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# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 8.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, September 21, 1831.

Vol. 1.

## THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, at the Colonial Patriot Office, by W. MILNE.

### CONDITIONS.

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When not paid half-yearly in advance, seven shillings and six pence will be charged.

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All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### The Progress of Genius.

FROM OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EMINENCE AND CELEBRITY.

Genius is that gift of God which learning cannot confer, which no disadvantages of birth or education can wholly obscure.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN—author of the well-known and valuable Concordance of the Old and New Testament, was a bookseller in London, as much distinguished for eccentricity as for learning. He opened a shop at the Royal Exchange in 1732, and it was here that he composed his Concordance. The work appeared in 1737, and was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who had, however, only a few days after receiving the presentation copy. Poor Cruden had formed very extravagant expectations from the patronage of his royal mistress, and this disappointment was too much for him. He had shown symptoms of insanity on former occasions, and he was now reduced to such a state that his friends found it necessary to send him to a lunatic asylum. This interruption did not, however, terminate his literary career. Having made his escape from his place of confinement, he published a vehement remonstrance in the manner in which he had been treated; and at the same time brought an action against Dr. Monro—other persons who had been concerned in the affair, which, however, he was non-suited. This new success, as he conceived it to be, gave occasion to several more pamphlets. After this, he found employment several years, as a corrector of the press—the character in which he had first appeared in London, and which he was well fitted by his education and accomplishments. Very accurate editions of the Greek and Latin classics appeared at this time, printed under his superintendence. But, in the course of a few years, malady returned, and he was again placed in confinement; on his liberation from which, he again tried the old expedient of prosecuting the persons who had dared to offer him such an indignity, laying his damages, on this occasion, at £10,000. Being again successful, he determined, as before, to publish his work to the world; and accordingly forth came the treatise, in four successive parts, under the title of *Adventures of Alexander the Corrector*—a name which he now assumed, not, as the reader might suppose, in reference to his occupation of inspector of sheets, but as expressive of his higher character as censor-general of the public. His favourite instrument and chief auxiliary in executing the duties of this office was a large sponge, which he carried constantly about with him in his walks through town, for the pur-

pose of obliterating all offensive inscriptions which he observed on the walls, especially the famous 'No. 45,' the mark of the partisans of Wilkes, to whose excesses he strenuously opposed himself, both in this way and by various adulatory pamphlets. On the publication of the second part of his adventures, he went to present it at court, in the expectation of being knighted; and soon after offered himself as a candidate to represent the city of London in Parliament. Giving out, too, that he had a commission from heaven to preach a general reformation of manners, he made the attempt first among the gowansmen at Oxford, and then among the prisoners at Newgate; but in both cases with very little effect. In the midst of these and many other extravagances, he both brought out a second and third enlarged edition of his Concordance, and pursued his labours as a corrector of the press, and a fabricator of indexes, with as much steadiness as if his intellect had been perfectly sound; and doubtless it was so when properly exercised. He ever managed his worldly affairs with great prudence; and at his death, which took place suddenly in 1770, he left behind him considerable property in bequests to his relations.—*Lit. Entertaining Knowledge.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE CONY.

The Hebrew name Cony signifies to hide, and seems to indicate a creature of a timid and harmless disposition. In all probability, an animal similar to the Rabbit was thereby intended, which, on account of its weakness and timidity, resorted for safety to the most inaccessible rocks in the clefts of which it might hide itself from the pursuit of its enemies. "The rocks are a refuge for the Conies." Psalm civ. 13.

King Agur in the book of Proverbs, refers to this fact, as a proof of the sagacity and judgment of these feeble little creatures in thus getting out of the way of danger. "The Conies are but a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks." Prov. xxx. 26.

Does God provide thus for the inferior creatures; and will he not himself be a Refuge and Dwelling-place to those who trust in him? May it then be our wisdom, under a sense of weakness and danger of our souls, to seek eternal safety in him who is the Rock higher than all, there we shall find refuge from every malicious enemy, and shelter from every threatening storm. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Psalm xvi. 1. May we also flee unto the Lord as to our strong habitation, whereunto we may continually resort; there, in defiance of every adversary, we may repose in perfect peace.

