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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 45. VOL. 1]

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 20, 1835.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

REASONING FACULTIES OF ANIMALS.

That animals possess the faculty of reasoning, and are not solely guided by instinct, is the opinion of many British, and foreign naturalists, numerous facts corroborative of this doctrine may be found scattered throughout their works;—doubtless a more enlarged acquaintance with and a stricter attention to, their habits would still further strengthen and confirm this hypothesis.

The sagacity of the beaver, the cunning of the fox, the polity of the bee, the industry of the ant, &c. &c. are so obvious to the most superficial observer as to have become proverbial; and amongst the volatile tribes, instances of foresight and reasoning are often displayed, wholly unaccountable on the principle of mere blind instinct. To this purpose, an American naturalist (Dr. Steel) mentions the sagacity of the swallows frequenting the banks of the Saratoga, [?] which often alter the construction of their nests according to circumstances, in order to secure their young from the depredation of their natural enemies; and an instance of equal, if not greater, sagacity in this tribe of volatiles, I myself witnessed in the south of Scotland several years ago. The spring had been uncommon mild, and the congregation of swallows in the vicinity of the Cheviot was greater than had ever been observed by the oldest inhabitant of this border district. Numerous flocks of them might be seen constructing their nests underneath the straw-thatched roofs of the barns and farmsteads on the Kale and the Beaumont. The ancient straggling mansion of Thirstane seemed in particular to be one of their favourite resorts; the walls were thickly studded with their nests, and two were even attached to the upper corners of one of the bed-room windows. An unusual commotion amongst this feathered community one morning attracted the notice of the family while seated at breakfast, and led to the discovery, that the two nests within the reach of the house-maids broom had been swept away.

Throughout the early part of the day the birds congregated in great numbers on a dilapidated shed in the rear of the house and by their incessant chattering and agitation seemed to be engaged in deep consultation. Towards noon, however, the noisy concourse broke up, when the bereaved pairs immediately recommenced their labours at an angle of the roof furthest from the insecure site they had before chosen. The necessity for despatch was doubtless urgent, as the breeding season, was near at hand; and in this emergency they were not to be unaided by their companions, since, sometimes

eight, were seen flying backwards and forwards, and poising themselves on the edge of the overhanging roof, loaded with materials, while as many as could find room assisted in the building operations.

Without entering on the disputed point whether the lower order of animals, even admitting them to be endowed with a certain portion of reason, are, or are not, capable of transmitting their individual acquisitions to their species, it seems at least sufficiently evident in the above instance, that the swallows not only communicated a knowledge of their wants and feelings to each other, but profited by the united experience and assistance of their kind.

But, however this may be, I have widely deviated from my purpose, which was merely to recount what appeared to me a striking instance of reasoning in the common sparrow.

The day of the opening of the London Bridge was a day of jubilee to the flocks of those little familiars in the outskirts of the metropolis, owing to the almost total desertion of the streets and squares by people of every rank and degree who had hurried to witness that splendid spectacle.

A few of them from the adjoining garden, that usually pick up in haste and on the wing the crumbs that I am in the daily habit of throwing to them from the breakfast-table, emboldened by the absence of all bustle, alighted fearlessly on the pavement, and soon devoured their allowance, except a hard crust about the size of a walnut, which resisted their united efforts to reduce it to fragments.

As I stood watching their proceedings, they one by one flew off, with the exception of a single bird, which continued its efforts for some time longer. After a while, however, even its patience failed, & it hopped to the edge of the curb-stone, apparently about to take flight after its companions, when suddenly, as if actuated by some new idea, it returned, took up the hard-hearted crust in its bill, and flying towards the kennel immersed it in a little puddle of stagnant water. Thus softened, the sagacious little creature brought it back to the pavement, and readily succeeded in picking it to pieces.

FIRST ADVENTURE OF A SAILOR.

