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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem"

No. 26.

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

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BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCIS BACON,

Francis Bacon, a great lawyer and statesman,
and a much greater philosopher, was the son of
Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great
seal, which is the same office as that of Lord
Chancellor of England.

He was born at York-house, in the
 Strand, in 1561, and in his infancy showed signs
of a happy genius and strong judgment. When
 he was but a child, he was introduced to Queen
 Elizabeth, who asked him how old he was; to
 which he answered, "that he was two years
 younger than her majesty's happy reign;" for
 the queen was crowned in 1559. This fine com-
 pliment gave so much satisfaction to that discern-
 ing queen, that she bestowed many marks of
 royal favour upon Mr. Bacon, whom she
 used to call her "young lord keeper."

At the dazzling splendours of a court, and
 the smiles of his sovereign, did not entice him
 from his studies. His progress in learning was
 so great, that at the age of twelve years he was
 sent to the university of Cambridge, where he
 was for his tutor Dr. Whitgift, who was after-
 wards Archbishop of Canterbury. Under this
 tutelage and pious divine, he applied to his books
 with such uncommon diligence, that before he
 was sixteen years old, he had gone through the
 whole circle of the liberal arts and sciences, as
 were then taught; besides making a great
 proficiency in the learned languages and divi-

ne his father, the lord keeper, discovering in him
 such a ripeness of judgment and virtue, as
 was as of knowledge, resolved to send him,
 being as he was, to France, that he might gain
 acquaintance with affairs of state. He was
 accordingly committed to the care of Sir Amias
 Apsley, the English ambassador at Paris; and
 well did he conduct himself in that situation,
 so that he was sent to England with a commission
 of justice to the queen, which required both
 courtesy and dispatch. He executed this hono-
 rable trust with such applause, as gained both
 the queen and the ambassador great credit. Our young

statesman then returned to France, where he ap-
 plied himself not only to his studies, but culti-
 vated the friendship of men of learning, and
 made many useful observations upon public af-
 fairs, as appears from a succinct view of the
 state of Europe, which he wrote when he was
 only nineteen.

But while he was thus honorably improving
 himself abroad in such pursuits as might best
 answer the expectations entertained of him, the
 sudden death of his father recalled him to Eng-
 land, where, finding that his portion, owing to
 the largeness of the family, was but small, he re-
 solved to make the law his profession. He ac-
 cordingly entered himself a student of Gray's
 Inn, where, in his twenty-eighth year, he became
 reader to the society; that is, read lectures upon
 profound questions in the law. About the same
 time he was also appointed queen's counsel, but
 did not receive any substantial preferment or dis-
 tinction till the reign of King James the First,
 when he had passed through the offices of soli-
 citor and attorney general, and finally, that of
 chancellor, on which occasion he was made a
 viscount. He died at Highgate, in 1626. His
 fame for universal learning was so extensive,
 that in his last illness a French nobleman, of
 very high distinction, went to pay him a visit,
 and finding him in bed, with the curtains drawn,
 "You resemble," said the Marquis, "the
 angels; we hear those heavenly beings constantly
 talked of, and we believe them superior to
 mankind, but we never have the consolation of
 seeing them."—"If the charity of others," re-
 plied the dying philosopher, "compare me to an
 angel, my own infirmities tell me I am but a
 man."

In the midst of his professional employments,
 and the fatiguing engagements of state affairs,
 this great man applied to his studies with unre-
 mitted ardour. He was the first who discarded
 a slavish adherence to theory and hypothesis in
 philosophy, and laid it down as a maxim, "that
 in the study of nature we should always proceed,
 not upon conjecture and theory, but upon ex-
 periment alone!"

Juvenile Platarch.

