

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								✓			

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PORCUPINE.

The Porcupine is a native of Africa, India, and the Indian Islands; and is sometimes found in Italy and Sicily. It is a harmless inoffensive animal, and seems to wish to be at peace; and, if it should be attacked by other animals, it has no strength of limbs to enable it to resist, neither has it much swiftness of foot to enable it to run away. But Providence has supplied it with a defence of a very wonderful kind,—a covering of hard sharp quills, all over its body. It is a common notion that the Porcupine has the power of shooting out these quills, to a distance, against its enemy; but this is a mistake. If he is attacked, indeed, he will lift up his sharp quills, and thus offer a good defence against any animal that might come near him. The quills are from nine to fifteen inches in length; and, when the Porcupine is angry, he shakes these quills, and stamps with his feet on the ground like a rabbit, making, at the same time, a sort of grunting noise. Most animals are afraid of attacking the Porcupine, from their dread of his sharp quills, which would give a serious wound to any creature that should make war upon him.

THE PALM-TREE.

The palm is one of the most beautiful trees in the vegetable kingdom, and frequently rises to the height of a hundred feet. The leaves, when the tree has grown to the size for bearing fruit, are six or eight feet long, are very broad, and are used for covering houses and other similar purposes.—The fruit of the tree is called *date*, and grows in clusters below the leaves, and is of a sweet agreeable taste.

From the leaves the natives make couches, baskets, bags, mats and brushes; and from the branches cages for the poultry, and fences for the gardens; from the fibres of the boughs, thread, ropes, and rigging; from the sap, a spirituous liquor is prepared; and the tree furnishes fuel. It is said, that from the body of one variety of the palm-tree, meal has been extracted, which is found among the fibres of the trunk, and has been used for food.

This tree arrives at its greatest vigour about thirty years after its transplantation, and so continues for seventy-years afterward, annually bearing fifteen or twenty clusters of dates, each of them weighing 15 or 20 pounds. After this period it begins gradually to decline, and usually falls about the latter end of its second century.

The root of the palm-tree produces a

great number of suckers, which, spreading upward, form a kind of forest. It is, probably, to this multiplication of the palm-tree, that the prophet alludes, when he says, 'The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree.'

COMMON THINGS.

No. 10.—MIND.

The universe is composed of mind or spirit, and matter. The various faculties of the mind, embracing both intellects and affections, with their actions and influences upon each other; and matter, with its combinations, and the laws which govern it, and its action upon mind, present one of the most common and one of the most sublime objects in a boundless creation. Not merely every rational being, but every animal, even in the lowest orders of insects and reptiles, possesses something distinct from matter. It possesses the power of moving itself—of contracting its muscles at pleasure. Many orders in the animal kingdom possess passions or propensities in common with men. They have fear, anger, love, hatred, love of power, ambition, revenge, gratitude, and an inferior species of reason, or the faculty of fitting means to ends, varying with circumstances.

Most animals have in common with man the five senses—they can see, hear, taste, smell, and feel; and in many instances these senses are much stronger and more delicate, among animals than among men.—Mind or spirit, or something distinct from matter, is visible in its operations or effects every where.

But what is more appropriately called mind, is not only common, existing as it does wherever there is a rational being to contemplate it, but it constitutes the highest, the most interesting, and the most sublime part of the universe of God. It is not only as common as human beings, and as sublime as the Great Creator, but is so plain and simple as to be within the comprehension of a child three or four years old. It is a great and lamentable mistake, that *intellectual and moral philosophy* can be comprehended only by sage philosophers. Young philosophers, for such are all children, and much more rational than the old ones, are exactly fitted and prepared to understand and to relish the operations and the results of mind. Ask a child of five years old, what a brute, such as a horse or dog, can do that a tree cannot, and although it is the first time the question was asked him, or his mind brought to it except by its own voluntary act, and he will at once prove that he has the power of

discrimination, and that he has been much in the habit of discriminating. Ask him again, what a child can do that a brute cannot, or to distinguish between the rational and the animal powers, and he will soon convince you that he is not merely able to understand, but that he has studied, and studied with effect, the powers of mind as distinct from matter. He will convince you that he has studied both the intellectual and moral faculties of his nature—that he has made great progress in the exercise and improvement of his intellectual powers—that he is quite competent to decide questions of right and wrong—and to understand his obligation to pursue the one and avoid the other. Question him respecting the nature and tendency of the great christian principle of *loving our neighbor—of doing good to each other*,—and he will convince you that his perceptions on moral subjects are accurate and clear—and that he is far more wise in his discriminations than adults.

