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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 20.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, December 14, 1831.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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The names of subscribers residing at a distance will not be required at the Office; they shall be accountable to the Agent through whom they receive the paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—according to the foregoing terms.

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.

GEORGE CABOT

Was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1752, and early manifested distinguished talents. He spent the early part of his life in the employment of a shipmaster. But he did not neglect the improvement of his mind, even amidst the restlessness and danger of a seafaring career. Before he was twenty-six years of age, he was chosen to the provincial congress, which met at Concord, with the visionary project of raising a maximum of prices, in order that commodities might be cheapened by constraining the owners to sell at reduced and fixed rates; and there he first displayed that intimate acquaintance with the true principles of political economy, for which he was thenceforward pre-eminent. Before Adam Smith was known in the U. States, and Say and the other continental writers had formed any correct notions on the subject, Mr. Cabot maintained the present enlightened doctrines, and strenuously contended for the entire liberty of domestic and international commerce. Mr. Cabot was a prominent member of the state convention assembled to deliberate on the adoption of the federal constitution, and, soon after that event took place, was elected a senator of the United States, an office which his sense of public duty caused him to accept, although against his inclinations. In that station, he enjoyed the unlimited confidence, not only of the august body of which he was a member, but also of Washington and Hamilton; and to his commercial knowledge and profound views of finance and political economy, the latter was greatly indebted in the formation of his financial system. With Fisher Ames, also, Mr. Cabot was long linked by ties of the most affectionate friendship. At a recent period, when,

in the late war, the exigencies of the country seemed to him to require his co-operation, he presided over a body of delegates from New England, who, in a season of extreme solicitude, attempted to provide means for averting a dreadful storm of public calamity. Mr. Cabot died at Boston, April 18, 1823, in the 72d year of his age. He was the delight and veneration of all who knew him, and his talents seemed the most extraordinary, his virtues the most bright, to those who had the happiness to see him most familiarly. His mind was capacious and elevated. In public life, he was pure and disinterested, all his exertions tending to one single object—public good; in private, he was endeared to his family and his friends by his kindness, urbanity and benevolence. The study of political economy and the science of government was his favorite pursuit. His eloquence, which was oftener displayed in private than in public, was remarkable for its beauty and simplicity. As a Christian, he was sincere and devout; and the manner of his death suited the exemplary character of his life.

Encyclopædia Americana.

DR. MATHER BYLES,

Was born in Boston in 1706, and educated at Cambridge. After completing his studies in theology, he was ordained the first pastor of the church in Hollis street, Boston. Byles contributed many essays to the New England Weekly Journal, and several occasional poems, some of which were collected in a volume. He corresponded with Pope, Lansdowne and Watts. In 1776, his connexion with his congregation was dissolved, on account of his toryism, for any disaffection to the cause of the colonies could no longer be tolerated. In 1777, he was denounced, in town-meeting, as an enemy to his country, and afterwards was tried before a special court. The charges against him were, that he remained in the town during the siege, that he prayed for the king, and received the visits of the British officers. He was sentenced to confinement, with his family, on board a guard-ship, and to be sent to England with them. On being brought before the board of war, he was treated with respect, and was ordered to be confined to his own house for a short time. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, a ready and powerful wit, which he sometimes exerted where good nature would have refrained, and left a lasting sting by a transient jest. He exhibited this love of ridicule in various ways. On one occasion, when sentenced, under suspicion of toryism, to be confined to his own house, with a sentinel over him, he persuaded this sentinel to go an errand for him, promising to take his place. The sentinel consented to the arrangement, and, to the great amusement of all who passed, Byles was seen very gravely marching before his own door, the musket on his shoulder, keeping guard over himself. During his confinement in his own house, a guard was placed over him, and then removed. On some further complaint, a sentinel

