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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LEVIATHAN.

The word Leviathan occurs only in four passages of scripture, in addition to that very sublime description which is furnished of the creature to which the appellation is given, in the forty-first chapter of the book of Job—a description in the highest degree poetical, and, in the minutest particular, just. There can be little doubt that the same creature is elsewhere called *Tan* and *Tannin*, which words are variously rendered *chale*, *dragon*, *serpent*, and *sea-monster*; a diversity of translation sanctioned by the original penmen, who use the words to describe these, and perhaps several other large animals in addition to them among, which is the crocodile, who is more particularly marked out, by the term LEVIATHAN.

'The main proof that the Leviathan is the crocodile of the Nile,' says Mr. Vansittart, 'arises chiefly from some particular circumstances and contingencies attending the crocodiles of Egypt, and of no other country; and if these circumstances are such, that we can suppose the Hebrew writer drew his ideas from them in his description of Leviathan, they will afford an almost certainty that Leviathan represents the crocodile of the Nile.' The writer then quotes a passage from Herodotus, where the historian describes this animal, and relates the peculiarities attendant upon him in parts of Egypt; remarking, that 'some of the Egyptians hold the crocodile sacred, particularly the inhabitants of Thebes, and others bordering upon the lake Moeris who breed up a single crocodile, adorn him with rings and bracelets, feed him with the sacred food appointed for him, and treat him with the most honorable distinction.' With much ingenuity, he then proceeds to illustrate the description in the book of Job, and to consider it as strongly indicating the peculiarities of the Thebaid crocodile.

The description of Leviathan commences at the twelfth verse, and is divided into three parts classed under the different heads of, (1.) *his parts*; (2.) *his great might*; (3.) *his well-armed make*. Of these, the first and the third describe him as truly as a naturalist would do. The second part magnifies him as a god.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to find a description so admirably sustained in any language of any age or country. The whole appears to be of a piece, and equally excellent.

To stir up or awake Leviathan is represented in chap. xli. 8—10 of the same book, to be inevitable destruction. It was natural to mention such a terrible casualty in the strongest terms of abhorrence, and to lament those who so miserably perished with the

most bitter imprecations on the disastrous day. Job calls for the assistance of such language, to execrate the fatal night of his nativity.

By the term Leviathan, in Psalm lxxiv. 14, we may suppose Pharaoh to be represented, as a king of Egypt is called by Ezekiel (chap. xxix. 3) 'the great dragon [or crocodile] that lieth in the midst of his rivers.'

ARE THE DEAD COGNIZANT OF WHAT PASSES ON EARTH?

WHETHER the souls of the departed are cognizant of what passes on earth is a question which has been variously determined by those who have reasoned concerning the state of the dead. Thomas Burnett was of opinion that they are not, because they "rest from their labours." And South says, "it is clear that God sometimes takes his saints out of the world for this very cause, that they may not know and see what happens in it. For so says God to King Josiah, 'Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace; neither shall thy eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and the inhabitants thereof.'" This he adduces as a conclusive argument against the invocation of Saints, saying the discourse would have been hugely absurd and inconsequent, if so be the saints separation from the body gave them a fuller and a clearer prospect into all the particular affairs and occurrences that happen here upon earth. Aristotle came to an opposite conclusion; he thought not only that the works of the deceased follow them, but that the dead are sensible of the earthly consequences of those works, and are affected in the other world by the honour or the reproach which is justly ascribed to their memory in this. So Pindar represents it as one of the enjoyments of the state of the blessed, that they behold and rejoice in the virtues of their posterity. So Sextus, or Sextius, the Pythagorean, taught; '*immortales crede te manere in judicio honores et penas*.' And Bishop Ken deemed it would be an addition to his happiness in Paradise, if he should know that his devotional poems were answering on earth the purpose for which he had piously composed them:

—should the well meant songs I leave behind
With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
'Twill brighten even the joys of heaven to know
That in my verse the Saints hymn God below.

