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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 48.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, June 27, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

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The names of subscribers residing at a distance will not be required at the Office; they shall be accountable to the Agent through whom they receive the paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—according to the foregoing terms.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

SOPHOCLES.

Tragic Poet of Athens. B. C. 496.

He was born at Athens, and educated under Eschylus. In him were combined the poet, the statesman, and the warrior; for he commanded the Athenian troops, and exercised with great credit the office of rector, (or chief magistrate.) He composed no less than 120 tragedies, of which 7 only are extant, and obtained the prize 20 times.

His ungrateful children, wishing to possess his property, accused him of insanity, before the Areopagus. All the defence he made, was to read his Oedipus, and he appealed to the court whether that could be the production of an insane man. This produced his honorable acquittal, while his children retired in disgrace.

He died at the advanced age of 91, through excess of joy, as it is said, in having gained another poetical prize at the Olympic games.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NOBLE SPIRIT.—Continued. Part II.

Charles and Horace Brackenbury did not stop many days to elapse, before they gratefully acknowledged the receipt of their venerable friend's narrative; and as soon as leisure permitted, he sent them the promised sequel. His second letter is now presented to the reader.

"My dear boys,
"I am glad I succeeded in interesting you, and rejoice still more, if my letter suggested any profitable reflections. Without further preface, I will proceed to relate my subsequent adventures. Shocked and wounded by the scolding selfishness of Langley, I took refuge in what I felt now disposed to call, Crawford's generous indiscretion. Better, said I, to live at random, without any guide at all, than obey the base, tyrannical voice of self-interest. While Crawford seeks to diffuse pleasure around him, his friends must take the charge of promoting that personal advantage, which he blindly disregards.
"To become one of my new friend's intimates, was a matter of little difficulty; nor did his circle, did any perplexing disquisitions

await me. It admitted not of a question whether mind or matter were superior there; we made no discoveries, but such as were connected with sensual gratification; cultivated no taste, but that of wine and viands. When elevated by these beyond our natural pitch, we would sail forth, still further to enervate our souls, with sounds of floating melody; or to inflame our already excited passions, by the dance, the song, or the theatre. But I am writing to youthful friends, strangers to such depths of iniquity as I then fathomed. Gladly, therefore, do I draw a veil over these scenes of guilty dissipation, merely observing, that my boasted barrier, strength of principle, and manly decision, though often aided by a father's warnings, and a mother's tears, became daily less and less effectual, when opposed to the floods of temptation by which I was surrounded. Yet irregularities of this kind were not the sins congenial with my nature; nor did I find in them even that transient gratification, which the pride of discussion, and the eagerness of intellectual research had afforded. While the necessity of excitement seemed ever on the increase, the means by which it was produced always tended in disgust. Filled with satiety and self-reproach, I hated the world, despised myself, and felt life a burden. Even Langley's principles appeared less preposterous. I had failed in the practice of virtue, fallen short of the attainment of happiness, what proof had I then, that they might not be mere chimeras? Bad principles, depend upon it my young friends, are generally, in the first instance, the result of bad practice, though afterwards they act alternately, as cause and effect. I had towered aloft, secure in reason, resolution, and rectitude; but my triple guard was shattered, and with a bitter feeling of degradation I exclaimed, what am I, but the creature of circumstance? Humility I had none; but despair extorted the confession, 'my own strength is perfect weakness.' I felt ready to relinquish all further struggle, and follow unresistingly, wherever the violence of passion, or the influence of events, might lead. I often envied Crawford, his thoughtless gaiety, his mutual insipidity; and admired the unconcern with which he tossed about his money, either for his own gratification, or that of his companions. He seemed to me a gay, generous being, who scarcely considered himself as more than one of a circle, to each of which his pecuniary resources were equally accessible. But I soon found this jocund, openhearted associate, was defrauding without scruple, every tradesman he employed, thus exposing some of them to the most distressing difficulties. By his villainous temptations too, many a weak, unprincipled victim was ensnared, and their families plunged into misery and disgrace. And is this, I asked, the man whom I have considered free from selfishness? Self is his ruling, raging master: he is lavish to gratify the pride of self; unjust and cruel, in compliance with self's more diabolical demands.

