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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurea."

No. 5.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, August 17, 1831.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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

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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.

JOHN HARRISON.—The ingenious inventor & maker of the famous Time keeper, was bred a carpenter—Having a turn for wheel work, he constructed some wooden clocks, the accuracy of which was much admired.

In 1735 he visited London with a machine, and was sent by the board of longitude to Lisbon to try it. From that time he went on improving his invention, and received the reward of £20,000 granted by parliament.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSTON.—The learned critic and lexicographer, and author of so many valuable miscellaneous pieces, was the son of a bookseller in Litchfield. His father dying and leaving him in poor circumstances he became a member of the school of Bosworth; and on the death of his mother a considerable time afterwards, his was so little meliorated, that he had recourse to writing a romance, to defray the expenses of her funeral and pay her debts; yet his literary labours at last procured him such celebrity, that the king granted him a pension of 300 per annum, and honoured him with a constitution of Oxford and Dublin conferred on him the degree of L. L. D. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, and a statue, with an appropriate inscription, has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

ALEXANDER ADAM.—This eminent schoolmaster and useful writer, was born June, 1741, Coats of Burgie, in the county of Moray. His parents were poor, but gave him such education as a parish school afforded; & after having successfully endeavoured to procure an education at King's College, Aberdeen, he was engaged in 1758, to go to the university of

Edinburgh, where he surmounted pecuniary difficulties with a virtuous and honourable perseverance, such as are rarely to be found; and improved his opportunities of knowledge with assiduity and success. In 1761, he was elected schoolmaster to Watson's hospital, an establishment for the education of the poor, and continued to improve himself in classical knowledge, by a careful perusal of some of the best and most difficult authors. In 1767, he was appointed assistant to the rector of the high school of Edinburgh, and, in 1771, successor to the same gentleman, and filled this honourable station during the remainder of his life, raising the reputation of the school much higher than it had been known for many years.

Dr. Adam compiled "A Summary of Geography and History," for the use of his pupils, which he afterwards enlarged and published, in 1794. In 1791, he published Roman Antiquities; or an account of the manners and customs of the Romans," 8 vo. This useful work has been translated into German, French, Italian, &c. has been very generally recommended in preference to Dr. Kennet's work on the same subject. In 1800 he published his "Classical Biography" which was originally intended as the appendix to a Latin dictionary, on which he had been employed for some years; but the high price of paper, and the great expense of printing such works discouraged him from carrying into effect his original design. He printed, however, in 1805, an abridgement of his dictionary, under the title of "Lexicon Linguae Latinae compendiarium," 8 vo. All these works, have attained a high degree of popularity, and are used in the principal schools of this kingdom. Dr. Adam died December 18th, 1809, of an apoplexy, in the 69th year of his age, universally regretted as an able and successful teacher, a man of high rank in classical literature, and in private life benevolent & amiable. At one period of his life, when the French revolution distracted the political opinions of his country, he incurred some degree of censure for having introduced matters of a political kind into his school. For this no apology can be valid; but it appears that he became afterwards more cautious; and at the period of his death, his character was so universally esteemed, that his remains were honoured with a public funeral.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HORSE.

The horse is justly esteemed one of the most noble and useful animals with which God has blessed man. In size, shape, and colour, they vary much. They are usually about fifteen hands, or five feet high, and with a form, in which are united, strength, activity and beauty. The horse has a stately head and neck, with clear lively eyes, the body round, and with well formed legs and hoary hoofs. The mane flowing round and thick long tail, which they naturally enjoy, adds greatly to their beauty, the colour varies from white to black, the hair is short and smooth. The horse is an animal of such strength and spirit, and yet easily managed, that he serves mankind for many purposes, where the want of him could not be well supplied. He

is bold endures long fatigue, and performs great labour with quickness and a free spirit, and yet is so easily guided, as to be driven in any direction, fast or slow by a simple bridle, or even by words. Some horses to be sure, are very wild, and hard to govern, but when well trained and kindly used, they are gentle and very fond of their masters.