(Concluded)

"I have that evening as fresh in my memory as if it were but yesterday. The sun was just setting, and our own river Tyne looked broader, clearer, fresher, and brighter in that sunset, than ever it looked before. I stood gazing up the river towards Newcastle, and then down upon the water, beautifully wrinkled by the fresh breeze that played over it. I thought of my mother,

and stood still and strained my eyes towards the place where she was, and did not even dare to wink, for fear of losing for an instant the dream and the wusset glory. I felt that my eyes were filling with tears; and though I was not going to cry, like a lubberly landsman, yet I let them fill; that I might see the pretty colours of the rainbow through them. And then, the landscape grew dim and dimmer, and glanced and danced about, and the Tyne looked so dazzling, and rays of light seemed to shoot from every thing, as the setting sun gleamed on the mast heads round about, which had all been clean washed by a shower of rain.

"How long I stood in this way, I know not. The sun was set and the sky had faded, when I was roused from my reverie by hearing two or three voices shouting very loud. I started,—I thought my shipmates were coming back already—and in great terror I looked towards the shore. The shore, to my astonishment, was quickly receding from my view! the shout I heard, was from some keelmen rowing up the river, and the good fellows were wishing success to our fishing, and a safe return to the Old Ravensworth.

"To make the matter short, the Old Ravensworth had broken from her moorings, and with wind and tide in her favour, was going fast out to sea.

"I afterwards found, that though many saw her sail out of the harbour, yet no one was aware that all hands were not on board. Every man was concerned about his own affairs; every one knew that she was ready for sea; and though it excited a little surprise that she should try to cross the Bar when the tide was so low, instead of waiting for the next morning's tide, no one troubled his head about her. Some people collected on the top of the hill, where the light-house now stands, to see her cross the Bar; there was not light enough for them to see, but all prophesied that she could not do it that night. The next morning, the truth was known to every body. The Captain had come back,—had found his crew drunk, and his ship gone,—and all the lamentation in the world would not bring her back again."

"Did she pass the Bar safely?" asked Charley.

"Yes. One would have thought the old whaler knew her way, she went so cannily over; and the next morning saw her making her way across the German Ocean, as merrily as ever."

"Oh!" said little William, "and you were alone upon the great roaring sea! What did you do, grandpapa?"

"What would you have done, Willy?"
"I should surely have sat down and cried."

"And I," said James, "would have written a journal, and put it on the cabin table, to be found after I was dead, as poor Sir Hugh Willoughby did; or, if there were no pen, ink and paper, I would have cut notches in the mast, to number the days, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I think you are a bit of a blockhead, Jemmy," said the young sailor; if you did nothing in your days, they would not be worth notching and numbering. I would have got the Captain's chart and compass, and tried to make a course of one sort or another, and then, if I was wrecked at last, it would be time enough to think of playing Robinson Crusoe."

"As for me," said the grandfather, smiling, "my first feeling, when I found myself fairly over the Bar, was joy at having escaped from my savage shipmates. They are angry enough now, thought I, and swearing at me at a desperate rate, but they cannot get at me this time. I shall have plenty to eat and to drink, and the cat-o'-nine-tails and I shall be friends this voyage. I went to the captain's cabin, I made some grog, and drank to my own health, to the health of Old England, to the good ship Ravensworth, and to canny Newcastle; and growing bolder, noisier, and merrier with every toast, at last I filled a glass to my mother."

"My mother! Scarcely had I heard myself pronounce her name, when the word, the single word, in the midst of all my revelry, sobered me. You don't know how fearfully it sounded in the dark, silent ship! In one instant, I felt all the loneliness, all the danger, all the horror of my situation. My mother! she was weeping for me now, but what would she say to-morrow, when she heard that I was gone alone on the wide sea? I had left her sick and sorrowing; should I ever see her again? My mother! she might look out far, and look out long; my ship and I were on a 'wide turnpike'; the salt waves might roll over us for years, without bearing a plank or a cask, or a rope within the reach of man, that could tell a dumb tale of the wreck of the good old ship Ravensworth."