"Such, my young friends, were my frequent reflections, while disappointed pride, apathy, and sour discontent, took possession of my heart. And the gloom deepened, as I viewed the last fearful end of my miserable comrade. His life of intemperance rapidly bore him to an early grave; and oh! how awful was death, as it approached him. Most of his former companions fled from the fearful scene; but I could not forget that I had shared his convivial state, I could not abandon him. He was grateful for my sympathy, but what was its avail? I knew nothing that could either benefit or comfort him. Some times I endeavoured to amuse him, with accounts of such engagements as he used to enjoy; but he sickened at the recollection. Sometimes, when he was shuddering at the review of his mispent days, with cruelty, which I mistook for kindness, I helped to deceive him; too often compromising sincerity, while I ranged his good qualities against his bad ones, and held out a hope that they would preponderate, and turn the divine judgment in his favour. So foolish was I and ignorant! About two months before his death, his anxious parents removed him to Clifton, and I saw him no more. Whether he met with a more scriptural adviser, whether God in his mercy ever revealed to him the way of salvation, through the blessed Redeemer, I know not. At this moment I can scarcely think of him without tears; and grateful indeed would be the intelligence, that he died in safety.

"It was on the morning when we separated for ever, that I entered with more than usual wretchedness, the house of our employer. I was surprised, as it was late, to find only Wilson there; and his countenance, so remarkable for tranquility, looked pale and disturbed. Can unhappiness have reached you, I thought, and the idea gave a momentary feeling of fellowship with him, which I had never before experienced. Under this impression, I saluted him with less coldness than common; but he was so absorbed, as not even to notice me. Peculiarly alive to the least appearance of slight from the consciousness that it was merited, I walked towards my desk, with a countenance and stature so haughty and erect, as immediately to recall the young man to his recollection. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, with a most engaging though mournful smile, 'my mind was so absent, that though my eye saw you, I forgot the common interchange of civility. You have not met Mr. G— this morning, I presume.'

"I answered in the negative; and added carelessly, 'Is any thing the matter?'

"Langley has absconded, he replied, and by the aid of forgery, has taken with him a considerable sum of money; nor do I believe he will easily be traced, for his consummate art has gained him time, I doubt not, to leave the country. Known as Mr. G—'s confidential clerk, no wonder was excited, by the business he transacted; and for the last week he has been pretending, that a violent inflammatory cold subjected him daily to his medical attend-

ant's positive injunction, not to expose himself to the present severe air. A succession of notes was left with some one, dated from his lodgings, and duly transmitted through the two penny post; in each of which he hopes to resume his employments on the following day. This morning, however, they ceased; and Mr G— fearing he might be worse, called at his rooms. Judge of his astonishment, upon hearing that he had left town a week since; no wonder that the worst suspicions immediately rose in his mind, and on enquiry, they have been more than realized.

"For some moments I stood completely petrified; yet so absorbed was I at that time, with my own mental misery, that though certainly not insensible, either to Langley's crime, or Mr G—'s loss; yet the violence of my emotions was chiefly occasioned by the connection it seemed to form with the state of my mind. A passage of Scripture, (for I sometimes read the Scriptures,) darted into my memory; and literally groaning, I replied, 'How, ye fir-trees, if the cedars are thus shaken.' If a character which seemed strong in virtue be thus degraded, what must become of weaker ones? I have advanced many steps in his path; for aught I know, I may arrive at the same end.

"Wilson looked at me with a mixture of astonishment and tenderness. 'No rather,' he exclaimed, grasping my hand affectionately, 'if you have indeed inhibited Langley's sentiments, let the present awful warning be heard as a voice, to snatch you from perdition. Escape for thy life, look not behind thee; neither stay in all this dangerous track, lest thou be consumed.' Then checking the fervour of his impassioned tone, he gently added, 'Your mind seems painfully oppressed; if you think me worthy of your confidence, I should rejoice to be made instrumental in opening to you the way of peace. Business is at a stand this morning. Mr G— and Sandford are gone to gam, if possible, some clue, and I am left to answer any calls; but as this is not the calling hour, we shall scarcely meet with interruption. Believe me, it is not from idle curiosity, that I intrude you to unburden your heart; but because I trust I am acquainted with a cordial for the fainting spirit, a sovereign balm for every wound.'

T. W. HANMER.

(To be Continued.)

'TIS BUT.