was again placed over him. He was soon freed, and no further noticed. In speaking of these transactions, he said, "He had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded." Directly opposite to his house there was a very bad slough in wet weather. It happened one day, that two of the select-men, who had the care of the streets, stuck fast in this hole, and were obliged to get out in the mud to extricate their vehicle. Byles came out, and making them a respectful bow, said:—"Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance, without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you stirring in this matter now." A ship from London brought out 300 street lamps for the town of Boston. It chanced that, on the same day, a female neighbor, who was a new light, with a weak mind and a whining manner, called to see him. Wishing to get rid of the visitor, he soon asked, with a tone calculated to excite curiosity, if she had heard the news. "O, no! dear doctor, what news?" "Why, 300 new lights have come over in the ship that arrived this morning from London, and the select men have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately." His visitor at once hurried away, in great anxiety, to make further inquiries. Byles lived in retirement the last 12 years of his life, and died July 5, 1788, at the age of 82.—Ibid.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

Flowers are undoubtedly among the most exquisite pieces of nature's workmanship.—What beautiful tints do they display?—What lively colours do they unfold?—What variegated beauties do they discover?—and, what delightful perfumes do they emit! In view of these well might the poet exclaim:

Who can paint

Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

But the skill of the architect is no less conspicuous in the general contrivance and delicate structure of their several parts, and beautiful harmony of the whole, than in the laying on of the colours by which they are embellished.

The diversity of shape, and form, and complexion, in those of different kinds is not more remarkable than that no two are to be found exactly alike, even of the same species and growing on the same stalk or knot.

Nor should the aromatic fragrance which those beautiful sons and daughters of nature send forth, more excite our gratitude, than that well ordered succession, by which, the pleasures we receive from these transitory visitants are lengthened out and protracted almost all the year round.

Before winter with his cloudy front has taken his departure, the early Snow drop boldly steps

forth in his pure white robe,—the Crocus next, with an air of timidity peeps out, and as if afraid to venture, keeps close to the earth—then comes the Violet with her varied beauties, accompanied by the sparkling Polyanthus, and splendid Auricula—afterwards groves of Tulips display their rich and gaudy attire, followed by the Anemone in her spreading robe, Now the Ranunculus expands the richness of his foliage—the Sunflowers shoot forth his golden rays and the beautiful Cornucopia with a numerous train bring up the rear, and close the procession.—Who can reflect upon this passing, yet protracted scene, without being forcibly struck with the wisdom and goodness of God manifested in it?

THE USE OF VEGETABLES.

TREES,

Those stupendous specimens of creating art, spread not their wide extended roots, nor lift their lofty heads in vain, Beneath their cooling shades our flocks and herds find a comfortable asylum from the scorching rays of the summer sun; the wild stragglers of the forest have a place of refuge among their woods and thickets whilst the feathery songsters of the groves build their little dwellings in security, and sing among their branches;—"as for the stork the fir trees are her house."

But in what a variety of respects, besides affording the inhabitants of warm climates an agreeable shelter from the midday heat; do they yield their services, or are made subservient to the use of man. Some, as the bread fruit tree of the Pacific Ocean, the cabbage-tree of East Florida the tea-tree of China, the sugarcane tree of America, the coffee-tree and sugar cane in the West Indies, and the numerous luxuriant fruit-bearing trees scattered over the face of the globe, contribute to our wants in form of food.—The fountain-tree on one of the Canary Islands, is said by voyagers to furnish the inhabitants with a supply of water; while the paper-mulberry-tree of the Southern ocean, and the cotton shrub of America, provide us with materials for clothing.—The candle berry-wood presents the inhabitants of Nankeen, with a substitute for animal tallow.—The salt tree of Chili yields a daily supply of fine salt.—The cinnamon, nutmeg, clove, and pimento, furnish us with a supply of spices.—The Jesuit's bark, manna, senna, and others, produce a variety of simple but useful medicines. Some trees yield a precious balsam for the healing of the nations; some a quantity of turpentine and resin, and others give out their quota of valuable oils and gums.

Nor are trees serviceable only in a natural state:—by the assistance of art, some are converted into houses to protect man from the inclemency of the weather, or are moulded into a variety of forms for the purposes of building, and domestic comfort; others raise the huge fabric of the floating castle or bulky merchantman, by which the articles of industry and commerce are transported, and communication kept up with the remotest regions.

