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# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscuris jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 13.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, October 26, 1831.

Vol. 1.

## THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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## BIOGRAPHY.

### The Progress of Genius.

FROM 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.

THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

DR. CHALMERS was born (about fifty years ago) in a small borough of Austruther-Wester, in the county of Fife. That borough and the neighbouring one of Austruther-Raster have always had a soul of literature. The Doctor's father was a clothier and draper, a man of the most exemplary piety, of well informed mind, of great liberality of sentiment and the most delightful manners.

From his earliest years Dr Chalmers was enthusiastically fond of reading, so that when a little boy, in the chimney-corner with his book, he got the name of "the minister," not from any view of his future profession, but from his delight being in books. At the same time he was a most active and energetic boy, and when he did enter into sports he took the lead. In very early life indeed that restless activity of mind, and that determination to seize and to master all subjects, even the most contrary, which has enabled him to do so much more than almost any other man of his time, were abundantly conspicuous. His progress at school was rapid; he went early to college, and, while but a youth, he did the duty of mathematical professor. Though above the average, his attainments in classical literature were not very great. The bent of his mind lay more towards subjects of which the practical application was more obvious. He was a mathematician, a natural philosopher, and, though there was no regular professor of that science at St. Andrews, a chemist.

About the close of the last century he was admitted to orders, and soon after went to assist the Rev. Dr. Charteris, a venerable and eminent preacher near the border. Some years after this the College of St. Andrews appointed him to the Church of Kilmenny, where he sat about the discharge of his duties with great energy; but he was not very popular at the outset. This arose, in part, from the want of mental correspondence between the inhabitants of a country parish and a man of so much energy as their pastor, and partly from that very energy itself. He had the utmost dislike of gossiping, cared not much for forms of rustic politeness, and could not find half occupation for his time in his parochial labours. Accordingly, he took

to a number of other avocations he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects, he became an officer of a volunteer corps, and he wrote a book on the resources of the country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day, and when the Edinburgh Encyclopaedia was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity," which he afterwards completed with so much ability. These supplemental avocations had nothing improper in them, and yet they were not usual among the Doctor's professional brethren, who generally filled up the intervals of their time in visiting and conversations, but the event has shown that, instead of the mental activity which Chalmers thus kept up being injurious to the very highest theological powers, they have been the chief means of developing them. And, though there be not much merit in publishing a prophecy after the event, it was in these very causes of want of village popularity, that the friends of Dr. Chalmers placed their new hopes of the eminence to which he would rise.

Even then, he was a most wonderful man. All life and energy, he was here, there, and everywhere, both bodily & mentally. Mathematics, botany, conchology, astronomy, politics, political economy, theology, polemics,—he was at them all; and yet his most intimate friends hardly knew when he studied. Indeed the whole of his progress seemed more like the inspiration of heaven, than that of any other man that we ever know or heard of. Mention a new subject to him, with which you had made yourself familiar, and a week after he would beat you upon it; the cause seemed to be this, he did not plod over books, and become the retailer of recorded opinions. He thought himself, so: every one with whom he met thinking, and then generalized the whole. We have often been quite astonished at the quantity of information which we had acquired during a few hours conversation with Chalmers, upon a subject of which neither of us knew much at the outset.

As a friend, his attachment and disinterestedness were unbounded, but he had a great dislike to forms, and though he was very hospitable, his friends very often found him with an empty larder. One day three or four friends called on him; he was just setting out for Edinburgh, but insisted on their dining with him, which was readily agreed to. After giving old Effie (Euphemia) who was the whole of his establishment, her orders, they all set down to that combination of information and glee, which shortens time most, by actually lengthening it in pleasure and utility. Dinner was soon announced, and two large covered dishes, with a smoking plate of potatoes between, appeared on the table. "Gentlemen," said Chalmers, under this cover there is hard fish from Dundee, and under that cover there is hard fish from St. Andrew's, take your choice." We have been at many and various feasts, but we have seldom enjoyed an evening like that one.

Sometimes there was not even hard fish, but still there was a resource. We have seen John Bouthron's "kail pot," broth, beef, and all, brought over to the manse—we have helped to bring it. John was a retired farmer, a very plain and a very pleasant old man.

