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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 42.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, May 16, 1832.

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BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF DR. BATEMAN.

Concluded.

In the course of the summer his health and strength were considerably recruited: but towards the close of it, a little overexertion in walking brought on an accession of fever, and a great aggravation of all the symptoms of his disorder; but still he continued able to take a little exercise. While he remained in the country he had much leisure, which was devoted entirely to religious reading; for every other subject had now become insipid and uninteresting to him; and never did the pursuits of science and literature afford him such vivid enjoyments as he now received from these hallowed studies. In November he removed to Whitby for the winter: and his health continued in much the same state till a short time before Christmas, when a walk, rather longer than usual, again produced increased fever and debility; and from that period his strength and appetite visibly declined, while his spirit was as visibly ripening for heaven. His faith and patience were strengthened; his hope was increased; his charity enlarged: yet he was naturally so extremely reserved in the expression of his feelings, that he rarely spoke of them till within the last month of his life, when he rejoiced "with a joy unspeakable and full of glory," which bore down all opposition; for he experienced a happiness to which all the accumulated enjoyments of his whole previous life could bear no proportion or comparison, even that "peace of God" which "passeth all understanding," and which must be felt, or at least witnessed, in order to form any just conception of its nature and effects. What a striking example did our dying friend now exhibit to us! From his early youth he had devoted himself with delight and industry to the acquisition of knowledge, and the pursuits of literature and science; and he "had his reward" in the honour and reputation which his success had procured for him, a reward which he keenly enjoyed, and very highly prized. Those who have known only the pleasures, which arise from worldly gratifications, surely

ought to recollect, that, being confessedly ignorant of those spiritual enjoyments which they despise, they cannot be competent to decide upon their reality or their value: it belongs only to those who have experienced both, to appreciate either. And how did Dr. Bateman appreciate them? In contrasting, as he frequently did, his present happiness with all that he had formerly enjoyed and called happiness, he seemed always at a loss to find words to express how poor, and mean, and despicable all earthly gratification appeared to him, when compared with that "joy and peace in believing," which now filled his soul; and "one particle of which," he sometimes said, "ten thousand worlds would not tempt him to part with." And it should be remembered, that this was not the evidence of a man disappointed in his worldly pursuits: he had already, as before observed, "had his reward" in this world—he had experienced the utmost success in the path which he had chosen—he had been keenly susceptible of intellectual pleasures; and of these, as well as of all inferior amusements, he had enjoyed more than a common portion. But when the only object that can satisfy the affections and fill the capacities of a rational and immortal being revealed to him—when he viewed by the eye of faith that life and immortality which are brought to light by the gospel—earthly fame, and honour, and pleasure, sunk into the dust; and, in reflecting upon his past life, the only thing that gave him any satisfaction was the hope that his labours might have been beneficial to his fellow-creatures, for whom his charity had now become unbounded. He often said, that "the blessing of his conversion was never out of his mind day or night; that it was a theme of perpetual thanksgiving; and that he never awoke in the night without being overwhelmed with joy and gratitude in the recollection of it." He always spoke of his long bodily afflictions with the most devout thankfulness, as having been instrumental in bringing him to God; and considered his almost total blindness as an especial mercy, because, by shutting out external objects, it had enabled him to devote his mind more entirely to spiritual things. Often, latterly, he expressed an ardent desire to "depart and to be with Christ;" but always added, that he was cheerfully willing to wait the Lord's pleasure, certain that if he was continued in this world it was only for his own good, and to make him more "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light."

He bore his bodily afflictions with the most exemplary patience, and even cheerfulness, and continually expressed his thankfulness that they were not greater; sometimes saying, "What a blessing it is to be allowed to slip gently and gradually out of life as I am doing!" He would not allow any one to speak of his sufferings, always saying, "they did not deserve a stronger name than inconveniences." He neither complained himself, nor would permit others to complain for him. Once, when the nurse who attended him said, "Oh that cough! how trouble-

some it is!" he replied, "Have a little patience, nurse: I shall soon be in a better world; and what a glorious change that will be!" Indeed the joy of his mind seemed to have absorbed all sense of his physical sufferings. I once remarked to him, that he appeared to have experienced no intermission of these joyful feelings; and he answered, "For some months past never, and never the smallest rising of any thing like impatience or complaint." His mind, naturally active and ardent, retained all its powers in full vigour to the last moment of his life, and was never once clouded or debilitated, even in the most depressing nervous languors. Indeed, after the whole current of his tastes and affections had been turned into a new channel, his ardour and activity rather increased than diminished, from the deep conviction which he felt of the superiority of his present views and pursuits to all that had hitherto engrossed him. During the last week of his life, especially, the strength and clearness of his intellect and of his spiritual perceptions, were very remarkable; and on its being one day observed to him, that as his bodily powers decayed, those of his soul seemed to become more vigorous, he replied, "They do, exactly in an inverse ratio: I have been very sensible of it."