The *consensus gentium universalis*, is with the philosophers and the Bishop, against South and Burnett: it affords an argument which South would not have disregarded, and to which Burnett has, on another occasion, triumphantly appealed.

From Kincaid's Random Shots.

A HERO.

Military men in battle may be classed under three disproportionate heads—a very small class who consider themselves insignificant—a very large class who content themselves with doing their duty, without going beyond it—and a tolerably large class who do their best, many of whom are great men without knowing it. One example fit the history of a private soldier will establish all that I have advanced on the subject. In one of the first smart actions that ever I was in, I was a young officer in command of experienced soldiers, and, therefore, found myself compelled to be an observer rather than an active leader in the scene. We were engaged in a very hot skirmish, and had driven the enemy's light troops for a considerable distance with great rapidity, when we were at length stopped by some of their regiments in line, which opened such a terrific fire within a few yards, that it obliged every one to shelter himself as he best could, among the inequalities of the ground, and the trees which the place afforded. We remained inactive for about ten minutes amidst a shower of balls that seemed to be almost like a hail storm, and when at the very worst, when it appeared to me to be certain death to quit the cover, a young scampish fellow of the name of Priestly, at the adjoining tree, started out from behind it saying, 'Well I'll not be bothered any longer behind a tree, so here's at you,' and with that he banged off his rifle in the face of his foes, reloading very deliberately, while every one right and left followed his example, and the enemy, panic-struck, took to their heels without firing another shot. The action requires no comment; the individual did not seem to be aware that he had any merit in what he did, but it is nevertheless a valuable exemplar for those who are disposed to study causes and effects in the art of war.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUNG AND OLD SOLDIERS.

The young soldier, when he first arrives in camp or bivouac, will, unless forced to do otherwise, always give in to the languor and fatigue which oppress him, and fall asleep. He awakens most probably after dark, cold and comfortless. He would gladly eat some of the undressed meat in his haversack, but he has no fire on which to cook it. He would gladly shelter himself in one of the numerous huts which have arisen around him since he fell asleep, but as he lent no hand in the building he is thrust out. He attempts at the eleventh hour to do as others have done; but the time has gone by, for all the materials that were originally within reach have already been appropriated by his more active neigh-

hours, and there is nothing left for him but to pass the remainder of the night as he best can, in hunger, incold, and in discomfort; and he marches in the morning without having enjoyed either rest or refreshment. Such is often the fate of young regiments for a longer period than would be believed, filling the hospitals, and leading to all manner of evils. On the other hand, see the old soldiers come to their ground. Let their feelings of fatigue be greater or small, they are no sooner suffered to leave the ranks than every man rushes to secure whatever the neighbourhood affords as likely to contribute towards his comfort for the night. Swords, hatchets, and bill-hooks are to be seen hewing and hacking at every tree or bush within reach; huts are quickly reared, fires are quickly blazing; and while the camp-kettle is boiling, or the pound of beef frying, the tired but happy souls are found toasting their toes around the cheerful blaze, recounting their various adventures, until the fire has done the needful, when they fall on like men, taking especial care, however that whatever their inclination may be, they consume no part of the provisions which properly belongs to the morrow. The meal finished, they arrange their accoutrements in readiness for any emergency, (caring little for the worst that can befall them for the next twenty-four hours,) when they dispose themselves for rest; and be their allowance of sleep long or short, they enjoy it; for it does one's heart good to see 'the rapture of repose that's there.'

STRANGE WOUNDS.

In April, 1812, one of our officers got a musket ball in his right ear, which came out at the back of the neck; and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was obliged to wear it looking over the right shoulder. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry) he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and it set his head straight again!

FAMILIARITY ON A BATTLE FIELD.

