

Aye, ye loved him!—and he made
 Thy artless breast a ruined shrine;
 Oh will he find in truth array'd
 A love so pure and fond as thine?

And will he give, when far from thee,
 With friends and home united,
 One pitying thought—one tender sigh,
 For the heart his baseness blighted!

Thou art fading from the earth, wild girl—
 Like a breeze from the whispering pine;
 As the lonely forest flowrets furl
 Their leaves in thy native clime.

Thou art passing from the dark green grove,
 As the home of thy childhood cherish'd—
 Thou art breaking the chain of thy early love,
 For the hope of thy heart hath perished.

Oh, the hunter's foot shall lightly tread
 O'er the grave where thy sorrows rest—
 But the pale face false will never shed
 One tear o'er thy faithful breast!

St. John, September, 1841.



SLEEP.—Too much sleep encourages corpulency, languour, and weakness. The time requisite to restore the waste occasioned by the return of the day will depend on the activity of the habits and the health of the individual; but it cannot, in general, be less than seven, and never ought to exceed nine hours. By means of sleep, the muscles are again rendered active; the quickness of the pulse is moderated; and the digestive organs are assisted. Sleep is indispensable for the preservation of health and life, and contributes largely to the removal of disease; the want of it is injurious to the nervous system. It comes on easily after taking food; and where this propensity has grown into a habit, it must not be interfered with, particularly in old subjects. "All-healing sleep soon neutralizes the corroding caustic of care, and blunts even the barbed arrows of the marble-hearted fiend—ingratitude." When the pulse is almost paralyzed by anxiety, half an hour's repose will cheer the circulation, restore tranquility to the perturbed spirit, and dissipate those clouds of *ennui*, which sometimes threaten to eclipse the brightest minds and the best of hearts.—*Book of Health.*



AN honourable distinction is purchased only by toil and self-denial; by painful vigils, and persevering efforts. It requires the same steady and unceasing application which is exhibited in the pendulum of the clock.

THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS OF 1642.

THERE are few lovelier spots in all England than the wild banks of the small river Jolle; banks which remain even at this day rich in the native and uncultured charms of woodland scenery. No churlish ploughshare has ever marred the velvet of the old mossy greensward—no cultivator's fire has ever rioted in the tall fern that waves its graceful plumes in every sheltered dingle, or in the tufted clumps of furze or broom that flaunt their golden blossoms to the summer sunshine on every knoll and hillock of the forest—no axe has ever razed the gnarled and knotty bark of the huge oaks—time honoured, immemorial Titans—which scattered far and near in isolated grandeur, lift their white thunder-splintered heads, stag-horned, and sere, and blasted, above the dark green foliage which still clothes their lower limbs—strange living monuments of bygone generations—unconscious witnesses of ages—mute teachers of man's vanity and weakness!

Beneath their shadow the bowstring of the chivalrous and world-famed outlaw twanged terror to the royal deer, whose far posterity still roam the glades of Sherwood. Ages have fled over them, aye! ages. Perhaps they stood there in their youth when the dense march of Rome's unconquered infantry swept onward, like a moving wall of brass, beneath their solemn umbrage—we know that they stood there proud in meridian majesty, when the mailed chivalry of the first Norman kings rode, lance in rest, over the liberties of Saxon England—and there they stand now, old indeed, and gray, and timeworn, but still erect and strong as in their prime—and there they shall stand, years—long years—after the grass has grown green o'er the bones of us, and our sons' sons, who moralize a moment before we go hence to be no more seen. For not an English hand, while English hearts preserve their boasted semblance to the proud island tree, would desecrate one bough of those hoar giants—no! not for a king's ransom.

There are few lovelier spots, indeed than that where the great northern road, leaving the rich and garden-like expanse of country watered by the tributaries of the broad Trent,

"Who, like some earth-born giant, spreads,
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,"
 crosses the little river, named above, on a rude wooden bridge, where it winds in and out through dark-leaved brakes of alder, *brimful*