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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscuris jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 47.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, June 20, 1832.

Vol. 1.

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 paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—according to the foregoing terms.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

EURIPIDES.

Greek Tragic Poet. B. C. 407.

Euripides drew his first-breath at Salamis on the day when the Greeks defeated the army of the Persians. Prudens, (the Rhetorician), Socrates, and Anaxagoras, were his preceptors. So highly were his writings appreciated, that the Greeks who accompanied Nicias in his expedition against Syracuse, were freed from slavery by reciting some of the lines of Euripides. His great rival was Sophocles.

It is reported, that on one occasion, some of his verses having displeased the audience, and they desiring him to strike them out he advanced forward, and boldly observed, that he came more to instruct them, and not to receive instruction.

The ridicule and envy of his enemies obliged him eventually to leave Athens, and accept an asylum at the court of Archelaus, King of Macedonia, where he met with his death; for walking one day alone, he was fiercely attacked by the king's dogs, and torn to pieces, in his 73th year. His writings are tender, pathetic, and sublime.

It is related, that a malevolent poet having remarked that he had written 100 verses in three days, while Euripides had written but three, "True," said our poet, "but there is this difference between your poetry and mine; your's will expire in three days, but mine shall live for ages to come."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NOBLE SPIRIT.—Continued.

"Thus did my kind parents manifest the largeness of their love, and the littleness of their acquaintance with the human heart. The former admitted not of increase; but a few years made a wide difference in the latter. This must be considered necessary, lest you should deem me ensuring that care for which I ought ever to lose their memory: every remark this letter will contain, would, subsequently, have met their warm approbation. Often have they said to me, 'Alas! that parents should ever dis-

regard the blessed principles, the powerful motives, the pure precepts, of the divine word; and turning their back on the solar beam of revelation, present reason's dim lamp to their children as sufficient to guide them through this wide benighted world: that ever they should recommend the reed of human power for support, instead of that aid which Omnipotence alone can bestow!"

"But to return to my narrative. I received my parents' instructions with a full heart. Tenderness in some degree excited its emotions; but still more did it swell with conscious pride. What a noble inheritance thought I, do my friends conceive they have entrusted to me, while thus putting me in possession of my own soul: they shall not be disappointed.—And fancy pictured all my powers, my passions, my opinions, duly regulated and arranged, like soldiers in a regiment, beneath my undisputed sway. None were to rebel, none to murmur, much less to take their sovereign master captive: and internal self being thus governed, words and actions, I concluded, must of course follow correctly: while my inward decision would render me invulnerable to the seductions of others, and constitute me a master spirit, ready to lead its inferiors, or become the free companion of its valued equals. With what feelings of proud exultation, joined with contemptuous pity for the failings of mankind at large, did I contemplate this image of my future self; and how did I long for the time when I might display a character so exalting to human nature, and share with kindred minds the enjoyment of happiness and honor. Now was the season, my young friends, when I commenced my search for noble spirits."

"On arriving at my employer's, as far as attention to business would permit, I took notice of any little circumstance, which might tend to develop the characters of those around me. I perused their countenance, observed their manners, and formed my opinion of their disposition. And a week after my introduction, having prevailed on my friend to accompany me home, I made some further inquiries respecting them. Who is that pleasant-looking youth, I asked, whose desk is next to mine?"

"A frank good natured fellow," replied Sandford, "who will never injure any body but himself. He wants nothing but a good purse in safe keeping, to which he may apply frequently, and this I believe his father has for him; for he appears to receive a liberal allowance half-yearly and for a few weeks is as lavish as a prince. After that come some difficulties; but the old gentleman often comes forward, and clears off for him, and then he goes on with as light a heart as ever."

"But would it not yield him greater comfort and credit, if he went on in a more even course?"

"Yes, if he were formed upon your model; but Crawford says, he never had any thing fixed within him or about him: and arithmetical calculations are such fixed things, that the bare

thought of living and acting by the rules, destroys him with the vapours. But he is a fine fellow notwithstanding: all life and spirit; and these youthful indiscretions are the mere ebullitions of a generous nature."

