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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. I.]

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1835.

[No 6,

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCENES IN GREECE.

NO. III.

"Knowledge shall be increased."—Dan. xii. 4.

ON the north of the island of Zante, where I dwell, are three villages, called Volimes, close together; the higher Volimes being about half a mile from the middle one, and the lower not so much. These three villages are said to contain, altogether, more than a thousand people. They are situated on the mountains; no coach or carriage reaches them; and the air is particularly salubrious. I inquired if many young people died; and the reply was, "Very few indeed; for the greater part die of old age." Though the ground appears barren around, yet corn is raised even among the stones. The soil is of a red colour; and between the mountains and valleys converted into vineyards, with here and there an olive tree: but the windmills on the hills declare that there is more corn than any other produce raised here.

On entering the first village, and inquiring for the school, I found it in a Greek church, consisting of twenty-five or more boys, ranged round the church, according to the British and Foreign School system. The master being busily employed with the first class of boys, after distributing some Greek books, I passed on to the next Volimes; and here was a sight that greatly pleased me. I entered a church, and found a school of the same number of boys, sitting in perfect silence, working their arithmetical questions, directed by the master, a Monk of the Convent. Better order, and greater regularity, I had never seen than in this school: though some of the boys were without stockings or shoes. This school was also conducted on the British and Foreign School system. The lessons were scriptural; and as the children wished to have a few New Testaments, I promised to send some. In finding these means of instruction in such an obscure spot, and so well regulated, I was forcibly struck with the expression, "Knowledge shall be increased." But in travelling, on the next day, I met with a complete contrast. In the midst of the mountains, the road leading over rocks and difficult passes, (so difficult that I would not run the risk of riding,) I came to St. Luca, which contained a population of two or three hundred; but I could only find two boys that could read. I gave them books, and, with my companion, exhorted them to begin to teach their neighbours to read.

There are no fountains or springs in this part of the island. The people depend for

their supply of water on the wells, which are replenished during the rainy season. Below the village of St. Luca, in a valley, there are many deep wells: each family seemed to have their own; and when they have obtained a supply, they cover the well with large stones. They bring with them the vessels to draw up the water. Was not this also the case in Samaria, when our Saviour sat on the well, and the woman said to him, "The well is deep, and thou hast nothing to draw with?" (John iv. 11.)

LUMINOSITY OF THE SEA.

As the ship sails with a strong breeze through a luminous sea on a dark night, the effect produced is then seen to the greatest advantage. The wake of the vessel is one broad sheet of phosphoric matter, so brilliant as to cast a dull, pale light, over the after-part of the ship; the foaming surges, as they gracefully curl on each side of the vessel's prow, are similar to rolling masses of liquid phosphorus; whilst in the distance, even to the horizon, it seems an ocean of fire, and the distant waves breaking, give out a light of inconceivable beauty and brilliancy; in the combination, the effect produces sensations of wonder and awe, and causes a reflection to arise on the reason of its appearance, as to which, as yet, no correct judgment has been formed, the whole being overwhelmed with mere hypothesis. Sometimes the luminosity is very visible without any disturbance of the water, its surface remaining smooth, unruffled even by a passing zephyr; whilst on other occasions no light is emitted, unless the water is agitated by the winds, or by the passage of some heavy body through it. Perhaps the beauty of this luminous effect is seen to the greatest advantage when the ship, lying in a bay or harbour in tropical climates, the water around has the resemblance of a sea of milk. An opportunity was afforded me, when at Cavite near Manila, in 1830, of witnessing for the first time, this beautiful scene: as far as the eye could reach over the extensive bay of Manila, the surface of the tranquil water was one sheet of this dull, pale, phosphoric essence; and brilliant flashes were emitted instantly on any heavy body being cast into the water, or when fish sprang from it or swam about; the ship seemed, on looking over its side, to be anchored in a sea of liquid phosphorus, whilst in the distance the resemblance was that to an ocean of milk. The night to which I allude, when this magnificent appearance presented itself to my observation was exceedingly dark, which, by the contrast, gave an increased sublimity to the scene; the canopy of the heavens was dark