The horse in his temper is very bold and fearless, and has always been made a chief aid to mankind in the wars which they carry on against each other.

In the book of Job is given a very fine description of the horse, where the Lord in order to show Job his own weakness recounts the wonders of creation. He says to Job, 'Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength, he goeth on to meet the armed men. He moweth at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, aha! aha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.' This, indeed, is a noble description, but remember, it is the description of a brute, and however fine for the character of a brute, would not become a rational being like man. Man does truly sometimes, assume the likeness of the horse in the rash and headlong course he pursues. Behold how terrible and fearless the War Horse looks; how forward to dash into danger; see his furious manner—fit emblem this of the daring sinner, 'Every one turneth to his course as the horse rusheth into the battle'. Jer. 8th chap. C.

To behold the War Horse rush into the battle amid destruction and death is not strange, for the animal is not conscious of his danger. But to see young persons possessed of reason, & warned by the word of God, pursuing an evil course, and boldly plunging into folly and vice; when ruin meets their souls at every step like death in a battle, and only a step between them and eternity—this is a sight to make one shudder with fright. Be ye not as the horse or mule, which have no understanding.'

LITERATURE.

From the Amulet.

THE TRIAL.

Concluded.

"I bow with submission to the judgement of my country, and though I be innocent, I return my thanks to the venerable judge, who has just pronounced the awful sentence, for the christian tenderness with which he has treated one seemingly so involved in guilt as I am. The jury as men, could have returned no other verdict; but he it is who has taken up arms against them; my doom was sealed in heaven. May the sacrifice of my life atone, if not for the crime of which I am innocent, at least for the many faults which I have committed. It is impossible not to recognize in this the hand of the supreme disposer of events. I had at first clung to life and clung to it by ties that I might yet be saved and restored to my beloved father and to the esteem of good men; but I think I am now resigned to die, with a firm hope, that if my days are cut short in their prime, if my hopes of happiness and betterment have been blasted, and if I am to be my lot, it is wisely and mercifully decreed, in order to redeem me from the errors into which I have fallen, to purify my soul from those feelings of self-applause and pride, which had made me seek human praise rather than peace with God."

During this affecting address the hall was hushed to perfect stillness, every body large forward with breathless eagerness to catch the words, all seemed painedly divided between horror for the supposed crime, and ad-

miration for his talents, half won over, by his show of piety to believe him innocent.—But he had scarcely concluded, when the deep solemn silence was broken by these words "I thank thee, O God, he is innocent!" This exclamation which struck upon the heart of all, proceeded from an old man who sat not far from me, and who had fallen on his knees in the attitude of prayer, his hands convulsively grasped together, his lips were moving but his eyes were shut—it was his father: a young and beautiful girl had thrown her arms round the old man's neck and lay on his bosom, pale and motionless. The prisoner started at the well known voice, and instinctively sprang forward toward them, but he recollected his chains, and a flood of tears came to his relief. It would be difficult to paint the effect which so melancholy a sight had on the assembly; tears flowed from every eye. The gaoler who came to lead the youth to the condemned cell appeared affected.

The execution was to take place the following Monday. My late and respected uncle T, whose wife's work it was to visit the gloomy dungeon, and to shed on the still deeper gloom of benighted souls the beams of Christian truth, was unremoving in his attentions to the young Cameronian. But he told me he went there not to administer but to receive; and that the edifying behaviour, the sympathy and resignation of this interesting youth, left no doubt of his innocence, to all who visited him. Efforts were made, but too late to save him. The day came, my uncle took me with him to the prison. At that period, I was very young, and thoughtless, but I received there an impression which neither years, nor sorrow, nor joy, have effaced, and which is now my consolation, amid the loss of friends, and health in this lonely retreat. Our way lay through a cell where three convicts were, who were to be hung in a few days. One was poring stupidly over a tattered prayer book that belonged to one of the prisoners and mechanically muttered the responses and prayers of the English service; but it was easy to see that his mind was bent upon other thoughts than that of religion. The other two with a mug of beer beside them, were smoking and playing at chuck fathing; all seemed indifferent or hardened, and forming a striking contrast with the spectacle that offered itself in the inner cell, which though gloomy and bare, shewed by the neat arrangement of its scanty and coarse furniture that a female hand had been to work there, and had by its nameless attentions, made even the walls of a prison assume a temporary cheerfulness.

