

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

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

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 34.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, March 21, 1832.

Vol. 1.

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER
Printed and Published every Wednesday Morn-
ing, at the Colonial Patriot Office, by W. MILNE,
CONDITIONS.

Three shillings per Annum, delivered in Town, and
two shillings and three pence, when sent to the coun-
try by mail, half yearly in advance.
When not paid half-yearly in advance, seven
shillings and six pence will be charged.
Any person ordering five copies will be reckoned
Agent, and shall receive a copy gratis.
The names of subscribers residing at a distance
not be required at the Office; they shall be ac-
countable to the Agent through whom they receive
paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—accord-
ing to the foregoing terms.
All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Is one of those who, by the mere efforts of his
talent, burst forth all at once, from an obscure
situation into the highest eminence. His name
was not known, as an author, till it was rendered
famous by the publication of his poem. This
work on which his well earned reputation almost
entirely rests, furnishes the best elements
of an instructive and useful biography. The
history of the infancy, growth, and maturity of
genius, is to be gathered from his poem.
And whoever will present the world with a skil-
ful development of his intellectual career down
to this source, will probably give the most in-
teresting account of his life. This however,
would be too laborious a task for us to undertake
at present. And all that we shall attempt is to
give a passing record of the few particulars of
his life that are known to us.

The poet was born at North Muirhouse, in
the parish of Eaglesham, about eleven miles
to the east from Glasgow, in October 1798. He
is the youngest son of an intelligent farmer,
and still resides in the same place. By the care
of his parents, he received such an education as
is common in that part of Scotland among per-
sons of their station in life. After this, he was
employed to give what assistance he could in the
affairs of his father's farm, till his fourteenth
year, when he was sent to the village of Eagle-
ston to learn the business of a cartwright. It is
highly probable that the exertions necessary to
his employment, accorded but ill with the views
of a youth of his imagination, although it is not
known that he estimated his talents at a higher
value than became his humble hopes. But it is
understood that he was induced by the advice and
example of an elder brother, who was pursuing
his studies with a view to the holy ministry, to
andon all thoughts of following up his mechan-
ical profession, and to prepare for the same
noble vocation.

His parents, with that fondness for the minist-
rial office, so congenial to the middle and low-
orders of the Scottish people, warmly seconded
his views, and put him in the way of realis-

ing them by sending him to a school in the
parish of Fenwick, to gain a knowledge of the
Latin language. This was done in the year
1813.

In 1816, he entered the university of Glasgow,
where, after attending the several classes dur-
ing five successive Sessions, he obtained the
degree of A. M.

On leaving the University he prosecuted his
Theological studies at the Divinity Hall for the
same number of Sessions, and was licensed to
preach the gospel in connexion with the United
Associate Synod about the beginning of May
1827. His first sermon was preached in Edin-
burgh nearly at the same time that his Poem
was published, in preparing which, for the press
he had been much engaged during the two pre-
vious years.

But his career which commenced with so much
lustre, was soon to terminate. It is said that he
was in the pulpit only three times afterwards.
A tendency to consumption lurked in his consti-
tution, and being aggravated by the sedentary
habits of so devoted a student, soon became pal-
pable to all, but its victim. In a letter to a friend
written in April 1827, he describes with the de-
ceptive feelings so common to those who suffer
from that disease, the buoyancy of his spirits
arising from renovated health. But these delu-
sions were soon clouded. His frame continued
to wax feebler, and some eminent Practitioners,
recommending a softer climate than Scotland, it
was determined that he should go to Italy for the
benefit of his health. He accordingly com-
menced his journey attended by his sister. But
after proceeding as far as Devonshire place
Shirley common, near Southampton, his strength
failed him. He now felt that the hand of death
was upon him. He then wrote to his brother
an account of his situation, and observed to his
sister, that had he been aware of the extent of
his illness he would have remained under the
paternal roof.