*Character of Sir FRANCIS BACON, Lord high
Chancellor of England, by Monsieur d'Alem-
bert.*

On considering attentively the sound, intelligent, and
 extensive views of this great man, the multiplicity of
 objects his piercing wit had comprehended within its
 sphere, the elevation of his style, that every-where
 makes the boldest images to coalesce with the most ri-
 gorous precision, we should be tempted to esteem him
 the greatest, the most universal, and the most elo-
 quent of philosophers. His works are justly valued,
 perhaps more valued than known and therefore more
 deserving of our study than eulogiums. Bacon, born
 amidst the obscurity of the most profound night, perceiv-
 ed that philosophy did not yet exist, tho' many had
 undoubtedly flattered themselves for having excelled in
 it; for, the more an age is gross and ignorant, the more
 it believes itself informed of all that can be possibly
 known. He began by taking a general view of the
 various objects of all natural sciences; he divided those
 sciences into different branches, of which he made the

most exact enumeration; he examined into what was
 already known as to each of those objects, and he drew
 up an immense catalogue of what remained to be dis-
 covered. This was the aim and subject of his admir-
 able work, on the dignity and augmentation of natural
 knowledge. In his New Organ of Sciences, the per-
 fects the views he had pointed out in the first work, he
 carries them farther, and shows the necessity of experi-
 mental physics, which was not yet thought of. An
 enemy to systems, he beholds philosophy as only that
 part of our knowledge, which ought to contribute to
 make us better or more happy. He seems to limit it
 to the science of useful things, and every where re-
 commends the study of nature. His other writings are
 formed on the same plan. Every thing in them, even
 their titles, is expressive of the man of genius, of the
 mind that sees in great. He there collects facts, he
 there compares experiments, and indicates a great num-
 ber to be made. He invites the learned to study and
 perfect the arts, which he deems as the most illustrious
 and most essential part of human knowledge. He ex-
 poses with a noble simplicity his conjectures and
 thoughts on different objects worthy of interesting men;
 and he might have said, as the old Gentleman of Ter-
 ence, that nothing affecting humanity was foreign
 to him. Science of Nature, Morality, Politics, Oecono-
 mics, all seemed to be within the stretch of that lum-
 inous and profound wit; and we know not which most to
 admire, the richness he diffuses over all the subjects he
 treats of, or the dignity with which he speaks of them.
 His writings cannot be better compared than to those
 of Hippocrates on Medicine; and they would be nei-
 ther less admired nor less read, if the culture of the
 mind was as dear to mankind as the preservation of
 their health. But there are none but the works of
 poets of all kinds whose works can have a certain
 splendor. Bacon was not of the number, and the form
 of his philosophy was against it. It was too good to
 fill any one with astonishment. The Scholastic Philo-
 sophy, which had gained the ascendancy in his time,
 could not be overthrown but by bold and new opin-
 ions, and there is no probability that a philosopher,
 who only intimates to men, "This is the little you have
 learned, this is what remains for your enquiry," is cal-
 culated for making much noise among his contempo-
 raries. We might even presume to hazard some de-
 gree of reproach against the Lord Chancellor Bacon
 for having been perhaps too hard, if we were not sen-
 sible with what reserve, and as it were with what re-
 sistance, judgment ought to be passed on so sublime
 a genius. Though he confessed that the scholastic
 philosophers had enervated the sciences by minutiae
 of their questions, and that sound intellects ought to have
 made a sacrifice of the study of general beings to that
 of particular objects, he seems notwithstanding, by the
 frequent use he makes of school-terms, and sometimes
 also by the divisions and subdivisions that are in
 vogue, to have showed too much deference for the pre-
 dominant taste of his age. This great man, after
 breaking the shackles of so many nouns, was still in-
 tangled by some chains, which he either could not, or
 dared not to break asunder.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

SINCERITY AND TRUTH.

