

of princes, and endured, without shelter, the winter's cold & summer's heat. A William Tell has risked the life of an only and beloved son? a Brutus has sacrificed a friend and benefactor: and thousands there are who have nobly given their breasts for bulwarks, to guard their father land from oppression.

And there is a MOTHER'S LOVE. Ah, who has not enjoyed the blessings of a mother's love? Who, looking back to the earliest moments memory has noted, feels not a thrill of grateful delight on the remembrance of her kind sympathy and readiness to alleviate their little sorrows and participate in their joys? Who that has been pressed to the maternal bosom, received the ardent kiss and heard the pious and fervent "God bless thee" bursting, as it were, unbidden from an overcharged heart, can ever forget it? None! memory itself must cease, to exist before the remembrance of it could pass away. Oh, if there is in earthly affection any thing of holiness, or purity, or strength, surely it is to be found in a Mother's love.

But there is a love that exceeds them all—there is a love, compared with which every other appears indifference, and that is, the LOVE OF GOD. HE so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have eternal life; and it was not to save his faithful servants from unmerited suffering; oh no—“God commendeth his love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us;” for our sakes he left the sovereignty of heaven, took on him the form of a servant, and, as he himself tells us, had not where to lay his head. Behold him in the garden of Gethsemane—see there his mental agony; again at the bar of Pilate, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so he openeth not his mouth; the Roman scourge laid on HIM the chastisement of OUR peace. Follow him to Calvary—see him sink beneath our woes, borne to the earth by the ponderous cross—mark the final scene: the tide of mortal life issuing from wounds inflicted by the hands of those he came to save; hear his persecutors with bitter irony taunt him, and revile him as an impostor; his accumulated sufferings draw from him the cry, “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani,” and remember that the powers of heaven awaiteth his mandate, endued with will and power to execute his commands; but he does not say,

destroy mine enemies, for they are not worthy of me; no—his God-like prayer was, ‘Father forgive them for they know not what they do.’ This—this is love beyond conception,—compare this with the highest degree of human love, and, as stars before the mid-day sun withhold their shining, all would be lost in its bright effulgence.

“O love, all height above, all depth below, Surpassing far all knowledge, all desire. All thought, the Holy One for sinners dies, The Lord of Life for guilty rebels bleeds— Quenches eternal fire with blood divine.”

Montreal, Nov. 18, 1835. C. R.

POETRY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR]

THE TRUE FRIEND.

I have a kind, a tender friend,
Whose love and goodness ne'er can end—
One on whose truth I can rely,
And one whose help is ever nigh.
When deep distress and sorrows roll,
He whispers comfort to my soul;
When cruel scorn and scandal's tongue,
My fearful heart with anguish wrung,
And caused to fall the bitter tear
Because I loved this friend, so dear:
He kindly interposed, and said—
“I will soon be o'er, be not dismay'd;
My followers all have suffered loss,
Disdained the world, endured the cross;
To win a bright, a dazzling crown,
Despised, o'ercame, the worldling's frown.”
Oh, who would barter love like this
For honours vain, or earthly bliss;
Or change a friend so tried, so great,
For paltry wealth, or pomp, or state.
Oh, sinner, seek this friend of love,
Receive his grace, his mercy prove—
His love's unchanging, still the same,
And JESUS is that dear friend's name.
Montreal, Nov. 18. Z

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