

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 27

HALIFAX, MAY 27, 1836.

No. 19

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKDAR,

At his Office, nearly opposite Bauer's wharf, and adjoining north of Mr. Allan McDonald's.

WHERE

All kinds of JOB PRINTING will be executed at a cheap rate.

Terms of the Mirror Five Shillings per annum payable in advance.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE TOUYOU.

This bird, which is chiefly found in Guiana, along the banks of the Orinoco, in the inland provinces of Chili and Brazil, and on the vast forests that border the mouth of the Plata, is second only to the ostrich in magnitude, and is the largest bird of the new continent. Buffon is of opinion that it ought not to be classed with the ostrich tribe. It is usually about six feet high, from its head to the ground. The head is small, the neck long, the body round, and the wings short, and entirely unfit for flying. Its thighs are remarkably thick; its legs are three feet long, and it differs from the ostrich in having an additional toe on each foot. It has no tail, but is covered from the back with long feathers, which fall backward and cover the rump. It moves very swiftly; but in its course it uses a very odd kind of action, lifting up one wing, which it keeps elevated for a time, till letting it drop, it raises the other. In this motion it seems to be assisted by a kind of tubercle behind, like a heel, upon which, on plain ground, it treads very securely. The fleetest hounds are frequently thrown out in pursuing it; and we are told of one, which on being surrounded by the hunters, darted among the dogs with such irresistible fury, that they immediately gave way, and thus enabled it to escape in safety. During incubation, the Touyou is said to make a false nest, at some distance from the true one, in which two eggs are laid. These eggs the old one breaks, and by thus attracting a number of flies, beetles, &c. procures the means of sustenance for the young. When first hatched, the young are so familiar that they will follow strangers; but, as they grow older, they become cunning and distrustful. The flesh, especially before it is hardened by age, is good to be eaten.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES THOMSON;

James Thomson, an eminent poet, was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, 1700. He was educated at Jedburgh, and afterwards at Edinburgh, with a view to the ministry in the church of Scotland, which profession he declined. Having written his poem of Winter, he brought it to London, where it was published, but lay unnoticed for a considerable time. Afterwards its great merit brought him into notice and popularity, and the author added the three other seasons. Mr. Thomson accompanied the hon. Mr. Talbot in his travels; and on his return settled at Richmond, in narrow circumstances. He produced some dramatic pieces of considerable merit; Liberty, a poem, and the Castle of Indolence, in the manner of Spenser. But his fame rests upon the poem of the Seasons, to which even Dr. Johnson has borne the testimony of approbation. He died in 1748.

THE VILLAGE.—No 10.

NED HIGGINS AND THOMAS CHANTRY.

Nothing is more common than for sinful people to deceive themselves into the opinion that though others by bad conduct have brought upon themselves calamities, they shall escape; whereas, it is as certain that sin will bring about sorrow, as it is that a stone cast into the air will of itself fall to the ground. Young people should consider this. If a child put his finger into the fire, it will be burned; if he put it into hot water, it will be scalded; and, exactly in the same manner, if he lie, steal, disobey his parents, break the sabbath, or otherwise break the commandments of God, will he, sooner or later, meet with punishment.

Ralph Perkins is a liar: nobody believes him, even when he speaks the truth. Ned Higgins was a thief: no one would ever trust him. Mary Parsons was untruthful to her grandmother, and sorely does she repent it to this day. And Tom Wallis is a sabbath-breaker, and is despised by half the village. We ought never to be surprised when an idle man comes to poverty, or a drunkard to want, a cheat to a jail, and a thief to the gallows; because as I said before, sin must, in one way or other, be followed by sorrow, disgrace, and punishment. "Be sure your sin will find you out." "He that

covereth his sins shall not prosper; but, whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