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity
 and truth. This is the basis of every virtue.
 That darkness of character, where we can see
 no heart; those foldings of art, through which
 no native affection is allowed to penetrate, pre-
 sent an object, unamiable in every season of life,
 but particularly copious in youth. If, at an age
 when the heart was warm, when the emotions
 are strong, and when nature is expected to show
 herself free and open, you can already smile

and deceive; what are we to look for, when you shall be no longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart; and when experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of portly in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and of future shame. It degrades parts and learning; it obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and it sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, and the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. Ingenuity and candour possesses the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, they carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path, that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a basely spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. But openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betrays one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life. To give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to seek no means, and to stoop to no dissimulation, are the indications of a great mind, the presage of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; it is the mark of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; of one who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

Blair.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN

“But who the various nations can declare
That plough with busy wing the peopled air?
These cleave the crumbling bark for insect food;
Those dip the crooked beak in kindred blood;
Some haunt the rushy moor, the lonely woods;
Some bath their silver plumage in the floods.”

BIRDS.

The Ostrich, the Emu, and the Cassowary, are not only remarkable by reason of their superiority of size, but seem to claim our first attention among the feathery tribes on account of their constituting some of those apparent links, by which the winged is united to the order of Quadrupeds. For although these animals resemble birds in the outline, and in several parts of their confirmation, they certainly cannot be classed among the more perfect orders of the species, in as much as they do not make use of their wings for the purpose of flying; and as to internal formation, the Ostrich is said to have as great a resemblance to the four-footed as to the volatile order.

The structure of these creatures, as well as their appetites, is however well adapted for the

situations in which they are severally placed, and they appear to know well how to supply the defect of some of their members by the use which they make of others.

Of all animals that move on their legs, the Ostrich is by far the swiftest; and although the Arabians train their swiftest horses for the chase, it is not likely they would be successful in the pursuit of this animal, were it not for his circling manner of running: Nor is this surprising, when we consider, that this lofty mass of light materials is not only carried forward by his long springing legs, but is impelled along by his wings, which he keeps in constant operation, and apparently serve the purpose of ours.

The Emu, or Ostrich of the new continent, is also a remarkably swift runner, but its manner of assisting its legs is somewhat different from the former; besides making use of something behind, like a heel, to push it forward, this animal uses a kind of action peculiar to itself, first lifting up one wing & keeping it elevated for some time in form of a sail, then letting it drop and elevating the other by this means it moves along with such rapidity, that even the Greyhound can seldom overtake it. The favourite climate of the Cassowary seems to begin, where that of the Ostrich terminates, in the old world, and although its wings are so very small, that being covered with the hair on the back they are scarcely perceptible, it kicks up behind with the one leg, and then making a bound forward with the other, proceeds with such amazing speed, that the swiftest racer would be unable to maintain the pursuit!

In the structure of Birds of the more perfect order, a few things demand our most serious attention.

The whole body is shaped in the most convenient manner for making their way through the air; being, as Mr. RAY observes, constructed very near SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S form of least resistance. According to BAR, in his continuation of BUFFON: “it is neither extremely massive nor equally substantial in all its parts; but being designed to rise in the air, is capable of expanding a large surface without solidity. The body is sharp before, to pierce and make its way through that element; it then gradually increases in bulk, till it has acquired its just dimensions, and falls off in an expansive tail.”

The motion of this order being two-fold, walking and flying, they are provided with legs at once wonderfully contrived to walk with, and raise them like a spring for their flight; wings to buoy them up and wait them along; their evolutions, and to direct their course.

Although their feathery covering is admirably constructed for lightness and buoyancy, their wings are furnished with a strength that is amazing; and by these they are enabled to impel themselves forward with an inconceivable rapidity. To fit them the better for their flight, the feathers are disposed in the most perfect order, lying one way; and that they may glide more smoothly along, they are furnished with a gland situated on the rump, from which they occasionally press out oil with the bill, and anoint the feathers.

The beak, or bill of birds, is a curious piece of art, formed of a hard horny substance, constructed in the most commodious manner for piercing the air. Their ears stand not out from their head to retard their flight, while their eyes

are placed in such situations as to take in nearly a hemisphere on either side.

Birds have no teeth to chew their food, but those of the granivorous kind are provided with two stomachs; in one of which the victuals are softened and macerated before they enter the other to be completely digested. Being often employed in traversing the upper regions, were they behoved to be much incumbered did they bring forth their young in the manner of quadrupeds, their manner of generating is wisely made to differ, and their offspring are produced by means of eggs. In the speedy growth of young birds, by which they acquire a degree of strength and size so as to be able soon to provide for themselves, we have also an instance of the tender care of providence.

