

more extensive articles than will come within the sphere of our little publication.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Under this head will appear short sketches, fictitious and authentic, anecdotes, &c. &c.

Novelists and poets deal in fiction, but some of the richest gems of composition are to be found in their pages; and maxims fraught with the purest lessons of morality, which, while they amuse the fancy, cannot fail to improve the mind and to inspire it with a dignified love and admiration of virtue, and with a strong detestation and abhorrence of vice.

We are aware that novel-writings in the gross meet the unqualified disapprobation of many, and it must be allowed that in numerous works of this description, there is much to condemn; but, we cannot consent to brand the whole class as having a corrupt and dangerous tendency.

To the lax licentious novelists none are more scrupulously opposed than we. The angelic forms, noble youths, warrior knights, fair breadth escapes, haunted castles, ruined towers, dreary dungeons, dismal cells, secret caves, troubled spirits, mysterious strangers, ominous dreams, persecuted innocents, cruel guardians, blighted affections, broken hearts, &c. in which he deals, worked up into illusive phantasms, the most monstrous distorted and unnatural, tend only to bewilder the conceptions of the young, to produce indifference to common occurrences and disgust at the sober realities of ordinary life. He conjures up extremes of good and evil, of virtue and vice, rarely to be found but in the disordered imagination of the valetudinarian or the sickly fancies of his own deluded votaries. But oh! say some, the novelist often paints beautifully the path of life, adorned with flowers of the richest perfume, and sweets of endless variety; and may not such a representation be innocently and happily cherished; we are rather doubtful on this point; for, when the picture is overwrought, its tendency can only be to dazzle and deceive; the bait is too beautiful, the young and unwary seize it eagerly, believe its reality, and sigh for the period when they shall no longer be under parental restraint, or the guidance of a guardian, but shall enter free and uncontrolled into the busy, bustling scenes of life; when all their promised imaginary sweets are to be forth-coming. The sanguine youth who has drank deep of the spirit of romance portrays to himself a continual succession of splendid triumphs and enjoyments; romantic deeds are to be achieved by him, laurels are to crown his brow, the applauses of his fellows to follow him through life, and to be engraven on the stone that shall mark his final resting place. But alas! when he enters the arena, he finds that life is a warfare in the course of which defeats and disappointments are to be met with. Our object therefore, shall, be to fortify and prepare the minds of our juvenile readers for the vicissitudes of future years. We do not think to accomplish this by holding up to them the dark side of the picture of human life—by crushing the dawns of laudable ambition, or by chilling the germs of sanguinary hope, no, for these are the vital springs of all the moral energies of the mind, the principles of virtue the youthful mind to habits of reflection, of order, of restraint, and application, by teaching them the relations in which they stand to their fellow men around them and their creator above, by teaching them

to "fear God and honour the King," to render to all their dues, and to fix their attention upon the sober realities of ordinary life; this will tend to dispel that fair delusion which youth and inexperience are so ready to throw around the affairs of time. It is much easier to prevent than to correct, and surely to furnish rational and improving employment for the mind of easy youth at the ordinary hours of relaxation is to break the force of half the temptations with which the path of youth is beset. It is to do more. It gradually and unobtrusively forms the mind to intelligence, and the life to habits of order. It will create a desire for knowledge and gratify that desire it creates. It will fill the mind with disgust at intemperance, prodigality and vice, throw a chain of content into the cup of ordinary enjoyment, alleviate the ills of the passing hour, ward off much misery now, and teach to aspire after a place in the regions where it is unknown hereafter.

The conclusion of the foregoing article contains some ideas to be found in an article originally addressed to the Editor of the "Friend of Youth," an Edinburgh publication—Where the words, in one or two sentences, suited our purpose, we have copied them.

We have sent this number as a specimen sheet to several individuals residing in different sections of the Province, hoping that those who may approve of the work will endeavour to procure the number of subscribers which form an agency, and that they will let us hear from them as early as possible.

We have not yet received our files of British juvenile periodicals, but expect them soon. We shall then have an abundant supply of suitable matter for our pages.