The great Samuel Johnson, a somewhat sentiment being, notwithstanding his philosophy, somewhere says, "that he found nothing in the world more delightful than travelling in a post chaise with an agreeable companion;" and Cowper in his delineation of a statesman worn out with business, describes him as attaining his ultimate wishes in sitting off for retirement to his hereditary lands, "rolling in his chariot behind four handsome bays."

"'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays."

Every one has his hobby, and to us nothing is more delightful than to be seated like the minister of state, either in coach or chariot, behind two bright bays, or pretty greys, as it may happen, with agreeable and well-informed companions inside, and as many young folks as can pack on the dickey and rumble tumble. This in a beautiful day in July is delightful, even when

nothing more than the "summer shoot," as Uvedale Price would say, diversifies the coloring of the woodlands; but still more enchanting in September or October, when ten thousand dyes steep in all the luxury and affluence of color, the splendid breadth of a mountain's forest; when we circumnavigate, not the waters, but the shores of some highland loch; skirt the base of Benlomond under a sky blue and profound as the depths at his feet—or traverse the wide heath with its flood of purple bells, redolent of the hum of bees and the fragrance of Hybla, disturbed only by the bark of a shepherd's dog, the riser of a heron from the shore, or a bevy of grouse from among the heather.

This for the bright and sunshine hours of the day; but no less wild and sweet to come in at night amid dripping showers along the sea shore at low water, the beach covered with wrecks, lights appearing across some lonely bay, herds of cattle lying at rest upon the short sward—no stars, no moon visible, when the farthing rush-light in some cottage window, alone points our way, and we are ready to address it in the words

of Milton's wanderers, saying,

Now thou shalt be our cynosure,
Or star of Arcady.

In circumstances somewhat similar, to those described, I found myself last year; save that the latter part of the day's journey was on foot. There was something wild and pensive in the scene; it called up associations of most opposite characters, for our evening pilgrimage led us to a little temple on the edge of a highland loch, and the religious associations of our tour recalled the memory of the lake of Genesaret, with its thrice hallowed accompaniments, while the localities of the spot brought before us the days of the Bruce—of the feud and of the battle—the glittering of the broad claymore—the hurry of the chase—the taken deer—while the enthusiastic temperament of the natives, still operating, though in another direction, fitted them to meet, to elicit, and to exhibit strong and ardent emotions.

It is not, however, with the latter part of the day's excursion that I intend to entertain or edify my young readers, but with that of the morning, and I beg to assure them that on this occasion they travelled with me, and so devoted an I to their service, that I seldom suffer an opportunity to escape either in a summer or a winter's walk, or autumn's excursion, without seizing on any discovery which may turn to their advantage.

While then we were driving along towards the Pass of Ballamahugh, a stranger who accompanied us, in reply to an observation which had just been made, exclaimed with peculiar emphasis, that it was only a "'tis but." 'Tis but! said I, what can you mean? "Did you never hear," said she, of Lady—'s 'tis buts, we have them all over Ireland?" I confess I was still more at a loss for her meaning, till she informed me that this excellent person, having heard her daughters and their young companions frequently plead, as an excuse for any little indulgence, or extra expenditure of their money, "'tis but a crown, 'tis but a sovereign, &c.," her ladyship said she would have a little box placed on her table, and each time they made use of that expression in regard to their expenses, the sum of money named should be put into her box, and devoted to some charitable

or benevolent purpose, and they should see at the close of a year what an extravagant amount would arise from their inconsiderate 'tis buts. Suffice it to say that this experiment afforded a demonstration of upwards of a hundred pounds sterling, by which the young ladies and the poor were both enriched;—the young ladies in the lesson of experience; the ignorant and uneducated poor, in the establishment or support of schools for their instruction. Since that period I am informed that a 'tis but is to be found as an ornamental part of the furniture of many a drawing-room and parlor in our sister island, and the invention is so excellent, that I should like to see the patent extended to our own country, and hope the next ladies' bazaar in our neighborhood will exhibit a few for sale.

This is all very well, my dear young readers, and 'tis but to make the most of the thing in one way. But it occurred to me, that this judicious demonstration of the annual savings which had been made out of some young ladies' thoughtlessness, might be not less applicable to morals than to economy; on this subject, however, I shall do no more than throw out a few hints.

