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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 2 ]

HALIFAX, MARCH 4, 1836.

No. 7.

## The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,  
BY H. W. BLACKADAR,  
At his Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf.

WHERE  
All kinds of JOB PRINTING will be executed at  
a very cheap rate.

Terms of the Mirror Five Shillings per annum  
payable in advance.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### SOLAN GESE, OR GANNETS.

These are birds of passage. They are seen in great numbers, in some of the small islands near Scotland. In one of these islands, about a mile round, you may see, about the month of May or June, the whole surface of the ground so completely covered with nests, eggs, and young birds, that it is scarcely possible to walk without treading on them. The flocks of birds on the wing are so large that they darken the air like clouds, and their noise is so great that a man can hardly hear his neighbours' voices. If you look down from the top of the precipice, you will see it on every side covered with an immense number of birds swimming about, and hunting for prey. When sailing round the island, if you look at the hanging cliffs, you will perceive every crag and fissure of the rock to be completely covered with these birds. The rocks of St. Kilda, abound with Gannets.

They form the chief food of the inhabitants, who are said to consume not less than twenty-two thousand six hundred young birds of this species every year, besides a great many of their eggs. When these geese come to the islands, the people then know that the herrings are coming. They live chiefly upon fish. They build their nests on the highest and steepest rocks they can find near the sea. They hover over a shoal of herrings or pilchards, as a kite does over its prey; then they drop head foremost like a stone, into the water, and never fail to bring up a fish.

So great is the number of these birds, that you may watch many hours in vain for some end to their long lines, which stream from all quarters along the surface of the water, as they steer their course home to their beds in the evening. This is a daily occurrence; and, whatever the weather may be, may even in the thickest fogs, their course is still straight to the mark. So certain is

their flight, that boatmen, unprovided with a compass, place perfect reliance on them, as it is said the Norwegians of old did on their ravens. In addition to this property, we cannot but admire the beautiful provision made by nature, to prevent them from being killed by the stroke of the water when they fall down from aloft, with such force on their prey. The skin is so nearly independent of the breast as to be held to it only by a few slight filaments or strings; and, the space between being blown out with air, they fall without being hurt, sinking to a depth of many feet. It is imagined by the fishermen that they fly out to feed in the morning, even to the southern parts of Britain, and return in the evening. This is scarcely possible, unless their flight be more rapid than that of the albatross, which is supposed to be 150 miles in an hour; but, when their strength and rapidity are considered, it is probable that they go to very great distances: as they are found every day on all the coasts, very far from their breeding places.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

Oliver Goldsmith, an eminent writer, was born, according to one account, 1731, at Pallas, in the county of Longford, in Ireland, and to another at Elphin, in 1729. His father was a clergyman, who gave him a good education, and sent him to Trinity college, Dublin, from whence he removed to Edinburgh, to study physic. At this place he became security for a fellow-student, on which account he was obliged to escape to England, but was arrested at Sunderland, and released by two college friends, whom he met with there. He then went to Holland, and travelled through Flanders and part of Germany on foot. At Louvain he took the degree of bachelor of physic, the highest degree he ever attained. After accompanying an English gentleman to Geneva, and the south of France, he arrived in England in 1768. Being reduced to a low state, he became usher in a school at Peckham; where, however, he did not remain long, but settled in London, and subsisted by writing for periodical publications. One of his first performances was an Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe; but he emerged from obscurity in 1765 by the publication of his poem, entitled, the Traveller, or a Prospect of Society, of which Dr. Johnson said, "that

there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." The year following appeared his beautiful novel of the Vicar of Wakefield. His circumstances were now respectable, and he took chambers in the Temple; but the liberality of his temper, and a propensity to gaming, involved him in frequent difficulties. In 1768 he brought out his comedy of the Good-Natured Man at Covent Garden, but its reception was not equal to its merits. In 1770 he published The Deserted Village, a poem, which in point of description and pathos, is above all praise. As a comic poet he appeared to great advantage in 1772, by the play of She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night, which is still a favourite with the public. Besides these performances he produced a number of others:—as a History of England, in a Series of Letters from a nobleman to his Son, 2 vols. 12mo. This useful and pleasing work was for a long time attributed to lord Lyttleton. A History of England, 4 vols. 8 vo.; A Roman History 2 vols. 8 vo.; A Grecian History, 2 vols.; A History of the Earth and Animated Nature, 8 vols. 8 vo.; Chinese Letters, &c. He died by taking an extravagant dose of James's powder in 1774, and was buried in the Temple church-yard. A monument was erected to his memory in Westminster-abbey, with a beautiful Latin epitaph by Dr. Johnson.