Ned Higgins, from his very childhood, was always a thief; and now he stands a fair chance of being sent out of the country, as he was taken to jail about a week ago for stealing the fowls of Williams the gardener. It is some years since he left the village, but when he went away he took his bad habits with him. I suppose that he would not have left the village when he did, had it not been found out that he had robbed poor widow Harris. Every one had a kindly feeling for the poor widow, and every one hated Ned Higgins; and, knowing that the constable was after him, Ned set off, and became a vagabond about the country. About a month ago, Williams the gardener had his famous pear-tree stripped of almost every pear that was upon it; and he suspected that the robbery was either done by the Tilers or by Bill Hollins. This made him very watchful, yet still his garden was robbed once or twice a week. Determined if possible to take the thief, he sat up the latter part of two nights, with a gun loaded with small shot. On the second night, about twelve o'clock, he thought that he heard a noise in a little back building where he kept a few fowls; and before he could get there, he saw some one making across the yard. He fired his gun, and soon after overtook the thief, whom, when he brought him to the light he discovered to be Ned Higgins. There was Ned, standing, whining for mercy, dressed in a fustian jacket with large pockets, into which he had crammed the fowls, whose necks he had broken. The blood was trickling down his legs! Williams had fired several shots into them and in a little time Bolton the constable had him in custody. Every dishonest person pays twice as much for his comforts and enjoyments as other people. Ned Higgins, it is true, might now and then get something more than he could otherwise have got by his honesty; but look at the price which he paid for it. He lost the respect and good-will of all around him, he lost his peace of mind, "for there is no peace for the wicked." He lost his liberty; and if he does not profit by the lesson of punishment he is about to receive, he may lose his life. Now, if to these losses we add the danger of his losing eternal life, what a fearful price has he paid for his ill-gotten gains!

But I will turn away from Ned Higgins, the hardened sinner, to Thomas Chantry, the penitent, whom I have just left at the cottage of his poor old mother. Ten years ago Thomas Chantry was as good and as active a lad as any of his age, and his father and mother, very honest people, were very fond of him, he being their only child; but Thomas got into bad company, and so, what with the wickedness of his companions, and the indulgence of his parents, he sadly went astray. He first got into one scrape, and then into another, until he almost brought down his parents to the grave. On one unhappy day he was induced by his companions to join them in robbing Benjamin Hollins, brother to the butcher. Benjamin Hollins was as hard-hearted and cruel then, as his brother is now, and vowed that, if he could, he would hang all who were concerned in the robbery. Thomas Chantry heard this fled from the village, and enlisted in the service of the East India Company. Poor Thomas bitterly repented of his conduct, and in many of the letters that he wrote home he begged pardon of his parents for the disgrace he had brought upon them, and promised that, if it should please God ever to allow him to return, he would work his fingers off before he would again touch what did not belong to him. Chantry's father never held up his head after, for Hollins vowed that he would hang his son if he ever returned home. Hollins, however, died after a few years. Last winter a letter came to say that Thomas Chantry had got his discharge, and would shortly return home. He hoped to find his parents well, and to obtain their forgiveness from their own mouths, without which he never should be happy, the longest day he had to live. Alas! the letter never came to hand till Thomas's father lay under the turf in the churchyard, and his mother was a half broken-hearted widow. There was something in Thomas Chantry that I always liked; and often and often I have begged of him to leave of his bad habits, and turn to the Lord that he might have mercy upon him, and to our God that he might abundantly pardon.

It is a blessed thing to show mercy to those who have gone astray, and to manifest long-suffering towards them, for kindness has melted many a heart that severity would never have broken. I used to reply to Chantry's letters, for his parents could not write, and I never failed to encourage him in his determination to act uprightly. A verse I once put into one of the letters, made, as he said, the tears roll down his cheeks. The verse was the following:

For though seduced and led astray
Thou'st travelled far and wander'd long!
Thy God has seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.

The news that Thomas Chantry was about to return home was as a cordial to the drooping spirits of his desolate mother, who hard-