A fire burned cheerfully in a grate; some flowers in a broken tumbler shed a faint perfume; but why stop to describe such trifles? Let me rather tell the tale of the pale and the worn, but cheerful countenance of the youth; the delicate form of the sister for the last time clinging around her brother, and bedewing his chains with her tears; and the patriarchal dignity of the father, who, with an earnest voice, was pouring forth his soul in prayer, his hoary head now reverently bent to the ground, now lifted up in the fervency of supplication to receive the flood of light which the summer sun was pouring through the small grated window, giving to his fine features an air of celestial radiance. The son then prayed, and oh! how marvellously did his voice sound, when, possessed of youth and vigour and genius, were ere an hour to be numbered with the dead! How it reached the heart, the humble confession and suffering of that immortal spirit about to return to its heavenly habitation, and during the last flying moments of its pilgrimage in worshipping him who was now imparting from on high, strength and happiness to this outcast of society loaded with chains and disgrace, and for whose last agonies the gathered crowd was impatiently waiting. When his prayer was completed he rose up and said, "Now father I am ready, give me thy blessing dear sister, farewell!" and clasping his weeping sister to his bosom, he knelt down with her at his father's feet, and both reverentially bowed their heads before him, whilst the Cameronian with as it were, superior energy, lifted up his hand with a firm and solemn voice, and addressed the mercy of him who was about to receive his redeemed soul. The chaplain of the jail then entered, but nobody attempted to interrupt the serenity of the scene, they were evidently above human consolations. The bell tolled,—it was the fatal signal. The youth then with perfect composure, bade farewell to his fellow prisoners, distributing some presents among them, and turning to us, he affectionately thanked my uncle

for his attentions to him, recommending his father and sister to his care till they could be sent back to their country. I could say nothing; but seizing one of his hands in mine, I burst into tears. His sister was carried away fainting by the humane matron of the prison, and the melancholy procession advanced slowly toward the place of execution: he ascended the platform with a firm step, supporting, rather than supported by, his father. He addressed a few words to the crowd, told them he was innocent, that he hoped his innocence would one day appear, but that he was resigned to die, trusting upon the mercy of him who died for all men. After this he and his father knelt down in silent prayer, no words could have expressed the feelings of their souls; then whilst the executioner was adjusting the rope and covering his eyes, they sang together in heart rending accents, the 103 Psalm. The crowd was still as death, and nothing was heard but those last applications of the old man and his son mournfully ascending on high. The song ceased—the living mass below heaved back with a simultaneous motion of horror—the happy soul had fled.

A few days after whilst the poor father was yet too weak to bear the fatigue of a journey, the seizure of a horrible breaker led to the detection of one of the darkest plots that ever was contrived by guilty man. The ruffian knavery there were no hopes for him, confessed that he had been introduced into the house by an old servant and committed in order according to his directions. The old man heard this account with little emotion—"I know" said he, "that he was innocent—I shall soon be with him—still I am glad for his sister's sake that the world knows it; but it could not appreciate, it could not tell the dignity of innocence."

This calamity excited universal sympathy—government offered to settle a pension on the old man; he rejected it with disdain—"Shall I take the price of my son's blood?" said he. They felt for him, respected his sorrow, and pressed him no further. A simple and elegant monument was erected over the bodies of the two victims, recorded in a few words their miserable end. The Cameronian returned to Scotland, where he died in a few days after his arrival, and his daughter soon after followed him to the tomb!

