

THE MERCHANT.

Tare and trot, Gross and net, Box and hogheads, dry and wet, Ready made, Of every grade, Wholesale, retail: will you trade?

Goods for sale, Roll or bale, Ell or quarter, yard or nail: Every day, Will you buy? None can sell as cheap as I.

Thus each day We are away, And his hair is turning grey! O'er his books He nightly looks, Counts his gains and bolts his locks.

By and by He will die: But the ledger book on high Shall unfold, How he sold, How he got and used his gold!

—Casket.

Family Reading.

FALSEHOOD.

David, the King of Israel, would not suffer a false speaker in his household: he said, "He that worketh deceit shall not dwell in my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight." This was a wise as well as a holy resolution; for there can be no peace, confidence, or safety, where truth is not observed.

The story I am going to relate is an awful instance of the danger which falsehood may produce, and shows us, also, the punishment which it may draw on our own heads.

A little boy, whom I shall call George, had a very kind father,—he was only too kind, for he suffered his kindness to excuse the faults of his son. He was anxious, however, to give him the best education he could. When his boy was only a little one, the kind father used to carry him a great part of the way to school, and meet him coming back and carry him home. When his boy grew older, he went to another school further off; and then his father got a pony, and used to set his son before him, and ride with him there, and call for him again. But when his grew a great boy, of ten or eleven years old, the father let him ride alone, and was so good as to walk beside him half the way, and bring back the pony.

Now, some one may want to know why this kind father did not let his son ride the pony to school by himself. I will tell the reason. George could not be entirely trusted. If he said he would not go out of the road, or he would not try to leap a ditch, or run a race with any body he met, his father could not be sure he would keep his word; because on one or two occasions he had broken it, and afterwards denied the fact.

This sad fault, however, caused the poor father great grief; he wished to cure George of it, but did not know how; he was too tender-hearted and too fond of his son to punish him severely.

You know Eli, the High Priest of Israel, was a righteous man, who grieved for the sins of his sons, but did not prevent it; and therefore God spoke to young Samuel in the Temple, and said, "I have told him that I would judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Thus we see that God will punish parents for allowing their children to do wrong and to commit sin.

George's father likewise was too indulgent to his fault, and this indulgence, like the son of Eli, brought his own punishment; and, as we saw, caused his own death, as Eli's did. The case was this:—One warm afternoon, George was coming from school, intending to bathe in the stream, not far from his house, with some other boys who were allowed to take that pleasant refreshment. As he drew near the house, a little girl, who lived not far off, and sometimes went on errands for his mother, came running to meet him, and she put a little bit of paper in his hand, and said that his father wished him to take that directly to the surgeon's; and had sent her with it to meet him in order to save him from going further back; and that he was to bring the medicine that was written on it, as she had to go on an errand in another direction for her father, and could not be spared. George looked at the paper, but could not well make it out; he knew, however, that it was for a medicine which his father had always at hand, to take when a particular internal pain, to which he had been subject for some years, threatened to come on. He had often brought it before, and so was not at all surprised at this message, only that he had never been sent for it on his way from school, as the surgeon lived three quarters of a mile out of the road. He never thought, however, of disobeying the order, but set off towards the surgeon's. On the way, he met the boy going to bathe: there was a large party, and they expected to meet them. They thought George was come to join them; and when they told him so, and said that he could always do as he pleased, George did not like to say he was obliged to go to the surgeon's, and so he joined them, as he intended to do, forgot all about his errand, and went to bathe with the rest.

It was very pleasant. The sun was shining, and the water clear; the boys dived, and swam, and sported about, like so many water rats, shouting, laughing, and gambolling.—George never thought of the medicine, nor of the little bit of paper that was lying in his pocket. This was a great fault, but it might have been of much consequence if it had not been for the greater fault it caused.

The boys stayed a full hour in the water. When they came out the sun was down; George felt chilly and tired; he put on his clothes as quickly as possible, and wishing for his supper, he turned home without ever thinking of his errand. When he got to the house, his parents both looked glad.