ly ever thought to see his face again. Thomas Chantry had been a transgressor, but God had not dealt with him after his sins, nor rewarded him according to his iniquities. No! He had showed him the evil of his own heart, and conducted him once more in safety across the raging deep, to be a comfort and a stay to his widowed mother in her old age, and to atone in some degree for the grief he had occasioned her. It was this morning that he arrived at the village. I was sitting with his mother in her cottage, talking of the wonderful dealings of God with his people, and consoling her on the loss of her husband with the prospect of the return of her son, who would, I hoped, be a greater blessing to her than he had ever been a trouble. "Poor lad," said she, wiping her eyes with her apron, "he will be sorely cut up to find that his father is dead, but it will give him some comfort to know that he left him his forgiveness and blessing." Just then a soldier-looking man came into the cottage. It was Thomas Chantry. As soon as he saw his mother he stopped for a moment, for years and sorrows had much altered her; the next moment he sprang forward, fell upon her neck, and burst into tears. When he was a little recovered, he turned his head towards me, and came forwards a step, and then stopped short. He saw I was not his father. But I will not dwell on that scene, for I sobbed almost as loudly as Thomas Chantry and his mother. I left mother and son together, and came away putting up a prayer that they might be a blessing to each other. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" and I believe that Thomas Chantry has been visited with that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of."

SIMPLICITY.

If there is any beauty, or grandeur, or power in nature, it is the simplicity of nature. If there is any sublimity, or power, or excellence in the gospel, it is the simplicity of the gospel. If there is any thing that darkens science, or bewilders and perplexes its patient followers, it is the contrivances of men. If there is any thing that is doubtful or discouraging in the precepts or the spirit of the gospel, it is made so by the devices of men.

While the student and the lover of science takes it directly from the hand of nature, and looks at its simple elements, and its various and beautiful combinations, his way is clear, his steps strong, and his progress rapid. But when he looks at words or books instead of things, at technicalities instead of principles, at the conflicting theories of men instead of the harmonious operations of nature, he loses his way, his steps falter, and he is landed in a maze.

While the humble follower of the messenger of peace and love adheres to the simple principles of the gospel, his duty is plain, his conscious integrity consoling and animating, and his hand, his mind, his heart firmly united and vigorously employed, in answering their separate and mutual design in the exercise of good will, and the dispensing of good deeds to man. But when, instead of the simple principles of the gospel, which the little child can understand and feel, the searcher after heavenly wisdom, looks to the dogmas and the cunningly devised fables of men for instruction, his light becomes darkness, his love hatred, and his good deeds an ungodly persecution or revenge.

The simplicity of science is alike striking and alike beautiful and dignified, whether it relates to the physical, the intellectual or the moral kingdom of our Creator. And it matters not in which of these kingdoms the humble and child-like disciple of nature looks for instruction and truth. While he is humble and child-like in his search after it, it is sure to come. It is also sure to enlighten, animate and ennoble its pursuer. He is sure to understand nature better, himself better, his duty and his happiness better. He is sure more fully to answer the purposes of his existence, and to make nearer approaches in character, in mind and in spirit, to Him who gave him existence, and who is the sum of perfection and of happiness in the universe.

CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.

The hottest and the coldest regions of the earth have only two seasons which materially differ from each other. The coldest have a summer of about four months, during which the heat is intense, on account of the great length of the days; and a winter of eight months. Their spring and autumn are imperceptible, for in the space of a few days extreme heat is succeeded by extreme cold, and intense cold by heat equally intense. The hottest countries have a dry and scorching season for seven or eight months, and a temperate season, with abundant rains, during the remainder of the year; this being the only distinction between their summer and winter.

This change of the seasons is one of those that deserve our admiration. It is impossible to ascribe them to chance, for in fortuitous circumstances there can be neither order nor regularity. But in all the regions of the globe, the seasons succeed each other as regularly as day and night, and change the face of nature at the appointed time. We see the earth successively clothed with verdure and foliage, crowned with flowers, and decorated with fruits. It is then stripped of all its beauties till spring returns to rouse it, as from the sleep of death. Spring, summer, and autumn nourish the animal creation by the fruits which they furnish in abundance. And though in winter Nature

appears inanimate, yet this season is not without benefit to the earth, which it waters, fertilizes, and prepares for the reproduction of fruits, plants, and vegetables of every kind.

REGULARITY.