He conversed with the greatest animation all the day, and almost all the night, preceding his death, principally on the joys of heaven and the glorious change he was soon to experience; often exclaiming, "What a happy hour will the hour of death be!" He dwelt much on the description of the new Jerusalem in the Revelation of St. John, and listened with great delight to several passages from Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and to some of Watts's hymns on the same subject. Once in the night he said to his mother, "Surely you are not in tears! Mine is a case that calls for rejoicing, and not for sorrow. Only think what it will be to drop this poor, frail, perishing body, and to go to the glories that await before me!" Not more than an hour before his death, when he had been expressing his faith and hope in very animated terms, I remarked to him, how striking was the uniformity of faith and of feeling expressed by believers at every distance of time and place, and spoke of it as an indisputable evidence that these graces are wrought by "one and the selfsame Spirit," and as a proof of the truth of the Bible, the promises and descriptions of which are thus so strikingly fulfilled and exemplified. He entered into the argument with his accustomed energy, and assented to its truth with delight. It seemed remarkable, that though he had during his whole illness been very sensible of his increasing weakness, and had watched and marked accurately all its gradations, yet he spoke, in the last moments of his life, of going down stairs as usual,—(he had been carried up and down for several days,)—and said, "It could not require more than a very few weeks now to wear him out;" not appearing to be at all aware that his end was so very near, till about half an hour

before his death. Finding himself extremely languid, he took a little milk, and desired that air might be admitted into the room; and on being asked if he felt relieved at all, said, "Very little: I can hardly distinguish, indeed, whether this is languor or drowsiness which has come over me; but it is a very agreeable feeling." Soon after, he said suddenly, "I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast," and on my making some observation on the glorious prospect before him, he added, "Oh, yes! I am glad to go, if it be the Lord's will." He shut his eyes and lay quite composed, and by and by said, "What glory! the angels are waiting for me!"—then, after another short interval of quiet, added, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" and to those who were about him, "Farewell!" these were the last words he spoke: he gradually and gently sunk away, and in about ten minutes breathed his last, calmly and without a struggle, at nine in the morning of the 9th of April, the very day on which, twelve months before, his mind had first been awakened to the hopes and joys of the ever blessed gospel!

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

LYING.

I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity, and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected, sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer myself at last; for as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I must certainly shall be) I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage to the person however true, passes for calumny. If I lie, or equivocate (for it is the same thing) in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear, as well as my falsehood; and only increase, instead of avoiding the danger and the shame; I shew myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such.

People of education, and, in the main, of good principles, sometimes fall into this vice, from mistaken notions of skill, dexterity, and self defence; tho' it is inseparably attended with more infamy and loss than any other *Blair.*

COMMUNICATION.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

SIR MILNE,

Sir,—It has often occurred to me, that many of your juvenile subscribers do not duly appreciate, the numerous advantages which they, at present enjoy, of acquiring a proficiency in almost every branch of useful knowledge. Their youthful minds, wholly intent upon the present, seldom cast a glance at those things which are past; and are, therefore, rarely well qualified to form a proper estimate of their present privileges and enjoyments. They have not arrived at that period, when a familiar acquaintance with the more recent occurrences, induces them to investigate the transactions of the past, and thus to enlarge the sphere of their information. Hence,

they are extremely apt to view their privileges with indifference, and very falsely to suppose, that their ancestors enjoyed exactly the same. But no idea could possibly be more incorrect.

