

The true motives of our actions, like the reed pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in front for show.

If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great; dulness trimmed up with temerity is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is a magnanimous dunce.

Leave company when you find you lose by it, and see that you cannot improve it.

While we preserve the adamantine shield of a clear conscience, terror can never strike a dart through it to our hearts.

Kindness is the music of goodwill to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

I suspect every nature must have the subsoil ploughing of sorrow, before it can recognise either its present poverty or its possible wealth.

To Readers and Contributors.

OUR resolve to prepare for this month's issue was so hasty that we gave forth to the printer almost at random the articles which herein are to be found. We feel satisfied that whatever judgment may be passed on this number, we shall be able so to improve succeeding ones that there will be no room for complaint. Some of the best articles, kindly forwarded to us for insertion, remain on hand, while several of our most brilliant writers have not yet sent in their promised contributions. Our next issues will be more of an eclectic character. We are not yet in a position to pay for the mental products of the most gifted authors, and we know that articles of a first class character cannot be had at first hand without money. Under these circumstances, we shall make such selections from the best writers of the age as shall, while not injuring them, but rather increasing their fame, give buoyancy and attractiveness to our Monthly, so as to make it a welcome guest in every house in the Maritime Provinces.—[THE EDITOR.