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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 39.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, April 25, 1832.

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.

WOLSEY, (THOMAS)

The celebrated Cardinal, was the son of a butcher at Ipswich. Being a man of unbounded ambition, and of licentious manners, although he possessed considerable learning and great policy, we record him here, the last in our progress of genius, as an instance of the just contempt that awaits degraded talents, and, consequently, as an example to be avoided; for, this lawning favourite of kings, who lived in such profuse and princely style when in the zenith of his power, fell into disgrace before he died, and, in the bitterness of his grief, was forced to adopt the following memorable words: "Had I served my God as faithfully as I have the king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

Cheap Magazine.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Was a most celebrated English philosopher and mathematician, and one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared in the world. His powers of mind were wonderfully comprehensive and penetrating. Fontenelle says of him; "that in learning mathematics he did not study Euclid, who seemed to him too plain and simple, and unworthy of taking up his time."

This eminent philosopher was remarkable for being of a very meek disposition, and a great lover of peace. He was candid and affable; and did not assume any airs of superiority over those with whom he associated—He judged of men by their conduct and the true shismatics, in his opinion, were the vicious and the wicked. He was, indeed, a truly pious man; and his discoveries concerning the frame and system of the universe, were applied by him to demonstrate the being of a God, and to illustrate his power and wisdom. After enduring a painful disease with christian composure, he departed this life in the eighty-fifth year of his age; and, in his principles, and conduct through life, has left a strong and comfortable evidence, that the highest intellectual powers harmonize with religion and virtue; and that there is nothing in Christianity

but what will abide the scrutiny of the soundest and most enlarged understanding.

How great and satisfactory a confirmation is it to the sincere, humble, Christian, and what an insurmountable barrier does it present to the infidel, to perceive, in the list of Christian believers, the exalted and venerable names of an Addison, a Boyle, a Locke, and a Newton.

* Of this great man, who pursued his researches into the laws of Nature so profoundly, it has been remarked, that he never pronounced the name of GOD, without moving his hat, and otherwise expressing the most devout respect.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

BAD EFFECTS OF PRIDE.

Let me advise you to view your character with an impartial eye, and to learn, from your own failings, to give that indulgence which in your turn you claim. It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self-estimation, we forget what we are; we claim attentions, to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended: unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences be insufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least consider what we are in the sight of God.—Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly entreat from Heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge, when we are so backward to shew it to our own brethren?

MISCELLANEOUS.

MIR MILNE,

Sir,—I have sent you an interesting little story copied from the *Lister*, for insertion in your excellent little paper. It conveys a good moral lesson, and its perusal may be useful to some of your readers. Its appearance in your pages will, therefore, gratify
Yours, &c.

A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

INCONSISTENCY.

It befel on an occasion, that we—that is, myself and the ladies of the family—sate pleasantly engaged in our morning occupations, about as important as such occupations generally are—that is, one was making a frill, and another was unpicking a frill that somebody else had made—one was making match boxes for the chimney, and another was making matches to put into the match boxes, and so on. A person was announced, who came to solicit a contribution to some charitable efforts making in the neighborhood for the relief of indigence, or suffering of some kind, I do not exactly remember what. The lady of the house listened with much civility to the application; fully approved of the object

and the proposed means, wished all manner of success, and greatly lamented that her very limited income did not allow of her doing so much good as she desired. They had contributed already to so many things, the objects of private charity that presented themselves were so numerous, it was quite impossible to assist in any new efforts. The applicant, who, as an intimate friend of the family, used the liberty of persuasion, again pointed out the necessity of the case, and the Christian duty of dispensing what we hold of providential bounty. The lady replied extremely well—spoke fairly of the beauty and duty of charity—admitted that she did not give so much as she should feel to be right, and as she should be inclined to, but that she had actually no more to spare—her income was only sufficient for the proprieties of her condition—she never expended any thing unnecessarily—she wished she had a few hundreds a year more, and she would give a guinea to this undertaking most willingly—there was nothing for which she so much desired wealth. Then turning to her daughters, she said, "I do not know how the girls' allowance stands—they are always anxious to give, and I am sure this is a case in which they would feel deeply interested—but they like myself, cannot do all they wish."