We mention these traits in the character of Dr. Chalmers, as a most effectual means of refuting and reproving those persons who maintain that formality of department is essential to eminence, more especially to clerical eminence,—as if dulness were the badge of intellect. Here was the most effective preacher that the age has produced, as innocent certainly, but at the same time as playful as a child. Nor must it be supposed that he was not the same great man and great preacher then as now. Even in his every-day sermons which he called "short-handers," from their being written in short hand on a slip of paper about double the size of a playing card, there were chains of reasoning, and bursts of imagination and feeling, which we have seldom seen equalled, and never excelled. They were done in no time too; for after a morning's

ramble among the rocks and woods in the north of Fife, we have seen him compose a whole sermon in half an hour—aye, in less. Some of his most choice orations were composed thus, as for instance, the matchless charity sermon from the text, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor,"—a sermon in which the line between genuine charity, and ostentatious alms-giving which so often usurps its place, is more clearly marked than in any other composition with which we are acquainted. To mention the good ones would only be to give a list; there are degrees of excellence; but we never heard a sermon, or even a remark of Chalmers, in which there was not some indication of genius—some touch of the hand of a master.

We shall never forget the arch face of a jolly farmer, and the observation that he made to us upon leaving the church one Sunday. The sermon is throughout an argument for temperance, and if we mistake not, it was composed as a college exercise. The text was, "Look not on the wine when it is red in the cup; for it shall bite as a serpent and sting as an adder." The opening is a very glowing and graphic delineation of the seductions of bacchanalian indulgence; and it began with these words: "There is a pleasure, my brethren, in the progress of intoxication." As we were moving along the churchyard path, the farmer said, "I'm thinking the minister and you have been taking a glass extra last night; for he gives the same account that I myself could have given fifty times."

It was not in the nature of things that a man possessing such talents could remain in concealment. The people began to understand and relish his sermons; some speeches that he made in the General Assembly attracted the notice both of the clergy and the Scottish barristers, many of whom attended the annual convocations of the kirk in the capacity of ruling elders. From these and a number of other circumstances, the popularity of Dr. Chalmers was waxing apace, when about the year 1811 a severe and protracted malady had nearly put an end to all his labours. His constitution never had been of that confirmed strength which a mind of so restless energies would have required; and probably he had exposed himself to fatigue and the inclemency of the weather, in a way which one, who thought less about his mind and more about his body, would have avoided. He was attacked by a very severe and obstinate liver complaint, for the removal of which the administration of a great deal of mercury became necessary. The disease was subdued, but before his system had recovered the requisite tone, he resumed his labours, and having exposed himself to cold, the disease returned with more inveteracy and obstinacy than ever. So alarming was the relapse that his physician had to resort to the boldest means of treatment, and what with the disease, and what with the means of cure, he presented for months a spectacle of physical exhaustion which we believe that no man of weaker mind could have survived. In the agony of pain, in the exhaustion of nature, and almost in the absence of hope, the firmness and placidity, nay the cheerfulness of his temper never forsook him; and when we have sat by the side of his bed or his couch, in that gloomy mood which steals over one on such occasions, some bright saying, which came but in a half articulated whisper, has compelled us to laugh, at the same time that the undiminished force and lustre of his mind, amid a physical wreck so nearly total, affording a very strong argument for mental immortality. We have seen Dr. Chalmers in many attitudes, in the glee of social enjoyment, in the sublimity of science, and in the terrible power of a Christian orator, but we are not sure that we ever saw him more truly in the character of a great man, than when, to all appearances, the scale of life was doubtful, and his friends were trembling for his fate. Since that time he has come more before the world, and commanded admiration from quarters which he then little thought of, but physically, he has never been the same man; and

mentally, though his experience has been enlarged, his powers did not admit of enlargement.

Remainder in our Next.

### NARRATIVE.

#### THE STORY OF LA ROCHE; OR, THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

[Extracted from an Alpine Tale.—Suggested by Fact.]

(Concluded.)

"While occupations at once so profitable and pleasing were granted to us in our domestic circle, limited though it was, it will easily be believed that we had not a wish beyond it. Yet the duties of religion and humanity often called us to minister to the temporal and spiritual necessities of our tenantry and others; and it was to us a subject of thankfulness and gratitude, that we were permitted the high privilege of relieving the wants of our fellow-creatures, and pouring balm into their wounds. The poorest outcast at our door was still a human being with passions and feelings similar to our own, and we considered nothing that regarded him as foreign to ourselves. While we beheld him, therefore, we could say, and sympathize with him accordingly,

'Is he not man by sin and suffering tried?  
Is he not man, for whom the Saviour died?