Domestic affections had always been strong
within him; and the thoughts of his kindred and
his home pressed strongly on his heart in the
solitude of a death bed, and in the midst of
strangers. He struggled with his distemper
only for a few days. On the 13th September
1827, he breathed his last, before he crossed the
borders of his own loved country. Although
his brother travelled with the greatest expedition
he had not the melancholy satisfaction of attend-
ing his remains to the grave. Before his arrival
Robert was buried, and his sister was on her
way back to Scotland. Thus early and suddenly
was he cut off from "glory's course" which had
just opened so brilliantly before him. "Man that
is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trou-
ble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut
down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth
not."

The path of glory leads but to the grave.

It is said that four posthumous volumes, con-
sisting of sermons, letters, essays, and poems

from the pen of the poet, are to be published un-
der the superintendency of his brother. These
with the "Course of Time," which has already
passed through several editions, with three Sab-
bath School stories, written while he was a
student of divinity, are the whole of his works.
These stories are entitled, "Helen of the Glen,"
"Ralph Gemmule," and "The Persecuted
Family." It is believed the pecuniary diffi-
culties, or rather an honest desire not to press
too heavily on the family resources, drew from
him these juvenile productions.

It is not our intention to enter on a critical
examination of the merits of this Poem, which is
pronounced by all, to be a high achievement of
original genius. The idea of the poem was con-
ceived fourteen years before its publication.
And its original title, "The Day of Judgment"
was judiciously altered to "The Course of
Time" at the suggestion of the Rev. John
Ritchie, D. D. of Edinburgh. The tone and
aim are truly religious, and, with one or two
exceptions, the sentiment is strictly orthodox.
The metrical arrangement of his verses is un-
fettered by rhyme and extremely unartificial.
His pictures of character are evidently drawn
from observation, and by some of them the origi-
nal may be known from the painting. The
whole experience of his life is converted into
materials for his muse, and in his sketches of in-
animate nature, he often returns to the scenery
of his much loved home.

"Among hills and streams
And melancholy deserts, where the sun
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only here
And there watching his little flock, or heard
The ploughman talking to his steers."

Few have drawn more upon real life than our
author; or delighted more to clothe favourite
images with lofty attributes of beauty. Litera-
ry industry, and solitary musing were not deem-
ed the most important avocations in his father's
house, and intrusions on his meditations at home
often induced him to go elsewhere to muse. On
these occasions he often retreated to a neigh-
bouring farm, where a beautiful clump of fir
trees relieved the nakedness of a spot naturally
uninviting. There seated under the fairest of
these stately trees, he composed a considerable
part of his poem. At a little distance in front,
though entirely out of sight, a crystal stream of
water gushed from a rustic spout into a pleasant
well, and thence pursued its course without a
murmur through the low-lying meadows. The
simple music of this little waterfall, mingled at
times with the voice of the wind, as it rose or
fell among the branches of the fir trees, awak-
ened emotions in the poet, to which may be as-
cribed a portion of that enthusiasm which infused
wildness and animation into his habitual and
cherished melancholy. From this seclusion he
had a full view of,

"Scotia's northern battlement of hills,"

formed by the lofty "Ben Lomond" and other
mountains stretching beyond Dumbarton.

Remainder in our next Number.

EDUCATION.

ON THE INDIFFERENCE OF PARENTS AS TO THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THEIR CHILDREN.

Children are born to an endless existence, and time is the threshold which opens their souls into this illimitable eternity. This short and single step of life is to them fraught with the most momentous consequences. The well-being or the wretchedness of the soul depends upon it. Watchfulness and enlightened care during this short moment of time secure happiness and peace; while carelessness and indifference entail on the individual pain and misery, without mitigation and without end.

Religion is the only solid footing upon which this important step can be made with safety, and every parent is entrusted by God with the special duty of superintending and directing his child in the acquirements of its truths. The attainment of religion and religious principles, therefore as involving the most important interests of the child, ought to be one great and leading object with every conscientious parent. Food, raiment, riches, nay, even health itself, and every thing else which relates solely or principally to the conveniences and comforts of time, must be but secondary and trivial in the parent's estimation. Nothing of a temporary and fleeting nature ought for one moment to stand in competition with religion, which the Almighty has appointed as the only means of preparing for, and securing an interest in, the the important and unchangeable realities of a happy eternity.