"I am really sorry," said the elder daughter, "but I have given away every farthing I can possibly spare; if I had a shilling left that I could do without, I should think it my duty to give it on such an occasion."

"I have no money," said one of the younger girls, "but I am thinking whether I can assist the charity in any other way—whether I can take any part in the trouble of providing—of visiting the —"

"I am sure, Julia, you cannot," interrupted her sister, "you know you have more to do already than you can get through. Our time is taken up with so many things—it is impossible you can undertake any thing more."

"Well, I believe it is," answered Julia; "but this is so plainly a case of urgent necessity—a duty so obvious, that we certainly ought to aid it in some way."

"We ought, if we could, my dear," said her mamma; but no one is required to do more than she can. As it has not pleased Providence to give us any superfluity of wealth, much is not required of us. It cannot be our duty to give more than we can spare with propriety, and in justice to ourselves and our families—I am really sorry, because I think it a proper case."

The contribution was declined, and the visitor departed. I held my tongue; but I had been thinking all the time. I thought it was a pity people so charitably disposed had so limited an income—I thought how painful it must be to them to feel that there was no way in which they could make their circumstances yield to the claims of their suffering fellow creatures, without trespassing on the expenditure imperiously demanded of them by the proprieties of life.—And as my secret reflections are apt to excuse very

widely from the point where they begin, and no one spoke to interrupt me, I went on to think what is the real extent of charity that christian principle may demand of any one. It is immediately perceptible that it cannot be to do away the distinctions Providence has made, and throw from us the advantages and indulgences Providence has given, and disable ourselves to support the expenditure required by our station, itself a means of dispersing wealth, and averting poverty from the industrious. A limit, therefore, there must be to every one's liberality. But can that limit be within the point where a case of real want presents itself, and the possessor of wealth can command, without injustice or injury to any one, something to bestow? I was just entering in thought upon this wide field of rumination, when the servant announced the arrival of a venter of certain rare articles of dress and curious wares from abroad—things as pleasant to the eye of taste as to that of vanity. The venter was willingly admitted. Every thing was examined, many things were wished for, a few things were purchased. Mamma bought some ornaments for her table—the eldest girl bought some ivory winders for her thread, much prettier than the wooden ones she had in use before—Juba bought a gilded buckle to fasten her waistband. These things were all very pretty—not very extravagant in price—harmless indulgences of taste—the produce of some one's industry—the superfluity the Creator has provided means for, and, therefore, cannot disapprove. But they were all necessary? The one lady had added nothing to her influence or respectability by the ornaments for her table—the second lady had added nothing to her comfort or happiness by exchanging wooden winders for ivory ones—the third lady had added nothing to her grace or beauty by a new buckle for her waistband—Therefore, I said within myself, their words and their actions do not consist. They said there was nothing for which they so much valued wealth as to distribute it to the necessitous. That was not true—they preferred to spend it on themselves. They said they had not any money to spare, though they felt strongly the claim that was made on them. That was not true—they could spare money the first time they felt inclined.

Had these people said they had given in charity as large a portion of their income as they thought it their duty to deprive themselves of, and could give no more, it had been well, and whether right or wrong, they had spoken honestly; but inasmuch as they said they wished to give, and regretted they could not, their words and their deeds were not consistent.

EVENING WALK BY THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

As we approached the cottage where they resided, agreeably to our previous determination, we separated; my companion "went on his way," while I turned aside into a church-yard, which seemed to invite me to repose. I entered it accordingly, and, fatigued with my walk, threw my "listless length" beside a grave which was shaded from the heat.

"It was a spot for meditation framed."