How delightful and animating would be the reflection, if the operations and intercourse of minds and hearts produced nothing but good fruit. How consoling and how glorious would be the thought, that all the relations of ~~the~~ intercourse in a universe of minds were only calculated to elevate and ennoble them, and render them more worthy of themselves, and more like their Creator.

THE MONTHS.—No. 5.

MAY, the fifth month in the year, reckoning from our first, January; and the third; counting the year to begin with March, as the Romans anciently did, was called *Maius* by Romulus, in respect to the senators and nobles of his city, who were named *Majores*.

The first of May was dedicated by the Romans to one of the most pleasing and splendid of their festal rites. Their houses were decked with garlands of flowers and the day was devoted to pleasure. Some are of opinion, that the customs formerly so much observed in England on the first of May, have rather been borrowed from our gothic ancestors than from the Romans. Shakespeare says, that it was "impossible to make the people sleep on May-morning, and this eagerness

"To do observance to a morn of May," was not confined to any particular rank or society, but royal and noble personages, as well as the lower orders, went out a "*Maying*" early in the morning of the first of May."

May has ever been the favourite month of the year in poetical description; but the praises so lavishly bestowed upon it, took

their rise from climates more southern than ours. In such it really unites all the soft beauties of spring with the radiance of summer; and has warmth enough to cheer and invigorate, without overpowering. With us, a great part of the month is yet too chill for much enjoyment of the charms of nature, and frequent injury is done to young plants, &c. by frosts and nipping winds.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more beautiful picture than is now presented to the traveller through some of the counties of England. The fields and meadows are clothed in the freshest green of the young grass and corn, the edges are rich in fragrance from the beautiful bloom of the hawthorn or *may*, the barberry, too, mingling its delicate branches of bright yellow blossom, and the horse-chestnut its elegant clusters of white, with here and there a bright crimson streak. The hedge banks are still gay with blue bells, cowslips, &c. and the gardens and orchards now display their highest beauty in the delicate blush of the apple blossom.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

(Concluded.)

Many persons have from a dream, or from the prediction of a fortune-teller, imbibed the belief that they must die at a certain time. The impression has been so powerful, as to be itself the cause of sickness and death.—The experiment tried by three London physicians, has been often mentioned. They agreed to find some rugged and healthy man, and see what effect their reiterated assurance that he was dangerously sick would produce. In the following manner they carried their concerted plan into execution. They went to a road passing over an extensive plain, and a road which was thronged with countrymen crowding into the metropolis. Proceeding along at considerable distances from each other, the first looked earnestly for some suitable subject for their experiment. He had not proceeded far before he met a stout man driving a team, who appeared the very picture of health and strength. 'Good morning, my friend,' said the physician, 'you look too sick to be so hard at work, sir.' 'Sick,' answered the countryman, 'I never had a sick day in my life.' 'Indeed,' said the physician in reply, shaking his head with a look of solicitude, 'that's bad, such persons seldom survive the first illness. I advise you, my friend, to take care of yourself. I am afraid you are not long for this world.' The physician then rode on. The countryman began to feel alarmed. He felt of his forehead to ascertain if he were feverish—thought he felt some peculiar sensation of the brain,—and felt a little nausea at the stomach. He had not advanced far on the road, before the second physician met him. 'Friend,' said the gentleman, 'I hope you have not

far to travel to-day; you look as though you ought to be in bed, rather than at work.' 'I do feel rather strangely,' said the man, 'I am afraid I am going to be sick.' 'Going to be sick,' said the gentleman, 'if you were one of my patients, I should fear you were never going to be well. If you value your life at all, I advise you to go home as quick as possible, and send for a physician.' The countryman now began to feel that he was a sick man; faint and trembling he proceeded a little farther, when the third physician met him. He eyed the countryman for a moment with an earnest gaze, and then remarked, 'you must hold your life pretty cheap, my friend, to be out, sick as you are; you look as though you had just escaped from the coffin.' The poor countryman could stand it no longer. His knees trembled, his head grew dizzy, and he was carried into a house, and placed in a bed, a sick man. And it was the unanimous opinion of the physicians, that if the deception had not been explained, he would have died.

Now is there any difficulty in accounting for the fact, that at now and then instances have occurred, in which persons have received an impression, from a dream, or from the prediction of a fortune-teller, that they must die at a particular time, and at that time have died. The firm belief that their destiny was fixed, has produced the sickness and the death. Such is the well known effects of imagination.

We will make a few remarks in conclusion, upon the efforts which should be used to arrest the progression of those foolish fears. The influence of these feelings is in a greater or less degree, almost universal.