My limits do not permit me to enlarge upon these specimens, or point out the various uses to which a number of other woods in general use may be applied; but the reader's own thoughts may suggest these, as they are sufficiently obvious.

Cheap Magazine.

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

MR. MILNE,

Should the following extract from "The Child's Magazine," be deemed worthy of a place in your interesting little paper, by inserting it you will oblige
A. C.

OLD EDMUND.

Read, Mark, and Learn.

LULL'S in the blissful lap of love,
My earlier moments were beguiled:
How did my wanton childhood rove,
While all around me pleasure smil'd.
But yet methought some brighter joy
Would greet me when a bigger boy.

With rapture sparkling in mine eyes,
At length a bigger boy I grow,
And sprang to seize the glittering prize,
But from my grasp the shadow flew—
Flew from me to return no more,
Till school-boy cares should all be o'er.

Revolting years the moment brought,
That from my bondage set me free;
But when the promis'd joys I sought,
They were not;—still they were to be:
Persuasive hope, with secret power,
Reserv'd them for some happier hour.

I saw unnumber'd pleasures wait,
Which only manhood could obtain;
And when I grew to man's estate,
I sought them, but I sought in vain;
For worldly woes, and worldly care,
In every pleasure, cried "Forbear."

Yet not discourag'd, still my mind
Indulg'd in every fond presage,
That happiness I yet should find
In the cool tranquil hour of age;
But now, alas, old age I know,
Say, am I free from anguish? No.

A traveller bending 'neath the blast,
Traversing life's unsheltered plain,
There's not a moment of the past
That I would bid return again:
Yet not ungrateful shall my age
Look back upon my pilgrimage.

No murmur from these lips shall flow,
Though thorny paths my feet have trod;
For I have found in every woe,
The mingled mercies of my God;
They have sustained me in my fears,
In youth, in manhood, and in years.

In every stage my hopes were lent
To strengthen me in worldly strife;
The messenger of Mercy! sent
To mitigate the cares of life;
And now, by disappointment driven,
They fly from earth, and fix on heaven.

Exulting in my tresses gray,
The interest draught of life is o'er;
I go, where tears are wip'd away,
And human sorrows rise no more—
Where pleasures reign without alloy
And praise, and everlasting joy!

DAWN OF GENIUS.

ADMIRAL CAMPBELL.—Admiral Campbell, who died in the year 1790, was, when a boy, bound apprentice to the master of a Scottish coasting vessel; and while in this service, the vessel was boarded by a king's officer, then on the impress service, who, as usual, took out

every person except the master and his apprentice.

Among those who were taken, was the mate of the vessel, who happened to have a wife and family; in consequence, his distress was so great, that he wept like a child. The man's situation affected young Campbell to such a degree, that he entreated the officer to take him instead of the mate. 'Aye, my lad, that I will!' exclaimed the king's officer, 'for I would much rather have a boy of spirit than a blubbering man. Come along.' On this circumstance being related to the commander of the king's ship on board which young Campbell was put, it pleased him so much, that he put him on the quarter-deck immediately. From that time his promotion was rapid, and he became vice-admiral of the Red Squadron.

YOUNG EVELYN.—Among the prodigies of genius early developed, which have raised high expectations, that were suddenly blasted by the premature stroke of death, hardly one could be selected more interesting, than the account extracted from Mr. Evelyn's memoirs of his extraordinary son.

At two years and a half old he could read English, Latin and French; and before the end of his fifth year he was able to turn Latin into English; or vice versa, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and he had a wonderful disposition to Mathematics. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of scripture upon all occasions, and his sense of the supreme Being; he learned his catechism early, and understood the scriptures in an extraordinary degree. In his illness, he would select the most suitable passages to be read to him, and declaimed against the vanities of the world before he had seen them. Often he would desire those who came to see him, to pray with him. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soon he reconciled when offended! In short, though he died at the age of five years and three days, he discovered in his last illness, the meekness of a lamb, and the triumph of a saint.

HISTORY.

From the Juvenile Department of a London Magazine.

DRUIDISM.