## LITERATURE.

### SELF DISCIPLINE.

The Education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. There is a prevailing and a fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that if a young man be sent first to a grammar school, and then to college, he must, of course, become a scholar; and the pupil himself is apt to imagine that he is to be the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere which surround him. But this dream of indulgence must be

dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth that, if you aspire to excellence, you must become active and vigorous co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quelled, a perseverance that considers nothing done while any thing yet remains to be done. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right—(every one is the architect of his own fortune) both in morals and intellect, we give the final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else should it happen that young men who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same school, nay, sometimes, from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above the point of mediocrity: yet, you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak, from observation, a certain truth—*There is no excellence without great labor.* It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexercised, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius is desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the Condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—these piercing and wide-sweeping comprehensions of mind—and those long reaches of thought, that

—Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,  
And drag up drowned honor by the locks—

### TOY BOOKS.

Few persons seem to be aware of the very great importance attached to the little picture-books, primers, and other publications intended to attract the eye and amuse or instruct the germinating mind of infancy. In no inconsiderable

degree the very first arrangements of intellect, the formation of ideas, of tastes, antipathies, or partialities, depend on the lesson imbibed from these seemingly insignificant sources, and on the impressions made by their rude or simple imbellishments. Many a great exploit in literature, or useful mechanical invention, or surprising military achievement, perhaps, might be traced to the puerile associations, or crude opinions, cradled in half-formed minds by means of some petty toy-book, at an age, the memory of which are beyond the memory of manhood. These facts considered, it must be evident that the strictest attention is demanded to the character of works designed to direct the first steps of our children in the pathway of learning. Indeed we know of no branch of book-making, wherein greater care should be exercised, and more pains bestowed. We might enlarge on this point, to an indefinite extent; but presume it will be conceded by all who reflect upon the subject. How indescribable then, is it, that persons engaged in making compilations, or in producing new material for perusal in the nursery, or in the construction of devices and ornaments calculated to draw the notice, and either to improve or injure the infant searcher after a amusement and knowledge, should feel deeply impressed with the magnitude of their task, and labour therein as though the destinies of a nation were involved in the manner of its completion?

It has long been a subject of regret with all who duly regard the interest of coming generations, that so great a portion of the very first tracts with which infants are presented, should be such miserable caricatures of every thing in the proper shape of a book. Crowded with paltzy stories or worthless rhymes, without meaning or moral, adorned with "cuts," so called, that outrage the human understanding, but lesque nature, and set at defiance every rule of art, it is really lamentable that such immense quantities of trash should every day be placed within the ready grasp of our unsuspecting progeny. We have seen some of those unwholesome things nicknamed engravings, placed in certain 'picture-books,' by way of illustration, for which it would have puzzled a lexicographer to find a title; some have been colored too, with the most gaudy daubery imaginable, designed to catch the young eye, and to qualify the unformed taste, before it can discern the absurdity of a green sky, a yellow ocean, or a scarlet lawn. If booksellers generally were to thrust this species of trumpery from their counters, a reform, if it has not already commenced would soon be accomplished. Men, who have looked deeply into the philosophy of mind, and studied its early developements, would engage in the construction of toy books both to allure and to teach. It would be no degrading employment for the profoundest scholar—nor would the publication of works so much to be preferred, become a source of less profit to all concerned.—*U. S. Lit. Adv.*

### SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

[We trust that the following brief description of the remarkable places in and about Jerusalem (which we copy from an Evangelical Magazine) will be very interesting to many of our readers, and that it will have a tendency to beget a taste for the perusal of sacred geography every part of which is truly interesting.]

**CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.**—Mount Calvary, a rocky hill neither high nor spacious, stood just without the walls of the ancient Jerusalem, and was the public place of execution; but it is now nearly in the heart of the modern city. On it the Emperor Hadrian built a temple to Venus, which was subverted by St. Helena, who erected the present magnificent church on its site. This occupies not only the mount, but the garden that was below, and part of the valley of Carcases as it is called. The front toward the south is a handsome structure, having at the right extremity a tower, now falling into decay, and at the left a small chapel, covered a cupola, and supported at the corner by marble pillars. In the wall adjoining this chapel, which bounds the east side of the court, is a pair of stairs ascending to the top of the rock, on which is the chapel of the Immolation of Isaac, it being alleged to be the spot where Abraham was about to sacrifice his son. This is in the care of the Abyssinians. The roof of the Church is lofty, and supported by large pillars of marble; the side aisles have galleries above, and from the roof rise two cupolas, of which that on the east may be ascended on the outside by steps, that on the west covers the chapel of the Sepulchre. Opposite the door in level the midst of the south aisle, and with the pavement, lies a white marble, in form of a gravestone, surrounded by a rail of brass about a foot high. On this it is said Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus anointed the body of Christ previous to his interment. Against the east end of the stone is a small chapel, called the chapel of St. John, or of the anointing, in which are the sepulchres of Godfrey of Bouillon and his brother Baldwin. The farther end of this chapel abuts on the foot of Calvary, where on the left side of the altar is a cleft in the rock, extending into the chapel above, and supposed to have been made by the earthquake that happened at the crucifixion. Over this are the chapels of Mount Calvary, ascended on the north side of it by twenty steps, the uppermost hewn out of the rock, as is a part of the passage, which is dark and very narrow. The floor of the first chapel is chequered with marble of different colours, on which no shoe is permitted to tread. At the east end, under a large arched recess in the wall, is the place where Christ was crucified. The rock here rises half a yard higher than the pavement, level above in the form of an altar, ten feet long, and six broad, and covered with white marble, as are the adjoining wall and arch. In the middle is the place where the cross stood, lined with silver, glist and embossed. On each side is a cross, that on the left, where the impenitent thief suffered, being divided from Christ's by the cleft in the rock already mentioned. This place belongs to the Georgians.—On the same floor is a chapel of similar form, belonging to the Latins, divided from the other by a curtain only. In the midst of the pavement of this is a square of mosaic work, on the spot where they say Christ was nailed to the cross. These two chapels, with that of the Immolation of Isaac, occupy the whole of the summit of the rock. The west end of the church is called the temple of the Resurrection, and of the holy sepulchre. This is of a circular form, with cloisters below and above, supported by large square pillars. Great part of the lower cloister is divided into separate chapels for

the Abyssinians, Jacobites, Copts, Georgians, and Maronites; and over the first of these is one for the Armenians. The whole is covered with a cupola, all of one piece, and open at the top like the Pantheon at Rome. In the centre stands the sepulchre, 108 feet distant from Mount Calvary, the natural rock, in which it was hewn, being now fashioned into the shape of a chapel. The sepulchre itself consist of two chambers: an antichamber about 12 or 14 feet square and an inner chamber, about 12 or 13 feet long, and 6 or 7 broad. In the latter is a kind of bench, the breadth of the chamber, and about three feet wide, on which the body may be presumed to have lain; and in the former it is probable the Roman guard kept watch, at the time of the resurrection. When Sandans saw it, the door of communication between the two chambers of the sepulchre was but three feet high, by two feet four inches wide; at different times since it appears to have been enlarged, till it is now six feet high, and full three feet wide. At the back of the holy sepulchre, and in the centre of the west extremity of the church, is another underground, in which the remains of Joseph of Arimathea are said to have been deposited.

When the news of the French having landed in Egypt had reached Jerusalem, the Turks suspecting, or pretending to suspect, that the Monks were no strangers to the plans and intentions of the enemy, searched their monasteries for arms, papers, and other concealed effects. On this they took refuge in the church of the Sepulchre, and refusing to open the door of this building, and surrender themselves, the Turks threatened to bring cannon against it, and put them to death. In this alarming crisis they were saved by a Turkish Santon, who took his station on an elevated part of the city, and bargained the Moslems in behalf of the Monks, reminding them, that having searched their monasteries, they had found neither arms nor any other object that could lead to suspicion, and recommending them to desist, and permit the unfortunate priests to return in safety to their convents. This exhortation was effectual, the multitude laid aside their sanguinary pursuit, and the monks were permitted to return quietly to their homes. They were not ungrateful for their deliverance, but collected a considerable sum for the Santon, which, much to his honour, he with great delicacy refused.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE OLD WOMAN'S COTTAGE.**—"Papa," said Edward Hargrave after a long meditation, "should you not like to be rich?"