Thus, in one even, uninterrupted stream of happiness—of happiness such as falls to the lot of few—time advanced, until our Emily had completed her seventeenth year. But if He who knows our frame, and provides what is best for us, occasionally allow us consolations in our pilgrimage, he yet seldom lets his children remain long without some memorial that they are 'strangers in the earth.' He sees it requisite that we should oftentimes go mourning as we journey to the heavenly Canaan, lest we should be too much inclined to take up our residence in 'this waste, howling wilderness.' My amiable partner, it is true, with that mixture of reproof and affection which she could employ with such inimitable delicacy, frequently reminded me, when I spoke of the felicity which was the portion of my cup, that 'this was not my rest.'—'Remember, Claude,' she would mildly say to me, 'the hand that bestows our comforts, when we lean on them with too ardent an attachment, generally withdraws them, lest they should prove detrimental to our eternal interests. Did not God remove the best-beloved of the wives of Jacob, and deprive him, at least for a long and painful season, of his favourite son? No, dearest Claude, set not your heart too much on me and on your child.'

"At this period our daughter was almost too fair, too perfect, to be human; and we more than once expressed our mutual apprehensions (and, O may a fond and bereaved father be pardoned for calling them *apprehensions!*) that she was ripening too fast for a better world to be permitted to sojourn much longer in this. We felt as if the Lord was preparing her for himself. But it was the appointment of Him who 'doeth all things well.'" Here the eyes of the venerable sufferer filled. He stopped for a moment wiped the tears as they flowed along his furrowed cheeks; and, with a sigh that excited the deepest commiseration, resumed his narrative. "Sorrow, it has been observed, seldom comes unattended. Yet, if

the truth of the remark has been justified, too forcibly justified, in me, should I not bow in submission to the will of Him, 'without' whom not even a sparrow falleth to the ground? If my affections were too closely entwined around created things, they were soon to be torn away from me, and I was to be left without a support, without a refuge to cling to, but the hand which held the rod that brushed me.

"It was towards the end of that autumn in which, 'by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,' we had commemorated the seventeenth return of the day which had brought us such an augmentation to our happiness, and such an addition also to our anxieties, that my wife and daughter, invited by the serenity of the evening, wandered to a considerable distance from our abode. That department of the province in which the mansion of my fathers stood, was peculiarly beautiful. Diversified with wood and water, hill and dale, it was a spot almost where angels,

'Sate down on errands of supernal love.'

might not refuse to dwell; and in, perhaps, the fairest part of it my domain was situated. Upon the banks of a river which bounded it in that direction, and rolled its clear wave peacefully along, my Amelia, who had much taste for rural improvements, had had a walk constructed which commanded a view of some of the most picturesque scenery in Alsace; and here it was that she and my child lingered on that memorable night. Their conversation, as they mutually told me afterwards, was so interesting, and their meditations so sweet, in looking forward to a world where nothing that is carnal shall enter, where the intercourse of the redeemed shall be unbroken as unalloyed, and where the pang of parting shall never more be felt, that they forgot the dews were falling heavily, and that they were already far from home. O, the recollection harrows up this icy heart! But was it not needful, and shall I repine. Before they reached our dwelling, the star of evening had long sunk beneath the horizon, and the chill damps of night, whitening about their path, were reflected in the moon-beam, whose peculiar paleness seemed to presage some impending calamity.

"On our arrival we put Emily to bed, and administered such simple medicines as were beside us, and had before been found effectual as preventives. For some days no unpleasant symptoms appeared, and we were willing to flatter ourselves that no injurious consequences would result; but it had been otherwise ordained. Shortly after, she complained of a pain in her chest, which was attended with a cough. Her breathing became difficult, and a hectic flush overspread her fair cheek. But it is unnecessary to detail the particulars of her advancing disorder. Enough to say, it baffled the skill of her physicians; and we were compelled, however reluctantly, to think our beautiful blossom drooping to the grave. As a gentle flower, she was rified by the unseasonable blast, and fading when its loveliness was only beginning to expand. Her meek humility, her pious resignation, and her lively hope, were indeed edifying to us all; and constrained us, in the midst of our affliction, to glorify God on her behalf. Not a murmur ever escaped her lips; and we were aware of her sufferings only by the remedies which she requested might be applied at inter-

vals for momentary relief. And, O how often would she try to comfort us, pointing our anticipations to a scene where we should ere long be reunited, never to part again!