To every enlightened and judicious Christian, however who looks abroad into the world, the contrast betwixt this admitted truth, and its adoption in real life, is most marked and melancholy. Parents,—even professing Christian parents,—are seen on every side of us, mindful of the lesser parts of their duty, but forgetful of the greater. They are anxious, and careful and constant, in securing and promoting the bodily health and the temporal comforts of their little ones;—and indulging, not improperly, in the gratification derived from the neatness of their apparel, the activity and sprightliness of their motions, the mental energy or quickness of observation indicated by their remarks, and the genteel address, modest demeanour, manliness of conduct, or dignity of sentiment, which they can sometimes perceive in these objects of their tenderest affections.—But, alas! in how few instances do we perceive a similar anxiety about religion?—In what particular line of conduct towards their children can we trace anything like an equal share of exertion for their spiritual welfare? These temporarities,—good in themselves no doubt, but yet but temporal,—seem to absorb all their care, and to the promoting and perfecting of which, at least nine tenths of their exertions are devoted. O how painful!—how humiliating!—to see rational creatures thus amusing themselves, and playing antics with immortal souls, as if they were mere babies' toys, and made only for amusement! Souls which are doomed to enjoy or to endure an eternity of blessedness or woe; and whose only chance of attaining the one, and of escaping the other, is inclosed within that delicate bubble of life and time, with which their

inhuman parents are so thoughtlessly sporting; seemingly unconscious, that the slightest accident or disarrangement of particles may in a moment burst the airy compound, and consign the darling objects of their folly to endless or irretrievable ruin.

Their are, however, many honourable exceptions to this general neglect. Parents who feel, as well as profess to know the value of souls, will not allow their attentions to be absorbed by the things of the world; and though careful, and even troubled about many things, they will never forget that, for their children, as well as for themselves, there is but one thing needful. They value their children, not as they value toys, by the pleasure and amusement which they at present communicate, but as destined to be their companions and friends in another state. Their love for their children is of too noble and dignified a kind to admit, for a moment, of any degree of comfort or satisfaction at the idea of perpetual separation at death. Their views and hopes extend beyond the grove, and, in the spirit of true christian pilgrims, they not only rise above the world in their own affections, and steadily and daily look beyond it for their settled enjoyments, but they also labour assiduously to bring their little companions,—those limbs of Christ's flock, which their heavenly father has given them to feed,—to indulge the same desires, to cherish the same hopes, and to endeavour, by all means, with themselves, to secure an inheritance, which is incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

To such parents, we would, with all the warmth of brotherly affection and esteem, say, "Our hearts are enlarged towards you." We rejoice, that the Lord has put it into your heart to do this thing; and would gladly remind you of the promise made by the God of truth, that the child who is thus trained up in the way he ought to go, will not, when he is old, depart from it. but we would most affectionately remind you, at the same time, that the religion of your child must be the same in kind, if not in degree with your own. You know, and you feel, that your religion has its seat, not in the head but in the heart,—and so must the religion of your child. You know, that your religion consists not in empty sounds, nor mere professions, but, as the fruits of a living faith, in denying yourself to sin, and living to holiness and to God; and that all the satisfaction of religion which you enjoy, arises purely from a knowledge of the love of God as exhibited in Jesus Christ, and the daily delight which you receive, in being enabled by his grace, more and more to conform your life to his will and to live to his glory. Now this is the only way in which he, as well as yourself, must go, if ever you expect to meet each other in heaven. This is religion;—and anything short of this is spurious and false. Beware then of resting in that kind of verbal instruction for your child, which has been so improperly misnamed a Religious Education, or of being satisfied with that religion which is so only in name.

NARRATIVE.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Continued.

