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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscuris jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 41.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, May 9, 1832.

Vol. 1.

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF DR. BATEMAN.

[This Memoir appeared first in a highly respectable periodical publication. It was afterwards printed for private circulation, and has been published with an Appendix, containing some objections, to which judicious answers are given.—The interesting nature of this paper, and its highly useful tendency, must excite our apology for thus putting into the hands of our readers what no doubt many have only seen.]—London Magazine.

The late Dr. Bateman settled in London soon after his graduation at Edinburgh in the year 1811; and his professional merits being very considerable, he was speedily elected Physician to two public institutions—a large Dispensary, and the House of Recovery for Fever.

In the summer of 1815 his health began to decline, and in the following year a complaint of his eyes came on, which threatened loss of sight, and precluded him from all his accustomed avocations of occupation and amusement. Under these circumstances, the writer of this Memoir became his constant companion and attendant, and for four years had the misery of witnessing total estrangement from God and religion. His health continuing to decline, he left London in 1819, with an intention of trying the effect of sulphurous water at Middleton, in the county Durham, on his debilitated constitution. He was taken ill on the road, and with difficulty reached a village near Beverley, in Yorkshire; where he was obliged to remain during the following winter; and finding, at length, that his health required the sacrifice, he finally determined not to attempt returning to London. He had for some time been subject to attacks of the most alarming nervous languor, during which he was thought by all around him, as by himself, to be dying; and these now returned upon him unusually, especially after using the least bodily exertion.

It was on Sunday the 9th of April that he spoke to me about religion. He had passed the whole of the day in a state of extraordinary suffering, from languor, and a variety of

nervous feelings, which he always said it was impossible to describe, farther than that they were inconceivably painful and distressing; & he went to bed at night with a firm persuasion that he should never again quit it; and, in fact, he did confine himself to it for the following three weeks, from the mere apprehension of the consequences of exertion. Religion was a subject which, for many reasons, had never been discussed between us. Though the tenour of his life had made me but too well acquainted with the state of his mind, he had always avoided any declaration of his opinions, knowing the pain it would give me to hear them. He was habitually fond of argument, and skilled in it; and I knew that I was quite incompetent to argue with him. I reconsidered too that the habit of disputing in favour of any opinion, only serves, in general, to rivet it more firmly in the mind; more commonly finding their own arguments more convincing than those of their adversaries. And above all, I know that this was a case in which more argument must always be insufficient;—for "it is with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness;" and in most, if not all, cases of scepticism, the will and the affections need to be set right even more than the understanding; and upon these, argument can have no influence. —On the evening of the day I have mentioned Dr. Bateman had been expressing to me his conviction that he could not live much longer, and complaining of the dreadful nervous sensations which continually harassed him; and then he added, "But all these sufferings are a just punishment for my long scepticism, and neglect of God and religion." This led to a conversation, in the course of which he observed, that medical men were very generally sceptical; and that the mischief arose from what he considered a natural tendency of some of their studies to lead to materialism. I replied, that the mischief appeared to me to originate rather in their neglect to examine into the evidences of the truth of the Bible as an actual revelation from God: because if a firm conviction of that were once established, the authority of the scriptures must be paramount and the tendency of all inferior studies, in opposition to their declarations, could have no weight. He said he believed I was right, and that he had in fact been intending to examine fully into the subject, when the complaint in his eyes came on, and shut him out from reading. Our conversation ended in his permitting me to read to him the first of Scott's "Essay on the most important Subjects in Religion," which treats of "The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures." He listened with intense earnestness; and when it was concluded, exclaimed, "This is demonstration! complete demonstration!" He then asked me to read to him the account given in the New Testament of the resurrection of our Saviour; which I did from all the four Evangelists. I read also many other passages of scripture, with some of which he was extremely struck; especially with that declaration, that "the natural man receiveth not the things of