Here rested, after the toils and trials, the joys and amusements of life, the generations of by-gone years. Here many an aching head had found at last the ease it had so long sought in

vain; and here many a heart, buoyant with anticipation, had ceased, unwilling, to beat! As I looked around me, I observed that several had been recently interred; that "bed of earth" which lent me its support, appeared to hide the remains of one who, for ages, had been numbered with the dead. The grass grew rank upon it, affording me no unrefreshing pillow, while the gentle inclination of the grave permitted me to enjoy the magnificent prospect. The highest ranges of the Alps "lifted their awful forms," and "swelled from the vales" before me. The sun shone on them still warm, and with a dazzling splendour; but they reared their heads as if callous to his beams. Snows which had been accumulating, probably, from the day in which the first fluke descended on them, after the ark had rested on Ararat, and would increase to that in which "the earth and all that is therein shall be burnt up," presented an impenetrable barrier. In the distance, however their immediate neighbourhood might chill, they were pleasing objects—grateful mementos of Him "who laid the foundations of the world," and whom, through the riches of abounding and unmerited mercy, I was enabled to call "my God." O sweet, but humbling! humbling, but sweet reflection!

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted
mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plan'd, and built, and still upholds a
world,
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?"

Beside me stood a row of spreading yew trees, which some kind hand, long since, mouldered into dust, had planted, to shed no baleful influence over the sleep of those they shaded. They grew in rich luxuriance, and often on the Sabbath morn had they lent their friendly covert to the peasant waiting for the hour of prayer. The scene is still fresh in my recollection, and memory fondly returns to it.

Here, thought I, has a Farrel, a Calvin, a Beza, spoken in his Saviour's name! Within these hallowed walls, snatched by their undaunted zeal from the vain superstitions of Popery, have they proclaimed the tidings of salvation. Here has many a soul been melted by their entreaties—many a bosom glowed with gratitude to God and them—many a drooping spirit been revived by exhortation from their lips—and many a "mourner in Zion looked up" and beheld his "redemption drawing nigh!" And within these consecrated precincts "sleeps in Jesus" many a saint turned by their instrumentality "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God!" O what a day of triumph will be the day of the resurrection to the followers of the Lamb! But can tongue paint its horrors to him who shall not have died "the death of the righteous!" O sinner, sinner, wilt thou not be warned? Wilt thou run headlong on everlasting perdition? Will neither tears nor prayers check thy ruinous career. If not,

"Upon the noiseless wing of time,
Away thy years unnotic'd steal;
Nor car'st thou—thou shalt reach a clime,
That to thy wonder shall reveal
The value of that desecrated rest
Thou must lie down in, at thy God's behest.
Rest—no; 'tis but the stillness of the tomb;
A fearful, wide, impenetrable gloom,
Wherein that form shall moulder; such the sleep
That no glad host, no minist'ring angels keep."

While I was occupied in meditations of this nature, a little girl came into the inclosure, and began to look with much earnestness apparently for something she had lost. I watched her in silence for a few minutes, and then in a familiar tone entered into conversation. "Have you lost any thing, my little girl?" Without giving a direct answer to my question, and with her eyes still intent on the ground, she replied,—

"Have you found my halfpenny?"
"No; have you lost one?"
"Yes."
"When did you lose it?"
"This evening, a little while ago."
"How did that happen?"
"I was playing under the trees, and when I went home I found my halfpenny gone; and I'm come back to look for it."
"Why, that's a sad affair to be sure; but you need not be in great distress about it."

"O yes, I need because I have only one or two more."
"Well, well; but perhaps I could repair your loss."

"Aye?"
"Could not I give you another instead of it?"
"I don't know."
"I think I could; let us see."

I here took out my purse, and calling her to me, put a few halfpence into her hand. She thanked me, curtsied, and then, returning to the yew-tree, resumed her search for the one she had lost, which she seemed to regret as an old acquaintance, leaving me at liberty to consider her. My little companion appeared from her stature to be about five or six years old, perhaps between six and seven. Her countenance was intelligent, and her lively blue eye told me I was communing with one whose understanding was beyond her age. Withal, she was decently dressed.

