

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurés et/ou pelliculés

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>			

# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscurnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 38.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, April 18, 1832.

Vol. 1.

## JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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

### CONDITIONS.

Five shillings per Annum, delivered in Town, and three shillings and three pence, when sent to the country by mail, half-yearly in advance.

When not paid half yearly in advance, seven shillings and six pence will be charged.

Any person ordering five copies will be reckoned Agent, and shall receive a copy gratis.

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

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### The Progress of Genius

FROM OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EMINENCE AND CELEBRITY.

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

#### URSUS, (NICOLAS-RAYMANUS.)

The famous Danish Mathematician, was in youth a Swine herd, and did not learn to read till he was eighteen; but his progress afterwards was very rapid both in the languages and sciences.

From Strasburgh, where he taught mathematics, he was invited to the professorship at Prague, and he is said to have invented an astronomical system so like that of Tycho BRAHE, to bring him into a dispute with that astronomer respecting the right of discovery.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE GNOC.

Among the interesting varieties of animals in South Africa, the Gnoc holds a distinguished place. It is so different in its form from other beasts, that some persons have doubted the reality of its existence; and a few years ago, a gentleman of high rank and judgment gave it as his opinion, that the figure of the gnoc, instead of being a portrait drawn from nature, was a creature entirely of the artist's imagination. No doubt can, however, now be entertained on the subject, as one of these animals was for some time in the menagerie of the Prince of Orange at the Hague. The following account of its history and habits is extracted from Mr. Barrow's tour in Southern Africa.

The gnoc, or wild beast, so called by the Dutch, is the swiftest beast that ranges the plains of Africa; so swift indeed, that a traveller has always an opportunity of getting it into his possession. Nature, though regular and system-

atic in all her works, often puzzles and perplexes human systems, of which this animal affords an instance. In the shape of its body it evidently partakes of the horse, the ox, the stag, and the antelope: the shoulder, body, thighs, and mane are equine; the head completely bovine; the tail partly one and partly the other, exactly like that of the quacha; the legs, from the knee-joints downwards, and the feet, are slender and elegant, like those of the stag; and it has the subocular sinus, which is common to most, though not to all, of the antelope tribe.

Its head is about eighteen inches long; the upper part completely guarded by the rugged roots of the horns that spread across the forehead, leaving only a narrow channel between them, that wears out with age, as in the instance of the buffalo; the horns project forwards twelve inches, then turn in a short curve backwards ten inches; from the root to the point is only nine inches; down the middle of the face grows a ridge of black hair four inches in length; and from the under lip to the throat another ridge somewhat longer: the orbit of the eye is round, and surrounded by long white hairs that, like so many radii, diverge, and form a kind of star: this radiated eye gives to the animal a fierce and very uncommon look. The same sort of white vibrissae are thinly dispersed over the lips: the neck is little more than a foot long: on the upper part is a mane extending beyond the shoulders, erect, and five inches in length; the hair like bristles, black in the middle and white on each side; this mane appears as if it had been cut and trimmed with nice attention; the body is about three feet two inches long; the joints of the hip-bones project high, and form on the haunches a pair of hemispheres: the tail is two feet long, flat near the root, where the hair only grows out of the sides; this is white, bristly, and bushy: the whole length from the point of the nose to the end of the tail, seven feet ten inches, and the height three feet six inches; the color is that of a mouse, with a few ferruginous straggling hairs on the sides: like the mare, it has only two teats; and all its habits and its motions are equine; though a small animal, it appears of a very considerable size when prancing over the plains. The Gnoc might be considered an emblem of freedom, with the means of supporting it. Strength, swiftness, weapons of defence a nice nose, and a quick sight, it eminently possesses. When they happen to be disturbed, the whole herd begin to draw together, and to butt each other with their horns, to bound and play their various gambols; after which they gallop off to a distance. Their motions are extremely free, varied, and elegant. Though fierce and vicious, as it certainly is in its wild state, yet it probably might not be very difficult of domestication. No successful attempts, however, have yet been made to tame it. The flesh is so like that of an ox, both in appearance and taste, that it is not to be distinguished from it.

Monthly Repository.

## HISTORY.

### HOLY LAND—BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem is situated at the distance of six miles from JERUSALEM, in a fine country, blest with a salubrious air, and abundant fertility. The water is conveyed in a low aqueduct which formerly passed to Jerusalem. The FONS SIGNATUS is a charming spring, yielding a constant supply of water to three large cisterns, one of which is still in good preservation. At a small distance from these, a beautiful rivulet called the DELICIE SOLOMONIS laves the herbage of the valley, and fertilizes several fine gardens, while the circumjacent soil is richly clothed with an elegant assemblage of fig-trees, vines and olives.

Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the House of Bread, from Abraham; and it was surnamed *Ep'rala*, the Fruitful, after Caleb's wife, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem, in the tribe of Zebulun. It belonged to the tribe of Judah; and also went by the name of the City of David, that monarch having there been born, and tended sheep in his childhood. Abijah, the seventh judge of Israel, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, and Boaz, were, like David, natives of Bethlehem, and here must be placed the scene of the admirable eclogue of Ruth. St Matthias the apostle, also received life in the village of Bethlehem.

The convent is connected with the church by a court inclosed with lofty walls. This court leads by a small side-door into the church. The edifice is certainly of high antiquity, and, though often repaired, it still retains marks of its Grecian origin. On the pavement at the foot of the altar you observe a marble star, which corresponds, as tradition asserts, with the point of the heavens where the miraculous star that conducted the three kings became stationary. The Greeks occupy the choir of the Magi, as well as the two other naves formed by the transform of the cross. These last are empty, and without altars. Two spiral staircases, each composed of fifteen steps, open on the sides of the outer church, and conduct to the subterraneous church situated beneath this choir. At the farther extremity of the crypt, on the east side, is the spot where tradition reports the Virgin to have brought forth the Redeemer of Mankind. This spot is marked by a white marble, incrustated with jasper, and surrounded by a circle of silver, having rays resembling those with which the sun is represented. Around it are inscribed these words:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA  
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

At the distance of seven paces towards the south after you have passed the foot of one of the staircases leading to the upper church, you find the Manger. You go down to it by two steps, for it is not upon a level with the rest of the crypt. It is a low recess, hewn out of the rock. A block of white marble, raised about a foot above the floor, and hollowed in the form of

a manger, indicates, the spot where our Saviour was laid upon straw.

Two paces farther, opposite to the manger, stands an altar, which occupies the place where Mary sat when she presented the Child of Sorrow to the adoration of the Magi.

Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite sentiments of devotion, than this subterraneous church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. These pictures represent the mysteries of the place, the Virgin and Child, after Raphael, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Coming of the Shepherds, and all the miracles of mingled grandeur and innocence. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense is continually smoking before the cradle of the Saviour.

The grotto of the Nativity leads to the subterraneous chapel, where tradition places the sepulchre of the Innocents: "Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying: In Rama was there a voice heard," &c.

*Monthly Repository*

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Kingston Gazette and Religious Advocate.

GLENWARREN.—*A Tale for Youth.*

I am now old; three score years and ten is the time allotted to man; I have seen them and even more; years, long years of trouble have they been to me;—but I will pass over the various incidents of my life in quiet, one excepting, which I must relate—It is a tale of horror; and a tale of woe: listen to it. It was of that age when the young man is first his own master, rich affluent and haughty, hated by some, professed to be loved by others, those particularly who had often witnessed the sumptuousness of my table: and were the more on its account attached to me, than owing to any good qualification of my person. I had always about me a faithful servant, who much exceeded his master in villainy and crime, and has since ended this life as a murderer, on the gallows. His name, if the recollection of an old man does not fail was Edward, at any rate I shall so call him, and by that name introduce him to my reader. It was in an obscure village that I lived, and where I might now also have been had not the demon of wickedness found so easy an access to my soul.

The clergyman of the village was a good old man, and much loved by the country people who inhabited round about. He had an only daughter, young and lovely as the wild flowers that grew on the large green in front of the dwelling, and innocent as the young fawn that sported on the forest. I knew her, I loved her, but she returned not my love with equal fervour. The thought struck me, that her reverend parent would not permit her to be joined to a person of my character, who never was seen at church to hear the holy word of God, or ever known to bend his knees to Him who was his maker.

I had a rival: and preparations were making

fast for the approaching nuptials between him and Amelia; length of time has blotted his name from my memory. He was a pious young man: and I trust, through his piety he has obtained pardon for all his sins at the throne of grace. Peace to his soul! Revenge burned vehemently in my bosom; smother it I could not; it burst forth like the furnaces of hell; nothing being able to check it. Edward was consulted, and the consultation was short as it was cowardly. For a large reward he agreed to murder the wretched being whom I detested; and before that day was done the deed was committed. He was shot, and we thought the perpetrator was never known; no little sensations immediately ensued; every body was active to discover the murderer; not the least clue could be found for suspicion to rest on any one.

