

both good and clever if he has done all the things you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him," said the Baron.

"No," replied the gentleman, "but I know him very well, though I have not seen him, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do," said the Baron; "and now please to draw near to this window, and tell me what you see from thence."

"Why," said the gentleman, "I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the finest countries in the world, and I see a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods, with the spires of many churches I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vine yards, and cattle, and sheep feeding in green fields, and many thatched cottages scattered here and there."

"And do you see any thing to be admired in all this?" said the Baron. "Is there any thing pleasant, or lovely, or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"—"Do you think I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes? my friend," said the gentleman somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my sons good character by seeing two or three of his good works, all of which are poor and imperfect, how does it happen that you cannot form some judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handy works as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless that you would have me suppose that you have lost the use of your senses." "For wrath of God is revealed from Heaven, against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shown it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse." Rom. i. 18—20.

THE UNOBTAINABLE SON.—A respectable family in the south of England had two sons, whom they endeavoured to bring up in the fear of God. For some time they made a promising appearance, and bade fair for becoming a blessing to their parents; but alas! the love of company and of pleasure led them to disregard their parents' admonitions, and the religious example with which they were favoured and by degrees not only to forsake the sanctuary of God but soon after, their father's house, and forgetting their situation in life, to go and enter themselves on board a ship of war. A friend in London wrote to a respectable clergyman in Portsmouth, where it was suspected they had gone, to endeavour to find them out, and if possible, to persuade them to return. With some difficulty he did find them, carried them to his house, showed them all kindness, remonstrated with them, and pointed out the great evil and impropriety of their sinful and undutiful conduct to their parents. Observing one of them considerably affected, he addressed him, and said, "James, are you still determined to go to sea? or will you go home and prove a comfort to your friends?" "Yes, I will," said he. He then turned round to the other, and said, "William, will you also go home?" "No! I will not, Sir; I want to be kept under by my father, and made to go to church, and say my prayers by my mother, as I have been; I wish to enjoy myself and see the world a little." The clergyman remonstrated with him, and pointed out the judgments of God that frequently attended such undutiful conduct; but the young man remained obstinate and resolute.

Finding no impression could be made on him, he said, "It appears, my young friend, you are determined to pursue your own evil course, but I request you will remember what I now say to you, and depend upon it your sins will find you out." He retired with a scornful look, and nothing was heard of him for several years, till one night, after the same clergyman had gone to rest, a sailor came to his gate with a very urgent message from a young man under sentence of death, on board a ship at Spithead, who wished most anxiously to see him. He took his staff in his hand and went down through the fleet, and soon perceived, by the melancholy signal, the ship in which the unfortunate youth was to suffer. He went on board, and was received with much politeness by the captain, who told him he would desire the youth to be brought up to his own cabin, where he might have a better opportunity of speaking with him than in the dungeon where he lay. In a short time the rattling of chains and heavy groans indicated his approach, and no sooner did he behold the countenance of his former monitor, than he exclaimed, "Ah! you are the person I want; had I attended to your admonitions I would not have been in this awful situation to-day." He was so worn down and emaciated, that the clergyman did not recognise him, but asked what was his inducement to send for him, as he had no recollection of him? "Ah!" replied the young man, "do you not remember the two unfortunate youths that left their parents' house, and entered on board the navy, and to whom you showed so much kindness. Ah! do you not recollect, Sir, the one you used so many entreaties wish to return, but who would not, and to whom you said that the judgments of God would follow him, and sooner or later his sins would find him out. They have done so, Sir, for I am that unfortunate youth. I have been led from sin to sin, till I have committed that for which I must give up my life. Oh! Sir, if no respite can be produced for me, pray, do pray I beseech you, to God, for my immortal soul, that it perish not!"

The above is taken from a small Volume, entitled, "Advice to the Young at the outset of life," which contains much interesting matter.—Our readers will participate in our pleasure when we inform them, that a respite for the youth was procured.

ANECDOTES.

WHAT IS FAITH?—"Children," says Mr. Cecil, "are capable of very early impressions. I imprinted on my daughter the idea of faith at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed wonderfully to delight her. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said, 'My dear, you have some pretty beads there?' 'Yes papa?' 'And you seem vastly pleased with them?' 'Yes papa!' 'Well now, throw 'em behind the fire.'—The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as if she ought to have a reason for so cruel a sacrifice. 'Well, my dear; do as you please; but you know I never told you to do any thing which I did not think would be for your good.' She looked at me a few moments longer, and then, summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire. 'Well,' said I, 'there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more of them now.' Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure, and set it before her: she burst into tears with excessive joy.—'These, my child,' said I, are yours, because you believed me, when I told you to throw those paltry beads behind the fire: your obedience has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember as long as you live what FAITH is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence

in God: believe every thing that He says in His word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in Him that He means your good."

SELF POSSESSION.—The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance, perhaps, more than the following.—Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labours of many years were in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was far advanced in years, was irremediable: yet, without striking the dog, he only rebuked him, with this exclamation, "O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

SELECT SENTENCES.

There is nothing so delightful, says Plato, as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any design to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out: It is always near at hand, and fits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: Whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The principal point of wisdom is, to know how to value things just as they deserve. There is nothing in the world worth being a knave for.

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

THE CONTRAST.

I stood alone—a youthful throng
Rushed from a narrow door—
A shout of joy was echoed round—
And they were seen and heard no more.
Dismissed from school they haste away,
With active pace all homeward treading—
But one—a solitary boy
Behind, still lingered reading.
Twas morning and again I viewed
The youthful throng—to school they came.
As they had parted so they met—
The crowd and sound of joy the same,
And soon the school boys shout was hushed—
The tasks without were saying.
But far from school and truant like
One boy still lingered playing
Years rolled away—and I forgot
The youthful crowd and narrow door—
I looked upon a busy throng,
Who toil for honour wealth and lore;
Here, with the noble and the wise
Was one whose fame o'er earth was spread
ing,
All saw and heard him with delight,
It was the boy who lingered reading.
Again I looked—but not upon
A throng of noble and of wise,
Midst crowds of villains doomed to death
A private gaze now meets my eyes;
Confined in Dungeon Cell and chains
This wretch his wasted limbs was laying.
Despair was scouling on his brow,
"It was the boy who lingered playing."