### THE VILLAGE.—No. 4.

#### RICHARD AND BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

It is thought by many persons that there are so few events occur in a village, and that one day passes so much like another, that there is nothing worth recording. Now, I have always been of a different opinion, and am quite disposed to think, that wherever we are, and in whatever manner we may be occupied, there are always circumstances taking place around us from which we may derive instruction and advantage.

I have often been struck with the great variety with which it has pleased the Father of mercies to adorn the beautiful world we inhabit, and I love to point it out to young people. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork."

New seasons and new scenes are continually presented to our eyes. Think of the spring mornings, when every thing in nature seems to burst out into new life and energy; when a thousand fragrant flowerets, of all the colours of the rainbow, are opening to the day, and ten thousand happy insects are on the wing; when bird and beast have new energy; and when the command of the Almighty appears to go forth amid living creatures, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." I could be almost angry with those who could gaze on such an animating scene.

without emotion. Surely, when God gives liberally, the least we can do is to receive gratefully.

Think of the rejoicing summer, when the heavens and the earth are decked with sunbeams, and a general jubilee is enjoyed. Call to mind the abundance of autumn, and the feast of fruits to which we are bidden, and forget not winter, when, to vary the seasons, to purify and prepare the earth for the coming year, God is pleased to cover it with a mantle of snow. "He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes; he casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?"

No wonder that the psalmist, when surveying the works of God, and admiring the dealings of the Almighty with the children of men—no wonder that he should burst out into the exclamations of the 148th Psalm. Children, you are not too young, fathers and mothers you are not too old, to praise the Lord for his goodness, and the Redeemer of mankind for his grace. "Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

When we think that the world we now live in will be destroyed, that the heavens will pass away, and that the earth will be consumed for the sin of man, we might be cast down; but God has kindly told us in his holy word that there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. That God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son to die upon the cross for our sins. So that when this world shall be consumed, if we have fled to him for refuge, and lived a life of faith in the Redeemer, we shall dwell with him in a brighter world, and be with the Lamb for ever.

I hardly know when I have been more pleased than I was yesterday. I had just received a bundle of new tracts, so I put some of them into my pocket, that I might lend or give them away, as it might be advisable. In stepping into the cottage of John Taylor, I found his two little boys, Richard and Benjamin, very busy in pasting bits of printed paper on pasteboard. John Taylor is a very industrious man, who works as a journeyman carpenter; and he brings up his two children, as every man ought to do, in the fear of the Lord. John tells his children that every thing is so uncertain in this world, that they cannot do better than try to get a good footing in the next; and, to speak the truth, there are not two better boys in the Sunday-school than they are. Well, as I said, the children were very busy: one was untying a string which was twisted round some pieces of printed paper; the other was laying the bits of paper smooth, and pasting them on a piece of pasteboard. I perceived that it was a kite's tail which they were untwisting; and, on a little inquiry, I soon found out that it was the very kite's tail that Humphrey Tiler had made of one of the tracts which had been dropped by the stranger who passed through the village. It has been said that a kind act, done with a proper motive, is never done altogether in vain; and surely in this instance the saying proved to be true. One would have thought that when the tract left by the stranger had been torn up into fragments, and tied to a kite, when it had mounted up into the air amid the whistling winds, that there would have been an end to it; but no! it pleased God to direct it into other hands. "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." The tail of the kite was caught by the branch of a tree, so that it hung for some days swinging idly about in the breeze. Then it fell into a bush; and at last dropped down into a narrow lane, where John Taylor's children found it. Richard caught hold of one end, and Benjamin of the other; and as they could not decide which saw it first, they agreed, when they perceived it to be a tract, to paste it together, and to read it by turns. It is true, that by pasting the scraps against the pasteboard, they had half of the tract; but then it was composed of short sentences, not necessarily connected together; and I have no doubt that the trouble they had will give value in their eyes that they will read with advantage the part they have preserved from another tract of the same

sort, but then it would not have been valued half so much as that which had been put together by their own hands. I left them with the pasted tract between them. They were delighted, and I was delighted too! nor shall I forget to call on a future day to inquire what they have learned from it. They promised that they would commit to memory some of the sentences, and the hymn at the end! and I expect to hear them said without a mistake.

**ON INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.**—Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young; and to no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity, for exerting them. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement but the foundation of pleasure; for nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyments of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. It is labor only that gives a relish to pleasure. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Idleness is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive, as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appears a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It is like water, which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, filling the atmosphere with death.

