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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 47. Vol. 1.]

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 4, 1835.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WOLF.

This animal is something larger than the English breed of mastiffs, being in length, from the tip of his nose to the insertion of his tail, about three feet seven inches long, and about two feet five inches high. He appears, in every respect, stronger than the dog; and the length of his hair contributes still more to his robust appearance. The color of his eye-balls is of a fiery green, which gives his visage a fierce and formidable air. Externally and internally the wolf so much resembles the dog, that naturalists formerly considered them to be the same animal. But, singular as it may appear, there exists between them the most perfect and uncompromising antipathy.

The wolf is one of those animals whose appetite for animal food is the most vehement, and whose means of satisfying this appetite are the most various. Nature has furnished him with strength, cunning, agility, and all those requisites which fit an animal for pursuing, overtaking, and conquering its prey; and yet, with all these, it most frequently dies of hunger, for it is the declared enemy of man. He is naturally dull and cowardly; but being frequently disappointed, and as often reduced to the verge of famine, he becomes ingenious from want, and courageous from necessity. When pursued with hunger, he braves danger, and comes to attack those animals which are under the protection of man; particularly such as he can readily carry away. When this excursion has succeeded, he often returns to the charge, until, having been wounded, or hard pressed by the dogs or the shepherds, he hides himself by day in the thickest coverts, and only ventures out at night. He then sallies forth over the country, keeps peering round the villages, carries off such animals as are not under protection, attacks the sheep-folds, scratches up and undermines the thresholds of doors where they are housed, enters furiously, and destroys all before he begins to fix upon and carry off his prey. When these sallies do not succeed, he returns to the thickest part of the forest, content to pursue those smaller animals which, even when taken, afford him but a scanty supply. He there goes regularly to work, follows by the scent, opens to the view, still keeps following, hopeless himself of overtaking the prey, but expecting that some other wolf will come in to his assistance, and is content to share the spoil. At last, when his necessities are very urgent, he boldly faces certain destruction; he attacks women and children, and sometimes ventures even to fall

upon men, becomes furious by his continual agitations, and ends his life in madness.

The scripture account of this animal corresponds precisely with the description furnished by naturalists. His ignoble and rapacious disposition is alluded to in the patriarch's character of the tribe of Benjamin: 'Benjamin is a ravening wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and in the evening he shall divide the spoil.' Genesis xlix. 27. The whole history of the tribe shows the propriety of this application. Possessing some courage, and much ferocity, they were often embroiled in quarrels and petty warfare with the neighboring tribes; and feelings of desperation, under circumstances which their own conduct had created, sometimes impelled them to attempt and effect feats of extraordinary valor. See Judges xx. 20.

The iniquitous and rapacious conduct of the rulers of Israel, in the times of Ezekiel and Zephaniah, is most expressively described by a reference to this animal. 'Her princes in the midst thereof,' says the former prophet, 'are like wolves ravening the prey, to shed blood, and to destroy the souls, to get dishonest gain,' ch. xxii. 27. The latter prophet adds another circumstance, which materially illustrates the character of the wolf: 'Her princes within her are roaring lions, her judges are evening wolves; they gnaw out the bones till the morrow,' ch. iii. 3. That is, 'Instead of protecting the innocent, and restraining the evil doer, or punishing him according to the demerit of his crimes, they delight in violence and oppression, in blood and rapine; and so insatiable is their cupidity, that, like the evening wolf, they destroy more than they are able to possess: they gnaw not the bones till the morrow; or, so much do they delight in carnage, that they reserve the bones till next day, for a sweet repast.'

To its nocturnal wanderings and attacks, when it is more than ordinarily fierce and sanguinary, Jeremiah alludes, in his threatenings against the ungodly members of the Jewish Church: 'Wherefore a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them,' (ch. v. 6); as does also Habbakuk, in his terrible description of the Chaldean invasion: 'Their horses also are swifter than the leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves,' ch. i. 8.

The morose and unsocial traits in the character of the wolf, will help us to form some conception of the mighty change which the doctrines of the gospel must effect in the character and dispositions of men, to justify the figurative and beautiful language of the evangelical prophet: 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,' (Isa. xi. 6); and an attachment will be formed between them,

for 'they shall eat together,' ch. lxxv. 20. See also Muts. x. 16; Luke x. 3; John x. 12.

