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# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 59.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, July 11, 1832.

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## THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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### CONDITIONS.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE TRAVELLER.

It is customary for a traveller on a lengthened  
journey, to pause on the summit of a rising  
ground: not only that he may breathe a little  
more freely: but also that he may contemplate  
more at leisure the landscape spread beneath  
him, and compare its appearance when viewed  
from a distance, with that which it presented as  
he passed along. He often finds that such a re-  
trospect sheds an entirely new aspect on the  
scene. The rougher points in the landscape  
have become softened by distance; the breaks in  
the path have disappeared; the little spots of  
verdure which only gladdened the eye at inter-  
vals as he ascended, have now become united;  
and that, which seemed a rugged and unfertile  
acclivity, has become a gentle and a verdant  
slope. Turning next to the road which he has  
to pursue, he sees the same smiling appearance  
before him; but, warned by experience, he anti-  
cipates the occurrence of similar rough features  
in the landscape; similar rugged and barren  
tracks of country; and, though the termination  
of his journey seems at no great distance, he  
expects to meet with many difficulties and dis-  
couragements before he reaches it.

It would be well if the traveller on the journey  
of life were occasionally to make a similar pause;  
and, while he looked back with pious gratitude  
on the more pleasing scenes of his course, to  
acknowledge with humble thankfulness even the  
chastening he has received, knowing that,  
"whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and  
that though "no chastening for the present  
seemeth to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless  
afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righte-  
ousness unto them who are exercised thereby."  
Such a retrospect would enable the Christian  
traveller, at least, to look forward with pious  
hope, and confidence, and resignation, to that  
portion of his earthly pilgrimage which is yet to  
come; and he would resume his journey with  
the sweet confidence expressed by the Psalmist:  
"Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the  
house of the Lord for ever."

There is no period at which the retrospect in  
question can with more propriety be made, than  
at the commencement of a new year; and I am  
not without a hope that I shall prevail on many  
of the readers of this Magazine to pause over  
the paper which I am now writing; and to look  
back on the way through which their Heavenly  
Father has already led them. May they experi-  
ence the aids of his Holy Spirit, to enable them  
to profit by the review!

Life, my young friends, is at best but a che-  
quered scene; and it would display no small igno-  
rance of the dealings of God with his people,  
were I to conclude that the sun of prosperity has  
shone with unvarying brilliancy on the past lives  
of you all. If it has done so in any case, give  
God thanks; but "rejoice with trembling." It  
is no proof that the Almighty Governor of the  
universe loves you better than the rest of his  
family, because he is pleased to smile upon all  
your undertakings. He may be trying you with  
prosperity, as he tries others with affliction; and  
as the man whose path lies along the ridge of a  
mountain, is more exposed to peril than he who  
traverses the valley beneath, so your situation in  
relation to spiritual things is more dangerous  
than that of your less fortunate neighbours.  
"Be not high minded" therefore, "but fear;"  
and be ready, when yours shall be overcast,  
to say, "We have received good at the hand of  
God, and shall we not also receive evil?"

But it may be, my young friends, that your  
path of life has been clouded; and not clouded  
merely, but beset with snares and thorns.  
Again I say, give God thanks. The troubles  
you have met with (in so far as they have not  
arisen from your own imprudence or folly) have  
been meant by your Creator to convince you  
that this is not your rest; and are equally calcu-  
lated to call forth the expression of your grate-  
ful, as the greatest temporal prosperity could  
have been. "In the world ye shall have tribu-  
lation," said our blessed Lord to his disciples;  
"but be of good cheer; I have overcome the  
world." We are thus taught that tribulation is  
one part of that discipline by which our Divine  
Master prepares his people for the mansions of  
eternal bliss. Hence it is our duty, when visited  
by affliction, to bow with pious resignation to  
the Divine will; and to pray that the gracious  
purpose for which we are afflicted may be fulfill-  
ed. Such a frame of mind would enable us to  
trace, in every painful dispensation, a new token  
of our Heavenly Father's watchful care over our  
souls; while, from knowing and believing that  
"he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the  
children of men," we shall be prepared to wait  
the issue with humble confidence that we shall  
yet have cause to sing of "mercy," as well as  
of "judgment."