"Indeed," replied Mr. Hargrave laughing, "I do not wish to be very rich, I am quite content."

E. "It is very good to be content, papa; but if we had plenty of money we might have a beautiful mansion, and gardens and pleasure grounds, and a lake to sail on and catch fish in, just as they have at Clarendon."

Mr. H. "You have a house to live in and a pretty little garden; our pleasure grounds are the woods and fields all around, and you may fish in the river."

E. "But our house is not half so beautiful as Clarendon, and the woods and the river are not our own, we can't do what we please with them."

Mr. H. "What do you wish to do with them?"

E. "Oh! Lord Clarendon is always making new walks among the trees, and islands in the lake and little bridges. William has such fun watching the workmen."

Mr. H. "Had you more pleasure in observing the workmen at Clarendon than when our little summer house was built in the garden, when you learned to train the flowers over it, and to make the rustic chairs for it?"

E. "I don't know, I had not seen Clarendon then. I thought our summer-house very pretty till I had been there; but it looks quite shabby now: besides, William Clarendon has a great many little ponies, we used to go a hunting on them, and—"

Mr. H. "My dear Boy, if it were good for us to have great riches God would have bestowed them upon us. We ought not to envy those who have more of the luxuries of life than ourselves. When we have so many real blessings, we should be thankful, remembering that we deserve not the smallest of them."

Edward was silent, and Mr. Hargrave saying he was going to walk invited his son to accompany him. They walked through beautiful fields to the edge of a small wood. There was an opening among the trees where a sweet stream glided along. On the other side was a little cottage, half concealed by the branches that drooped over it. Edward exclaimed, "O what a sweet place!"

"Should you like to live there," inquired Mr. Hargrave.

E. "In that cottage, papa—Oh no! It looks as if it were going to tumble down; it would not keep out the cold in winter nor the rain!"

Mr. H. "yet you say it is very pretty."

E. "But there are some things very pretty to look at, yet when we have them we don't like them."

Mr. H. "Yes, and we may think riches are delightful, but they have no more power to make us happy than a wretched cottage has to make us comfortable.—But come with me, and see the people who live here."

They crossed a little wooden bridge, and the road led them through the trees to the other side of the cottage. A very old woman sat at the door listening to a little girl who was reading to her. When Mr. Hargrave spoke, she looked at him for a moment; then grasping his hand, cried, "Oh, Sir, is it you? how it pleases me to see you! Come in, Sir, do come in."

They went into her poor dwelling—it wore the appearance of misery. The stones of the floor were broken and uneven, but swept quite clean; the roof was low, and covered with mats that looked very old—There was a wide open chimney and a small fire—a table stood before a window that was broken and patched with strong paper—a few wooden seats and a bed completed the furniture.

Mr. H. "Are you not very solitary here?"

Old Woman. "No, Sir, how can I be solitary with my Bible? It is the best companion,—it tells me of what my Saviour has done for me, and of the glory he has prepared in heaven for all believers. I have few of the good things of this life, but with food and raiment I am content; and Oh! Sir, my God has guided me long by its counsel, and soon he will receive me to glory. I am just waiting for his coming."

Mr. H. "Does that little girl live with you?"

Old Woman. "No, Sir; but she comes after

school time and reads to me—she is a kind child. The Lord will reward her."

Mr. H. "But you can see to read, I believe."

Old Woman. "Yes, Sir, and it is a mercy; a wonderful mercy. How many reasons I have to be thankful for!"

Mr. H. "Yes, you have much reason for thankfulness. I brought my son to see how happy and contented you are; I hope he will profit by the lesson."

Old Woman to Edward. "My dear, it is religion that makes me happy. All the riches of the world are nothing without religion. Oh seek it early—may God bless you!"

Edward felt that the poor inhabitant of the little cottage he had despised did indeed possess true happiness. He remembered that William Clarendon was often discontented in the midst of all his pleasures, and the lesson of this day was never forgotten by him.

WHAT MAY BE DONE BY INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.