and gloomy; not even the glimmering of a star was to be seen; while the sea of liquid fire cast a deadly pale light over every part of the vessel, her masts, yards and hull; the fish meanwhile sporting about in numbers, varying the scene by their brilliant flashes they occasioned. It would have formed, I thought at the time, a sublime and beautiful subject for an artist like Martin, to execute with his judgment and pencil, that is, if any artist could give the true effect of such a scene, on which I must express some doubts. It must not be for a moment conceived that light described as brilliant, and like to a sea of "liquid fire," is of the same character as the flashes produced by the volcano, or by lightning, or meteors. No; it is the light of phosphorus, as the matter truly is, pale, dull, approaching to a white or very pale yellow, casting a melancholy light on objects around, only emitted flashes by collision. To read by it is possible, but not agreeable; and, on an attempt being made, it is always found that the eyes will not endure the peculiar light for any length of time, headaches and sickness are often occasioned by it. I have frequently observed at Singapore, that, although the tranquil water exhibits no particular luminosity, yet, when disturbed by the passage of a boat, it gives out phosphoric matter, leaving a brilliant line in the boat's wake, and the blades of the oars, when raised from the water, seemed to be dripping with liquid phosphorus.—*Bennett's Wanderings.*

FOR THE MIRROR.

THE MONTHS.—No. II.

"Still reigns the chilling season far and wide."

FEBRUARY.—This month derives its name from the goddess Juno, or, as she was sometimes called, *Februa*. Our Saxon ancestors called it "sprout-kele month" because their cabbages and kale began to sprout. They also called it the "pancake month," because in this month they offered pancakes to the sun; hence, the origin of our celebrated pancake day.

One of the old poets describes this month as being "full of frost or storm and cloudiness.—Its frosts, its fogs, its thaws, being injurious to the health and depressing to the spirits."

Gloomy, cheerless, and cold, as is the general aspect of the month, yet the days brighten and lengthen. The sun bursts, out occasionally with some vividness and power, diffusing warmth and gladness through all nature, and affording a bright presage of advancing spring. One of the peculiarities of this month is its shortness. The interval

between one new moon and another occupies about 29 days and a half—12 of these lunations or changes of the moon, were supposed to complete the circle of the year, or to be equal to one revolution of the earth round the sun. But this was found to be incorrect, the solar year occupying 365 days and a quarter, while the twelve lunations employed only 354. Julius Cæsar, about 45 years before Christ, ordered these 11 days to be distributed among the months, and hence, to fill up the number 365, some were made to consist of 30 days, others of 31, and February of 28 only.—This arrangement was found to be incomplete, as it did not include the 5 hours, 48 min. and 51 sec. or nearly 6 hours which, in addition to the 365 days from the year. To remedy this deficiency, as in four years the extra hours would make a day, he ordered that in every fourth year another day should be added to February.

FOR THE MIRROR.

—: *et vereor quo' se agrestia vertant*
Hospitia

MR. EDITOR,—If you have never passed through our country, you of course have not had the felicity of experiencing the hospitality of its good inhabitants. But Sir, if you will take my word for it, there is perhaps not under the sun, a country where virtues of hospitality are more scrupulously practised than in Nova-Scotia. Are you a stranger passing through the land, with no other recommendation than a foreign, at least strange aspect, and a good coat, you are sure upon arriving at some country Inn, to be saluted by some good natured looking people, whose main business appears to be, to extend the rites of hospitality to the stranger; immediately an introduction ensues between yourself and them (for who can resist a frank manner, and a smiling face?) and as a matter of course you have the pleasure of visiting almost all the *visitable* people in the place, and are enraptured by the various scenery exhibited to you by your very kind entertainers. Now some misanthrope may object to this generous trait in the character of my countrymen, he may tell you with infinite self-importance that he would not receive such uncalled for attentions, that he does not wish to see all the country belles, nor does he need any guide to point out to him the beautiful scenery—but I think if our misanthropic objector were to go through the length and breadth of the land, he would at every halting place, be quite a willing to receive all the attentions that could be lavished upon him, as yourself or myself Mr. Editor.