It is very true, my dear readers, that the  
youthful spirit, accustomed to anticipate nothing  
but sunshine in the journey of life, is exceedingly  
apt to despond when the clouds begin to gather,  
and dangers and difficulties beset his path. But  
let the youth so situated seek refuge in prayer;

and he will find in that exercise the peace and  
the succour which he stands in need of, and  
which he will not elsewhere find. Let the sons  
and the daughters of pleasure, when one source  
of earthly enjoyment fails them, turn them to ano-  
ther. But let the youthful Christian, under such  
circumstances, turn to his Saviour; and, taught  
by even his own limited experience that "man  
is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward,"  
let him fix his affections on that world where  
trouble is unknown. Nor let him imagine for a  
moment that he will be less capable of enjoying  
the present scene, because his heart is set upon  
heavenly things. They, who think so, have  
yet to learn what true religion is. For as the  
traveller, who knows that the termination of his  
journey is to be prosperous, is at once less dis-  
posed to fret because of its inconveniences, and  
more ready to relish its delights, than he who  
knows not what is to befall him at its close,—so  
the Christian who feels that his eternal all is  
safe, enjoys much more happiness and peace,  
even in this life, than the careless and the pro-  
fane. So true is it, that "godliness is profit-  
able unto all things, having the promise of the life  
that now is and of that which is to come."

And now, my young friends, to turn to that  
portion of the journey of life which is yet before  
you, over it there hangs a cloud alike imper-  
ceptible to your eyes and mine. The sum total of  
man's acquaintance with that which awaits him  
in the present world is comprised in these em-  
phatic words of Solomon, "thou knowest not  
what a day may bring forth." God, in his un-  
speakable goodness, has concealed from our  
view the pleasures and the pains which he pur-  
poses to mingle with our future lot upon earth,  
well knowing that the anticipation of temporal  
happiness and misery would equally unfit us for  
the improvement of the present hour. This how-  
ever, we do know, that "Jesus Christ is the  
same yesterday, and to day, and for ever;" and  
of this also we are assured that "all things work  
together for good to them that love God—to  
them who are the called according to his pur-  
pose." Let the consideration of these things  
stimulate all of us, at the commencement of a  
new year, to renew our vows to be the Lord's;  
and to enter on this new portion of our earthly  
pilgrimage with unabated confidence in his ever  
watchful Providence. It may be that, before  
the close of this opening year, some who read  
these remarks may be summoned to "go the  
way of all the earth;" the eye which now spar-  
kles with the light of intelligence, may be closed  
in death; the cheek which now glows with the  
blush of modesty, may be mouldering in the  
tomb; and the heart which now throbs with ge-  
nerous emotion, may be mingled with the clods  
of the valley. How soothing in the anticipation  
of such an event, is the assurance given us by  
the Apostle: "Nevertheless the foundation of  
God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord  
knoweth them that are his!" And how sweet  
is the intimation given us by the Apostle's Lord  
and ours, that "in his Father's house are many

mansions, and that he has gone before to prepare a place for his people!"

#### LOVE AND FORGIVENESS.

"What are you thinking of so deeply, Fanny?" said Anna to her sister, as they were retiring to rest.

"To tell you the truth, my dear, I was thinking of you. I was rather surprised to see you in such high spirits, after having been in disgrace."

"O! but you know Fanny, I have been forgiven and therefore, that is all over. Surely, I need not be low spirited, on that account now."

"Not absolutely low-spirited, perhaps, dear; but do you consider it all over as though it had never been?"

"Yes, certainly, Fanny; Mrs. D. will not tell me of it again."

"No, my love, I know she will not; I have no doubt that she has forgiven you with all her heart, or she would not have assured you of her pardon. But I was fearing as this has occurred several times lately, that you would gradually lose her good opinion, and consequently her love, unless you are more circumspect in your conduct. I should be sorry for you to change her regard for you into pity."

"But how can this be, when she has forgiven me, Fanny? She wont think any thing more about it, will she? I shant."

"That is the very thing I fear, my dear, that you wont think any more about it, and therefore, will rush into the same faults again, forgetful that every act which needs pardon, is an act which lessens your character. Right actions need not forgiveness. Good persons will forgive even the faults by which they are injured, but they cannot esteem those who commit them. And how much better is it to be esteemed and valued, than to be contemned and pitied. You will understand this difference better if you will just look into your own mind, and think of two of our companions, Harriet and Susan. You have forgiven Susan's behaviour, but which do you love best?"