—Mr Wesley, the venerable founder of the Methodist denomination, is universally allowed to have been an extraordinary and highly distinguished character. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar sentiments, no one can deny him the credit of truly apostolic zeal and benevolence in what he conceived to be the way of duty. For upwards of fifty years he travelled eight thousand miles each year on an average, visiting his numerous societies, and presided at forty-seven annual conferences. For more than sixty years, it was his constant practice to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and nearly the whole of that period to preach every morning at five. He generally preached near twenty times a week, and frequently four a day. Notwithstanding this very few have written more voluminously than he; divinity, both controversial and practical; history, philology, medicine, politics, poetry, &c were all, at different times, the subjects on which his pen was employed. Besides this, he found time for reading, corresponding, visiting the sick, and arranging the matters of his numerous society, but such prodigies of labor and exertion would have been impossible, had it not been for inflexible temperance and unexampled economy of time. Yet, to suppose that he had no failing or that he was free from faults, would be absurd; but after viewing his sufferings, and the extent of his success, with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to deny him the character of a singularly great and worthy man."

In 1791 he finished his earthly career, in the 88th year of his age. In the course of which time he preached near forty thousand sermons, and travelled about four hundred thousand miles.

WHOLESAOME ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Begin life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money, and you cannot pay. Be in no man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it destroys liberty, and makes some virtues extremely difficult.

ANECDOTES.

From an American Periodical Publication.

THE CONVERTED JEW.

[We heard (says the Editor) the following affecting Anecdote related at a religious meeting a few days since, and have no doubt of its authenticity.]

"Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a

large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter, having every mark and lineament of a Jew. He was well dressed, his countenance was noble, and I thought it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service, the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him, 'Sir, am I correct; am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?' 'You are.' 'But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?' The substance of his narrative was as follows:—He was a very respectable man, of a superior education who had lately come from London; and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his cares before he left Europe, & he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty as a mantle; but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any one of the time-worn decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several languages; and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder then that a doting father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love, especially as he new no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the principles of that religion; and he thought he had presented it with an ornament.

"It was not long ago that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was rooting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but seldom spoke but by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, in great distress of mind, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

"The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand: 'My father, do you love me?' 'My child, you know I love you—that you are more dear to me than the whole world beside!' 'But, father, do you LOVE me?' 'Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? have I never given you any proofs of my love?' 'But, my dearest father, DO you love me?' The father could not answer; the child added, 'I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request?—O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?' 'My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property, whatever it may be,

it shall be granted. I will grant it.' 'My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against JESUS of Nazareth.' The father was dumb with astonishment. 'I know,' continued the dying girl, 'I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this JESUS of Nazareth! I intreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on him that love which was formerly mine!"

The exertion here overcome the weakness of her feeble body. She stopped; and her father's heart was two full ovens for tears. He left the room in great sorrow of mind, and, ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to the Saviour, whom she loved and honoured, though she had not seen him. The first thing her parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. This he read, and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb!"

**SHIPWRECKED MARINERS**—In the west of England lived a widow lady, with seven daughters and one son. The daughters were dutiful; but the son was disobedient and refractory: he left the house of his parent, and went on board a vessel. The mother's mind was continually employed about her boy: every breeze increased her anxiety, and seemed to say that he was no more. When at London, inquiring of every master or mate she saw concerning her son, whom she particularly described, a captain said, "He knew a person of that name and description, but that he was at the bottom of the sea, and it would be a good thing if all like him were there too." The mother's heart being agonized by this sad intelligence, she retired to a seaport, where she could feed her melancholy by beholding that ocean which had swallowed up her child. At length a distressed sailor came to her door to ask relief, pleading that he had been wrecked, and that only himself and one more escaped on some fragments of the ship to a desolate island. By the name and description, she found that the person of whom he spoke was her son. "Do you not mistake?" said the mother. "No," replied the man; "I have his Bible in my bosom." On opening it, she found her son's name written by herself. "Will you part with that book?" said she. "Not for the world," answered the sailor: "as I closed his dying eyes, he gave it me, requesting me to read its contents. He told me that it was his support in death, and enjoined upon me that I would never part with it. I was then a stranger to its worth; but, by reading its solemn truths I have learned to know the Lord, and worlds would not tempt me to part with it."

