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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 27

HALIFAX, MARCH 18, 1836.

No. 9.

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
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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

Whereby the world that then was, being overflowed
with water, perished.—2 Peter iii. 6.

There are certain persons who boast of their knowledge of the formation of the world, and talk as if they had penetrated through the globe. Those only who conform their views to the bible, write sensibly upon the subject, for the others are continually quarrelling unconsciously and indirectly with their own littleness and conceit. They take great pains to refute objections which exist nowhere but in their own fancy; and impose unnecessary limits upon the assertions of each other, that they may combat opinions which have never been expressed. But Mr. Granville Penn considers that the earth was broken up and destroyed at the universal deluge; and that the world which we now inhabit is built upon its ruins. Our text says that it "perished," and there are other passages in the sacred volume, which prove it to have materially changed. But nothing shows this so plainly as the abundance of fossil remains found imbedded in the different soils of which it is composed.

There are some surprising antediluvian animals in the British Museum, changed entirely into stone, one of which is the Ichthyosaurus. It must have been an enormous creature indeed, but very possibly quite in character with the time in which it lived; for men then attained to the age of many hundred years, and might have been proportionably larger and stronger than they are now. The bible, indeed, speaks of giants: "The head of the Ichthyosaurus, which is the most perfect part remaining, very much resembles that of a pike or jack, though it is beyond all comparison larger. A very short time ago, a similar animal was dug up near Bedford, and may be seen in one of the rooms belonging to the public library in that town.

Though the world is now some thousand years old, men are constantly making new discoveries in the three kingdoms of nature. This circumstance alone should lead us to speak cautiously, think soberly, and act humbly.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES I.

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, and satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have caused his character to be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries.

Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he possessed; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness.

While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people.

While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable; but fitter for discourse on general maxims, than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frail judgment: exposed to our ridicule from his vanity; but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity.

Of political courage he was certainly destitute; and thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery; an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

That James was but a middling writer, may be allowed: that he was a contemptible one, can by no means be admitted. Whoever will read his *Basilicon Doron*, particularly the last two books; the *True Law of Free Monarchies*; his *Answer to cardinal Peiron*; and almost all his speeches and messages to parliament; will confess him to have possessed no mean genius. If he wrote concerning witches and apparitions, who, in that age, did not admit the reality of these fictitious beings? From the grossness of its superstitions, we may infer the ignorance of an age; but never should pronounce concerning the folly of an individual, for his admitting popular errors consecrated by the appearance of religion.

He expired on the 27th of March, 1625, after a reign over England of twenty-two years and some days: and in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His reign over Scotland was almost of equal duration with his life. In all history it would be difficult to find a reign less illustrious, yet more unspotted and unblemished, than that of James, in both kingdoms.

THE VILLAGE.—No. 5.

HARRY STANLEY, AND MARY PARSONS

This morning I had occasion to cross the river, so I walked down to Job Stanly, the ferryman, that he might ferry me over in his boat. Job was, however, in bed, and could not attend to his boat himself, for he had just had such a ducking in the river, that it was necessary for him to jump into a warm bed to avoid taking a severe cold. I will relate the circumstance just as it took place.

It appeared that Job Stanley's wife had taken a pail down to the river's side to fetch some water; but having occasion to go further, she set down the pail, and walked along the bank of the river. Soon after this, one of the children, a little girl, seeing the pail standing near the boat, took it into her head that her mother had fallen into the water, and away she ran to tell the tale to her father.

Job Stanley and his wife did not live together on the best terms, but, on the contrary, often quarrelled, and sometimes even struck each other. I have reproved them again and again on this account, but all in vain.

We must not be surprised that evil passions should reign where the fear of God has not subdued the heart. A meek and for-

bearing spirit is worth a kingdom; for, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

But though Job Stanley often quarrelled with his wife, he was not without affection for her, for she had many good qualities. The moment he heard that she had tumbled into the river, he ran to the water with all speed, leaped into the boat, and from thence into the river. After groping about for some time at the bottom, he came up for breath, and then, down again he went, but with no better success than before, for he could not find his wife. When he again raised his head above water, he looked about him, and then it was that he saw his wife running towards him, along the bank of the river. As the water was very cold, Job was glad to get of his wet clothes, from every thread of which the water dripped as he made the best of his way home. This circumstance gave me a good opportunity of talking a little to Molly Stanley about the frequent quarrels which I well knew had taken place between them, and of exhorting her to do her part to prevent a return of them.

