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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscuris jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 29.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, February 15, 1832.

Vol. 1.

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, at the Colonial Patriot Office, by W. MILNE

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BIOGRAPHY.

The Progress of Genius

ON OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EXCELLENCE AND CELEBRITY.

Genius is that gift of God which learning cannot confer, which no disadvantages of birth or education can wholly obscure.

SHOVEL, (SIR CLOUDESLEY)

A brave English Admiral, was born of mean parents, and went early to sea. From being a cabin boy rose to the first honours of his profession, before his fortunate shipwreck, (in which he lost his life,) on the rocks of Sicily.

THOMAS SIMPSON.

An eminent professor of mathematics, was placed young at the loom as a weaver, by his parents. He was too poor to give him an education. By means of a travelling pedlar he gained some knowledge of Arithmetic, but he employed his leisure hours in study, and so great was his progress, that he published at the age of 27, that excellent treatise on Fluxions, which brought him into notice. He also wrote on Annuities, Algebra; and besides his professorship at Woolwich, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society and member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

LITERATURE.

CURIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL CONTEMPLATION ON THE CHANGES OF MATTER.

Concluded.

It is safer to transfer the argument to myself. These limbs of mine, Therina, owe themselves entirely to the animal or vegetable food, the roots or the stalks, to the leaves or the fruit of plants, or to the flesh of brute creatures which have passed through my mouth for these years, or the mouths of my parents before me: This hand would have been worn to a mere skeleton, my arms had been dry bones, and my neck and ribs the statue of death, had they not received perpetual recruits from the field. These lips which now address you are of the same materials, and they were once growing the grass of the earth. This very flesh which I call mine now, did belong to the sheep or the ox, before it was a part of me; and it would cloath their bones before it covered

mine. You know, Theron, you are a gentleman who delight in rural sports when you reside at your country seat, and you love to feast on the game that you have pursued. Did you ever suppose that any part of yourself was once hurried through the air in the breast of a frightened partridge, which came before night into your net? or that any piece of you was ever driven through the fields before the full mouthed hounds on the legs of a hunted hare, which was the next day prepared for your table? Had you ever as strange a thought as this is? And can you believe it now? or upon a survey of my argument, can you tell how to deny it? And what are hares and partridges made of but growing herbage or shattered corn?

It is true, you have sometimes tasted of fish, either from the sea or the rivers, but even these in their original also are a sort of grass; they have been fed partly by sea-weeds, and partly by lesser fish which they have devoured, whose prime and natural nourishment was from some vegetable matter in the watry world. In short, Sir, I am free to declare, that whether I have eaten cheese or butter, bread or milk; whether I have fed on the ox or the sheep, or the fowls of the air, or the fish of the sea, I am certain that this body, and these limbs of mine, even to my teeth and nails, and the hairs of my head, are all borrowed originally from the vegetable creation. Every thing of me that is not a thinking power, that is not mind or spirit, was once growing like grass on the ground, or was made of the roots which supported some green herbage.

And now, Theron, what think you of all these paradoxes? which of them do you cavil at? which leaves you room for doubt or question? Is not philosophy an entertaining study, that teaches us our original, and those astonishing operations of Divine wisdom and providence? But it teaches us also to have humble thoughts of ourselves, and to remember whence we came.

Theron, to conclude the discourse, confessed his surprise and conviction; he acknowledged the justice of Crito's whole argument, gave him hearty thanks for his instructive lecture, and resolved to remember these amazing scenes of the operations of Nature, and the adorable wisdom of God his maker: Nor shall I ever forget, said he, the unsuspected dependance of man on all the meaner parts of the creation. I am convinced that pride was never made for man, when I see how much a kin his body is to the fowls of the air and brutes of the earth: And I think, said he, I am more indebted to my tenants than I could have imagined; nor will I cast such a scornful eye again on the grazier and the farmer, since this flesh and blood of mine, as well as the furniture of my house, and the clothes I wear, were once growing in the fields or the woods under their care or cultivation; and I find I am nearer a-kin to them, since this self of mine, with all the finery that covers it, was made originally of the same materials with them and their coarser coverings.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE.

