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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE FOX, OR JACKAL.

It is somewhat doubtful, whether the fox of scripture be the common fox, or the jackal—the little eastern fox, as Hasselquist calls him.

The jackal, or Thaleb, as it is called in Arabia and Egypt, is said to be of the size of a middling dog, resembling the fox in the hinder parts, particularly the tail; and the wolf in the fore parts, especially the nose. Its legs are shorter than those of the fox, and its color is of a bright yellow; or in the warmest climates rather of a reddish brown.

Although this species of the wolf approaches very near to that of the dog, yet the jackal seems to be placed between them; to the savage fierceness of the wolf, it adds the impudent familiarity of the dog. Its cry is a howl, mixed with barking, and a lamentation resembling that of human distress. It is more noisy in its pursuits even than the dog, and more voracious than the wolf; though it never goes alone but always in a pack of forty or fifty together. They are very little afraid of mankind, but pursue their game to the very doors, without testifying either attachment or apprehension. They enter insolently into the sheep-folds, the yards, and the stables, and, when they can find nothing else, devour the leather harness, boots, and shoes and run off with what they have not time to swallow. They not only attack the living, but the dead; scratching up with their feet the new-made graves, and devouring the corpse. They always assist each other as well in this employment of exhumation, as in that of the chase; and while at their dreary work, exhort each other by a most mournful cry, resembling that of children under chastisement. Like all other savage animals, when they have once tasted human flesh, they can never after refrain from pursuing mankind. They watch the burying grounds, follow armies, and keep in the rear of caravans.

Such is the character which naturalists have furnished of the jackal, or Egyptian fox: let us see what references are made to it in scripture. To its carnivorous habits there is an allusion in Psalm lxxiii. 9, 10: 'Those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth: they shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes;' and to its ravages in the vineyard, Solomon alludes in Cant. ii. 15: 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.' The meaning is, that false teachers corrupt the purity of doctrine, obscure the simplicity of worship, overturn the beau-

ty of a painted order, break the unity of believers, and extinguish the life and vigor of Christian practice. These words of Ezekiel may be understood in the same sense: 'O Jerusalem! thy prophets. (or, as the context gives the sense,) thy flattering teachers, are as foxes in the deserts,' chap. xiii. 4. This name they receive, because with vulpine subtilty, they speak lies in hypocrisy. Such teachers the apostle calls 'wolves in sheep's clothing;' 'deceitful workers, who, by their cunning, subvert whole houses; and whose word, like the tooth of a fox upon the vine, eats as a canker.'

### FLAX.

This is a well known vegetable, upon which the industry of mankind has been exercised with the greatest success and utility. On passing a field of it, one is struck with astonishment, when he considers that this apparently insignificant plant may, by the labor and ingenuity of man, be made to assume an entirely new form and appearance, and to contribute to pleasure and health, by furnishing us with agreeable and ornamental apparel.

From time immemorial, Egypt was celebrated for the production or manufacture of flax. Wrought into inner garments, it constituted the principal dress of the inhabitants, and the priests never put on any other kind of clothing. The fine linen of Egypt is celebrated in all ancient authors, and its superior excellence is mentioned in the sacred Scripture. The manufacture of flax is still carried on in that country.

In Deut. 22. 11, is a prohibition of wearing a garment of flax and wool. The original word translated 'linen and woollen,' (Lev. xix. 19), is difficult of explanation. We are inclined to believe that it must rather refer to a garment of divers sorts, than to what we call 'lirsey woolsey;' to one made up of patchwork, differently colored and arranged, perhaps, for pride and show, like the coat of many colors made by Jacob for his son Joseph, Gen. xxxvii. 3.

In predicting the gentleness, caution, and tenderness with which the Messiah should manage his administration, Isaiah (ch. xli. 3) happily illustrates it by a proverb: 'The bruised reed he shall not break, and the smoking flax he shall not quench.' He shall not break even a bruised reed, which snaps asunder immediately when pressed with any considerable weight; nor shall he extinguish even the smoking flax, or the wick of a lamp, which, when it first begins to kindle, is put out by every motion. With such kind and condescending regards to the weakest of his people, and to the first openings and symptoms of a hopeful character, shall he proceed till he send forth judgement unto victory,

or till he make his righteous cause victorious. This place is quoted in Matt. xii. 20. where, by an easy metonymy, the material for the thing made, flax, is used for the wick of a lamp or taper; and that, by a synecdoche for the lamp or taper itself, which, when near going out, yields more smoke than light. 'He will not extinguish, or put out the dying lamp.'