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

THE REWARD OF DILIGENCE.

Frederic was the only son of Mr. Herbert Fitzroy. He had lost an affectionate mother ere he was four years of age. Being an only son, you would naturally suppose, that he was a great favourite with his surviving parent. Though Mr. F. loved him with all the affection of a father, he did not allow his regard to get the better of his judgment, nor did he, as persons very often do, totally spoil the disposition of his child by excess of indulgence. On the contrary, whenever there was a fault, that fault was *calmly*, but severely reprimanded; and, whenever anything was done worthy of approbation, that approbation was not withheld. At an early period, Frederic was sent to school, to lay the foundation for his subsequent improvement. He soon made rapid strides to perfection and by carefully learning those lessons which his master assigned him, he finally distinguished himself by the ease with which he could answer the questions, which were, from time to time, asked. His father also, took particular care that his son should diligently read the sacred scriptures, and, for this purpose, a portion was assigned, as his morning and evening exercise. "I do not think," says his father one day, "that a man can conscientiously transact his business, or manage those difficult affairs which one and all of us must some time meet, unless he has his mind firmly fortified by the precepts of our holy religion."

In a short time, Frederic by his assiduity, far surpassed his fellow school-boys. While some were employing themselves in playing marbels, or in some of those amusements in which youths are exceedingly prone to engage, in yonder green plot, you might see him reclining on the grass, and eagerly reading some nice book, or mark him wandering along the margin of that gently flowing stream, perusing, as he proceeds, some amusing and instructive tale. He did not, however, read without distinction all those books which came in his way; but his teacher carefully selected

those books which were suited to his age, and adapted to his capacity; which wined from vice, and pointed to the path of virtue, and thus, gradually formed, and unperceptibly polished, the mind of his pupil.

At that school which he attended, there were some very wicked boys, whom you might frequently see both cursing and swearing, these he studied to avoid and though they often solicited him to go with them and plunder orchards, or rob birds nests, or to associate in some such cruel sport; yet he never would consent. He had treasured up the golden rule, which says, "do unto others, as you would wish that they should do unto you;" he showed them, in the best manner in which he was able, the evil of that course which they were pursuing; he told them that they would be disliked by their neighbours, and that they would get a bad name, and would, certainly, fall into disgrace. They, however, disregarded what he said; they pursued their own course, and finally reaped the bitter reward.

That period when the holidays were given had at length arrived, and all the friends of the children attended. Class after class was examined, until it came to the turn of that in which Frederic at that time happened to be. To his many of those trifling little boys also belonged; and to some of them half of their lesson had to be told; others, again, came entirely unprepared, so that their master was obliged to *set them down*, a disgrace which every boy of spirit will endeavour to avoid. But, mark the difference: Frederic passed through his examination to the entire satisfaction of his master, and amid the general commendation of all the fine ladies and gentlemen. His master told them how eager he was to read, and how well he learned all the tasks which he assigned him—that he very rarely was found in a fault, and seldom could be blamed for saying bad words. "Frederic," says a gentleman, handing him a very nicely bound abridgement of the History of England, "go on, my good boy, and rest assured; if you continue doing as you have done you will have no want of friends, and will certainly fill some distinguished situation. Turning to his master, he whispered, "I see that boy is born to shine, exercise proper caution, show him instances of those who have risen to eminence by their own exertions, and I am confident of the result." He did not fail to perform what was enjoined, and Frederic left school to go to the university carrying along with him, as every good boy will invariably do, the respect and esteem of the surrounding inhabitants,

At College, he pursued his studies with the same assiduity, and the same success attended his exertions. By his diligence he kept pace with the first rate scholars. His principles became fixed, and his general conduct was marked by an anxious desire to give satisfaction to his professors, and to do a credit to his father in the narrow path of virtue too, seldom trodden by mortals, he always kept in view, while on the broad and alluring track, in which many, very many, destroy their present expectations and future hopes, he never allowed himself to wander. His regard for virtue was not mercenary; he loved it on its own account.