What power unseen inspires these little creatures which “the passion of the groves,” at the most fit season for forming their alliances!—when the genial temper of the weather covers the trees with leaves, the fields with grass, and produces such swarms of insects for the support of the future progeny? And, how comes it to pass that no sooner is the connubial league formed than these little warblers, (a pattern to new-married couples in humble life, who have nothing but their own industry to depend on) immediately set about building their nests, and make preparation for their tender offspring?

In the building of their nests, what art and ingenuity are displayed! Whether they are constructed from the collected portions of clay and mortar, or from the more light materials of moss and straw, these little creatures contrive to mould them into the most convenient form and to give them a durability proportionate to their wants.

Nor is the wonder less, that birds of the same kind, however widely separated, should all follow the same order of architecture in the construction of their habitations; that each should make choice of the situation most suitable to its kind, and that all should agree in laying as many eggs as to be sufficient to keep up their species, yet no more than they conveniently hatch and bring up.

In the incubation, with what patience do these creatures sit on their eggs when necessary, till the young are ready to be hatched, and then how officious in assisting the little prisoners to escape!—With what imitable care do they afterwards watch over and provide for the brood, till it is capable of doing so for itself; and with what scrupulous exactness during this period they distribute to each his allotted portion of food.

“What is this Mighty Breath! ye sages say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven?—What but God,
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting energy pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.”

These observations are applicable to the feathery tribe in general; but if we turn to the peculiarities of a few of the different species, we shall observe that the wisdom and the goodness of Deity are no less conspicuous. The Ostrich, formed to traverse the burning sands of Africa, is long legged, light, and amazing agile. Denied the natural reservoir of the Camel, it is endowed with such an abstinence from water, that the Arabs assert that it never drinks! and it may roam many hundreds of miles in quest

vegetation, it seems to have an appetite for almost every kind of food.

The CONDOR of America, is said to be the largest kind endowed with flight, and being of the rapacious kind, is armed with a beak so strong as to pierce the hide of an ox.

The EAGLE, the most noble of rapacious Vultures, has a taste too nice for carrion; and in order that he may secure his living prey, and bear it in safety to his nest in the inaccessible cliff, Nature has endowed him with the faculty of vision in an eminent degree, prodigious claws, amazing strength, and a profusion of feathers down to his very toes.

The VULTURE delights in carrion and putridity; and this excellent anatomist may at once be distinguished from the Eagle by the nakedness of his neck and head, as well as that acute sense of smelling, by which, according to Herodotus, he can smell a dead carcass at the distance of fifteen thousand paces.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

GASSENDI.

This extraordinary man who flourished about the middle of the 17th century, exhibited a most remarkable instance of the precocity of human intellect. At four years old he began to declaim in little sermons: at the age of seven he used to steal away from his parents, and spend a great part of the night in observing the stars. This made his friends say, that he was born an astronomer. At this age, he had a dispute with the boys of the village whether the moon or the clouds moved: to convince them that the moon did not move, he took them behind a tree, and made them take notice that the moon kept its situation between the same leaves, whilst the clouds passed on. This early disposition to observation induced his parents to cultivate his talents; and the clergyman of his village gave him the first elements of learning. His ardour for study became then extreme; the day was not long enough for him; and he often read a good part of the night by the light of the lamp that was burning in the church of his village, his family being too poor to allow him candles for his nocturnal studies. He often took only four hours sleep in the night. At the age of ten, he harangued his bishop in Latin, (who passed through Gassendi's village, on his visitation) with such ease and spirit, that the prelate exclaimed, "That lad will one day or other be the wonder of his age!"