The sailor will climb to the topmast's dizzy height, and there in darkness, when the tempest has broken loose, and wild confusion is warring around him, be fearless and unagitated; and yet will he tremble in his hammock, as he hears the little insect called the death-watch, ticking in the timber by his side.

The soldier will go undaunted to the bloody conflict and grapple with his foe, and not a nerve will tremble, as the instruments of death are showered around him, and yet he will be afraid to enter the battle field in the night after the conflict, when the ground is strewn with the bodies of the powerless dead.

The stories of childhood awaken a class of feelings, which it is almost impossible by future efforts to eradicate. Even the most cautious parents, are hardly aware of the greediness, with which children catch these tales. And the parent who appeals to supernatural fears to govern his child, is doing the child an injury which is irreparable.—There are many persons who are afraid even to go about their own houses in the dark. How careful then ought they to be who are

placing ideas in the infant mind, to exclude these false ideas. If a child be properly taught to trust in God as its father and its friend, it will feel that that protection is as sure in the darkness as in the light. Some children are afraid to go to sleep at night, without a candle burning in the room. What a censure is this upon a mother's instruction. Other children who have been properly taught, are willing to go alone to their chambers, and in the dark find the way to their place of rest. What a testimony does this present, of the faithfulness of parental instruction. This is the advantage which we hope may be derived from the discussion of this subject;—that greater efforts may be made, to keep from the minds of the rising generation, the knowledge of these superstitious notions. We should make the love and the fear of God the basis of education, and upon this, endeavour to rear a superstructure of high, and honourable, and elevated character; lead a man in humility to the footstool of his God, and under the protection of that almighty arm to fear nothing.

VISIT TO A STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

On entering, we were politely received by Mr. B. who conducted us first into a room appropriated to the setting of types and the correction of proof-sheets. The first thing which arrested our attention was two females—one of whom was reading the perfect copy of a work then in press to the other, who held a proof-sheet of the same work in her hand, and corrected all imperfections. The manner in which she read, appeared very amusing to us—for instance, when she came to a comma, she abbreviated it by saying *com.*; for semicolon, *sem.*; for a period, *point*, &c. At the farther end of the room, other females were setting types, and in the centre of the same apartment were young men locking them up.—We then descended into a small dark room, where every thing was covered with a white dust, which we found, on examination, to be plaster of Paris. This was called the *moulding room*. Here the pages of types were brought and enclosed in a frame, and then covered with this plaster, mixed with water to the consistence of cream. This was suffered to remain till the paste became hardened, when the page of types was taken from the under side, and we found it had left a perfect impression on the mould.

Mr. B. then conducted us to a small and very dirty room, where he said the moulds were brought from the moulding-room. We saw very large pieces of type mould lying about the room on the floor. In one corner there was a large kettle, which was half-filled with type metal, melted by a fire underneath. Over the kettle there was a crane, to which was attached by a chain a basin a foot and a half in length and six inches in depth. This basin descended into the

kettle, and hung so low as to be entirely covered by the type metal. A man who was standing near, and who had the charge of this part of the business, soon took it off, and placed it in a reservoir of water which was in the middle of the room, that it might cool. While this was cooling, he took another basin, and filling the bottom of it with mould, with the printed side downwards, he placed an iron cover upon it, which had holes perforated in the corners of it, and sunk it in the metal, in the same way with the other. After having done this, he took the basin first spoken of from the water, and placed it on a log which was in another part of the room. He then took off the cover, and we saw a perfect impression of the letters of the mould made upon the type metal. These are called *stereotype plates*, which are now conveyed to another room, where they are all made of an equal thickness by shaving. After shaving, the plates belonging to one work are placed in a drawer, and the name of the work written upon the outside of the drawer. These plates, after being blocked, are ready for use, and when they have been used, are again melted and prepared with other moulds for some other book.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

John and William Davis were millers, and occupied a place on the side of the river. A channel which had been cut from the river supplied them with water, and no one ever passed the little foot-bridge, by the flood-gates, without peeping into the mill; for the hoppers made such a clatter, and the socks went up and down so briskly, that it was quite clear John and William Davis were doing considerable business. Up in the morning at five, they industriously began the busy day, and it was only when the river was very low that the water wheels were not whirling round amid the foaming waters.

The mill had belonged to their father before them, and had got much out of repair; and the roof let in the rain, and the river had, by little and little, worn away the bank till there was some fear that the foundation of the mill would be weakened. John and William were told this by their neighbors—they saw it with their own eyes; but still they delayed repairing the roof and the embankment, till the danger had considerably increased. "We must do something to them next summer," said John. "Ay," replied William, "for if we do not, the mill will come down sure enough." The summer came, but as it was a very dry one, they continued very busy, and the repairs of the mill were quite out of the question. "I tell you what," said William, "it does not signify talking, but the mill must be repaired this next summer." "True," replied John, "for if it be not, we shall soon

have it about our ears." Notwithstanding these resolutions, summer came and went, and no repairs took place at the mill.