Having finished the different branches to which he intended to direct his attention, the time at length arrived when he must quit forever those venerable walls endeared to him by many a pleasing and hallowed recollection. In launching from the depths of retirement into the busy scenes and realities of life, a sensation is produced which all may experience, but none can describe: all before is bustle and activity, while the mind casts a lingering look, as it were, to the things which have now passed away, and cannot be recalled. Frederic felt this in its greatest force. He, however, did not depart unknown or disregarded; on the contrary, he left the university with a growing reputation for brilliant talents, goodness of heart, and amiableness of disposition. All who knew him loved him, and those who did not associate with him longed for his acquaintance. Frederic's subsequent history is one uninterrupted series of splendid success. He now fills one of the most distinguished situations which his country can bestow; and people, as he goes along, point at him and say, *that man has risen by his own exertions*,
Pictou, August 8, 1831.

To the Editor of the Juvenile Entertainer.

The piece in your 2nd number entitled 'Always too late,' is so much in accordance with my sentiments and

experience, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of inserting in your useful publication. That the experience of years has fixed the impression on my mind, that even one minute lost, in the fulfilment of promise, (which should ever be made conscientiously,) or in any engagements whatever, may in general be denominated loss of time to an amount incalculable, until we shall arrive at an eternal state; then shall we perceive, when too late, the vast import of the injunction of the wise man—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," &c.

My design in this brief communication, without entering into detail, is merely to lead to habits of reflection, and particularly to induce the young to reflect on what the Divine Being has said in his word, on this subject, and to attend to the example of our blessed Saviour while on earth. A FRIEND TO PUNCTUALITY.

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

Some young people are subject to such habits of indolence, that the proper improvement of leisure hours is with them a matter of total indifference. Intellectual pursuits have no charms in their estimation. The praiseworthy heaven-born desire of mental improvement has never been kindled in their bosoms. Their dormant, uncultivated minds may be aptly compared to the garden of the sluggard, overrun with noxious weeds and pestilential plants; and, in a moral point of view, they may emphatically be termed *cumberers of the ground*.

The discovery of an immortal mind running to waste, or lying unprofitably occupied like an uncultivated field, is a sight which ought to awaken commiseration & enquiry as to the best means of removing such moral torpor.

That there are numbers among the young scattered throughout this province, in the deplorable situation which we have just depicted, is a fact that cannot be controverted. 'Tis true, that of late years much good has been done, and much is still doing, through the medium of Sabbath Schools; and it is painful to know that those excellent institutions, eminently calculated as they are to benefit the human family, have had many opponents: however, the times of opposition to such establishments are fast passing away, and the period approaching when none shall dare to lift up the heel against them. It is now clearly manifest that the benefits which flow from their operations, are innumerable: their salutary influences have been felt in the solitary places of the land, and since their commencement, the moral field of the world wears an improved appearance.

As our professed object is the benefit of the young, both in moral and religious things, we are anxious to throw in our mite for the furtherance of every institution and every undertaking which may have this laudable design in view; trusting that our patrons will liberally second our endeavours.

Many of our juvenile readers on perusing this article, we trust, will be able to say, Oh, we are not the dead and alive lethargic youngsters described herein: we read much, we read every book and every newspaper that comes in our way. This is all very well, so far; and in some future number we shall throw together a few hints on the dangers of desultory reading which may tend to make our young friends more judicious in their choice of books, by showing them that it is not so much from extensive as from select reading, that a lasting benefit is to be derived.

In the meantime, should any thoughtless youth happen to peruse the foregoing remarks, and

find them applicable to his condition, we hope they will lead him to reflection; and should he find that he has been spending his time in pursuit of trifles: or in learning that, which to become wise he must unlearn, let him resolve to arise at once, determined to shake off the indolence and apathy of his sluggish disposition—let him not be discouraged at his ignorance, nor at apparent difficulties which may start up in hostility to his newly formed resolution. Perseverance, a firm determination to pursue, and a strong desire to possess useful knowledge, is only necessary to overcome the most formidable obstacles, and by and bye he will, to his astonishment and great delight, find that his fears were mere imaginary than real.