Meanwhile the lovely Amelia raved: her senses had left her: and she wandered unconscious of what she was doing; she heard, she heeded none: and that spirit once so pure and holy, was rapidly departing from its earthly tenement. As for myself, I pretended sickness and saw nobody; for I could not bear to think of the devastation I had made without shuddering. Six months passed away. It was a lovely morning, and the sun shone brilliantly to all in the village save the Clergyman and Amelia, for the hand of death was on him. The reason of Amelia had slightly returned, and anxiously had she watched the slow, but too sure decline of the worthy man. The time that had elapsed since the murder had considerably worn off the impression it made on my mind; all the villagers went to see the worthy pastor ere his spirit winged its flight to heaven to enjoy an everlasting bliss. In the evening I called to see him; that evening which was his last: I shall never forget. The sun was just sinking behind the woody hills and departing like a saint to rest in the western sky. The river lay smooth as a mirror: not a breath stirring to ruffle its surface. Heaven and earth were never more tranquil, and perhaps even nature herself had never appeared lovelier. I knocked gently at the door of the cottage, which the curse immediately opened; I entered and sorrowfully gazed on the features of the clergyman; Amelia desired me to be seated, which I readily obeyed. Raise me my child, said the old man, and let me once more see the sun depart for the last time. He observed me not: all his thoughts seemed fixed on heaven which he was so soon to enter to enjoy the fruits of a life well spent. The sun departed, and he again laid his head on the pillow for the last time. Amelia, he faintly articulated, reach me the Bible; he was instantly obeyed, and as he opened the holy book, he breathed forth a pious prayer, and I departed not until the suspension of his voice told me he had concluded. Next morning the light green shutters were closed, which too plainly told the fate of the clergyman; he was dead: and the day following his body was committed to the earth, to rest till the latter day when the trumpet shall sound and graves open at the resurrection of life. Every body pitied his unfortunate daughter, but nobody could relieve her. The slight spark of reason that had remained was extinguished forever: and ere the sun had risen six times from the clergyman's burial, his ill-fated daughter was laid by his side. As for myself, I endeavoured to forget one whom I had once worship-

ped, but could not, for her angelic form was at all times before my eyes, sleeping or waking. I hurried through the crowds of fashion and the ball room for ten years, yet the recollection of the maniac was as plain as if it had happened but a day gone by. I quitted the land of my nativity and arrived In America: where among the wild forests of this country, aided by religion, in a few months I obtained what years could not procure me in England.—My days are numbered, and the number of them is short: yet I look forward with hope to the time when the king of terrors shall arrive to summon me into eternity, when I will lay my body down to rest in the grave where the weary findeth sweet repose, and the wicked sin no more.

GLENWARREN.

*From the Columbian Star.*

#### MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

*That gentlest of all living things,—a Mother.*

No sight can be more tender than that of a pious mother, fastening the look of anxious affection upon the mild and beautiful form of her infant offspring as it lies upon her knees in balmy slumbers. What are the thoughts that seem to struggle for utterance in that breast warmed by instinctive passion? What are the bodings mingled with prayers which vibrate on her placid frame? What anticipation transports, what dread chills, what glory brightens, what gloom obscures the confused visions of her mind? She seems to address the helpless loving, and to say, "My sweet little stranger, to what end art thou cast upon the trials and perturbations of a treacherous world? Art thou born to happiness or misery, to honour or infamy, to enjoy the sweets of friendship or the cruelties of malice, to taste the delights of fruition, or to grasp the thorn of disappointment? Will virtue preside over thy ways, and wisdom direct thy steps, and joy fill the cup; or wilt thou be abandoned to those passions which shall tear thee like vultures, and consume the last particle of thy happiness? Peradventure the assassin's dagger awaits my boy, or the fathomless depth contains his tomb, or pestilence comes with insidious steps to meet thee, or dismal penury is preparing for thee, will advising suggestions? Will it be thy unhappy lot to forget God thy Maker, to rush reckless and inconsiderate into the way of transgression, and thus to ruin thy precious soul, or wilt thou be persuaded to repent and turn to God with all thy heart, and thus secure the prize of immortal joy *What manner of child will thou be?*"

She can amagine but one relief for these portentous apprehensions; and that is found in the guard with which religion fortifies the abodes of youth in the shield which virtue places upon the unsuspecting form of juvenile infirmity. This defence is more than valiant bands, more than the treasures of opulence, and stands instead of parental care, of friendship's sweets, and fortune's smile. Her first wish, therefore, is to imbue the tender heart with wisdom's restraining virtue, and to turn upon these powers which contain the rudiments of future manhood, the salutary beam of the Sun of Righteousness.