"A generous nature had always been my idol: so I resolved to put Crawford on the list of my associates. 'And now,' said I, 'for his next neighbour. I have been struck with his mild, intelligent countenance, and the ease with which he transacts business. But his application to it seems so diligent, that I have scarcely heard him speak upon any thing else.'

"I dare say not," replied Sandford, laughing, 'and you may be with us for months perhaps, before you will; unless you shock him by some very outrageous expression. However, should you at any time be sadly in want of a companion, you may go with him as safely as you would with your grandmother. He is a charming quiet youth, who will never set the Thames on fire.'

"Now it never had struck me before, that the power to perform such an exploit, was a necessary passport to my friendship. The expression, however, and more especially the sneer by which it was accompanied, convinced me that Wilson was a tame, mean spirited young man, in whose society I could find no interest. Ah! little did I think how similar were the qualifications I admired, to that description of the un sanctified tongue given by St. James, 'It is a fire, a world of iniquity: it setteth on fire the course of nature, and is itself set on fire of hell.'

"Did you observe a young man at the top of the room," inquired Sandford, "of a commanding figure, and more character in his striking countenance than all the rest of us put together? That is Langley; and you may think yourself highly favored, should Langley admit you to his circle. He is a man of high intellectual power, and deep application: and they who are once stamped with the impression of his friendship, pass current, without further question, for coins of no small value."

"Are you among that happy number, Sandford?"

"I have the honor to possess his confidence and while many at his age are wasting their time and substance in the most frivolous pursuits, he calls me to partake 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' with which he refreshes his selected guests. What delightful evenings have I passed at his rooms; engaged in the most interesting philosophical inquiries; investigating, especially, the nature and character of man in a manner calculated to render him happier and wiser. If you desire Langley's acquaintance, I have no doubt that I can introduce you to him."

"I accepted the offer with unbounded gratitude. And now, thought I my search is at an end. Happy youth! to be so soon admitted into a society of superior spirits, headed by genius, talent, and research. Nor was my introduction attended with disappointment. Lively wit, interesting speculations, animated discus-

sion, ruled by turns the hour. And I had sufficient mental activity to regard any exercise of mind as a source of real enjoyment. I admired the powerful reasonings of Langley, and believed my 'beau ideal' of a noble character, completely realized.

"But, my young friends, all these specious systems were superstructures without a foundation. My new associates argued from mistaken premises, and their conclusions were consequently false. They assumed, that man has an inherent principle of goodness, sufficient, if cultivated, to secure him in the paths of rectitude; that he needs no guide save the light of reason; no power but his own unassisted strength. Having established, as they said, these fundamental truths, they discoursed largely on the nature of virtue, whether it consist in the sacrifice of our will, or in the gratification of a will essentially amiable; whether matter be under the control of mind, or mind owes its impressions to matter; whether duty, feeling, or interest, should be the guide of our actions; with a variety of other similar questions. And after having expended a world of thought and a torrent of eloquence, how had we really been employed?—As profitably as we should in describing how objects look in the dark, or trying to prove that they present varied appearances. It is not my intention, however, to lead your youthful minds through all the labyrinths that bewildered mine: suffice it to say, the images of virtue and vice became confounded; the barriers of right and wrong thrown down; doubt usurped the place of early principle; indecision marked the present; and uncertainty hung over the future. Intellectual superiority among us, seemed only to say its possessor more open to the seductions of sophistry. 'Professing ourselves wise, we became fools; we were indeed vain in our imaginations, and our foolish hearts were darkened.'