No affluence of fortune, or elevation of rank, exempts the possessor from the duties of application and industry; for industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Flee therefore from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness may be included not merely inaction, but all that circle of trifling and frivolous occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth. Youth requires amusements; it would be cruel, to prohibit them. But tho' allowable as the relaxation, they are highly culpable as the business of the young; for they then become the gulf of time, and the poison of the mind: they foment bad passions, they weaken the manly powers, and sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. [Blair.]

#### FOR THE MIRROR.

(Continued from our last.)

What could he do? We will allow some years to pass, and my friend R. again appears on the era of life—but not my former friend R.—no! no! Now, he no longer quoted his favorite text—no longer rejoiced in misfortunes, his pride had fallen, his misanthropy had vanished, and R. was a man of business.—He had made good use of his time of adversity—experience had changed his former contemplations of the dispensations of Providence, and he was in great danger of calling like Sir Balaam "God's good Providence a lucky hit."

and from one extreme, the pendulum of his mind swung to the other.—He was again rich, not as before from inheritance, but from his own exertions, which were eminently prosperous; his indolence had vanished, and his whole mind was bent upon acquiring wealth.—He now was absorbed in the pursuit, and at length is enabled to retire from the busy cares of life, and to rejoice in his own homestead.—But mark—

"Pigmies are Pigmies still, though perch-  
ed on Alps."—and  
"Pyramids are Pyramids though placed  
in vales."

So it was with R.—Pride and vanity still his ruling passions, consumed his every thought, and for a time induced him to mingle with the gay coteries of fashionable life. He next left his late friends, abandoned those who had brought him forward, who had by their money and influence obtained for him, those situations which were the source of his lately acquired wealth, and became—what shall I say, reader?—A fanatic, a would-be religious man, who attended and does attend all meetings for religious purposes, and is loud in all speeches upon Missionary schemes and Bible associations. His money although never given in private, is lavishly spent in public, and reversing the command of our Saviour, not to let the right hand know what the left doeth, he sounds his trumpet in the Tabernacles, and cries "Thank God, I am not as other men are."

And now a third and last era of R's, life must be contemplated, and as it will, I trust afford instruction to my young friends, you will permit me Mr. Editor, to conclude, this tale in your next paper. L.

#### FEMALE HEROISM EXEMPLIFIED.—

The female character, when life passes smooth and tranquil appears to be wholly made up of tenderness and dependence. It shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils from the slightest touch of the impudent. But however it may appear in these circumstances, certain it is that when dangers impend, traits of heroism and intrepidity dart out amid this tenderness and dependence, like lightning from the soft fleecy clouds of a summer's evening. So when we stand by the ocean's side and view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little suspect the terrible energy of its waves when lashed into fury by the winds! The following fact confirms these remarks.

In the year —, Henry and Emily— a new married pair, and children of wealthy parents in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called D—, (Mass.) Emily had been brought up in the midst of affluence and was acquainted with distress and poverty only in the abstract. Though her character was made up of all these qualities which we most admire in her sex, yet no one would have suspected the presence of those which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After a lapse of five years, their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; and except being sometimes startled from the slumbers of midnight by the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by the forest except in one direction, where there was a deep valley from which the wood had been cleared to

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 dependent 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.

## POETRY.

## THOUGHTS.

Hast thou seen, with flash incessant,  
Bubbles gliding under ice,  
Bodied forth and evanescent,  
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts;—a wind-swept meadow  
Mimicking a troubled sea:  
Such is life!—and death a shadow  
From the rock eternity.

## A STRING OF COMPARISONS.

How brittle is glass, how slippery the ice!  
How fleeting a shadow!—a bubble how thin!  
So brittle, so slippery, so fled in a trice,  
Are the joys of the world, and the pleasures of sin.

How glorious the sun, how pure is the light!  
How firm is the rock, and how boundless the sea!  
But more full, and more firm, and more pure, and  
more bright,  
Are the blessings, religion, created by thee.

## VARIETIES.

**FASHION.**—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for fashion sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with tight neckhandkerchiefs, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people set up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing.

She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasure and interrupts our business.

She rains health and produces sickness—destroys life, and occasions premature death.

She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, and mothers, sons, daughters and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her obedient servants and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be the most obsequious.

