

In addition to the indulgence already solicited, we must further beg the public to overlook the absence of interesting extracts from the English and French Periodicals last published, as owing to the unavoidable delay in forwarding them, they could not reach in time for this date ; and the anxious wish expressed by many of our subscribers to see the *FIRST NUMBER*, has induced us to commence our interesting task without delay.

We assure our Friends this fault will be but temporary, as we are in daily expectation of receiving several of the very best Journals from London and Paris.

We again respectfully invite the Ladies and Gentlemen of Canada to aid us in our labours by sending us the fruits of their leisure hours.

Reports of the Charitable Schools, and other Institutions, will be received and inserted with great pleasure.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

Distill'd amid the dews of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn,
'Till noticed by approaching light
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires her feeble power ;
The sun outbeams with genial ray,
And gently in benignant hour
Exhales the liquid peril away.

Thus on afflictions sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue,
Condensing round the mourners head,
They bath the cheek with chilly dew.

Though pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near ;
To friendship's sun alone 'tis given,
To sooth and dry the mourners tear.