"After a time, I thought Langley's mind appeared less at ease, and more irritable than formerly. I made this remark to Sandford, and was informed that he labored under pecuniary difficulties: and though I rather wondered at his not making any attempt to retrench, I attributed it to his lofty spirit, unable to brook abasement. This conjecture was perfectly correct, but my excuse of his conduct most erroneous, for true strength of mind consists, not in disregarding, but in firmly meeting the exigencies of our condition. Can I in any way assist him, I asked myself: with his high spirit and exquisite feelings, where shall I find sufficient delicacy to name such a subject? At length, however, I summoned courage; my offer was graciously accepted; and I felt equal pride and pleasure in rescuing such a man from temporary inconvenience. Thus months passed on; my debt was not merely unpaid, but various plausible pretences for increasing it were made from time to time; while I, scarcely suffering him to explain his painful necessities, inwardly exclaimed, 'Such is the confidence of perfect friendship!' But the ideas of Langley, (for I will not call them principles) seemed now to be undergoing an extraordinary change. Instead of those high disquisitions on honor and virtue we were accustomed to hear, I trembled at the bitter sarcasm and pointed ridicule with which he attacked every sacred bond that ties the union between man and man. He had become familiar with some of the most exceptionable of the French authors,

and his talents were, from this time, constantly employed in levelling every exalted sentiment and disinterested emotion. Still I believe it was theory alone; a few dark clouds which his bright orb of reason had encountered, in its daring passage; and over which it would soon rise triumphant, to shine forth again resplendently. Truth is great, I said, and must prevail; and the end of investigation must be, to clear away all error. And so it will, when with purified hearts and minds we follow the light of nature, of revelation, and of grace. Such however, was not the case with Langley.

"Things proceeded thus, till one memorable day, when my fascinating friend, tapping me on the shoulder, said, 'You will spend the evening with me, Hanmer.' 'Not this evening,' I replied, 'I have taken a considerable sum of money for my father to-day, and should not feel justified in being out late.' It so happened, however, that unexpected business detained the clerks longer than usual; and as it was the depth of winter, darkness had overtaken me before I reached home. The road about three quarters of a mile from our residence was exceedingly lonely; and to the right lay a still more lonely lane. As I passed this lane, I heard the quick trampling of a horse; and in a moment my bridle was seized, and the words, 'Your money or your life,' hastily uttered. The tone in which they were spoken was disguised; but no disguise could conceal from me voice, to which I had so often listened with delight. It might have been more prudent not to betray my knowledge, but surprise and anguish rose too high to be controlled. 'Langley?' I exclaimed, 'are you in jest, or has reason deserted your brain?' 'You know me then,' he replied desperately, 'and I am undone.' Then grasping the reins more firmly, he added, 'You must give me your word of honor, Hanmer, never to breathe this affair to any one, till I am past the power of injury; otherwise I shall be under a fatal necessity—you know the act to which I shall be compelled.'

"He presented a pistol as he spoke; but I was too much excited by conflicting emotions to be much under the influence of fear. Summoning all the dignity I could master, I said coolly, 'Langley, relinquish your hold. I am not to be threatened into a promise which, if left to myself, for the sake of former friendship, I am most willing to make.' He complied, with an evident feeling of doubt; and being left free, I continued, 'The booty for which you have violated all principle, is safe with our employer: I would not venture it at this hour. But to all my purse contains you are welcome, and you may command a further supply from me to-morrow. O, how should I rejoice, if by relieving your pressing embarrassment, I could win you back to the path of rectitude. In retracing your fearful steps, all the advantage of my silence shall be yours. And I only request in return, that you will ride with me a little way, and receive advice from one, who in mental endowments, is greatly your inferior.'

"The infatuated man heard me with a groan of disappointment. He had proved himself a villain, and what was his reward?—a trifling sum, which would have been readily granted to his request. And thus, sooner or later, does sin always dupe its followers. We rode on side by side, as we had often done before; but oh, with

what different feelings! As soon as I felt able to break silence, I inquired, 'Langley, from the elevation you once possessed, how can you have fallen to this fearful depth? Surely the virtue you adored must be forgotten; and neither sense of duty, nor a desire of happiness, can be your guide at present.'