She compels people to dress gaily whether upon their own property or that of others; whether agreeable to the word of God, or the dictates of pleasure.—*Rutland Herald.*

**On taking out your Watch during Sermon.**—This is no small exploit. There are many advantages arising from it. In the first place, it will be known that the man has a watch. In the second place, he will show the sermon has not very much affected him. Thirdly, it will be a modest hint to the minister that he has preached about long enough and should bring his sermon to a close. Fourthly, it will take up a portion of the time and attention, so that a part of the sermon certainly, (if not the whole,) will

pass by the man as the idle wind, and be lost. Fifthly, it will show what estimate the man puts on the message of grace.—Sixthly, it will abstract the notice of others around, and turn away their attention from the messages in like manner. Seventhly, it is an act very much in harmony with a passage of scripture; "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat!" AMOS 8. 5.—*Essay Register.*

**Seven Seasons of Silence.**—1. It is never in season to speak till we have a call. 2. It is a season to be silent, when we are not rightly informed upon the question to which we must speak. 3. When we know the state of a question, yet we must not speak without suitable preparation, either actual or habitual. 4. It is a season to be silent, when what we speak is likely to be a snare unto ourselves. 5. As it is a season for silence when the passions and corruptions of others are excited, so we are to be silent when it is thus with ourselves. 6. It is a season for silence, when men are not capable of attending to what we speak. 7. It is a season for silence, when what we speak may be a grief and burthen to the spirits of any, especially to those who are already afflicted.—*Caryl on Job xiii. 5.*

**Seven Seasons of Speaking.**—1. When by speaking we may bring glory to God, and do good to our brethren. 2. When we have an opportunity to vindicate the honor and truth of God. 3. When we may relieve the credit of a brother that is wronged. 4. When by speaking we may instruct or direct those that are ignorant. 5. When we may comfort and support those that are weak. 6. When we may resolve and settle those that are in doubt. 7. When we may duly reprove and convince those that do evil.

At such times as these we ought to speak; for then to be silent, is our sin and weakness.—*Ibid.*

**Animosities among Christians.**—The observation of a late ingenious writer, which, it is to be feared, he was confirmed in by his own experience, is too much founded in truth: 'We have just religion enough to make us hate one another.' The spirit of party, prejudice, and bigotry, and interest, a zeal for systems, forms, modes and denominations, furnish men with plausible pretences for indulging their unsanctified passions, and deceive them in an opinion that while they are gratifying their pride and self-will, they are only laboring to promote the cause of God and truth. Hence, often the feuds which obtain among religious people are pursued with greater violence, and to greater lengths, and are productive of more mischievous consequences, than the quarrels of drunkards. The lovers of peace, who refuse to take a part in these contentions, but rather weep over them in secret, are censured and despised as neutrals and cowards, by the angry combatants on all sides, while the world despises and laughs

at them all. It was not so in the beginning, nor will it be so always. The hour is coming when believers shall be united in love shall agree to all that is essential to a life of faith and holiness, and shall live in the exercise of forbearance and tenderness towards each other, if in some points of smaller importance they cannot think exactly alike, which possibly may be the case in the best times, in the present imperfect state of human nature. 'Ephraim shall they no longer envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim.' Isa. xi. 13.—*Newton.*

**MONEY.**—The appetite for money is never satisfied in those who have been successful in business; and nothing can cure them of a desire to accumulate, but some reverse of fortune. Then they are only sensible of the dangerous eminence upon which they stood, when they have fallen from it. They despised security and competence when they were within their reach, the more keenly to regret their loss, when they are most sensible of their value. The pursuit of wealth is very much like the pursuit of fame; both are sought with equal ardor, and both fail to satisfy the wants of the aspiring mind. Both are liable to be effected by those fluctuations in opinions and fashions, which rule the world and give laws to nations; and both, though capable of bestowing a degree of happiness, often render their possessors miserable. It is the slave who digs up the diamond, but the voluptuary shines in its reflected splendor. Men who make money have no time to enjoy it; they leave their pleasure to their spendthrift heirs, unless, indeed, they have the—what shall we call it?—the happiness to lose it before they die, and to save their children from dissipation, and an early grave.—*Norwalk Gazette.*

**TRUTH, LYING AND DISSIMULATION.**—There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth; it is apparent that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disavow himself from other, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

All men must acknowledge lying to be one of the most scandalous sins that can be committed between man and man—a crime of a deep die, and of an extensive nature leading into innumerable sins; for lying is practised to deceive, to injure, betray, rob, destroy and the like. Lying, in this sense is the concealing of all other crimes; the sheep's clothing upon the wolf's back, the Pharisee's prayer, the harlot's blush, the poorite's pout, the murderer's smile, the thief's cloak, and Judas's kiss. In a word it is mankind's darling sin, and the Devil's distinguished characteristic.

A dissembler, who is generally a covetous and designing hypocrite; is very dexterous in giving out news, and hath a mint always about him to coin such as may be current and seasonable to answer his ends.