While I was thus talking to Job Stanley's wife, I heard a cry, and, running out of the house, I saw Harry Stanley, a sad mischievous lad about seven years of age, mounted on a great strong wagon-horse. The horse strided along towards the river, over which some other horses had just been ferried in the horse-boat. Harry Stanley roared out, and tried to stop the horse, but in vain; and before I could get to them, the horse, with Harry on his back, was swimming across the river. I expected every moment either to see the lad fall into the water, or the horse carried down the stream by the force of the current; but, providentially, both got safe to the other side. If the horse had not been a powerful creature, and if Harry had not clung closely to him, one or both must have been drowned. The only loss he sustained was that of his hat.

"Now, Molly," said I to his mother, who was then standing at my elbow on the brink of the river, half frightened out of her senses, "you have another especial mercy to thank God for: the life of your son has been preserved. O, bring him up in the fear of the Lord, that, as he has been plucked from the overwhelming waters, so he may be snatched as a brand from the burning, to fear, to love, and to obey the Lord.

I shall not be enabled to say the one half of what I know about the village, and of the young people who live among the scattered cottages; and therefore must confine myself to what I judge may be most useful to my young readers.

In the very next cottage to that where Job Stanley lives, Sukey Williams was alive two years ago, but now the green grass grows over her grave. Mary Parsons, her granddaughter lived with her. Mary now lives

up at the squire's, and I trust she is an altered girl to what she once was. She was a headstrong and a selfish child, and cared but little about others, so that she could have her own way. How contrary was this to the temper and spirit required of us by the word of God! "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Poor old Sukey was kind and patient to her granddaughter, whose selfishness sometimes cut her to the heart. Sukey had a rose-tree which usually bore many roses; but two summers ago it happened that only one bud grew upon the tree; Sukey set great store by this bud, and would not willingly have had it gathered for a crown-peace. Mary knew all this, and yet, one day when she went out with two playmates, she went straight to the tree, and gathered the rosebud, merely because her playmates had roses sticking in their bosoms. Foolish child! she got a rose by her selfishness, which gave her pleasure for an hour or two; but she planted a thorn in her heart, which she has not got rid of to this hour.

Sukey soon missed her rose, and mourned over it; for aged people often think as much of trifles as children do, and young people should learn to bear with them. Old age is full of infirmities, and has quite enough to endure without being afflicted by the unkindness of children.

As soon as Mary came home, Sukey espied her rose faded at her bosom. "Mary!" said Sukey, "a time will come when you will be sorry for this sin." That time did come, sure enough and shortly too; for when the brier was bent over the grave of poor old Sukey, Mary bent over it, too, and sighed and sobbed with bitterness of spirit, in calling to mind the words of her grandmother; but it was too late then.

It is true that Mary stuck many a rose and sprig of laurel upon the hillock which covered the remains of her grandmother; but one kind word and deed in her life-time, would have been more to Sukey than a thousand roses and branches of laurel when she was dead. Children! children! while you call to mind the flowers withering away over poor Sukey, be it yours, by attention, obedience, and deeds of kindness, to give joy to the aged relatives around you; for, depend upon it, it is a bitter thing to walk over the grave of those we have used unkindly. May the grace of God constrain you to act with kindness to all, and dispose your hearts to avoid the selfishness of Mary Parsons.

WHO CAN BEAR TO BE TOLD OF HIS FAULTS?

Concluded.

I once borrowed, from a conscientious clergyman, the manuscript of a sermon which I had heard him deliver. It had struck me as a most impressive discourse and the reading it over again only strengthened

me in the opinion I entertained. On returning it, I drew his attention to a passage that he had quoted as a text of holy scripture, but which in reality was taken from the apocrypha, although it was very similar in expression to one in the inspired volume. The best of men have infirmities, and this conscientious minister of the gospel had his, for he was evidently mortified by the detection of his error. It was too late to offer any explanation or to soften the matter, for I read in his countenance very plainly, that any attempt to borrow another manuscript would be in vain. He was a good man, but he could not bear to be told of his faults.

This very day I was put sadly out of temper myself, when I ought not to have been so. It happened that I had promised to bring home a humming-top for my youngest boy, but it rained when I passed near the shop, and it was troublesome to put down my umbrella; so I went on, and did not buy the humming-top. When I got home, the first cry was, "Have you brought me my humming-top?" and when I said "No," Harry walked rather sullenly into the kitchen, where I heard him say to Betty, the housemaid, "Papa tells us we must not break our promises, but he does not mind breaking them himself: he has never brought home my humming-top, though he promised it so faithfully." I could have taken the young rebel and shaken him, so angry did I feel at his thus proclaiming my error; but a few moments' reflection satisfied me that I, and not he, was to blame. Like the rest of the world, I had been impatient when I should have been patient: I could not bear to be told of my faults.