"His better feelings seemed to struggle for a moment; and in softened accents he exclaimed, 'Happiness, indeed! no, I am not happy; and the odds are fearfully against my ever being so. But'—and he resumed all his former determination,—'I cannot sink, I will not stoop. Hanmer I have bid adieu to those high sounding names: Virtue, honor, happiness, are mere chimeras; phantoms, about which men flourish and declaim, but whose realities they neither find nor seek. You have the misfortune to feel what you imagine, and to mean what you say. It is not so with others; and to this difference you owe your life-time: for whom else could I have trusted? Men talk of noble actions, emanating from pure principles: but believe me, Hanmer, he who enters society determined to rise above his seeming fellows, must consider interest the source, necessity the law, and circumstance the guide of his conduct. Where they lead I follow: why have I desired if not to gratify them; and why should I shrink from the necessary means? My destiny may be execrable; it shall not be mean: nor will I with the weak devotee, sacrifice present opportunity to future anticipation. That future is at best uncertain, and enters not into my calculations.'

"O Charles and Horace! I shuddered as I listened; and trembled at the awful precipice on which I had stood blindfold. I need not tell you that I renounced the guidance of this noble spirit; and sought elsewhere the treasure of a friend. But I find my first experiment has filled the sheet, and exhausted my present leisure. Should you be sufficiently interested by it to wish for a recital of two subsequent ones, they shall form the subject of another letter.

"And, now, my young friends, what improvement will you draw from the foregoing history? Shall I advise you to beware of exercising your reason, and to abstain from science and learning; O no; reason is a useful servant to religion, and a cultivated mind harmoniously assists the renovated soul. But beware of the pride of human intellect; of the arrogant assumption of human rectitude. Lean not to your own understanding; trust not to your own strength. Consult the page of inspiration, in humble dependence on divine illumination; contemplate the way of faith, love, and holiness, there laid down, with earnest prayer for grace that you may walk in it. Thus truth shall be established in your minds, christian virtue in your hearts. Beware lest any man spoil you through vain philosophy, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. Yet, while I warn you, I would not be understood to imply, that every self-sufficient reasoner plunges into the same vortex of impiety and guilt with Langley: doubtless, many have passed through life with outward credit. But this I do say,—when divine light is rejected, and man follows his own bewildered imagination, perverted will, and depraved affections, there is no answering where they may lead him. Dangers surround him on all sides; he has renounced the only security; and we can see no boundary, of which it may be said, Thus far shalt thou go,

and no farther; and here shall thy proud course be stayed. And the state of his mind all along, whether his progress in error be great or small, is wholly incompatible with the humility and simplicity of a child of God.

"That you, my dear boys, may never be suffered to wander in these fearful tracks, is the earnest and affectionate prayer of your friend,
T. W. HAMMER."

DRESS.—Concluded.

"And am I," said Cecilia, "to choose what I like out of all these, kind mamma?"

"Yes, whatever you please."

"O, what a nice morning frock, mamma, this is prettier than any evening frock I have now; what beautiful flounces, and a sash just to match that pretty bonnet. May I have this, mamma?"

"Whatever you please, only lay aside what you like upon this sofa."

"And this riding habit, how nicely it is embroidered, I will lay that on the sofa too."

"And this silk pelisse, what a sweet color, it will not do at home unless it is when I go out in the carriage, but it is just fit for the pump room and promenades here."

"Certainly, it will not suit you to wear when you run in green lanes; and gather roses and woodbine."

"I will lay it aside, however, mamma, if you please, and then this book muslin frock with roses at the bottom, how beautiful; and this broad pink sash just to match the colour of the roses; I must lay this upon the sofa too."

"I think I am quite set up now, how kind you are, mamma, but what is this! Oh, a flannel dressing gown. You think of every thing, mamma, but I have two already, however, I will have this, it is such beautiful fine flannel, and so curiously cut, I never saw a dressing gown made quite like it; so saying, she threw it carelessly upon the muslin frock bordered with roses. I suppose this is the fashionable way of making dressing gowns here."