Colonel Beckwith's manner of command on those occasions was nothing more than a familiar sort of conversation with the soldier. To give an idea of it, I may as well mention that, in the last charge I saw him make with two companies of the 43d, he found himself at once opposed to a fresh column in front, and others advancing on both flanks; and seeing the necessity for an immediate retreat, he called out, 'Now, my lads we'll just go back a little, if you please.' On hearing which, every man began to run, when he shouted out again, 'No, no! I don't mean that—we are in no hurry—we'll just walk quietly back, and you can give them a shot as you go along.' This was quite enough, and was obeyed to the letter—the retiring force keeping up a destructive fire, and

regulating their movements by his, as he rode quietly back in the midst of them, conversing aloud in a cheerful encouraging manner—his eye all the while watching the enemy to take advantage of circumstances. A musket ball had, in the meantime, shaved his forehead, and the blood was streaming down his countenance, which added not a little to the exciting interest of his appearance. As soon as we had got a little way up the face of our hill, he called out, 'Now, now, my men this will do—let us show them our teeth again!' This was obeyed as steadily as if the words 'Halt, front' had been given on parade, and our line was instantly in battle array, while Beckwith, shaking his fist in the faces of the advancing foe, called out to them, 'Now, you rascals, come on here, if you dare!'

FIRST ADVENTURE OF A SAILOR.

'Tis pleasant round a winter's hearth,
With a bright fire blazing high,
To choose sad talk amidst our mirth,
And sigh, with happiest hearts on earth,
O'er griefs that chanced before our birth,
And dangers long gone by.

Old Song.

One Christmas evening, an old man sat in a great arm-chair close to a bright fire. His hand was on a book, but his chin was sinking on his breast, and though his spectacles (with the red firelight glare upon them) were staring straight on the page, his eyes looked very much as if they were shut.

"Come grandfather!" exclaimed a fine young midshipman, who bounced into the room, followed by his two brothers, "put down your book, and tell us a story."

The old gentleman started,—his book fell from his hand,—he pushed up his spectacles, rubbed his eyes, settled his wig, asked what o'clock it was, and finally, complained that the boys never would let him read in peace.

Just then, he felt a little twitch from behind. He looked round; it was Willy, the youngest, the darling boy, sitting astride on the back of his chair, with one hand holding his grandfather's book high above his head, and with the other pulling his pig-tail, or as he called it, his bell-rope, by way of gaining attention.

"Ah! you little rogue," said the grandfather, smiling, "what are you doing with my book and my pigtail?"

"Tell me what the last page was about, and you shall have them both again."

"And what if I cannot?"

"Then you must tell us a story, as we asked you to do."

"Well, then, the last page was about—*Buonaparte*."

"What about him?"

"Let me see—he went to Moscow."

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" cried Willy, clapping his hands. "Bony left Moscow three pages ago!"

"Well, then, I see I must submit," said the happy looking old man. "What sort of story will you have?"

"Boarding the *Bucentaur* in Trafalgar Bay," said the young sailor, "or cutting out a frigate, or sailing under the guns of some frightful French battery."

"No," said James, who was a pale and pensive looking boy, and he grasped his grandfather's arm as he spoke. "No,—tell us about that dreadful storm, two days after a sea-fight, when the dead drifted along on the tide, and knocked against your boat. And tell us how you thought you knew among them the face of your friend, and you almost thought he spoke to you, the wind whistled so loudly as his body drifted by in the tempest. Tell us something like that. Come, make haste, before the candles are brought in, and let it be very horrible!"

"What say you, William?" said the grandfather, turning to his youngest, his namesake and favourite. "What shall it be?"

Willy smiled in his face, and climbed his knee, and looking up with his bright blue eyes, said, "I should like something dreadful, too; but I am tired of battles. Cannot you tell us something that you felt and saw when you was a little boy, like me?"