The modest and unassuming conduct of Gassendi gave an additional charm to his talents. "He complained," says St. Evremond, "that Nature had given such a degree of extent to our curiosity, and such very narrow limits to our knowledge. This, he assured me, he did not say to mortify the presumption of any person; or from an affected humility, which is a kind of hypocrisy. He did not pretend to deny but that he knew what might be thought on many subjects, but he dared not venture to affirm that he completely understood any one. The constant tendency of his studies was to make him wiser and better, and he ascribed all his books with these words, "Sapere aude."

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENERAL CAUSES OF WAR.

Are not pride, avarice, and revenge, the seeds of all kinds of carnal warfare? From these grow all the quarrelling among children, the

discord among families, the bickerings, law suits, broils among neighbours, the boxing among bullocks, the duelling among modern gentlemen, and wars among nations. They all originate from one and the same spirit.

Now, is the mild, meek, and peaceable man more liable to inspire jealousy in others, than he is about to insult and abuse them, than the high duellist, who constantly carries with him deadly weapons? Does he in fact so often get into difficulty, quarrelling and fighting? The respectable Society of Friends stand a living monument to answer the question.

On the principles of self defence, as they are styled, if one man suspects an injury from another, unless he is naturally a more powerful man, he must take a cane, as the principles of self-defence require a superior power in your own hand, either by art or muscular strength. When the other learns the suspicions, and sees the preparation, he in his turn must take a bludgeon to preserve the balance of power, and use threatening language to awe his antagonist, who must now take a sword and return his threat, in order to maintain his dignity; for it will not do for men of honour to retract, how much soever they may be in the wrong. The other again must take a deadly weapon for defence, and nothing is now wanting but an unhappy meeting, so set each others blood a-flowing.

Much in the same way do nations often get into desperate warfare. One nation is busily increasing its military strength, on the plausible maxim of preserving peace and maintaining its rights. Another nation views the preparations with a jealous eye, and also goes to work on the same principle, to make formidable preparations. All the nations around take the alarm, and on the same principle begin active preparations, all vying with each other to become the most formidable. If one sends an ambassador to enquire the cause of the great preparations; the answer always is, let the motive be what it may, for their own defence. Then the other makes new exertions, and begins to fortify towns on the confines of his neighbour, who must not only do the same, but march a large army for the defence of his frontier; and the other must do likewise.

By this time, if no old quarrel remained unsettled, perhaps one charges the other with encroachment on territory; the other denies the charge, and contends sharply for his pretended rights. Missives may be interchanged, and while negotiations are pending, a high tone must be taken by both parties, for this is an essential principle in the doctrine of self-defence. The contrary would betray weakness and fear; newspapers must be ushered forth with flaming pieces, to rouse, as it is called, the spirit of the countries; so as to impress upon the populace the idea, that the approaching war is just and necessary on both sides. In the mean time envoys extraordinary may be sent to other powers by each party, to enlist their aid; most of whom are already prepared for war, and each one selects his side according to his interest and feelings. At length the ultimatum is given and refused, and the dreadful conflict commences.

But few wars, however, begin in this slow and progressive mode; a trifling aggression is sufficient to blow up the flame with nations already prepared. Thus we see nations resemble bull-dogs who happen to meet; they will first

raise their hairs, shew their teeth, then growl, and then seize upon each other with all their strength and fury, and bull-dogs have something of the same kind of honour, for they scorn to retreat.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the whole range of human frailty, which tends so much to perpetuate the folly of war, as the slavish subserviency of literature and the arts to its support. The patient labour of the historian, the impassionate strains of the poet, the Promethean efforts of the sculptor, and the magic colouring of the canvas, are all devoted to the indiscriminate praise of the destroyers of mankind.

One great means of keeping alive the spirit of war, is that partiality which we contract in our early education, for the manners of Pagan antiquity, from whence we learn to adopt ideas of virtue, directly opposite to those which Christianity teaches, to be guided by laws of honour, which that abhors; to imitate characters which that detests; and to behold heroes, patriots, conquerors, and suicides, with admiration, whose conduct that utterly condemns.