Reader, may not you and I be both guilty in this respect? Perhaps we have faults, but we are unwilling to be reminded of them. Whence does this evil arise? Does not conscience reply, It is because we possess so little of that self-knowledge and humility, which are enjoined in the sacred scriptures? Surely he that convinces us of one fault is a better friend than he who flatters us with many excellences; "faithful are the words of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy, (of an unfaithful friend) are deceitful," Prov. xxvii. 6.

Let us seek the humble disposition of the psalmist, who could sincerely say, "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head," Psalm cxli. 5.

AIR.

At each breath we draw, more than a cubic inch of oxygen, or of the vital principle, of the air is consumed, and as this principle constitutes one fourth of the air exhaled, if pure, it forms but a fifth part of that which is exhaled from the lungs. Now the number of respirations is about twenty-five per minute, or fifteen hundred hourly. Suppose then a person, to sleep eight hours in a perfectly close room, and to breathe successive volumes of pure air, without any admixture of that exhaled, and at the end of that time

he will have entirely consumed, so far as this vital principle is concerned, twenty feet of atmospheric air. This however, is a mere illustration of the subject, for the circumstances supposed cannot occur, but it serves to show the importance of two things, viz: a large room and abundant ventilation. Unless attention be paid to ventilation, the air is much more rapidly contaminated than is generally supposed. Its extreme fluidity leads us to imagine that a body of it cannot for any considerable time, retain its place undisturbed. On the contrary, it is found that, where there are no causes of disturbance, air will remain for a long time stationary. Thus, the fixed air which forms in the vats of brewers being especially heavier than the atmosphere, will keep its place for an indefinite period. In the case of the sleeping apartment, our own senses inform us of the change which is produced by respiration, and the effluvia from our persons. After leaving our room if it remained closed, we find on returning to it that the air is close and offensive. A sleeping apartment should be of the largest size which can be commanded, and should be well aired through the day to prepare it for reception at night. Even at night the health is best promoted by having a door left partly open, and many persons find the addition of a current from the window, if at a reasonable distance, no disadvantage. The question is often asked, as to the expediency of keeping fire in the sleeping apartment, during severe weather. A fire kept burning through the night is decidedly prejudicial to a person in health; if his body be well covered he cannot suffer from breathing an atmosphere of low temperature: and he is a gainer by being better prepared to admit into the lungs, the cold air which he meets abroad. Besides, cold air being more condensed, furnishes more oxygen within the space, from which the blood gains in richness, and the skin in color. A fire kept through the day and extinguished at bed-time, subjects the room to the disadvantage of a decreasing temperature through the night, a source of discomfort and even of danger.

In regard to fires, it should be recollected, that they act on the atmosphere, not only by consuming its oxygen, but by diminishing its moisture. It is a familiar fact that the higher the temperature of the air, the greater the amount of moisture which it is capable of dissolving; hence the external atmosphere, warmed by the sun's rays, retains its due proportion of this principle. But when air is artificially heated, there being no supply from which moisture can be obtained, it becomes unnaturally dry, and from this cause ill-fitted for maintaining in full vigor the vital processes. Many persons on entering a hot room, find themselves greatly annoyed by this circumstance, the membrane of the nose is deprived of its moisture, of evaporation, and the sensation is at once produced of difficult respiration; as if the usual passage were obstructed. To remedy this drying of the air by artificial heat, the plan has been adopted of placing a vessel of water near the fire, the evaporation of which may furnish moisture to take the place of that abstracted; and this expedient will be found to answer a very good purpose. Dry hot air is injurious to furniture, and still more so to books, warming the backs, and springing the leaves. We have known books removed spontaneously from their shelves in consequence of their vicinity to the hot draught of air from a furnace.

SUNDAY.—The daily occurrences of a week of business absorb the mind so much that were it not for the regular return of the sabbath, a majority of human beings would nearly forget that any thing else was necessary in this world but money when it was needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover, and luxuries to feed our pampered appetites. But christianity has consulted the wants of man and the weakness of his nature, by the institution of one day in seven.

How happy must a virtuous man feel to escape from the trammels of a bad world, to one day of sober reflection, or pious indulgence, or of religious consolation! The mariner, who after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some verdant island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his fortune than he, who having weathered the misgivings of the week, sits down in his own pew, in his own church, and joins in the service and praise of his great Maker.