"O! dear Fanny Harriet to be sure. Consider how different they are, not only in their behaviour towards me, but in every thing. I do forgive Susan's conduct certainly, but who can love a girl that is always making herself so disagreeable, and is so inattentive to her duties? She is almost constantly turned back in her lessons, and is always ill tempered about any thing that is at all difficult. I am afraid sometimes I almost despise her. Then Harriet is always kind, always ready to oblige, and so attentive to her studies, that I quite respect as well as love her."

"You see then my dear, that it is by our general conduct, that the opinions and feelings of others towards us will be regulated. And let me ask you which you would best like to have cherished towards you? Those feelings which you entertain for Harriet, or those you feel for Susan?"

"There can be no doubt on that subject, Fanny. But at all events it cannot be very important what is thought of me now? I am but a school-girl you know, and when I am grown up and go out into the world all this work will be forgotten."

"There you are quite mistaken Anna. You will always find that persons who are grown up recollect distinctly the characters of those with whom they went to school. I once heard a

gentleman ask a lady the character of another. She said, I have never seen her since she left school; I remember what she was then.' 'Depend on it she is the same now,' replied he, and proceeded to take her opinion accordingly. I thought this rather strange, but mamma said that it was too often the case. The faults we indulge in childhood generally go with us through life. She therefore thought the gentleman's sentiment a just one. Do not then fancy that the impressions you now give of your character will be effaced, or that they will never effect you in future. Besides, dear, the habits you now form will continue and grow stronger and stronger, and do you think they will not be seen when you mix with grown persons as well as now you are with children! Don't you think mamma can see the differences in the persons with whom she associates, as well as you, in your companions?"

"O! Fanny I shan't behave when I grow up as I do now."

"Look back, my dear, for the last twelve months and tell me whether your faults at the end of it have not been the same as at the beginning; and then look within and tell me whether you do not find it quite as difficult to conquer them now, as you did a year ago. You acted then from the whim of the moment, instead of acting according to the dictates of the Bible, and what your conscience knew to be right. You got into disgrace. Shame and sorrow followed. Your kind friends forgave you; but has this mode of conduct procured you inward happiness, or the esteem of your friends?"

"No! Fanny, I have often been very, very sorrowful, and I am sure I have not gained the approbation of those who thoroughly knew me, though they have, as you say, forgiven me, nor have I gained any power over my whims and caprices."

"As it has been in the last year, Anna, so it will be in succeeding ones, unless you act on an entirely new plan. If you act from caprice now, you will not be able to lay it aside and adopt the restraints of principle just when you wish it; and I shall be sorry, indeed, to see my dear sister an object of contempt to some, and pity to others, when she might be a source of comfort and delight to all. Think of dear papa and mamma, and what they will feel if we disappoint their hopes."

"But what can I do, Fanny? I act so foolishly before I am aware, not thinking, how sorry I shall be afterwards, and, till you now put it into my mind, it never occurred to me that it would fix my character."

"My dear, we have as yet talked only of the least important part of the business, for however desirable present peace of mind, and the love of others may be there is something of infinitely more consequence than either of these—I think you also forget in these unhappy moments that there is One who keeps an account of our words and actions, and who will bring forward that account at the last great day. Yet this same gracious Being, like the friends around us, entreats and commands us to change our ways, and be happy here and hereafter. What did He, when on earth, tell his followers to do, to avoid falling into temptation?"

"I don't recollect to what you allude, Fanny."

"To watch. We should watch against the first risings of evil dispositions, whether indolence,

impatience, peevishness, pride, or whatever sin it may be that wants to rise and reign."

"But, Fanny, I cannot always be watching. Dear! I scarcely ever think of any thing of the kind, unless it is when we are employed about something strictly religious."

"This still more shews the necessity of it, as it shows the power of sin in your heart, in making you so utterly negligent in distinguishing between your friends and foes. One would think, love, to hear you talk, that you considered sin as your friend, and necessary to your happiness, as you so seldom think of what is good."

"No, indeed, Fanny, I don't think so—that is, when I think at all about it, and I heartily wish I were as good as dear mamma. She always does right, and every body loves her, and I have no doubt God loves her too, while I do just as it happens to suit me, unless I am with any particular persons whose good opinion I wish to gain. And I begin to think, from what you have said, that many of those, from whom I wish to conceal my faults, can see them though they don't tell me so, for I know they sometimes see the faults of my companions."