the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

For two or three days he showed increasing interest in the subject of religion; and I read to him continually the scriptures, and other books which seemed to me best calculated to give him the information he thirsted for. When I went into his room a few mornings after, he said, "It is quite impossible to describe to you the change which has taken place in my mind. I feel as if a new world was opened to me, and all the interests and pursuits of this have faded into nothing in comparison with it. They seem so mean, and paltry, and insignificant, that my blindness, in living so long immersed in them, and devoted to them, is quite inconceivable and astonishing to myself." He often expressed in the strongest terms, and with many tears, his deep repentance, and his abhorrence of himself for his former sinful life & rebellion against God; but he seemed to have from the first, so clear a view of the all sufficiency of the Saviour's atonement, and of the Christian scheme of salvation, as freed him at once from that distrust of forgiveness which is so apt to afflict persons at the first sight of their sins, and of the purity and holiness of Him with whom they have to do." The self-pleasing views which he entertained of himself necessarily enhanced his sense of the pardoning love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, thus graciously extended to him; and which he felt so strongly, that he was filled with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy, and in this happy state continued for several days.

He soon, however, experienced an afflicting reverse of feeling. One evening I left him to visit a near relative, at that time confined to her room in a precarious state of health; and his mother, who had been in attendance upon him, took my place at the bed-side of her son. Dr. Bateman told her, that I had been reading to him various detached portions of scripture, and that he now wished to hear the New Testament read regularly through from the beginning. She consequently began to read and had proceeded as far as the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, when he suddenly exclaimed, that he could not believe in the miracles of the Saviour, and that therefore he must perish for ever. This suggestion of his spiritual enemy threw him into a state of the most dreadful anguish, and I was immediately sent for to his bed-side. On my arrival he had become a little more composed but was still in great agitation; and was praying in agony to be saved, and not to be given up to this dreadful state of unbelief. To comfort his mind, we said what we could from scripture, and from the experience of other Christians; and he was a little relieved by hearing some passages from an Essay in the volume before mentioned. "On the Warfare and Experience of Believers;" finding that his was not, as he had supposed, a case of new occurrence; but that the author of that work was already acquainted with his symptoms, and augured favourably of them,

an often accompanying the progress of religion in the soul. Still the idea that his death was fast approaching, and that there was no hope of his mind being convinced before it arrived, quite overwhelmed him. Feeling ourselves to be very inadequate guides and comforters in these afflictive circumstances, we gladly adopted a suggestion of a friend, that we should request a neighbouring clergyman of piety and judgment to visit him. Dr Bateman himself grasped eagerly at the proposal, and I wrote immediately to the clergyman in question; but he was from home, and was not expected to return for two or three weeks. A few days after this unwelcome intelligence, Dr Bateman told me, he had no doubt this disappointment was for his good; and that it was better for him to be left to himself, as he did not think any thing could have convinced him so fully of the efficacy of prayer, as the sensible relief which he experienced from it during those conflicts of doubt and unbelief, which his mind continued to be harassed. He added, that he now spent whole nights in prayer. He felt perfectly assured that these doubts were the suggestions of the great adversary of souls, and remarked, that they were vividly and marvellously darted, as it were, into his mind, instead of arising from his own reflections, or resulting from any train of reasoning; and the absurdity of them, in many instances, was so obvious, that his judgment detected it at once, though he still had no power to drive them from the hold they took on his imagination, or to banish them, for the time, from his thoughts.

To these paroxysms of distress and conflict, which sometimes lasted many hours, he continued subject for about a fortnight: but they gradually became less long and violent, and he experienced increasing relief from prayer during their continuance, till at length they subsided entirely, and left his mind satisfied on all those points which had before presented so many obstacles to his belief.

About this time he received an unexpected visit from a medical friend whose pious and truly Christian character distinguished him still more than his eminent abilities and professional skill. This gentleman, with great difficulty, succeeded in persuading him that he was by no means in that state of danger and debility which he had apprehended, and that he had the power of taking exercise if he could but exert sufficient resolution to attempt it. Experiment convinced him that this opinion was correct: he was prevailed upon to leave his bed, and in a very few days was able to be some hours daily in the open air, and to take considerable exercise; and it is remarkable, that from this time he had no return of languor after fatigue, except in one instance. Thus was he delivered, by the gracious providence of God, from those overwhelming apprehensions of immediate death which had been so instrumental in bringing him to Christ, as soon as they had effected that blessed purpose.

