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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 51.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, July 18, 1832.

Vol. 1.

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

Printed and Published every Wednesday Morn.
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CONDITIONS.

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two shillings and three pence, when sent to the coun-
try by mail, half-yearly in advance.

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

Any person ordering five copies will be reckoned
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The names of subscribers residing at a distance
will not be required at the Office; they shall be ac-
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the paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—accord-
ing to the foregoing terms.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

—

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NOVEL.

Charlotte and Eliza Clinton, were the daugh-
ters of a merchant in Yorkshire, who, with his
able lady, had paid particular attention to the
education of their children, having made it their
policy to have them instructed in what was use-
ful, rather than in what was merely ornamental;
and it must be acknowledged, that the talents
and progress of the daughters was very satis-
fying to their parents.

One morning in June, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton
having left the parlor after breakfast, Eliza took
up a book, which she had previously placed un-
der one of the window-cushions, and began to
read with great eagerness.

"My dear Eliza," said her sister, "what
book are you reading?"

Eliza. What work? why really, Sister, I am
most ashamed to say. Will you promise not
to tell my Papa?"

Char. Promise! I do not like to make a pro-
mise until I know to what I bind myself, and—

Eliza. Well, Charlotte, I have never found
out other than a kind Sister, and therefore I
will tell you, without exacting any promise. It
is Miss Ward's last Novel (*blushing*)

Char. Novel! surely, my dear, you do not ac-
custom yourself to read novels?

Eliza. Not Commonly—but this has been re-
commended to me, so strongly, that I could not
resist the temptation to read it. It is certainly
very interesting and entertaining.

Char. Entertaining!—but is it instructive?
for, as dear Papa often says, "Never read any
thing, my dear girls, that will not benefit as well
as amuse you;" and our minister's advice, in his
last sermon to young people, was very similar,
—"Be as chaste in your reading as in your diet,
and always consult what will profit you." "Read-
ing improves the mind." You remember this
motto I have no doubt.

Eliza. Yes, my dear, very well; but there is
certainly something in novels that is very fasci-
nating.

Char. I suppose there is, if we are to judge
by the conduct of many persons. Old Mrs. Ter-

ron, it is said, desired her servant to read novels
to her during her last illness, and Miss Flight,
who is not remarkable for the correctness of her
taste, or the depth of her understanding, is, I
am informed, the best customer at the circulating
library. I have also heard it lamented by our
dear friend Eugenia, that her mother, who is
sixty-nine, spends a great part of the Lord's day
in reading novels!

Eliza. Oh, shocking indeed! Well, Sister, I
have nothing to say in defence of them, I must
own I have often been grieved in thinking how
much money our servants spend in this way

Char. On servants, as well as on others, they
have a most pernicious effect, and I really think,
that from these productions, they have imbibed
the most whimsical and slight ideas respecting
their dress and future condition. Indeed, the
plot of every novel is very similar, and contains
little more than the rise, progress, and consum-
mation or failure, of some whimsical or extrava-
gant attachment.

Eliza. Well, my dear Charlotte, you are really
a decided advocate against the conduct I am
pursuing, and I believe I may venture to say,
that I shall not easily be induced to begin an-
other novel.

Char. Then my point is happily gained!—One
observation more I cannot withhold. You and
I, my dear, are generally supposed to favor reli-
gion. Now, would it not be a painful thing if it
were to be whispered by the kind friend who
lent you the novel, that Mr. Clinton's family pre-
tended to be very religious, but that she could
assert, from personal knowledge, that the daugh-
ters had no objection to read novels *secretly*, and
would no doubt attend the theatres if they could
do it *secretly*.

Eliza. True, very true, (*rising up*)

Char. And, "if we know these things, happy
are we if we do them."

Eliza. I will send home the novel *directly*
And as I have long wished to enter upon a course
of reading, will you, sister, give me an outline
of what you consider most useful and profitable

Char. Most cheerfully—my dear father's li-
brary contains an excellent selection from the
best authors, and I will take an early opportu-
nity to procure his thoughts upon the subject.