"Oh, here is poor George at last!" said his mother. "You are a good boy, George," said his father, in rather a weakly voice; "you have had a long walk for me. But Mr. Bailey kept you a long time, George: I have been longing for my medicine, for I feel this pain coming on. Give it to me, my son," and he put out his hand for it quite anxiously.

"Oh, Mr. Bailey will send it," said George. "Send it!" said his father, in a disappointed tone. "You have not brought it."

Why would he send it when you were there to take it?"

"He had not got all the stuff for making it in the house," said George, adding one falsehood to another.

"Do you think it will soon come?" said his father, looking at him.

"Yes—oh, I am sure it will," George replied, thinking that he would slip away, and run for it directly.

"Well, then, come and take your supper, boy," said his mother, "you must be pretty well tired, and hungry too."

So she made George sit down, and treated him with every kindness. How did his heart reproach him! how miserable is the portion of the deceiver!

"I wish the medicine would come," said his father, two or three times; and George wished so too. He intended to run off for it after supper; but the evening closed in, darkness came on, and he knew he would not be allowed to go unless he told the whole truth. Every moment he saw the medicine was expected; at every sound his mother or his father said, "There it is!" and he had not courage now to tell the truth.

At last they made George go to bed; they said he walked too much, and looked tired and pale. His mother kissed him; his father put his hand upon his head and prayed God to bless him. George went to bed, and thought he would get up early in the morning, and go for the medicine before any one awoke; "and then," said he to himself, "no one will know anything about it."

When the day was breaking, he was awake by his mother coming into his room:—"George," she said, "you must get up directly; your father is very ill; he has been quite low all night, though the medicine would come; no, no, I do not know what to do, I am so frightened."

George got up, and, as soon as he was dressed, went to see his father. He was lying on his bed groaning with pain, and looked frightfully ill. "Oh," said he, in a suffering voice, "Mr. Bailey has sent me some medicine; I have never sent the medicine, though he told me himself that if I did not take it directly when I felt this pain coming on, the consequences might be fatal; and I have been expecting it all night long."

Now George's heart seemed to die within him. Already his conscience began to accuse him,—alas! did it ever cease to do so? He slipped away and ran off to Mr. Bailey's: no one was up, and he had to wait a long time; at last he got the medicine, and was hastening back, when he met the little errand girl running full speed. She told him she was sent to bring the doctor to her father, who was growing worse and worse. George ran on with the medicine; he thought all would be right now he had got it.

"Here, father, here is your medicine!" he cried, as he entered the room.

"Bless you, my son!" said the poor man; "I am glad you thought of going for it again; it shows your love for me, George; but medicine now is too late. I feel this must be death that is coming upon me. Your mother has sent for the doctor; I hope God will forgive his negligence to me last night; that medicine, had he sent it, might have saved my life. But now I feel I want a minister for my never-dying soul, more than for my dying body. Go over to the clergyman's house, George, and beg of him to come quickly to your poor father."

George, weeping bitterly, did as he was desired, and brought the clergyman back with him. When they entered the sick man's room, a solemn scene met their view. Mr. Bailey was there, holding George's father up in bed, while his mother held a spoonful of something to his lips; his appearance terrified George. The clergyman stopped at the door; the doctor, drawing a little to one side, but still supporting his sinking patient, motioned with his hand to the reverend man to come on, saying in a low tone, "You, sir, can be more useful here now than I can. This dangerous malady has not been checked in time, and it has, notwithstanding my warning, proved fatal from neglect."

"But, Mr. Bailey," said George's mother, pale, herself, as death, and drowned in tears, "it is not our fault: he sent you for the medicine before the pain had quite come on; you promised to send it, and we expected it all night, and had no one we could send for it when it grew so late."

"No one ever came till this morning," said Mr. Bailey, "and I never promised to send it."

"Ah!" cried the mother, "George has then told a falsehood, and caused his father's death!"

"The father heard all this, he recalled his strength. George had drunk behind the clergyman, but he motioned to him to come forward; he fixed his eyes upon him, and raised his finger towards heaven. That look sank into George's very heart, and as long as he lived, and when he died, it still seemed to remain there. His father signed to the clergyman, two, to draw near, and when he bent his head toward him, he said, "Pray that his sins may be forgiven him. Every one burst into tears at this affecting spectacle. All knelt, and the minister prayed for the living and the dying. When they rose, the father gathered all his strength, and said, "Sir, I wished to cure my son of the only bad fault I saw in him; I did not know how, but God has given me the means: George, my death will cure you of falsehood!"