From what has been said, the reader may form an opinion of the character of those false teachers, whose object was to 'make a gain of godliness,' in the primitive church, and whom the blessed Redeemer, as well as inspired apostles, designates *wolves*. 'Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves,' Matt. vii. 15. 'I know,' says Paul to the elders of the Ephesian church, 'I know that after my departure shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock,' Acts xx. 29

THE JUNGLE.

AN INDIAN STORY.

Europeans who reside in India, live in a very splendid manner, and when they take long journeys, their encampments form a striking scene. As the towns are far apart, and there are no inns, travellers are to depend on the hospitality of their countrymen, and where these are not to be found, upon their own resources. Travellers in India are obliged to provide themselves with all the comforts of their homes; and those in a higher rank, traverse immense tracts of country, attended like the patriarchs of old by immense trains of servants, beasts of burden, and household moveables.

The domestic in India, unlike those of England, can scarcely ever be put out of their way; each man has his own peculiar office to perform, and thinks of nothing else, so that superb accommodations and repasts may be found in the midst of tangled wildernesses, where apparently the foot of man has never trod before. It is no uncommon circumstance for a party of friends to betake themselves to the woods, some in pursuit of novelty, and others attracted by the love of sport. It was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of—, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banyan; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails, and paved the ground with their graceful feet; farther off stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast preparing by his driver, and taking under his especial protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome

bird six feet high decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond, reposed a group of camels with their drivers,—some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labour, rested at their feet, while pack saddles, paniers, and sacks piled around, completed the picture.

Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing,—fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying were going on in the open air.

Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, the walls hung with chintz or tiger skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver-mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar spears, and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers, so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger, of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity which defied pursuit. The loud outcries, raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralysed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest were left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description.

The victim selected by the tiger was an officer whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued; yet undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against his vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand, and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath his burthen! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature. The joy of the party may be conceived. Incidents similar to the foregoing narrative, and sometimes ending more fatally, are by no means rare—of three escapes effected by officers of the Indian army, which are still fresh in the recollection of their friends and companions, the one above mentioned seemed best adapted to illustrate the adventurous nature of Asiatic field sports, and the gallant spirits of those who engage in them. Of the other two, a brief notice may not be uninteresting.

A young officer was struck down by a tiger, and while writhing under wounds inflicted by the stroke of the claws, and

threatened with the jaws of the animal, who growled and gnashed his teeth as his fierce eye glared upon the prostrate prey, he retained sufficient presence of mind to direct the bystanders when and where to fire, so as to kill the animal without injuring himself. The other incident was even more frightful; it might be called a personal combat between a man and a tiger, in which, before the animal was conquered, his human opponent received seventeen wounds. The heroic individual who achieved this extraordinary exploit, never could be induced to relate the particulars of the deadly combat; partly from a fear of seeming vain-glorious, and partly from the horror produced on his mind whenever he recollected his death-wrestle with the ferocious creature, and remembered that literally, and not figuratively, he had been in the "jaws of death."

THE LABOUR OF IDLENESS.

Mr. Cook and his son Edward were one day taking a ride on the turnpike road which leads to Chester. "Look at those two boys," said he to his son, "and tell me which works the hardest." Edward did as he was directed. One boy was busily employed breaking large stones, his face was flushed with the exercise, and large drops of perspiration ran down his forehead. The other lay on the grass by the side of the road, and but for his occasionally stretching his arms over his head, and throwing one leg listlessly over the other, he might have supposed to be lifeless. Edward smiled; "You cannot be serious, Sir," said he, "your question does not admit of an answer." "I agree with you," said Mr. Cook, "but still I desire you to give me a direct reply." "That boy certainly works the hardest," said Edward, pointing to the one breaking stones. "I do not agree with you," replied his father; "but they shall themselves decide the point." "You are very tired," said he, stopping before the little labourer, "are you not?" "No, Sir," replied he, briskly, "not very," and looking up as he spoke, his cheerful countenance shewed he had declared the truth. "And you," exclaimed Mr. Cook, turning to the other, "I need not ask you such a question, you cannot be tired." He raised his dull and heavy eyes, and with a kind of half yawn, and partly rising from the ground, he murmured in a low voice, "Indeed but I am." Mr. Cook looked at his son. "Edward," said he, "let not this be forgotten; believe me no taskmaster is so severe as idleness, and no day so irksome as that which is spent in doing nothing."

When the body is indisposed, it is in vain that we call upon the mind for any strenuous application.—*Gallus*.

Fear is often concealed by a show of daring.