Charlotte Clinton took the earliest opportunity
of requesting her father's opinion on the books
which he judged most suitable to his daughters.
Ever happy in the idea of promoting their real
interests, and eager to contribute to their im-
provement, he cheerfully complied with their
wish, and shortly after presented them with the
following note:

My dear Girls,

It affords me real pleasure to discover in
you a desire to improve your minds by adding
to your stock of information. I would have an-
swered your request verbally, but I considered
that by this mode you would have an opportunity
of reviewing my remarks upon the subject.
Young persons of your age are liable to many
temptations to waste time. Fashion and amuse-

ments are pursued by many with avidity.—You
have been happily preserved from the follies of
the card table, the profligacy of the theatre, and
the dissipations of the ball room, but the mind
must be cultivated; for what is the most lovely
form, or the most agreeable disposition, if the
mind be unadorned?

But to your question—You asked what books
I would commend to your attentive perusal?
My answer will be derived from a recollection
of those works which I have found beneficial.

As an introduction, I wish you to read with
care *The Improvement of the Mind*, by the late
Dr. Isaac Watts, a book which abounds with
many useful and important observations.

History and Geography are delightful sources
of instruction and amusement. The ancient
History of Rollin, (a most valuable work) con-
tains so much useful matter, interspersed with
religious reflections, and explanations of different
parts of the Holy Scriptures, that, although it is
long, the perusal of it will amply repay you.
After this you may proceed to Goldsmith's His-
tories of Greece and Rome; and if you wish to
trace the progress of the blessed gospel, you
will find it in Milner's, Brown's, or Josheim's
Ecclesiastical History. I have been much gra-
tified in perusing the History of the Turks.

The writings of Dr. Robertson must not be
neglected. As an historian he is deservedly
esteemed. His Histories of Scotland, America,
and of the Emperor Charles V. are well entitled
to your attention. To which may be added,
Watson's Lives of Philip II. and III. of Spain,
and the Duke of Sully's Memoirs of Henry IV.
of France.

Bishop Burnett's Histories of the Reformation
and of his Own Times, will be read with pleasure
as you advance in this kind of knowledge.

If I have omitted the History of England, it
is from the supposition that you are already well
acquainted with it. To this you will often refer,
and endeavour to impress the leading facts which
it records upon your memories.

Geography may be studied advantageously by
means of voyages and travels, always taking
care to have a map near you, and to find out the
places mentioned by the author.

Poetry is so pleasing that you will not require
me to recommend it to your notice. It elevates
the ideas and sustens the style. Many useful
maxims are retained in the memory by the aid
of versification; yet you must use caution. I op-
pose must not be always trusted; his numbers are
smooth, but his sentiments are often incorrect.
Cowper, Aronside, Thompson, and Young, will
improve as well as please; and, as to Watts, his
Lyric compositions have been the delight of
many serious minds, and raised their affections
towards heavenly things.

Religion must not be neglected. To live well,
must be the study of your life. "Seek first the
kingdom of God and his righteousness." The
writers on this momentous theme are numerous
and excellent. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*
of Religion in the Soul, Aikin's *Alarm* to the

Unconverted. Hervey's Dialogues, the Refuge, Mason on Self Knowledge, and some excellent pieces to young persons by Watts, Brooks, and others, will, under God, assist you in the divine life. Be not satisfied with religious notions, but be solicitous to feel the power of godliness, and exemplify its practice in your general temper and deportment.

I could add more, but as I hope the above will enable you to embark in the honourable cause of mental improvement, I forbear; and commending you to the care of God, and the gracious influences of his spirit,

I remain, my dear children,
Your affectionate parent,
JOHN CLINTON.

Eliza Well, sister, I am sure we need not be idle, for here is a variety indeed! but I do not see any thing like a Novel in the whole list.

Char. Oh, no! The very idea of a Novel would have dishonoured his page: and papa, no doubt, conjectured, that, when we reflected upon the stores of authentic information that were opened to us, we should have good sense enough to perceive that there could be no inducement for us to resort to empty, extravagant and injurious fictions.

Eliza I am thoroughly convinced of this, and of the bad tendency of Novels, and hope I shall make the Bible my chief study; and whenever I take a book to read, inquire first, whether it will repay my labor.

THE MIRROR.