George rushed away, and flung himself on the floor of his own room; he wished he could die in his father's place. I will not, however, distress any one by telling of his agony, and grief, and bitter remorse,—more especially as he had never intended even to be guilty of unkindness to his poor father. Before he rose up from that floor, his dear father was dead. The clergyman pitied, while he blamed him—he instructed, while he reproved him. George repented him truly of his sin; he learned that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and that those who fear God put lying lips far from them. But repentance could not bring him happiness; for it could not restore the dead to life.

Twelve years passed away; twelve years had George's father lain in the grave, and his mother, too, had long laid beside him. One summer's evening, a man of about twenty-five years of age, pale, and apparently dying, sat beside that grave, with a boy of about thirteen years old beside him. He

pointed to it sadly, and said to the boy, "Charles, you were only an infant when our father died; and I never wished to tell you how his death was brought about until I felt myself to be dying too, for I was afraid it would make you hate me, and perhaps refuse to listen to my instruction. I am dying now, Charles, and I have tried ever since our mother's death to bring you up in the fear and love of God; to cause you to love truth; to follow the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to obey his precepts. I shall soon be laid there beside our dear father; and I will now tell you the fault I committed when about your age, which has caused all this grief and pain of my life."

This young man was poor George; he had been as a father to his little brother, but he was now dying of consumption; he had been a sincere penitent, and was an humble Christian.

Charles wept much while his dying brother related his affecting story, and George felt that in truthfully telling that story beside the grave of the father and mother whom he hoped soon to join in heaven, he had most powerfully warned his beloved young brother to beware of the dangers of Falsehood.

THE FORTY MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

ABOUT A. D. 312.

From the *Deeds of Philip*.

The snow lay deep and white on Mount Ararat. The cold winds came down from Mount Caucasus, and burnt up the earth till it lay hard and stiff as iron. Mount Niphates glittered in the weak rays of the January sun, like a mine of diamonds; the barbarians of Barmatia wrapped their sheep skins about them, and buried themselves in the dens and caves of the earth. Every night, the long melancholy howl of the wolf was heard along the banks of the Araxes; the bear, driven from his haunts by cold and hunger, prowled very near the abode of men; the hyena dog up the new grave, and feasted on the yet perfect remains of the buried.

It was, indeed, a cruel winter. Four Roman legions were quartered in Sebaste, a great city of Armenia; and more than once, when the sentinel went, at the third watch, to relieve his companion, he found him frozen at his post.

Licinius ruled in the East; and though the Cross was now openly victorious,—though Constantine in the West professed himself a Christian,—though temples were everywhere decaying and idols everywhere overturned, he vain man, would needs fight a little longer against the truth, if haply he might accomplish that which the ten great persecutions failed in bringing to pass.

Now, there were in the legion called *adjutrix*, then at Sebaste, forty valiant confessors of Jesus Christ. These true soldiers, not of any earthly prince, but of the King of kings, set their faces like flint against idols and idol-worship; they would not yield to that which some of their brethren thought it no shame to practise, nor bow to the military standards in the *principia* (the head quarters) lest they should seem to adore the gods they worshipped. The Emperor's lieutenant heard tidings of their boldness, and he called them before him. There they played the man for their Lord; they were beaten with vine rods, they were torn with the *plumbata*, the leaden whips; they were mangled, tortured, racked; but they, one and all, confessed a good confession, remembering who hath said, "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but fear Him which, after He hath killed, hath power to cast in hell."

Now it fell on a January evening, when the heart of Marcus Artinus, for that was the name of the legate, was merry with wine, that he resolved to bend the forty confessors to his will, or to end their lives. Four cohorts of the *Legio Adjutrix* were drawn up in the great square of the city. By the side of this square was a pool, then hard frozen to its very depth, and high at hand was a little temple, raised some two centuries before to Mars and the Fortune of the Empire. Then, at the word of the commander, the forty Christians stood forth in the midst.