"Scarcely had we beheld the sun of her morning (and it was 'a morning without clouds') when her day declined, and went down—still serene indeed, but O how soon! In a few months, our Emily was no more. Her life had been one of early and singular devotedness to her heavenly Master; and her heart was truly peace. Consoled we were by the assurance that we should go to her though she would not return to us, yet the stroke could not but be severe which bereft us of the delight of our eye and the centre of all our earthly attractions. But I was still further to be made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men. Her mother, who, though nineteen fleeting years had shared alike my sorrows and my joy—she, whose tender affection had brightened many a gloomy moment, whose converse had so often cheered me in seasons of dispondency, and whose counsel I had found so sweet—my Amelia—was soon to be taken from me also.

"Though aware of the danger she incurred by her unremitting attendance on her dying child, as there was already a predisposition in her frame to the same fatal disease, I felt it would be more than cruel to withhold this last melancholy gratification from her maternal solicitude. The seeds of decline were laid; and hardly had we followed Emily to the tomb, when my beloved wife was attacked in a similar manner. The symptoms, from the first, were of the most alarming nature, and we mutually foresaw that the hour of our separation was at hand. O these were the billows! 'floods of great waters!' But I had an arm to lean on which was able to sustain me, else they had assuredly gone over my soul!

"As the winter was approaching, I proposed removing with her to a milder climate. Not that I had any expectation she would derive material benefit from the change; but I was willing to do whatever was recommended as affording the distant possibility of her restoration to health. No persuasions, however, could induce her to consent to leave a spot which had been so deeply endeared to her. It had been the witness of her most delightful enjoyments, as of her bitterest sorrows; and she wished, with submission to the divine will, to die where her Emily had died, and to sleep beside her in the same grave. She was conscious, indeed, that there was no prospect of her recovery, and that human aid was vain. The journey, besides alarmed her; and she was afraid that she might either sink under the fatigue, or be obliged to stop by the way, where she might want many comforts which she had at home, and which her situation so much required. But, to be brief, I soon lost my last tie to a miserable world. All my fondest hopes had been withered in the bud; and I was left as a blasted oak, which still lifts its riven head to the 'stormy wind and tempest,' amid the surrounding desolation of the forest. I stood in solitude, and alone. I had none to sympathize with me—none to weep over my distress—no friendly hand to uphold my tottering steps. And this—here the old man raised his eyes, bedewed with tender recollections—"this, if memory do not fail me, is the anniversary of that mournful

event, which deprived me of her I loved in life and lament in death. It was on this day—a day, such has been the will of Heaven, I shall always honour, and account sacred to regret; it was on this day my Amelia died! O, 'the iron entered into my soul!'

"My home now became insupportable. Though enabled, I trust, to adore in humility the Power which had winged the 'arrows that stuck fast in me,' I could no longer endure the scenes among which I had passed so many happy hours. I left them accordingly, and purchased a small estate in a part of the Confederacy where every thing was in unison with my feelings. My change of sentiments had already created me numerous enemies, who hated me without a cause and though sincerely attached to my ill-fated King, and my still more unhappy country, I was marked by one and all for destruction. No sooner, consequently, was it rumored that I had withdrawn from France than my domains were confiscated; and the revolution breaking out shortly after, I was pursued by the unrelenting malice of my persecutors even to my Alpine retreat.

"In the secrecy of this lonely retirement, I had hoped to be permitted to end my days in peace. What I had saved from the wreck of my property I had laid out in little embellishments suitable to the place; and it had gradually become, under my fostering care, all that a pilgrim, fast approaching the confines of the everlasting habitations, could desire. But it was as the good pleasure of my heavenly Father's will that I should again be a wanderer; and I was driven homeless and helpless, bending beneath the accumulating pressure of years and sorrows, on a cruel and un pitying world." Here emotion for an instant prevented articulation; but quickly recovering himself, he proceeded: "And now I am poor, and an exile, without a shelter, and without a friend. But if my sinking pulse does not deceive me, my trials are hastening to a long, an eternal close. O, in this hour, I would bless that mercy which has allowed me, and kiss the rod that has chastened me so sore; A gracious and faithful Creator saw I required to be weaned from the things of time, and he did not withhold correction; and now 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and that I shall soon be beyond the reach of affliction. Yes, I know in whom I have believed, and"—but he could speak no more. His eyes uplifted, and the sweet serenity of his raptured visage, told them what he would have said.