At a time when knowledge is more generally diffused than at any former period, it may not be unprofitable to compare the present state of society with that which the earliest records of our history present. The taste for researches into antiquity has recently greatly prevailed; and if indulged in inquiries of importance, it is truly laudable.

The early history of our favoured isle is confessedly involved in obscurity; and it is not intended to attempt a critical investigation of its aborigines: nor could such an investigation gratify the interesting class of readers, which it will be the design of these papers to please and benefit.

As religion and morality are the great objects we desire to recommend, these sketches will tend to illustrate and prove their importance; and the reader, however young, is affectionately invited earnestly to supplicate the blessing of Him, who alone can render effectual human ex-

tion. With this view, Druidism, which about fifty years before Christ, so generally prevailed in his country, seems first to invite our attention; and, if we endeavour to contrast it with Christianity, which is now so happily exemplified and extended, it may at least excite gratitude for the superior blessings it hath pleased our sovereign benefactor to vouchsafe unto us, and animate our zeal, that those countries that are still enshrouded by superstition, and sit in darkness, may, through our instrumentality, see the light, and enjoy the liberty, that have long distinguished Britain.

Julius Cæsar, Pliny, Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus, afford the best accounts of this species of superstition. The frequent Roman invasions gave the intruders opportunities of witnessing an amazing influence.

The Druids were necessarily men of fortitude, reverence and self denial; for although this approved sacred profession was open to every one, few could endure the labour and privations fifteen or twenty years, in committing to memory their tedious regulations and maxims; for no account was it permitted, that their doctrines should be committed to writing, lest the vulgar should read and judge for themselves: so congenial, so inseparable, are superstition and ignorance. They were the instructors of youth; but very little did they deem it right to teach: reverence, therefore, of this delusion, was early fixed into the mind. Their influence was not confined to the young, nor to the concerns of religion; but they were judges of right and wrong, not only among individuals, but irritated nations. The terrible account of excommunication succeeded their displeasure—a punishment some more dreaded than death itself. Cut from all intercourse with his friends and neighbours, forbid the consolations of their religion, and denied even the protection of the law, the individual was an outcast from society; and the awful refuge from misery, to which the irreligious so frequently flee, could not be terrific to him who believed in perpetual damnation of souls. The power of these superstitions was therefore boundless; and it may be estimated, whether even the Romish clergy have obtained a more complete dominion over the minds of their votaries.

As the only real religion and virtue will bear the light; the darkest groves, and most solitary retreats, particularly where spreading oaks were to be found, to which trees they ever paid an idolatrous regard, were the places selected for their ceremonies. Woods and forests were the depositories of the spoils of war, which were generally consecrated to their gods, and sad was the fate of him who was tempted to secrete or join any part of such offerings. Such booty was not guarded by the terrors of superstition. They had their sacrifices, nor did they scruple to immolate their fellow creatures. Anglesey was the very nursery of this religion, being the residence of the grand Druid, the most learned of their priests. Suetonius tells us having observed the immense influence of these men, on the inhabitants in general, with great policy concluded, the most effectual way to subdue the Britons would be to attack this druidical retreat and destroy or disperse the Druids themselves. This attempt, the singular reception, is most animatedly

described by Tacitus; which passage also tends to illustrate manners of the people at that period

“On the shore stood a motley army, in close array, and well armed; with women running wildly about, in black attire, with dishevelled hair, and like the furies brandishing their torches; surrounded by Druids, lifting up their hands to heaven, and pouring forth the most dreadful imprecations. The soldier stood astonished with the novelty of the sight. His limbs grew torpid, and his body remaining motionless, resigned to every wound. At length, animated by their leader, and exhorting each other not to be intimidated with a womanly and fanatic band, they displayed their ensigns, overthrew all who opposed them, and flung them into their own fires. After the battle, they placed garrisons in the towns, and cut down the groves, consecrated to the most horrible superstitions: for they held it right to sacrifice on their altars with the blood of their enemies, and to consult the gods by the inspection of their entrails.”