Another very substantial part of the hospitality of our countrymen, consists in the inviting and abundant fare with which their tables are loaded. If it were not for fear of

being charged with having a little of the gourmand propensity, I should here enter into a description at length of the various luxuries with which I have seen some of our country tables covered.—But no fear of opprobrium shall deter me from telling what I have seen on a tea table, in some of our inland villages—and now let no one think that I give the list to excite his sensual appetite, but rather, as charity would suggest, let him believe that I mention these things only, that the kind providers may have their reward—and now Sir, what would you think of seeing not a thin slice of bread and butter and a little cup of coffee handed round by some surly waiters, but a large table spread out with toast, rolls, muffins, biscuit, jumbles, gingerbread, pound cakes, plumb cake, sponge cake, cheese, dried beef, preserves of two or three kinds, and tea and coffee!! Don't you think such a pleasant array, as this, would inevitably put to flight all forms and misanthropy, and while the full mouth dilated the full heart would expand with gratitude for the numerous gifts of a bountiful providence? Suppose yourself seated at a table laid out in this style, the first query put to you will be, Mr. Bowes will you take a cup of tea or a cup of coffee? Do you take sugar and cream Sir? Then again from the other side of the table the eldest daughter perhaps with a sweet simper will ask you with voice bland as the zephyr—Mr. Bowes will you have some of the preserved Quince, or some of the preserved plumbs? Perhaps you will take some of the cherries,—or would you prefer a little of the apple? Then again, half a dozen hands are ready to offer you the toast, bunnis, muffins, and biscuit which are scattered over the table in rich profusion. One of the sons will say to you—you will take a piece of this cheese surely; it was made in Annapolis and is so good that I can safely recommend it to your palate. Then again comes the dried beef, nor must the various cakes pass without their honor, till at last you find it is almost time to cry for quarter. But then comes the most pleasant part of the entertainment—the host who has perhaps contented himself till this critical time, with addressing you in monosyllables, and ever and anon pushing a plate towards your already *well blockaded* cup, begins to cry out—What not done already! come my dear Sir, do muster up a little appetite! I have only commenced! come do take a small peice of this plumb cake! A little piece of this cheese cries a youngster from the other side. Some more of the quince simpers the daughter! Another cup of coffee squalls the mother, at nearly the highest note of a rather shrill voice! It is in vain that you protest that you have eaten with uncommon appetite, that you have done ample justice to the good viands—eat you must at least one piece more of cake, one piece more of cheese, a little of the quince, and take ano-

ther cup of coffee. After this grand and decisive movement of the host, hostess and family you begin to congratulate yourself on escaping any farther importunity. But don't flatter yourself too soon. Importunity you must yet receive, and as the finale you will hear sundry remarks upon the delicacy of your appetite—your being such a *very small eater*, and the fears that are entertained of a *decline* unless you learn to play your part better at the tea table. As another mark of hospitality you receive on retiring an invitation to come and see them at any time, always happy to see you Sir, adds the hostess! Some of those censorious people who delight in finding fault, say that many sad mistakes have taken place from the very great readiness with which strangers are received in the circles of the country, and many an amusing anecdote they have to tell of the blunders committed, but Mr. Editor, you and I look upon the goodness of heart that dictates such a hospitable course of conduct, without censuring the excess that may sometimes attend it. And if any person would find fault for the future, we will point them to the groaning tea table, to the courteous family, and to the general invitation and the ever ready welcome.

Yours, &c.

O.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD, &c.

The number of people in the world is estimated to be between eight and nine hundred millions, or about forty-four times the population of Great Britain and Ireland. By the actual enumeration of most of its states, Europe is found to contain about one hundred and ninety millions—throwing aside the exaggerated account given by the Chinese to Lord Macartney, of the population of their empire, Asia cannot be supposed to contain above four hundred millions; Africa, one hundred and sixty-millions; North and South America, sixty millions; and the islands not included in any of these divisions, about forty millions; making in all, eight hundred and fifty millions.