"If from society we learn to live.
'Tis solitude must teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers, vanity can give
No hollow aid alone!"

That man's state of mind is deserving of compassion, who, when the labours of the day are over, and its duties, toils, and concomitant anxieties, have ceased to engross the attention, cannot look forward in the evening to the pleasure of spending an hour or two, secluded from society, and following the train of his own reflections, enjoy that peculiar gratification which solitude, when so spent, can alone afford. He must, indeed, be possessed of an uncommonly strong and independent mind, who can daily mingle with society, and not receive a very powerful impulse from its influence; and, whatever be the natural disposition and bent of the mind, there are few who do not imperceptibly imbibe the tone and manner of thinking of the society with which they are habitually conversant.

The tendency of the youthful mind to receive impressions from, and assimilate itself to, the society with which it is surrounded, is very apparent; and the formation of future character frequently depends on these very impressions. It becomes, then a matter of the highest importance to consider the effects which the associations that, from various causes, we are obliged to form, have upon our character; and this can only be done by withdrawing occasionally from them entirely, when released from the engagements of secular pursuits.

To a reflective mind what satisfaction does it not afford, to emerge occasionally from the vortex of worldly pursuits, and disengaged from the stream of social existence, down which we are hurried with increasing velocity, to repose on its banks, and contemplate as spectators the beings and objects that pass before us in such rapid succession. So much impressed have men in all ages been with the importance of solitude, that thousands have withdrawn themselves altogether from society, from a deep conviction of the transitory and unsatisfactory nature of all human pursuits, and from the persuasion that true happiness was only to be found away from the cares, vexations, and, so frequently overwhelming calamities, interwoven with social connexions. Even misanthropy has assumed the sacred title of religion, and cloisters have been filled by men who, under the garb of a sanctity too pure to be sullied by intercourse with human frailty, have resigned themselves entirely to a state of sloth as worthy of the contempt as of the pity of every generous mind.

To say nothing of the glaring impiety of this proceeding, their conduct is just as irrational as that of the man who, from a consideration of the benefits which he derives from a few hours' sleep, should retire to his dormitory, and there, except when roused by the calls of nature, should spend his whole time in a constant lethargy.

The following hints are not intended for those who, from independency of circumstances, are enabled to pass their time agreeably to their own inclinations, and whose mode of spending it is consequently optional; those desultory thoughts are humbly submitted to the consideration of those who are under the necessity of mingling with the crowd, and passing the greatest part of the day in intercourse with the numerous promiscuous characters with whom similarity of profession or pursuits in business lead them to associaty.

Man is formed for society, of which every human being is a constitutal link, and in proportion as he fulfils the great end of existence, by contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all around him, will his own be increased.

The true use of solitude is to acquire that knowledge which shall fit us for the greatest quantum of utility when called upon to fulfil the duties, enjoy the pleasures, or sustain the sorrows of social life, and shall enable us to look forward with calmness, arising from a well grounded hope, to the close of our career of existence: If we retire into solitude to give vent to a fretful or spleenitive spirit, we not only mistake its true use, but pervert it to the worst of purposes. In society we converse with the living, and our judgment is so biassed by the feelings and passions brought into play, that we are prevented from thinking with accuracy and deciding with calmness when hurried along by the current of daily occurrences; the same cause also hinders us from fixing the mind steadily on any one object, our attention being necessarily divided, and sometimes distracted, by the variety of events. Retirement at the close of the day affords an opportunity of weighing our conduct in the scales of reason, of trying our actions before the bar of sober judgment (when these emotions have subsided, and no longer agitate the mind) and of correcting the errors into which we may have been led by the impulsive of momentary feelings.

