a figure this little animal has made himself; he only amuses us, but a little girl who acts thus, excites our pity as well as our ridicule."

Little Clara Howard never forgot this lesson, and whenever she was tempted to purchase finery, she thought of her monkey dressed in our-rings. And when her mind became improved by attending to her studies, she lost even the wish for gay dress, and always appeared in a neat and simple attire, which is the surest mark of true taste.

*Effects of Encouragement and Discouragement.*—I recollect distinctly that, when I was thirteen years of age, I had a great desire to acquire an education. I wanted to enjoy the happiness which appeared to be the lot of those who were learned; but I was poor, and, peculiarly situated. I had no friend to whom I could apply for aid, with any prospect of success.—Those to whom I stated my wishes, being disinterested, gave me no encouragement; but rather dissuaded me from the attempt. In short, no person had sufficient interest in my success, or confidence in my ability, to advise me to pursue a certain course, which would ensure success; and the result was, that I spent much valuable time to not only no advantage, but to a real disadvantage, in idleness; whereas, if I had had a friend to say to me, would you excel in any thing? look at FRANKLIN, and SHERMAN, and WEBSTER, who have, by pursuing such and such a course become wise, virtuous, and respected by all who know them—and to have convinced me that to persevere was to succeed—I believe that I might have been a far more useful member of society, than I can now possibly become.

I am the more induced to this belief from a circumstance which occurred in the neighborhood about the same time.

One of my associates and companion, the son of a very poor, but well educated and intelligent MOTHER,—his father was dead,—was attending school whilst I was learning my trade he often told me that he hoped and believed that he should become a man, and know as much, and should be as much respected, as the minister who preached to us on Sunday, or the doctor of the village. I did not believe it possible, and asked what made him think so; he said his father told him that

he could, if he would be industrious and prudent, and devote all his time to labor, or to study, "and she knows," said he, "and I will try." Notwithstanding his poverty, and my unbelief, that fatherless boy is now one of the most respectable men of the age—and he owes it mainly to the good advice and encouragement of a good mother.

*ANECDOTE.*—In the days of the Revolution there was an old lady who occasionally "entertained man and beast." One day a weary and famished soldier called at her house and asked for refreshment—his appearance indicated extreme poverty—the old lady thought his means not adequate to remunerate her for a very ample repast, so she placed before him a dish of bones which looked as though they had been pretty faithfully picked before, and left her son to settle with the soldier when he had finished their second examination. The boy, pitying the traveller, and willing to give his parent reproof for her parsimony, told his guest upon rising from the table, that he was welcome to what he had eaten, and gave him a present into the bargain. In a short time the mother returned, when her son inquired, "Mother how much was it worth to pick those old bones?"—"A shilling my dear," said she expecting to receive the money. "I thought so," replied the boy, "and I gave the old soldier a shilling for doing it."

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