## EMIGRATION.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I went the other day to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship, Helen Douglass, for the British settlements of America. Among the rest was Adam Holiday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and I think, nine sons and daughters: but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two oldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Ainslie, was there distributing little tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he and Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place,—

"Now, Aidie, my man, ye're to behave yourself, and no be like a woman and greet, I canna bide to see the tears comin' papplin' ower thae manly young cheeks; for though you an' Jamie wad hae been my riches, my strength, an' shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o' my power to take ye wi' me just now.—Therefore, be good lads, an' mind the things that's good. Read your Bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother an' me, an' we'll a' work together to ans another's hands."

"I dinna want to gang, father," said Adam, "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken weel how you are circumstanced, an' how ye hae been circumstanced, an' how ye hae been screwed at home. But if there's siller to be made in Scotland in an honest way Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

But this time poor little James' heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. Ye ken how weel I would hae

likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leaving ye is takin' the pith out o' my arm. But it's out o' my power to take ye just now; for, as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. But ye're young an' healthy an' stout, an' gin ye be good lads, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mither, an' help them."

"But since friends are partit, an' the half o' the globe atween them, there's but a sma' chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with a most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to to hae gune wi' ye an' helpit ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye. It's an awfu' thing to be left in that country where ane has nae hame to gang to whatever may befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpkess desolation, that preyed on his boys heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before to morrow; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a bay-loft.

Having resolved to sail with the Helen Douglass as far as the point of Cumberland, I attended the next day at the quay where a great number of persons were assembled to take farewell of their friends. There were four boats lying ready to take the emigrants on board.—The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting, rather decently, when the captain stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir your two sons are entered, as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking leave of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday; "why the poor fellows hae na left themselves a boddle in helpin' to fit out their-mother an' me; and how can they enter themselves as passengers?"

"They are entered as passengers however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid for to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination, but if any more is required I am authorized to advance that likewise."

"An' wha is the generous friend that has done this!" cried Haliday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. He has strengthened my arms, and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independent man—at oace, tell me now wha is the good man!—was it Mr. Hogg?"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you Mr. Haliday," said he; "let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as paid."

"I winna set my fit aff the coast o' Scotland sir," said Haliday, "until I ken wha has done this generous deed. If he should

never be paid mair, he can be nae the vaur o' an auld man's prayers night and morning; so, I winna set a fit into a boat—I winna leave the shores o' auld Scotland till I gon wha my benefactor is. Can I gang awa without kenning wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me a' I was born! Na, na! I canna captain: sae ye may as weel tell me at aince.

"Then since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him!" fell I think, from every tongue that was present. The mother of the young men was first at the old pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstasy, mixed with tears and convulsive laughter said, "Now, honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win, or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this. There was never sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up. Hn' ye shall hae your money, good auld Christian—ye shall hae your siller!" exclaimed both of the young lads.

"Na, na, Aidie Haliday, say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar, "d'ye ken man, I had sundry very strong motives for this: in the first place, I saw that you could not do without the lads; an' mair than that, I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eiry, to vend my wares for a year or twa, an' I wantit to hae ae house at ony rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters. I'll ca' for my slier, Aidie, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't; an' if I dinna ca' for't be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's ne'er ony siller reaches this frae America."

I never envied any man's feeling more than I did the old pedlar that day when all the grateful family were around him, and every eye turned on him with admiration.

#### GREENLAND FISHERY; TURNING OF AN ICEBERG.

From Capt. Maryat's Jacob Faithful.

"I should like very much to go a voyage to the whale fishery, replied I; "I've heard so much about it from you.

"It is a stirring life, and a hard life Jacob? still it is an exciting one. Some voyages will turn out very pleasant, but sometimes when there is continuance of bad weather it is dreadful. I recollect one voyage which made me show more grey hairs than all the others; and I think I have been twenty two in all. We were in the drift ice, forcing our way to the Northward, when it came on to blow; the sea rose, and after a weeks gale, it was tremendous. We had little daylight, and when it was day light, the fog was so thick that we could see but

little; there we were tossing among the large drift ice, meeting immense icebergs which bore down with all the force of the gale, and each time narrowly escaped perishing; the rigging was loaded with ice; the bows of the ship were cased with it; the men were more than half frozen, and we could not move a rope through a block, without pouring boiling water through it first to clear it out. But then the long, dreary, dreadful nights, when we were rising on the mountain-wave, and then pitching down into the trough, not knowing but that at each send we might strike upon the ice below, and go to the bottom immediately afterwards. All pitchy dark, and wind howling, and as it struck, cutting you to the backbone with its cold searching power, the waves dancing all black around you, and every now and then perceiving, by its white colour and the foam encircling it a huge mass of ice borne upon you and hurled against you as if there were a demon, who was using it as an engine for your destruction. I never shall forget the turning of an iceberg during that dreadful gale, which lasted for a month and three days.

