

open a communication with the adjoining town. The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost horizontally into the valley, enabled the eye to reach to a great distance, and formed a great contrast to the deep gloom that bounded on both sides of the way. It was through this opening that Henry might be frequently seen at the close of the day returning from labour in a distant field. It was here too that the eye of affection and hope first caught a view of a beloved object.

One evening about the end of June, Henry was seen about half way up the valley on his return home. At this instant a tall stout Indian leaped from an adjoining wood and seized upon the unprotected and unsuspecting Henry, and appeared to be in the act of taking his scalp. The forest around rang with savage yells; and four Indians, were seen bounding over the fields towards the house. In an instant the tender and depending Emily was transformed into the bold, the intrepid heroine. She deliberately fastened the doors—removed her two sleeping children into the cellar—and with her husband's rifle stationed herself before the window facing the Indians. The foremost Indian had just disappeared behind a small hillock; but as he arose to view, he fell in the grasp of death. She hastily reloaded and anxiously waited the approach of the three remaining Indians, who appeared to be exhausted by running. Two of the three met with a fate similar to that of their companion: but the third succeeded in reaching the door, and commenced cutting it down with his hatchet. Our heroine with admirable presence of mind recollected that she had a kettle of boiling water above stairs, took it, poured it down on this son of the forest, who that instant looking up, received the whole contents hot as they were, into his face and eyes.—Blinded, scalded by the water, and rendered desperate by being thus outwitted by a woman, (which of all things the savage abhors) he ran furiously around the corner of the house and stumbled into a deep well.

#### HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE

We live in a world which has so many sharp points and critical stations, that our own comfort, as well as that of those with whom we live, is made to turn upon mutual kindness, forbearance, accommodation, and dependence; in want of these, we are condemned to bear the lash of continual discord, and are made our own tormentors. The least consideration will inform us how easy it is to put an ill-natured construction upon a word; and what perverse turns and expressions spring from an evil temper. Nothing can be explained to him who will not understand, nor will any thing appear right to the unreasonable. "Every thing in life," says one of the ancients, "has two handles;" but it must be a bad disposition indeed which will be ever seizing the wrong one. I therefore repeat it, that if you would have comfort, you must give it. It is no

uncommon thing to hear the very persons who throw a family into confusion complain that there is no peace in the family; but he that would escape the calamity of fire, must be careful not to strike the sparks which enkindle it. The only remedy for all these evils is true religion.—Cecil.

#### FOR THE MIRROR.

##### THE BIBLE.

Where shall we find throughout this sphere,  
A book that can at all compare,  
With God's inspired word?

On every page we plainly trace,  
The wisdom, love and wondrous grace,  
Of our Almighty Lord.

By it we learn that heaven and earth  
Were made, and owe to God their birth,  
For he created all:

Without his pow'r was nothing made,  
All nature owned his mighty aid,  
And answer'd to his call.

That man was fashion'd from the dust,  
Created holy, perfect, just,  
By God's Omnipotent will;  
And bless'd with all he could require,  
To give content, and him inspire  
His duty to fulfil.

But soon alas! by sin beguil'd,  
He ate the fruit,—became defil'd,  
And lost his first estate:

By that offence his children are,  
Exposed to wrath, nor can they dare,  
Their crime extenuate.

By his transgression all his sons,  
Became obnoxious to the frowns,  
Of an offended Lord:—

Upon them rests his awful curse,  
And at the last he will disburse,  
To each his own reward.

But joyful tidings are disclos'd,  
To all who feel themselves expos'd,  
To God's avenging ire;  
The Bible tells the glorious news,  
That his own son did not refuse,  
To suffer and expire—

That guilty, lost, and sinful men,  
Might be redeemed from death and sin,  
And glorify his name;

Who, when no other arm could save,  
Or rescue rebels from the grave,  
To their deliverance came.

And now, although he reigns on high,  
The sinner of the deepest dye,

May venture on his grace:  
He has declared—O blessed theme,  
He'll cast out none who come to him,  
Of all our helpless race.

The vilest of the vile may hence  
Approach with humble confidence,  
And on his word depend;  
If for his sins he truly grieves,  
And in the work of Christ believes,  
He shall not be condemn'd.

No preparation does he need,  
Nor moral fitness, to succeed,  
Except a heart—contrite,  
(And this our God will not despise,  
Tis better far than sacrifice,  
Or any human rite.)

With faith embrace the heav'nly news,  
Despised by Greeks,—denied by Jews,  
That Jesus is the Christ;  
And that his blood will cleanse from sin,  
All who shall ever trust therein,  
And be with guilt oppress.

Search then the scriptures,—they contain  
The way of life, and are so plain,

That "a who runs may read:  
They testify that Jesus came,  
To save the lost of every name,  
Who are of Adam's seed.

They speak of toils and troubles here,  
Which all who love the Lord must bear,  
With a submissive heart;  
But more than this,—they point to bliss,—  
Seraphic, endless happiness,  
When with this world we part.

And what does man require more,  
While travelling on life's chequered shore,  
His sorrows to relieve,  
Than that bright hope of future joy,  
Which shall eternally employ,  
All who in Christ believe?

O search the scriptures,—let them be,  
Our guide to ways of piety,  
And may they ever prove,—  
A light to cheer our loneliness,  
While journeying through this wilderness,  
To happier scenes above. H: U.

### The Weekly Mirror.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1836.

Provincial Secretary's Office,  
Halifax, 2nd March, 1836.

HIS Excellency the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR will hold a Levee at the Government-House, on Saturday next, at one o'clock, in honor of Her Majesty's Birth Day.

FIRE.—The house in Barrington Street, owned, and partly occupied, by Mr. John Farquhar, was, with the most of its contents, destroyed by fire, on Sunday Evening last. The alarm was given about 8 o'clock—the Inhabitants of the Town and Troops in Garrison immediately assembled; and great exertions were made to save the Building, but in vain—however all mischief to the Buildings in the neighbourhood was prevented.—*Gazette.*

A heavy shock of an Earthquake was felt at Trinidad on the 6th January last, about half past 8 o'clock, in the morning.

The Mail for England, by his Majesty's Packet Pigeon, will be closed To-Morrow evening, at 5 o'clock.

#### MARRIED.

At Edinburgh, Thomas Cochran Hume, Esq. to Isabella, second daughter of William Sinclair, Esq. of Preswick, Caithness shire.

#### DIED.

Yesterday morning, in the 54th year of his age, John Homer, Esq. member of Assembly for Barrington. His funeral will take place To-morrow, at 2 o'clock, from Mrs. McDonald's, in Bedford Row.

At Calcutta, after a short illness, in the 45th year of his age, Dr. William Twining, the eldest son of the Rev. William Twining, late Missionary at Liverpool, in this Province.