Solitude has also sources of pleasure peculiar to itself; when separated from the living, we can then hold converse with those mighty minds that have thrown a lustre and dignity over the past ages. The page of history presents a melancholy spectacle of pride, folly, cruelty, and ambition, the indulgence of which has prompted man to disolate his unhappy species for the sake of ruling them, and to erect empires, reckless of the seas of blood which flowed to cement their short-lived fabric. The conquerors and the conquered, the oppressors and the oppressed, have alike passed away, their crimes and sufferings are alike entombed in one common grave, and humanity turns with a sigh of commiseration from them, to peruse the writings of those sages and philosophers who, by their intellectual and moral virtues have alleviated the sum of human woes, by teaching man the true object and end of his existence, and have thus deserved the veneration and gratitude which successive generations have paid to their memory. It is true an incomparably nobler and superior system has superseded the philosophy of Greece and Rome, but considering that philosophy merely as a fountain of intellectual gratification, the solitary hours spent in its study will be amply compensated. But far higher and more important lessons may be deduced

from this source than those of mere intellectual gratification. If the exercise of reason and dictates of conscience, without the aid of revelation; taught the Greek and Roman to subdue all-paltry passions and grovelling propensities as unworthy of man—and if the pages of Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, inculcate the necessity of pursuing virtue as the only true good, how should we blush, with superior light and advantages, to indulge in any thing that would debase or demean us.

Next to the contemplation of the works of God, the highest study in which man can engage is that of his own mind, a study which, though it has given rise to much vain speculative disquisition; and in some cases, to deplorable scepticism, if properly pursued, will give him just ideas of his own state, by showing him at once the extent and power of his faculties, and the lamentable effects produced by ignorance and vice. It is in vain, however, to seek in these studies a remedy for the evils of life. He who has felt the bitter pangs attendant on the loss of those friends and relatives by separation and death whose society and intimate solaced existence, and whose loss has caused a vacancy nothing in this life can supply will feel, in spite of all that philosophy, can demonstrate or sages inculcate of the vanity and transitory nature of human affairs, that these events are overwhelming calamities to little man, and that consolation must be sought at a higher source and a purer stream.

By indulging too freely in these reveries, we are, perhaps, apt to lose sight of or neglect the humbler virtues we are hourly called upon to exercise, and frequently relinquish with regret these favourite studies to enter upon the less fascinating pursuits of active employment. This however, is a feeling which good sense and sober reason will teach us to repress, if it cannot be wholly subdued.

By reviewing the experience of past ages we shall find that the best and wisest of men have erred and differed on the most important points, that the clearest understanding and most cultivated mind is not exempt from error, that our judgments are biassed by the strength of passion or prejudice, and the consideration of these humbling facts should teach us to leave our solitary room and enter into the ordinary affairs of life with a spirit of moderation and candour,—if this alone be the result of solitude, it will not have passed in vain.

London Magazine.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

ON THE PROPER MANAGEMENT OF OUR TIME.

To be impressed with a just sense of the value of time, it is highly requisite that we should introduce order into its management. Consider well, then, how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every

other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recal. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is scarcely commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, in not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced.

He, on the contrary, who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. By proper management he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. But by the man of confusion those hours fleet like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with a confused and irregular succession of unfinished transactions. He remembers, indeed, that he has been busy, yet he can give little account of the business which has employed him. *Blair.*

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

INSECTS.

"How sweet to muse upon his skill display'd
(Infinite skill!) in all that he has made,
To trace in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power Divine."

"Where greatness is to Nature's works deny'd
In art and beauty it is well supplied.
In a small space the more perfection's shown,
And what is exquisite in little's done."

Have been reckoned by some among the more imperfectly formed of Nature's works; but in this most numerous class of animated beings where shall we find a single instance in which this is made to appear? In all that prodigious variety that exist betwixt the Scorpion and the Mite, we certainly behold in the structure of insects abundant evidence of the most exquisite skill; and if by means of the microscope we extend our resentles downwards through that minute order of beings, till we arrive at those invisible animalcules which are computed to be twenty seven millions of times smaller than the mite, the same evidence of wisdom and design present themselves in every gradation, and all ideas of imperfection cease.