"These and many other thoughts, crowded on my mind, as I started at the words my lips had uttered, and felt the silence of the ship. At length, I threw myself on the floor, and burst into tears;—into that agony, that heart-bursting grief which only children surrender themselves wholly to one impression. When that impression had worn itself out, fatigue, aided by the quantity of spirits I had taken, did its usual work, and I sobbed myself to sleep."

"When I awoke in the morning, the sleeve of my checked shirt was still wet with my tears, and that helped me to remember where I was. I got up, and ran on deck to look about me. I was glad the good west wind still blew me away from

land, for I had sense enough to know that the worst that could happen to me would be to be cast on the rocky coast of Northumberland or Yorkshire. My last hope was, to fall in with some vessel either from Holland or the Baltic, and I looked round for a sail, but not one was to be seen along the clear line of the horizon. The ocean looked grey, the sky looked clear, the morning star was glittering, the clouds were pushing one another away to make room for the sun, and a fresh, steady breeze, still came over the waters."

"Now, for the first time I began to consider whether I could do any thing towards my own safety. I thought, that as long as the provisions lasted, and as long as there was plenty of sea-room, I was safe, and that at last I must fall into the course of some ship, home-bound, as I said before, from the Baltic. But my vessel was drifting about hither and thither, at the will of the winds and tides. How should I manage to make her keep a straight course, and prevent her from driving too much to leeward? I knew about as much of navigation as you do, Willy; that is, I could make a little boat of my own manufacture sail across a pond. I remembered, that when I put the rudder in a particular position, the boat always used to get across at last, and I thought perhaps the Old Ravensworth might do so likewise. 'I will make her carry sail,' said I, 'and fasten the rudder, and she must go somewhere; she is only a bigger boat in a broader pond.' Fortwith, I set to work; with some difficulty I hoisted the fore-stay sail, and hauled out the mizen; I lashed the helm midships, and then, being easier in my mind, I went to get some breakfast."

"For three weeks I was upon the German Ocean, without seeing a moving ship or a living creature. Yes, living creatures did I see, by the bye, for numbers of fishes used to surround the ship, and sometimes two or three great ones would follow her for a whole day. Several times I fancied they were waiting for me, and then I looked fearfully at the great waves reared around me like a wall, and thought, what is there to prevent me from being swallowed up by the sea, and devoured by those frightful hungry things? On one of these occasions, I found myself repeating a prayer that my mother had taught me a long while ago, before I went to sea. It was the Lord's Prayer; and though I said it at the time mechanically, rather as a charm than as a prayer, it brought to my mind some other things my mother used to tell me, of how there is a heaven to go to when we have done with this world, and a great deal beside, that you know and feel, but which I only half knew, and had never felt before."

"Well, to cut my story short, after having been three weeks at sea, one morning when I went on-deck, I saw land! Yes, I saw

plainly a flat, low line of land, to the eastward. I did thank God then in the depth of my heart, as well as with my lips, and with a trembling hand I hoisted a signal of distress. Soon after, I saw a fish'-ng-boat coming out towards me, and as soon as I could discern plainly the shapes and faces of the men, and hear them hail I was so overjoyed that I could scarcely refrain from throwing myself into the sea, to swim towards them. As soon as I caught a glimpse of their blue caps and broad breeches, I knew them for Dutchmen—I was on the coast of Holland."

"The fishermen's wives received me with untold kindness. They could not understand a word I said, but they kissed me and fed me, and wiped my tears away. My story was soon made known. A gentleman of Harlaem immediately wrote word to the proprietors, of the fate of their vessel, and soon afterwards I was sent back to my mother, as happy as a king, with my pockets full of money, to tell the marvellous tale, and shine the hero of the day at Newcastle."

"This was not all. My adventure brought me into notice, and was the cause of all my success in after life; for many of the friends I then gained, are my friends still,—and the word *friend*, among North-country people, does not mean nothing. My mother lived in peace and plenty the rest of her days, and I was set free from my tyrannical master, and, what was better than all, one good man sent me to school, where I learned to read:

"To read—by the way, that reminds me that the candles are come, and I must finish Napoleon before I go to bed; so off with you, lads, and leave us in peace."