Young men are often prone to imagine, that they are fitted to shine in any situation but that in which providence has placed them. Feelings of this description are exceedingly dangerous and sinful as tending to beget discontent, and to foster a spirit of rebellion against the wise disposer of all things. It is, therefore, the wisest and the safest way for a young man not to spend his time in idle conjecture about what circumstances would be most agreeable to his taste, or most suitable to his natural disposition: but to consider in what manner he may best discharge the duties of the station in which he finds himself: and, in pursuing this line of conduct his actions will carry along with them a rich reward, and the approval of God and of all good men.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.—There are at this present moment more than six hundred millions of the human race in the appalling situation of the men whom the apostle describes as "without Christ in the world;" and the question is, with what feelings and what purposes a Christian would survey this vast and wretched portion of the family of man.

Behold St Paul at Athens. Think of the matchless splendour which blazed upon his view, as he rolled his eye round the enchanting panorama that encircled the hill of Mars. On the one hand, as he stood upon the summit of the rock, beneath the canopy of heaven, was spread a glorious prospect of mountains, islands, seas, and skies; on the other, quite within his view, was the plain of Marathon, where the wrecks of former generations, and the tombs of departed heroes, mingled together in silent desolation. Behind him towered the lofty Acropolis, crowned with the pride of Grecian architecture—There, in the zenith of their splendour and the perfection of their beauty, stood those peerless temples, the very fragments of which are viewed by modern travellers with an idolatry almost equal to that which reared them. Stretched along the plain below him, and reclining her head on the slope of the neighbouring hills, was Athens, mother of the arts and sciences, with her noble offspring sporting by her side. The Porch, the Lyceum, and the Grove, with the stations of departed sages, and the forms of their living disciples, were all presented to the apostle's eye.

What mind, possessing the slightest pretensions to classical taste, can think of his situation amid such sublime and captivating scenery, without a momentary rapture. Yet there, even there, did this accomplished scholar stand as im-

sensible to all this grandeur as if nothing was before him but the trocena, turfless desert. Absorbed in the holy attractions of his own mind he saw no charms, felt no fascination, but, on the contrary, was pierced with the most poignant distress; and what was the cause? "He saw the city wholly given to idolatry." To him it presented nothing but a magnificent mausoleum, decorated, it is true, with the richest productions of the sculptor and the architect, but still where the souls of men lay dead in trespasses and sins; while the dim light of philosophy that still glimmered in the schools, appeared but as the lamp of the sepulchre, shedding its pale and sickly ray around these gorgeous chamber of death.

What must have been his indignant grief at the dishonour done by idolatry to God; what his amazement at the weakness and folly of the human mind; what his abhorrence of human impiety; and what his compassion for human wretchedness, when such stately monuments of Pagan pomp and superstition had not the smallest possible effect in turning away his view from the guilt that raised them, or the misery which succeeded them.

Al! how many Christian travellers and divines, whilst occupying the same spot, though they saw not a thousandth part of what the apostle saw, have had their whole minds so engrossed by scenes of earthly magnificence, as not to feel one sentiment of pity for the Pagans who formerly dwelt there, or the Mahometans who are the present proprietors of those venerable ruins.

SPECIMEN OF WEISH PREACHING.—By Mr Evans.