I dont know what that means, Sir.

Why you must know, Jacob, that the icebergs are all fresh water, and are supposed to have been detached from the land by the force of the weather and other causes. Now although ice floats, yet it floats deep: that is, if an iceberg is five hundred feet high above the water, it is generally six times as deep below the water, do you understand?

Perfectly, Sir.

Now, Jacob, the water is much warmer than the air, and in consequence, the ice under the water melts away much faster; so that if an iceberg has been some time afloat, at last the part that is below is not so heavy as that which is above; then it turns, that is, it upsets and floats in another position.

I understand you, Sir.

Well, we were close to an iceberg, which was to windward of us, a very tall one indeed; and we reckoned that we should get clear of it, for we were carrying a press of sail to effect it. All hands were eagerly watching the iceberg, as it came down very fast before the storm. All of a sudden it blew twice as hard as before, and then one of the men shouted out, *Turning, turning!* sure enough it was. There was its towering summit gradually bowing towards us, until it almost appeared as if the peak was over our heads. Our fate appeared inevitable, as the whole mountain of ice was descending on the vessel, and would, of course, have crushed us into atoms. We all fell on our knees, praying mentally, and watching its awful descent; even the man at the helm did the same although he did not let go the spokes of the wheel. It had nearly half turned over, right for us, when the ice below being heavier on one side than on the other, gave it a more slanting impetus; and shifting the direction of its fall, it plunged

into the sea about a cables length astern us, throwing up the water to the heavens in foam, and blinding us all with the violence with which it dashed into our faces. For a minute, the run of the waves was checked, and the sea appeared to boil and dance, throwing up peaked pointed masses of water in all directions, one sinking, another rising; the ship rocked as if she were drunk; even the current of the gale was checked for a moment, and the heavy sails flapped and cleared themselves of their icy varnishing—then all was over. There was an iceberg of another shape astern of us; the gale recommenced the waves pressed each other on as before; and we felt the return of the gale, awful as it was, as a reprieve.

*Anticipation of the Mail in Nineteen hundred and thirty five, one hundred years hence.*—ITEMS OF NEWS.—The one hundred and fifty-ninth anniversary of American Independence was celebrated a day or two since, by some of the descendants of the sixth generation of the old soldiers who declared themselves independent. Yesterday morning the balloon Fiery comet, arrived and anchored its parachute in the Auburn city Hotel, and landed her passengers in one hour and thirty minutes from New York. The papers of this morning bring the latest accounts from the Mediterranean, by the arrival of the balloon Lightning at Boston, from Gibraltar, in twelve hours and ten minutes; by them we learn another eruption has taken place at Mount Vesuvius:—

Since Saturday last, (three days) seven hundred locomotive engines, with their trains of cars, passed through our city going west, and one thousand going east. The gigantic work of constructing a tunnel under the Atlantic is progressing rapidly—the difficulty at the gulf Stream will be surmounted. The locomotive engine machine of one of our farmers near this city, was injured by a collapse of a boiler last week. It is said there is a horse to be seen at the Farmer's Exchange, on the dock by the lake, in the upper part of this city. A horse is a curiosity in these days; in old times, as we read, they used to use them for draft animals. The sleeve of one of the fashionable ladies who figured one hundred years ago, was shown us yesterday—it is a curiosity—there is not more than three yards of cloth in it. We learn by an old newspaper that there were a species of the mule part of the human family in old times that were designated dandies—they were considered the exquisites of that age. [Auburn Miscellany.]

