

## Poetry.

## LITTLE CHILDREN. LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A little girl, with a happy look,  
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,  
All bound with velvet and edged with gold,  
And its weight was more than the child could hold;  
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,  
And every day she prized it more;  
For it said,—and she looked at her smiling mother,—  
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,  
And the lesson home to her heart she took;  
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,  
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,  
Which said, just as plain as words could say,  
"The Holy Bible I must obey;  
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,  
For little children must love each other."

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;  
But I'll love him still, for I think the way  
To make him gentle and kind to me  
Will be better shown, if I let him see  
I strive to do what I think is right;  
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night  
I will clasp my hands around my brother,  
And say, "Little children, love one another."

The little girl did as her Bible taught,  
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;  
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,  
To meet the light of her loving eyes;  
His heart was full, he could not speak,  
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;  
And God looked down on that happy mother,  
Whose little children loved each other.

## THOUGHTS.

They come when the sunset  
Is bright on the mountain;  
They come when the moonlight  
Is clear on the fountain,  
At morn and at even,  
By minutes and hours  
They come from the forest,  
From birds and from flowers.

They come when some token  
Of days past will rise;  
As a line to the present,  
And then they bring sighs;  
They come when some vision  
Of hope and of fears,  
Rushes on to the future,  
And then they bring tears.

They come when the ripple  
Is low on the lake,  
And the plover is nesting  
By fountain and brake—  
And the twilight look out,  
With gems on its breast,  
And they whisper that all,  
Save themselves, are at rest.

J. S. H.

## The Riddler.

## PUZZLES.

No. 1.—What is that which every one thinks of when asking a puzzling question, and every one thinks of when hearing it? G. B.

No. 2.—Four corners in a room, a cat in every corner; three cats before each cat; and a cat on every cat's tail. How many cats were there in the room? N. W.

## CHARADES.

No. 18.—I am composed of two words, comprising seventeen letters. My 7, 4, 6, 5, 3, 14, 16, 1, is a common name for education. My 3, 4, 7, 17, 15, 16, is the name of one of the greatest naval commanders in the world. My 1, 2, 15, 5, 1, 11 is a male christian name. My 12, 10, 9, 6, 3, is what children ought always to be. My 8, 9, 7, 10, is what people do to get

money. My 12, 16, 10, 13, is the name of a young horse. My 8, 13, 4, 2, 7, is the name of a metal. My whole is found in The Youth's Preceptor. J. H.

No. 19.—My whole encircles my first, and my second encircles my whole. C.

## THE RIDDLER'S SOLUTION OF 6th NO.

CHARADE, No. 18.—*Provincial Magazine*. Answered by Brenton Eaton, Cornwallis. H. U. S. Pictou. A. Boak, E. Kelly, A. M. Payne, Halifax.

No. 19.—*Princes Albert*. Answered by Brenton Eaton, Cornwallis. H. U. S. Pictou. A. Boak, E. Kelly, Thomas Hayer, Halifax.

RIDDLE, No. 6.—*A River*. Answered by H. U. S. Pictou. E. Kelly, J. Betcher, Halifax.

TRANSPOSITION, No. 2.—*Santa Anna*. Answered by A. Boak, E. Kelly, A. M. Payne, Halifax.

## Anecdotes.

## CARRYING BUNDLES.

Many people have a contemptible fear of being seen to carry any bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most trifling as well as weighty packages must be sent to them, no matter how much to the inconvenience of others. This arises from a low kind of pride. There is a pride that is higher, that arises from a consciousness of there being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents—worth and weight of character.—This latter pride was exhibited by the American son of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was in college, at Cambridge, he was one day carrying to his room a broom he had just purchased, when he met a friend, who, noticing the broom with surprise, exclaimed, "Why did you not have it sent home?" "I am not ashamed to carry home anything which belongs to me," was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte. Very different pride was this from that of a young lady whom we know, who always gave her mother all the bundles to carry when they went out together, because she thought it vulgar to be seen with one herself.

## TWO POETS TO ONE COUPLET.

A young student, walking with another round the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, began to expatiate on the matchless beauties and infinite variety of the views which were to be obtained from that site; and he at length confessed that, inspired by the admirable prospect of the coast of Fife, on the opposite side of the Firth of Forth, he had commenced a poem in its praise;—but he had, somehow, failed to get beyond the first line,—

"Again we see upon the northern shore,"

"Why, man," answered his companion, "I think it would be so difficult matter to make that a couplet. Let me see,—

'Kinghorn still standing where it stood before' "

## ALL OR NONE.

At the siege of Charleroi, the Duke of Marlborough ordered an officer to take twelve volunteers out of his regiment for an exploit of peculiar hazard. The officer signified the order to his regiment; all remained silent and motionless; three times the question was received in silence.

"How is this?" exclaimed the officer: "do you hear me?" "You are heard, sir," cried one in the ranks; "but why do you call for twelve volunteers? We are all so; you have only to choose."

A man, praising porter, said it was an excellent a beverage that, though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When, I should like to know?" said the eulogist. "Why, no longer since than last night—against the wall."

## PLURALITIES.

When George I. landed at Greenwich, the inhabitants, after discussing the subject of what was the highest honor they could confer upon the newly-arrived sovereign, determined upon electing him church-warden, which was accordingly done. A dispute, however, afterwards took place in the vestry, as to whether he who was elected to serve the office of king could serve the office of church-warden at the same time.

## LITERARY GUZZLEMENT.

Hume, Smith, and other literati of the last century, used to frequent a tavern in a low street in Edinburgh, called the Potterrow; where, if their accommodations were not of the first order, they had, at least, no cause to complain of the scantiness of their food. One day, as the landlady was bringing in a third supply of some particularly good dish, she thus addressed them: "They ca' ye the *literawts*, I believe; od, if they were to ca' ye the *eaterawts*, they would be nearer the mark."

## THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What," exclaimed the old lady, "d' ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we cannot find room for all the Charades, &c. which have been sent for insertion, we select only such as will give variety and amusement. Among those omitted are several that can only be appreciated by students in the highest departments of education, and consequently will not be generally understood.

Our correspondent at Ship Harbor will ascertain the price of the papers disposed of, by referring to the terms in our Prospectus. He will please return the papers that have not been called for, as, by the increase of our subscription list, they will probably be required very soon for new subscribers in other places.

W. B. W. We sent you the 2d No. and also the back numbers for new subscribers. If they have not yet been received please writ. again, and we will send other copies.

F. P. B. will receive the back numbers ordered for new subscribers. He has made a good beginning, and we think his future efforts will be as successful as he anticipates.

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