"Before I was your age, Willy, I lost my father, and because my mother was very poor, I was sent to sea. When I was nine years old I had made a voyage to Greenland, and seen many wonders,—great, terrible, and beautiful. I ought to be able to amuse you with accounts of huge icebergs, of whale and seal fishing, and many other things. The peril, however, that had most power over my imagination, and of course, the one I remember best, was the cat-o'-mimo-tails. So completely was I possessed, during that miserable year, with the dread of corporal suffering, that I saw nothing, felt nothing, and can relate nothing, of that trip. I never shall forget the first time that I saw my mother after that Greenland voyage. I ran home as soon as I could get ashore, but my wather had left her house, and the people who had succeeded could not tell me where she was. I was in agonies—I ran along the market-place to the well-known abode of Sitty, the old cake-wife. She told me, that my mother was sick, and poor, and lived in a garret over the way. She said that she looked in upon her sometimes, but that she had no doctor, because she could not afford to pay one. I had a few shillings that had been given me before I went to sea; I had them in my hand, wrapped up in the corner of a handkerchief. I ran off to the nearest doctor, showed him my money, and begged him to take it and come and cure my mother. He smiled at the offer of my purse, but a tear started to my eye when he saw my distress, and he willingly followed me, when I ran toward

the place where she lay. I had looked forward to the time when I should see my mother, as the end of all my distresses—and so indeed it was, in one sense. My distresses! where were they now that my mother was suffering? Could I complain to her when she was so afflicted? Could I ask her to burden herself with me, when she could scarcely find food for herself? I was bound to my master for three years; if I ran away, as I had often planned so to do, there would be another pang for my mother. By slow degrees, through the kindness of the doctor, my mother recovered. In the meantime, the Old Ravens-worth was again ready for sea, and with an aching heart I had now to take leave of the only creature on earth that cared for me. For a week the ship lay at anchor in Shields Harbour, waiting for a wind. Every thing was ready for sailing; we had but to slip her moorings, and be let off. At last, the wind, which had been in the N. E. for five weeks, chopped about, and a fine steady breeze came from the westward. The Captain went to Newcastle, to take the last orders from his employers and a last look at his family, and he could not be back in time to cross the Bar that night, but all hands were ordered on board, to be ready for sailing next morning at 5 o'clock, the tide suiting at that hour.

"No one who knows anything of sailors, will suppose that one of them stayed on board after the captain's boat was out of sight. One after another they all went to a public-house by the low lights, and each as he went gave me a charge to do some job or other for him before he came back. Many of the commissions were enforced with a blow, and a promise of vengeance if the lazy dog should leave the work undone. They were all gone; and, left alone, I breathed for a moment.

(To be continued.)

THE WISE COACHMAN.

An old gentleman in the county of Herts, having lost his coachman by death, who had served him many years, advertised for a successor.—The first who applied, giving a satisfactory account of his character and capacity for such a place, was asked how near he could drive to the edge of a road, where a sloping bank presented danger. He replied, "to an inch." The old gentleman ordered him to be supplied with suitable refreshment and to leave his address, adding, that if he wished for his services, he should hear from him in a day or two. Shortly afterwards, a second applied, who underwent the same examination as the former, and replied to the last question, that he could drive "to half an inch," and have often done it; he also received the same dismissal, with the same civilities as the former man. Soon afterwards, a third applied, and on being asked the same question, viz.: How near he could drive to the edge of a sharp

declivity, in case of necessity, coolly replied, "Really, I do not know, Sir, having never tried: for it has always been my maxim to get as far as possible from such danger, and I have had my reward in my safety, and that of my employers." With this reply the old gentleman expressed his entire satisfaction, and informed the man that if he could procure a proper recommendation, wages should not part them, adding, "I am grown old and timid, and want a coachman on whose prudence and care I can rely, as well as his skill."

