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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 52.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, July 25, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OAK OF THE FOREST;

3, SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF A ROUND TABLE.

It is common, I believe, for the autobiographer, in commencing his memoir, to relate the circumstances of his birth and parentage; and it would, perhaps, be proper for me to do the same. As the language of my species is not, and cannot be made easily intelligible to the reader, may just say, that all which I remember to have heard of my early history, is the following anecdote related to me by my venerable parent. Sometime, that one autumnal evening, some years after the union of the red rose and the white, when the king had been hunting in our forest, one of the yeoman of the guard, separated from his company while pursuing a weary stag, dashed hastily under the boughs of my parent stock, and shook thence a shower of acorns.—I who was one of them, fell into the spot reared by his horse's hoof, & nourished by rains and dews, sprung up first in the two delicate seed-leaves of my genus; then became a sparkling sapling, and in the course of half a century, at last spread my wide branches over the beautiful pasture grounds of an open part of the forest of Hants.

The forest of Hants consisted at that time of certain woody grounds and fruitful pastures privileged for wild fowls of forest, chase, and barren; and was kept for the princely delight of the king. The hart, the hind the buck, and the doe, there had ample range and covert undisurbed. The boar and the wolf, as well as the mid hair and cunning fox, were also seen within its dingles, and often of a dewy morning the huntsman's horn used to wake the echoes of its hills and caves, and gallant knights and noble lords sought their pastime in its shades. There also the humble peasant spent his happier life in honest labor, & uncomplaining toil, and there the woodman led his little ones abroad at early dawn, and saw his forest boys return at night to cheer their clay-built cottage with the blaze of the gathered faggots bundled on their backs.

The ash, the elm, the maple, and the beech, there spread their arms, and waved their boughs;

but chief the oak of every age and size threw their umbrageous shadows and knarled branches over the thickets and copse-wood with which the spot abounded. For more than a century did I exist in this green retreat, and many a princely group have I seen pass through its covert by day; and many a bandit culk beneath its shades by night. But every thing that lives and grows, also fades and dies; and many a noble tree had been borne off from the forest before it became my lot also to receive the woodman's stroke, to wither, to fall, and to die.

No sooner were my leafy honours laid in the dust, than stripped of my outward coat, I was dragged to the neighbouring hamlet, where those who had often rested under my shadow, or whom I had sheltered from the blast, reluctantly backed and hewed my disjointed limbs, and saved my body asunder. But not to dwell on this excruciating process, suffice it to say, that in course of time I was transplanted to a great city, where being smoothed and polished by my intercourse with its inhabitants, I was once more set upon my feet, and there I would have been content to dwell, seeing so many of my fallen compatriots in the same sad circumstances. But alas! I was cruelly separated from this last source of comfort in my broken fortunes, and severed from their company, was sent down into one of the western counties, where, after a somewhat tedious and jolting journey, I was again put upon my legs, and found myself in the ample hall a baronial castle, among antlers of the deer and tusks of the wild boar and portraits of armed men, who frowned upon me from the wall. And here, though I often heard the sound of the horn blow for the chase, and the wardnote from the tower, I never experienced any more the fructifying influence of rain, or dews, or sunny skies, but neither did I suffer the soaking of the tempest, nor the pelting of the pitiless storm, and therefore I felt content. Stationary, solitary, and unvisited, I remained month after month, and altogether unnoticed, save when the house maid occasionally smoothed my russet face with oil, or polished my sturdy limbs with the strength of her unwearying arms.

It was in the year 1555, at that season when clouds and driving storms make men forsake the woodlands, and lounge about the hearth, that one day I was overspread with a piece of damask, as white as the snow which covered all the lawn. When the ample chimney in the hall was piled with logs of wood, and a note of preparation sounded through the castle, of some extraordinary event about to be developed. In addition to my mantle of white, I found myself obliged to sustain the weight of many a massy goblet and wassail bowl; and as it drew towards dusk, the antique lamp which had depended so long over my head, was lighted up with lambent flames, and presently the steward of the household entered, bearing a boar's under a silver cover, which being placed upon my ample surface, was followed by sirloins of beef, gammons of bacon and pasties of the doe; besides flagons of wine, and every

thing that tends to make good cheer, and warm a winter's day.