He now rarely spoke of the state of his mind and feelings; for such was the extreme reserve of his character, that it could be overcome by deep & powerful emotions only; & when no longer agitated by these, he returned to his natural habits, and was silent on the subject that most deeply interested him. Still it was abundantly evident that it did interest him. The avidity with which he listened to the word of God—his

eagerness to attend public worship, (which for many years he had entirely neglected,) and the heartfelt and devout interest which he obviously took in the service—his enlarged and active benevolence—the change which had taken place in his tastes, inclinations, and pursuits—all testified that he was indeed "brought out of darkness into marvellous light:" that "old things had passed away, and all things had become new"—[To be Continued]

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

Deligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are maternal duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and idle state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appears a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water, which first purifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth, perpetually engaged in frivolous society or public amusements; in the labour of dress, or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young. For they then become the gulph of time and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. Blair.

POETRY.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;

By the waving tree through which thine eye—
First look'd in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts, in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which had lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn, at thy casement eaves,
By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the sabbath chimes;
By every sound of thy native glade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ray of happy face told;
By the quiet hours when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good night;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless the gift! it has gentle might,
A guardian power; and a guiding light!
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer, o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,
From the loves of its guileless youth away;
When the sully breath of the world would come,
O'er the flowers it bro't from its childhood's home,
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made;
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

THE CHRISTIAN FEMALE.

I ask'd her when in beauty drest,
When youthful hope inspired her breast,
Where lives he whom thou lovest best?
She said: In Heaven.

I ask'd her when she fondly prest
Her smiling infant to her breast,
Where lives he whom thou lovest best?
She said: In Heaven.

I asked her when her bloom was lost,
When all her earthly hopes were crost,
Where lives he whom thou lovest most.
She said: In Heaven.

I ask'd her in her dying groan,
Who is this brightest, loveliest One,
'Tis God, she cried, my God alone,
And went—to Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

The names of Demosthenes, Cincinnatus, Columbus, and Washington, are held in universal reverence. The qualities which we venerate in them, should be revered no less when they shew forth in humbler circumstances. There is a class of men, eminent for similar qualities, whose deeds the lyre has never celebrated, and fiction never embellished. These are the Moravian Missionaries. The Society of United Brethren commenced their missionary exertions in the year 1732. They did not choose the fairest part of the pagan world, where the sun is mild, and storms are few, but they began in the West Indies, and labored for the instruction of the children of slavery. Next they turned their sites

then to Labrador and Greenland, on whose rocks the snows had been gathering for ages, and whose sons, ignorance and superstition had cast their gloomiest shadows. It gave a brightness to their path on the hills of ice, and put a new song in the mouth of him, that was chasing the seal over the billowy ocean. Encouraged by their success, they redoubled their efforts. On the banks of our western streams, on the hills of Canada, and on the slave-tiled fields of Surinam, the Christian heroes erected the altars of Jesus Nay, more; they planted his church even on the wilds of Africa, and on the shores of the Caspian. Such were their exertions, that, in 1811, there were one hundred and fifty heralds in active service, and the whole registered number of converts was twenty-four thousand. From this slight statement it may be seen that the toils and prayers of eighty years passeth not away unrewarded. It is not, however, to their success, that I would direct your attention, but I would bid you look at their zeal, their wisdom, courage and perseverance.