In the settlement of this District, and the surrounding country, the inhabitants, though they had many difficulties to encounter—though they were exposed to incessant toil and privations, and had to earn their subsistence by the sweat of their brow, felt these hardships to be of far less importance, than the want of proper instructors for the rising generation. Their offspring were growing up around them, without the opportunity of attending the stated ordinances of religion, and without that previous instruction, which could alone qualify them to understand and obey its sacred precepts. Their parents, though their days were spent in incessant toil, were their only teachers; and they, though their information was not the most extensive, gladly imparted this knowledge to their children. Sedum were their ears gladdened by the joyful sound of the gospel; and many of the aged fathers of the settlements feared, for the morals of those who must afterwards occupy their place in the community. Some times, indeed, the venerable herald of peace, borne down by the weight of continued exertions, might be seen winding his way to those benighted settlements of the woods. His charge was not restricted to a single settlement, or a single district; all equally participated in his fatherly care—all were equally the subjects of his daily meditations. When, however, he happened to visit a settlement, he never failed to embrace every opportunity of conveying, both to the young and to the old the most salutary instruction. Their moral and religious improvement, always formed the subject of his earnest inquiry; and he viewed, with the tenderness and complacency of a father, every step which they made to an end so desirable. Such was the original state of education in the surrounding settlements; such were the opportunities of acquiring religious information: but how changed is the scene! While the natural aspect of the country has undergone an immense alteration, and traces of a more civilized nature, are everywhere visible; the moral improvement of the inhabitants has advanced with an equally sure pace. Now, the father has no longer to act in the capacity of the schoolmaster; proper instructors are comparatively numerous. In many a settlement, the eye of the fatigued traveller is relieved by the view of a neat little church raising its spire amidst the surrounding houses, and which causes him, insensibly, to revert to the peaceful and solemn nature of that religion, which it is designed to promote. By the introduction of pious missionaries of every denomination, the operations of the minister, confined to a sphere more circumscribed, are conducted with greater success: and the institution of sabbath schools, has given a renewed vigour to their exertions. How grateful, then, should your young readers be, for all the means of instruction within their reach! Let them think on the past, and compare it with the present, and let this comparison have its due and proper influence. Let the path of virtue be the way, in which they are resolved to tread; and they cannot ultimately, fail to secure a proportional degree of respect and affection. Wise men will love them, and the wicked and ill disposed, though, in public they may speak lightly of

them, in the calm hours of reflection, must acknowledge their worth. None who ever walked in virtue's way, have found their progress through the world, on this account, more thickly encompassed with the thorns of affliction.

W.

Pictou, May 7, 1832.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BALL AND THE FUNERAL.

A writer in the Pastor's Journal for July gives the following account of an occurrence which happened some years since, and left a deep impression upon his mind.

In the town of D——, there resided a family, with whom the writer from his boyhood had maintained a familiar and pleasant intercourse. They ranked among the most respectable and prosperous families of the place. Their habitation was retired and peaceful. The traveller came upon it unexpectedly, as he issued from the grove, which had seemed to limit the improvements of a thriving town; and saw just before him with delight, a stately, snow white dwelling, succeeded by several others of an inferior but cheerful aspect. The neighborhood contained no vicious characters, no idlers. But the pride of it was the family in the white dwelling; being numerous above the rest, and distinguished for the superior taste and beauty of several brothers and sisters, which a second marriage had gathered into one domestic circle. Of the five sisters, it might be difficult to decide which was the most amiable; but one was pronounced fairer than the rest. I have still a vivid recollection of her thoughtless gaiety. Her vivid eye and smiling countenance, were no deceitful indication of a heart almost solely bent upon enjoying life as it goes. Never do I recollect to have heard from her lips, a solitary expression, that disclosed a serious state of mind. The confession must however be made that there was little in my conversation or deportment by which such expressions should have been elicited.

The hours passed rapidly away in this lively circle, which as yet Divine Providence had not passed over it the hand of bereavement. None thought of impending chastisements; at least, none thought less of them, than the fairest of the sisters. The season had arrived for the great ball, which the youth were accustomed to get up once or twice a year, in despite of the counsels of their Christian friends. It was a time which elicited the anxieties of many a parent; and yet no substitute had been devised as an amusement which added little to the improvement of the young, while it involved them in the guilt of setting at nought the prudent advice, and, in some instances, the authority of their natural guardians. The ball was resolved upon, and became as usual, the topic of conversation. Even the place, the day and the hour, were understood to be fixed; though, as yet, to keep back the urgent counsels of the old folks, no public announcement was made. The middle of the pleasure seeking youth were quite absorbed with the prospect of a splendid scene. The whisper respecting managers, partners, &c. invaded the sacredness of the Sabbath, and was indulged even in the sanctuary. None were more interested in these arrangements than the circle I have described. Among them, the beautiful