"It is a very general fashion," answered Cecilia's mother, gravely. "And here is a flannel nightcap."—"Mamma, I do not wear flannel nightcaps," said Cecilia, smiling, "so I will not have this—it is a curious looking cap."

"The cap is always worn with the gown," said the mother.

Cecilia.—I often wear a flannel dressing gown, mamma; in winter; but I do not wear flannel nightcaps.

Mother.—That is not a dressing gown.

Cecilia.—What is it then, mamma?

Mother.—It is a dress which you are more aware of wanting than any other you have chosen. Cecilia looked at the gown with an apprehensive and enquiring look, and gently lifted it from the muslin dress.

Mother.—Nay, do not put it aside, it is a dress, I repeat it which you are sure to want, and for wearing which, there needs more preparation than for any other dress in this room."

Cecilia colored, then turned slightly pale, and stood still for some time in silence.

Mother.—Why should it distress you to look at that dress, it is your last dress, and if you are so anxious to ornament your body now, why should you be entirely careless how it makes its last appearance; does not this require some thoughts?

Cecilia.—Oh! mamma, this is shocking, what will it signify what my body wears after it is dead.

Mother.—And why not, my love?

Cecilia.—Because my soul will be gone.

Mother.—If it is your soul then which gives the chief value to the body, I should think that it is the decoration of the soul which ought to occupy the best and first of our thoughts and desires.

The mother extended her discourse a little longer on this subject, till perceiving that Cecilia was much affected, she thought it well to leave her for a time to her own reflections, surrounded by the ornaments of life and death.

Half an hour elapsed before she returned, and she found Cecilia sitting at the table as if in deep thoughts; her mother's bible had been opened before her, and all the dresses were carefully folded up, and returned to the places from whence she had removed them, she herself had been crying but her tears were dried up, and her countenance was serene though somewhat sad; she rose to meet her mother, and kissed her, saying, "I thank you, dear mamma, for what you have taught me, I did not know how foolish my heart was, but I hope I shall never love dress again."

"I trust you will, not my love, but this victory over the world can only be gained in one way, it is the cross of Christ which can alone crucify us to the world; and the love of dress and ornament is one of the world's strongest temptations to young people."

"And I hope, mamma, I shall try to adorn my soul, my immortal soul."

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

"That holy dress of which you speak," returned the mother, "and the robe of righteousness the wedding garment of the gospel, are all the work of our Saviour, and are indeed the true ornaments for which we should seek. If the soul is clothed with these we shall not fear the body's last dress, for we shall have a grounded hope that the body itself, after its last sleep in its last dress shall rise again to immortal youth and beauty."

"And will you dear mamma, choose for me what I shall wear now, and teach me how to choose what will be proper for me when I get older."

"I remember," returned the mother, "a wise speech said to have been made by a Jesuit, I believe by the founder of the order. It was this, 'Never give to your rank what it only allows, and never refuse to it what it indispensably requires.' But if our hearts are right with God, and we hope for wisdom from above, we are not likely to make any very important mistake in the management of our dress, any more than of any other worldly business."

"And I think, dear mamma, when I long for a gay dress, I shall never forget what I felt when I knew what that flannel dress was, and saw it lying across the muslin frock with the wreath of roses."

"It told you, my love, what we ought never to forget, that in the midst of life we are in death, and when you remember this important truth, you will do well to remember also, that there is none from whom we can seek for succour to deliver us from the guilt we have contracted, or from the pollution of worldly minds, but the Lord our Redeemer.

INSINCERITY.

Persons in general seem little aware, how much their conduct is governed by insincerity, and a restless desire of appearing to be what they are not. Let not my young friends think me harsh, but I would ask—is not your better judgment too often silenced in accommodation to the opinion of the world? And instead of this simple enquiry—what is right? Is it not often—what will this person think? or such a one say? till,

"Conscience deadened, by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturalized the crime."