Would it not be well if those who are engaged in commercial pursuits, would avoid as carefully as this prudent coachman did, the edge of the precipice? In this case, balmily sleep would often light on the eyelids of persons so employed, and the shipwreck of fortune would not so often occur. But let the professor of godliness especially remember this true and useful story.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

When I was a little girl, I learnt a lesson which I think I shall never forget as long as I live, and it was this, not to judge things by the outside. I remember, old grandfather Gregory told you a story very similar to what I am about to relate, in this magazine, many months ago, and those of you my readers, who noticed it, will perhaps remember the tale: to those who have not seen the account, the following may prove instructive. In the town in which I lived there was a circulating library for children, and a great many pretty books there was in it; some of them were covered and some were not, many of my young friends belonged to this library, and so did I. We used to go often to change our books, and we always had our choice as to what we would take. Now on one occasion when I went, the librarian laid on the table before me some of the books, many had neat cartridge covers, and some were what is called gaily, half bound. "Dear me," thought I, "how very beautiful these books are outside, the reading of course must be good," and so forthwith I immediately took one of the gay ones; but most sadly disappointed was I, for the inside was just the reverse of the outside, and hardly worth reading at all. I sat down, and soberly considered over this, and determined that I would be wiser for the future. Many times has this lesson been since impressed on my mind, and when I have seen young persons finely dressed, I have learned not to judge of them by those circumstances, knowing that

"It is in good manners, not in fine clothes,
That the truest gentility lies."

Again: I have often found the fruit which is most rosy and beautiful to look at, the most defective within; and in many other instances the rule will apply. As we grow up in life, we shall find much need to take care lest we should be deceived by specious

appearances and deceitful professions. It is true, though quaint, "that it is not all gold which glitters," neither is it all silver that shines. Be afraid my dear children, of forming bad acquaintances, however pleasing they may appear, for, "evil communications corrupt good manners."

Child's Companion.

FENELON.—Fenelon was remarkable for his charity and kindness. In one of his walks, he met a poor peasant, who was mourning for the loss of his only cow—the support of his destitute family. Fenelon comforted him by words of kindness and by giving him money to buy another cow. But still the man sorrowed for his loss, Continuing his walk, Fenelon found the peasant's cow, and drove him back himself, in a dark night to the door of the poor man's cottage. The peasant's heart was overjoyed.

Dear youth, do you wish to be beloved by your friends—do you wish to do them good? Be charitable and kind. Be willing to do them any favor, and like the good archbishop Fenelon, when you are dead, your memory will be held in grateful remembrance. Should your companions meet with a loss, use your best endeavors to make it good to them. We have always noticed that those persons who are always kind to their friends, do the greatest amount of good. A confidence is reposed in them, which cannot be placed in those who are unkind and disobliging.

General Thanksgiving.—His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, has by a Proclamation, published in the Gazette of Wednesday last, ordered, that Thursday the 26th day of this present month of November, be observed as a Public Day of General Thanksgiving.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. T. C. James, to Jane Craigen, second daughter of Mr. John West, of Fredericton, N. B.

At Belle Vue, on the Thursday the 5th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, Wesleyan Missionary, Lemuel Allan Wilnot, Esq. of Fredericton, N. B. Barrister at Law, to Margaret Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. A. Black, Esq. of this place.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, John, son of Mr John Martin, of this Town, aged 3 years and six months.

On Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian patience, and resignation to the Divine Will, in full hopes of a glorious immortality, in the 29th year of her age, Mary Ann, consort of Mr. John Mackintosh, and youngest daughter of Mr. John Nugent, of H. M. Dock-Yard.

POETRY.

From the N. H. Baptist Magazine.
LIFE IS WHAT ?

Life is what ?
It is a vapor of the air,
That floats, awhile, suspended there,
And disappears before the rising sun,
And such is life,
Its thread is sunder'd by the knife,
When just begun.

Life is what ?
It is a taper, burning bright,
That glids the darkness of the night,
And fades away as morning beams arise ;
And such is life,
It frooly burns mid toil and strife,
And, quiv'ring dies.

Youth is what ?
It is a bright and joyous spot,
Where trouble, toil and cares are not,
And after HAPPIER DAYS delight to roam ;
And such is youth,
It ever slowly learns the truth,
THEY NEVER COME.

Age is what ?
It is a limbless, leafless tree,
The passing traveller may see,
With verdure, scath'd—by lightnings riv'n,
And such is age,
As death conducts it off the stage
To hell, or heaven.