sister was most unreserved in the expression of her approbation. We shall have the ball, she said to some of her companions, who, during the interval of worship, occupied the same pew with her, and all of us are to have invitations. Is it rash or fanatical to pronounce, that an arrangement so got up, in opposition to pious parents, and perfected, if not begun, on the holy Sabbath, must have been displeasing to God? I had, as I well recollect, feelings of disapprobation of the course pursued. My mind, even then, was shocked at the profaneness of agitating such a subject in the house of worship. That Sabbath passed away and another succeeded, bringing in the week of youthful expectation. At length the day arrived, (it was Tuesday as I think,) and at the appointed hour, I passed through the grove to the snow white dwelling of the beautiful——. Her sisters were all there, and so were the young companions that had encircled her in the pew, and the numerous youth of both sexes, who had planned the ball. The stately dwelling was thronged with those who came to weep. We took up the lifeless corpse of——, and bore it in solemn procession through the grove, and over the tedious causeway, to the place where now repose the hopes of many mourners.

There was nothing in the unexpected decease of this beautiful but thoughtless youth to alleviate the poignant grief which it naturally occasioned. She experienced an attack of fever, which, in a few days, put a period to her life. It did not, in the first instance, threaten dissolution. From the time her life was despaired of, her reason had fled. It only remained for her Christian friends to pray, that she might not be consigned to the second death. On the day of her burial, a venerable parent stood by the coffin, and wrung her hands in such anguish as a Christian parent's heart alone can know, who commits, without hope, the remains of a beloved child to the grave. Oh, said she, could I but have the hope that my dear child has gone to heaven. But there was no voice from the lifeless clay; no promise of God to quiet her apprehensions.

Reader, be thou also ready, for in such an hour as thou thinkest not, the Son of Man cometh.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

A writer in the Richmond Family Visitor gives a striking testimony to the efficacy of prayer and perseverance in overcoming mental dullness, personal disadvantages, and coarse, unpolished manners in the case of a college student. Of a large ungainly person, uncultivated address, but of exemplary life, a certain student was the butt of ridicule for his class. His studies were prosecuted incessantly, yet no successful results followed.—The flint of application drew no sparks of fire from the benumbed rock of his intellect. Contumely, jeers, and nicknames were measured out to him without mercy. His room being next to that of the writer, it became a matter of notoriety that at certain hours of the night, and sometimes for a long time continued, a low murmuring noise proceeded from his apartment, seeming more like groans of distress than any other sound. The scholars gathered with all stillness into the writer's room one evening, in order to climb up to a high small window and ascertain the cause of the

sound. We continue the narrative in the words of the writer:

At last, about 2 o'clock, we heard the low moaning commence, and an indistinct noise as of some one speaking in a subdued tone of voice; it sounded still more strange than usual,—or a guilty consciousness of acting wrong caused us to imagine so.

My companions assisted me to arrange the forms, and to climb to the lofty window, through which, when I had succeeded in reaching it, I beheld our poor persecuted neighbor: the pale glimmering of his lamp showed me his books and papers scattered on the table, and the seat which he had evidently just vacated; all bore witness to the industry of the owner. My eyes glanced round the room, anxious to discover whence the noise proceeded, and I saw at the end of the table, with his back towards me, and his Bible open before him, upon his knees, the young man—He was so entirely absorbed in his occupation that I fearlessly put my head through the shadowy window, and heard his earnest supplication for the divine assistance in his devotion, for pardon for his own sins,—and for us he implored the blessing of God, and for me in particular, as one the most in the habit of grieving him, he prayed that my heart might be renewed; and for himself he prayed he enabled to forgive my provocations, and return them with kindness, and to withstand the temptations which surrounded him. He humbly lamented his dullness of apprehension, and the difficulty which he found in acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit him for the profession his soul longed for: he prayed the God of wisdom to assist him, and to strengthen his understanding. All this he uttered with the earnestness and freedom, with which an affectionate and dutiful child might be supposed to address a beloved parent, in whose love and affectionate willingness, as well as power, to grant his petition, he had perfect confidence. He seemed to receive comforts, as he prayed, and thus poured out his sorrow before his Almighty Father, in and through the name of Jesus his compassionate Redeemer.

