

Scintillations.

LOVE.

Oh! would I had the wealth of worlds,
The monarch's crown of gold—
And all the gems in secret caves
This wondrous earth doth hold—
The countless pearls that gleam unknown
Beneath the deep blue sea—
Oh! would I had such wealth, that I
Might scorn it all for thee.

Oh! would I were, in courtly halls,
The bright and shining star—
The glittering magnet, for a world
To gaze on from afar—
That I might scorn the kingly throng,
The world, on bended knee—
All for a simple cottage home,
With nought but love, and thee.

I care not for the golden wealth
Nor sigh in courts to shine—
I only care, I only sigh
To know thy heart is mine.
Far more to me than gem, or gold,
Or jewel of the sea,
Would be that simple cottage home,
With nought but love and thee.

LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw night,
So Heaven, when friends leave thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the nearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

C. D. STUART.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day has gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering ray of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life, nor death, the picture closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will hope and fancy twine their roes.

MRS. HEMANS.

MORNING.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The will brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pine of early Shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliff above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

PRAYER.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat;
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Miscellany.

LONGFELLOW POETRY.—An enquiry has for some time been carried on as to the English genealogy of Professor Longfellow, the American poet. In its course the following lines have been produced by some kind investigator in Wales, certainly not very flattering to their subject. They are copied from a window shutter of an inn at Brecon called the Golden Lion, kept by Thomas Longfellow, about half a century ago.

Tom Longfellow's name is most justly his due,
Long his neck, long his bill, which is very long too;
Long the time ere your horse to the stable is led,
Long to fire he's rubb'd down, an' I much longer till fed;
Long indeed may you sit in a comfortable room,
Long from kitchen long dirty, your dinner shall come,
Long the often told tale that your host will relate,
Long his face while complaining how long people eat;
Long may Tom 'fellow long ere he see me again—
Long 'till he ere I long for Tom Longfellow's Inn.

VULGARITY.—We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that would put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts. When you grow up you will find at your tongues end some expression you would not use for any money. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have taken 'sick, and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after a restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impression had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves.

SCOLDING.—A great deal of injury is done to children by their parents scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home to become vagabonds and wanderers by scolding. It sours your temper, provided it is sweet, which is a question; if you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser, and your children likewise. Depend upon it, they cannot love you, as well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision, you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you, notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their estimation. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded by acts of kindness that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls, and whispering peace.

TEETH! TEETH!! TEETH!!!

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HALIFAX, September, 1850.

THE JOURNAL OF THE TIMES

Is Published Quarterly,

OR

DRS. MACALLASTER & PAINE,
DENTISTS.

At 49 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.,

and is printed for the Proprietors, at the Printing Rooms of JAMES BOWEN & SONS, Nos. 7 & 12 VICTORIA BLOCK, HOLLIS STREET.

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