And after all, what is it you aim to obtain? Applause? And what is applause?—a mere phantom—a bubble—grasp it, and it is like the empty foam of the ocean, which rises up, and dashes against the rock—swells impetuously above the bursting waves—glitters, and disappears—but,

"Sporting with bubbles—
Grasping empty air, but all become immortals,
To whom eternity's fast opening scenes must soon
Disclose their fates—their fixed unalterable fate."

These thoughts occurred to me after having casually heard the following conversation.

Emma. I have been calling on Mrs. West, and engaged that you and I would take tea with her on Thursday.

Jane. What! had you no excuse at hand? Mrs. West is such a weak woman, totally unable to converse, we shall hear nothing but gossip and scandal all the evening.

Emma. We have no other engagement you know, so I was obliged to say, we should be happy to visit her, though secretly wishing we could get off.

Jane. Well, come, we must sign our names to this paper. How much shall we give?

Emma. Really I do not exactly approve of the institution; but we shall be thought mean if we do not subscribe. Now, the S—s, the R—s, and the T—s, have all given a guinea, and, perhaps, they can afford it as well as we; but it is necessary for us to make more appearance, so I think we cannot do less than Mrs. M—.

Jane. The money, in my opinion, would be much better employed in relieving the real necessities of the poor family we visited yesterday: they have stronger claims upon our charity.

Emma. That is true; but you know, Jane, we cannot always stay and consider how many better ways there may be of employing our money; we should be ridiculed for such precision; but, in the present case, we shall be both fulfilling an act of charity, and ensuring its reward.

Jane. Ensuring its reward! What, by making it public! is that—

Emma. I said more than I intended; but yet to be candid with you, I see you are not yet entirely actuated by benevolence either, or why not bestow the sum on the poor family you mentioned?

Jane. We are under very many obligations to society at large, and probably could not long exist independently of it, therefore, it is our duty, to make ourselves, not only useful, but as agreeable as possible; so the paper shall have my signature.

Emma. And mine. But dear, how vexatious! I did not wish to see company this morning, and I hear a rap at the door.

Enter Mrs. Smith and her little daughter.

Emma. Dear Mrs. Smith, how glad I am to see you! And, Lucy, my sweet child, come and sit on my knee. I must have a kiss from those coral lips.

Jane. Cannot we prevail on you, ma'am, to leave little Lucy here for the day, we should find her quite an amusement, and she is so good a child, giving no trouble whatever?

At length, it was agreed between the ladies, that the child should visit them some other day instead; and, after many expressions of attachment on both sides, such as, 'we are so very glad to see you, and wish you would often call.' 'I shall always be happy to see you at my house,' they parted. And were not such expressions grown familiar to my ear, I should have imagined them to have been very dear friends, yet, no sooner had their guests left the house, than the young ladies began saying, 'I should be sorry to be on very intimate terms with her, for there is a something in her manner I cannot like.'

'I am glad,' said Emma, 'that she did not stay to dinner, though I pressed her;' and as for that tiresome child, said Jane, 'I am glad her visit is postponed, because, perhaps, it will be forgotten. She is so unruly, I am at a loss to know what we should do with her for a whole day.'

And now, both the ladies agreed to see no more company that morning, one of them having to write a letter, and the other wishing to arrange her cabinet; and so ringing the bell, they told the servant to answer all callers with "Not at home."

I leave my readers to comment on the foregoing. Perhaps they will say, such expressions are only intended as unmeaning civilities and are become so customary, that they are more empty ceremonies of etiquette, and being thus universally understood, may be practised very harmlessly. But, if we grant, for the sake of argument, that the practice exhibits but a shadow, is it not desirable to avoid the very appearance of evil? But, on the other hand, if not merely the shadow, but the real substance of insincerity, is thus disguised beneath the fair habiliments of civility and politeness, surely it is particularly desirable, that practices of so injurious a tendency, and so contrary to the spirit and letter of the Bible, should be ingeniously discarded, as the bane and disgrace of society.

GLASS.