FOR THE MIRROR.

PASLM 6th.

To thee my God, my voice I raise,
O! listen to my cries!
And let my humble songs of praise,
Ascend above the skies.

When morning dawns in the day,
A sacrifice I'll bring,
Unto thy throne,—and homage pay
To thee, my Lord and King.

In ways of wickedness and sin,
Thou canst not take delight;
Nor shall the foolish or profane,
Stand guiltless in thy sight.

A lying and deceitful tongue,
Thou also dost abhor,
Distress and anguish will ere long,
Be theirs for evermore.

But through thy mercies I will go,
Within thy house of prayer,
Will worship in thy courts below,
With love and holy fear.

In righteousness may I be led,
And guarded ev'ry hour;
And may thy Spirit on me shed,
Its sanctifying pow'r.

Let all who trust in thee rejoice,
With glad songs of praise,
And with united heart and voice,
Their hymns of honor raise.

For thou dost graciously defend,
Thy children from their foes,
And those who on thy word depend,
In safety shall repose.

The righteous shall be richly bless'd
Who humbly seek thy face:
Thou wilt bestow what they request,
And shield them by thy grace.

S. B.

The Weekly Mirror.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1836.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, 14th March, 1836.

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments, provisionally, viz:

Mr. John W. Homer, to be Acting Sub-Collector of the Customs for the Port of Barrington, vice Joseph Homer, superannua-

ated.—Mr. John Garby, 4th Clerk in the Customs Department at the Port of Halifax, to be 3d Clerk.—Mr. Samuel Story, extra Clerk to the Collector, to be 4th Clerk.—Mr. J. G. Boggs, to be Acting Land Waiter and Searcher for the Port of Halifax, vice Dean, absent with leave on account of ill-health.—Mr. Jacob Miller, to be Acting 3d Waiter, Searcher and Tide Surveyor, vice Foster, absent on leave on account of ill-health.—Mr. Wm. Hill, to be Acting Tide Surveyor, vice Holder, absent on leave on account of ill-health.

Communicated.—Mr. Crawford exhibited to the Union Engine Company last evening, a model of a Fire Engine, in perfect order, which is capable of discharging six gallons of water per minute, with a cylinder of 6½ inches in length, and 25-16 inches in diameter—length of stroke nearly 4 inches—the cylinder and air vessel being of glass, are calculated to shew the action of air and water. The ingenuity and workmanship displayed by Mr. C. in this *Miniature Engine*, does him the greatest credit, and shows him to be perfectly acquainted with the nature of Hydraulics—his exertions entitle him to the warmest thanks of all connected with the Fire Department.—*Gazette.*

☞ The Mail for England, by H. M. Packet Delight, will be closed on Saturday evening next, at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, Mr. James Findlay, Tailor, of Morayshire, Scotland, to Mrs. Margaret Ann Gray, of this Town.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Wm. Jackson, Mr. William Patterson, to Miss Mary Dowling, both of this town.

DIED.

On Sunday evening, after a short but severe illness, Thomas Cumming, son of James Lessel, aged 9 years and 10 months; rejoicing at leaving this world, and in the hope of a better, his last request was that the scholars of his Sunday School might attend his Funeral. His winning and unobtrusive gentleness will be long remembered in the circle in which he was best known with fond regret.

On Wednesday last, Mr. David Hutton, aged 54 years.

At Lunenburg on the 19th February, Mr. Thomas Penny, aged 66 years—an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

On the 14th January 1836, at the House of Robert Scarfe, Esq. in Liverpool G. B. aged 90 years, Mary Sutherland, relict, of the late Mr. William Sutherland, and a long time a resident in this town.

☞ Bills of Lading, Seamen's Articles, &c. for sale at this office.

POETRY.

ODE TO MARCH.

BY ELEANOR SNOWDEN.