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The finest point from which Constantinople can be viewed is just above our place of abode. It is from a belvidere built by M. Truqui on the terraced roof of his house. This belvidere commands the entire group of the hills of Pera, Galata, and the little tallocks which surrounded the port on the fresh water side. It is the eagle's flight over Constantinople and the sea. Europe, Asia, the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora, are all under the eye at once. The city lies under the foot of the spectator. If we were allowed to take a glance at only one point of the earth, this would be the one to choose. Whenever I ascend to the belvidere to enjoy this view, (and I do so several times a day, and in variably every evening,) I cannot conceive how, of the many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have felt the beauty which it presents to my eye and to my mind. Why has no one described it? Is it because words have neither space, horizon, nor colours, and that painting is the only language of the eye? But painting itself has

never portrayed all that is here. The pictures that I have seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines and colours without life; none convey any idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of the atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole and the colossal grandeur of these lines;—the movements and the interwavings of the different horizons;—the moving sails scattered over three seas;—the murmur of the busy population on the shores;—the report of the cannons on board the vessels,—the flags waving from the mast heads;—the floating caiques;—the vaporous reflection of domes, mosques, steeples, and minarets in the sea;—all this has never been described. I will try it. The hills of Galata, Pera, and some others, descending to the sea, are covered with towns of various colours, some have their houses painted bright red; others black, with numerous blue cupolas relieving the sombre tint. Between the cupolas are perceived patches of verdure formed by the plaintains, fig-trees, cypresses of the little garden adjoining each house. Between the houses are large spaces; these are cultivated fields and gardens, in which may be discerned groups of Turkish women covered with their black veils, and playing with their children and slaves beneath the shades of the trees. Flocks of turtle-doves and white pigeons float in the air above these gardens and the roofs of the houses, and, like light flowers blown by the breeze, stand out from the background of the picture, which is the blue sea. One may discern the streets, winding, as they descend towards the sea, like ravines, and lower down, the bustle of the bazants, which are enveloped in a veil of light and transparent smoke. These towns, or these quarters of towns, are separated one from another by promontories of verdure, crowned by wooden palaces and kiosks painted in every colour,—or by deep valleys, whence arise the heads of cypress trees, and the pointed and brilliant spires of minarets.

AUTUMN.

“—Summer's gone.”

It requires not the language of poetry to remind us of the coming autumn. The last rose of Summer may linger a little while, and the sun may shine warmly, but the lonely condition of the one, and the pale rays of the other, tell to the practised eye that summer's gone.

There is a kind of pleasing melancholy that comes over the mind in its contemplation of autumn, which may be likened to the feeling of the faithful christian when about to enter upon the dark valley of the shadow of death. He has passed the seed-time and summer of life, and is standing amidst the shadows and gloom of that last autumn which brings the harvest of all his toils and the reward of all his labours.

The killing frost of autumn falls not alone upon the green and beautiful vegetation of the earth: ‘Man too has his autumn. When he arrives at the evening of his existence, those beauties which adorned the spring of youth and the summer of his manhood begin to discover the autumnal tint—here and there a leaf has forsaken its parent branch: his joys and delights have all emigrated to another country—winged their way over the sea of time, and taken possession of a more benignant region. And as the only time to prepare for the future is the present, it may be well to remember that man has also his winter, in which the cold wind will whistle about this frail tenement.—There is little chance of any valued preparation for the future in that gloomy and forlorn season of life, when the stream of vitality is congealed with the ice of chilling old age. To-day man is like the stately poplar, rising majestically to the heavens. To-morrow, fallen on the ground, and shorn of all his beauty.