Christians reprobate Pagan immorality and idolatry, and yet adopt their erroneous ideas of virtue. Thus the conduct of Brutus in the murder of Cæsar, and the action of Cato in the destruction of his own life, are extolled as virtuous and heroic deeds. Pagan ideas of morality and virtue, are no rule for Christians, because founded on their ignorance of Christian requisitions. Applause for warlike achievements was congenial with the religion of Pagans, who deified deceased heroes, and supposed them to be exalted to heaven, as a reward for the mischiefs which they had perpetrated on earth. Not such the religion of Christ. It seeks not applause, and is so far from encouraging the Christian to revenge injuries, that it commands him to forgive them, as the condition of obtaining forgiveness himself.

Pictures of War.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

A gentleman was one morning riding by himself. When dismounting to gather a plant in a hedge, his horse got loose, and galloped off before him. He followed, called him by his name, which stopped him at first; but on his approach, he set off again. At length, a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the horse made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. The gentleman looked at the boy, and admired his cheerful ruddy countenance. "Thank you, my good lad," said he, "you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble?" (putting his hand in his pocket.) "I want nothing," replied the boy civilly.

Gentleman. Don't you? So much the better for you: few men can say as much. But pray, what were you doing in the field?

Boy. I was rooting up weeds and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Gent. And do you like this employment?

Boy. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Gent. But had you not rather play?

Boy. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Gent. Who set you to work?

Boy. My daddy, Sir

Gent. What is his name?

Boy. Thomas Hurdle.
 Gent. And what is yours?
 Boy. Peter, Sir.
 Gent. How old are you?
 Boy. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.
 Gent. How long have you been out in this field?
 Boy. Since six in the morning.
 Gent. And are you hungry?
 Boy. Yes; I shall go to my dinner soon.
 Gent. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?
 Boy. I don't know; I never had so much in my life.
 Gent. Have you no play things?
 Boy. What! play things! what are these?
 Gent. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, and tops.
 Boy. No, Sir; but our Tom makes foot balls, to kick in cold weather; and then I have a jumping pole, and a pair of stils to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.
 Gent. And do you want nothing else?
 Boy. No; I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands; and that is as good as play you know.
 Gent. Well, but you would buy apples and ginger-bread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.
 Boy. O! I can eat apples at home; and as for ginger-bread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.
 Gent. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?
 Boy. I have one; here it is; brother Tom gave it me.
 Gent. Your shoes are full of holes; don't you want a better pair?
 Boy. I have a better pair for Sundays.
 Gent. But these let water in.
 Boy. O! I don't care for that.
 Gent. Your hat is torn too.
 Boy. I have a better at home; but I had rather have none at all, for it hurts my head.
 Gent. What do you do when it rains?
 Boy. If it rains hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.
 Gent. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?
 Boy. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.
 Gent. But if there are none?
 Boy. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.
 Gent. Are you not dry sometimes in this hot weather?
 Boy. Yes, but there is water enough.
 Gent. Why, my little fellow you are quite a philosopher.
 Boy. Sir.
 Gent. I say you are a philosopher, but I am sure you don't know what that means.
 Boy. No, Sir; no harm, I hope.
 Gent. No, no.—Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?
 Boy. No, Sir; but daddy says I shall go after harvest.
 Gent. You will want books then?
 Boy. Yes, the boys have a spelling book and a Testament.
 Gent. Well, then, I will give you them; tell your daddy so, and that it is because I think you

are a very good contented little boy. So, now, go to your sheep again.
 Boy. I will sir, thank you.
 Gent. Good bye, Peter.
 Boy. Good bye, Sir.

ANECDOTES.