The most populous empire in the world is that of China. Great Britain, including all her dependencies, comes next, and is little inferior to it. In India, her subjects and allies amount to one hundred and twenty-three millions; of whom more than two-thirds are subjects. Her dominions at home, with colonies and subjects in other parts of the world, swell the aggregate to almost one hundred and fifty-millions—a number not perhaps surpassed by the Roman empire at the height of its power. The Russian is probably the most extensive empire the world ever saw; but it cannot boast of a third part of this enormous population.

Density—The average density of the population in these divisions is such, that the

same extent of surface supports in Europe ten persons,—in Asia, five,—in Africa, three,—and in America, one. In Asia the population is most dense in the Chinese dominions,—in Europe, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, though small spots may be found elsewhere, equalling or even surpassing the average of either of these. In the Netherlands, a man has not three English acres for his support; in Scotland he consumes the produce of nine, which is about the general average of Europe.

MAXIMS.

*Gentle Manners, virtuous lives,
Make easy husbands, happy wives.
These are the only means we know,
To make a little heaven below.*

BUT

*Angry manners, vicious lives,
Make wretched husbands, dreadful wives,
And hence such evils take their birth,
And make a little hell on earth.*

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, FEB. 20.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

When in the revolution of an age, we see some mighty genius emerging from surrounding obscurity, with an eye which pierces through the darkened vista of facts, and collects and condenses to one point, the scattered rays of science, when we see such a mind rising superior to the bands which tie down ordinary humanity, and soaring aloft, on the wings of its own superior intelligence, and by the authority of its decisions giving law to the empire of intellect, we will have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that knowledge is power. But it is not in these eccentric instances only, that the truth of this maxim is observable. In those ordinary cases which come under every man's observation, it will always be found that, *ceteris paribus*, the amount of a man's influence in society will depend on the extent of his information. It is not to be denied that we frequently perceive in the world, men who have had the advantage of a good education and have had every opportunity for the cultivation of their intellect, who nevertheless prove very unimportant members of society. But it is not the business of education to create new powers in the mind, it is its office to refine and sharpen those which are bestowed by nature. The stone may whet both iron and steel, but the steel only receives the edge.

To be proud of birth or of inherited wealth, is to be proud of what, for all that we could have done to the contrary, might have made us the offspring of the very outcasts of society; but a man of education whose knowledge is the creature of his own exertion may be pardoned, for indulging a little self-satisfaction in reflecting on what he has made him-

self. If he has spent a large portion of the time which has not been employed in the necessary occupations of life, in storing his mind with useful information. He cannot but feel gratified at the contrast afforded by his own intellectual superiority, when compared with those who have spent this part of their time in the idle and unprofitable amusements of society.

With education, a man is better qualified to perform the duties of any station in society. Without education there are but few of any respectability he can perform at all. To the man whose mind has been properly imbued with the principles of philosophy and correct thinking, every elevation in life only enlarges the sphere for the exhibition of his talents, but to the man of no education, rank and honour are brilliant luminaries, lightening up the stage on which ignorance comes forth to exhibit itself. By education here, we do not mean that system of instruction which is pursued by those who are brought up at Academies and Colleges, and who have a view mostly to a professional life, for to the great part of mankind, we cannot conceive a less profitable employment of their time, than the study of languages. It may be very well for persons who design to spend their lives altogether in literary pursuits, to be acquainted with the learned languages, but for the great majority of society, it is much better that they should be able to express five ideas in one language, than one idea in five languages. To them that information is the most important which is of the most practical utility, which the most enlightens their mind in points connected with their every day experience and renders them the most capable of discharging their duties in whatever station of society they may be called upon to act.

There is perhaps no science more calculated to produce this effect than that of Natural Philosophy. It embraces such an infinite variety of subjects, contains such a multitude of important and astonishing facts, and is so intimately connected with all that is awful and sublime in nature, that no person can employ much of his time in the study of it, without feeling his mind enlarged and his intellect strengthened in the occupation.

