

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurea."

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THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF SARAH FULLER.

her Father, the late Mr. ANDREW FULLER of Kettering.

Sarah Fuller was born at Soham, December 1779. At the time of her birth I committed her to God; as I have done many times since. In particular, viewing her as she lay smiling in the cradle, at the age of eight months, my heart was much affected: I took her up in my arms, retired, and in that position wrestled with God for a blessing; at the same time bringing her up, as it were, and solemnly presenting her to the Lord for acceptance. In this exercise I was greatly encouraged, by the conduct of Christ towards those who brought little children in their arms to him for his blessing. I have frequently, when carrying her in my arms, sung over her such lines as the following, with much affection:

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

Or this:

O may'st thou live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
There all his glories to behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

She was a child of great vivacity of spirits, nothing remarkably vicious. The only time in her life that I had any occasion to use a rod, was when she was about four years old, for telling a lie. Having one day a great inclination to go out, she asked leave, and then said she had sinned it, when she had not.

About Michaelmas, 1785, she was invited by kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Ryland and Miss Ler, to pay a visit to Northampton. She went, and stayed eleven or twelve weeks, during which time Mrs. Trinder kindly took her to her school. Her proficiency in reading, writing, &c. gave us much pleasure. But, alas

for us! how long will it be, ere we cease to set our eyes upon that which is not? Death was then preparing to blast our rising hopes! About December she was taken ill at Northampton; our friends thought her illness to be the measles; after a while she seemed to get better, and on December the sixteenth, I brought her home. From the time of her return, we perceived a remarkable seriousness in her, with an uncommon delight in reading; and in our apprehension, her faculties ripened much beyond her years. But still her illness hung about her. In the beginning of February, she had the measles of a certainty, and we hoped would have recovered her health after the turn of the disorder; but from that time she grew weaker and weaker, and her complaints grew more and more alarming. A hectic fever preyed upon her perpetually. At this time, however, she took great delight in reading accounts of the conversion of little children, and seemed to love those children for their godliness. She would read these narratives aloud, when she was obliged to pause at every few words to get breath, till indeed we were obliged to restrain her, lest it should overcome her. At the same time she discovered great tenderness of conscience in respect of speaking the truth, and keeping holy the Lord's day. She would chide her brother Robert, if he discovered any inclination to play on that day.

In March I took her to Northampton, for the advice of Dr. Kerr. This cheered her spirits, as she loved Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, and wanted to go to see them. She stayed there a fortnight, and her aunt with her. The doctor was very attentive and kind to her; and we still hoped she might recover. During this fortnight I went two or three times to see her: and one evening, being with her alone, she asked me to pray for her. 'What do you wish me to pray for, my dear?' said I. She answered, 'That God would bless me, and keep me, and save my soul.' 'Do you think then that you are a sinner?' 'Yes, father.' Fearing lest she did not understand what she said, I asked her, 'What is sin, my dear?' She answered, 'Telling a story.' I comprehended this, and it went to my heart, 'What then, (I said,) you remember, do you, my having corrected you once for telling a story?' 'Yes, father.' 'And are you grieved for having so offended God?' 'Yes, father.' I asked her if she did not try to pray herself. She answered, 'I sometimes try, but I do not know how to pray; I wish you would pray for me, till I can pray for myself.' As I continued to sit by her, she appeared much dejected. I asked her the reason. She said, 'I am afraid I should go to hell.' 'My dear, (said I) who told you so?' 'Nobody, (said she,) but I know if I do not pray to the Lord, I must go to hell.' I then went to prayer with her, with many tears.

After her return to Kettering, we soon saw, with heart-rending grief, evident symptoms of approaching dissolution. Her mind seemed to grow, however, in seriousness. She had some verses composed for her by our dear friend Mr.

Ryland. These, when we rode out for the air, she often requested me to say over to her. She several times requested me to pray with her. I asked her again if she tried to pray herself; I found by her answer that she did, and was used to pray over the hymn which Mr. Ryland composed for her. I used to carry her in my arms into the fields, and there talk with her upon the desirableness of dying and being with Christ, and with holy men and women, and with those holy children who cried, Hosanna to the son of David. Thus I tried to reconcile her, and myself with her, to death, without directly telling her she would soon die. One day, as she lay in bed, I read to her the last eight verses of Rev. vii. 'They shall hunger no more, nor thirst,' &c. I said nothing upon it, but wished to observe what effect the passage might have upon her; I should not have wondered if she had been a little cheered by it. She said nothing, however, but looked very dejected. I said, 'My dear you are very unhappy.' She was silent, I urged her to tell me what was the matter. Still she was silent. I then asked her, whether she was afraid she should not go to that blessed world of which I had been reading? She answered, 'Yes.' 'But what makes you afraid, my dear?' 'Because (said she, with a tone of grief that pierced me to the heart,) I have sinned against the Lord.' 'True my dear, (said I,) you have sinned against the Lord; but the Lord is more ready to forgive you, if you are grieved for offending him, than I can be to forgive you when you are grieved for offending me; and you know how ready I am to do that.' I then told her of the great grace of God, and the love of Christ to sinners. I told her of his mercy in forgiving a poor wicked thief, who when he was dying prayed to him to save his soul. At this she seemed cheered, but said nothing.

A few weeks before she died, she asked her aunt to read to her. 'What shall I read, my dear?' said her aunt. 'Read, (said she,) some book about Christ. Her aunt read part of the

* Lord, teach me a child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A helpless creature I was born,
And from the womb I stray'd;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face,
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus will guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.