“Daily experience convinces me more and more, that as a thousand charms discover themselves in the works of nature, when attentively viewed with glasses, which had escaped the naked eye, so our admiration of the Holy Scriptures will rise in proportion to the accuracy with which they are studied.” *Doddridge.*

“I cannot pray,” says a truly evangelical prelate, “but I sin. I cannot hear a sermon but I sin; I cannot give an alms or receive the sacrament, but I sin; nay, I cannot so much as confess my sins but my very confessions are still aggravations of them. My repentance needs to be repented of; my tears want washing, and the very washing of my tears needs still to be washed over again in the blood of my Redeemer.” *Bishop Beveridge.*

“Prayer is undoubtedly the first of all the means of grace, and it has this peculiar dignity and blessing that it brings us before the throne of God himself; into the presence of Him, whom to see and love is the highest happiness of the highest created beings.” *Bowdler.*

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE BISHOP OF PETERSBOROUGH.

As soon as the late Mr. Berridge, vicar of Everton, began to preach in a different strain from the neighbouring clergy, it was observed, they found themselves hurt at the emptiness of their own churches, and the fulness of his. The squire of the parish, too, was much offended; he did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded, and endeavoured to turn Mr. B——e out of his living, by a complaint to the bishop. Being sent for by his Lordship, he was thus accosted:—“Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish; did I institute you to any other but Everton?” “No, my Lord” “Well, but you go and preach where you have no right so to do.” “It is true, my Lord, I did preach lately to a few poor people in the open air, out of my own parish, and that day, my Lord, I remember seeing five or six clergymen, out of their own parishes, playing at bowls.” “Pho,” said his Lordship, “if you don't desist, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol.” “As to that, my Lord, I have no greater liking to a gaol than other people, but I had rather go there with a good conscience, than be at liberty with a bad one.” Here his Lordship, looking hard at Berridge, gravely assured him, “He was beside himself, and that in a few months time, he would be either better or worse.” “Then,” said he, “my Lord, you may make yourself easy in this business; for, if I am better, you must suppose I shall desist of my own accord; and, if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon gaol, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam.”

SELECT SENTENCES.

I had rather, said Lucian, please by telling truth than by diverting in telling tales, because if I be not agreeable, I may be useful.
 The most deceitful, are most suspectful.

'Tis better to have a good Conscience and be censured, than a bad one, and be flattered.

Denying a fault doubles it.

P O E T R Y.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

Now, when another year's elaps'd
 Of my allotted span!
 Let me, in solemn serious thought
 My past transactions scan.

Have I consider'd all my ways,
 As open to the view
 Of an omniscient, holy God,
 Who marks what'er I do?

The talents which that God has giv'n,
 Have I improv'd aright!
 And does each blessing I receive
 My gratitude excite?

Have I in some degree attain'd,
 (A prize how seldom won!)
 To say, with humble cheerful mind,
 “Lord, let thy will be done.”

And has my Maker's glory been
 My ardent, steadfast aim,
 Thro' all the changing scenes of life
 My object still the same?

Have I my neighbour's good desir'd
 With unremitting care,
 Nor sought a blessing to myself
 Which others might not share?

No angry passion in my breast,
 With baneful influence reign'd?
 But heav'n-born Charity and Love
 Their constant pow'r maintain'd?

Let but impartial Conscience speak,
 And I must guilty plead,
 Deficient far in ev'ry part,
 I feel condemn'd indeed!

Mercies abus'd, and time mis-spent,
 And talents unimprov'd;
 And countless as my blessings were,
 How little have I lov'd?

A poor, insolvent debtor, thus
 Before my Judge I lie:
 No plea to urge at the dread bar,
 “The soul that sins shall die.”

Yet did an act of sov'reign grace
 Passere the world began:
 And heaven's high heralds early brought
 The joyful news to man

How kind and gracious are the terms,
 'Tis but, “Believe, and live.
 I'll truly cancel all your debt,
 “And all your sins forgive.

Lord, I accept the proffer'd grace,
 Mercy, free mercy, crave!
 Jesus is mighty to redeem,
 Compassionate to save.

Jesus! that name a joy imparts
 The world can never know;
 'Tis the glad theme of saints above
 The trust of those below.

Blest Rock of ages! upon thee
 My trembling soul relies;
 To thee, each moment of my life,
 Shall grateful homage rise.

And, spar'd to see another year
 Its rapid course begin,
 O! may I live anew to thee,
 And die anew to sin.