Now all this time, the rain was pelting worse and worse through the roof, and the bank was being washed away by little and little, till every neighbor saw that the danger was great. John and William had, from time to time, patched up, here and there a hole in the roof, and now and then put a few spades of earth against the bank, but all this amounted to nothing. Indeed it was worse than nothing, for it only deceived them into a belief of their security.

"I am thinking," said Mr. Horton, the stone-mason, as he passed one windy day, over the foot-bridge, "that neither this bridge nor the mill will stand fifty years longer. The first flood will bring an old house over somebody's head."

Mr. Horton saw the danger but too clearly, for that very same day the river rose rapidly, in consequence of the rain which had fallen on the hills, and the wind and rain beat upon the roof of the mill, till a part of it fell in with a terrible crash. This was a sad affair, for now there was no possibility of putting off the repairs, though it was a bad time of the year to begin them.—John and William went off in a hurry to consult Mr. Horton about the expense of a new roof, but while they were talking about it, Samuel Ball, the miller's man, came breathless with haste, and pale with fear, to tell them that the river had undermined the foundation of the mill, and that one half of it was level with the ground.

John and William Davis had been recommended, fifty times over, to build a new mill a little further from the running waters, but they thought of the expense, and hoped the old mill would last at least a few years longer, especially as every summer they intended to put it in repair. They had, however, neglected to repair the old mill, and delayed to build a new one, till it was too late. The old one was now in a condition too bad to be repaired, and they had no new one to remove to. So they lost at once, their mill, their customers, and their means of support.

CHANGING PLACES.

"Think twice before you act once," said Mr. T. to a journeyman, who talked of leaving his master for the sake of higher wages. "You may, perhaps, get higher wages for a few weeks, just while the rum lasts, but how will it be all the year round? Besides, think how ungenerous it would be, in the busy time, to leave a master who has kept you employed when trade was dull?"

"When I was in business," added Mr. T. "I had many men in my employ, and was always desirous of keeping them in constant work, at such wages as would enable them to live. I never turned off hands

at a time when work was dull, but found them employment in what I hoped afterwards to bring into use. I seldom had occasion to take on extra hands, at a busy time, and I made it a rule never to take on a man who had once deliberately left my employ. If any one signified his intention of leaving, I generally advised him to sleep upon his resolution, and to remember that, if he once left, he would have no chance of being taken on again. By steadily maintaining this plan, I and my men came to understand each other; they were satisfied that moderate gains, all the year round, were, on the whole, preferable to an occasional flush and frequent destitution; they lost the restless desire of changing, and I had the pleasure of leaving in the employ of my sons, scores of men who had worked many years for their father, men who had maintained their families in decency, and who had most of them laid by a snug trifle for a rainy day."—*Family Book.*

RAISING A CAPITAL.

About fifty years back, two young fellows, brothers, went to Jamaica; they were by trade blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, that they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that with 60*l.* or 70*l.* they might be able to realize a fortune, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient.—One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot. This ceremony being performed, he took him to one of the negro dealers, who was so pleased with the appearance of the young fellow, that he advanced 80*l.* currency upon the bill of sale, and prided himself much upon the purchase, supposing him the finest negro on the island. The same evening, this manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance.—Rewards were then in vain offered in handbills, pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable. The brothers with the money commenced business, and actually returned to England, not many years since, with a fortune of 20,000*l.* Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman from whom they had received the money, and recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him the principal and interest with thanks.

GREEN BANK SCHOOL.

The Subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Halifax, that he intends opening a School on Monday, the 4th of May next, nearly opposite Mr. Albro's Barn, Newtown, where Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, in their different branches will be taught.

H. NELSON.

POETRY.

MAY DAY.

"Mother, what makes you feel so sad?
The day is very fair—
And see how very, very glad,
Our little neighbors are.

Dear cousin Jane is May-day queen—
She has a new pink gown—
Mother, I wish you could have seen
Them weave the daisy crown.

I love to see them dancing so—
And they are very near—
But, mother dear, I cannot go,
While you sit weeping here.

What makes you feel so very sad?
TELL little Ann and I—
If you don't love to see us glad,
We'll sit down too and cry."

"My darling boy," the mother said,
"It gives me joy to see
So many happy forms arrayed
Around the May pole tree;

And you may go and dance, my dears,—
And be as glad as they;
I'll try to dry up all my tears
If you'll enjoy your play.

