

the bail of the water pail, which has accidentally got broken.

"Father," says little George, looking up with his rosy cheeks, "may Susan and I go with you tomorrow, and help you to get in the potatoes?"

"O yes, father!" exclaims Susan, "do let us go. George and I together can pick them up as fast as you can dig them. We can help you very much. Do let us go."

"Ah! you little chicks, says the mother, with a smile, "you are planning for some more rides in your father's wheelbarrow, I rather think."

"Yes!" the father replies, when they work for me I have a load both ways.—And I hardly know which is the heaviest. I wheel the potatoes to the house and then I find these two stout children in my wheelbarrow, and there is nothing to be done, but for me to wheel them back to the field."

"Well father," says Susan, "I do not think it tires you very much, to wheel us; for if it did, you would not run with us so fast as you did yesterday. It made us laugh so, that George almost fell out of the wheelbarrow."

"I am inclined to the opinion, on the whole, replies the father, "that I shall be under the necessity of employing two hands tomorrow. But, if you are going to work for me, you must be up early in the morning and help your mother to get breakfast while I am taking care of the cattle."

"O, that is good," says Susan to George, "we always have such a good time when we go with father."

They soon sit down to the supper table. A single tallow candle, in an iron candlestick, gives a feeble light, which is almost eclipsed by the bright gleams of the wood fire which illuminates the room. A blessing is implored before this happy family partakes of its frugal repast. Soon after supper, the children, kneeling by their mother's side, bury their faces in her lap, as they repeat their evening prayer, and then retire for the night to the little cot bed, which draws from beneath that in which their parents repose.

At an early hour of the evening the husband and father takes the family Bible from the shelf. With the strong faith of the experienced and confident Christian, he reads a portion of the sacred volume, and commends, in fervent prayer, his wife, his children, and himself, to the care of his Heavenly Father.

"Oh God," he says, "thou art causing our cup to overflow with blessings. Thou art feeding and clothing us, and supplying our every earthly want. And we pray thee we may be prepared, in this our earthly home, for the joys of the celestial mansions. We thank thee, O God, for the beloved little ones thou has entrusted to our care. We thank thee for their intelligent minds, for their affectionate hearts, and for their well formed bodies. Wilt thou enable us to set before them such an example of consistent piety, that they may all hereafter meet, a happy family in heaven."

With such acknowledgments and supplications he gives utterance to the deep emotions of his own heart. And soon all of this favoured household are peacefully reposing, encompassed with mercies.—Their humble and solitary log house, in the midst of the mountains, is the abode of the purest contentment and joy. There are the external manifestations of poverty, but the heart is rich with heaven's choicest treasures.

These two pictures, which none will affirm to be untrue to nature, show that the possession of wealth is by no means essential to happiness.—All will theoretically admit this sentiment, and yet its practical denial is the great bane of all earthly joy, and is ruining millions of immortal souls. Money, money, is the God of the world. And in the eager adoration of that deity, the true sources of enjoyment, which God has pointed out, are neglected. A man may enjoy the highest degree of earthly happiness, though his coat be of homespun, though no carpet be spread over his floor, and though he have no income but that which he can secure from the ground by the labor of his own hands.

THE CRADLE.

The cradle is one of the appendages of home.—Think not lightly of it, oh man, for thou hast lain in it. When thou prides thyself on thy manly form and thy mature mind, think how little thou once wast, when the cradle held thee. The cradle is suggestive. There we begin our existence.

How much of that early existence is slept away in it! Is this for nought? Did Isaac, the child of promise and of prayer, occupy it to no purpose? The treasure in that cradle, which was rocked by the maternal hand of Sarah, was reserved to bless the world: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Was it vain that the infant Moses was cradled amid the waters of the Nile, and watched by the sleepless eye of his fond mother? The emancipation of a nation furnishes the reply. And why so many prayers offered, so many tears shed, for little Samuel? Ah, Hannah, thou didst call thyself "a woman of a sorrowful spirit," and didst "year out thy soul before the Lord." Heaven heard thy prayer, and gave thee such a son! How was that sorrow turned into joy, as thy hand rocked the cradle of thy first-born: "For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition, which I asked of him. Therefore also have I lent him to the Lord. As long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord." Happy mother of a holy child! As was his birth, so was his life and his death. A nation went into mourning when Samuel died. Such is the power of faith—the potency of prayer.