It is impossible for a candid mind to read the history of their exertions, and not admire the strength and purity of that zeal which urged them to such benevolent efforts. Its blaze was bright and constant, and the fuel that fed it was gathered from on high. It is necessary for the advancement of any great object, that those who engage in it, should engage in it zealously. Not every one, however, who is zealous, can be considered as acting from laudable motives. The Crusaders were zealous; but how many thousands which engaged in that wild project, went forth with the hope of wealth and worldly glory? How few, of all that host, supremely sought the honour of their Saviour, in the redemption of Palestine? Far different were the motives of the United Brethren, in their missionary exertions. Wealth was not their object, for the course they adopted exempts them from such imputations. Nor the glory of the world, for they expected and despised its ridicule. They went, leaving behind them, their native land, with all its blessings and attractions. If they were actuated by selfish motives, these motives must be found in the rewards of well doing, treasured up in heaven. Perhaps, however, no instance can be found on earth, where so little reason appears for suspecting that such motives were the highest that operated. How strong men, must have been their love to the cause of God; how nearly does their conduct resemble the spirit of Christ and his apostles.

In admiring their zeal, we must also equally admire their wisdom. Many have acted from pure motives, and from a deep interest, whose exertions have been rendered abortive, by their imprudence and ignorance. Such, perhaps, was the great failure of the Jesuits. The strength of their zeal will not be questioned; and far be from me to accuse them of unrighteous motives. The superstition, however, which rested on their minds, their limited views of Christianity, and all the errors naturally resulting from those sources, occasioned much mischief wherever they travelled. The Moravians, on the other hand, held a purer belief, and adopted a wiser course of exertions. They established their missions only where leave was granted them, and their only weapons were words of peace, and sweet persuasion. The doctrines they taught, were drawn directly from the word of God, and

affectionately addressed to the understanding and the conscience.

Another trait, which eminently marks their character, was courage. This always wins admiration, when it shines forth in danger and battle. There is something grand in the thought of a man, on whose decisions may depend the fate of empires, acting with calmness, wisdom and energy, though surrounded with carnage and peril. Nor does he deserve less admiration, who goes without weapons into a land of savages, with the intention of overturning their ancient religious and customs. There he takes up his abode, and goes on with his work, though continually liable to be the victim of barbarous vengeance. It is said of Elliot, sometimes called the apostle of the Indians, that when he was far from home, & without companions the opposing sachems bade him cease from preaching, if he valued his life. He fearlessly replied, "The Great Spirit has sent me to preach; I shall therefore go on, and do you touch me if you dare!" Such was the courage of Elliot, and such was the courage exhibited in many instances by the Moravian Missionaries. The recital of one will be sufficient. The Missionary sat in his tent, translating the Scriptures into the language of Greenland. A band of savages, who had threatened his life, rushed into his tent. He was alone and without weapons; but his direction did not forsake him. There was a dignity about him, which awed them into silence, while the mildness of his manners calmed down resentment. He spoke to them of the world to come, and the Spirit of his God was with him. The savages listened, and wept, and trembled at the speech of the man of God. Shall the courage of a Brutus, an Achilles, and the ductile be honored, while the noble spirit of these men is altogether forgotten?

They were also as eminent for perseverance, as for zeal, wisdom, and courage. No trials could make them desist from their endeavors. When baffled in one expedient, they adopted another. When driven from one station, they went where others might be more successfully established. When one band was massacred, another was furnished to recruit them. When one missionary, worn out with toil and fatigue, died, another came, engaging in the same cause, and joyfully enduring the same privations.

Shall we not give the honor due to such qualities, shining so eminently, and so successfully exerted? It is true, those missionaries do not need it, neither do they ask it. For they are the inheritors of an un fading crown, and the heirs of unperishable glory.

[The following graphic sketch of the life of Sir Isaac Newton is from the pen of Fenning, author of several valuable scientific works.]

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

"Sir Isaac was descended from an ancient family in Lancashire, and was born in the county of Lincoln in 1642. At twelve years of age he was put to the free school in Grantham, by his mother, who soon took him back again to initiate him betimes in taking care of his own affairs; but finding him very careless in things of that nature, and entirely devoted to his books, she sent him to Grantham again, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1660, being then 18 years of age. His genius for mathematics was so great, that he understood the elements of Euclid as soon as he read them,

