

of any folly or misdemeanour which he may chance to commit. A bond signed in intoxication holds in law, and is perfectly binding, unless it can be shown that the person who signed it was inebriated by the collusions or contrivances of those to whom the bond was given.

#### PATIENCE.

An Emperor of China making a progress, discovered a family in which the master, with his wife, children, grand-children, daughter-in-law, and servants, all lived in perfect harmony. The Emperor admiring this, enquired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons, — the old man taking out a pencil wrote three words — patience, patience, patience.

Hope in the bounty of God, and a perfect resignation to his divine will are deeply implanted in the Arab's breast—but this resignation does not paralyze his exertions so much, as it does those of the Turks. I have heard Arabs reproach Turks for their apathy and stupidity in ascribing to the will of God what was merely the result of their own faults or folly, quoting a proverb which says, "He bared his back to the stings of mosquitos and then exclaimed, God has decreed that I should be stung."

#### POETRY.

##### THE WINTER KING.

O! what will become of our poor little bird?  
The muttering storm in the distance is heard—  
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing  
black!

They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy  
back!

From what sunny clime hast thou wandered  
away?

And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

'I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree.  
'The storm doesn't trouble me—Pee, dee dee.'

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of  
care?

The brown earth is frozen, the branches are  
bare!

And how can'st thou be so light-hearted and  
free;

Eike Liberty's form with the spirit of glee,

When no place is near for thine evening rest,  
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?

'Because the same hand is a shelter for me,  
That took off the summer leaves!—Pee, dee,  
dee.'

But man feels a burden of want and of grief,  
While plucking the cluster and binding the  
sheaf!

We take from the ocean, the earth and the air,  
And all their rich gifts do not silence our care.  
In summer we faint—in the winter we're  
chilled,

With ever a void that is yet to be filled.

'A very small portion sufficient will be,  
If sweetened with gratitude!—Pee, dee, dee.'

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou hast  
taught

Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.  
We look at the clouds, while the bird has an  
eye

To Him who reigns over them changeless and  
high!

And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,  
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

'Because, in all weather I'm happy and free,  
They call me tho "WINTER KING"—Pee,  
dee, dee.'

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the  
light bough

Whereon thou art flitting so merrily now!  
And though there's a vesture well-fitted and  
warm,

Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,  
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet  
To save them from pain, 'mid the frost and  
the sleet?

'I can draw them right up in my feathers,  
you see?

To warm them, and fly away!—Pee, dee,  
dee.'

\*\*\* We have to apologise to our readers for the non-appearance of the INSTRUCTOR on last Saturday—which was occasioned by severe family affliction. We feel confident our friends will pardon the omission.

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