I thought of gentle sister Rose,
Who last year was their queen;
And now her little limbs repose
Beneath the church yard green.

Sweet little Anna's mild blue eye
Has just HER loving glance—
'Twas this, my son, that made me cry,
Amid the May day dance."

"But, mother, you have often said,
God took but what he'd given;
And that we must not mourn the dead,
Because she was in heaven."

"Oh, kiss me—kiss me, my dear boy!
No other tear I'll shed;
And I will share thy childish joy;
For happy is the dead."

BIOGRAPHY.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN—author of the well-known and valuable Concordance of the Old and New Testament, was a bookseller in London, as much distinguished for eccentricity as for learning. He opened a shop under the Royal Exchange in 1732, and it was here that he composed his Concordance. The work appeared in 1737, and was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who died, however, only a few days after receiving the presentation copy. Poor Cruden had formed very extravagant expectations from the patronage of his royal mistress, and this disappointment was too much for him. He had shown symptoms of insanity on former

occasions, and he was now reduced to such a state that his friends found it necessary to send him to a lunatic asylum. This interruption did not, however, terminate his literary career. Having made his escape from his place of confinement, he published a vehement remonstrance on the manner in which he had been treated; and at the same time brought an action against Dr. Monro and other persons who had been concerned in the affair, in which, however, he was non-suited. This new injustice as he conceived it to be, gave occasion to several more pamphlets. After this, he found employment for several years as a corrector of the press—the character in which he had first appeared in London, and for which he was well fitted by his education and acquirements. Very accurate editions of the Greek and Latin classics appeared at this time, printed under his superintendence. But, in the course of a few years, his malady returned, and he was again placed in confinement; on his liberation from which, he again tried his old expedient of prosecuting the persons who had presumed to offer him such an indignity, laying his damages, on this occasion at £10,000. Being again unsuccessful, he determined as before, to publish his case to the world; and accordingly forth came the statement, in four successive parts, under the title of the 'Adventures of Alexander the Corrector—a name which he now assumed, not as the reader might suppose, in reference to his occupation of inspector of proof sheets, but as expressive of his higher character of censor-general of the public. His favourite instrument and chief auxiliary in executing the duties of this office was a large sponge, which he carried constantly about with him in his walks through town, for the purpose of obliterating all offensive inscriptions which he observed on the walls, especially the famous 'No 45,' the mark of the partisans of Wilkes, to whose excesses he strenuously opposed himself, both in this way and by various admonitory pamphlets. On the publication of the second part of his adventures, he went to present it at court, in the expectation of being knighted; and soon after offered himself as a candidate to represent the city of London in Parliament. Giving out, too, that he had a commission from heaven to preach a general reformation of manners, he made the attempt first among the gownsmen at Oxford, and then among the prisoners at Newgate; but in both cases with very little effect. In the midst of these and many other extravagances, he both brought out a second and third enlarged edition of his Concordance, and pursued his labours as a corrector of the press, and a fabricator of indexes, with as much steadiness as if his intellect had been perfectly sound; and doubtless it was so when properly exercised. He ever managed his wordly af-

fairs with great prudence; and at his death which took place suddenly in 1770, he left behind him considerable property in bequests to his relations.—*Library Entertaining Knowledge.*

AFFECTION TO PARENTS REWARDED.

Frederick the late king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket.

Having the curiosity to know its contents he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

The king returned softly to his room, took a rouleau of Ducats and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently, that the page awoke, opened the door and entered. 'You have slept well,' said the king. The page made an apology, and in his embarrassment happened to put his hand in his pocket, and felt with astonishment the rouleau. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. 'What is the matter?' said the king. 'What ails you?' 'Ah! sire,' said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, 'somebody wishes to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket. My friend, said Frederick, 'God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother, salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and you.'

Parents have a natural claim on their offspring for support; and relieving aged parents, whose bodily strength decays, infirmities and wants increase, is not only an act of mercy and true benevolence, but also an act of justice,—an imperious duty—a repayment in kind what they did for their children in their tender helpless years, and to 'withhold from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hands to do it,' and 'shut up our bowels of compassion when we see them in need, argues no extreme hardness of heart. How dwelleth the love of God in such a one?' Can the merciless hope for mercy, who will show no mercy?

Printed and Published every FRIDAY, by
James Bowes, Marchington's Lane.

TERMS.

Five shillings per Annum, or Three shillings for six months, delivered in Town, and Six shillings and three pence, when sent to the country by mail, payable in advance.

Any person ordering six copies will be reckoned an Agent and shall receive a copy gratis.

☞ All Letters and Communications must be post paid.