THE FOLLY OF WISHES.

"Oh! dear father," cried little Nancy Snell, "how I wish it was always summer, don't you?" "No, Nancy," replied her father, "I do not indeed," "I am surprised you don't," returned Nancy, "the evenings are so cool, and every thing looks so beautiful; and then it is so nice to eat one's supper out of doors, and gooseberry fool is so very, very good.—Oh! I am sure I should always like it to be summer." Her father made no further observation, but waited till a better opportunity offered itself of correcting her improper desires.

Autumn came, and Nancy thought no more of Summer. She rambled among the corn-fields, joined in the cries of harvest home, and enjoyed fruits that were then plentiful. Winter succeeded, but Nancy played at snow ball, slid on the ice with her companions, and never once lamented the joys of summer or autumn. And now spring returned; the hedges were white with blossoms, and cowslips and daisies covered the meadows. "Look father, look," exclaimed Nancy, shewing her bonnet, which she had decorated all around with the flowers she had gathered, "are they not pretty? Oh! I should never be tired of spring, I wish it would last for ever.—" "Ah! Nancy," said her father, "happy it is for you that there is a good and wise God above, who rules the season as He sees fit, and whose purposes are not to be moved by our fancies. It is not very long since you wished it could always be summer; had your desire been granted, you would have lost the enjoyments of autumn, the pastimes of winter, and the gay flowers of spring." "Oh! father," said Nancy, interrupting him, "I see how silly I have been." "Learn then," replied he, "to be content with that which the Almighty gives you. He only knows what is best for us, and never does He show His mercy more than when He denies the foolish wishes we are all too apt to form."

INFLUENCE OF BAD COMPANIONS.

Another unhappy cause of failure in moral education, too common to be passed over in silence, is the influence of bad companions. I here refer to the companions of childhood. Through their unhappy agency, your best instructions and most assiduous efforts may be entirely defeated. Guard your dear child then, to every practicable extent, against such pernicious influence. He needs but few associates out of your own family—choose those for him; and if you cannot make him worthy of such as are good, it were better then that he should have none. No parent ought ever to be ignorant where, and with whom his child spends his hours of recreation, unless he wishes to educate him for perdition. It is task enough to train up a child in the way to life, without

having him often encompassed with a throng, whose example and entire influence is calculated to entice him from duty, and hurry him down the broad road to destruction. Strive to make home pleasant to your children. Do not needlessly interrupt or discourage their innocent amusements; but strive to raise their minds above undue attachment to them, by exciting a taste for books, and furnishing them with such as are most interesting and instructive, and wisely adapted to their age and attainments. No person can imagine how much may be done in this way, till he has made a thorough trial. The difference in effect, upon the mind and heart, between spending an evening in perusing an entertaining book, and spending it with childish, not to say wicked associates, in folly, and in vain, perhaps corrupting conversation, is unspeakably great.

THE MONTHS—No. 12.

DECEMBER is usually a cold and dreary month, though its weather varies exceedingly from year to year. In some seasons it is excessively severe, at others comparatively mild. At this season much suffering and inconvenience are felt, both by the rational and irrational creatures.—Beasts are greatly relieved by the providential increase of their cloathing, and by the forethought, the care, and the interests of their owners; but the wants of the destitute poor do not always meet with such prompt attention. Many are thrown out of employ by the severity of the weather, and are entirely dependent on benevolent institutions, and on the casual liberality of the affluent. To provide for the destitute and afflicted, is the duty and the privilege of those whom God has graciously blessed with the necessary means.

Every season has its peculiar advantages. Summer is the time for roaming abroad amid the wonders and beauties of creation; but Winter is the season when the social feelings can be fully cultivated, and the mind receive large accessions to its stores of information. Lovely is the scene, when an affectionate family are seated around the blazing fire on a cold winter's night, who, by mutual reading and conversation are striving to promote each other's welfare and happiness. And still more lovely is it, when religion sanctifies and sweetens their intercourse.

The latter part of this month is distinguished by three interesting days; the shortest, the Christmas, and the last. Time flies with rapidity, and bears us on its wings to eternity. The old year steals away, and a new one begins with lengthening days, inspiring fresh hope and expectations.

