

that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when all around him are like maniacs—the sport of their own passions.

PUNCTUALITY.

Method is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family: the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. The calmness of mind which it produces, is another advantage of punctuality: a disorderly man is always in a hurry: he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business; or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment: then I know he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you; and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

POETRY.

THE LOST DARLING.

She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rosebuds, start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight;
To find her fairy footsteps following me,
Her hand upon my garments—or her lip
Long seal'd to mine—and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek—was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight-finger'd breeze, and as it held
Long converse with her doll, or kindly soothed
Her moaning kitten, or with patient care

Conn'd o'er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender evidence in her evening prayer—
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone,
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now I sit alone,

Musing of her—and dew with mournful tears
The little robes that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful. I start.
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustom'd
words,

'Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest.—Then I weep
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!

And yet I wish I had not seen the parg
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly
white

Settling around her lips. I would that heaven
Had taken its own like some transplanted
flower,

Blooming in all its freshness:

Gone to God!

Be still, my heart!—what could a mother's
prayer,

In all its wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

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