One of the numerous evils into which young people in fashionable life are very apt to fall in the present polished age, is a constant, though perhaps, in many instances, an unintentional deviation from strict veracity. Truth and sincerity are, alas! too often laid aside, as being calculated to give offence to those whom we wish to please; while flattery and dissimulation are introduced in their stead, under the specious names of politeness and good-breeding. In an excellent paper from "The Spectator," I find these sentiments so admirably expressed, that I cannot forbear to transcribe what is there said on this subject. Amongst too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hard to any signification of their thoughts. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which argues true greatness of mind, is in a great measure lost amongst us. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation that there is no harm to real deceit in compliment. But if you do not intend that what you say should be believed, and indeed, if you know that it will not be believed, what is the use of saying it? In this case, words, become mere ciphers." No. 103, Vol. 2. Perhaps this may be better illustrated to juvenile minds, by the following little story, which is perfectly true.

"O Mamma," exclaimed Augusta Murray, "how I do detest that Lady Bruce, she is such a deceitful creature."

"Hush, my dear Augusta," replied her mother. "To detest, is a very strong and a very improper expression. I beg that I may never again hear it from your mouth. But pray

what has poor Lady Bruce done to incur your displeasure?"

"Why, mamma, do not you recollect how she praised me the other day, when I played on the harp to her; and how she begged and teased me to go on playing one thing after another, till I was tired to death, and wished her a hundred miles off, at least. You know she said she had never heard such a performer for a girl of my age—that I was quite a musical prodigy, &c. &c.; in many of other things I should feel ashamed to repeat. She might as well have spared her pains, for I did not believe a word she said, but yet I must own I felt rather astonished at her duplicity, when I heard what she says of me behind my back."

"Well, my love, and what does she say of you after all?"

"Why, mamma, Fanny Stewart happened to meet her at a party last evening, and overheard her saying to a lady who sat by her, that it really was quite a tax on one's time to visit you; for no one was ever allowed to leave the house without having been bored with my harp for at least half an hour; and having herself no taste for music, she declared she found it rather an irksome task to sit listening, and applauding, and encoring, till we chose to let her depart. And after all," added she, "Miss Murray is but a very mediocre performer, though to be sure one must not expect much from a girl of fifteen, who has never had London masters."

"I confess, my love," replied Mrs. Murray, "that is just what I should have expected from Lady Bruce, who is quite what would be termed in fashionable phraseology, 'a polite woman of the world.' However, I am very glad you have heard all this for many reasons. You have here, my dear Augusta, an example of a fault of which I have frequently accused you; though of course you have not yet carried it to such an extent. It originates, however, in the same source; a mistaken notion of the duties of politeness and civility as you term it. Now, do not for one instant imagine that I would wish to encourage a blunt and uncourteous deportment. Far from it. Politeness is a Christian duty. We are expressly commanded in the Bible to 'be courteous,' and we have examples of the most delicate and refined politeness in St. Paul himself. But yet we should scrupulously confine ourselves within the bounds of strict veracity, in our endeavours to please and gratify others. And believe me, my love, those exaggerated compliments which you are yourself too fond of bestowing upon your young friends, cannot afford any real gratification to them; for I hope there are few young persons so blind to their own defects, as not to perceive with pain and mortification how very undeserving they are of the praises so profusely lavished. For my own part, I should consider it quite an insult to the understanding of any sensible girl, to load her with extravagant and unmerited compliments; for it appears to me almost as bad as saying to her, 'You are so fond of applause, and so vain of your own acquirements, that you do not think you can possibly be praised too highly. I could not help noticing the conduct of Fanny Stewart, the other day, when you insisted on her shewing you her drawings, and were so exceedingly lavish of your commendations on them. You even expressed a wish several times that you could produce such charming drawings; when,

at the same time, you must have known that you draw a great deal better than Fanny, having had far greater advantages. She, poor girl, is so far too modest, and has much too low an opinion of her own attainments to feel at all gratified by such complimentary speeches. On the contrary, she was evidently pained and mortified by them; for the tears came into her eyes when she replied, 'O Augusta, you are laughing at me; indeed, I know I draw very ill.' No I am sure, my love, you had no intention to ridicule your young friend. You only wished to encourage her, as you thought she was rather in a desponding mood, respecting her progress in drawing. I cannot but approve your motive, though I must say you defeat your own end; for what pleasure can your commendations ever afford your friends when they see that you bestow them without the least regard to veracity. Those, on the contrary, who never allow their good-nature to infringe on their strict adherence to sincerity, though they must necessarily be much more sparing of their compliments; yet when they find that they really can with truth bestow them, how much more valuable will they be to those who receive them, than that profuse applause which from the lips of too many people comes as a mere matter of course."