With a view therefore to contribute our mite towards an increased information in these subjects we propose occasionally to take up a small portion of our paper in short treatises on subjects connected with this science.

The delivery of Lectures on Grammar, (by Mr. A. McQueen,) is postponed till a future occasion, of which public intimation will be given.

Mr. J. Dawson of Pictou has announced his intention of issuing a new publication under the title of "The Bee," to appear in May or June.

SCRAPS

From English papers brought by the Packet.

The first Reform Parliament was dissolved by Proclamation on the 30th Dec. 1834, and a new one summoned, the writs returnable on the 19th Feb. 1835, the previous parliament was dissolved on the 3rd Dec. 1832, and the new parliament met on the 29th Jan. 1833; it consequently existed 1 year and 11 months. The Revenue for the current quarter, is stated to present a favourable aspect.—Sir Robert Peel was born on the 5th of Feb. 1788, and consequently is in the 47th year of his age. Vice Admiral Sir R. W. Otway, is appointed to succeed Vice-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, in the West-Indies, and North American Command.—Sir Francis Burdett has presented the Mechanics Institution of Derby with £100.—The Religious Tract Society last year raised £48,000.—A Sheffield Manufacturer has just produced a very pretty and useful appendage to a lady's work box. It is a needle threader, so simple in design, and so delicately made, that an elderly lady, with its assistance may thread the smallest needle without glasses.—Ladies' fashions for January: velvet bonnets continue fashionable, lined with coloured silk, and trimmed with satin or gauze ribbons, the crowns of bonnets are very small, in shape rather approaching a cone, the brim comes low on the cheek, but is cut away behind, a curtain gathered very full, fills up the vacancy—prevailing colours—Ruby, Haytien blue, green and chocolate—citron and rose colour, are the favourite colours for cap trimmings. The venerable Dr. Cary whose indefatigable labours in translating the "Holy Scriptures" into the languages of the East, are so well known to the Biblical world, and to all the friends of missions, has finished his earthly labours. He expired at Scampore, the scene of his valuable and most interesting labours on the 9th of June last. The Rev. T. R. Malthus, the great Political Economist, and author of the celebrated work on Population, died at Bath on the 29th Dec. Nine field officers and six Admirals died within the last month.—The number of deaths in London from 10th Dec. 1833, to 29th Dec. 1834, was 21,679, being 4,898 fewer than those of the preceding year.

From American and Colonial papers.

Washington, 30th Jan. An attempt was made this day to assassinate the President of the United States, by a person who was discovered to be insane.—From Quebec, journals we gather that things are far from being in a settled state in Canada. In New Brunswick, the House of Assembly are dispatching business with some attention to "Reform and Retrenchment." The Legislature of Prince Edward Island met on the 26th Jan. under favourable auspices. The Legislature of Nova Scotia, having "dispatched business," was yesterday prorogued.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"The MIND is the standard of a man."

A few years since, I boarded with an elderly woman, who was the good and respected mother of four amiable young ladies. I recollect one evening while I boarded with them, of their holding, at their house, what is called a 'singing party,' to which, with a number of their friends, I was invited; we attended, and never before did we spend an evening better; it seemed to be all happiness, and each other seemed to be knit together with the tie of affection and friendship; and while I was there, I thought, there could not be a wrong feeling in any one's heart. — The evening quickly passed away. The company broke up; but yet they seemed unwilling, (so closely was the tie of affection entwined around their hearts,) to part. But in a short time, all had retired to their places of residence; but what, my little readers, do you think was the conversation between those who invited this company. I will tell you. One says;—'What did you invite Miss T—— for?' 'What a homely girl Miss P—— is? What a great nose Miss A. has got! and what a great mouth! and Oh! what a beauty Miss O. is! did you ever see such a beauty! what beautiful eyes! and how handsomely she was dressed! she didn't look quite so shabby as Miss P!' This was too much for me. It made such an impression on my mind, that I fear it cannot be forgotten. They didn't think of what Dr. Watts said, when he was scorned by a person for being small in stature. The Dr. turned to him and replied:—