While such was the religion of a people, we cannot be surprised to find them in a state of barbarism; not unlike the untutored Indians or Africans of our time allowing for the diversities of local circumstances were calculated to produce. Their towns were confused groups of huts, concealed in the bosom of some woods, the avenues to which were guarded by trees or mounds of earth. They were in the habit of painting their bodies, rather than clothing them. They were every kind of divination: running waters, the flight of birds, and the neighing of horses, were regarded with omni-potent attention. The following lines well describe the ancient Briton:

“Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home,
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam;
Bare were his limbs, and strong with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature cast in giant mould.
O'er his broad brawny shoulders loosely hung,
Shaggy and long, his yellow ringlets hung,
His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,
Massey, and purpl'd deep with human gore;
His scarr'd and rudely painted limbs around,
Fantastic horror-striking figures frown'd,
Which, monster-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of Nature's work, and left him hardly man,”

Richards.

It would be needless to state, that courage and strength distinguished these early inhabitants; qualities for which their descendants have ever been deservedly famed to the present hour. The characters of Caractacus and Boadicea will never be forgotten.

Does the serious British youth contemplate such a state of society and such superstition, with mingled emotions of surprise and horror? Let gratitude fill his heart, that though such was the condition of his fore-fathers, their children's children enjoy the advantages of civilization, heightened by the blessing of the gospel. Instead of intolerant priests, the humble ministers of Christ; instead of a false religion, known only to its interested priests, a real religion, made known by the pages of inspiration, which he who runs may read, and in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err: instead of the gloom of a forest, in which to perform worship, the assurance of the divine presence where but two or three are met together to seek the Saviour, even tho' in a barn or a closet were the sequestered spot; instead of the degraded or merciless heroine, taught to delight in war, the affectionate,

modest, and tender female, delighting in mercy. Oh! thou infinitely gracious God! what shall we render to thee for thy benefits! Take thou our hearts, and make us wholly thine.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

IN WHAT TRUE HAPPINESS CONSISTS.

In one word, guard well your heart; it is the source of innocence and happiness. It was the saying of a sensible man, that “You pay not too much for liberty of mind, tho' it be the sacrifice of your pleasures.” Never expect, then, to make voluptuousness connect with fame, nor effeminate dalliance with the rewards of virtue. Avoid such pleasures, and you will find, in better pursuits, a recompense more than will counterbalance your loss. Honour and truth have their pleasures; but they are the superior luxuries of the soul.

Learn also, to fear and respect yourself. The foundation of happiness is laid in peace of mind, and in the secret approbation of conscience. I mean by conscience that nice sense of honour, which assures you of having done nothing which can merit reproach. I repeat it, how happy are you if you know how to live alone, to renew the intercourse of solitude with pleasure, and to quit yourself with regret! With such a disposition the world is less necessary to you; but beware that you grow not out of humour with it. You should not make this retreat from men too habitual; for if you fly from them, they will also avoid you, and neither your age nor profession allows you to neglect them, for they are still necessary to you. But when we know both how to live with the world and to live without it, they are pleasures which heighten each other.

Marchioness de Lambert.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.—The following are extracts from an Address which Hon. Judge M'Lean, of the U. S. Supreme Court, prepared at the request of the Union and Jefferson Societies of Augusta College. Mr. M'Lean is a living witness of the sentiments he utters.

“Without personal application, the highest gifts of nature, and the finest opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, will be of very little advantage.

How seldom do we find a man of splendid talents and great attainments who has a son that acquires equal celebrity. This may in some degree be owing to the reputation of the father, which the son seeks to appropriate to himself, without using the proper means to deserve it.”

“There are few instances where young men of great fortunes become eminent. The reason is, because they feel no necessity of relying upon their personal efforts for a subsistence; and having the means of enjoying what are falsely called the pleasures of life, they yield to indulgence, their minds become relaxed, and their ambition is destroyed.

No man ever attained much distinction in literature, in the sciences, or in any of the learned professions, without great labor. And no individual of good capacity, who enjoyed ordinary opportunities for study, and improved them to the best advantage, ever failed to become distinguished. The great Newton declared, in a letter to Dr. Bentley, that if he had done the public any service, it was due to no nobility but industry and patient thought.”