Search the least path Creative Power has trod,
How plain the footstaps of th' apparent God!

It is not at all surprising then that such an accurate researcher into Nature's works as the

gent Mr. Boyle should observe "that his
*der dwell not so much on Nature's stock, as
 patches.*"—in several kinds of these crea-
 s, invisible before to mortal eyes, it is not
 easy to discover by means of a good mag-
 r, the external appearance of their mouths,
 r horns, their trunks, and other members,
 the very motion of their heart and lung-
 v, as it has been remarked, as these little
 als are discovered to be organised bodies,
 fine and subtle must be the several parts
 compose them? How difficult to conceive
 some minuteness in the muscles necessary
 he motion of the heart, the glands for the
 reion of the fluids, the stomach and bowls,
 the digestion of the food, the fineness of
 tubes, nerves, arteries, veins, and above all,
 the blood, the lymphic, and animal spirit,
 ch must be infinitely more so than any of
 e! Here the utmost stretch of imagination
 ought to the test, without being able to
 any adequate conception; but these incon-
 ceivable wonders instead of conveying any idea
 perfection as to the skill of the artist, must,
 what they make to appear, inspire the at-
 tention observer with very different emotions,
 force him to exclaim

"Thyself, how wond'rous then,"

the beauty and symmetry of some of those
 objects so viewed, are surprising indeed.
 at a metamorphosis do they seem to under-
 der the magic-working gnat? Creatures
 before seemed small and despicable, now
 pear the pride of nature, wherein she has
 towed more nice and delicate art, and dis-
 tant more profuse the rich embroider and
 ant beauties and garniture of colours than
 ny of the larger species of animals." Even
 dust that adheres to the Butterfly's wing,
 to which it owes the beautiful tints and
 igned hues which adorn it, is said to be an
 umerable collection of extremely small fea-
 rs, as perfect in the structure and symmetry
 s arrangement as they are beautiful in the
 ring.

at this is not all, the very circumstances
 eed as marks of imperfection in the insect
 s; viz. their being enabled to live for some
 after being deprived of those organs ne-
 ary to life in the higher ranks, and their a-
 ing numbers, ought rather to be considered
 rguments to the contrary.
 he former is no doubt essentially necessary
 he preservation of a species exposed to so
 ny casualties as those in particular who live
 food, and cannot, therefore, partake of a
 l, without giving their enemies notice of
 r presence; and the latter to prevent the
 action of a short-lived race, which come
 existence at a time when there are so many
 a mouths ready to devour them.

Without these two characteristic distinctions
 he insect tribes, although they may be deem-
 imperfections by the more imperfect powers
 shortsighted mortals, it is probable, that long
 now some of those exquisite pieces of Na-
 e's workmanship must have disappeared from
 creation, and for want of those connecting
 the whole beautiful fabric of the universe
 have fallen to decay; for trifling as some
 those minute or imperceptible objects may
 ar, the language of philosophy is

"Each crawling insect holds a rank

important in the plan of Him who from'd
 This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost
 Would break the chain, and leave a gap
 That Nature's self would rue."

MORALITY.

BEGINNING THE WORLD.

"There is nothing that distracts the slumbers
 of young men so much as setting up business.
 Beginning the world brings with it many seri-
 ous thoughts, the hope of success, the fear of
 disasters, the ligaments of tenderness, the feel-
 ings of rivalry, all work deeply upon the youth-
 ful mind and render its nights restless and un-
 easy. There are some tempers however, that
 are always delighted with what may be called
 beginning the world. I knew a man who began
 business half a dozen times in the course of a
 few years, and each time with a different set of
 rules. He had been every thing for a time, but
 nothing long."