In the meanwhile his daughter Emilia, whose personal charms were highly extolled by the "butterflies" of the day, received instructions

in the showy accomplishments of music, dancing and drawing, on which so much time is expended in natiurer age. But Emilia's parents, like too many more could perceive that their daughter wanted those essential qualifications, without which, the utmost skill and attention of a master can effect but little for his pupil. She was a good girl, but had "no ear" for music, and her voice was barely "passable," and as for drawing—no similitude of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath could be discovered in her portfolio. There were trees like cabbages, and castles like band-boxes, and figures, miscalled human, which small as they were, if they could have been charmed into life, would have terrified the whole village. But then she danced very fairly; that is to say, she could go through the ceremony without attracting much notice. For that we have little to say of her. We have frequently in later years thought that, if her mind had been cultivated in youth, she would have been a different character; for we are not of the creed of the Mahometans, but believe that women have souls; and it is grievous in our eyes to witness how sadly they are sometimes neglected by parents.

Matters were in the state we have described at the Rectory, when we were under the necessity of losing sight of the family for several years. It had been our misfortune to lose our parents when very young, we were consequently under the orders of our good uncle before mentioned. We were then about eighteen years of age, and as is customary with unfeathered bipeds at that period, thought very highly of our own abilities, and felt no sort of doubt that we should make a very considerable figure in the age we were about to live in. We had "done schooling," and our uncle intended us for the army; but we preferred the navy, for a much better reason than we have been able to give for many of our preferences in after life, namely because the flag of our country was then roaming upon the ocean, conquering, and to conquer, and, "like an eagle in dovecote, fluttering" its enemy. We had already, in our minds eye, a fine severly four, of which we purposed taking the command, and performing very extraordinary feats in the Channel, which we selected to be the scene of our exploits, in consequence of the facility with which we could run our prizes into Portsmouth or Plymouth, and thence run up to London to arrange the affairs of our prize-money and promotion, and run down to sea our uncle, and refresh the old gentleman with the recital of particulars which it would be impossible to put into the Gazette. This was all very fine, our uncle said, but still he never would talk seriously about the navy, although he confessed that the life of a soldier, & the state of our army, were not then exactly as he wished them to be. Therefore he deferred presenting us with a pair of colors until we had seen something of the world; and he made no secret of his policy, but told us his plans and reasons in that open, straightforward, manly manner, for which (as well as his other virtues) we always respected him, and shall ever reverence his memory. The idea of "seeing the world" intoxicated our young imagination, and the few first days, after a journey to London was announced, were spent in great and consequential hurry, and running to and fro, and doing nothing. But when the last day that we were to spend among the endeared scenes of

our youth arrived, and we felt that, on the next, we were to be launched forth into the world, a tender melancholy sense of the important nature and uncertain event of the desperate plunge we were about to take came over our mind. We took a solitary stroll to feast our eyes, perhaps for the last time, upon the river, and the hall, and the little park and the church, and the three beech-trees on the mount, and then slowly returned to bid adieu to certain juvenile property which we possessed in our uncle's small domain.

We found ourselves, towards evening, sitting under the walls of an old ivy-clad ruin of a round tower, built at the lower extremity of the garden, no one knows when or why. We had, in happier hours, penned up a glittering rill of the pure element which issued from a spring above the house, and after supplying the wants of the inmates, made its rustling way over a narrow pebbly bed to that spot which we had chosen for our waterfall. Never shall we forget its triumphant delight with which we, after almost a fortnight's toil, heaping up stones and "puddling" clay, sat down to watch the rising of the sparkling water. It seemed a long time ere the element had attained the brink of our barrier. Then we gazed thereon most intensely; and our cup overflowed with joy when the first trickling came down to the rocky basin we had formed beneath. And, anon, we beheld the falling element swell into picturesque beauty. The spot which, an hour before, had been nothing more than a hole in the earth, dark, damp, and dismal, was now all life, and motion, and beauty; and a cheerful melody came forth from its depths—and all appeared to be the work of our own hands. The Blandusian fount could not have been half so clear. There might be a greater fall, we allowed, at Tivoli; but then it could not be more romantic; and as for the cataracts and plunges of the Niagara, Nile, and Rhine, it was allowed generally that they were terrific rather than beautiful. But in ours there was nothing alarming, the main fall being precisely four feet three inches. There we might sit and read, or muse in security—and not we alone, but, in after times—oh yes, even then we had strange dreams respecting the future; and when we left that great work of our own hands on the first night of its completion, we inwardly and proudly breathed, "Exegi monumentum!"