A few days after this conversation, Augusta Murray went to pay a morning visit to Mrs. Douglas, a good old lady, who was remarkably fond of worsted-work, and who had in her time made mats & baskets, and flower pot-stands, &c. &c. enough to overstock every drawing-room in her neighbourhood. Unfortunately too, the old lady was not only fond of working herself, but wished to teach every young person who came in her way. Now, Augusta was by no means fond of work, but thinking to please Mrs. Douglas, she expressed a great wish to become her pupil; and the old lady taking her at her word, pressed her to spend the rest of the day with her promising to send her home in the evening a proficient in the art. "O dear, Mrs. Douglas," exclaimed Augusta, "I should like above all things to spend a day with you, and learn this beautiful work, but I am afraid I must not hope for such a pleasure to-day, for I am obliged to go to a tiresome stupid party this evening, where I shall have nothing to do but to sit still and yawn. Oh! how much rather would I be enjoying myself by your fire-side, and listening to your entertaining stories." Then turning to her mother, she added, "You know, mamma, I cannot possibly get off this evening." Now, Mrs. Murray well knew that Augusta did not at all dislike that evening's party, and that on the contrary, she thought it a great bore to spend a day with old Mrs. Douglas; but being resolved to punish her, for her insincerity, she replied, "I am sure, my dear, if you would rather stay with Mrs. Douglas, I will make your excuses to Mrs. Macdonald for this evening." Poor Augusta little expected this; but being ashamed to retract from what she had said, she was obliged to submit. In vain did she frown and bite her lips, and make all sorts of signs to her mother, when Mrs. Douglas happened to turn away her head, Mrs. Murray was determined not to understand her, but rising in a few minutes, she took leave of Mrs. Douglas, promising to send for Augusta in the evening. This salutary lesson was not soon forgotten; and in a few years, Augusta Murray discovered that she gained more friends by her sincerity than she ever had by that speci-

ous politeness to which she sacrificed her veracity.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON ON LEAVING HOME.

My Dear Son,

As you are about to leave your parents' roof, and to enter on a new sphere, I have thought that a few plain remarks may, with the blessing of God, prove useful to you when from under the eye and control of those who are very anxious that the principles they have instilled into your mind, should, when you are absent from them, be conspicuous in your whole deportment. I hope that the change you are about to experience is under the guidance of an all-wise Providence. We ought, under all circumstances, to watch the leadings of Providence; for often there arise, from very trivial circumstances, very important events, which you will see more fully brought to light in the word of God than in any other book. You may not think that there is any thing remarkable in your leaving your parents' roof, and entering upon a new scene, but I assure you, that you should mark this event, the manner in which it has been brought about, and the great facilities afforded you by your kind parent, in fitting you out. These are great mercies, but especially the kind wishes of friends, and the advice and prayers of your parents, ought to make an impression on your mind, such as you never before felt; it should excite in your heart prayer and praise. I trust you will receive with kindness the few hints I may suggest. Let me intreat you to make a point of reading the word of God every day. Value the Scriptures, for they are able to make you wise unto salvation. Do not read them as you would any other book, but remember that you cannot understand them without Divine teaching. Pray with David, "Open mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Do not omit secret prayer, for if you live in the neglect of it, you cannot expect the blessing of God. Never forget your father and mother, your sisters and brother; we have need of your prayers, and in his way we can hold communion, although absent in body. Do not forget your employer; pray for his spiritual and temporal good; and I think it is very important to pray for wisdom, to enable you to fulfil the duties which devolve upon you.