"You may depend on it, my dear, you are right. And you will never gain the love of the valuable part of society, but by the same qualities that God requires of us. But you were saying you could not watch. There is another direction our Saviour gave, by which you may obtain strength to watch."

"What is that, Fanny?"

"Pray—Pray for grace and strength, to watch—pray to be taught how to pray. This is the way to obtain a strength greater than your own; and you will find, that good as well as bad habits acquire strength by use. The more you strive against your faults, the more easy you will find it to overcome them. And, Anna, you should remember to pray when you read the Holy Scriptures. They contain rules for our conduct. But such is the depravity of the human heart, that we too often find the reading of them a weariness, and the strictness of their precepts burdensome; and such indeed is our ignorance, that we are incapable of understanding the spiritual parts of God's word. But David, you know, used the means I am recommending to you. He prayed for power beyond his own. 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.' If so eminent a saint as David felt his need of a higher influence, is it not the height of presumption for such poor ignorant creatures as we are to read the Holy Scriptures without seeking assistance?"

"Certainly, Fanny; but I have never been used to think, and it seems so difficult and gloomy a thing, that I fear I never shall."

"Do you know what you are saying, my dear? Do you recollect that you have an immortal soul, and that if you do not think and see God in time you will be miserable for endless ages. It is by consideration that Satan gets so many victims, and therefore, we find the prophet so pathetically calling on the house of Israel to 'consider their ways.' As to gloom—Look at our religious friends, and say, whether they are gloomy. No! Anna, God has mercifully connected our happiness with our duty. Harriet thinks aright, and so acts properly, and which is most happy, she or Susan? The one enjoying peace of mind, and the love of those around her; the other, the constant subject of vexations and disgrace.

This is the difference here, and what must it be in eternity?

"A constant course of sinning and repenting will not make us acceptable either to God or man. Repentance must be followed by amendment, or it will be of no avail in either case. Indeed, repentance cannot be sincere, unless it be followed by amendment. We may be sorry for the punishment; but if we were really grieved for the sin, we should not be frequently repeating it. Let me beg you then, dearest Anna, as you value your own peace of mind now, the love of others here, or happiness hereafter, to think seriously of your ways, and pray for grace to amend them before it be too late. O seek the promised influences of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten and guide your mind, and he shall take of the things of Christ, and show them unto you. Christ will thus lead you through youth, and to the end of life, wherever that may be. I need not tell you that your being a school girl does not make you too young to die. And let us beware, my dearest girl, how we make any excuse to ourselves, that we dare not offer at the bar of God."

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF A SPARROW.

I need not inform my readers that the common sparrow is a species of bird which commands the least attention, either for its plumage or its note; but after the perusal of the following anecdote, it may ever be looked upon with admiration, when we consider how useful were the services of one of them in the cause of charity and benevolence.

Madame Helvetius, the amiable consort of the celebrated French writer of that name, had a singular attachment to birds. At her country residence, at Auteuil, she had a large aviary, to which she devoted her attention, and in which she kept a vast number of birds of every description. Indeed she had made the feathered race so much her study, that she was perfectly acquainted with every species of them. It must not be inferred from this that Madame Helvetius was one of those beings, of whom there are many to be found, who devote that time and attention to objects of the brute creation, which ought to be bestowed upon the indigent of their fellow creatures. She was one of those whose hand and heart were ever open to the cries of misery and distress, and on whose bosom were often poured the blessings of those on whom she had bestowed her liberality in the time of need. For her natural graces, the charms of her society, and her gentle and beneficent disposition, she acquired a celebrity, which caused her to be universally admired amongst all classes of those who knew her.

It was her custom, in accordance with the manners of the circle in which she moved, to visit the metropolis for a few months in the year, and the time she generally repaired to Paris was in the month of January. In that rigorous winter of 1788, which will be remembered in France, both for its severity and long continuance, Madame Helvetius found enough to occupy her in assisting the unfortunate who resided around her, for whose sufferings her sympathizing heart felt most keenly. Her fondness for birds, likewise, caused her, notwithstanding the rigour of the cold, every morning to sweep away the snow from off a part of the terrace before her house, and with her own hand to feed the large flocks of sparrows which regularly repaired thither.