See January first appear,
Best kept at home with plenteous cheer
In February's faint essay,
We gladly mark the lengthen'd day:

*Bleak March's keener winds succeed,
Rough as the newly mounted steed:
April a flattering, face will wear,
Resembling a coquetish fair;
E'en May is often proved a bite,
Warms in the day, but chills a night!
Bright June, in gayest liv'ry drest,
Of Flora's glory is the test;
July presides in Phœbus' smiles,
Whose evening human care beguiles;
Brown August sober pleasure brings,
Maturing heat upon his wings:
September offers to our reach
The cluster'd grape and blushing peach:
October's waning influence yields
The sportsman pleasure in the fields,
November's soaking showers require
The changed coat and blazing fire:
And dark December in the end,
Requires a book and cheerful friend!*

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the Printing Office of the Subscriber, and at the Stationary Stores of Messrs A. & W. Mackinlay, and Mr. J. Munro,

A Sheet Almanack,

FOR 1836.

Containing—the Rising and Setting of the Sun, do of the Moon, and time of high water for each day in the year; a List of the Members of H. M. Council, and House of Assembly, Provincial Officers,—Arrivals and Departures of the Mails—Merchants' Private Signals, and a variety of other useful matter.

H. W. BLACKADAR.

December 4.

ENGRAVING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Halifax, that he has removed his Office immediately opposite Mr. Thor as Forrester's Store.

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G. HOBSON.

November 20, 1835.

JOB PRINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally that he has commenced business in the Building at the head of Mr. M.G. Black's wharf, where he is prepared to execute all Orders in the Printing line; and hopes to merit a share of their favors.

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H. W. BLACKADAR.

Halifax, July, 1835

POETRY.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

There is a voice of magic power
To charm the old, delight the young—
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue,
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptur'd on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepar'd to fly;
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Of springs from some low broken word:
O praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their darling victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love, of praise, to hear?
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear—
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps, who never shed a tear;
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

The poet too—ah! well I deem,
Small is the need the tale to tell;
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight well?
Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
In memory cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope can lend a deathless day?

'Tis sweet to watch Affection's eye;
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer's heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens to the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can smother the mourning name,
Of her soul's wedded partner riv'n,
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!

That voice can quiet passion's mood;
Can humble merit raise on high;

And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of Immortality;
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine,
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—
My mother, need I say 'tis thine!

VARIETIES.

THE TURNPIKE OF LIFE.

We are all on a journey The world through which we are passing, is in some respects, like a turnpike; all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll gates, for the accommodation of those who choose to call in as they go: and there are very few of all the host of travellers, who do not occasionally stop a little at some one of them; and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount, as in the kind of toll exacted at the different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates; the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way, is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the onset; she tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands; but she taxes without mercy, like an artful robber she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off a miserable object, into the very worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll gatherer on the road; for he not only gets from his customers their money and health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you see in the road ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors.

And so might I go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary.—Accidents some times happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain common sense men, who travel straight forward, get through their journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the onset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with.—We are all apt to do a great deal as our companions do; stop where they stop; and pay where they pay. Ten chances to one then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid a due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is, closely to observe how others manage, to mark the good or ill that is produced by every course of life; see how those who do well, manage, and trace the cause of all evil to its origin in conduct. Thus

you will make yourself master of the information most necessary to regulate your conduct. There is no difficulty in working things right if you know how; by these means you learn.

Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to be a second nature—good habits, I speak of: bad ones are more easily acquired; they are the spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly without care or culture.

CHARITY.—Charity begins at home. And there it should begin. Its holy fervour should first warm our own bosoms, expel selfishness from the throne of the heart, and kindle the generous flame of philanthropy towards all mankind. Have we wants of our own? Then relieve those also who have them. Have we tender and beloved children? Then relieve the children of those whose hands death or want has bound in helplessness. Does the object differ from us in religion or political opinion? Relieve him and wonder at the magnificence of the human mind, whether it brighten under the sunbeams of truth, or wander far distant in chase of the ignis fatuus of error—wonder at the sublime power of thought, that mind, wherever found, develops—wonder at the fullness of devotion which you may raise in a grateful bosom. The affectionate table of the heart is a fitting place to record immortal deeds. Let charity then begin at home—and let it end only where humanity ceases where not a human form breathes to bless its impulses.

SADNESS.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought through the mind. Again a second will come across the ocean of memory, gloomy and as solemn as a knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes, and sunny feeling of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence. Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow, and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing the momentary abode of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

Proverbs not only present but sometimes are expressed in elegant metaphor. I was struck with a oriental one of this sort, which I met with in some book of travels: "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes sault."