Having now, by my trifling gratuity, secured her attention and good will, I proceeded:

"Where do you live?"
"Just by the church, over the little river," stooping down and pointing, she added, "yonder, beside the trees."

"O that's your house, is it?"
"Yes."
"Are your father and mother alive?"
"My mother's alive, but my father's dead."
"Have you any brothers or sisters?"
"I have one little sister."
"How does your mother get her livelihood?"
"She works, and has besides something from the church."
"O, she lives pretty well, then."
"Well enough."
"Does she work all day?"
"Yes."
"Does she never rest?"

"O to be sure, she rests. She rests in the evening, and when we are at our meals, and at night when we go to bed."

"And what does she do in the evening, when she has finished her work? does she read?"

"Yes."

"What, the Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"Only sometimes?"

"On a Sunday, and perhaps sometimes on a week-day, when she has time."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Two years."

"It is an awful thing to die, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Was your father willing to die?"

"I believe he would have wished to live a little longer."

"Where is he gone, do you think?" To this question, which may appear rather direct, she replied without hesitation:

"To God," such were her words.

"Why do you think that?"

"Because he was a good man."

"Are you sure he was good?"

"O yes, quite sure."

"But did you ever read in the Bible, that Jesus Christ said there was none good but God?"

"I believe I did one morning."

"Is your mother good?"

"My mother's very good."

"But do you remember, my love what Jesus Christ said, there is none good but one, that is God?"

Feeling this argument too forcible, my little antagonist became rather indignant, as if I was determined to bring her mother in guilty of high misdemeanours, and hastily rejoined, that she did not care for that; that her mother, she was sure, was a very good woman.

Not wishing, however, to quarrel with so agreeable and intelligent a companion, I gave a rein to the conversation.

"Do you know who Jesus Christ is?"

"The Son of God."

Month after month rolled away, and the scenes I have attempted to describe were beginning to fade in my recollection, when they were recalled by a circumstance which gave them an increasing interest, and could not fail to prove a heart obdurate even as mine. The winter was advancing, and I was already turning my wishes to the milder climates of Italy, where I was about to seek a retreat from the inclemency of Alpine solitudes. The evening had set in coldly; and I was sitting alone in my apartment beside a cheerful fire, thinking, it may be, on those who were near and dear to me; from whom I was so far, and ere long to be farther removed. Perhaps, too, a prayer was ascending as a blessing on them and on myself; on them, that they might glorify their Lord among friends and kindred; on myself, that whithersoever my steps should be directed his hand might lead me, and his right hand uphold me. The door opened and a Swiss lady of my acquaintance entered and abruptly accosted me:—"Mr T. do you remember meeting a little girl in a churchyard some weeks distant, towards the end of last summer?" "Yes," I answered with surprise and alarm; and had some conversation with her. "Well, at you said was made instrumental to the conversion of her mother." Is it possible? I exclaimed, while the tears rushed involuntarily to my eyes. On inquiry, I found that the child had not forgotten my injunction. Going home immediately

she had related to her mother what had passed between us, noticing particularly, as it appeared my request that she would read the Bible. She did so; and the Spirit sent it to her with power. After a time, she began to feel a desire to converse with some serious person; and it was so ordered, that she should meet with a pious woman, who kept a little school in the neighbourhood, and whom I had visited once or twice. From her the lady alluded to heard the circumstance, and communicated it to me as I have mentioned; "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name," be all the praise! Amen and amen.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

The long reign of winter was past, and a milder sun had revisited the earth. The scene was inviting, and I quit, for an hour, the bustle of a town, to admire the beautiful works of God as unfolded in the volume of nature. Having escaped from the hum of business in which I was accustomed to act, I ascended a little eminence, that I might gain a fairer view of the scenery around. The earth was clothed with beauty, the air was filled with the music of happy beings, and the ocean bore upon its bosom the treasures of successful commerce. All things seemed to speak the beneficence of a supreme being, and I wondered, if, with such innumerable proofs of his goodness, above, around, beneath, and within them, any of his children could knowingly violate his commands.