It was on one of these occasions, while surrounded by a large number of her feathered visitors, that one of them flew upon her head, and afterwards perched familiarly on her finger. As cold and hunger often create tameness in the most timid creatures, Madame Helvetius felt not so much surprise as pity for her poor little refugee, but after warming and reanimating it by the fire, and seeing that it still continued perched on her arm, and flapped its wings without the least fear, she doubted no longer but that it was a private bird which had strayed from some house, and been attracted, like the others, by the grain thrown upon her terrace. It was not, however, her wish that he should pay for his familiarity by his liberty, and accordingly opening the window, the bird, expanding his wings, was instantly out of sight. The next morning, at the same time, the sparrow again appeared, and after hovering for a short time in the air, alighted upon her shoulder, Madame Helvetius was now surprised to see that the bird carried, suspended from its neck, a little bag, and her curiosity being excited, she quickly opened it, and found a piece of paper folded very closely, on which were written several lines, headed by a couplet from a poem of Racine. Underneath were a few words addressed to Madame Helvetius, indicating that a respectable family in her neighbourhood were suffering from want, and appealing to her benevolence for assistance. Not being able to resist an appeal brought by so sweet a messenger, she flew immediately to her escritoire, and taking from it a check on her banker for 600 francs, put it into the little bag, and taking the bird out upon the terrace, let him fly.

As might be expected, this charitable lady was lost in wonder and admiration. The means that could have been adopted to make the bird direct his flight towards her, to distinguish her, to perch upon her arm, and to choose her for the comforter of the unfortunate beings to whom he belonged, continually occupied her imagination. Several days passed away; Madame Helvetius thought incessantly of the singular occurrence. Sometimes, from the knowledge she had of the world, she feared she might have been made the subject of deception, knowing, that amongst those whom we assist, we often find those who abuse our confidence.

One morning, however, as she was engaged in feeding her birds, she again perceived the faithful sparrow, carrying at its neck the same little bag into which she had put the 600 francs. She concluded at first, that he had returned for more; but what was her surprise at finding a second note, informing her, that she had saved an industrious mechanic and a large family from starvation, and that the 600 francs would be returned as soon as the return of spring, and the work of their hands would enable them to acquit themselves of it. Madame Helvetius read this anonymous letter several times, and who can conceive the sweet emotions with which her heart was filled. She retained the interesting messenger for a short time, but conceiving the anxiety with which its owner would wait its return, she hastened to render him his liberty, having first enclosed a note in the little bag, in which she expressed her pleasure at what she had done, and begged them to consider it as a gift. From this time the bird returned no more, although Madame Helvetius watched incessantly for him. The severe frost having at last con-

ed, and the snow given way to the rays of the sun, which every day becoming stronger, announced that the spring was fast approaching.

On the 1st of May, Madame Helvetius set out for her mansion at Auteuil: there, whilst occupied in attending to her aviary, every time she looked upon a sparrow, which formed part of her rich collection, the singular circumstance which had happened in the winter returned to her thoughts. She ever afterwards felt a predilection for sparrows which she could not avoid.

Towards the middle of the summer some family affairs obliged her to return to the metropolis. Shortly after her arrival, as she was breathing the morning air on her terrace, she was delighted again to perceive the faithful sparrow, with the little bag hanging from his neck. On this occasion, however, the bird flew backwards and forwards, and appeared not to know her. It was in vain that she called, threw grains, and made a thousand caressing signs; nothing could induce him to approach her. Madame Helvetius conceived that it might be the change in her dress which caused the mistake, and hastening into her house, she resumed the dress she had worn in the winter, and again appeared on the terrace. Immediately the bird alighted upon her shoulder, expressing by all his actions, his confidence and his joy. Madame Helvetius immediately opened the bag, in which were a note of 600 francs, and a letter expressing their gratitude towards her, and begging to return the sum she had sent them. She was at first tempted to send back the money, but conceiving that it would deprive this worthy family of the pleasure they would feel, in having acquitted a sacred debt, after caressing the bird many times; she went upon the terrace, and letting him fly, endeavored to watch the direction of his flight, but the high trees in the garden soon hid him from her view.