Again let me intreat you to reverence the Sabbath day; you have been taught to regard that day not to be devoted to worldly pursuits, but for more important objects. O do not neglect to attend the means of grace twice or thrice if possible. Do not yield to any invitations you may meet with to go out taking pleasure on the Sabbath, and thereby neglect to go to a place of worship. Be sure attend where the gospel is faithfully preached. I know you can distinguish between moral and evangelical preaching. You know I should approve of —, or —, or any minister who lays, human nature low, and exalts Christ. I hope and trust that you will not lose sight of these things, and that you will pray to be preserved from all error. Be careful how you conduct yourself in the family you may reside with; do not speak without reflecting; endeavour that what you have to say shall convince those whom you are with. Let me beg of you not to make too free. "Too

much familiarity breeds contempt." Be modest, courteous, and kind to all. Do not think me too particular, if I press upon you your being tidy in your room: when you arise in the morning be particular in placing all your clothes, &c. away; do not even leave your bed clothes in an untidy state; if you find you have not time in the morning to do much, be sure and think of what you will want when you are retiring to rest, and place it in readiness accordingly. Be very particular in being in good time at business. You can do this by making a practice of retiring to rest by ten, and rising in the morning early: if you indulge in bed, you will be always wrong.

When in business, be diligent: have your thoughts about you; let nothing be done in a careless manner, and be willing to do all that is required of you, never discovering any ill temper. Do not let your service be that of eyeservice! be as diligent in your employer's absence as when he is present, and convince him by your general conduct that you do all in your power to promote his interests. Be very particular in all money transactions. Pray continually, let integrity and uprightness preserve you. Never let it be said that you are wanting in principle. Many persons are charged with this who are not actually unprincipled, but make it appear to others as though they were, through their slovenly manner of doing business. Let all your transactions be marked with candour, not duplicity; you had better be charged with having too much candour, than duplicity.

My dear Son, let me intreat you to be very particular in the choice of companions. Remember that evil communications corrupt good manners. Never esteem those who would lead you to places of amusement, and by their conversation and deportment cause you to neglect the means of grace, or your business. Choose such as appear to have the fear of God before their eyes; such as are strictly moral in their conduct. If possible, let them be your superiors in every sense of the word, at least let them be such as you can always profit by. I must not omit again reverting to books. I have pressed upon you the importance of reading the bible; now, do avoid all pernicious books, such as novels, &c. as you would poison; there are plenty of books which are entertaining, and yet instructive and religious in their tendency. You see, I want you at all times to be actuated by religious principles, for if you should be prosperous in this world, then you would (influenced from above) be a blessing to the church, and to the world; and if, on the contrary, it should please God that you should ever know what adversity is, then you will be enabled to bow with submission to the will of God, and learn that godliness with contentment is great gain. In conclusion, I most earnestly intreat you not to forget that you are an accountable being to Him who gave you existence. O do not forget that you are a poor dying creature, that time is ever on the wing, and is rapidly bringing us to the grave. Although you are now young in years, you cannot calculate upon a long life; for what is your life? it is even as a vapour, which appeareth for a moment and then vanisheth away. Then as death and judgment are certain, do not neglect to fly for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before you in the gospel, for "Behold now is the accepted time now is the day of salvation," &c.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A PROFANE SEAMAN.

From "The Retrospect."

G. H. was one of the crew of the P—; he was a most notorious thief, drunkard, and profane blasphemer; he seldom escaped more than six or eight weeks without being flogged, on some of which occasions he frankly told the officers they had better procure his execution, as he should never reform. Dreadfully severe as some of his punishments had been, yet they availed nothing. Time and experience only confirmed the truth of his assertions—he never did reform. His was a life, not only of sin, but of hateful sin; hateful even in the estimation of other sinners.—It was one unvarying round of oaths and falsehood, of theft, drunkenness, and punishment, until the ship was stranded. When that event happened, a part of two days and one night were expended in great and laborious exertions by every officer and man on board, as was supposed. But it afterwards appeared, that while the rest of the crew were labouring to save the wreck, G. H. had found means to enter one of the officer's store rooms, and also succeeded in enticing a clownish landsman (who had lately volunteered in the service) to be a him company. There they concealed, and drank themselves senseless, and slept till the exertions of their comrades were relinquished as fruitless, and the vessel was abandoned to its fate. When they awoke from sleep, the cold, at length, restored their senses, and roused them from their skulking place to discover their situation, as the sole and uncomfortable possessors of His Majesty's ship P—, now lying on its side, bilged, and surrounded with ice.

