

Our knapsacks by this time were also beginning to display, from their torn ends, their worthless contents; and as our line of march was in an opposite direction from our expected supplies, our exterior appearance was daily getting worse; but the real spirit of the soldier was improving, and I make little doubt but we would have followed our leaders to the extremity of Europe without grumbling. We were getting harder and stronger every day in person; the more we suffered, the more confidence we felt in our strength; all in health and no sickness. The man in patched clothes and a piece of untanned hide about his feet, when he looked around him, saw others in some respects as ill appointed as himself; and he almost felt a pride in despising any new comer, with dangling plumes, plaited or crimped frills, white gloves, and handsome shoes,—all good-for-nothing frippery to the hardy toil-worn soldier, the man of flint, powder, and steel, as he thought himself. His was the gloveless hand and the shoeless foot, that braved alike the cold and the heat, the toil of the field and the fatigue of the march; nothing came wrong to him; he started in the morning from his hard pillow and harder bed, required no time to blacken his shoes, but braced up his knapsack, regardless of the state of the roads or weather, and was ready to march off.—*Anton's Retrospect of a Military Life.*

EFFECTS OF PERSEVERANCE.—All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries become united with canals.—If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

For The Amaranth.

MIDNIGHT'S MAGIC HOUR.

Oh, I love well
To feel the spell
Of midnight's magic hour;
I sit alone
While all are gone
From highway and from bower.

No sound I hear,
No footsteps near,
Disturb my reverie;
The world may sleep,
But I will steep
My thoughts in fancy free.

My soul shall rise
Up to the skies,
On eagles' wings away;
There hold it's flight,
'Mid realms of light,
Until the dawn of day.

No cares intrude,
My solitude
Is free from any sorrow;
My mind is blest
With peaceful rest,
And thinks not of to-morrow.

Oh, I love well
To feel the spell
Of midnight's magic hour;
Oh, I'm alone,
All, all are gone
From highway and from bower.

St. John, 1841.

G. M. R.



VIRTUE AND VICE.—Every man has actually within him the seeds of every virtue and every vice; and the proportion in which they thrive and ripen depends in general upon the situations in which he has been, and is placed.

GOOD SENSE AND LEARNING.—He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

All deception in the course of life, is indeed nothing else but a *lie* reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.