Usefulness sometimes long concealed.—

Recently a respectably dressed man entered a Sunday-School in London, and after some conversation with the superintendent, stated that about twenty-five years ago he was a scholar in that school, and while in attendance, the truths of religion which he was taught made a strong impression on his mind. He left the school, and entered on board a ship in his majesty's navy. He there experienced many trials, and endured many vicissitudes, and though he made no profession of religion at that time, still many lessons which he had received from his teachers would come into his mind. At the close of the war he was paid off, and as reward for his services he received a considerable grant of land in Canada, in which he had been located for several years, and while there he became decidedly pious, and had prospered very well on his estate. He attributed to the instructions received in the Sunday-school, the state of his mind while on ship board, which would not allow him to commit sins as others did, and traced to the same cause his ultimate decision to lead a pious life; and further, that he considered his prosperity in his farm as mainly arising from the lessons of prudence and religion received in early life from his teachers. He expressed himself very grateful to God, that he had been brought up in a Sunday-school.

SPURZHEIM ON EDUCATION.—*Dr. Spurzheim's treatise on education, published since his death, takes cognizance of the original powers of man which are the subjects of education or training, and the proper mode of training them. It takes a view of the threefold nature of man, as a physical, intellectual and moral being. It also designates the faculties in each of these departments, both in their number and degree as they are*

found in different individuals, and in the two sexes.

Great stress is placed on female education and the duties of mothers. *Dr. S. considered females as a part of God's creation no less important than that of the other sex, though designed for a different, though not an inferior education.*

The growth and final strength of the human powers, whether of a physical, intellectual or moral nature, considered as depending principally and equally upon exercise. He thinks that the intellectual powers have been cultivated at the expense or neglect of the moral faculties; that the moral faculties are the most important, and that christianity conveys the only pure moral code ever given to the world.

The Royal Gazette of Wednesday last contains a Proclamation summoning the Legislature to meet for the *Dispatch of Business*, on the 21st of January.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, Captain Kendal Holmes, to Mary-Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. David Frost, of Dartmouth.

DIED.

Tuesday, after a protracted illness, William Hudson, Esq. Master in the Royal Navy, in the 62d year of his age.

At Bridgetown, on Sunday last, after a short illness, Mr. James E. C. Ridout, a native of Halifax, aged 21 years.

ENGRAVING.

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

☞ Copperplate, Silver Ware, Arms and Crests, &c. neatly designed and engraved. Copperplate Printing neatly executed.

G. HOBSON.

November 20, 1835.

EDWIN STERNS,

GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,
Corner of Duke and Buckingham
Streets.

☞ The highest price given for old Gold and Silver. October 2.

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.

☞ Pamphlets, Circulars, Cards, Hand-Bills, Catalogues, &c. &c. printed at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

H. W. BLACKBURN.
Halifax, July, 1835.

POETRY.

THE WINDS.

"We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hasting on in our boundless flight;
And over the mountains and over the deep,
Our broad invisible pinions sweep,
Like the Spirit of Liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we:
Ye call us the winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell!

Ye mark as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forest, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'er-crown'd and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave.
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
As our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, still 'tis we,
And ye list, and ye look, but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand,
We come and we go at his command;
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back;
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentlest air to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds!

VARIETIES.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."—Psalm cxi. 6.

Mr Carne informs us, that the effect of the moonlight on the eyes is in Egypt very injurious. The natives always advise strangers to cover their eyes when they sleep in the open air, for the moon affects the eye-sight, when exposed to it much more than the sun. He adds, indeed, that the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed.

THE MORNING DEW

"Thy goodness is as the morning cloud, or as the early dew which passeth away."—Hosea vi. 4.

"The dews of night," says an Eastern traveller, "as we had only the heavens for our covering, would frequently wet us to the skin; but no sooner was the sun risen, and the atmosphere a little heated, than the mists were instantly dispersed, and the abundant moisture which the dews had given to the sands, would be entirely evaporated or dried up." What a beautiful illustration is this of the words of the inspired prophet. How do the hopes which may in youth have gladdened the heart of some kind parent or friend, often disappear and pass away, as the dew before the rising sun!

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"The mockery of reed and robe, and crown
Of plaited thorns upon his temples pressed."

There exists a plant in Palestine, known among Botanists by the name of the 'Thorn of Christ,' supposed to be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion. It has many small sharp prickles well adapted to give pain, and as the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not improbable that the enemies of Messiah chose it, from its similarity to a plant with which emperors and generals were accustomed to be crowned; and thence that there might be calumny, insult, and derision, meditated in the very act of punishment."