At this moment my attention was arrested by observing two men at a distance—the one apparently lifeless upon the ground, and the other endeavouring in vain to convey him to a dwelling not far remote. He raised the powerless body from the earth—removed it a few paces toward the dwelling—but could proceed no farther. He placed it again upon the ground, and seated himself by its side, as if determined not to forsake it. With mingled emotions of sympathy and curiosity I hastened to the spot. Judge what was my surprise, and pity, and disgust, when I found a man in the vigour of life, waylaid and spoiled by that treacherous assassin, Intemperance!—and a mere youth at his side, attempting in vain to screen his infamy from the eye of the world! I asked the lad, for his countenance beamed with intelligence, what motives induced him to manifest such kindness to one, who had well nigh forfeited his claim to our compassion? "Alas," said he, "it is my father!" and the tear rolled down his cheeks. I now perceived I had expressed myself incautiously, and endeavoured to heal the wound which I seemed to have inflicted. "I know," said the youth, "he has forfeited his claim to the compassion of others, but not to mine. He has ruined his reputation, his family, and I fear his never-dying soul; but how can I sunder the strong ties of nature? How can I forget the author of my being, and the protector of my infant years?" I commended the warmth of his affection; and secretly admired that it should continue unabated, when the object on which it rested was become so wofully changed. "Sir," said the youth, as if discerning the tenor of my thoughts, "have you a father?" I replied that I had. "Forgive me, if I make the supposition, that in the solemn providence of God you were called to look upon his lifeless clay! Suppose, even that his death was hastened by crime!

Would you on that account refuse him the last acts of kindness?" I answered, that every feeling of my nature would revolt at the thought of it. "Then," said he, "you are prepared to appreciate the motives which actuate me. I look upon my father as dead! True, he breathes, and the blood circulates in his veins;—but is this all that constitutes human life? Where is the eye that once beamed so affectionate upon me? It is closed. Where are the strength and activity of manhood! They are fled. Address him—he hears not, answers not. Huddle him—he perceives it not. But for me, the wulture might feed on his mangled limbs, and the swine trample on the image of God." And yet, I replied, the death of which you speak, is not like the dissolution of soul and body—final and irrevocable. He will soon revive. "Alas!" exclaimed the youth, "had you once seen him, returning into life, covered with the horrors of his own corruption—had you heard his midnight groans, and witnessed the gnawings of remorse within him—had you seen him struggling to reform, and at last seizing the oblivious cup as the only refuge from despair—you would not, you could not have mentioned this frightful re-animation, as an alleviation of his condition. It is this very state from which he shrinks as an insupportable burden. No, it is nothing to be laid quietly in the grave with the common guilt of men, compared with the endless successions of assassination which he inflicts upon his own body, and the final catastrophe to which they inevitably lead. He dies a thousand deaths; and each prepares him for a darker, and still darker abode, in the world of perdition. Oh my father! my father!" The scene had now become painful to my feelings, and I wished to retire. But how could I forsake this affectionate youth, while discharging with such emotion the duties of filial piety? I offered him my assistance, and we conveyed the miserable victim of intemperance to his dwelling. And here the fountains of my compassion were opened anew. An interesting group of children and a disconsolate wife mourned over their sorrows with all the emphasis of grief, and refused to be comforted. I wished to administer the consolations afforded by the Gospel to those who innocently suffer; but my sympathies were overpowered, and I withdrew, overwhelmed with a sense of the cruelty, the guilt, the deadly and irreparable mischief of intemperance.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

RECREATION.

