

POETRY.

VILLAGE BELLS.

*The lute may melt to love—to war
The trumpet rouse the soul—
The organ waft the spirit far
Above earth's dull controul;
But Oh! what sound hath magic spells,
To charm and soothe, like "village bells?"
They wake remembrance in the heart
Of all that once was dear;
They prompt the sigh, bid tear-drops start
And yet we love to hear;
They open all the close shut cells
Where contemplation darkly dwells.
Their sounds, which charm'd youths' happy
For me, I ne'er forget, [day
And oft I dream, though far away,
I hear their music yet;
And home returns, and streams and dells,
With those remember'd "Village Bells."*

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

*See how, beneath the moonbeams' smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murr'ring then subsides to rest:
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.*

VARIETIES.

INSTRUCTIVE TALE.

Thomas P—, at the age of 18, was, by the death of his master, turned loose upon the world to gain a livelihood as a shoemaker. He shouldered his kit and went from house to house, making the farmer's leather, or mending his children's shoes. At length a good old man pleased with Tom's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Tom applied himself to work with persevering industry and untiring ardor. Earlier than the sun, he was whistling over his work, and his hammer-song was often heard until the "noon of night." He thus gained a good reputation and some of the world's goods.—He soon married a virtuous female—one whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. The time passed smoothly on—They were blessed with three smiling pledges of their affections, and in a few years Tom was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they handsomely improved; and it was evidently the abode of plenty and felicity. But now Tom began to relax from his strict habits, and would occasionally walk down to a tavern in the neighbourhood. This soon became a habit—and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him, until, to the grief of all who knew him,

he became a constant lounge about the tavern, and extremely dissipated. The inevitable consequences soon followed; he got into debt, and his creditors soon stripped him of all he had. His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him; and she could not think of using him harshly, for she loved him even in his degradation, and he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she proffer to heaven for his reformation; and often did she endeavour to work upon his paternal feeling. He often promised to reform, and was at last induced to stay away from the tavern three days together: and his solicitous companion began to cherish hope of returning happiness. But he could endure it no longer; "Betsey," said he, as he rose from his work, "give me that decanter."

These words pierced her heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him: he went to the tavern, and after some persuasion he induced the landlord to fill the decanter. He returned and placed it in a window immediately before him—"for," said he "I can face my enemy." With a resolution fixed upon overcoming his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work—always having the decanter before him, but he never touched it. Again he began to thrive, and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence. His children grew up, and are now respectable members of society.

Old age came upon Tom, but he always kept the decanter in the window where he first put it; and often, when his head was silvered over with age, he would refer to his decanter, and laugh heartily at its singular effect; and he never permitted it to be removed from that window while he lived, nor was it until he had been consigned to his narrow home.

COUNTRY GRATIFICATION.—We are no sufficiently aware of the abundant sources of pleasure which, in the brief compass of a passing hour, are frequently opened to us in the country. The melody of the feathered songsters; the blithe carols and frequent laugh of the labouring husbandman; the bleating of the flocks; the lowing of the cattle; the glowing landscape; the painted firmament and gorgeous glory of the setting sun; the mower and the merry hay-makers; the loaded team; the healthful pursuits of husbandry; the varied scent of the hawthorn and the blossomed beanfield; the sweet perfume of odoriferous flowers; the wide spread table, and its wholesome fare; milk from the cow; and welcome, warm, true hospitality; the wholesome freshness of the evening gale, the conscious purity of country air; kindness of friends, and social converse; and lastly, inward peace; and thankfulness, quiet meditation,

and a lifting the heart to *Him* who gave the whole.

The following designation of the successive months of the English year, will be found generally descriptive and accurate:—January, the coldest; February, the dampest; March, the windiest; April, the most variable; May, the most cheering; June, the pleasantest; July, the hottest; August, the richest; September, the healthiest; October, the most settled, November, the foggiest; and December the gloomiest month. The seasons however, vary in different years, some being dryer or moister, warmer or colder than others.

CANDOUR.—It is an argument of a candid, ingenuous mind, to delight in the good name and the commendation of others; to pass by their defects, and take notice of their virtues; and to speak and hear of those willingly; and not to endure either to speak or hear of the other; for in this indeed you may be little less guilty than the evil speaker, in taking pleasure in it, though you speak it not. He that willingly drinks in tales and calumnies, will, from the delight he hath in evil hearing, slide insensibly into the humour of evil speaking. It is strange how most persons dispense with themselves in this point, and that in scarcely any society shall we find a hatred of this ill, but rather some tokens of taking pleasure in it: and until a person sets himself to an inward watchfulness over his heart, not suffering in it any thought that is uncharitable, or vain self-esteem, upon the others' frailties, he will still be subject to somewhat of this, in the tongue or ear at least.

MAXIMS.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may the better return to thinking.

An upright heart may be guilty of error, but it will not cherish a premeditated evil. This distinguishes a well intentioned, from a wicked man.

The excesses of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

Put the favours you bestow under your feet, but let those you receive be engraven upon your heart.

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