No sooner had this ceremony taken place, than my young master, that day of age, led in his widowed mother to the hall, and placing her in the seat of honour, they were followed by gentles and ladies fair who each took a seat by my side. On this occasion many a cup was drunk to the health and prosperity of the young baron; and the hilarity and cheerfulness of the company continued unabated till towards the end of the banquet, when a sharp blast from the horn of the warder announced the arrival of a stranger, but whether a guest, a courier, or an enemy, could not at first be ascertained. A solemn silence took place around me, during which the drawbridge was heard to creak up its chains, the portcullis was raised up, and a gentleman urged his jaded steed into the courtyard, and quickly dismounting, presented himself in haste as he arrived, in the blaze of the lights, and sparkling billets which illuminated the hall.

"Sir Edmund! Sir Edmund," said my young master, "why so late, and yet so speedy? We looked for you at noon, and now 'tis almost night."

Late, yet early for what I have seen and suffered this day," replied the stranger, "but that," said he, "were long and sad to tell."

As Sir Edmund said this, my master desired he might first receive refreshments after his journey, and then reply to the inquiries which were anxiously addressed to him. When this was done, and the stranger found himself revived, he spoke as follows:

"My Lord," said he, "it was my intention to have been with you betimes this day, and to have hailed you with a kinsman's kind regards. But stopping to bait my steed, at Gloucester, I found myself entangled in a crowd, and witness to a scene it was impossible to escape. You all know the state of the times too well to make it necessary for me to tell you, however carefully concealed, what was transacted there this day. Our holy bishop has won the crown of martyrdom, and could I do less than stay to see him put it on!"

Here there was a deed groan from all around me; and I thought within myself, what foolish thoughts will not an oak of the forest think? Some one has been struck down with an axe this day, or sawn asunder, or flayed alive, or burned in the fire! And in some respects my conjectures were not far distant from the truth.

"Ah! Gloucester!" exclaimed every one present, "Ah! Gloucester! Has he then gained his crown! Blessed man! How glorious! But yet in his persecutors how cruel!"

"Ah!" said the aged chaplain, who was seated next my Lord, "I wist not he was to be so soon in glory. Many a time have I seen him in his common hall, where was a table spread for all his poor, and many a blessing has been poured upon his head, as he fed the hungry, and to the weary pilgrim pointed the path to heaven. But let us hear it all."

"You know, perhaps," continued Sir Edmund, "that after he was degraded by the queen's orders, he was taken again to prison, where, when he was sick, no man durst visit him; when he was sad, no man durst comfort him; but where he composed those divine expositions of the Psalms of David, which shall cheer the fainting soul of many a saint in many an age to come. When at last he was informed that he was to be carried to Gloucester to suffer death, he rejoined exceedingly, and raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he blessed and prayed the Lord, that he was to be honoured to confirm among his own people by his death, those precious truths which he had so often taught them in his life. That same night he sent quickly for his servant, directing him to fetch his boots and spurs, and cloak, that he might be ready to ride by dawn. At four of the clock the keeper of the prison came to him, and having searched him, he was led forth, and committed to the charge of ten soldiers of the queen's guard, who brought him to the Angel in Fleet Street, where he breakfasted with them, and eat his morsel with a thankful heart. By break of day they went to horse, when he mounted with a gallant leap into his saddle, as one going to victory and conquest, not to death. All the way he was calm and silent, being much engaged in prayer; and when they halted for the night, he slept his first sleep soundly, and afterwards begging of his guards permission to retire to a private room for prayer; his request was denied him.

"While a pious soldier was relating these few particulars in my hearing, the mayor and sheriff appeared with all the parade and insolence of office," as if going to a banquet, and their hall. But all this was done at the command of the queen's majesty, and to gratify her popish subjects. The venerable man was seen in the procession, with a countenance meek and pensive, unagitated, unstartled, unafraid,—in nothing terrified by his adversaries. The scene that followed no tongue can describe, nor would I wound the feelings of this company even by an allusion to it."—Something he added in an under tone, about the faggots being green, and the sufferings prolonged, but the burst of indignation and horror which followed it, drowned the sounds, and I heard no more.