“Here every man must stand or fall on his individual merits. He cannot be sustained by his wealth, or by the respectability of his connexions. Nor can a young man hope to rise in public esteem by factitious circumstances. He must lay the foundation of his future prosperity by exemplary conduct and incessant study. He

must abstract himself from those amusements which consume time and unfit the mind for improvement. He must be satisfied with the gratification arising from a rapid advance, and the prospect of future celebrity.—These afford to the mind a much higher enjoyment than can be found in the most brilliant circles of society. They never pall upon the appetite, but continue to give increasing delight."

"He who wishes to have a name that shall be cherished by posterity, who desires by his individual efforts to add something to the amount of human happiness and the glory of his country, has much to do, and but little time for action. His days and nights should be devoted to the pursuit of this great object. The principles of truth, justice, patriotism, should be the foundation on which he builds. Whether his life be public or private, the same moral principles should govern him. He should discard, as incompatible with either truth, honesty, or patriotism, that political trickery which is shamelessly professed by some, and practised by many. By means not only unexceptionable, but laudable, should he aspire to eminence. And when such a career shall be about to close, there will be nothing painful in the retrospect."

EDUCATION OF THE APPETITES—It must begin from the earliest infancy, long before the dawn of reason, and even anterior to the evolution of the moral sentiments. The rule in which it is conducted is a very simple one, applicable to all classes. It is to allow no child the indulgence of an appetite or propensity, other than what is required by its instinctive wants, as its bodily support and health. Nothing is to be conceded by the whim or caprice of a parent to the imaginary wants of a child; for it must be constantly borne in mind, that every gratification of one sense, whether of taste, sight, sound or touch, is the beginning a desire for its renewal; and that every renewal gives the probability of the indulgence becoming a habit, and that habit once formed, even in childhood, will often remain during the whole of after life, acquiring strength every year, until it sets all laws, both human and divine, at defiance. Let parents, who allow their children to sip a little of this wine or to just taste that cordial, or who yield to the cries of the little ones for promiscuous food, or for liberty to sit up a little later, or to torment a domestic animal, or to strike their nurse, or to raise the hand against mama—ponder well on the consequences. If they do not, often vain are the efforts of instructors—vain the monitions from the pulpit: their child is in danger of growing up a drunkard, or a glutton—a self-willed sensualist, or passionate and revengeful, prompt to take the life of a fellow being, and to sacrifice his own, and all this, because the fond parents were faithless to their trust—they had not the firmness to do their duty—they feared to mortify their child, and in so doing, they exposed him, in after life, to be mortified by the world's scorn, and to wander an unloved, unpitied thing.—*Journal of Health.*

THE NATURE AND LOVELINESS OF YOUTHFUL PIETY.—If the devotion of any part of our existence to religion be acceptable to God, much more must the devotion of the whole be acceptable to him.

When the day has risen in mists, and past in the blue rains or dark storms, it is gratifying to see the sky become bright, and to behold the sun going down in glory; but it is more gratifying when its dawn is unclouded, and when every part of its progress to its termination, is through regions of serenity and beauty; so, though it affords delight to see a life

which has been spent in the service of sin and in the fear of God, much more is that delight enhanced when we perceive the whole life, from the first dawn of reason to the last dying inspirations of faith, consecrated to God and his cause. And can any thing be more reasonable? If any part of your existence is to be devoted to God, why not the whole of it? Is not the whole his, as well as the part? Are you not guilty of the worst species of sacrilege in giving your affections, and time, and talents to Satan, the enemy of God and of all goodness? Is there not something peculiarly insulting to the Divine Majesty, in proposing to reserve the latter part only of your lives for God? Is he worthy only of the dregs and lees of your being? Shall the bloom and vigour of life, the joyousness, the morning, the inspiring May of your days, be spent and wasted in the cause of evil, in the service of the Prince of darkness:—and do you think it will be time enough to serve God, when the dull, hacknied ways of the world have destroyed the fineness of youthful feeling, or the perplexing cares of a family 'have frozen the genial current of the soul,' or, 'the grasshopper has become a burden, and desire has failed?' Shall the best opportunity which you can have for the practice of piety, pass away unimproved never to return? Will you not seize 'the acceptable time, the hour of salvation,' the 'golden prime of life, before you have been entangled by the meshes of temptation; before your hearts have become hardened, and, as it were petrified in the stream of vice, before the enemy has succeeded in binding you fast in the strong cords of sinful habit?—And what have you gained as the reward of your temerity? Are not the cisterns which you have hewn out to yourselves broken cisterns, which can hold no water? Does the temper say, 'you must first taste the pleasures of youth?' Great God! what are the pleasures of youth, but the happy smiles of thy love, and the calm, rational dignity of serving thee?—But you must first enjoy the pleasures of the world! And what are the pleasures of the world? What! But the apples of Sodom, fair to the eye, but full of ashes and soot. What! but the deceitful Mirage of the desert, which appears to the thirsty traveller as the refreshing waters of a lake, but on nearer approach, is discovered to be burning and barren sands! Oh! remember, that while the path of sin is attended by danger and disappointment, 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace,'—that God addresses and invites you with the utmost tenderness, saying, 'I love those that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.'