[Dr. Russell's Palestine

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A German Count had a very noble dog, a large and noble looking animal; in some description of field sports he was reckoned useful, and a friend of the Count applied for a loan of the dog, for a few weeks' excursion in the country. It was granted; and in the course of the rambles, the dog, by a fall, either dislocated or gave a severe fracture to one of his legs. The borrower of the dog was in the greatest alarm, knowing well how greatly the Count valued him; and fearing to disclose the fact, brought him secretly to the Count's surgeon, a skilful man, to restore the limb. After some weeks' application, the surgeon succeeded, the dog was returned, and all was well. A month or six weeks after this period, the surgeon was sitting gravely in his closet, pursuing his studies, when he heard a violent scratching at the bottom of the door, he rose, and on opening it, to his surprise, he saw the dog, his late patient, before him, in company with another dog, who had broken his leg, and was thus brought by his friend, to be cured in the same manner.

I have heard a farmer say that he had a horse in his stable, who always, on losing his shoe, went of his own accord to a farrier's shop, a mile off; but I never yet heard of a horse taking another horse to a farrier for the purpose. In the case of the dogs, there must have been a communication of ideas; they must have come to a conclusion before they set out; they must have reasoned together on the way, discussing the merits of the surgeon and the nature of the wound.—*Scientific Tracts.*

HELP AND PITY.—Some people seem to make it their employment to go about from house to house, to find out the calamities of their neighbours; only to have the pleasure of carrying the news to the next house they go to. I once heard a friend reproving one of these gossips. She had noisily talked herself out of breath, with "Shocking news, I hear! poor Mr.—is dead! and has left a large family without a shilling to help them; and Mrs.—has

fallen down stairs, and broken her leg; I saw the doctor side by, as I came along; and farmer—'s house has been burnt down; and Mrs.—'s eldest daughter has lost her place, at a minutes warning. Dear, dear, what troubles there are in the world; it really makes one's heart ache to hear of them."

"And pray," asked my friend, "what have you done to help all these people in their distress?"

"Oh, sir, it is not in my power to help them."

"Indeed, I think you might find out some way of being useful to them; if you only spent in rendering help, the very time that you squander in idle gossip about their misfortunes; which, I can't help thinking, seems to afford you a sort of pleasure. I will tell you a story: A traveller passing over a miserable road, the wheel of his carriage stuck in a deep rut. He laboured with all his might to extricate it, but in vain. Presently some one passing by said to him, 'You are in an awkward situation, sir, pray, how did the accident happen?' Another came up, 'Dear, dear, what is the matter?' 'Well, what a good thing your neck was not broken! but this road ought to be indicted; there are continually accidents of one kind or another.' A third addressed him, 'I'm really sorry to see you so much heated and fatigued, sir; I fear too, your horse and carriage are injured. I am very sorry.—'Come, then,' replied the unfortunate traveller, 'if you really are sorry, be so good as to put a shoulder to the wheel, a gram of Help is worth a bushel of Pity.'"

The idle and impertinent curiosity of some people, in the time of a neighbour's distress, is ill-concealed under professions of sympathy and pity, while, like the priest and Levite in the parable, they only come to the place and look, and then pass by on the other side of the way. If sympathy and pity are really felt, let them lead to conduct like that of the good Samaritan, for our Lord says to each of us, "Go thou, and do likewise."

Good and ill Report.—The best defence, against both oppression and malice, is a careless life and a peaceful spirit. While we suffer in the way of well-doing, we need not plead our own cause, but commit it to Him who judgeth righteously—who will execute judgment for the oppressed, and bring to light every secret work of darkness.

We should, however, make it our concern to act prudently as well as harmlessly, and not provoke opposition by a rash and meddling spirit. Every man ought to be ashamed of suffering as a babler, a mischief maker, or a busy body in other men's matters, but if he is assailed with unmerited opposition and unfounded malignity, then he suffers as a Christian.