and could by barely casting his eyes on the contents of the theorems, make himself a perfect master of them. In 1664, he took the degree of A. B., and in 1666, (being then retired from the university on account of the plague,) when sitting in his garden, was led by a train of thoughts, occasioned by the fall of some flowers, to those discoveries relating to gravity, and the power by which the celestial bodies are retained in their orbits, which have since immortalized his memory. In 1669, he was chosen professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, on the resignation of Dr Barrow; and in that year, and the two subsequent ones, read a discourse of optical letters, replete with such discoveries on that subject, as both to astonish and delight. In 1687, his mathematical principles were published, which, being too profound to be understood by every one, met with no small opposition; but when they were once known, were so well received that nothing was heard from all quarters, but one general shout of admiration. In the year last mentioned, he was nominated one of the delegates of the university to the high commission court; and in 1688 was chosen one of the members of the convention parliament.

In 1696 he was made warden of the mint; in 1699 was elected one of the members of the royal society of arts and sciences at Paris; in 1701 was chosen member of Parliament for the university of Cambridge; and in 1703 was elected president of the royal society, and continued in the chair for 23 years without interruption! In the reign of King George I, he was well known at court, and admitted to the confidence of the princess of Wales, who often proposed difficulties on philosophical subjects to him, and received his answers. Until his 80th year his health was generally settled; but about that time he began to be afflicted with incontinence of urine; for five years, however, preceding his dissolution, he had intervals of health and ease, which was the effect of observing a strict regimen. He was finally seized with such violence that large drops of sweat ran down his face; yet so illustrious was he for patience, that during his agonies he never uttered the least complaint, nor expressed the least impatience; and, as soon as he had a moment's ease, would smile and talk with his usual cheerfulness.

"After a deprivation of sense for some hours, he died on the 20th of March, in the 85th year of his age, and was interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey. His stature was middling, his countenance pleasing, and venerable at the same time, especially when he took off his peruke, and showed his white hairs; which he would often do with a great degree of pleasure. He never made use of spectacles, and lost but one tooth during his life. His disposition was so meek, and his opinion of himself so humble, that he would rather have chosen to pass through life unknown, than to expose himself to those storms, to which genius and learning expose those that are illustrious for either. So great was his modesty, that the most malicious censurers could not charge him with vanity; so great his affability, that he always put himself upon a level with his company; so great his charity, that he would often strip himself to show his generosity to his relatives and others; chose to do his good offices himself, and thought a legacy no gift. His candour, was so great, that he was in love with virtue wherever he met

it. He was firmly attached to the established church; was a firm believer in the truths of revelation; and, amidst the great variety of books he had before him, that which he studied most was his Bible." Was such a man, or was he not capable of judging correctly of its truth?

CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.

The hottest and the coldest regions of the earth have only two seasons which materially differ from each other. The coldest have a summer of about four months, during which the heat is intense, on account of the great length of the days; and a winter of eight months. Their spring and autumn are imperceptible, for in the space of a few days extreme heat is succeeded by extreme cold, and intense cold by heat equally intense. The hottest countries have a dry and scorching season for seven or eight months, and a temperate season, with abundant rains, during the remainder of the year; this being the only distinction between their summer and winter.

This change of the seasons is one of those that deserve our admiration. It is impossible to ascribe them to chance, for in fortuitous circumstances there can be neither order nor regularity. But in all the regions of the globe, the seasons succeed each other as regularly as day and night, and change the face of nature at the appointed time. We see the earth successively clothed with verdure and foliage, crowned with flowers, and decorated with fruits. It is then stripped of all its beauties till spring returns to rouse it, as from the sleep of death. Spring, summer, and autumn nourish the animal creation by the fruits which they furnish in abundance. And though in winter Nature appears inanimate, yet this season is not without benefit to the earth, which it waters, fertilizes, and prepares for the reproduction of fruits, plants, and vegetables of every kind.

SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity—and the more we come down to our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, (and what we call) good breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

ANECDOTES.

AFRICAN HONOUR.