ANECDOTES.

PUNCTUALITY.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality. In business or religion it is the true path to honour and respect, while it procures a felicity to the mind unknown to those who make promises only to break them, or suffer themselves to be so entangled in their concerns, as to be incapable of being their own masters. Whoever wishes to advance his own interest, and to secure the approbation of others, must be punctual. "Punctuality," says Dr. Johnston, "is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness, or attention of wit; scarcely requisite amongst men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at

its highest rate when it is sacrificed to a frolic of jest."

It is said of Isanclathon, that, when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour but a minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out the idleness of suspense.

Of Sir William Blackstone we are informed, that reading his lectures it could not be remembered that he ever made his audience wait over a few minutes beyond the time appointed. Indeed punctuality, in his opinion, was so much a virtue, that he could not bring himself to think perfectly well of any one who was notoriously defective in this practice.

The late Rev. Mr. Brewer, of Stopney, when a student under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard & Dr. Jennings, was always punctual in attending the lectures at the tutor's house, where the students, who were lodged and boarded in private families, were expected to assemble at set hours. One morning, the clock had struck seven, and all rose up for prayer, the tutor looking round, and perceiving that Mr. Brewer was not yet come, paused awhile. Seeing him re-enter the room, he thus addressed him: Sir, the clock has struck, and we were ready to begin; but as you were absent, we supposed it was too fast, and the fore waited." The clock was actually too fast by 30 minutes.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

A Hymn by the Rev. JOHN LAWSON, Missionary at Calcutta, and Author of "Oriental Harping," and "Woman in India."

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw men unto me." *John xii. 32.*

While thunder shook the frightened sky,
Pale, on the cross uplifted high,
With agonizing pangs,
And aching head, and temples torn,
Pierc'd by the sharp encircling thorn,
The holy Sufferer hangs.

I saw him by the lightnings flame!
I know—and lov'd his well-known name,
'Twas Jesus dying there!
Weeping, I said, "O Saviour, why
The storm that sweeps o'er Calvary?
The wrath that fills the air?"

Tell me, sweet Jesus, tell me why,
Thou'rt stretch'd in writhing agony,
Cloth'd with that bloody vest?
Wherefore that laboring of thy breath—
The cold struck spasm of painful death—
Deep in thy shivering breast?"

He answer'd not—but gave one look,
Then clos'd his eyes, and gasping, shook,
And bow'd his sacred head;
My heart was pierc'd with that last glance,
I saw his fading countenance—
I wept! but he was dead.

O Crucified! I blush with shame!
My sins have slain the Holy Lamb!
But, ah! that dying look!
'Twas full of love to me—to all
Who on his precious name shall call,
For he their sorrows took!

Then turn, my falling tears to joy!
His death shall now my lips employ;
The world shall know his love!
"The Lord impal'd, was lifted high;
He died for man," shall be my cry
Where'er on earth I rove.

See the bloody cross, ye dying men!
Look, O ye nations! live again!
By him shall ye arise.
Where now red war and vengeance rave
The unfur'd cross shall glow and wave
Upon your peaceful shies!