Having succeeded in kindling a fire, and being somewhat warmed and refreshed, G. H. proceeded to examine such of the cabins, drawers, and officers' trunks as were accessible. Plundering was always his delight; but now the abundance of stuff distressed his mind, since he could carry of so little in comparison with the much that must be left behind. To travel, with a trunk or load, over the rugged mass of ice that surrounded the wreck, was impracticable, but he determined to carry off as much as possible. To this end, he put on several shirts, and various other articles of wearing apparel, completing his equipment with one of the captain's uniform coats, mounted with epaulets. A pair of large plated candlesticks next fell in his way, which he, mistaking for silver, determined to save, if he saved himself. Being now tolerably well laden, and having again drank from the wine cases, he and his companion quitted the wreck, without knowing whither they were going, and, indeed, without understanding the nature and time of the tide. The consequence was, that soon after they left the vessel, they found the ice in motion, and themselves scarcely able to proceed in any direction. G. H.'s difficulties were of course much increased by the load of clothes on his back, as well as the lumber in his hands: but he seemed utterly insensible to every thing except saving his pillage, and giving vent to his reprobate, and now more than usually enraged mind. Oaths, dreadful oaths and curses continued to be poured forth from his lips, until one of the massy pieces of ice, on which he stood, clave under him, from the concussion of the surrounding mass of ice then in motion, and he descended with his plunder in his hands, and his oaths on his tongue—and the ice closed upon

him, and he was seen no more. — The poor landman, who, at a small distance, witnessed and escaped his fate, was exceedingly shocked at what had happened; nor was he much less terrified under the apprehensions of his own danger. He saw no prospect of escape by land, and, indeed, there was not, at that time, any refuge from impending destruction, but what the wreck itself afforded. Thither, a gracious Providence directed his attention, and, contrary to all human expectation, enabled him to regain it before the night closed upon him. Here he continued for four or five days, until he was rescued from his solitary and dreary abode by some of the crew who remained at an island near the wreck. To them, with much honest simplicity, he related the foregoing particulars of himself, and the unhappy G. H.

EASTERN BOYS.

One cannot but be struck with the remarkable intelligence of the youths of this country, whose understandings seem to be matured before the age at which it first unfolds itself in more northern regions. Their acuteness of perception is often followed up by a corresponding power of reasoning, which very soon fits them for the society of their elders, so that, notwithstanding they are kept at a very humble distance by their own immediate parents, they are admitted to a great equality with grown up strangers. When men scold them, a proper answer is always sure to be returned; and if they, in their turn, address a stranger, it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the stranger not to return them some complimentary expression. It is thus, that they become early habituated to social intercourse, and I scarcely remember an instance of what we call "mauvaise honte" among them, though this is so common among the children of our own country.

In the caravan, we had a little slave boy, named Feradj, born of Abyssinian parents, in the service of the Hadjee Abdel Rakhman, who, though only eight years old, had accompanied his master to Mecca, and was now as useful in superintending the loading and discharge of the Hadjee's personal baggage, and in waiting on him at table, as any servant of the suite. We had another, named Zechariah, not yet ten years of age, who had accompanied his father across the desert, from Bagdad to Aleppo, and after a stay of some months there, was going back with us by way of Mouzul. The intelligence with which these boys would make purchases, execute errands, or answer enquiries, was really admirable, and excited constant regret, that such fine capacities should remain uncultivated.

Whether it be that the premature development of their powers naturally leads to as early a decline, or whether, from the want of that exercise which the vivacity of youth demands, the understandings of their age are not proportionably good, I know not; but though in infancy, they are naturally superior to Europeans, yet, the distance between their wisest men, and the merely well informed gentlemen of England, is really immeasurable.

Buckingham's Travels in Mesopotamia.

ANECDOTES.

THE REFLECTING CHILD.

"What occasions that melancholy look?" said I to one of my young favourites one morning. He turned

away to hide a tear ready to start into his eye: his brother answered for him, "Mether is very angry with him because he would not say his prayers last night, and cried all day because a little sparrow died that he was fond of." At this the little mourner hastily turned round, and looking at me exclaimed, "I could not say thy will be done, because of my poor bird." I took him by the hand, and pointing to his school-fellows, mark this observation, said I, from the youngest present, only six years old, for it explains the nature of prayer, of which, perhaps, some of you are ignorant. Many persons repeat words who never prayed in their lives. My dear boy, I am very glad to find you were afraid to say to God what you could not say truly from your heart. but you may beg of him to give you submission to his will, and you may try to forget the loss of your sparrow, and find another to supply its place; for that is what all wise persons do, instead of fretting and vexing themselves, they consider how to retrieve their losses by other means.