So lively had been the interest which the family had felt in the affecting story of their guest, that it was some time before they could persuade themselves it was concluded. Still accompanying in imagination the aged sufferer through his joys and griefs, they thought they were yet vibrating on their ears. But the were awakened from the mournfully-pleasing dream by a sudden alteration in his countenance. They had perceived his voice frequently faltering during the course of his narrative, and had been uneasy lest he should be overcome by the relief; but they could not prevail upon themselves to interrupt him, so warmly had they participated in the sad reality of his misfortunes. He had not long ceased to speak, however, when they were alarmed by a striking change in his appearance; and while their eyes were fixed on

him in anxious expectation, he fell back in his chair, as if the vital spark had fled. Every thing that the most tender sympathy could dictate, was done to minister to his relief; but the powers of nature were exhausted, and it quickly became apparent that the tide of life was ebbing never to set in again.

Mary, from the moment of his arrival, had been unremitting in her attentions to the venerable stranger, and, particularly attracting his observation, had more than once received from him a grateful acknowledgment of her assiduous though unassuming kindness. Desirous of testifying his regard, he now called her over to him as he lay breathing with difficulty on the bed, and, putting into her hand a small parcel, said, "Let its precepts dwell in thee richly. When thou goest, they shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, they shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, they shall talk with thee." He would have continued, but his lips quivered, unable to articulate; and he swooned away in the arms of Du Blesne. Though he could never speak very audibly afterwards, they heard him ejaculate at intervals, "Lord, remember me!"—"My flesh and my heart are failing; but thou art my portion for ever."—"Washed in the blood of the lamb, I will fear no evil!"—"Redeemed by thee, what do I not owe thee, thou Saviour of sinners?"—"In thy presence is fullness of joy." And, just before he bade adieu to a world where he seemed to have drunk of the bitter portion of his Master's cup—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" after which his features settled into a placid smile, and his spirit returned to Him who gave it.

So deep was the impression which this solemn scene had left on the minds of all who witnessed it, that they remained kneeling beside the bed on which the pale corps of their now-sainted visitor was stretched until the rising sun, breaking into the room, and tinging that blanched cheek which was never again to be moistened with a tear reminded them that it was the chamber of death. A few decent preparations, such as the season allowed of, and their unostentatious affection prompted, were made for the interment; and, on a little eminence that rose in the middle of the glen, they committed the body with sorrow—but not with a sorrow that "would not be comforted"—to the ground.

Here they planted a few willows, interspersed with yew, to weep over his grave, and called it "La Roche's Rest." These trees, now beginning to decay, still mark the sweetly-solitary spot; and the pious peasant as he conducts "the wanderer of the Alps," forgets not to relate the instructive and affecting story and to point to where "the good man" sleeps.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cheap Magazine.  
THE ROAD TO RICHES.

Continued.

II. Having now said so much in recommendation of an industrious habit, I shall proceed to point out the method by which you may choose a situation in which you are most likely to succeed; the effectual way of doing this is by paying particular attention to the following admonitory adages.

"Stretch your arm no farther than your sleeve will reach;" because, "by climbing step by step, the ladder is ascended;" whereas, "he who would

be rich in one year is generally hanged in six months!" and, on the other hand, "a wise man aims at nothing beyond his reach." These being axioms of acknowledged authenticity, ought to be strictly adhered to; at the same time teaching you to "be humble in your choice, and moderate in your desires;" recollecting, as Pope says, that

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

And lest by soaring too far above your capacity or circumstances, you meet your ruin like the ambitious tortoise, in the Fables of Æsop, who petitioned two wild ducks to carry him up into the air, that he might see foreign countries, when opening his mouth to express his surpris at what he beheld, he lost his hold, and falling down, was dashed to pieces on the ground; and and thus his vanity proved the means of his destruction.