"Soldiers," said he, "it is not unknown to you that these men, whom ye have heretofore beheld suffering in part the reward of their deeds, have dishonoured the consular eagles, have disobeyed the command of the most victorious and pacific Augustus, have blasphemed the blessed divinities themselves, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands. Licinius hath sworn by the fortunes of Rome to extirpate these men and their profane teaching from the earth, as did the god Valerian, and the god Diocletian. And now," he continued, turning to the confessors themselves, "Citizens, for soldiers that thus disgrace themselves I call not soldiers, listen to your doom: Ye see that pool, and the temple beside it. The Augustus, speaking by my mouth, give order that these men shall be stripped, and shall stand on the ice all this night. It is well known that more than one brave soldier in these very cohorts have perished by cold, notwithstanding all his care, in these inclement nights; and to be exposed to the frost on yonder ice pool will be certain death. Yet bear further; a fire shall be kindled in the house of the Priest that joins the temple; and they that will seek protection of the god shall have shelter, shall have clothes, shall have food and wine, and, on the morrow, shall have good promotion."

"Most excellent Legate," said Lucius Peseceunius, a centurion of the first cohort, "true it is that in this matter alone we dare not to obey the Augustus. It is meet to hearken unto God rather than to man. But in all things else we have ever shown our courage and our fidelity to the Cæsar; for it is written in our law, 'Fear God; honour the king.' I myself have a mural wreath, one of my brave brethren here hath won a *paludamentum*, and one a *corona*. Be these the deeds of men that deserve to be called *citizens*? But use your pleasure with us. In this one thing we refuse obedience; make trial of us in sight else, and in serving you we shall best serve our God. If it be your will that we should be exposed on the pool, we shall face the ice and frost with as true a heart as we ever met the Persians on the field of battle."

"It is well said," replied the legate, "but ill does Sempronius," he turned to a centurion, "I commit the charge of this affair to you. Keep watch in the Priest's house, and excuse to the letter all I have said. Soldiers, to your quarters!"

"A victoriatum to a sestertius, Sempronius," said one of his fellow centurions, "that not one lives to the sunrise."

"I take it," replied the other. "Old Peseceunius has a stout lok; and there are one or two more that I would venture somewhat on. But mind you—till morning only—for they will hardly survive for good."

"Till sunrise," said his friend. "But hark ye!—if any of them gives in, and takes refuge in the temple, he counts for nothing."

"Agreed," said Sempronius. "And now I must look to this business. Good night."

"The gods guard you, Sempronius! I will myself come down at sunrise, and see how matters have gone."

Night closed in over the city. The shops were shut; the streets were still. Men went not willingly forth into the bitter cold. No friendly cloud hung in the sky—it was a clear, starry night;—the constellations glowed in the intense frost. The citizens heaped up their fires, and gathered closer around them. The soldiers discussed the speech of the legate, and canvassed the constancy of the sufferers.

There, on the frozen pool, stood Martyrs of Jesus Christ. From the open door of the temple a bright cheerful gleam of fire-light shone; it threw fantastic shadows in the great square, and reflected itself on the clear, dark ice. Some presently fell, and slept that sleep which ends only in death, some walked hurriedly up and down, as if to keep in the heat of life; some stood with their arms folded, almost lost in prayer; some counted themselves and their brethren in the confessions.

"Better this cold," said Peseceunius, "than the fire that never shall be quenched."

"Now," said Melithon, the youngest of the band, "we are the true soldiers of our Great Captain. There is no more cold here. He now is; there is the perpetual sunshine of His Presence."

"If we were fighting against an earthly enemy," cried another, "how should we think scorn and contempt of him that played the traitor! But now we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness."

"God grant that none of us turn back!" cried Melithon.

"Then they prayed earnestly that He, who had in a special manner consecrated the number forty to Himself; who had bade Moses tarry in the Mount forty days; who had fed Elijah with that food, in the strength whereof he went forty days and forty nights; who had given Nineveh forty days for repentance; who had chosen for the first witness of His Apostles a man forty years old; they called on Him who had Himself fasted forty days, and had lain forty hours in death, not to fail them then. "Forty athletes," they said, "O Lord, we have entered the arena; let forty victors receive the prize!"