This wonderful performance was achieved in the thirteenth year of our age, by and with the aid of Corporal Inglis; and, on the morning after its completion, our uncle, who, during its progress had kept aloof, from a high notion of honor that he might not rob us of our laurels, walked with us, hand in hand, to the spot, to see and approve. We revealed then to him our intention of planting a willow, and of framing a rustic seat, &c. &c. and he forthwith put his hand into his pocket, and gave us a convincing proof of the high estimation in which he held our abilities; and then he bestowed upon us some good advice which we did not then value mayhap quite so much as we ought, but which we have often thought of, and, we hope, derived benefit from since. The main purport thereof was to impress upon our mind that happiness was the result of employment.

[To be Continued.]

The Dutch proverb saith—"Stealing never makes a man rich; ams never makes a man poor; and prayer never hinders a man's business."

POETRY.

From the *New-York Observer*.

MY BIRTH DAY.

This day, some thirty years ago,
Began my helpless life;
And though not forty yet,—I know,
The folly of its strife.

The ignis fatuus of Love,
First lured my heart astray;
And deeply did it bleed to prove,
How Beauty can betray.

Then Fortune's glittering torrent rolled,
Its wealth before my eye;
I plung'd amid the billowy gold,
The Basra stream was dry.

Next burst the pleading trump of Fame,
Upon my ravished ear;
I flew and saw her wings of flame,
In silence disappear.

Thus all my weary course of life,
Has been of hopes destroyed;
To memory,—all a dream of strife,
To hope,—"an aching void."

"An aching void!" methinks I hear
Some spirit's voice reply,
A trembling voice, as if a tear
Were gushing from his eye.

"An aching void!" and can the tune
For blest probation given,
Appear a void,—while hopes sublime
Illumine it from heaven?

Oh no! nor will time thrown away
In youth and manhood seem,
In the garce blaze of the last day,
The tissue of a dream.

Each hour, each moment of thy life,
Shall rise before thee then;
With overwhelming interest rife,
To bless thee or condemn.

The tenant of precarious clay!
Since all is treachery here,
Thy pinions plume to soar away,
Above this gloomy sphere.

In that blest world, no fickle Love
Shall pierce thy faithful breast,
But with the kindness of the dove,
Shall every heart be blest.

No sordid gold like lava pours
Its wasting torrent there;
For heaven bestows its richest stores,
As freely as the air.

The flight of Fame eludes no more
Ambition's restless wing,
Forever folded, to adore
The glory scraps and song

There thou shalt chase no idle dream
Of tantalising joy,
But transports in an endless stream,
Thy every power employ."

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SPARROW PROTECTED.—M Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat belonging to a neighbouring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it;

but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead, to her master. She roamed, from her manner, really to sympathise very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

INDICATORS OF EARTHQUAKES.—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of cats to approaching danger from earthquakes is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, the two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts opened the door for them.

At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats."

OLD SPARROWS ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH STRAWS.—A cat, belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bedchamber, which was four stories high. Outside of the window was a parapet wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds, and kill them. One morning, giving a 'longing, lingering look' at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitering, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at, and succeeded in getting down. She then carried it to the favorite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. A fter a while the birds came, and she resumed her favorite sport of killing the dopes of her sagacity.

HISTORY.