After this affecting and appalling recital, the good chaplain led the conversation to profit, and addressing himself to all present, observed, that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven, and that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution; and opening up the history of the church, began to relate the various trials through which it had passed from the days of the apostles down to the present time. The good man concluded by observing that the inflexible firmness and immovable courage with which the people of God had suffered in every period of persecution, appeared to have infuriated their enemies even more than the principles for which they died. But while their persecutors thought by cruelty and oppression to erase the true worship of God from the earth, they only confirmed, deepened, and strengthened, the faith of believers; and the old saying had in every age been true—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

This evening which was to have been spent in festivity and music, was turned into weeping and prayer. My young master ordered the

chapel to be lighted, the guests and servants to assemble; and the venerable chaplain, who had led the minds of the careless and the thoughtless to improve the awful circumstances of the times, by reflection and consideration, there conducted the service of the evening, and commending the whole household to the care and keeping of Him who slumbers not nor sleeps, passed the night in his chamber in prayer.

The next day all moved off from the castle, and months and years rolled on, and I saw no more of my young lord, nephew of his widowed mother. They removed for security to a distance, where they abode for a number of years, and silent and dark was my solitary state till one summer day when woods were green, and birds were singing on every bough, a carriage was seen driving up the winding way that led from the village to the castle, and my lord, accompanied by his now aged mother, and a lady who was his wife, descended from it, and a chariot followed from which were conducted two lovely youths, in mere boyhood, and a little girl, all the children of my master.

In the evening when the sun was about to set, my lord and his young ones, accompanied by their mother, were shown the apartments of the castle. When they entered the great hall, the beams of the setting sun were shining through the long and lofty casements. They fell on the sunny ringlets of Lord Richard's flaxen head. His father laid his hand first on the one boy, and then on the other. "Thus," said he, "my children, is the spot where I first heard the word of life with power. It was seated round this table, in the presence of many friends, that the news of the martyrdom of Gloucester reached my ear. I listened to the festal relation with an indignation against the queen, which would have led me to lay my hand upon my sword, and cry to horse! to horse! But the venerable man who sat by my side, retrained the fruitless ardor; and unfolding the ways of God to man, made such an impression on my heart, that the blood of that martyr was life to your father's soul.

"I was then ignorant of the truth of God, and the way of salvation. I knew not that I was born in a state of sin and misery; that there was no redemption but by Jesus Christ. I knew not that whoever continues in a state of nature, is far, far, from God; that we must be born again of the incorruptible seed of the word before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven; that it is by faith in Jesus Christ we receive the redemption; and that it is by the grace of the Holy Spirit we are enabled to believe. All this I have since been taught, as well as to know, that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and though the law as a covenant has no power over us, yet as a rule of life and standard of duty, we must yield it implicit obedience. All this I was taught; in all this I would have you, my children, instructed. We who believe are set for the defence of the gospel, and I trust, my dearest Richard, that when I am gathered to my fathers, and you are heir and lord of this domain, you will never forget the first words of your father in this your first visit to the hall of your ancestors."

Since that day, I, the Oak of the Forest, have seen many a holy festival held around me, more sacred, more deeply hallowed than those witnessed by my ancestors of druid fame of old. I have heard of the progress of the Reformation

and of the triumphs of the virgin queen; of the indomitable courage of the saints of God, both in this now happy land, and beyond the seas. And as a listener I can, and do bear witness, that neither bolts of brass, nor bars of iron; nor fetters of "shame, reproof, or dishonor," forged by the powerful and the cruel; nor oppressions of the wicked, are able to confine the enfranchised spirit, or shake the enduring constancy and holy confidence of those whose trust is in the Lord God of Hosts. Like Levintham of old, the "sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold; the spear the hurt, the habergeon; they esteem iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood; the arrow cannot make them flee, and they laugh at the shaking of a spear.

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THE MIRROR.

No. II.

"The source from which Detraction springs
Is, chiefly, unsuccessful competition."

Esop's Fables.

Those who are in the habit of studying their own hearts, and are not blind to their own failing and besetting sins, must be convinced by every day's painful experience, of the truth of the apostle James's assertion, that "the tongue is an unruly member, full of deadly poison." The government of the tongue is one of the christian's most difficult and arduous, and at the same time most important and imperious duties.

Young people, especially, should be ever vigilantly on their guard against the innumerable evils which arise from too great freedom of speech, amongst which, a spirit of detraction and satire is perhaps the most common, and certainly not the least dangerous. It has been remarked by an admirable writer of the present day, that "the young feel deeply and think superficially. They are peculiarly alive to the ridiculous, in persons and things; they perceive follies immediately; and as they have not yet learnt to feel their own infirmities, they have no mercy on those of others—hence arises a hasty and uncanonid judgment, which being often attended with great powers of ridicule, makes the young of both sexes apt to indulge in satire and detraction." But another, perhaps still more abundant source of detraction is competition. The love of notice and distinction (a common failing with young people) prompts to competition—and when they are conscious that those with whom they are put in competition are more noticed and distinguished than they themselves are, envy is excited in their hearts, and that envy leads to detraction.