There is in many people, especially in youth, a strange aversion to regularity; a desire to delay what ought to be done immediately in order to do something else, which might as well be done afterwards. Be assured it is of more consequence than you can conceive, to get the better of this idle procrastinating spirit, and to acquire habits of constancy and steadiness, even in the most trifling matters; without them there can be no regularity or consistency of action or character, no dependence on your best intentions, which a sudden humour may attempt to lay aside for a time, and which a thousand unforeseen accidents will afterwards render it more and more difficult to execute: no one can say what important consequences may follow a neglect of this kind. —Mrs. Chapone.

Knowledge leads to Comfort.—When a boy has got hold of what we call the rudiments of learning, he has possessed himself of the most useful tools and machines which exist in the world. He has got the means of doing that with extreme ease, which, without these tools, is done only with extreme labour. He has earned the time which, if rightly employed, will elevate his condition. Just so it is with all tools and machines for diminishing bodily exertion. They give us the means of doing that with comparative ease, which, without them can only be done with extreme drudgery.—They set at liberty a great quantity of mere animal power which, having then leisure to unite with mental power, produces ingenious and skilful workmen in every trade.—But they do more than this. They diminish human suffering—they improve the health—they increase the term of life—they render all occupations less painful and laborious; and by doing all this, they elevate men in the scale of existence.

Roman Ruins near Algiers.—About the distance of 14 miles from Algiers, on the side of the river Aratch, there are still visible the ruinous traces of a Roman city, which is supposed to have been the Rustonium mentioned by Ptolemy, and named Rusucrum by other geographers. Here, scarcely emerging from brushwood and brambles, there are fragments of walls, vaults, porticoes and arches, and trunks of Columns, bits of Etrurian pottery, and sprinklings of mosaic pavement. There are traces also of a jetty which sheltered the shipping. To judge by its remains Rustonium must have been a mile in length, and about half as broad. The Emperor Claudius bestowed upon it the privileges of a Roman city; but what a shadow is human existence! the hyena now

laughs at the fallen glory of Rustonium, and the tortoise crawls over its tessellated floors.—Campbell's Letter in the New Monthly.

PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENT.—Fresh water may be extracted from salt water by the following simple process:—A common hoghead is provided with a false bottom, about three or four inches above the lower head. This falsebottom is perforated with a number of holes, and over them a filter of flannel. The barrel is then nearly filled with the finest sand beat down very hard; a tube, communicating with the space between the two bottoms; is extended to a convenient height above the top of the barrel. The sea water is poured into this tube; and pressing every way, according to its altitudes, endeavours to force its way through the sand to the top of the barrel, from whence by this mode of filtration, it is drawn off fresh and fit for use. Any other filter will do as well as flannel, which will stop the sand, and admit the water. The saline particles being heavier, and perhaps, differently formed, meet with obstructions from the sand and are left behind!—N. E. Farmer.

PIOUS WOMEN.—They are the women who bless, dignity, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue, by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone for not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or collar; the poet does not celebrate them, the novelist does not dictate to them—but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and above all, they possess His favor whom to know is life eternal!—Hannah More.

AFRICAN SCHOOL.—His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor, the Lord Bishop, the Chief Justice, and other gentlemen, proceeded about two o'clock to the Examination of the African School which has recently been Established, and which promises to be of great benefit to the Colored Population of Halifax, whose Education hitherto has been much neglected.

As His Excellency entered the School-Room, the Scholars sang the National Anthem of "God save the King," with two additional stanzas, one commemorative of Emancipation, the other of the Founders of the School. The Scholars were then examined in orthography and reading, and their proficiency gave much satisfaction and pleasure to all who were present. The answers returned by the children on their being questioned on what they had read, manifested great aptness for learning, and intellect capable of much improvement. In their writing and ciphering books there were some good specimens of penmanship. The female children exhibited also some very neat specimens of needlework, which were viewed with interest.

When the present state of the children is compared with what it was at the opening of the school in January, the contrast is most striking, the improvement in the appearance of the children very remarkable. The zeal, attention, and diligence bestowed upon this new institution by those who have had the superintendance and management of it, have been unremitting, and merit the warmest thanks and praise

of the friends of order and education. His Excellency was pleased to express himself highly gratified with the school, and the prospect of usefulness it held forth to the coloured population of Halifax.—TIMES.