There is much truth and some point in the
 above little sketch. Beginning the world, choos-
 ing a profession, and choosing a wife, are three
 things connected with life, of much difficulty
 and of more importance. Young men seldom
 give either of them that deliberation which is
 their due. The happiness of this world and
 the hopes of futurity, are connected with
 their decisions, whilst prosperity and reputation
 or adversity and infamy are their attendant con-
 sequences. As far as regards a profession, a
 man should never be too hasty in his determina-
 tions. Almost every individual of the human
 family has by nature a particular talent, which
 when brought into requisition and applied to
 some exclusive object, cannot fail to be attend-
 ed with a commensurate success. But the man
 who vainly conceives that he can succeed in
 every thing, seldom becomes eminent in any.
 It is absurd in policy, to commence a dozen
 projects together, or even to begin a second
 before the first has been rendered permanently
 successful.

Franklin particularly endeavored to convince
 young persons of the necessity of fore thought,
 integrity, and frugality, in the early career of
 business. I was never discouraged, said he, by
 the seeming magnitude of my undertakings, as
 I have always thought that one man of tolerable
 abilities, may work great changes, and accom-
 plish great affairs among mankind, if he first
 forms a good plan: and cutting off all amuse-
 ments and employments that would divert his
 attention, makes the execution of that plan his
 sole study and business. To be sure, it requires
 some little philosophy for a young man with a
 taste for pleasure, to forego all the amusements
 of youth and health, for the sake of business, or
 profession; yet if he aspires to become eminent,
 such a course is actually necessary.

Salon Gazette.

POETRY.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when Henry reasoned with him, calmly asked
 "If he did not feel for him."

"Do I not feel?" The doubt is keen as steel,
 Yea, I do feel, most exquisitely feel;
 My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye
 I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh.
 Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,
 And smile the most, when heaviest is my heart.
 On this I act, whatever pangs surround,

'Tis magnanimity to bide the wound,
 When all was new, and life was in its spring,
 I lov'd an unlov'd, solitary thing;
 E'en then I learnt to bury deep from day,
 The piercing cares that wore my youth away;
 E'en then I learnt for other's woes to feel;
 E'en then I wept I had not power to heal;
 E'en then deep sounding through the mighty gloom,
 I heard the wretch's groan, I mourn'd the wretch's
 doom.

Who were my friends in youth? the midnight fire,
 The silent moon beam, or the starry choir;
 To these I plan'd or turned from outer light,
 To bless my lonely taper's friendly light,
 I never yet could ask, how'er forlorn,
 For vulgar pity, mix'd with vulgar scorn;
 The source of woe I never open,
 My breast's my collar, and my God my hope.
 But that I do feel, time, my friend, will show,
 Though the cold crowd the secret never know,
 With them I laugh, yet when no eye can see,
 I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
 Yes, thou dost wrong me, for I fondly thought
 I'd see I'd found the friend my heart had sought;
 I fondly thought that thou couldst stir peace the gait,
 And read the truth that in my bosom lay.
 I fondly thought e'er Time's last days were gone,
 Thy heart and mine had mingled into one;
 Yet and they yet will mingle. Days and years
 Will fly, and leave us parting in our tears.
 We then shall feel that friendship has a power
 To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.
 Time's trial o'er shall clasp each other's hand,
 And wait the passport to a better land.

Henry Kirke White.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUVENILE AMUSEMENTS.

A careful master, on being informed that an
 unfortunate accident had befallen a young gen-
 tleman, at one of our public schools, from an
 arrow shot into his eye at play, summoned his
 pupils together, and after expatiating on this
 sad misfortune, addressed them in the following
 terms:

Young gentlemen, the love of play is natural
 to you—it is suited to your years, and salutary
 to your health; far be it from me, then, to abridge
 you of pastime properly selected, and seasonably
 used. It is my wish to regulate your pleasures,
 not to restrain them. Whatever is likely to be
 attended with danger, ceases to be an amuse-
 ment. Did I not caution you on this head, you
 might, in case of misfortune, have reason to re-
 flect on me. Think on the melancholy accident
 I have mentioned, and be warned.

"All kinds of play, likewise, where too vio-
 lent exertion is required, where you risk the ex-
 tremes of heat and cold, should be avoided, as
 inimical to health. How often is misery entail-
 ed on age by a single act of imprudence in youth?
 Whenever, wo labour, it should be to forward
 some useful end; to do good to ourselves, or to
 benefit others.