## ST. JOHN'S, N. F. SEPT. 22.

**CONFLAGRATION.**—This devoted Town has been visited with another calamitous fire. On Sunday evening last, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, flames were observed bursting from the roof of a house occupied by a person of the name of Crane, a Cooper, residing nearly opposite the premises of Messrs. Rennie, Stuart & Co. In a few minutes the destroying element had extended to the adjoining houses, and soon afterwards, the whole block of buildings fronting on Water-street, and occupied by Mr. Matthew Pope, Mr. Jas. Cullen, Mr. Patrick Doyle of the Globe Tavern, and others, with the houses on both sides of Waldgrave Street, were enveloped in flames. Happily, there was no wind, and, by great exertions and with much difficulty, the fire was prevented from extending, in Water Street, to the houses occupied by Egan and Komy, Mr. Pulk, &c. and to the houses of Mr. Funchion and others at the head of Waldgrave Street. The extensive premises of Messrs. Rennie, Stuart & Co. being built of stone, fortunately prevented the flames extending to the south side of Water-street.—Such, however, was the great heat from the burning pile opposite, that the wooden water-shutes on these premises were burnt away, and some of the lead on the roof melted. We cannot too highly praise the indefatigable endeavors made by the Military, the Fire Companies, and inhabitants generally, to arrest the progress of the flames, which, about 10 o'clock, was accomplished—but not before about 60 tenements were reduced to ashes, and it is stated at a rough calculation, from 70 to 80 families (mostly very poor people) thrown houseless, and many of them entirely destitute, on the charity of the world. One or two distressing accidents, we are sorry to say occurred: a soldier belonging to the Royal Veteran Companies, fell from the roof of a house and was so much injured that he almost immediately expired: another man, of the name of Norris, was run over by one of the fire-engines and very seriously injured. But for the early hour at which the fire broke out, it would doubtless have been far more extensive and more calamitous in its effects. We have not yet heard of any estimate of the loss of property sustained—it must however be very considerable.

The fire is said to have originated by some children who had been amusing themselves with kateans which had sought shelter under a bed, among some shavings, and whither they had been followed by the young urchins with a lighted candle in their hands, the immediate consequence of which was discovered at too late a period to prevent all the calamitous results which have arisen from it.

## THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1835.

During the past week later English dates have been received.—The Parliamentary reports they furnish are important, but too long to extract. All parties were debating what would be done, and what it would probably be best to do in consequence of the mutilation by the Lords of the two great measures of municipal and ecclesiastical reform. The next accounts will be deeply interesting.—*Nov.*

We are informed the Comet was seen on Sunday morning at 3 o'clock, by Mr. Crawford, about 28 deg. north of Jupiter, in the Constellation Gemini, the Star Castor forming a triangle with Jupiter and the Comet. It is visible to the naked eye, and with a telescope has the appearance of a luminous cloud or Nebula. This morning being cloudy prevented him from making any further observations.—*Journal.*

The Members of the "NOVA-SCOTIA PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY" held their Annual Meeting on Monday evening. The following persons were elected to office:—Mr. Joseph Howe, President; Mr. Joshua Lee, Vice-President; Mr. Wm. Caldwell, Treasurer; Mr. R. M. Barratt, Sec'y.; Mr. Thomas Bauer, Asst. Sec'y. Messrs. R. Richardson, M. Lounds, J. Naylor, Robt. Bigby, jr. and D. McLean, Committee of Charity.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the "HALIFAX MECHANICS' LIBRARY" was held on Tuesday evening last.—The following are the Officers for the ensuing year:—Mr. J. Naylor, President; Mr. C. H. Belcher, Treasurer; Messrs. John Slayter, G. L. O'Brien, J. Watt, W. Jost, and C. Wilkie, Committee; Mr. B. Carlisle, Secretary and Librarian.—This Institution has now been in existence for four years, and contains 1330 volumes.

## MARRIED

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Rector of St. Paul's, William R. Ball, Esq. of Sydney, C B, to Miss Ann Jane Wright, of Liverpool, Eng.

## DIED

On Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness, Deborah, the widow of the late Capt Hugh Cleary, in the 60th year of her age. At New York, on the 6th September, Mr. Joseph Tremain, son of the late Jonathan Tremain, Esq. of this place.

Friday Edward Alexander, son of Mr. William Cochen, aged 4 years and 4 months.

## WILL BE PUBLISHED

On or before Saturday, the 17th instant, AN ANSWER To the Rev. THOMAS TAYLOR'S Letters to WILLIAM JACKSON, on CHRISTIAN BAPTISM. Price 6d. October 2, 1835.

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H. W. BLACKADAR.

Halifax, July, 1835.

## POETRY.

## WONDERS AND MURMURS.

*Strange that the wind should be so free  
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;  
To range or ramble where'er it will,  
And as it lists, be fierce or still;  
Above and around to breathe of life,  
Or to mingle the earth and shy in strife;  
Faintly to whisper with morning's light,  
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend at night;  
Or to love and cherish, and bliss, to-day,  
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away!*

*Strange that the sun should call into birth  
All the fair flowers and fruits of the earth,  
Then bid them perish and see them die,  
While they cheer the soul and gladden the eye!  
At morn its child is the pride of spring,  
At night a shrivelled and loathsome thing,  
To-day there is hope and life in its breath.  
Strange doth it seem that the sun should joy  
To give birth alone that it may destroy.*

