

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"The MIND is the standard of a man."

A few years since, I boarded with an elderly woman, who was the good and respected mother of four amiable young ladies. I recollect one evening while I boarded with them, of their holding, at their house, what is called a 'singing party,' to which, with a number of their friends, I was invited; we attended, and never before did we spend an evening better; it seemed to be all happiness, and each other seemed to be knit together with the tie of affection and friendship; and while I was there, I thought, there could not be a wrong feeling in any one's heart. — The evening quickly passed away. The company broke up; but yet they seemed unwilling, (so closely was the tie of affection entwined around their hearts,) to part. But in a short time, all had retired to their places of residence; but what, my little readers, do you think was the conversation between those who invited this company. I will tell you. One says;—'What did you invite Miss T—— for?' 'What a homely girl Miss P—— is? What a great nose Miss A. has got! and what a great mouth! and Oh! what a beauty Miss O. is! did you ever see such a beauty! what beautiful eyes! and how handsomely she was dressed! she didn't look quite so shabby as Miss P!' This was too much for me. It made such an impression on my mind, that I fear it cannot be forgotten. They didn't think of what Dr. Watts said, when he was scorned by a person for being small in stature. The Dr. turned to him and replied:—

*"Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,—
I would be measur'd by my soul,
The MIND's the standard of a man."*

If you, my readers, ever express your opinion of a man, never express it by his degree of *beauty*, but by the depth of his *mind*. Beauty will not do any person any good except in this world. He that possesses a great degree of beauty, may be more admired by the *light* and *rattle-headed* of this world. But it will never be of any use, after the body has crumbled into its own nothingness. Beauty in a vast many cases, is the ruin of the mind and of the *soul*. When children are beautiful, they are flattered and told of it, by perhaps a mother, and all their friends, this causes the child to be proud, and it grows up, conscious of its beauty, to the great ruin of its mind. Beauty is like the rose, which soon withers away and is forgotten for it is vanity; it is all *vanity*! It was not *beauty* that immortalized the names of a Franklin, a crippled Aesop, a crooked Pope, and hundreds of others I might name. No! but it was their minds, their deep and powerful *minds*. The *mind* never dies, but lives eternally. Give me a good *mind*, the mind of

a Newton, a Hall, a Fuller, or a Franklin, and I would not ask for *Beauty*, which so soon fades, and is forgotten. Neither would I ask for riches, for they will take wings and fly away.

The mind of such men as Newton, Hall, Fuller, and Franklin, are steadfast and immovable; and when the body crumbles in the sepulchre, such *minds* will live eternally. And this generation, and future generations will have reason to be thankful, that such minds ever existed. How good and pleasant it is, to ponder over the remnants of such men as these. I must now conclude for want of time; but let me ask you to consider this subject, and ever remember "That the *mind* is the standard of a man."—*Juvenile paper.*

WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?

This is a very common inquiry with young persons, when they are told of the necessity of being useful—of spending their time profitably. But there are many ways in which you can do good—even the youngest of you, if you will be diligent to seek opportunities. There was once a little Sabbath scholar, who every week went to the house of an elderly lady, to read to her from the Bible. There was once a number of boys who gathered wood enough during the week to heat their Sabbath school room. There was once a black woman, who had been a slave, but had learnt to read, and worked very hard from morning till night, who two or three times a week, walked the distance of six or eight miles, with a child on her back, to teach some slaves of her acquaintance to read the Bible, and converse with them on the subject of religion. A man who had been confined to his bed for several years, by a painful disease, was accustomed to teach a class of young men, who came for that purpose. And we have the example of our Saviour, who was never idle, but went about doing good continually. And, children, cannot you find some way in which you can do good? Are you anxious to benefit others? Then you need not labor long for opportunities of doing good. Every day they are presented to you. And we wish you to feel the obligation you are under, to do something for the good of others. Let a disposition similar to that which existed in the breast of those individuals of whom you have read, exist in your breast, and you will never inquire, What good can I do? Are you not acquainted with some poor ignorant boys, whom it would be a deed of charity to instruct? Be not diffident—be not backward. Go to them and labour to instruct them, and the satisfaction you will derive from so doing will be great indeed.— And let it be a rule, which you will follow through life never to suffer an opportunity to pass, when you can be instrumental of doing good—of benefitting others less favored than yourselves.

POETRY.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

By Mrs. Hemans.

*'Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?
'The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh! call my brother back!
The flowers run wild,—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load,—
Oh! call him back to me!
'He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.
'A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go,—thou must play alone, my boy,
Thy brother is in heaven.,
'And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?
'And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!'*

IDLENESS.—It is a great evil for any, who are not past labour, to have nothing to do; whether they be rich or poor, they will be unhappy themselves, and so far as their influence extends, they will make others unhappy also. We may be assured of this by merely considering the lot of man as the God of nature has constituted it. We read that God placed our first parents in a garden to dress it. If manual labour was deemed necessary by our all-wise maker, in a state of innocency, how much more so in one of depravity, where, as one has well expressed it,

*"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."*

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