Recreation seems necessary for young people in order to repair the wasted spirits after they have been exhausted by severe study or intense application to business. And although the studies and employments of females are not so severe as those of men, yet as their natures are more delicate they also stand in need of some kind of relaxation or amusement. But they should be very careful in the choice of their recreations, that they do not adopt such as dissipate the mind, corrupt the principles or injure the health. When the weather is pleasant, riding or walking in the open air, with a suitable companion, is very agreeable. In winter, to spend an occasional hour in conversation on suitable subjects, with a choice selection of friends, is very instructive to the mind, and refreshing to the spirits. A mixed company of virtuous per-

sons, where the seriousness of age balances the vivacity of youth, and the presence of gentlemen checks the too great liveliness of the ladies, and the cheerfulness of the fair awakens the most pleasing sensations in the hearts of the other sex, is to be preferred.

Gentlemen of refinement will never give pain to the finer sensibilities of the ladies, and ladies, whose manners have been cultivated, will always make themselves agreeable to those with whom they associate. The instructions of wisdom will always check the thoughtlessness of folly, and the sallies of wit will not fail to season the most sober debate. The inquisitiveness of youth will draw largely upon the stores of age, and the counsels of maturity, if regarded, will secure the safety and welfare of youth. When these enjoyments cannot easily be obtained, music vocal or instrumental, in concert or alone, is a very pleasing substitute, but dancing, card playing, and theatrical amusements are so injurious to the health and the temper, and the principles of morality, that no christian can with safety indulge in them.

The great object therefore in amusement or recreation ought ever to be the improvement of the health, the mind and the heart; and whatever injures either the one or the other ought to be laid aside by persons whose bodies are the temples of the Lord, and whose souls are capable of infinite and eternal happiness or wo.

THE ALPINE HORN.

The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree, like a squeaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as he is heard, the neighbouring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sounds last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains and grotto of the rocks repeat the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime, the profound silence that succeeds, the sight of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, every thing excites the mind to enthusiasm.—In the mean while the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after retire to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

Day fades apace, its broad red glow
Went up from all the vales below,
Aur, like a flash of lightning sprung
From Alp to hoary Alp, and flung
A momentary crimson streak
On every snow-wreathed mountain-peak.
Dark are the clouds that late were roll'd
In red and purple, green and gold;
Even Jura takes a deeper blue,
And all the hills their cold gray hue;
All save Mont Blanc;—the King of day
Still lingers on his icy hills,
And throws his last and brightest ray
In farewell to the King of hills.

Hush! 'tis a sweet and solemn sound
Floats downward on the clear cold air;
And happy voices waft it round,
And grateful hearts are framed to prayer,
'Prais'd be the Lord!' thine are the days
Whose storms the mountain cottage blanch;
Thine vintage-time; thine hand upstays
The snow wreath and the avalanche.
'Prais'd be the Lord!' it echoes round,—
Ner one eternal Alp is mute!

And distant cities catch the sound,
Like the low breathing of a flute.
'Prais'd be the Lord!' fear not to sleep,—
His eye shall see; his hand shall keep.

MORAL HABITS.

Education without moral principle is a curse rather than a blessing. It is like putting a sword sharpened and furnished into the hands of a maniac. It is giving nerve to the arm, whilst scattering 'firebrands, arrows and death.' Soon, alas! too soon, the child becomes the creature of habit. No parental influence is necessary to turn his feet into evil. You need only sleep over his character and condition for a few of the first years of his life, and his bent to vice and ruin has become strong. You may see in his almost infant bosom the growth of unholy passions, and of base propensities, which forbode a prodigious harvest of all that can wring and break a parent's heart. Leave your darling son without moral instruction, and while others are drinking at the 'wells of salvation' let him spend his Sabbaths as he lists, and you will not be permitted to wait until the uplifted veil of eternity discloses to your agonized eye the curse. No, you will see it—you will taste something of its bitterness in this world. His neglected son will break out in frequent and angry strife with his little brothers and sisters, he will be coarse and profane among his playfellows; he will be loud and insolent towards his parents, and in all human probability; plunge deeper and deeper in shame, and obduracy, and crime, until an early grave will cover a loathsome wretch from the view.