Ruins of the Capital of Ancient Edom or Idumea.—Its capital city is now without an inhabitant, except the wild animals foretold by the prophets a thousand years before it ceased to be terminated by men, presents one of the most wonderful scenes that can possibly be conceived. In the vicinity of mount Seir, the extensive ruins of a large city, heaps of hewn stones, foundations of buildings, fragments of columns, and vestiges of paved streets, spread over a valley which is enclosed on each side by perpendicular cliffs, varying 400 feet in height, which are hollowed out into innumerable chambers of different dimensions, rising in the cliffs, till it seems improper to approach the uppermost. Columns also rise above columns and adorn the front of the dwellings; horizontal groves for the convenience of waters also run along the side of the cliffs; flights of steps formed the means of ascent, and the summits of the heights, in various places, is covered with pyramids cut out of the solid rock. The identity of the scene is described by the prophet Jer. xlix. 16, in all the terribleness of the human power which pertaineth to it, and as depicted in the desolate aspect it now exhibits, is such as cannot be mistaken. The Mausolems and sepulchres are very numerous and magnificent. They are of various periods and orders and architecture. One of them, in particular, is

described as a work of immense labour and colossal dimensions, containing a chamber sixteen paces square, and about twenty five feet high, crowned with a pediment highly ornamented, and all cut out of the solid rock.—By these splendid monuments, dedicated to the memory of its rulers, the opulence of the city is demonstrated.

The enemies of the Gospel might be admonished by the fate of the enemies of the ancient church, who have been cut off according to the word of the Lord; and whose very land, that especially of the Edomites, for their violence against their brethren of Israel, has been wasted with a curse which shall cleave to it for ever.—*Companion to the Bible, p. 24.*

Judea.—Judea, the country of the Jews, of which Jerusalem was the capital, was so exceedingly fertile that it was ranked by the Greeks and Romans amongst the finest of their provinces.—The land has long since been brought into desolation. The country is overrun by rebel tribes; the Arabs pasture their flocks at freedom. The most fertile plants lie untilled. The art of cultivation is in the most deplorable state, and the countryman sows with the musket in his hands.—*Id.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Presbyterian.

THE IMMORTAL.

Concluded.

I tried the efficacy of social relations. My wife was chosen for her beauty, accomplishments, and mental endowments. For a season I was happy, and as my sons and daughters grew up around me, I flattered myself that I had at length discovered the secret of happiness. Vain hope! many afflictive domestic incidents occurred, but no one to be compared for its painfulness, to that which arose from the fact of my immortality. I was doomed to see the once beautiful partner of my bosom fading into wrinkled age, and second childhood and my once blooming sons and daughters tottering under the weight of years. I was still as susceptible as eve of social enjoyments, but those who were to impart them, and participate in them, were left with affections chilled by the winter of age. Should I repeat the experiment? Nothing could induce me. The recollection of blighted joys was too painful to wish a repetition of the scene. My third century was completed. I had witnessed the death of all whom I had loved. I was in a world of strangers, and bitterly deplored my doom as an earthly immortal. *Disgusted with life, I tried to die, but I was doomed to witness the dull monotony of day and night, of summer and winter, of sunshine and storms; to behold generations springing up and perishing; to hear the silly and discordant laugh of the reveller or the loud laments of the broken hearted.*

Death seemed to be my only refuge, but I was sternly forbid to enter its portals. I flew to the field of battle, and sought the fate which others vainly endeavoured to shun. My prowess became conspicuous; but my life was charmed against the stroke of the deadly weapon, and I was filled with remorse at the butchery and slaughter, which I had occasioned. I returned sorrowfully to the city. The plague raged—thousands fell victims—consternation was pictured on the face of the living; but in vain did I seek the infection and breath the poisoned atmosphere; my life was charmed, and I wept that I could not be laid with heaps of the slain.