"When danger and excess are guarded against,
 the field is open to you; and the ingenuity of
 youth, in so many preceeding ages, has invented
 numerous sports to exercise without fatigue, and
 to amuse without endangering. Chuse which
 you will, under the above restrictions—vary them
 as often as you please—for variety is a source
 of pleasure; from me you shall have no obstruc-
 tion. To see you happy shall be my delight—
 but to see you safe is my duty.

There are, however, occasionally many hours,
 after you have obtained a passport to play, by
 punctually performing your tasks, in which sever-
 al kinds of relaxation will be agreeable to an
 ingenious youth, which cannot be collectively

pursued That pastime in which numbers are concerned, and which may be denominated corporeal, should, at intervals, give way to intellectual pleasures, and these are not only to be found in solitary study, or in select society

"Bad weather will give a charm to reading books of entertainment and instruction. The taste, indeed, ought to be early cultivated, as it forms the principal enjoyment of the lonely hour through life, and is the only solace of decrepitude. A turn for drawing, painting, or music, is likewise deserving encouragement in youth. It often keeps them from idle or vicious pursuits, and fills up the blanks of life with elegant entertainment. Let me, therefore, recommend some attention to those studies, not as tasks prescribed, but as pleasing amusements.

"In very early youth, active pleasures, and those which are wholly corporeal, are not to be blamed; they strengthen the constitution, and fit it for the discharge of manly employments. But when the judgment makes some advances to maturity, the mind and the body should divide the leisure hour, and pleasure and improvement go hand in hand."

The pupils listened to their master with becoming attention, and ever after were extremely orderly in their pastimes. They shunned danger—they avoided excess; and not a few of them, from this benevolent and judicious recommendation, preferred mental improvement to desultory play, even when the choice was free."

Greenock Paper.

TEN RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

The following rules were given by the late Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson, Smith, in 1825.

Ten plain Rules for observation in practical life

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak, if very angry, a hundred.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS AT PETERSBURGH.

There are as many diversions to be seen here, on the ice, as in Holland, and some that seem peculiar to this country. Carriages, sledges, and foot passengers are numberless. In one part, there are several long spaces, railed off, for the amusement of skaters, in another is an enclosure where horses are trained, and taught the discipline of the manege. In another part, you are diverted with the humours of a sledge-race: the course is a long narrow space, extending about a mile, and just broad enough to turn the carriage. It does not seem properly called a race, as there is only one sledge; the dexterity consists in making the shaft horse trot as fast as he can, whilst the leader is pushed into a gallop.

The most singular of all are the ice-hills. A scaffolding, thirty feet high, is raised upon the frozen river, with a landing place on the top; to which they climb by a ladder. From this summit descends a sloping plane of boards, four yards broad, to the surface of the river, supported by strong poles, and guarded on each side by planks placed edgewise. Upon this wooden plane, or slope are laid square pieces of ice, made quite smooth with an axe, and cemented evenly together by sprinkling them with water. From the bottom of this glassy path, the snow is cleared away, for the length of two hundred yards, and the same breadth as the slope of ice. At the end of this course there is commonly another ice hill, like the one I have described, and the whole is ornamented with firs and pines, both on the sides and top of the scaffolding, and also on each side of the course. When a person has an inclination to enjoy this comical diversion, he provides himself with a sledge, very much like a butcher's tray, and mounts the ladder, when he is at the top he sits down in the sledge, just at the edge of the sloping plane of ice, and down he glides, with such force as carries him a great way along the course towards the opposite ice-hill, where he mounts again, and descends from one to the other as often as he pleases. Those who are used to this exercise acquire great skill in pulling and steering the sledges, which preserves them from the danger of being overturned and breaking their bones. In the gardens of the palace of Oranienbaum, is a building called the Flying-Mountain, which has a great resemblance to the ice-hills, but with this difference, that the body of a small carriage is used instead of a sledge, which slides along grooves fixed on purpose to receive it. As it required no skill to guide this machine, which it was impossible to overturn, we all partook of the diversion, and were highly entertained with flying down one slope and up another, which is really the case, the extreme velocity of the descent forcing the carriage up the opposite height.