WHAT IS IDLENESS.

"Here," said I to my class of Sunday scholars, as I held a little book in my hand, "this is for the child who can give the best answer to the question—What is idleness?" "I can, teacher," answered one; "if you say we are to learn our lessons, and we come to you, and don't know any of them, and have had nothing to prevent our learning—that is idleness." "I can, teacher," and continued another, "you tell us to come clean and neat and tidy; and if, instead of that, our tippets and frocks are torn, though we have had time to mend them—that is idleness." "I can teacher," said a third little creature; "if you tell us we are to be here at nine o'clock, and we loiter about and do not get here till ten—that is idleness." Several of my young ones were silent; and I asked if any one had any thing else to say, "Yes, ma'am," replied an elder girl, "I know that what my school fellows have said is idleness, is so; but there is another kind beside that. We know that we are to be up early in the morning, to pray for a blessing on the instructions we are to receive; to ask a blessing also, on our minister and our school; to read a chapter in the holy bible, and to be in time for prayer with our teachers; but if we waste the sacred morning in bed, and do not rise at a proper time—that is idleness." When this answer was finished, each one seemed to say, "Verily I am guilty in this thing." I paused for a minute, and then delivered the book into the hands of the last mentioned girl, for she, I considered, had answered the best.

A little boy belonging to the infant school in Bedford street, Boston, was playing with some blocks. He had not enough to build his house. His mother told him to go into the carpenter's shop near by, and get some.

He said, "No mother, the carpenter is not there. 'No matter,' said his mother, 'he won't miss a block—go get them, nobody will see you.'" "O no," said the child, "it will be stealing; and God will me. I had rather not have them."

SELECT SENTENCES.

They that do nothing, are in the ready way to worse than nothing.
An hour lost in the morning of a short day is a great loss: such is the loss of Youth.
He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.

POETRY.

Written for the Juvenile Entertainer.

I saw a youth pass through the crowd,
And madly bound on ruin's path,
While o'er his brow there hung a cloud,
Which spoke of dark—relentless wrath.

His course was rapid—every step
Moved farther on forbidden ground;
And, though his friends look'd on and wept,
He scarcely look'd around.

Year's rolled away—I view'd the spot,
The fervid youth once proudly trod,
And feared to see—Ah! dreadful thought!
The purpled—deeply blood-stain'd—clod.

But vain the fear! for Death had swept
His wretched victim from his place—
I ask'd his friends—they said he slept—
And turn'd to hide their face.

Another youth before me stood,
With sober mien and steady eye;
While o'er him musing attitude
He fondly gazed up to the sky.

Hope fix'd a spot, and wisdom trac'd
The narrow path that thither led;
His course was run—and honour grac'd
The young adventurer's head.

Time had pass'd by—and then I sought
To trace the virtuous young man's fate;
For memory had not yet forgot
The brow where virtue smiling sat—

I ask'd his friends—affliction's tear
Stood trembling in their downcast eye—
They sigh'd, "sweet youth to memory dear
And pointed to the sky.

April, 1832.

For the Juvenile Entertainer
LINES

On the Death of a pious young Lady.
She's gone, all her trials are o'er,
Her fears and her cares are at rest;
Disappointment can reach her no more
For she's gone to the land of the blest.

How humble, how mild, was her mien,
How calmly and meekly she bore
The Cross of the Lamb who was slain,
Our freedom and life to restore.

She wash'd her robes white in his blood,
And trusted her all in his hand—
And calmly in readiness stood
To depart at his Sovereign command.

Through trials and troubles below
Her hopes were unclouded and bright;
And in death she exclaimed, "Yes I
That he liveth in whom I delight."

She had laid up her treasure on high,
Where nothing could hurt or destroy;
And her spirit has soar'd 'bove the thick
Bliss lasting and pure to enjoy.

April 1832.

GALIE.