

The Young Bluenose.

"MULNUM IN PARVO."

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FOR THE YOUNG BLUENOSE.

MUSINGS.

BY REGGIE RAY.

I sat by my window thinking
How wrinkled, and ugly, and old
I had grown, and nobody lov'd me,
So lonely,—and "out in the cold."

How friendless, and poor they left me—
The dear ones gone on before—
As they floated far o'er a sunlit sea,
And left me alone on the shore.

And how I had struggled and batt'ld
With poverty, sorrow and sin—
And the tears trickled fast thro' my fingers,
And fell where the sunlight came in.

As thus I sat by my window,
Dreaming, and musing alone;
A dimple'd hand was clapped in mine,
And a white arm 'round me thrown.

A sweet voice whisp'rd softly,
"O! Grandpa come with me
To the green, and gather the daisies
From under the old oak tree.

I love you so dear Grandpa!"
An sweetly the red lips smiled,
"O! there's nothing on earth so holy,
As the innocent heart of a child."
Hodgdon, Me., 1878

FOR THE YOUNG BLUENOSE.

EARLY RISING.

BY CASSIUS.

WE were a sn all boy once, and as the most valuable articles are in small parcels, we considered it important to be a small boy. But we have been stripped of that feeling, though we are as yet "immature," as a perusal of this our first sketch will prove. Just now our difficulty is a scarcity of subjects, and a greater scarcity of words.

In answer to a mental question, "on what shall we write?" after a long pause came the answer, "try 'Early Rising.'"

We may here reiterate we were a small boy, once, and among the abundance of maxims, proverbs and proverbial poetry we committed to memory, stands out in bold

relief, the following suggestive couplet:—

'Early to bed and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

And now we wished the author of that wonderful poetical production, possessed a dog just like Sir Isaac Newton's, when it thought it wise to spill the candle over Sir I. N.'s papers and burn up the work of many hours. The dog's mania for destroying manuscript would have done the world a service if it had resulted in the destruction of Ben Franklin's wonderful production.

Many mighty arguments, facts and figures have been brought out in support of the claims of early rising, and the achievements of many great men have been "pointed out" who were "up b-times." But the small boy or large boy who is just enjoying the luxury of the morning hours does not see these giants in the literary financial and political spheres eagerly snatching the passing moments they could have spent so pleasurably in bed, and he refuses to swallow the moral of the couplet just quoted.

At this season, particularly, it is muchly disagreeable to be emphatically informed by the "head of the house" that it "is time you were up!" The sudden plunge from balmy sleep and blissful dreams between the covers into stern realities, cold air, and cold wearables, is anything but pleasant, and it is not what the doctor ordered. Men who have experienced many heavy disappointments,—bachelors for in-

stance,—who are troubled always, and a few who hope by early rising to ascend the ladder of fame, can be expected to rise early, for they are foolish enough to do it; but why spoil the benefits of a morning's sleep, which you really need, to become healthy, etc., when it has been clearly proved by greater pens than ours, that by rising at foolish hours, we cannot "add one inch to our statue," or make ourselves wiser.

The amount of time gained by the sacrifice of two hours in the morning is lost by afternoon naps and by hastening to bed two hours earlier. It reminds us of the "Son of Erin," who cut off the top of the quilt and sewed it on the bottom to keep his feet warm.

In regard to the wealth gained by rising early, we have not much to say. Our farmers' sons and daughters must necessarily use the hours of day. But we leave it to economists in the literary and social spheres to say how much is gained by keeping one's self warm outside of the bed, when the warmth between the covers cost nothing.

Lastly, we cannot remember of the man who was made wiser by being an early riser. The most marvellous works of genius smell of the lamp.

"Extremes are general errors," and we think it an error to spend the whole forenoon in bed; we also regard it highly indudicious to punish one's self by rising at unreasonably early hours.

If we were the victim of the drama which attacked "our hero" in the March *Bluenose*, who nearly caused a cat-astrophe, we would enjoy hearing the *uero*-sical voice of our parental instructor, if he did scold.