Militia Appointments.—Captain John Slayter to be Major, vice Richardson, promoted; 1st Lieut. Edward Lawson, to be Captain vice Slayter, and Captain James G. Boggs, to be Adjutant, vice Slayter.—Gazette.

Levee.—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor will hold a Levee at Government House, on Saturday next, the 28th instant, at 2 o'clock, being the Anniversary of His Majesty's Birth.

MARRIED.

On Saturday, the 21st inst. by the Rev. F. Uniacke, Mr. Marke Lambert, to Miss Mary Anne Smith, of St. George's Parish.

On Saturday Evening last, by the Rev. James Mackintosh, Mr. Alexander M'Donald, Merchant, to Miss Ellen Wilson, both of this Town.

Alexander Wilson, BLACKING MANUFACTURER.

FROM EDINBURGH.

Respectfully announces to the public, that he has taken the store.

No. 10, Sackville Street (near Loveland's corner) where he will manufacture and keep constantly on hand a supply of Liquid and Paste Blacking, which, with the greatest confidence he undertakes to warrant equal in every respect to any ever offered in the Market: he trusts the superiority of the article will ensure that share of patronage he humbly solicits.—Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms. Each label is subscribed with the Manufacturers name.

Which is the best? why mine, will each cry out, That mine's the best there cannot be a doubt, These fellows make but trash.—Thus they deride, I'll silent be, the PUBLIC shall decide.

☞ Bottles wanted.

May 27.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed his Printing Establishment to the building north of M'Donald's Tobacco Manufactory, and nearly opposite Bauer's wharf—where all kinds of JOB PRINTING, will be executed at the shortest notice. He hopes by punctuality, and moderate charges, to merit a further share of public patronage.

H. W. BLACKADAR

April 15, 1836.

☞ Bills of Lading, for sale at this Office.



From the Christian Watchman.

TRUTH.

Extract from a manuscript Poem on the pleasure resulting from the discovery and contemplation of Truth.

REVELATIONS, vi. 12—17.

There's bliss in Truth, though oft its peaceful form,
Twines round her brow the whirlwind and the storm;
Though at her feet the lightnings hurtle by,
Yet, beams of mercy light her heaven born eye.

Stand ye amid the future and behold,
The scenes terrific oft by Heaven foretold;
When yonder moon its circling course hath run,
And rob'd in blackness, fades the blazing sun!

Majestic vision! wake each slumbering soul,
View yonder Herveyas like the binding scroll
Enwrap! clouds on clouds in gathering darkness rise,
The thunders mutter and the lightning flies!

From fields of flame, the liquid fire is driven!
The mountains melt! the rocks firm base is riven!
From rolling heavens the blazing stars are whirled
In wild confusion round a quaking world.

Whose fires internal, like the ocean roar;
When foaming billows lash the rock-bound shore.
Earth's caverns burst! the mad'ning flames arise
From fiery deeps toward the rending skies!

The leaping clouds in lurid crimson glow!
And molten rocks in burning torrents flow!
Mid flaming suns creation's Judge descends!
On burning clouds, ten thousand saints attend!

The trump of Gabriel echoing through the gloom,
Wakes the long dead, and rents the silent tomb:
The thundering peal descends to ocean's bed,
Where coral tombs enclose their countless dead,

From yawning deeps their shrouded forms arise,
And meet their Judge descending from the skies!
As the dread trump its thrilling strains prolong,
In anguish dire, view yonder frenzied throng!

The priest and lord, the monarch and the slave,
Alike for shelter seek the crumbling cave.
But is this bliss, a scene of cold despair?
Or see ye aught that tells of glory there?

Look upward far, a brighter vision cheers,
Enrob'd in light, the sign of love appears,
As on the sailor, when by storms he's driven,
Beams through the clouds the polar star of heaven,
So to the saints appears the Cross above!
The source of hope—the mercy star of love!

VARIETIES.

FOOLISH WAYS.—Some fifteen years since I said to an old negro belonging to a relative of the family in which I lived, "Well, Sam, you have a mighty good dog here, have you not?" "Yes, master," said Sam, "he mighty good dog, only he got some mighty foolish ways." Thousands of times I have since thought of old Sam's words; and in a thousand instances I have felt that they had a far more extended application than at first sight might appear.

