

the place where she lay. I had looked forward to the time when I should see my mother, as the end of all my distresses—and so indeed it was, in one sense. My distresses! where were they now that my mother was suffering? Could I complain to her when she was so afflicted? Could I ask her to burden herself with me, when she could scarcely find food for herself? I was bound to my master for three years; if I ran away, as I had often planned so to do, there would be another pang for my mother. By slow degrees, through the kindness of the doctor, my mother recovered. In the meantime, the Old Ravens-worth was again ready for sea, and with an aching heart I had now to take leave of the only creature on earth that cared for me. For a week the ship lay at anchor in Shields Harbour, waiting for a wind. Every thing was ready for sailing; we had but to slip her moorings, and be let off. At last, the wind, which had been in the N. E. for five weeks, chopped about, and a fine steady breeze came from the westward. The Captain went to Newcastle, to take the last orders from his employers and a last look at his family, and he could not be back in time to cross the Bar that night, but all hands were ordered on board, to be ready for sailing next morning at 5 o'clock, the tide suiting at that hour.

"No one who knows anything of sailors, will suppose that one of them stayed on board after the captain's boat was out of sight. One after another they all went to a public-house by the low lights, and each as he went gave me a charge to do some job or other for him before he came back. Many of the commissions were enforced with a blow, and a promise of vengeance if the lazy dog should leave the work undone. They were all gone; and, left alone, I breathed for a moment.

(To be continued.)

THE WISE COACHMAN.

An old gentleman in the county of Herts, having lost his coachman by death, who had served him many years, advertised for a successor.—The first who applied, giving a satisfactory account of his character and capacity for such a place, was asked how near he could drive to the edge of a road, where a sloping bank presented danger. He replied, "to an inch." The old gentleman ordered him to be supplied with suitable refreshment and to leave his address, adding, that if he wished for his services, he should hear from him in a day or two. Shortly afterwards, a second applied, who underwent the same examination as the former, and replied to the last question, that he could drive "to half an inch," and have often done it; he also received the same dismissal, with the same civilities as the former man. Soon afterwards, a third applied, and on being asked the same question, viz.: How near he could drive to the edge of a sharp

declivity, in case of necessity, coolly replied, "Really, I do not know, Sir, having never tried: for it has always been my maxim to get as far as possible from such danger, and I have had my reward in my safety, and that of my employers." With this reply the old gentleman expressed his entire satisfaction, and informed the man that if he could procure a proper recommendation, wages should not part them, adding, "I am grown old and timid, and want a coachman on whose prudence and care I can rely, as well as his skill."

Would it not be well if those who are engaged in commercial pursuits, would avoid as carefully as this prudent coachman did, the edge of the precipice? In this case, balmily sleep would often light on the eyelids of persons so employed, and the shipwreck of fortune would not so often occur. But let the professor of godliness especially remember this true and useful story.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

When I was a little girl, I learnt a lesson which I think I shall never forget as long as I live, and it was this, not to judge things by the outside. I remember, old grandfather Gregory told you a story very similar to what I am about to relate, in this magazine, many months ago, and those of you my readers, who noticed it, will perhaps remember the tale: to those who have not seen the account, the following may prove instructive. In the town in which I lived there was a circulating library for children, and a great many pretty books there was in it; some of them were covered and some were not, many of my young friends belonged to this library, and so did I. We used to go often to change our books, and we always had our choice as to what we would take. Now on one occasion when I went, the librarian laid on the table before me some of the books, many had neat cartridge covers, and some were what is called gaily, half bound. "Dear me," thought I, "how very beautiful these books are outside, the reading of course must be good," and so forthwith I immediately took one of the gay ones; but most sadly disappointed was I, for the inside was just the reverse of the outside, and hardly worth reading at all. I sat down, and soberly considered over this, and determined that I would be wiser for the future. Many times has this lesson been since impressed on my mind, and when I have seen young persons finely dressed, I have learned not to judge of them by those circumstances, knowing that

"It is in good manners, not in fine clothes,
That the truest gentility lies."

Again: I have often found the fruit which is most rosy and beautiful to look at, the most defective within; and in many other instances the rule will apply. As we grow up in life, we shall find much need to take care lest we should be deceived by specious

appearances and deceitful professions. It is true, though quaint, "that it is not all gold which glitters," neither is it all silver that shines. Be afraid my dear children, of forming bad acquaintances, however pleasing they may appear, for, "evil communications corrupt good manners."

Child's Companion.

FENELON.—Fenelon was remarkable for his charity and kindness. In one of his walks, he met a poor peasant, who was mourning for the loss of his only cow—the support of his destitute family. Fenelon comforted him by words of kindness and by giving him money to buy another cow. But still the man sorrowed for his loss, Continuing his walk, Fenelon found the peasant's cow, and drove him back himself, in a dark night to the door of the poor man's cottage. The peasant's heart was overjoyed.

Dear youth, do you wish to be beloved by your friends—do you wish to do them good? Be charitable and kind. Be willing to do them any favor, and like the good archbishop Fenelon, when you are dead, your memory will be held in grateful remembrance. Should your companions meet with a loss, use your best endeavors to make it good to them. We have always noticed that those persons who are always kind to their friends, do the greatest amount of good. A confidence is reposed in them, which cannot be placed in those who are unkind and disobliging.

General Thanksgiving.—His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, has by a Proclamation, published in the Gazette of Wednesday last, ordered, that Thursday the 26th day of this present month of November, be observed as a Public Day of General Thanksgiving.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. T. C. James, to Jane Craigen, second daughter of Mr. John West, of Fredericton, N. B.

At Belle Vue, on the Thursday the 5th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, Wesleyan Missionary, Lemuel Allan Wilnot, Esq. of Fredericton, N. B. Barrister at Law, to Margaret Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. A. Black, Esq. of this place.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, John, son of Mr John Martin, of this Town, aged 3 years and six months.

On Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian patience, and resignation to the Divine Will, in full hopes of a glorious immortality, in the 29th year of her age, Mary Ann, consort of Mr. John Mackintosh, and youngest daughter of Mr. John Nugent, of H. M. Dock-Yard,