Sorry I am to confess, that young ladies have sometimes been heard to apply this phrase in a matter which quite justifies the feeling expressed in the last sentence. They have been known not only to say 'tis but a sovereign, 'tis but a crown, or 'tis but a shilling; but sometimes, 'tis but a rib! Now, though I do not pretend to know the etymology of this word, it being very long since my school days were ended; yet from my later studies, I can assure my young readers that no classical author ever uses it in a good sense—I trust therefore that you will never again apply our diminutive to any sayings or doings of yours—so I am persuaded if its definition were accurately traced, it would be proved to designate something at once immortal and irreligious.

Young people have also sometimes been observed greatly wanting in the attentions which are due to their superiors in age: presuming to carry on a noisy conversation with their juvenile friends, or what is even more ill-bred; to talk in whispers in the presence of their seniors, and when reproved by the governess, or a friend, to say, "O! 'tis but grand, mamma, or, 'tis but aunt Martha!" I would just hint to such young delinquents that this disrespectful manner of treating the aged or infirm, is both irreverent and indecorous, and is a greater extravagance in morals than to spend ten sovereigns injudiciously.

The task of a reprover, however, is so ungracious a labor, that I acknowledge, I always endeavor, if possible, to do it by deputy. I shall therefore, according to my declaration, give out a few hints for those of stronger nerves to act upon, and I hope some kind aunt, or faithful governess, or affectionate mamma, will pardon me, if I leave it to their judicious management to make the application as proper opportunities present themselves, and merely adding, that the "'tis but" may be applied to time—either as too soon or too late, or too short—as 'tis but seven o'clock, and too soon to rise; 'tis but nine o'clock, and too soon to go to bed—'tis but half an hour before dinner and too short a time to do any thing but play, &c." To courtesy, when young ladies, as sometimes happens, are not so polite as they ought to be, and are ready to say; 'tis but an old gentleman—or 'tis

but a poor woman. To conversation, where a want of feeling, or a want of attention to the feelings of another, finds an imaginary impunity in the phrase, 'tis but a joke. To conformity to the world in religious families, where 'tis but a little music, or 'tis but a quadrille, is intended as an act of toleration for a concert or a ball. It may also apply to the gentler laws of charity, where an unfavorable opinion is formed of another, and we feel satisfied, perhaps, with saying, 'tis but a mistake, a misconception, or an error. Though an apology may be very proper in such a case, yet no apology can ever repair an injury, or soften the anguish to which our mistake, or error in judgment, may have given rise; no capacity the most obtuse; no imbecility the most glaring, can ever make the *amende honorable* for a breach of the law of charity.

So much for the playful part of our subject, and for the minor evils on which it bears. But the line though short, might yet fathom the depths as well as the shallows of our deceitful hearts, and bring up thence much of the ooze and mud of inherent depravity. In that sacred volume which contains lessons of universal application to all hearts, in all ages, we may trace the unhappy tendency of the human mind, to diminish the extent or magnitude of moral evil, by the use of this or similar diminutives. As in the case of the brother of the patriarch who pleaded for a devoted city of old, saying, "Is it not a little one?" In the case of the Syrian soldier, who recollecting all the coolness and freshness of Abana and Pharpar, first contemplated the waters of Israel, and even after experiencing their vivifying and health-giving influence, still pleaded for the use of a 'tis but, saying, "When I bow down in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." Again, in the case of Saul, who having spared the herds and flocks of the Amalekites, answered the prophet's reproof with "'tis only to sacrifice to the Lord thy God." In all these instances each might have said, 'tis but a little one, 'tis but to bow, 'tis but to sacrifice, and thereby have sought impunity for his sin. But whatever indulgences idolatry or superstition may permit to their votaries, there are no dispensations issued by the moral law. He that offends in one joint is guilty of all. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them. Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the load of rams.