*"Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,—
I would be measur'd by my soul,
The MIND's the standard of a man."*

If you, my readers, ever express your opinion of a man, never express it by his degree of *beauty*, but by the depth of his *mind*. Beauty will not do any person any good except in this world. He that possesses a great degree of beauty, may be more admired by the *light* and *rattle-headed* of this world. But it will never be of any use, after the body has crumbled into its own nothingness. Beauty in a vast many cases, is the ruin of the mind and of the *soul*. When children are beautiful, they are flattered and told of it, by perhaps a mother, and all their friends, this causes the child to be proud, and it grows up, conscious of its beauty, to the great ruin of its mind. Beauty is like the rose, which, soon withers away and is forgotten for it is vanity; it is all *vanity*! It was not *beauty* that immortalized the names of a Franklin, a crippled Aesop, a crooked Pope, and hundreds of others I might name. No! but it was their minds, their deep and powerful *minds*. The *mind* never dies, but lives eternally. Give me a good *mind*, the mind of

a Newton, a Hall, a Fuller, or a Franklin, and I would not ask for *Beauty*, which so soon fades, and is forgotten. Neither would I ask for riches, for they will take wings and fly away.

The mind of such men as Newton, Hall, Fuller, and Franklin, are steadfast and immovable; and when the body crumbles in the sepulchre, such *minds* will live eternally. And this generation, and future generations will have reason to be thankful, that such minds ever existed. How good and pleasant it is, to ponder over the remnants of such men as these. I must now conclude for want of time; but let me ask you to consider this subject, and ever remember "That the *mind* is the standard of a man."—*Juvenile paper*.

WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?

This is a very common inquiry with young persons, when they are told of the necessity of being useful—of spending their time profitably. But there are many ways in which you can do good—even the youngest of you, if you will be diligent to seek opportunities. There was once a little Sabbath scholar, who every week went to the house of an elderly lady, to read to her from the Bible. There was once a number of boys who gathered wood enough during the week to heat their Sabbath school room. There was once a black woman, who had been a slave, but had learnt to read, and worked very hard from morning till night, who two or three times a week, walked the distance of six or eight miles, with a child on her back, to teach some slaves of her acquaintance to read the Bible, and converse with them on the subject of religion. A man who had been confined to his bed for several years, by a painful disease, was accustomed to teach a class of young men, who came for that purpose. And we have the example of our Saviour, who was never idle, but went about doing good continually. And, children, cannot you find some way in which you can do good? Are you anxious to benefit others? Then you need not labor long for opportunities of doing good. Every day they are presented to you. And we wish you to feel the obligation you are under, to do something for the good of others. Let a disposition similar to that which existed in the breast of those individuals of whom you have read, exist in your breast, and you will never inquire, What good can I do? Are you not acquainted with some poor ignorant boys, whom it would be a deed of charity to instruct? Be not diffident—be not backward. Go to them and labour to instruct them, and the satisfaction you will derive from so doing will be great indeed.— And let it be a rule, which you will follow through life never to suffer an opportunity to pass, when you can be instrumental of doing good—of benefitting others less favored than yourselves.

POETRY.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

By Mrs. Hemans.

*'Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?
'The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh! call my brother back!
The flowers run wild,—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load,—
Oh! call him back to me!
'He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.
'A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go,—thou must play alone, my boy,
Thy brother is in heaven.,
'And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?
'And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!'*

IDLENESS.—It is a great evil for any, who are not past labour, to have nothing to do; whether they be rich or poor, they will be unhappy themselves, and so far as their influence extends, they will make others unhappy also. We may be assured of this by merely considering the lot of man as the God of nature has constituted it. We read that God placed our first parents in a garden to dress it. If manual labour was deemed necessary by our all-wise maker, in a state of innocency, how much more so in one of depravity, where, as one has well expressed it,

*"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."*

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