

her friends perceived that her spirit had fled. Her soul ascended to heaven, at the very moment when she desired it might,—without a struggle, or a single convulsion, as one resigning herself into the arms of sleep,—so she died. A sweet smile played on her pale lips, as she named her Saviour's name, and breathed out—"Lord Jesus receive my spirit."—And this smile became impressed on her features, when fixed in death.—The following day, she was laid beside her parents, in the village church yard. Her sabbath scholars were collected, and they followed as chief mourners at the bier. There were no relatives to weep over the grave, but many sincere hearts, bedewed it copiously with their tears.—The roses, and wild flowers grew,—and bloomed, through all that autumn, as sweetly, and as freshly as ever; but the fairest and sweetest flower of the village had withered, and was buried in the cold grave. The sweet orphan had gone. Her footsteps were no more seen in the village, nor on the lawn.—*So passeth this world's glory away.*—I exclaimed, as I turned from her new made grave, and retired to my chamber, to meditate on the bright character, and happy death of the MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

REMARKABLE TREES.

The selection of a few remarkable trees and plants will serve to impress the reader with a sense of the wisdom and power of God, as displayed in the vegetable kingdom. As rivers and brooks are very seldom found in deserts and sandy places, many of the trees growing there distil water; and, by that means, afford great comfort both to man and beast. Thus the *Tillandsia*, which is a parasitical plant, growing on the tops of trees in the deserts of America, has its leaves turned at the base into the shape of a pitcher, with the extremity expanded; in these the rain is collected, and preserved for the use of men, beasts, and birds. The water-tree in Ceylon produces cylindrical bladders, covered with a lid; into these is secreted a most pure and refreshing water. There is a kind of cuckoo pint in New France, of which, if a person break a branch, it will afford him a pint of excellent water. How wise, how beneficial is the adaptation of plants to the inhabitants of those countries where they grow!

On the top of a rock, in one of the Canary Islands says Glass in his History, grows the *Fountain Tree*, called, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, *Garse*, (sacred or holy tree,) which for many years has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hierro; nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called *Til*. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself. The circumference of its trunk is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height from the ground to the top of the highest branch forty spans; the circumference of all the branches together, is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest commence an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pine apple, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider, and

more curved; they come forth in perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. On the north side of the trunk, are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants; and the other that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist arises from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the fore-mentioned steep cliff, so that the cloud having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front of the rock, which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and wide-spreading branches of the tree, from whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This tree yields most water in those years when the Levant or easterly winds have prevailed for a continuance, for by these winds only the clouds or mists are drawn hither from the sea. A person lives on the spot near where this tree grows, who is appointed by the council to take care of it, and its water; and is allowed a house to live in, with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district, seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people in the island.—*Wood's Mosaic History.*

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF DWIGHT AND DENNIE.

Some few years since, as Dr Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at the stage hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn, Mr Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord, that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr Dwight.—Show me to his apartment exclaimed Dennie; although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings.—The landlord accordingly waited on Mr Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night gown, cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. The Doctor, struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of distinguished and literary characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr Dwight chanced to mention Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio," says the Dr in a rhapsody, "is the Addison of the United States—the father of American belleslettres. But, sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing that a man of such genius, fancy, and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and bacchanalian revels?" "Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years; and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir," says the Doctor, "you err. I have my information from a particular

friend; I am confident that I am right, and you are wrong." Pennie now ingeniously change the conversation to the clergy, remarking the Abercrombie and Mason were among our most distinguished divines: "nevertheless, he considered Dr Dwight president of Yale college, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America has produced. But, sir," continued Dennie, there are traits in his character, undeserving so wise and great a man, of the most detestable description: he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!" "Sir," says the Doctor, "you are grossly mistaken, I am intimately acquainted with Dr Dwight, and I know to the contrary." "Sir," says Dennie, "you are mistaken, I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth." "No more slander!" says the Doctor, "I am Dr Dwight of whom you speak!" "And I too," exclaimed Mr Dennie, "am Mr Dennie, whom you spoke!" The astonishment of Dr Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance. The Visitor.

There is not any thing in religion, that excites gloom, melancholy or horror, it is "mild, gentle, and easy to be entreated," it should cloth the face with cheerfulness, it should fill the heart with gladness.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Nature is satisfied with little; grace, with less; lust, with nothing.
Willful waste makes woeful want.
He that hankers after dainties, must often feel displeas'd, and sometimes lie at the mercy of a dear market.

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.
TO MISS ———

Our separation has been long, since first we were
quaint,
And many scenes we have pass'd through betwixt
that time and this;
Tho' distant far the actors were, yet many times we
faint,
The thoughts of meeting once again afforded transient
bliss.

The happy period now has come, we see as faces
face—
To talk of things of former times will fill a painful
hour;
The hope of future joy will give unto our words a
grace,
That sorrow which beclouds our days will henceforth
cease to lour.

Remembrance of our youthful scenes has often cross'd
my mind;
It gave me pleasure oft to think of juv'nile sports and
glees.
These, though pleasant in themselves, I fully now
find
Had half their charms, and more than half, by be
shared with thee.

Such pure delights let's taste again, tho' now in yon
mature—
We'll find a relish for these joys much greater than
before;
If finer minds and better hearts can anywhere allure,
With virtue join'd enough we'll have of happy
adieu! adieu! no more.

April 30, 1832.