Look at that sickly little boy in the cradle. The breath of life can hardly be kept in him. But a mother's love, which never wearies, is the guardian angel of these precious hours. Who his father is I know not. Where he is, I cannot tell. He may be far off on the sea. He may moulder in the dust, and that mother may be a widow. A widow indeed she is, and her name is *MUSIC*. She is watching over the future minister of Christ, the companion of an apostle, a holy man, and a candidate for heaven.—*Mother's Magazine.*

MORAVIAN BRETHREN.—During the rebellion in Ireland in 1793, the rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace Hill, Wexford county. At length they put their threat into execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there, they saw no one in the streets nor in the houses. The brethren had long expected this attack, but, true to their Christian profession, they would not have recourse to arms for their defence, but assembled in their chapel, and, in solemn prayer, besought Him in whom they trusted, to be their shield in the hour of danger. The ruffian band, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were astonished at this novel sight: where they expected armed hands, they saw them clasped in prayer; and the whole body of men bending before the Prince of Peace. They heard the prayer for protection—the request for mercy to be extended to their murderers—and the song of praise and confidence in the sure promise of the Lord. They beheld all in silence,—they were unable to raise a hand against them,—and, after having for a night and a day lingered about, they marched away, without having injured a single individual, or stolen a loaf of bread. This singular mark of the protection of Heaven induced the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to bring their goods, and ask for the protection of these Christians.

HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY AND FORCIBLY.—A man fully possessed of his subject, and confident of his cause, may almost always write with vigour and effect, if he can get over the temptation of writing finely, and really confine himself to the strong and clear exposition of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors arises from a want of matter, and the other half from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

SUDDEN DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.—A truly awful instance of the uncertainty of life occurred at Ross on Wednesday se'ennight. A party of friends had met to spend the evening at the house of Mr. Thomas Edwards, New Street, when one of the party, Miss Eliza Fisher, who resided within a few miles of Ross, on standing up to join a quadrille, became suddenly indisposed, and before medical assistance could be obtained, the vital spark had fled.—*Yarmouth Merlin.*

A subscription is in contemplation at Folkestone, to erect a monument to the memory of the celebrated Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who was born in that town. It is intended to erect a monument on the spot of his birth place.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

THE POSTAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

A CORRESPONDENT, who writes us a business letter from —, observes: "I fear the new Post Office arrangement will be the means, to some extent, of circumscribing the circulation of newspapers in the country. In my opinion, it would prove beneficial to the country if newspapers were allowed to pass free. There should be an influence exerted by the Press in favour of the free circulation of newspapers, and especially those printed in British North America. As the Post Office law now stands, papers printed in England can pass through the mails to any part of the British possessions free, and I see no reason why the same privilege should not be extended to the craft on this side of the 'big waters.'"

The view taken by our correspondent is, in the main, correct. The new Post Office regulations have had the effect of "circumscribing the circulation of newspapers in the country parts," and are felt injuriously both by subscribers and newspaper proprietors. The tax is out of all proportion with the actual resources of the community, and with the present state of the newspaper business. In England the stamp duty of 1d. is in keeping with the general system of taxation adopted, and is probably but a fair equivalent for the privilege which that stamp gives of forwarding the paper to all parts of the British dominions free. But in respect to this particular tax, there is (keeping in view the actual state of the two countries) nothing like proportion between the English 1d. sterling and the Canadian 1d. In this country, the newspaper proprietor has, under the most favorable circumstances, a very up-hill game to play. The manner in which the population is spread over a vast extent of territory, makes it impossible that he should receive a very prompt return for the money he lays out, and renders his business particularly precarious. Long credits he must give, if he is to carry on business at all; and even then he cannot always insist on cash payments. Every one who knows any thing of the country parts in Canada, knows that business transactions are in two cases out of three reduced to simple barter, and that the farmer frequently lives from month to month without being the happy possessor of even a dollar bill. Now, to require of such a population as this the pre-payment of a half-penny for their newspaper is, in fact, as much as to tell them that the Government has determined that they shall have no newspaper at all; and to make the newspaper proprietor pay it (as he must in other cases, do) is to add another, and a very unfair risk, to those which he already runs.

We are far from requiring that the newspaper proprietor should not be taxed in his business as well as other classes—but we ask that the tax shall be consistent with moderation and fair-play. Half the amount of the present tax—(to be paid when the papers were mailed)—would be quite as much as ought to be levied.

It is not only in respect to the tax also, as it affects his subscribers, that the newspaper proprietor has to complain. Under the operation of the present system, he is compelled to pay a heavy sum for exchange papers, which are necessary to enable him to carry on his business, and which it is only fair to demand that he shall receive free. In the United States no tax is imposed on exchange papers sent to newspaper offices; and this is a wise and liberal plan. By our present system, the newspaper proprietor is compelled in self-defence to confine himself to as few exchange papers as he can possibly do with, and the consequence is, that the free communication of intelligence from one part of this continent to another is obstructed, and communities, instead of being brought closer together, are placed further apart.

On the whole, we cannot imagine a more vexatious and illiberal measure than this new regulation. It exhibits a total ignorance with the actual resources of the country, and must have been the suggestion of some "blundering" foreigner who did not possess the requisite knowledge himself, and who was too lazy or too stupid to go to the proper sources to obtain it.

We do trust that some alteration will speedily be made, and that to the end our fellow journalists will exert themselves by all the means in their power.—*Transcript.*