But these remarks will be better illustrated by the following example, which is I fear but too accurate a specimen of the kind of conversation which often takes place amongst young people, who have not acquired the difficult art of keeping their tongues in subjection.

"Well, I am glad this stupid evening is over," exclaimed Laura Delany to her friend Emily Vernon, on returning home from a large juvenile party, in which she had passed three or four hours in high spirits, and apparently in high good humour, pleasing, and pleased with every body. How far this was really the case, will be seen from the following conversation. It must be premised, however, that Laura was not naturally an ill-natured girl—but she possessed an unfortunate propensity to satire, which had never been pro-

perly checked; and being an only child,—the idol of her doting parents, and accustomed to consider herself a paragon of perfection, she could ill brook the idea of being excelled or even equalled by any of her young companions. No; Laura Delany would be reckoned the first and most forward wherever she went, and while she was the leading star, and permitted to eclipse in conscious superiority all the less brilliant constellations which surrounded her, she was the most amiable, agreeable, and lively girl in the world: but jealousy, alas! is "ever vigilant and keen-eyed," and no sooner did Laura come in competition with a young person of superior abilities to herself, than she felt angry, chagrined, and miserable. It is true that her politeness and good breeding obliged her to conceal her feelings for a time; but as soon as that restraint was removed, her mortified vanity would vent itself in unkind remarks, and bitter satire upon her unfortunate rival, the least flaw in whose behaviour was eagerly seized and magnified, and her best actions ascribed to bad motives. Happily for Laura, her parents finding her at the age of fourteen quite beyond their management, placed her under the care of a sensible and judicious governess, who soon discovered her propensity to detraction and satire, and strenuously endeavored to correct it.

But the deep rooted habits of many years are not often overcome in a few months; and though Laura was obliged to restrain her tongue in the presence of Miss Anley, yet she seldom neglected the opportunity of indulging it in the absence of her kind mistress.

"Come, Laura," said Emily, "let us go into our own room, and sit over the fire, and enjoy a good snug chat,—and then you can tell me all your evening's adventures." "Adventures, my dear Emily!" exclaimed Laura, "one must not look for adventures at Mrs. G.'s; she is, without exception, the most stupid creature, and has the most odious set of acquaintances you can possibly conceive. One has nothing to do but to sit and yawn at one's neighbour, till the piano-forte is opened, and somebody is set to work at it. Oh! such music! How you would have laughed! Lucy M. was the first performer. She can run over the keys, rattle, rattle, till one is half deafened; but if only two-thirds of the notes are wrong, it is an unusually lucky hit for her. Then, Miss B. was asked to sing, and after expressing her fears, and lamenting her excessive timidity for a decent length of time, she at last yielded with admirably affected repugnance to the solicitations which overwhelmed her, and even graciously suffered herself to be encored."

"But did not you play and sing, my dear Laura?"

"I play! Oh dear, no! With so many first rate performers in the room, my poor services could not possibly be required. Harriet G. did all she could to induce me to sing, but I knew very well it was only in order to quiz me as soon as I was gone, so I positively refused." "And were those delightful D.'s there?" inquired Emily. "Oh, yes, to be sure. Could any thing go on at Mrs. G.'s without those 'delightful D.'s? You would have seen them in perfection to-night. Mrs. D. admiring her son all the time. The charming son yawning delightfully; and his lovely sister looking exquisitely silly. I suppose they take me for a heretic, for they scarcely vouchsafed me a word all the evening."