Examples of maternal success in alluring to virtuous determinations the unfortunate principles of sons and daughters, stand forth in the brilliant records of goodness and piety. How much the cause of truth, of humanity, and of all

hat conduces to the dignity and happiness of man may be indebted to this instrumentality, is not to be known now; but that great revealer of secrets, the *Last Day*, will do justice to this important subject, and will exhibit its astonishing connexion with the whole history of man.

I feel persuaded, Mr Editor that you will have no objection to record one instance more which has come under my knowledge, of the happy results of a mother's influence in drawing from the snares of vice, and in directing to the path of life, a son whose untoward nature afforded but little promise of success.—The youth to whom I allude inherited from nature a large portion of those passions which seek an early mastery over all those in whom they abide as inherent qualities; and which are not apt to yield to the feeble restraints of discipline. He was indeed at no time so far abandoned to obduracy as to lose all sense of respect for God and his parents. But a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked hurried him into scenes and excesses, which were well designed effectually to obliterate from his mind every impression of that pious counsel in which he had been nurtured. When sufficiently advanced in life to enter into scenes of dissipation, his greatest pleasure lay in the company of those who paid no respect whatever to the institutions of religion. Among them he heard the name of God profaned, saw the sabbath turned into a season of unhallowed amusement and recreation, and became familiarized to various habits of ungodly life. On one occasion when he had prepared himself for the brainless enjoyment of a horse race, and was issuing forth flushed with the expectation of the pleasure that he was about to realize among his jocular companions, and their flowing bowls, he was met by the then unwelcome form of a grieved, anxious Mother. The tear which was beginning to roll down her pensive cheek told him plainly enough the meaning of that unexpected interview, and imparted an awe to her presence which damped his headlong ardour. She improved the moment to warn the impetuous youth the enticement of sinners were portrayed, the easy descent to the gulf smoking with the ruin of human wretches was pointed out, and the voice of parental authority faltering with grief, demanding the prompt relinquishment of his mad design. He remained for a time motionless and unconcerned. But after recovering a little from his embarrassment, in order to mitigate the affectionate solicitude which throbbled with rapid pulsations through a parent's aching heart, he promised her that this should be the last time that he would ever urge his way to such a scene. The promise, however, was forgotten almost as soon as made, and the tumult of pleasure speedily drowned the voice of maternal expostulation.

That mother, who thus saw herself in a manner deserted by a profligate child, who perceived that her kindest entreaties passed like the transient gale over the heart of the fickle youth, did not intermit her prudent efforts to arrestand restrain his infatuation. After he had violated a solemn promise, and had shown no symptoms of compunction or regret, she might have concluded it a hopeless experiment to use any further endeavours to controul or persuade him. But though often disappointed, she did not cease to interpose, betwixt all the intervals of his sober reflection, reproof mingled with tears and kindness.

After the lapso of a little time this young man was required, in the prosecution of business to take leave of the parental roof, and to make his abode among strangers. Even then he continued a course of thoughtless living, and seemed to harden himself in the wilful rejection of every serious thought. On one evening after a scene of mirthful levity, the thought of a distant mother stole upon his mind, and found a moment's indulgence. It rolled gently and softly upon his spirit, like a remote sound which the din of the day had drowned, but which the silence of the night permitted to reach his thoughtless sense.—With the idea of a grieved, neglected parent, was associated the remembrance of her tears, her importunate admonitions, her persevering diligence in casting obstacles in his way to destruction, and also his own repeated promises. The impression was deep and salutary. He was agitated during the night by awful apprehensions of an impending ruin, and the still more dreadful fear that he had now to deal with that God whom his crimes and ingratitude had rendered inexorable for ever. The resolution, however, was deeply fixed and unprinted on his mind, that he would break off his sins, and pursue a life of rectitude and sobriety. It pleased God at the same time to make his heart soft, and to incline him to the ways of righteousness. The pious counsels of his mother came fresh to his recollection. His soul was melted into deep contrition, and he soon conveyed to the delighted ear of that affectionate parent, who had been so long afflicted by his hostile levities and sin the pleasing intelligence of his repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus.