A remarkable instance of honour is recorded of a poor African negro, in captain Snelgrave's account of his voyage to Guinea. A New England sloop, trading there in 1752, left a second mate, William Murray, sick, on shore and sailed without him. Murray was at the house of a black man, named Cudjoe, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance during their trade. He recovered, and the sloop being gone, he continued with his black friend, till some other opportunity should offer of his getting home. In the mean time, a Dutch ship came into the road and some of the blacks coming on board of her, were treacherously seized, and carried off as slaves. The relations and friends, transported with aud-

den rage, ran unto the house of Cudjoe, to take revenge by killing Murray. Cudjoe stopped them at the door, and demanded what they wanted. "The white men," said they, "have carried away our brothers and sons; and we will kill all white men. Give us the white man you have in your house, for we will kill him." "Nay," said Cudjoe, "the white men that carried away our relations are bad men; kill them when you can take them; but this white man is a good man, and you must not kill him." "But he is a white man," they cried, "and the white men are all bad men; we will kill them all." "Nay," replied he, "you must not kill a man that has done no harm, only for being white. This man is my friend; my house is his post; I am his soldier and must fight for him: you must kill me before you can kill him. What good man will ever come again under my roof, if I let my floor be stained with a good man's blood?" The negroes seeing his resolution, and being convinced, by his discourse, that they were wrong, went away ashamed. In a few days, Murray ventured abroad again with his friend Cudjoe, when several of them took him by the hand, and told him, they were glad they had not killed him; for as he was a good man, their god would have been very angry, and would have spoiled their fishing.

Mr. Elliot, the Indian Missionary, was greatly and justly loved by his people. Being unable to preach, from old age, he proposed to relinquish his salary. To their honour, they replied, that they thought his presence among them amply worth the money. Who would not rather be such a man than a conqueror?

Alasco, a Polish nobleman, was one of the most distinguished preachers among the reformed in the time of Luther. No candid man was his enemy. So extensive were his learning, benevolence, and liberality, and so amiable was his piety, that Erasmus, with whom he lived some time, remarked, "I would have thought myself sufficiently happy in his single friendship."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Nothing can be more inglorious, than a gentleman only by name, whose soul is ignorant, and life immoral.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.

He that gets an estate, will keep it better than he that finds it.

Riches cannot purchase worthy endowments; they make us neither wiser nor healthier. None but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own.

Some people are nothing else but money, pride, and pleasure. These three things ingross their thoughts, and take up their whole soul.

There is more money idly spent to be laughed at, than for any one thing in the world, though the purchasers do not think so.

To keep a full table, is a way to extend one's acquaintance, but not sure to procure friends. Feasting makes no friendship.

To spend time in trifles, is like Nero's shoeing horses with gold.

Give away thy purse rather than thy time; of all prodigality that of time is the worst.

We need no pastime to consume that day,
Which without pastime flies too fast away.

POETRY.

THE FLOWERS OF THE DESERT.

By Mrs Hemans.

Why art thou in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower?
Where the sound or song hath never passed,
From human hearth or bower!

I pity thee, for thy heart,
For thy glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove
In vain, lost thine! in vain!

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower.

I said—but a low voice made reply;
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread,
Yet strength and hope; like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed.

"Yes, dew more sweet than ever fell
O'er Islands of the blest,
Were shaken forth from its perfum'd bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home in a troubled tide,
Sweet o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower
The precious boon of heaven,
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of one above;
Of the presence felt to brood
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among,
In a blest and gracious hour!
For the lorn one rose, in heart made strong
By the lonely, loneliest flower.

FROM "TRUTH."

"Yon Cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content, though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her hearth and pocket light:
She for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no pleasure: but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much:
Just knows, and knows no more, her BRUX tree,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward:
He prais'd perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers."

Dialogue between a Nobleman, in a dream,
which he fancied himself dead, and a dead
gar, buried by the side of him.

I dreamt that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus (like a corpse of quality) I cried:
"Away! thou scoundrel! henceforth teach me
"More manners learn, and at a distance rot."
"Thou scoundrel!" in a louder tone cri'd he,
"Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee."
"We're equal now—I'll not as inch resign,
"This is my dunghill, as the next is thine."

W. came too late for insertion this week. Liza Eliza are received.