A pious member of a church in the north of England, had often entreated a friend of his (who was quite a man of the world) to accompany him to the house of God, and an often entreated in vain; till one Sunday evening, on meeting him on his way to divine worship, and thinking it a favorable opportunity, he renewed his opportunities, and after many refusals persuaded him to accompany him; he displayed the utmost indifference to the first part of the sermon, and seemed impatient to be gone; but all at once his attention became fixed, and the deepest seriousness pervaded his countenance. The minister, through divine grace, had awakened him to a sense of his danger, and he felt his situation as a sinner. After service he opened his mind to his friend, and entreated his advice; an evident change took place in his future conduct he was no longer the gay, the dissipated man of the world, but the pious, humble christian, devoting himself to the service and interest of the gospel. Ought not such an example as this my young friends, to encourage us to persevere in the cause of Christ, and never to be cast down by difficulties which may at first appear insurmountable; and let this motive acute us—that if we are the means of saving but one soul during our whole lives we shall have gained a greater victory, through Christ, than the conqueror of a world.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Satan labors to put off the sinner with delays. Flitting thoughts of repenting he fears not. He can give sinners leave to talk what they will do, so that he can keep such thoughts from coming to a head, and ripening to a present resolution. Few are in hell but what thought of repenting, only they could never fix upon the time in earnest when to do it. The command saith, "Now repent." God saith, "To day, while it is called to-day." Satan saith, "To-morrow." Which will you obey, God or him? Thou sayest, thou meanest at last to do it; then why not now? which is the morrow thou meanest? thou hast but a day in thy life for aught thou knowest: where then canst thou find a morrow for repentance?

Were we called upon to name the object under the sun which excites the deepest commiseration in the heart of Christ? in sensibility, which includes in itself the most affecting incongruities which contains the sum and substance of human misery, we would not hesitate to say, "an arraigned old age."—*Hannah More.*

The difference is not great between fearing a danger and feeling it, except that the evil one feels has some bounds, whereas one's apprehen-

sions have none. For we can suffer no more than what actually has, but we fear all that possibly may have happened.

To be great is not in every one's power, but to be good is in the power of all.

The utmost perfection we are capable of in this world, is to govern our lives and actions by the rules which nature hath set us, and keeping the order of our creation.

He is a wise man, who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will, is lord of himself.

Passion has its foundation in nature; virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason.

No man is master of himself, so long as he is a slave to any thing else.

Prudence governs the wise; but there are but a few of that sort and the most wise are not so at all times; whereas passion governs almost all the world, and at most times.

They that have the fewest desires, hopes, and such like agitations of mind, are ever the most serene and quiet.

It is the basest of passions, to like what we have not, and slight what we possess.

Physic hath not more remedies against the diseases of the body, than reason hath preservatives against the passions of the mind.

He who indulges his sense in any excess renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man, and set his two natures at variance.

POETRY.

"THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST."

While through life's low and rugged vale
We pilgrims onward stray;
Though bright awhile, oft sorrows veil
Englooms our weary way:
Some secret foe, the bosom's guest,
Will never let the spirit rest.

Perchance with feelings keen endued,
The world's embittering scorn:
With gall embues our gratitude,
And midst our joys we mourn:
While cold unkindness wrings the breast,
How can the wounded spirit rest?

Though struggling 'gainst the tempter's power,
We feel returning sin;
Though oft subdued, each passing hour
Still shows its trace within:
While sin thus struggles in the breast,
How can the wearied spirit rest?

The child beloved—the bosom's friend
Oft shun the narrow road,
O'er pleasure's path their way they wend,
Lost aliens from our God:
While mourning o'er their fate, unblest,
How can the grieving spirit rest?

Is there no rest?—Yes! grieve no more—
A day of rest will come!
Mere pilgrims here, life's trial o'er,
We soon shall reach our home:
That Home where cares no more molest—
There shall the wearied spirit rest.

There sin no more shall wound the soul,
Nor human wrongs overwhelm;
Pure holiness maintain control
Throughout that peaceful realm:
From dust redeemed, amidst the blest—
There shall we know a perfect rest!