Glass does not exist in a natural form in many places. The sight of a native crystal, probably, led men to think originally of producing a similar substance by art. The fabrication of glass is of high antiquity. The historians of China, Japan and Tartary, speak of glass manufactories existing there more than two thousand years ago. An Egyptian mummy two or three thousand years old, which was lately exhibited in London ornamented with little fragments of coloured glass. The writings of Seneca, a Roman author who lived about the time of our Saviour, and of St. Jerome, who lived five hundred years afterwards, speak of glass being used in windows. It is recorded that the Prior of the Convent of Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, in the year 674, sent for French workmen to glaze the windows of his chapel. In the twelfth century the art of making glass was known in this country. Yet it is very doubtful, whether glass was employed

in windows, excepting those of churches, and the houses of the very rich, for several centuries afterwards; and it is quite certain that the period is comparatively recent when glass windows were used for excluding cold and admitting light in the houses of the great body of the people, or that glass vessels were to be found amongst their ordinary conveniences. The manufacture of glass in England now employs about forty thousand people, because the article, being cheap, is of universal use.

Working Man's Companion.

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.
SPRING.

Young William was wishing for spring, and was told
He perhaps ne'er would see it again;
And it grieved him to think he ne'er more would be
hold
The fields and the woods their fair blossoms unfold,
Adorning the lull and the plain.

But spring came again, with its nourishing showers,
And enlivening heat of the sun—
The beautiful birds sang among the green bowers—
The bee and the butterfly ranged through the flowers,
And it seemed like a new world begun.

"O why did you tell me," he earnestly cried,
"Spring never to me might return?"
"Because like the leaves of last year," I replied,
"It was possible you might have sickened and died,
And left us your exit to mourn."

"But could not that voice that awakens the flowers
Recall me again from the grave?"
"Yes, the author of their weak existence and ours,
Who the warm stream of life through the universe pours,
From the depths of destruction can save."

"For God to his creatures in mercy is rich;
And to lead us to mansions of joy,
He lessons from Nature hath placed within reach
Of our daily and hourly observance, to teach
We are immortal, and never can die."

ON MISSIONARIES.

I love to see Great Britain stretch
From east to west, her empire's wings,
Because her missions fly to teach
The worship of the King of Kings.

Constrained by love, and clothed with zeal,
They rush through danger, woe and pain,
The law of kindness to reveal;
In lands where cruelty doth reign—

In lands where moral darkness broods,
Fomenting vice in the soul,
And rank corruption's boiling floods
Throughout the savage bosom roll.

Go ye swift messengers of love,
To unlightened nations go—
Proclaim His power who reigns above,
Yet passed on earth a life of woe.

He died on earth that man may live,
The life that angels do in heaven—
The triumphs none but God can give,
Are to his humble followers given.

By this we know the Almighty hand
That rules all nature, is their guide:
They will not rest till every land
Is with the light of life supplied.

By this we know the Saviour's foes
Will soon their malice see with shame,
And melt away like summer snows,
Or perish like the wasted flame.

But joy awaits that matchless band
Whose lives are to their God resign'd,

Who join together heart and hand,
To bless and to improve mankind.

Lord, of their number let us be,
And of their toils give us a part—
Our souls desire to come to thee,
Who giv'st the pure, benevolent heart.

From a recently published volume of Poems.
By Wm. P. Brown.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent,
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest,
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played,
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee,
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers; where they grew 'neath
beams

Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue stream;—
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam
Why, O mother: did he leave his home?

"Calm thy young thoughts my own fair child!
The fancier of youth and age are beguiled;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be;

"For he knew that those with whom he had played
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shed—
Whose love he shared when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where faint with his pale rain never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild;
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

ON A WAVE.

This little briny curl
That laves the weedy strand,
And scatters liquid pearl
On the bosom of the sand?

Did late with fury swell,
And dash its foaming spray,
While lofty timbers fell
To winds and waves a prey.

Now, soft as summer airs,
The murmur gently dim,
While the next wave prepares
Successively to rise.

Life is a changing scene,
If now our lot be woe:
To-morrow all serene
Our peaceful hours may flow.