Death is what ?
A freezing of the stream of life,
The end of sorrow, pain and strife,
With rich and poor, high and low, it vies,
And such is death.

Hell is what ?
It is a joyless, hopeless place,
Far, FAR beyond the reach of grace,
Where all the foes of God are bound in chains,
And such is hell,
And those who feel its woes may tell
Its gnawing pains.

Sin is what ?
The loathsome thing Jehovah hates,
Which closes heaven, and bars its gates,
That wicked men its joys may never know ;
And such is sin,
Indulg'd or check'd, it ushers in
Our weal, or wo.

Heaven is what ?
The blissful place, where friends of God,
Who in the Saviour's steps have trod,
Will find, at last, a peaceful home above ;
And such is heaven,
Where none arrive, but those forgiv'n,
And all is love.

VARIETIES.

A little Deaf and Dumb Boy.—A minister residing about seven miles from Manchester, Eng. went with a gentleman to the deaf and dumb Asylum in London. There was a little boy they noticed, who had a very sweet countenance, who was deaf and dumb. The gentleman took a piece of chalk and wrote upon the wall the following question. Who made the world ? Notice the child's answer. The child took the chalk and wrote upon the wall, " In the

beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The gentleman then wrote, Why did our Saviour come into this lost and ruined world ? His reply was : God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have eternal life. He then wrote, My child, why did God make me with the faculties of speech and hearing, while he deprived you of them ?

The child hesitated, and bursting into tears, wrote upon the board, " Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." Truly a most beautiful reply for a child, considering that he did not know the questions that were to be put to him.

Wonders of Philosophy.—The polypus like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. There are 4044 muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eyes of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a curp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, and bones, &c. are necessary. The body of every spider contains 5 little muscels pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all of threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together, when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united. Lewenhock, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, who spun thread so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.—*London Courier.*

Adherence to Truth.—Perhaps there is no fault more common, among even good people, than that of deviating from strict truth. Although we know that in the end there will be no advantage gained, and that much will be lost, yet how common it is for us to practice some degree of dissimulation. We practice this sin by our looks, our words and actions. It is practised in a greater or less degree, in almost all our intercourse with the world. In social interviews, when we wish to render ourselves agreeable to each other, how rarely do we limit the expression of our friendly regard, by the actual state of our feelings. Could each one bring himself to the resolution to speak and act in accordance with strict truth, how different would the world appear. How many, who now appear as warm-hearted friends, would show themselves to be open enemies. How many who manifest a cordial regard for each other, would appear cold and indifferent. Yet although it would sometimes be disagreeable, much would be gained by a strict adherence to the truth. A person who should make the singular resolution, to be perfectly sincere,

might for a time, lose some of the regard which he receives by appearing in forced smiles and using brandishing words, yet he would possess a clear conscience. He would have no fears that his false professions would be detected, and in the end even those who may have thought themselves coldly treated, and in consequence, returned little or no expressions of friendly regard, would not fail to esteem him for his sincerity and regard for truth.

TATTLING.

"He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life."

It is very common for young persons to tell of every thing they hear, whether they have any grounds for the belief of what they hear or not. To the injury of an individual something may be said and spread abroad, when there is not the least shadow of truth in the story. And it is against this species of tattling which I wish to guard my young friends. The wise man knew how prone the world was to sin when he said,—He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life. And truly that youth who is careful what he says—especially when he knows it is in his power to injure the character of a person, or thwart any of his purposes—acts up to the proverb, and gains the esteem and friendship of his fellows.

Our fortune depend entirely on external causes; but our happiness on ourselves.

Its principal ingredients are a manly mind, an affectionate heart, and a temperate imagination. The first has the power to disarm affliction, the second to double every enjoyment, and the last to guard us from wild wishes and vain pursuits.

EDWIN STICKS,

GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,
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H. W. BLACKADAR.

Halifax, July, 1835.

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