I cannot express my feelings. Shame—sorrow—admiration—were mingled together. I felt how infinitely superior that poor despised young man was to my proud companions, and to myself, with all our boasted talents and accomplishments. I descended as softly and silently as possible from my situation, to my room mate, who was impatiently waiting at the foot of my mimic scaffolding to learn the cause of the agitation which he had already observed in me. I told him what I had seen, and heard, and was grieved to find that the recital only excited his merriment. He turned all I could say into a jest: "The things of God were foolishness to him." But for me (blessed be God!) the pious instructions of my mother had not been entirely forgotten;—they told me that this young man was the friend of God, and I dared not speak against him any more. In the morning, when our companions came to ask of our success, my room mate gave a most ludicrous account of my discoveries, and of our 'Methodist neighbor,' as he called him—I said as little as I could on the subject, for I was too much entangled in their evil ways, to dare to say much in his favor, and as I before said, I dared not now to speak against him.

When I left college, I left the student there

also; his manners and habits remained the same—but he was making better advances in his studies, than any of the professors or tutors had expected. I had never become intimate with him, as the bitter consciousness of my former treatment of him would not permit me to seek his friendship; while his reserved and studious habits prevented him from observing the change of my feeling towards him. Some seven years after, when by the mercy of God my wild and careless heart had learned to love, and wished to serve God, I came into——, a large and flourishing town, on my way to the field of labor appointed to me as a missionary of the Episcopal Church in the West. I was detained a day, it being Sunday, and I heard many persons speaking of a very celebrated preacher, whom they were all going to hear, and who was spoken of as a very learned man, of a very polite address, but above all of a most holy and blameless life and conversation. He was the beloved pastor of the largest church in the town, and his eloquence had become so much spoken of, that many strangers came from a distance to hear him preach.

I was pleased with the opportunity to improve myself, by hearing this celebrated man. I went, and judge, sir, of my utter astonishment at beholding——, the dull, awkward, despised student of—— College! The God in whom he trusted, to whom he prayed, and whom he served faithfully, had heard him, had blessed him and was accepted of him. His pious soul was now enjoying the happiness it longed for, in preaching Christ to poor lost sinners. I returned to my lodgings, deeply impressed with a consciousness, that truly, 'Whatever we shall ask in the name of Christ, believing, we shall receive.'

THE HERMIT.

'Beneath a mountain's brow the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherd's trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hands,
A Hermit lived,—a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains:
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
They did report him,—the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touched
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake;
And entering on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.'

On the declivity of a hill, which overlooks the pellucid waters of the Seekonk River, in a rude cell, resides a Hermit, whose history is as inexplicable as his affected account of himself is mysterious. His name is Robert but to what country he belongs, or what are the inducements which have led him to lead the solitary life of a hermit, no one knows, and the fact puts conjecture at a hazard. Certain it is, however, that he is not a native of New-England; and that he is not by education or by principle, attached to our habits or our institutions, the whole course of his life, since he has been with us, has abundantly proved.

It is now about eighteen years since he first visited us, and took up his abode in a thick pine grove, which threw its luxurious foliage over the brow of Arnold's Hill; and from that day to this, he has carefully avoided answering any question, which might lead to a discovery of his history, or gratify the curiosity of his inquirer.

Months, years, and days pass by him unnoticed and unregarded, and it is only on extraordinary occasions, that he emerges from the confines of his solitary hermitage. In the Spring he sometimes occupies himself in laborious employments, such as attending gardens for the neighbourhood; but so regardless is he of the things of this world, that he cares not whether his labors are rewarded or not, by those who receive the benefits of them.

* Unused to the luxuries or extravagancies of life, he contents himself with the simplest food, and such as the bountiful hand of nature supplies. The meats and intemperate liquors of social life, are unknown to him.

"But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast he brings;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the springs."

In summer he cultivates a small lot of land, which he is kindly allowed to possess, by the owner of the estate on which the hermitage is located; but he rarely allows the plants to arrive at maturity, before he plucks them from the earth, and throws them to the cattle that feed around his lonely mansion. What should induce him to thus destroy what he has often been to great labor to cultivate, he assigns no reason, nor can any one form a reasonable conjecture. His cell is decorated with various shells and bones, and is scarcely capable of accommodating himself alone; and the furniture with which it is supplied, consists of a stool and an oaken bench, on which he reposes, and two or three pieces of broken delf ware. It is as gloomy, as darkness and solitude can make it, and appears to be admirably fitted for a misanthrope and a recluse.