III. Supposing now, that you have fixed your mind, and settled in some useful calling, I would recommend you to "stick fast by whatsoever situation you are placed in;" for, as the proverb says, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," and "one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" meaning by this, "you are sure of the place you possess, but you are not certain of getting another, or even so good a one if you once leave it;" besides, "credit lost, or character lost, is like broken glass," when once broken not to be mended; which proves the old saying, "get a bad name and go hang yourself;" whereas, on the other hand, "get a good name and you may lie in bed till noon."

IV. The way to obtain a good name, the value of which is so evidently set forth above, is by constant application to business, and to "refrain from vices of all descriptions;" foremost on the list of which stand "drinking and gaming, the pernicious effects of which are always felt by those who indulge in them; beware of these as you respect your reputation, and avoid them as certain ruin," being detrimental to all kinds of business, because a man in that situation can do nothing; and you must remember "if you would have your business well done, do it yourself, if not, make your servant do it for you;" and again, "he that would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself;" for as "diligence is the mother of good luck, so "misfortune is the darling daughter of idleness;" & again "do you keep your shop & your shop will keep you;" & "always be found in your business if you would keep your customers;" also, "love your business and be not in haste to leave it when your presence does not appear to be longer necessary;" for, "he who does a thing himself, hath a mind to have it done; but he who sends another, cares little about it."

These things I would wish you to notice the more particularly, as, "from carelessness proceedeth bankruptcy and loss of credit;" because it is but just to conclude "people will not trust their good to those whom they see squander them away, and regard not their property;" for "no man can account that his own which he never paid for;" and besides, "creditors have better memories than debtors, and are a superstitious race, great observers of set days and times;" for in all commercial transactions "credit is punctuality and punctuality is wealth, and "the word of a merchant is his bond;" and again, "he who pays by the shilling, keeps his own house & other men's also;"

and "he who pays his debts, begins to make a stock;" for, "he who pays well is master of every body's purse; & it is really a true saying, "he is a rich man who owes nothing;" and again, as Pope says.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

V. By attending to the following precepts of wisdom, and avoiding what is pointed out as wrong therein, you may not only gain the honourable character of an honest man, so much to be esteemed by all ranks, and be able to pay your debts, but you may also be able to "lay up riches against the winter of old age," a consideration of such importance that it should always be in your memory and the realising of it your first care.

1. "Riches being the reward of frugality and industry," "sweep your own doors for seven years after you begin trade, and in twice seven years you may ride in your carriage."

2. "Drive thy business, let not thy business drive thee;" but rather, "always do what you must do to day, and do not leave it till to-morrow."

3. Recollect, that "he who loses an hour in bed in the morning, is employed all the rest of the day in running after it;" so that "he who lays long in bed, pays for the indulgence in his estate."

The slighting of these maxims has been the ruin of many.

VI. I shall also proffer you my advice in respect to carefulness.—In the first place, you must understand, that "want of care does more damage that want of knowledge;" and also, that "good fortune only comes to him who takes care to win her;" and again, "he who would make a door of gold, must drive a nail every day."

And, in the second place, you must know, that "he who gets does much, but he who keeps does more;" as "wealth is not his who gets it, but his who carefully enjoys it;" because, "all is not safe nor won that is put in the purse." An extravagant man is always lavishing away his money as quickly as he gets it, thus verifying the old adage, "a fool and his money is soon parted."

In the third place remember, that "a penny saved is twice got;" and that "most fortunes were saved, not got;" and it is evident "he that doth not mind small things, will never get a great deal;" for "he that makes no reckoning of a penny will never be worth sixpence;" and again, "he who will take no pains, will never build a house three stories high."

VII. As to the profits charged on goods, these are various as the commodities exposed to sale, and the extent of the profit is according to the utility or nature of the goods. The merchant being satisfied with a moderate gain on such things as are really necessary to existence, those things being accounted sure selling articles; but on any fancy article not actually needful to the preservation or comfort of life, he charges a higher or extra profit, as judging it a risk to keep those things, and also to pay him the interest of the money he lies out of whilst they are on hand, most articles of that kind being valuable.

