

admitted. Indeed, so universally has their value been acknowledged, that, to prove their utility, would be trespassing on the patience of our readers. Let it be sufficient to remark, that some of the ablest statesmen, and many of the most learned and pious, of the present age, gratuitously devote much, both of their time and talents, to the increase of their circulation.

We were aware, when we commenced the JUVENILE ENTERTAINER, that, being the first work of the kind in the Province, we would have some difficulties to encounter; but we are happy to have it in our power to say, at the completion of our first volume, that they are less numerous than might have been anticipated. Some, to whom we looked for countenance and support, have objected to the terms of our paper, and because alteration, in this respect, could not be obtained, their influence has, in a great measure, been withheld. This we regret; but, knowing the state of this comparatively young country, we are convinced, that, on other, or more moderate terms, the JUVENILE ENTERTAINER could not have been published. Were the responsibility of Agents taken upon ourselves, three times the number of copies, we have little doubt, could be easily disposed of. Gentlemen have written to us thus: "We would feel happy in becoming Agents for your excellent little Paper, but will not become responsible for payments. If you choose to send us five or ten copies, we will endeavour to dispose of them to the best advantage." Although we have not acceded to such proposals, we are grateful to those from whom they came, in as far as they would willingly become irresponsible Agents.

The plan which we have adopted is now, at least, in this Province; and many think it unreasonable that they should become responsible for others, where no pecuniary advantages are to be derived. But a moment's reflection will show them, that, in this there can be little hardship, because, with those for whom they become Agents, it is supposed that they are well acquainted, (what with us the case is totally different,) and in this respect the risk will be comparatively trifling.

Were an Agent located amongst them, some persons might be found, in even the poorest settlements, willing to become subscribers, to whom perhaps, the idea of ordering from the publisher, would never have occurred. Where will there be found a sober and industrious young man, incapable of sparing, at least, six-pence per month, for his amusement and instruction. But the very terms protect the Agent, as they are half in advance: so that any applicant, of whom the Agent is doubtful, need not be supplied until the terms are complied with. Some of our Agents, we doubt not, could say, and say truly, "We had no applicants for your paper: ourselves were the applicants; and we found it requisite to recommend the work to public attention." We trust such persons can also say, "Our recommendation flowed from a hope that it would be useful; and now that we are convinced of the utility of the work, we will continue to give it our support."

There is not among the youth of this Province, especially in the more remote settlements, that taste for useful reading, which could be wished, & must soon prevail, for "many are running to and fro," and a desire of knowledge is

rapidly increasing, and also the various means of its attainment. There are few who have experienced the real pleasure which flows from the cultivation of the mind, who are not desirous that it be enjoyed by others, particularly by the rising generation. The influence of such persons we would respectfully solicit, as without this our paper cannot be extensively circulated.

Next week we commence reprinting our first four numbers. Those of our Agents who subscribed subsequently to the time in which they were issued, can be supplied by making application. The reprinting will occupy about four or five weeks, so that by the end of August, or the beginning of September, our second volume will be commenced, which, at the request of the majority of our Agents, will be printed in octavo form, and on finer paper.

Those of our Agents who are in arrears, will, we trust, make their remittances without delay.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

I stood on the brow of a sunny hill,
The vale lay beneath me all bright and still;
The sun was beginning his journey of pride
In the heav'n's, where late the pale moon did ride;
The fisher was gone to the bright'ning sea,
The deer were cropping the herbage free,
And I thought that this world was too bright and fair
For sorrow or sin to enter there.

There came from the vale with breeze's swell
The mournful sound of the funeral bell;
I beheld where a group to the churchyard mov'd,
To leave in the tomb the form they lov'd;
And an aged pair 'mid the weeping throng
Took their last sad look of their only son:
Oh! I mourn'd, as I thought, that in early morn
A youthful head should to earth be borne.

I sought the leafy forest, to shade
My brow from the heat that the noon-sun made;
I threw me under a tree to rest,
The birds were bringing their young from the nest;
The cataract rushed with a distant moan,
When there's fell on my ears a dying groan,
And 'mid pause of the wind's low lullaby
Was heard the wail of the infant's cry.

I stood beside where the victims lay,
But their eyes were closed to the summer day;
Woe, want, and exile were now no more,
The sunner had died near her father's door;
And the babe of her shame lay cold on the breast,
That yet bore the impress of loveliness:
But I shuddering turned from the woodland screen,
When I found that e'en there pain and death had been.

The moon shone bright from the clear blue sky,
The wind of the south pass'd murmuring by;
The ocean lay calm, and the rippling wave
Just kiss'd the shore that its boundary gave:
The Curlew had gone to its sea-girt nest,
And nature itself seemed sunk into rest,
And surely, I thought, at this holy time
There can be no shadow of woe or crime.

A wild shriek rose on the stilly air,
A rushing sound and a maniac's pray'r;
The parted waters received their prey,
Then closed o'er the spot where the outcast lay;
A struggle—a moan—the advancing tide
Hid forever the grave of the suicide!
And I wept as I gazed at the moon's pure beam,
Still silv'ring the spot where such sin had been.

Time passed, and yet I could not tell
Why mis'ry in this world should dwell;
Why nature's charms should be defiled
By man, poor, erring, and beguiled;

By every passion th'a arose
Within his breast; why pain and woe
Should chill our smiles; and why, oh! why
Our best and brightest—all should die!

At length I saw an aged man,
Whose days had reached th' extremest span
Allowed on earth, whose faded eye
Spoke kindly of mortality;
Whose feeble voice could scarcely raise
The note he loved, the song of praise.

The holy gospel truths he taught,
To me the saving knowledge brought;
He spoke of man depraved and lost,
Then told of Him, who at the cost
Of his blood did break the spell
Of sin and guilt, of death and hell.

He said, unceasing were the pains
Of sin to throw her dead'ning chains
Around our lives, but from above
There came a Spirit of pure love
To those who sought Him, who would give
Strength in temptation's hour, and live
Within our hearts: and, oh! he said,
Those who were now the silent dead,
Though Him who died for us should rise,
And join their Saviour in the skies!

Again I have stood on the sunny hill,
I have looked on the valley so bright and still;
Again I have wandered in woodland shade,
But, oh! there is change in my heart now made:
I gaze on the vaulted, the glorious blue,
And forget not the glory beyond it too;
I have stood and mourned by the silent tomb,
But I saw in faith far beyond its gloom:
Oh! 'tis there, I shall find a world too fair
For sorrow, or sin to enter there!

WHAT IS LIFE?

Lord, what is life?—'Tis like a flower,
That blossoms, and is gone!
We see it flourish for an hour,
With all its beauties on;
But Death comes like a wint'ry day,
And cuts the pretty flower away.

Lord, what is life?—'Tis like the bow
That gladdens in the sky:
We love to see its colours glow,
But while we look they die.
Life fails as soon: to-day 'tis here:
To-night perhaps 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have pass'd away
Since life began at first;
And millions, once alive and gay,
Are dead, and in the dust;
For life, in all its health and pride,
Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet this short uncertain space,
So foolishly we prize,
That heaven, that lasting dwelling-place,
Seems nothing in our eyes!
The worlds of sorrow and of bliss
We disregard, compared with this!

Lord, what is life!—If spent with thee
In duty, praise, and prayer,
However short or long it be,
We need but little care;
Because Eternity will last,
When life and death itself are past.

Miss Jane Taylor.

Children should always be heard, and fairly and kindly answered, when they ask after any thing they would know, and desire to be informed about. Curiosity should be as carefully cherished in children, as other appetites suppressed.—Locke.