In considering the use which is made of this dangerous little palliative in early life by the thoughtless and careless, as respects the concerns of eternity, how awful and affecting may be its consequences! 'Tis but my tenth or fourteenth year may some foolish young person be disposed to say, and therefore time enough to think of death and the grave, of heaven and the world to come. But know you not that man cometh up as a flower and is cut down? In the morning it springeth up and flourisheth—the evening—how often before the noon, it is cut down and withered. Or even should life be prolonged, how many are its cares and its trials, how many where shall you go in the day of need for comfort and sympathy, if in youth you seek not an interest in Him who is "The Friend of the friendless and the faint?" He loves them that love him, and they that seek him early shall find him. Let your young affections be fixed upon him now—now let the desires of your heart be forth towards him. In prayer, in praise, in

the study of holiness, in searching the scriptures seek for him in youth. For if he have said, I am sought of them that asked not for me, and found of them that sought me not, how much more will he reveal himself to those who seek him with their young hearts, with the first aspirations of their souls!

Many plead for improper indulgences, by saying, 'tis but this once; by which means they create an evil habit, which may afterwards prove destructive to the soul. And a 'tis but as to time—it has been remarked, has led to procrastination and fearful consequences.

Temptations and trials present themselves to all. Young Christians, therefore, in such circumstances, should have their minds strengthened by the contemplation of great examples, these are to be found in abundance in the Holy Scriptures. In the history of the church also they are not wanting, and often present themselves in circumstances of peril, to which we in our happier days have no hazard of being exposed. Think then my young friends of the conduct of the first believers in the midst of persecution, proscription, torture, and death. Recall to mind how impotent was the whole pressure, of the whole power, of the mightiest authority that ever ruled on earth, to compel the Roman Christian to say, 'tis but—" 'Tis but two grains of incense cast upon the altar of the idol, and the sword of the persecutor will be sheathed." These two grains of incense no human urgency could extract from him. The power of man may crush the bones and muscles of its victim, or lacerate the fibres of his heart; but it cannot touch the indomitable will; it cannot sever the soul from its purpose: it cannot separate between the spirit and its God. His soul was supported by strength superior to that of man, by the omnipotence of his Saviour. Hence comes the heavenly energy—the fearless faith—the blanchless courage—the fixed resolve.—Neither precedents nor dominions have power over these, and the Christian with the Apostle, exclaims, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." *Phil. iv. 13.*

THE TRUE FRIEND.

"Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by doubling our joys and dividing our griefs."
"How valuable is a true friend!" said Amelia to her mamma, as they walked in the shrubbery—"I have often heard my dear papa say to you, 'there are very few real friends in the world.'"
"Yes my dear Amelia, your papa only mentioned what all will experience, if they live long enough. True friends grow not on every bough, and they are truly happy who possess them, for they contribute greatly to the comfort and happiness of human life.

"Without a friend
The world is but a wilderness."

"But, mamma, why are true friends so scarce?"
"There are so many qualities necessary in the composition of a friend, that it is difficult to find them in one and the same individual. A friend should be disinterested, warmly attached, wise and virtuous, of an open and ingenious disposition, faithful in giving and receiving advice: tender, generous, and sympathizing; entitled to great confidence, an enemy to slander and insinuation, and fixed and unchangeable in his regard. Mr. Collier remarks—"We should keep four things open to a friend; our heart, our counte-

nance, our house, and, as far as we prudently can, our purse.' I could add more, but you will see, my child, that there are but few who possess these requisites, and hence the scarcity of faithful friends.

"Pray mamma, have I not seen letters addressed to you, subscribed, your sincere friend, your attached friend?"

"You have my dear; but this is often done more from *cliquette*, than from reality, and we ought not to suspect such persons of insincerity, until we have proved them to be false.

"I remember many instances of friendship in the course of my reading. 'No doubt, those of David and Jonathan, and Damon and Pythias, and many others, are delightful instances of sincere and unalterable attachment. And there are no doubt at the present time, many cases of a similar nature."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I have thought very often what I would give to have a real friend."

"Well! Amelia, now what would you give?"

"Give? Mamma, I would give a hundred pounds if I had that sum."

"A hundred pounds, child, why you forget what Dr. Young says:—

A world in purchase of a friend is gain.
"Well, I would give the world then, if I could have a true, affectionate, sincere friend."

"I could tell you where you might find such a friend; one that would never deceive you; who would love you tenderly; help you in all your difficulties; comfort you in all your afflictions and troubles; and what is more, provide for you here, and ensure your future happiness."

"Oh! mamma, what is the name of that friend? Is it a lady?"

"No."

"A gentleman! where does he live?"
"I suppose, Amelia, that you, like Cowper, would go and see him directly."

"That I would, without losing a moment. I would go this very night."