*Strange that the ocean should come and go,  
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow—  
To bear on its placid breast at morn  
The bark that ere night shall be tempest-torn;  
Or cherish it all the way it must roam.  
To leave it a wreck within sight of home;  
Then wash the dead to its cottage door,  
And gently ripple along the strand,  
To watch the widow behind him land!*

*But stranger than all that man should die  
When his plans are formed and his hopes are  
high,  
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,  
And the morrow beholds him a part of its clay;  
He is born in sorrow and cradled in pain,  
And from youth to age it is labor in vain;  
And all that seventy years can show  
Is that wealth is trouble and wisdom wo;  
That he treads a path of care and strife,  
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.*

*Alas, if we murmur at things like these,  
Which reflection tells us are wise decrees—  
That the wind is not even a gentle breath—  
That the sun is often the bearer of death—  
That the ocean wave is not always still—  
And that life is chequered with good and ill;  
If we know it is well such things should be,  
What do we learn from the things we see?  
That an erring and sinful child of dust  
Should not wonder nor murmur, but hope  
and trust.*

## VARIETIES.

**Common Sense.**—Common sense is a most valuable quality. The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way; to see promptly what is the best thing to be done in the circumstances in which he is placed; and what is the best way of setting about it. Of some people it may be justly said, they have every sense but common

sense; they can tell you about the stars, writ fine poetry, and make fine speeches, and draw fine pictures, and play fine music; but, as to handling a spade, or a hammer, or a stocking needle, they are as helpless as a babe or an idiot. They have scarcely an idea of the food they eat, or the clothes they wear; nor do they know how, where, and by what means they are procured, and what they are made of; but they depend altogether upon the skill, care, and industry of other people. And if they, like Robinson Crusoe, should be cast on an uninhabited island, though surrounded with the means of subsistence, they would perish for want of a notion how to bring them into use. They go through the world without opening their eyes to any of the common objects around them.

One of these learned men having had a hole cut in his study-door to admit a favorite cat, when the said cat brought him a kitten, deemed it necessary to send for a carpenter to cut a smaller hole, through which the kitten might pass; never once recollecting that the kitten could pass through the same hole as the cat.

Another, walking round a favorite meadow, about a mile in circumference, when he had gone three parts of the way looked at his watch, and finding it was near dinner time, thought he had not time to go quite round, but must hasten back as quick as possible; thus making his walk a mile and a half instead of a mile! A poor day labourer would have known better than to commit such a blunder. But fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.

As every man knows that he cannot live long on earth, but will live in another and an unknown world for ever, it would be the part of common sense to be more concerned and more active in securing the interests of that long futurity, than those of this short and fleeting time.

**PROCRASTINATION.**—There are more people fail to perform their duty through procrastination than through direct opposition. Many persons, who dare not say, 'I will not do it,' satisfy themselves with admitting that the thing ought to be done, and resolving to do it to-morrow. The mischievous consequences of such conduct are perpetually seen in matters the most trifling and the most important. A hook or fastening to a window is observed to be loose; a youth is desired to go directly and get a hammer to fasten it; he thinks an hour or two hence will do just as well; perhaps it has been in that state for months, and no harm has come of it; it cannot signify leaving it an hour or two longer. A high wind rises, and the whole window, for want of that little fastening, is carried away, dashed in pieces, and injures some person in its fall.

A poor man had received some money, with which he intended to pay his rent. He had been exceedingly anxious to receive it for that purpose; but having got it, he was satisfied; and though his wife urged him to take it that evening, observing that it would look well to the landlord to be able to say that they brought it the same day it was received—he thought the next day would do just as well. In the night the cottage was broken into, and all the money stolen, by some villains who happened to know of his receiving it.

"That kitchen chimney ought to be swept."—The remark had been made day after day, and still the execution of it put off till to-morrow; when at length the soot caught fire, and communicated to a beam in the chimney, the house was presently on fire. Happily notices were lost; but one of the family broke his leg in jumping from a window; and the loss of property was considerable.

**FRUGALITY.**—The following remark is copied from a sermon on frugality:—

When the Son of God was on earth, and went about scattering blessings; when with a word he multiplied five barley loaves and two small fishes to feed many thousand persons, he could in the same manner have provided another meal whenever the need of his followers required it; but, instead of that, he commanded them to gather up the fragments that nothing might be lost; thus teaching us to regard frugality as a christian virtue.

**EFFECTS OF PERSEVERANCE.**—All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion: yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

**SLANDER** cannot make the subjects of it either better or worse, it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same; not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

**EMULATION** looks out for merits that she may exult herself by a victory; Envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.