To advise on that point is not my intention, conceiving you to be most able to judge for yourselves on so nice a case; only, as there are some persons who indeed go 'beyond the mark,' it is on this head I beg leave to advise. In this case it is

better to "live and let live," for you will find by experience through course of time that "light gains make a heavy purse," by dealing in "quick returns and small profits;" and sooner "prefer loss to unjust gains;" for it is always the case "he who thinks to cheat another, cheats himself;" and in giving trust, as "short credit makes long friends," so

"Ready money joins the hands  
Of men in friendship's social bands."

VIII. In trade "always venture a small fish to catch a great one," for "nothing venture, nothing won;" but venture not all in one bottom, lest that speculation failing might involve you in ruin, because, "that which is bought cheap is often the dearest;" for should the prices of these articles by the fluctuating of the market fall lower than what you purchased them at, by that event you become a considerable loser, which verifies the adage.—This is more particularly applied to the speculating on and hoarding up of goods, in the idea of an advancement in their prices and sale.

IX. Concerning the expenses in living, "spend every day a penny less than your clear gain;" for, "it is better to live on a little, than outlive a great deal;" and again, "better go to bed supperless than rise in debt," because you may rest assured, "he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing;" as "he that borrows must pay again, either with shame or loss," for, "he that borrows a hundred pounds at interest, in fourteen years must pay double;" and conversely, "he that lends a hundred pounds at interest, in fourteen years will receive double."

X. Respecting your behaviour and deportment to those with whom you may transact business, "obliging language costs little and does much good;" besides, "a civil word is as soon said as a rude one," and "a man's hat in his hand never did him harm."

In the opinion of the genteel orders of society, "his manners makes the man." This I would advise you to keep in view; for as nothing pleases a person of sense more than politeness and affability, neither does any thing offend him more than an arrogant and haughty demeanour.

XI. Be careful in business "never to sign a writing till you have read it;" & always "receive your money before you give a receipt, but take a receipt before you pay."

By attending to and fulfilling these adages and maxims, you may save yourselves both trouble and money; for many are the losses that occur daily for want of punctual regard to these excellent axioms.

XII. And to conclude, I offer you, my juvenile friends, the following rules to be observed by you, and then farewell!

If rich be not elated; if poor be not dejected.  
In good fortune be moderate; in bad prudent.  
In friendship be faithful—to anger slow.  
In business be attentive, and to idleness an avowed enemy.

#### DAWN OF GENIUS.

Dr. Brown.—It is a singular coincidence, that the two individuals who have been most celebrated for their attempts to extend the knowledge of animal nature, should have been both natives of Scotland, and that each should have been put to a coarse mechanical employment—John Brown (the Physician) to the trade of a

weaver, and John Hunter (the Anatomist) that of a carpenter or wheelwright.

Young Brown early discovered uncommon talents. His aptitude for improvement induced his parents, after having fruitlessly bound his apprentice to a weaver, to change his destination. He was accordingly sent to a grammar school, where he studied with great ardour and success. Indeed, he was at that time regarded as a prodigy, and his application was so intense that he was seldom without a book in his hand. The means of his education were raised by his own industry, and he became a reaper of corn to procure for himself the means of improvement. With the price of such labour he purchased himself to school, where his abilities and ardour attracted the notice of his master, and procure him the place of assistant. He first directed his studies to divinity, but soon changed that for physic, in which he afterwards became so eminent, as to found a system, called, in honour of him, "The Brunonian System."

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst; for which we must all account, when time shall be no more.

There are but very few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

There is nothing that so much engages our affections to this world, as the want of consideration how soon we are to leave it.

#### POETRY.

##### THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

1 Kings, xix. 11.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord passeth by;  
The mountains are reeling, the tempest is nigh;  
The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are o'ercast,  
But the Lord of the Prophet is not in the blast.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord, He is near,  
The earth it is reeling, all nature's in fear;  
The earthquake's approaching with terrible force,  
But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the storm.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord is in ire;  
The smoke is ascending, the mount is on fire;  
O say, is Jehovah revealing His name?  
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the flame.

He cometh, He cometh, the tempest is o'er,  
He is come, neither tempest nor storm shall be more,  
All nature reposes, earth, ocean, and sky,  
Are still as the voice that descends from on high.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,  
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease,  
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,  
"Come hither ye laden—ye weary draw near."

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,  
There's a home for the homeless, prepared in the skies,  
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,  
That the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

O had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,  
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky,  
Where the still and small breathing to earth  
was given,  
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus  
heaven.