"He would rejoice in your visit, but he would require more for his friendship, than you would, I fear, be disposed to give."

"Oh! mamma, do tell me. Is he your friend and papa's friend?"

"I trust, my dear, he is—We are receiving many things from him every day. Indeed we have nothing but what came from him."

"What will he require of me?"

"Your heart, your soul, your all."

"Ah! dear mamma, I know what Friend you mean; it is Jesus Christ."

"The very same, he is the FRIEND, the only *able, constant, everlasting Friend.*" One that abideth faithful and cannot deny himself. Happy should I be, my dear child to see you earnestly seeking the friendship of the Lord Jesus Christ. O what a Friend is he to poor guilty sinners! To save them He left heaven and came into our world, became a man of sorrows, and died on the accursed tree! Herein is love—disinterested love—love beyond thought. In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He is a merciful and faithful High Priest, his heart is always full of tenderness. He is the unsearchable gift. All the riches of grace and glory are open for the supply of the wants of his people. Go to Him, dear Amelia, go to night. The sooner you go to Him, the sooner you will be happy. Come let us sing that sweet hymn of Mr. Newton."

Amelia obeyed her mother, and they retired to the summer house and while the sun was sinking below the horizon, they sang:

Poor, weak and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, Almighty Friend;
Jesus the Saviour is his name,
He freely loves and without end.

He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controlled;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies
Oh! what a friend is Christ to me.

Amelia was deeply affected, and she felt the importance of having THE TRUE FRIEND.

MORNING WALK.

ACCOUNT OF DEW.

When a labourer goes out to his work in the morning, before the sun had risen, he enjoys an advantage and a pleasure arising from the fresh air, which the workman who resorts to the manufactory equally early, is not fortunate enough to know.

Among the many beauties of the morning, is the appearance of the Dew. Bright round drops of dew are upon every leaf and every blade of grass, shining in the morning sun like so many diamonds. When the sun rises, all these drops however, soon disappear, and the leaves and the grass become dry; and if the day is hot, the earth, which was cool and moist in the morning becomes parched and dusty. But again when the sun goes down, the grass and leaves are soon found to be damp, and the earth becomes cool.

The moisture, or the water, of which the dew is formed, comes not from the grass or from the leaves, it does not rise up, as it seems to do, from the ground, it comes from the air above us.

When a kettle full of water is put upon the fire, the water, which was cold, becomes hot, and steam comes through the spout. This steam, which is water in another shape, mixes with the air and is lost. If you let the kettle remain on the fire, all the water will be turned into steam, all the steam will disappear in the air, and you will have nothing but the empty kettle.

If you were to let some of the steam go into a glass, and then make the outside of the glass cold by wrapping a wet cloth round it, you would see that the steam in the glass would again be turned into water, which would run down the sides of the glass.

Now, when the sun shines, the heat of it is continually drawing up water from the sea, and from lakes, and rivers, and ponds, and pools, and even, as we have seen, from the leaves and the grass; but it draws it up in the form of a thin vapour, or steam. If you stand by the side of a river or pond in a very hot day, and look at any dark-coloured object, you may see what appears to be a trembling kind of motion in the air. This appearance is caused by the rising of the steam, and not by the motion of the air. Air in motion, as when the wind blows, produces no difference in the appearance of objects seen through it. The true cause cannot be explained to us, but it is very like that which makes a

straight stick appear bent when partly sunk in water. If you put water in a saucer, and expose it to the sun in a hot day, it will all be drawn up, or dried up in this way, and disappear.

The air, then which is above us and all round us, contains a great deal of water at all times, but the water is in a state of vapour, or thin steam. This vapour, however, as in the case of the steam received into a cold glass, will become water again when it becomes of a certain coldness and then it will be turned into dew, or into rain.

Many things make the air hotter or colder at one time than another; it is hottest when the sun shines brightly, and coldest at night: it is cooled also by winds. The colder the air gets the more its moisture will be seen. If it is only cool, you will see the water of the air in the form of mist; if colder, when there is much moisture in the air, heavy clouds or rain will be formed; and this may be frozen into snow, or into hail, which again may be melted by heat into water, and then formed into steam or vapour, and again disappear in the air.

When, therefore, the day has been very hot, and much water has been taken up into the air, you will have much dew at night. You will have dew at night, because the heat of the sun is gone, and the vapour in the air which touches the cold earth, is cooled, and becomes water again.