My fourth century was completed. I had lived too long—the customs of society had been undergoing perpetual mutations, and all the

scenes of life had been demonstrated to be a vain show.—Many bitter recollections troubled me, and my soul was deeply humbled. I thought myself, at length of my forgetfulness to God, and in sincere contrition of spirit I turned myself to him. As a Christian, I thought myself happy, and many years were tranquilly spent in the spiritual worship of the most High. But my happiness was remote from perfection; for I was still encumbered with a body of sin. Daily infirmities demanded daily repentance, and the struggles of the Christian warfare seemed to be intolerable when eternally perpetuated. The Apostle's declaration sounded to my soul like a knell—"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable!" I had seen many Christians, whom I had chosen as my beloved associates, finish their course with joy, and lay hold upon eternal life. I had heard them, when dying, express their joyful hopes and blissful anticipations; and how earnestly did I long to wing my flight to purer regions, where temptation and sin should be unknown, and where my weary soul might rest from its labours, and enjoy a congenial happiness in the presence of its Creator and Redeemer. And thus I completed my fifth century.

In the dawn of a summer's day, extending my walk to the green fields of the country, I became absorbed in serious and sorrowful meditations. Suddenly the Sage, from whom I had obtained the sad secret of my immortality stood before me.

"Son, said he, hast thou learned the import of thy request, and art thou contented with thy condition?" "Venerable father, I replied, a sorrowful experience of five centuries, has taught me the folly of my request, & with unfeigned earnestness, I pray thee to recall thy gift."

"Son my gift is beyond recall. Thou must continue immortal.—The Sage disappeared and the horrible intelligence overpowered my senses."

Is it reality or a dream? Reader, it matters not—the moral is the same. Learn humbly to acquiesce in the allotments of Providence. Imagine not that thou art wiser than thy Maker, whose infinite mind directs the concerns of men, and has wisely ordered that the period of human existence on earth should be brief, that we may learn to extend our views, and aspire after an immortality in Heaven. E.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre; death held his sceptre over the Son of God: still silent the hours passed on, the guards stood by their post, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and sorrow, the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God.—At length the morning star arising in the east announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was as white as snow; he rolled away the stone, from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death—he that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine press alone, he hath stained his raiment with

blood, but, now as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning, of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave: he returns with blessings from the world of spirits: he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted loud for joy."

A SCOFFER CONFOUNDED.

A gentleman in a stage coach attempted to divert the company, and display his hostility to the Scriptures, by throwing them into ridicule.—"As to the prophecies," said he in particular "they were all written after the events took place." A minister in the coach who had previously been silent, replied, "Sir, I must be leave to mention one remarkable prophecy as an exception,—knowing this first, that there shall come in the latter days *Scoffers*;" now, Sir, whether the event be not long after the prediction, I leave the company to judge." The mouth of the scorner was stopped.—"A word fitly spoke is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Faith, Hope, and Love, were questioned when they thought

Of future bliss, by pure religion taught.

Now *Faith*, believed it firmly to be true,

And *Hope* expected so to find it too;

Love answer'd, smiling, with a generous glow

"Believe, expect? I know it to be so."

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible neatly written, was £30. It is said that the building of two arches of London bridge cost only £25, being £5 less than a copy of the Bible, many years afterwards.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Sin received its sentence of death in the death of Christ but it doth not receive its execution till the death of a Christian.

He that will not bear Christ's reproach, shall bear his own; which will be infinitely worse.

P O E T R Y.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,

And it never comes again;

'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth,

That flits across the brain:

And love is the theme of that early dream;

So wild, so warm, so new;

That in all our after years I seem,

That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,

More turbulent by far;

'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,

For the theme of that dream is war:

And we toil in the field of danger of death,

And about in the battle array,

'Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,

That vanisheth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,

'Tis a vision of gold in store—

Of sums noted down on the figured page,

To be counted o'er and o'er;

And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,

As a refuge from grief and pain,

'Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,

Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave—

In the path which all are treading!

Is there nought in that long career to save.

From remorse and self-upbraiding?

O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,

That the being to whom it is given,

Hath bathed in a sea of living light,

And the theme of that dream is Heaven.