Brethren, if I were to represent to you, in a figure, the condition of man as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Christ, I should represent it somewhat in this way. Suppose a large grave-yard, surrounded by a large iron gate, which is fast bolted;—within these walls are thousands of human beings, of all ages and of all classes,—by one epidemic disease bending to the grave,—the grave yawns to swallow them, and they must all die. There is no balm to relieve them,—no physician there, they must perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner; all have sinned, and "the soul that sinneth it shall die." While man was in this deplorable state, Mercy, the darling attribute of Deity, came down and stood at the gate, looked at the scene, and wept over it, exclaiming, Oh! that I might enter! I would bind up their wounds, I would relieve their sorrows, I would save their souls! While Mercy stood at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of Heaven to some other world, passing over, paused at the sight; (and Heaven forgave that pause.) Seeing Mercy standing, they cried, Mercy, Mercy, can you not enter, can you look upon this scene and not pity; can you pity, and not relieve? Mercy replied, I can see, and in tears she added, I can pity, but I cannot relieve. Why can you not enter? said, Mercy, Justice has barred the gate against me and I cannot, must not unbar it. At this moment, Justice himself appeared as it were to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him, "why will you not let Mercy enter?" Justice replied, my law is broken, and it must be honoured, die they, or Justice must. At this there appeared a form among the angelic band like unto the Son of God, who, addressing himself to Justice, said, What are thy demands? Justice

replied, My terms are stern and rigid I must have sickness for their health; I must have ignominy for their honour; I must have death for life: without shedding of blood there is no remission. Justice, said the Son of God, I accept thy terms, on me be this wrong and let Mercy enter. When said Justice, will you perform this promise? Jesus replied, Four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem. I will perform it in my own person. The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God. Justice was satisfied and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs—by them to the kings of Israel and the prophets—by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished. Then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed. Where, said Justice, is the son of God? Mercy answered, Behold him at the bottom of the hill hearing his cross; and then she departed and stood aloof. At the hour appointed, Jesus ascended the hill while in his train followed the weeping church. Justice immediately presented him with the deed, saying, this is the day when the bond is to be executed. When he received it, did he tear it in pieces and give it to the winds of Heaven? No! he nailed it to his cross, exclaiming, "It is finished." Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended: it swallowed his humanity, but when it touched his Deity, expired. And there was darkness over the whole heavens, but glory to God in th: highest; on earth peace, good-will to men.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty River. Our Boat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winds of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers of the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is also a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its hour, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants; and of our other voyage there is no witness but the infinite and Eternal.

PUT A BIBLE THERE.—I was of a social turn, and had drawn about me a considerable number of what are called clever fellows. We spent a good part of every day, during the dull seasons, in idle conversation and sport. By and by, I found, that although my companions were perfectly respectable, their company was not calculated to improve my mind or raise me in the estimation of the good. I came to the determination to turn over, in the saying, a new leaf, but how was I to get rid of the loungers? I could not say to them, 'gentlemen, I am sick of your company,'—that would be very unwell. I gave them broad hints, disposed of my extra chairs and affected to be very busy in posting my books; but all would not do. Loungers never take hints.—One day, I disclosed my case to a very shrewd friend of mine

and begged him to tell me, if he could what I should do. Do! said he, shuffling up his shoulders; I will tell you what to do—put a Bible there. I immediately brought a large Bible and placed it upon the table, and waited the result. The next day my friends, as usual, came dropping in, one after another, I was busy with my papers, yet I saw them start back at the sight of the Bible. Some of them took it up as if to ascertain what book it was, but immediately laid it down again, and withdrew in silence. On the day following I observed them looking in occasionally—but the Bible lay on the table. In short, I was never troubled with loungers afterwards.

EMINENT EARLY RISERS.

"I spent," says Dr. Paley, when giving an account of the early part of his life at college, "the first two years of my undergraduate life happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immortal, but idle and expensive. At the commencement of the third year, after having left the usual party at a late hour, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bed side; and said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, if I were to try; and I could afford the indolent life you lead. You could do every thing, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep, during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.' I was so struck (says the Doctor) with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed maker to lay my fire every morning, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five; pursued my studies during the day; took supper at nine; went to bed, and continued the practice up to this hour."—The consequence was, he became a great man.