The celebrated Dr. Boerhave, at his death, left a large volume carefully sealed up, containing, as he said, the result of all his medical experience. Without breaking the seals, his executors offered the work with his other effects, at

an auction, and it went off at an enormous price. On opening it, the purchaser was surprised to find every leaf blank except one, in the middle, on which was written the following sentence:

*Keep your head cool, your body open, and your feet warm, and you will have no need of a physician*

When Bishop Aylmer observed his congregation inattentive, he used to read some verses out of the Hebrew Bible, at which the people naturally stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of greedily listening to what concerned them not, while they were inattentive to matters in which their best interests were deeply involved.

#### AXIOMS.

Be careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he may be governed by motives beyond your apprehensions; it is the final result that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

There is usually the most assurance where there is the greatest degree of ignorance; we feel certain of safety, because we have not light enough to discover our danger.

To inure young persons to bear patiently small injuries, is a capital branch of education, nothing tends more effectually to secure them against great injuries.

A man who gives his children habits of truth, industry, and frugality, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

He whose word can always be depended upon, is sure to be always honoured.

There is nothing more worthy of a man than truth: nothing makes him feel so despicable as a lie.

Men often act lies without speaking them. All false appearances are lies. All shuffling and prevarication are lies.

Want of punctuality is lying.

#### POETRY.

##### "I AM PLEAS'D AND YET I'M SAD."

*When twilight steals along the ground,  
And all the bells are ringing round,  
One, two, three, four, and five,  
I at my study window sit,  
And, wrapt in many a musing fit,  
To bliss am I alive.*

##### II.

*But though impressions calm and sweet  
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
And I am inly glad,  
The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
And yet I cannot tell you why  
I'm pleas'd, and yet I'm sad.*

##### III.

*The silvery rack that flies away  
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,  
Does that disturb my breast?  
Nay, what have I, a stitious man,  
To do with life's unstable plan  
Or pleasure's fading rest?*

##### IV.

*Is it that here I must not stop,  
But o'er yon blue hills' woody top  
Must bend my lonely way?  
No! surely no! for give but me  
My own fire-side, and I shall be  
At home where'er I stray.*

##### V.

*Then is it that you sleep there*

*With music sweet shall fill the air,  
When thou no more canst hear?  
Oh no! Oh no! for then forgiven  
I shall be with my God in Heaven,  
Relcas'd from every fear.*

*Then whence it is I cannot tell,  
But there is some mysterious spell  
That holds me when I'm glad;  
And so the tear-drop fills my eye  
When yet in truth I know not why  
Or wherefore I am sad.*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

#### MAY DAY.

*"Mother, what makes you feel so sad?  
The day is very fair—  
And see how very, very glad,  
Our little neighbors are.*

*Dear cousin June is May-day queen—  
She has a new pink gown—  
Mother, I wish you could have seen  
Them weave the daisy crown.*

*I love to see them dancing so—  
And they are very near—  
But, mother dear, I cannot go,  
While you sit weeping here.*

*What makes you feel so very bad?  
TERRIE little Ana and I—  
If you don't love to see us glad,  
We'll sit down too and cry."*

*"My darling boy," the mother said,  
"It gives me joy to see  
So many happy forms arrayed  
Around the May pole tree;*

*And you may go and dance, my dears,—  
And be as glad as they;  
I'll try to dry up all my tears  
If you'll enjoy your play.*

*I thought of gentle sister Rose,  
Who last year was their queen;  
And now her little limbs repose  
Beneath the church-yard green.*

*Sweet little Anna's mild blue eye  
Has just HER loving glance—  
'Twas this, my son, that made me cry,  
Amid the May day dance."*

*"But, mother, you have often said,  
God took but what he'd given;  
And that we must not mourn the dead,  
Because she was in heaven."*

*"Oh, kiss me—kiss me, my dear boy!  
No other tear I'll shed;  
And I will share thy childish joy;  
For happy is the dead."*

JUV. MISCELLANY.

#### WIT AND GENIUS.

*True wit is like the brilliant stone  
Dug from the Indian mine;  
Which boasts two various pow'rs in one,  
At once to cut and shine.*

*A genius too, if polished right,  
With the same gifts abounds;  
Appears at once both keen and bright,  
And sparkles while it wounds.*