A few days afterwards, as she was walking in the celebrated Jardin des Plantes, her favorite promenade, surrounded by several of her friends, the faithful little emissary, flying from the hand of a little girl, came and perched upon her shoulder. Madame Helvetius, covering him with kisses, expressed her surprise at finding him in a public garden. "Excuse me, Madam," said the little girl, running up, "that is my sister's sparrow." "And who is your sister, my dear girl," eagerly exclaimed Madame Helvetius. "That young woman whom you see yonder, near my father and mother," replied the little girl, "that sparrow belongs to her, and I can assure you she would not part with it for all the world." On saying these words, she pointed to a young woman about sixteen or seventeen years of age, of very interesting appearance, who, with joy and astonishment, informed her parents that their benefactress was near them.

Madame Helvetius was immediately surrounded by the father and mother of six children, who appeared overwhelmed with gratitude towards her. The eldest daughter, particularly, was so overcome, that it was some time before she could proffer a word. At length she informed her, that she was the daughter of a carpenter named Valmont; that her father, attacked with a severe illness, was prevented from working and providing for his family, who were soon brought to the greatest poverty and distress, exceedingly augmented by the severity of the winter, and that the sole name of Madame Helvetius had inspired her with the idea of procur-

ing an assistance for her father in so singular a manner; in a word, that it was she, who, unknown to her parents, had sent her cherished sparrow. "But by what means," asked Madame Helvetius, "were you able to direct him to wards me?" Here the interesting girl, caressing the bird, which was perched on her finger, informed her, that with the greatest pain, she had been accustomed to deprive him of his food for several days, in order that, attracted like the others by the grain which she distributed, he might accustom himself to approach her, and the next opportunity, when she saw him on her terrace, she hazarded the first note. "Here," said the affectionate girl, bursting into tears, "you are acquainted with what followed, and how shall we ever be able to feel grateful enough to you for having thus saved us from ruin? It is needless to add, that this worthy family ever retained the friendship of Madame Helvetius, and that the interesting sparrow was always regarded with the greatest fondness and affection, in having thus been the means of communicating to a benevolent lady, the wants of a suffering family.

How much more likely is it, even to the eye of sense, that the business of the day should go well with you, when you enter upon it, not in the spirit of presumption and carelessness, but with that humility and diligence which prayer produces! How much more likely is it, that you should be guarded from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," and that the curtains of the night should fall softly and securely around you, when they are drawn by the hands of watchfulness and prayer! And as to the family exercise of this duty, what can be more proper, than that they who dwell under the same roof, and enjoy in common, the charities of domestic life, should meet and send up together, their song of gratitude and praise, to Him who is the Father of all the families of the earth! When regularly discharged, what happy effects might it have in checking the vicious, and awakening the thoughtless!—in forming the tender minds of the young—in cementing the virtuous friendships of the more advanced in life!—in strengthening the affection, and sweetening the counsel of all!—and in diffusing peace, and purity, and comfort through the whole house! How much would even the general intercourse of society be improved, if men went to it from their knees, not with the turbulent humours of a proud nature, and an unsubdued temper, but with that meekness and brotherly love which religion requires and prayer diffuses! How many of those angry contentions, and rude encounters, which mar the beauty, and disturb the peace of social life, would vanish before the mild and softening influence of regular devotion! What a different scene would the stormy sea of this world present, if the tranquillising spirit of prayer, instead of resting in retired and peaceful days, were allowed to move at large upon its dark and troubled waters! How much would our dull and heavy atmosphere be purified, and made healthful and fragrant, if it were more widely pierced by the voices of earnest prayer and hearty praise! If every house were a sanctuary—every parent a priest—and every hearth a altar around which were gathered families of the humble and devoted worshippers, our earth might be a second Eden,

the angels who, on timid wing, fly far from its infection, might safely renew their visits, and God himself "might bow his heavens; and come down" to dwell among us.—*Dr. Fleming.*

#### TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND A CENTURY AGO.

In December, 1703, Charles III. King of Spain, slept at Petworth on his way to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there by desire of the Queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the Prince's attendants, he states—"We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once indeed in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his Highness's body-coach would have suffered very much, if the nimble boons of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth, and the nearer we approached the Duke's house, the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours time to conquer them; and indeed, we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says—"I saw him (the Prince) no more, till I found him at supper at Windsor; for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning,) and broke our coach; my Lord Delaware had the same fate, and so had several others."

#### SABBATH BREAKING.

From a Correspondent of the Brockville Recorder.