From an old Periodical.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Plenty of work and Scarcity of hands.—Wanted immediately, in the service of King Immanuel, a vast number of active young men and women of a right spirit, who are not afraid of work. No idlers, no drones, no fine-fingered gentry, afraid of soiling their delicate hands, but labourers, who will find their reward in their labor, and their meet and drink in their service. Plenty of work! Potent enemies, great oppositions and difficulties to encounter; sin, and its attendant wretchedness, gaining ground with alarming strides; thousands of immortals hurrying along the broad road to everlasting ruin, in want of faithful ministers to warn them of their danger; thousands of poor children in the Sunday schools, eager to hear and learn the words of eternal life, in want of instructors, in some places, fifty or sixty collecting together, and no teacher to meet them, obliged to return home! Rouse from your lethargy, ye idle Christians, something for every hand to do. The poor children in the Sunday schools are without shoes or stockings; some without hats, &c. Those who cannot contribute money can lend a hand to mend old garments, &c. If you cannot give a talent, give a mite. You can do something. Are there none who will come forward like men, and nobly volunteer their services, and sacrifice a little of their time and ease? The time is short; the day is far spent; the work is great and arduous; the night is at hand, when no man can work. Up and be doing, for there is neither knowledge, nor device, nor work, in the silent grave, to which you are rapidly passing. Opportunity once lost, is lost for ever! Great wages and good encouragement will be given to faithful servants; namely, the pleasure arising from the work; the approbation of conscience (one hour of which is worth a world); the joy arising from the consideration of being made instrumental to the salvation of immortal souls; an inheritance, a kingdom, a crown of eternal life, the reward of grace.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF WHITEFIELD.

As Whitefield was preaching to a large mul-

titude on the banks of one of the noble rivers of Virginia, he spoke the course of his sermon of the strength of human depravity, and of the insufficiency of the means of grace without the influence of the Spirit. "Sinners," said he, "think not that I expect to convert a single soul of you, by any thing that I can say, without the assistance of Him who is mighty to save. Go and stand by that river as it moves on its strong and deep current to the ocean, and bid it stop, and see if it will obey you. Just as soon should I expect to stop that river by a word, as by preaching to stop that current of sin that is carrying you to perdition. Father in heaven! see they are hurried on toward hell; save them or they perish!" The impression which this produced upon his hearers was so strong that they were ready to respond with trembling, "Save Lord, or we perish."

HOW TO REFORM A SCOLD.

In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon load of Methodists and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was a awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night." The Magistrate asked if they had done any thing else?" "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship; they converted my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert the scolds in the town."

SELECT SENTENCES.

When a man is come to this, not to care what other say of him: his next step is to have no care what his self doth.

There's no sin a man can be tempted to, but he will find greater comfort in resisting than in indulging it.

"Could I but deny myself my own wisdom a will (said one), I should never know a restless hour more."

When a child of God thinks he can go alone, he is nearest falling.

A danger made light of, comes the sooner. The strongest Believer will stumble at a straw, God leaves him to himself. Witness Peter.

POETRY.

ENIGMA.

What is it lights that toilsome way
Where wandering mortals wildly stray,
With darkness and with fear oppress;
And in the cold, the stormy hour,
Rises with mild enlivening power,
To guide them to eternal rest?

What tells of Jesus' mighty love,
Descending from the bliss above,
A guilty ruined world to save;
A man of grief and suffering made,
Despised and crucified, and laid
Within the dark, the silent grave!

When sorrow overwhelms the heart,
Nor earth can aught of joy impart,
What is it whispers sweetest peace,
Sheds a blest calm and speaks relief,
And tells of lands unknown to grief,
Where happiness can never cease!

* * Answers in verse are requested.