How long this interesting and profitable dialogue might have continued is uncertain; but suddenly, to the terror and dismay of these mercenary judges, Miss Anley stood before them. The door of their room, which led into her apartment, had inadvertently been left open, and thus she easily heard all that had passed. The conscience-smitten girls looked thunderstruck on seeing her, but could not attempt to excuse themselves. She saw their confusion, and forbore to reprove them, but kindly addressing her pupil, she said, "My dear Laura, I am sorry to see that all my admonitions and advice have had so little effect upon you, and that in spite of all I can say you still continue to indulge in this shocking habit of detraction. No doubt, you think all these satirical speeches very clever; but I assure you, you are greatly mistaken. Long experience has convinced me, that the most satirical people I know, are those who mistake severity for shrewdness, and who have more quickness than sense. Far from its being true (as some have asserted) that clever people are always satirical, it would be more just to say that persons are often satirical in the hope of appearing witty, from the erroneous belief that an aptitude to satire is a proof of ability. A tendency to see the ludicrous in persons and things is nothing more than a quickness of observation which most children possess. But your habit of detraction, I am convinced, proceeds only from mortified vanity. Blind as you are to your own defects, you cannot help seeing that Lucy M. and Miss B. play and sing far better than you do, and therefore you think to revenge yourself upon them by ridiculing their performances most absurdly and unjustly. As for that excellent woman, Mrs. D., I know you have never forgiven her for the admirable and judicious manner in which she reproved you, the other day, when she heard you speaking unkindly of one of your young friends. Had you been flattered and caressed by all the company this evening, you would have been delighted with them, and perhaps would have extolled them as undeservedly as you have now condemned them. I see, my love, you are ashamed of your conduct, and I will only add, that if the maxim of 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you,' were constantly uppermost in your mind, and considered, as it ought to be, a sure guide for all your actions, it would infallibly preserve you from the sin of detraction."

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

A teacher of a Sunday school heard one of his scholars using profane language, he called him—"Robert," said he, "was it you that took your Maker's name in vain?" The little boy held down his head. "Robert," said the teacher, "have you not learnt that the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain? And have you not read in the Bible how God threatens swearers? He has said, 'Swear not at all,' James, Chap. 5:12. 'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God.' Leviticus Chap. 19:12. And he threatens you, that 'Every one that sweareth shall be cut off' Zech. Chap. 5:3. Do you know what a dreadful thing it is to provoke the anger of almighty God. If you feel sorry when you offend your earthly father, how much more sorry should you be when your heavenly father, who gave you life, and daily supplies you with all the blessings of life, is offended. Pray, therefore, my

child that the Lord may forgive you this sin. Think in what an awful condition you would be, if the Lord should strike you down dead, while committing sin. Remember how the Lord punished the little children that mocked his holy prophet Isaiah; and unless you repent you will be punished, for you mocked the Lord himself, and took his holy name in vain."

Pray, therefore, my dear children, morning and evening, that the Lord may strengthen you against the temptations of the devil, and to lead a righteous and godly life, that when the hour of death comes, you may enter into the paradise above, and there enjoy a blissful immortality.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

As this number completes the first volume of the JUVENILE ENTERTAINER, we embrace the opportunity of addressing a few words to those, who have favoured us with their patronage.

In the first place, then, we tender them our most sincere acknowledgments, for the interest which they have taken in our plan, respecting the circulation of our little periodical. We must apologize for any deficiencies in the work, as, owing to unforeseen circumstances, it has not been conducted entirely to our own satisfaction. It has, however, been approved of and patronized by Gentlemen, in the various sections of the Province—by many Teachers of Youth—and by numbers of the more intelligent part of the community. We cannot express our satisfaction in having so many youthful Agents of our Paper, as it affords a pleasing indication, both of their concern for its prosperity, and their increasing desire for useful information. In the establishment of our Paper, the benefit of the young was the chief end which we had in view, and just in proportion to the interest which they take in its advancement, will be our encouragement to persevere in their improvement.

The good or bad habits which young persons contract, become daily more confirmed. So true is this, that custom is said to be second nature. It must, then, be of no small importance, to excite in the youthful mind, a taste for that sort of reading, which is calculated to correct the erroneous ideas which they are apt to imbibe, and to inculcate just notions of the true character and condition of mankind, and of the various duties which they, as accountable creatures, are called to perform.

Conversing lately with a much valued friend, respecting our little periodical, and others of similar description, he said, "Do not faint—persevere: the value of such works will only be apprehended, when all secrets will be unveiled."

True wisdom and pure morality, how beautiful! how excellent! They alone exult—they alone add dignity to the human character;—they prepare the soul for eternal happiness. How incomprehensibly glorious shall be the final reward of walking in wisdom's way! and how happy shall we be, if any can look back upon our humble efforts, and say, that they had the slightest effect in exciting them to pursue the path of rectitude.

It is said by an inspired writer, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The truth of this point being granted, and verified by experience, the importance of well regulated periodicals, for accomplishing this end, will be readily

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 new, 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 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.