An inquest was held by James Maitland, Esq. Coroner, in Kitley, on the 21st ult., on the body of Abraham Codd, aged 16 years, son of Joseph Codd. The manner of his death was sudden and awful. Being with a few young lads last Sabbath near a School house, at the time of divine service, (held there by the Rev. Daniel Barney,) the deceased with his companions were playing at ball, and using other means of disturbing the congregation, and although they were reprov'd, and commanded to desist, their perseverance mocked reproof. Before the conclusion of the service, the deceased and his juvenile friends were joined by another sporting party, who had been hunting partridges. Their strength being increased they seemed determined to accomplish their design by the firing of guns; but an altercation taking place as to who should fire the first shot, (melancholy to relate,) the gun went off sooner than they expected, which terminated the existence of the deceased, and severely wounded another. The person who fired the gun, and the two shot were cousins. "How solemn and affecting this melancholy catastrophe to the reflecting mind; a youth in the beginning of life, the hope of his parents future prospects cut off by sudden death in the act of rebellion against God, by profaning his Sabbath, and opposing and disturbing his worship. The above account should be a warning to the youth of our country."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN APPAREL.—The expenditure of great men for apparel in former times was monstrous; we are told that Charles, Duke of Burgundy, had one garment, which alone cost him two hundred thousand ducats. And Sir John Arundel, in the third year of King Richard II., crossing the sea between England and Brittany was drowned, and with him fifty-two new suits of cloths made of cloth of gold and tissue.

Colour of the Red Sea.—This subject has for ages given occasion to repeated conjectures and investigations. Professor Ebronberg (in his report of Travels in Egypt, Dongola, Arabia, &c.) has been the first to observe, that it proceeds from a minute Oscillatoria, one of those Lilliputian produce, which holds a place between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Sudden joy may kill, as well as sudden grief. Disgora Rhodius, hearing his three sons were victorious at the Olympic game. in one day, died immediately in the transport of joy. And the story of Zeaxus, the samoh painter, is yet more strange; who having made the portraiture of an old Woman very oddly, he died with laughing at the conceit.

#### POETRY.

##### TO A YOUNG FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.

Yes! the cold chilling blast, dearest girl, has swept o'er thee,  
In the spring time of youth, when thy hopes were most bright;  
Yet mourn not the pageant it chases before thee,  
Tho' brilliant its col'nings, delusive their light.

No! turn thine eyes eastward, behold the fair dawn-ing,  
Its radiance increasing as on it we gaze;  
And soon thou shalt see this faint beam of the morn-ing,  
Improve to the noontide's meridian blaze.

' gaze,—'tis a purer, a holier beaming  
Than earth with her splendors can ever impart;  
Her mirth is but madness—her joy is but seeming;  
As the crackling of thorns, so her pleasures depart.

Not so with the Day-star, he shineth for ever,  
And healing and joy to thy spirit he'll bring;  
He'll guide thee thro' this world, forsake thee,—no!  
never,  
In heav'n his high praise thou shalt joyfully sing.

Then seek him, dear girl, in these days of thy vigor,  
Ere shadows more deep round thy pathway shall spread;  
So the sorrows of age shall be stripped of their rigor,  
And thy hoary locks shine a bright crown on thy head.\*

\* Prov. xvi. 31.

##### THE 23d PSALM, A PARAPHRASE.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall not want  
Aught that Omniscience deems it wise to grant;  
Whate'er his loving kindness may withhold,  
I shall be well sustain'd in his bless'd fold.

In pastures green He makes me to recline,  
Beside the gentle streams of love divine;  
My wand'ring soul He graciously restores,  
Into my wounds the balm of mercy pours;  
And that his name may endless praise obtain,  
Leads me in paths of righteousness again.  
Yea, though I walk through Deaths dark, shadow'd  
rule,

Where Nature chills, and Valour's self turns pale;  
E'en there, unmord'd, no evil will I fear,  
Thy presence, Lord, my fainting soul shall cheer  
Thy rod and staff my firm support shall be,  
They shall protect, and they shall comfort me.

Thou, as my foes themselves must testify,  
With bounteous hand my table dost supply;  
Dost with celestial oil my head anoint,  
And an o'erflowing cup to me appoint.  
Goodness and mercy shall my steps attend,  
Nor with my life's short pilgrimage shall end;  
No, in his heav'nly temple I shall dwell,  
And of his boundless love for ever tell.