Dr. Tissot, in his life of Zimmerman, author of the Treatise on Solitude, states that the latter was accustomed to rise very early in the morning, and wrote several hours before he began his professional visits.

It is recorded of Lord John Harvey, that in those early hours when all around were hushed in sleep, he seized the opportunity of the quiet as the most favourable period for study, and frequently in this way spent a useful day before others began to enjoy it.

ANECDOTES.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, one of the most upright & able Judges that ever sat upon the bench, was nearly ruined by his dissolute companions. When young, he had been very studious and sober; but the players happening to come to the town where he was studying, he became a witness of their performance, by which he was so captivated, that his mind lost its relish for study, and he addicted himself to dissipated company, when in the midst of his associates one day it pleased God to visit one of them with sudden death. Sir Matthew was struck with horror and remorse. He retired and prayed, first for his friend, that if the vital spark were not fled, he might be restored; and then for himself, that he might never more be found in such places and company as would render him unfit to meet death. From that day he quitted all his wicked companions, walked no more in the way of sinners, but devoted himself to piety and literature.

A YOUNG LADY REPROVED BY AN AGED MINISTER.—The late Mr. Bennet, Vicar of Everton, was once visited by a very loquacious young lady. Forgetting the modesty which became her, especially when in company of so venerable a servant of Christ, she occupied the whole time of the interview by the most trifling talk concerning herself. When she rose to retire, he said, 'Madam, before you withdraw, I have one piece of advice to give you—When you go into company, after you have talked half an hour without intermission, I recommend

ed it to you to stop a while, and see if any other of the company has any thing to say.

LEARNING.—When a great personage, some years ago, was visiting her royal nursery, a most amiable princess, (the present Duchess of Gloucester,) who was at that time about six years old, running to her with a book in her hand, and tears in her eyes, said, "Madam I cannot comprehend it." Her Majesty with true parental affection, looked upon the princess, and told her not to be alarmed. "What you cannot comprehend to-day, you may comprehend tomorrow; and what you cannot attain to this year you may arrive at the next. Do not, therefore, be frightened with little difficulties: but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time!"—This is a golden rule, and well worthy of our observation.

MAXIMS.

The most exact and constant rules of behaviour will be found to be the rules of Christianity in the New Testament, in the example and maxims of Christ; for which cause it pleased our Redeemer more than once to give them.

Be sociable, but throw away as little time as ever you can, especially upon impertinent company. Keep company, with such as are your superiors in wisdom, goodness, learning, piety, and age; your familiarity with whom will be reputable and serviceable to you.

POETRY.

TO YOUTH.

O lend your ear, ye youthful tribe,
And early, Wisdom's words imbibe,
To guide your wandering way!
Why should you scorn the heav'nly guest?
Your happiness is her request,
She leads to endless day.

If you obediently regard
Her dictates, she a sure reward
Will in the end confer:
What heav'nly bliss! does she unfold
To rubies and the choicest gold
Her merchandize prefer.

In her right hand she e'er displays
A life of peace, and length of days,
Relief from guilt and sin;
All needful wealth will she bestow,
Honours from her left hand do flow,
Your youthful hearts to win.

How full of pleasantness her ways!
Her ways how full of peace! Her praise
Is sung by every friend;
A tree of life, divinely far;
Nor death, nor danger, shall they share
Who Wisdom's voice attend.

The Scriptures read, nor shall you miss
The road to life and happiness:
There Wisdom's voice is heard,
JERUSALEM fear, from sin depart,
And give the saviour all your heart,
And share the rich reward.

Your parents reverence and obey,
Nor from their friendly counsel stray,
Nor trust your youthful mind:
"Make pray'r a pleasure not a task,"
Sincere and fervent what you ask:
Thus happiness you'll find.

Be true, benevolent, and pure,
Patiently suffer and endure,
The chastening of the Lord:
Servant of God, to man a friend,
Happy you'll live, and peace you'nd,
In heaven your great reward.