When I have seen a man in all the vigor of life, the father of a family, possessed of a comfortable establishment, the husband of a kind confiding wife, a good neighbor and citizen, and yet spending much time and money at the tavern for ardent spirits—poor man I have said, "he has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen an industrious, money-making mechanic, forsaking his business, and disappointing his customers, for the sake of spending his time at the store, whistling sticks, pitching quoits, running foot-races, and drinking grog—poor man, I have said, "he has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen a young man, a frequent visiter at the tavern or store, swapping horses or watches, tossing coppers, playing cards and drinking whiskey, that man I have thought, "has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen a man get up long after the sun, and yawning, call Dick to go and get some mint for a morning julep, poor man, I have said, "he has some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen ministers of the gospel and professors of religion oppose temperance societies, and defend ardent spirits as a good creature of God—calling members of temperance societies fanatics, enthusiasts, hypocrites, &c., poor men, I have said, "they have some mighty foolish ways."

When I have seen a mother giving her children the remains of a sweetened rum, a little mint julep, or a little toddy—thus teaching them the first rudiments of intemperance—poor woman, said I, "she has some mighty foolish ways."

In short, if we all strictly scrutinize our conduct, we shall find, as old Sam said about his dog, we have got, "some mighty foolish ways."

BENEVOLENCE.—"Not for ourselves, but others," is the law inscribed by God's hand on every part of the creation. Not for itself, but others, does the sun dispense his beams: not for themselves, but others, do the clouds distil their showers; not for herself, but others, does the earth unlock her treasures; not for themselves, but others, do the trees produce their fruits, or the flowers diffuse their fragrance, and display their various hues. Whenever, therefore, instead of diffusing his blessings around him, man devotes them exclusively to his own gratification and shuts himself up in the dark and stony caverns of selfishness, he transgresses the great law of the creation, and cuts himself off from a participation in the benevolent sympathies of the universe and its Author.

INFIDELITY.—What should you say of a man who should throw away his compass, because he could not tell why it points to the north? or reject an accurate chart, because it did not delineate coasts with which he had no concern? What would you say of a man, who should reject all the best astronomical treatises because they do not describe the inhabitants of the moon, and of the planets? And what would you say of a man, who when sick of a mortal disease, should refuse an infallible remedy, because the physician would not first tell by what secret laws the

remedy would take effect? Now, this precisely the case of those who neglect to Bible, because it does not reveal the secret things which belong to God.

TEST OF PIETY.—Suppose a number of children playing together, and that you have no knowledge of their parents or their homes. If one of them receive an injury, or get into trouble, you will at once, learn who are his parents, for he will immediately run to them for relief. Thus, the Christian and the man of the world, pursue the same employments, and you cannot, at once, distinguish them. But let affliction come upon them, and you are no longer at a loss. The man of the world seeks relief in earthly comforts, while the Christian flies for refuge to his heavenly Father, and his compassionate Redeemer.

SACRED TRUTHS.—The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrantcy: but scripture precepts, like unfading plants of Paradise, become, as we are accustomed to them, still more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours to be emitted, & new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

TEMPER.—If we consider how much the comfort and uneasiness of all round us depends on the state of our temper we would surely endeavor to render it sweet and accommodating.

G. HOBSON,
Engraver and Copper-Plate
Printer,

No. 39, DUKE-STREET.
Maps, Plans, Bills of Exchange,
Bill Heads, Address and Visiting Cards,
Arms and Crests, Labels, &c. neatly designed,
engraved and printed. Metal Seals,
Door Plates, Dog Collars, and Dandy Ornaments,
neatly engraved.
May 13. 1836.

SEEDS, SEEDS.

MAY, 1836.
RECEIVED per Ship Halifax, from
Liverpool, and for sale at the Drug store of
the Subscriber, a large assortment of
Flower and Garden Seeds
These Seeds have been obtained from the
same House in London, whose supplies for
the last four years, have given such general
satisfaction.

JOHN NAYLOR.
Also, red Clover and Timothy Seed.
May 9.

All kinds of Job Printing
executed at this Office.