A. B.

WONDERS OF THE OCEAN.

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnate its waters that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been engulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this unaccounted wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And O! yet more affecting to the heart, and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? what shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the hopes, the

relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, and sister, and lover, which have been tossed, and scattered, and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain-cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which he strewed in that unwonted cemetery. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but He to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be "no more sea."—*Rev. Mr Greenwood.*

EVILS OF NEGLECTING THE THOUGHTS.

Of the many evils which spring from unregulated thoughts, I shall now notice those only which are particularly connected with the imagination. And first in reference to our worldly condition, there is that revelry of the imagination which passes under the general name of castle-building. This at first appears innocent, but it is unprofitable to itself, and injurious in its effects, and therefore to be avoided. By the habit of musing on imaginary felicity, we acquire a distaste for the sober realities, and an aversion to the common duties of life. It produces discontent and querulousness. It unnerves the soul, and unfits it for rational employment and vigorous exertion. Besides, action is the proper business of life, and it is not to be neglected with innocence; and while our minds are occupied in forming visions of unreal or unattainable joy, our joy is wasted, our opportunities of usefulness and improvement lost, and our powers themselves debilitated and abused.

On the other hand, there are many whose minds are continually looking on the darkest side of things, are dwelling on the inconveniences, difficulties, and evils of their situation, and magnifying them by adding those of the imagination; multiplying the possible chances of misfortune, and foreboding nothing but disappointment and suffering. This produces habitual anxiety, despondence, and melancholy. The cause of this is indeed sometimes constitutional, but it more frequently arises from the want of a proper government of the thoughts. We ought not to suffer our imaginations to be thus gloomily employed, for it is a serious duty to maintain a disposition of cheerfulness and hope.

We should by effort direct our minds to brighter views and gaye prospects. We should remember, that whatever may be our situation, it is that in which God has chosen to place us, that we never can be separated from his parental care, and that whatever sufferings may await us, they will be appointed in mercy, will be measured to us by our strength to bear them, and may be made the means of our greatest and final happiness.

There is a government of the thoughts more important, particularly to the young, than per-

haps all others, which relates to the objects of sense, and the excitement of the passions. There are many who willingly corrupt their minds with thoughts, which they would dread that any eye should witness—excepting that of God! They will summon up images of pollution, will excite and quicken wishes of guilty indulgence, and riot in imagination amid scenes of wanton licentiousness. These thoughts we ought with the utmost vigilance and resolution to expel from the mind. We should fly from them to occupation or society as from the paths of death, and whenever they arise in solitude, turn away our minds to contemplations of solemnity and awfulness. We should remember and feel that we are in the immediate presence of God, and that his eye searches our inmost hearts. We should direct our imaginations to that world of purity which nothing that defileth can enter, and where angels and perfected spirits dwell; we should look forward to that day of final judgment, when our most secret thoughts shall be revealed, and remember that none but the pure in heart will at last see God in peace.

If these views of the omnipresence of God, and of our final account be made familiar to our minds, and we accustom ourselves to watch with care over our first thoughts habits will soon be acquired, and with it the control of our passions, appetites, and tempers; and it will not then be difficult to form that habitually contemplative and devotional frame of spirit, which is one of the best securities amid the temptations of this world and the preparation and earnest of a better world to come.

Christian Register.

#### SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

One who has formed his ideas of the oriental myrtles from the weak and unhealthy plants which spring from the gardens and hothouses of the north, must have a faint conception of their real beauty. Even in Italy they are much superior to ours; and I remember to have seen one at Florence whose stem was at least nine inches in diameter. But in Greece, and in the Levant, they are really magnificent. In the Morea, I have travelled for hours through an uncultivated tract, while the groves of myrtle formed an almost continuous arbour over our heads, covered here and there with its delicate white flowers, and exhaling at every moment the most delicious perfume, while the dark polished leaves combined coolness with beauty.

It is such a scene as this that explains the phrase of Zechariah: "I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the bottom," Zech. 1, 8.—And they are trees of the dimensions such as I refer to, that preserve the consistency of the phrase of Isaiah: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the myrtle, and the oil tree. I will set in the desert the fir tree, the pine and the box tree together."

Emerson's Letters from the *Ægean*.

#### AXIOMS.

Eight things should a Christian peculiarly labour after, viz. to be humble and thankful, watchful and cheerful, to be lively without being light, serious without being sad; patient without being insensible; and steady without being stiff.