Sempronius, meanwhile, with three soldiers, was waiting in the Priest's house the result. Having given them their orders, he left them in the ante-chamber, and then, wrapping his cloak more closely around him, he went back in his chair and slept.

He slept; and in his sleep he beheld this vision. He stood by the side of the pool, and saw the Martyrs in their conflict. As he gazed on them an angel came down from the sky with a golden crown in his hand. Its brightness was not of this world; it was most bright, most beautiful. He brought another, and another, and another, till the dreamer perceived that he was charged with the everlasting diadems of the victorious Martyrs. Nine-and-thirty crowns he brought, but he came not with the fortieth.

"What may this mean?" asked Sempronius, as he awoke. "Is it thus their God rewards them that suffer in His service?—And if it be, why yet there is one wanting to the perfect number?"

As he was speaking, there was a confusion in the ante-room, and one of the soldiers entered. "Quintillus sacrificed," he said, "and no marvel; the cold is more than Scythian."

Sempronius went out. The wretched man had been clad, was crouching over the fire, was drinking spiced wine; but such a look of horror and agony was in his face, that the centurion said half aloud, "Better to suffer the worst than that. Execute your orders," he said, "more loudly to the soldiers; let him be taken all care of. Give me my cloak, Cæstius—I go to seek the rest."

He went forth. Still the cloudless night; still the intense piercing blast from the range of Caucasus. Most of them on the frozen pool had fallen where they stood. To them the bitterness of death was past; for they were in that last fatal sleep; and their diadem, though not yet attained, was certain. Others were praying; and most earnest of all was Peseceunius. "Forty athletes," he said, "we have entered, O Lord, the arena; let forty victors receive the prize!"

"The power of your God, or of any; that Quintillus has sacrificed."

"He who is Almighty," said the centurion, "hath means to accomplish His purposes, which men can little know. Therefore cease I not to pray that there may be forty victors still."

what remarkable, however, that the origin of so singular a practice should not be more clearly traced. One theory accounts for it by the supposition that the people of Basle were an hour lazier than other people, and required this notable device in order to keep them up to the mark. Another is, that the clock having been struck by lightning, and the hand forced an hour forward, the superstition of the people prevented them from interfering with what they considered to be the art of heaven. A third is, that the attempt of an enemy to surprise the town at a certain appointed hour was defeated by the town clock, which was to have given the signal, striking an hour in advance, and thus deceiving them into the belief that they were too late; in grateful commemoration of which this tribute of respect was paid to bad clock-making—like that of the Romans to the geese which saved the capitol. A fourth theory—and that which finds favour in the eyes of the respectable traveller, Coxe—is, that it is owing to the fact of the choir of the cathedral being built at a little deviation from the due east, which consequently produced a corresponding variation upon the sundial which was affixed to it. Whatever the origin of the practice might be, it was considered by the people of Basle as an integral part of their constitution; and every proposition made in the council to alter it met with a signal defeat. Unsuccessful in the open field, the reformers made an attempt to put the clock right by stealth. They shifted the hands half a minute each day; and had already succeeded in putting back three quarters of an hour, when, by some means, the people found out that their time was being tampered with, and terrible was the commotion. I can just fancy the speeches made on the occasion:—

"Fellow-citizens and countrymen of the immortal Tell!—An insidious attempt has just been made on one of our cherished and time honoured institutions! That which has so long bid defiance to the utmost efforts of their open violence, your enemies have been conspiring, in the guilty darkness of secrecy, to undermine, &c."

"And then they would go in a body, with shouts and patriotic songs, and put the clock wrong again. But the day came at last, for all that. The clocks have gone right for fifty years; and now there is a railway time in Basle."—*Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains.*

Advertisements.

ONTARIO, SIMCOE AND HURON RAILROAD.

NOTICE.

ON and after MONDAY, 18th July, the Passenger Trains will run daily, between Toronto and Bradford, as follows, (Sundays excepted.)

Express Train leaves Toronto, at 6 A.M. arrives at Bradford, at 10.25 A.M.

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