As this is the first attempt made at a work of this description in this Province, we would advise our juvenile patrons to file their numbers. Should the work succeed, it will be gratifying, after the lapse of a few years, to have the sets complete from the commencement. It is also a great recommendation to young folks to be found careful of their own little affairs, and we have frequently heard good old people remark, 'Now there is a boy that will make a good man, and we would not be afraid to trust him with our business, for he is careful of all his own little matters, and discreet in all his transactions.'

With our friends in town who have not yet subscribed we leave this number as a specimen, and we will call again to solicit the patronage of those who may think favourable of the work.

#### From the Journal of Health.

**RULES FOR A YOUNG LADY.**—1. Let her go to bed at ten o'clock; nms, if she pleases. She must not grumble or be disheartened because she may not sleep the first night or two, and thus lay ruminating on the pleasures from which she has cut herself off, but persist steadily for a few nights; when she will find that habit will produce a far more pleasant repose than that which follows a late ball, a rout or assembly. She will, also, rise in the morning more refreshed—with better spirits, and a more blooming complexion.

2. Let her rise about six o'clock in summer, & about eight in winter—immediately wash her face and hands with pure water—cool, or tepid, according to the season of the year; and if she could by any means be induced to sweep her room, or bustle about some other domestic concerns for an hour, she would be the gainer as well in health as in beauty, by the practice.

3. Her breakfast should be something more substan-

tial than a cup of slops, whether denominated tea or coffee, and a thin slice of bread and butter. She should take a soft boiled egg or two, a little cold meat, a draught of milk or a cup or two of pure chocolate.

4. She should not lounge all day by the fire, reading novels nor indulge herself in thinking of the perfidy of false swains, or the despair of pinning daisies; but bustle about—walk or ride in the open air rub the furniture or make puddings—and when she feels hungry eat a custard or something equally light, in place of the fashionable morning treat of a slice of pound cake and a glass of wine or cordial.

5. Let her dine upon mutton or beef plainly cooked, and not too fat—but she need not turn away occasionally on a fowl or any thing equally good; let her only observe to partake of it in moderation, and to drink sparingly of water during the repast.

6. In place of three or four cups of strong tea for supper, she may eat a custard—a bowl of bread and milk—or similar articles, and in a few hours afterwards let her retire to bed.

7. At other periods of the day which are unoccupied by business or exercise let her read—no sickly love tales, but good humoured and instructive works, calculated, while they keep the mind unincumbered with heavy thoughts, to augment its store of ideas and to guard it against the injury which will ever result from false perceptions of mankind and of the concerns of life.

#### POETRY.

##### Fugit Irrevocabile Tempus.

##### TIME.

"What is your life? It is even a vapour which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Yes—all may gaze on one mortal day,

That warms the heart, and wags the eye,

And gives each ardent sense to stray

From rapture to satiety—

Wealth, glory, grandour throned on high.

And that which melts the heart of stone,

The magic beam of beauty's eye;

But time glides on—and all are gone.

And thou whom Heaven's high will denies

To soar above thy fellow-men,

For thee as dear a home may rise,

In village cot or mountain glen;

Where, loving and beloved again,

Thy hopes, thy heart may rest on one.

Oh what is life! time flies, and then

Death speeds his dart, and both are gone.

And thou, vile wretch forbear to weep,

Thy misery need not last for aye;

Why feed the thought that else might sleep,

Why waste in hopeless grief away?

Deserted in thy darker day,

If friends are fled, and thou alone,

Thy God will prove a firmer stay,

Seek Him—time flies, and thou art gone.

Oh where are all the gauds of earth,

Love's melting smile, young beauty's bloom,

The pomp of wealth—the pride of birth—

Are these remember'd in the tomb?

No, sunk in cold oblivion's gloom.

They lie—their very names unknown.

The mouldering marble tells their doom,

They lived—time fled, and they are gone.

So thou shalt fall—but dost thou deem

To sleep in peace beneath the sod?

Dash from thy soul that empty dream

And know thyself and know thy God.

Nor earth nor time restrain his rod;

And thou, a few short summer's flown,

Thou tread'st the path thy fathers trod,

Thy doom is fixed, and hope is gone.

Chained to the dust from whence we spring,

Why thus from yon bright skies be driven:

Oh turn to your eternal King,

Believe—repent, and be forgiv'n.

Haste, seize the proffered hope of Heav'n,

While life and light are yet thine own,

Swift as the passing cloud of even,

Time glides along, and thou art gone! *Wale.*