In winter he seldom emerges from his solitary mansion, but silently and patiently waits for time to introduce the vernal spring, and to bring about that joyful season when once more he can rove around the adjacent woodland and meads. The rays of the sun never enter the portals of his dwelling, and at midday it assumes all the darkness of midnight. Content with this situation, and at peace with all, he quietly looks forward for the arrival of that day, when he shall bid the waking world good night, and find in countries unexplored, that happiness which life has denied him.

His cell is surrounded with a thick set hedge, wrought of wild briars and hemlock, and displays much ingenuity and taste. It is in a most romantic situation and not often annoyed by the gaze of the curious, or the mischievous visits of the boys, for they all love poor Robert. It is well worth the trouble of those who are fond of the curious, and are pleased with noticing the eccentricities of frail mortality, to visit the abode of 'ROBERT THE HERMIT.'

GOD'S UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE.

Let it not be asserted that it is beneath the creator to care for individuals. The whole system of the universe, like the smallest atom, is nothing in comparison of the infinite God. This being the case, what is it that we can call little and contemptible? How much smaller is the difference between me and whole nations, than between the latter and those prodigious orbs, which appear so insignificant to uneducated man! The most superficial observation will be sufficient to convince us, that in the eyes of that God, to whom a thousand years are as one day, and the universe is as a drop in the wide ocean, no creature can be so mean, no circumstance so insignificant, as to be unworthy of his attention. If we take the smallest plant, the most diminutive insect that we are able to dissect we discover the most profound wisdom in the structure of the minutest vessels, as in the whole which they contribute to form; and the smallest part of these apparently insignificant objects tends no less to the perfection of the whole, than the animal or the plant itself to the perfection of the whole species, and the letter to that of the universe. If God has not disdained to form creatures that appear so contemptible, why should it be thought beneath him to preserve them? Or how can a whole species be preserved, unless that preservation be extended to individuals?

ANECDOTES.

HOW TO OVERCOME EVIL TEMPER.
The celebrated physician, Boerhaave, being

asked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocations, "Whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion?" He answered, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, "That he was naturally quick of resentment; but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself. But thus," he said, "was the work of God's grace: for he was too sensible of his own weakness, to ascribe any thing to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue passion, or withstand temptation, by his own natural power."

He never regarded calumnies, (for Boerhaave himself had enemies,) nor even thought it necessary to confute them.—"They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves. The surest remedy against scandal is to live it down, by perseverance in well-doing, and by praying to God that he would cure the dis-temper'd minds of those who traduce and injure us."

TRADITION OF THE DELUGE.

The tradition concerning this subject among the American Indians is curious.—The Great Hate, or Nanibojau, lived originally, toward the going down of the sun; when, being warned, in a dream, that the inhabitants would be drowned in a general flood, produced by heavy rains, he built a raft, on which he preserved his own family, and all the animal world, without exception. According to his dream, the rains fell, and a flood ensued. His raft drifted for many moons, during which no land was discovered. His family began to despair of a termination to their calamities; and the animals, who had the use of speech, murmured loudly against him. In the end he produced a new earth, placed the animals upon it, and created man.

RULES OF BEHAVIOUR.

Provoke no body.
Love your school fellows.
Please your master.
Let not play entice you.
Restrain your tongue.
Covet future honour, which only virtue and wisdom can procure.

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

'Twas early in the month of June,
When flowers look fresh and gay,
Young Em'ly and Matilda walk'd
Along the garden way.

The rose was blushing in the dew,
The lark was mounting high;
And clouds, with threat'ning aspect, flew,
Along the Sombre sky.

Young Em'ly view'd the threat'ning storm,
With youthful fear and awe;
And terror shook her frame, when she
The thunders herald saw.

God speaks not only in the blast,
The mild Matilda cried,
The rose bud and the lightsome lark,
'Tho' little in our eyes,

His great and glorious wisdom mark,
Like the lightning of the skies.

ELIZA.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.—
I know a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eight came round, and call'd him on
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friend
And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest

Mother—I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd:
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand:
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death!
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head.
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

Father—I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the budding things and flowers
Forgot it not!

Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!

Sister—my young rose-tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;

And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done:
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb!

Now—mother—sing the tune
You sang last night, I'm weary and must sleep.
Who was it called my name! Na, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!

Morning spread o'er earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer cold, and ivory-pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not: the laugh of passers by,
Jarred, like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worried not his slumbers. He was dead.