When you are walking out, either in the morning or in the evening, you will see, that whilst the grass is wet, the footpath is dry; and that when you come to a gate or a stile, the gate or the stile is dry, although the hedges are covered with dew. How does this happen? It happens in this way. The grass is colder than the footpath, and the leaves of the hedges are colder than the wood of which the stile is made.

When there is a heavy dew at night, and the moisture seems to be rising all over the fields,

—who is in truth, it is falling from the air,—people often say 'It will be a hot day to-morrow.' The clearer the air at night, or the freer from clouds, the more dew there is; and the clearer the air, the brighter, probably, will to-morrow be. On a cloudy night there is little or no dew, for the clouds assist in keeping the earth warm, and the earth not being so much cooled, does not cause so much water to settle upon it from the vapour in the air.

A very useful thing follows, for in the driest and hottest weather, as more dew falls in the night, it keeps the grass and the vegetables from being dried up. Now when there are clouds and rain, dew is not wanted, and on cloudy nights it has just been said that dew is not formed.

On walking out in frosty weather, we often see every branch and every little twig covered with hoar frost. The hoar frost is frozen dew. The trees and the grass, and all things out of doors, in such weather, become excessive cold, and not only cause water to settle upon them from the air in the form of dew, but freeze it when it does settle upon them. The following are representations of some of the forms of the practicals of hoar frost, as seen through a microscope:—

Although the dew is very pleasant to look at it would be wrong not to mention that there is no greater enemy to human health than dampness. All people who labour in the open air are thus subject to rheumatism; and those who are out at

night, when the air is not dry, are more fatigued than those who are out in the day, although they may sleep by day instead of by night. Travelers in the coldest parts of North America see nothing hurts them but the damp. During the frost, although it is much colder than our coldest days of winter, they are very cold, but quite well if they take exercise enough. When the thaw comes, disease comes. The Esquimaux, a small race of people who live very far North where they have long winters, and where the ground is almost always covered with snow, build houses of the frozen snow, having very much the shape of wooden bowls turned upside down. They have pieces of ice for windows. During the hard frost these snow houses are very comfortable, and the people are very merry except when food is scarce and then they brave the cold, in pursuit of game, and are drawn by dogs over the ice in sledges. But when these snow houses have had much fire in them, or the weather begins to get a little warmer, then the snow begins to melt, and water streams down the inside of the house; and then all the Esquimaux people, men, women, and children, begin to sneeze and cough. Sometimes a great number of them lose their voices for a time and the whole family speak in whispers. Whoever is obliged to be out in a damp night or morning should keep his body well protected by clothes; and this should be most carefully attended to in spring and autumn. This the pains of rheumatism, or the lumbago, and toothach, and coughs, are avoided. A flannel waistcoat, which may be made for very little money, may save several pounds in physic, and prevent several weeks' suffering, and of loss of work.

A tree that is every year transplanted, will never bear fruit; and a mind that is always hurried from its profession, will scarce ever do good in any.

P O E T R Y.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

The golden beams of morn return again,
But not to charm affections weeping eye,
Sad recollection but augments the pain;
And from my bosom wings the bitter sigh.
No more my little charmer's voice I hear,
No more! his smiles afford one sweet delight,
No more his lisp'ng tongue my spirits cheer,
No more his slumbers in these arms at night!
My friend his spirit's fled!
My little George is dead!

What scenes of love enliv'd our peaceful lot,
When round the parlor cheerfully he play'd;
The gayer scenes of life with me were not,
Nor envied those in richest robes array'd,
When we return'd, the toilsome day forgot,
With rising hopes our hearts were sweetly blest,
The little group was form'd, thrice happy lot!
The simple picture art cou'd not have dress'd,
Since from my arms he's torn,
With anguish keen I mourn!!

Pitying Angels o'er his couch were lov'ring,
To invite his gentle spirit home,
While mortal pimple spread their gloomy cover;
O'er his fair cheek and banah'd all its bloom!
Then God of love and peace he heard thy call,
Thine infant spirit fled to thine embrace;
Sweet consolation to the mourning soul!!
Thy blessed promise to a mortal race!
Now in the Tomb he lies,
Till Jesus bids him rise!!!