Good men are strangers here, and 'tis no wonder if dogs bark at strangers.

If good men are sad, it is not because they are good, but because they are not better.

#### ANECDOTES.

##### ROWLAND HILL.

When Rowland Hill, was in Ireland, in the year 1798, the papists resolved to murder him the next time he should preach out of doors. He was apprised of it, and his friends wished him to decline preaching. It was all to no purpose; come life or death he declared he would preach. At the appointed time, thousands were assembled vowing his destruction as soon as he should begin. They waited—no preacher appeared—their patience was almost exhausted. At last a man in a large coachman's coat mixed with the crowd inquiring what they were waiting for,—told them he was sorry they should be disappointed—would try if he could preach; but perhaps they would kill him? They applauded him—assured him of protection—and he began—It was Rowland Hill himself! And it is believed that many at that time were brought to the knowledge of the truth. Thus the devil was outdone.

##### THE PLAGIARIST CONFOUNDED.

A reverend doctor in the metropolis was what is usually denominated a *popular preacher*. His reputation, however, had not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriated the thoughts and language of the great divines who had gone before him. Those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore; and, accordingly, with such hearers, he passed for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did nevertheless happen, that the doctor was once detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the belles in his part of the metropolis, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the old gentleman muttered loud enough to be heard by those near, "That's Sherlock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his tormenting interrupter broke out with, "That's Tillotson!" The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair!" was, however, too much, and completely deprived him of his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "*That's his own!*"

The Visitor.

##### SELECT SENTENCES.

Particularly avoid three sorts of persons, viz. apostates, angry men, and those who are given to change. Wine and strong drink have drowned more than the sea; and the teeth of Intemperance slay more than the sword.

He that accustoms himself to buy superfluities, must ere long sell his necessities.

The prodigal robs his heir, the sordid miser robs himself; the middle way between both, is justice both to ourselves and others.

Many have lost for God: but none ever lost by him. An intemperate patient makes a cruel doctor.

If we mind nothing but the body, we lose body and soul too; if we mind nothing but earth, we lose earth and heaven too.

A fault once denied is twice committed.

#### POETRY.

##### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is no human love so pure,  
So constant and so kind;  
There is no passion doth endure  
Like this within the mind.

Lightly a soft cheek presses hers,  
The first and fond caress;  
And through her thrilling bosom stirs,  
The mother's tenderness.

Now pile your gold as Andes high,  
Unveil Golconda's mine;  
But not for wealth that thrones might buy,  
Would she her child resign.

And in his dearer life she lives,  
His smiles her cares beguile;—  
Ah! earth but few such pleasures gives  
As the first conscious smile.

How still she sits beside his bed,  
And watches o'er his rest!  
And oft his little helpless head  
She pillows on her breast.

Hark! comes the sound of danger nigh,  
She shrieks for him alone—  
To pierce his heart the steel gleams high—  
She sheathes it in her own!

In weal or woe, life, death, the same,  
Borne in her arms or far away;  
She guards his cradle or his fame,  
Her kiss will ne'er betray:

For with her kisses mingle prayers—  
A mother's heart must pray!  
None but God can know her cares,  
And none but him repay.

To a Lady who loved Dancing.

[Written by the late Judge Burnet.]

May I presume, in humble lays,  
My dancing fair, thy steps to praise?  
While this grand maxim I advance,  
That all the world is but a dance.  
That human kind both man and woman,  
Do dance is evident and common:  
David himself, that godlike king,  
We know could dance as well as sing:  
Folks who at court would keep their ground,  
Must dance the year attendance round:  
Whole nations dance, gay frisking France  
Has led the nation many a dance;  
And some believe both France and Spain  
Resolve to take us out again.  
All nature is one ball, we find:  
The water dances to the wind,  
The sea itself, at night and noon,  
Rises and capers to the moon.  
The moon around the earth does tread  
A Cheshire round in buxom red;  
The earth and planets round the sun  
Dance; nor will their dance be done  
Till nature in one mass is blended;  
Then we may say—the ball is ended.

Lord Littleton's Epitaph.

Gayly I lived, as ease and nature taught,  
And spent my little life without a thought;  
And am amaz'd that death, that tyrant grip,  
Should think of me, who ne'er thought of him.

##### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B's Poetical favour is received, and lines by Galk. mae, on the death of a pious young Lady—both to appear in our next.