Let cold Philosophers extol
The calm that flows the world retreats,
One thrill of rapture's worth the whole
Of apathy's insipid sweets!
Let timid tremblers fly
From ev'ry storm, and sigh
For May's soft zephyrs and unclouded sky;
Thy gales, rude March, be mine!
Tame beauty who would not resign
For boldness, force, sublimity like thine?
O joy! to see thee, tempest-king,
With thy land-whirlwinds toss the trees;
O ecstasy! when thou dost fling
A blackness o'er the troubled seas,
'To dare the cliff's dread verge,
And mark thee, Thunderer, urge
To foaming fury the rebellious surge;
Or, couch'd 'mid hollow caves,
'To list the roar of winds and waves;—
Music, that each poetic ear enslaves!
The warrior loves thy martial name;
That sound can make his bosom beat,
That word unto the field of fame
Hath buried oft his eager feet:
The patriot doth recall
In thee ambition's fall,
The deed that rescued Rome from tyrant-thrall;
While the deep-musing mind
E'v'n in thy treach'rous gusts doth find
A faithful type of faithless human kind.
Thine is the charm of change—the flow'rs
Sprinkling thy blast-dishvell'd locks,
Look doubly smiling, like glad hours
Amid life's agitating shocks.
And April, thy meek child,
Seems yet more fair and mild,
Led onward by a sire so stern and wild;
As Hope's consoling light
Is never half so dear, so bright,
As when it dawns through sorrow's stormy night!

VARIETIES.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.—The over-mastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted by travellers; but from my own inquiries among lion hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote that was related to me a few days ago, by Major Mackintosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not confined to the lion. An officer in India, having once rambled into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a large tiger. The meeting appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The officer had no fire-arms; and was aware that the sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face: he did so, and in a few minutes the tiger, which appeared preparing to take his fatal spring, grew disturbed, shrunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer looked constantly on the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the

thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in its attempt to catch him by surprise, till it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his pleasure walk. The direction he took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tent at double quick time.—[Thompson's Southern Africa.

SOUNDS.—What a noisy creature would a man be, were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust. A locust can be heard at the distance of 1-16 of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce; so that a middling size man would weigh down not short of 4,000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not out weigh four of our locusts. Supposing therefore, that a common man weighs as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard 1-16 of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limb, ought to be able to make himself distinctly heard at the distance of 1,600 miles; and when he succeed, "his house might fall about his ears!"

THE BOUQUET OF ROSES.—There is no condition in life so cheerless, in which some ray of pleasure does not sometimes penetrate—nor is there a calling so laborious, or full of care; that no green or sunny spot is occasionally found, where the mind can rest with delight and the heart enjoy true pleasure. Such moments, though fleeting, yet do sometimes come, like the distant sound of a serenade breaking the stillness of a Summer night and awaking the soul to benevolence and harmony. Where the selfishness and worldliness of man have not already deadened the finer sensibilities of nature, nothing comes with such genial influence over the moral emotions, as an evidence, that amid the mass of human and unsanctified feelings that are at work in the world around us, there yet exists, here and there, a little of that benevolence, which instead of partial only, should pervade and bind together the bosoms of all. The kindness which prompts the gift of a simple bouquet of flowers, is, trifling as the act may seem, a link in the great chain of benevolence—which, when peace on earth and good will among men shall have become universal, will encircle all.

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.—"When I was a young man," said an aged minister, another young man, not far distant from where I lived, kept a store. One night he was awakened by the alarm of fire. He ran to the fire, and found it was his own store. The flames were spreading; he went in at a risk, once and again, to bring out goods, were no others would venture. The last time he went in, the men at the door all cried, 'Come out! come out!' He leaped towards the door—the building fell and crushed him dead! He was one minute too

late."—So there are many sinners, busy about worldly cares, who would be escaping the flames, but who will be one minute too late; for they will not awake to their danger till death has overtaken them. Then amid the hurry and agony of the dying hour they will be unfit, and they will have no time to flee from the coming wrath. One minute too late.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—A complete and generous education is that which clearly instructs the understanding, regulates the will, and teaches the proper use of the passions, and forms the manners.

It consists in preparing the mind, by furnishing it with such sound principles of truth, maxims and rules of prudence, as shall enable a man, with integrity, benevolence, fortitude and wisdom, in the fear of God, to execute all the duties of the personal, social, and religious life, to the honor of God, and his own eternal happiness.


The great end of a wise and good education is to repair, as far as we can, the ruins of our first parents, and recover ourselves, in some measure, from the deep corruption of the human powers—by regaining the clear and right knowledge of God, and from that distinct and just apprehension of his being and perfections, to love him, and resemble and adore him.

SACRIFICES.—We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over those ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us; when we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; and when we come to act, we cannot bear even a provoking word.

HISTORIANS.—We find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth? it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public; by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.

We must never put a jest in the wrong place. It offends instead of pleasing, and vitiates our own judgements, as well as other men's. The ridicule is only proper when it comes in with a good grace, and in a manner which both pleases and instructs.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

 **Widow's Pension Certificates, (new form,) for sale at this Office.**