

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the force of her virtue begeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife, happy the child that shall call her mother!

She presideth in the house, and there is peace: she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance, with frugality, is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband; and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners in goodness, by her own example.

The words of her mouth is the law of their youth—the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly—she pointeth, and the thing is done, for the law of love is in their hearts, her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments—he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife, happy the child that calleth her mother.

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## POETRY.

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### THE CONSUMPTIVE.

It is not uncommon in certain stages of the consumption to have frequent dreams of the dead. The scenes of early youth and those companions in pleasures long departed, and the objects of the heart's love, seem to rise to the

mind's vision in the hours of sleep with the vividness of life. Virtuous life at this quiet, pensive moment of waning vitality triumphs with a refreshed energy; and often, in lonely musings, the image of a 'death cold' lover becomes in the power of recollection almost palpable to sense.

Pale lovely wanderer of earth! why sigh at eventide

When golden sunlight trembling leaves the quiet mountain side,

In haste, on purple wings upborne, to visit realms afar

And leave its sentinel behind—a bright-eyed watcher star?

Sure as the daylight goes away, so sure its glad return

Shall kindle glorious fires again to cheer thee as they burn.

Pale lovely wanderer of earth! why midst autumnal gloom

Walk passively and tearfully, like those who seek the tomb?

Sure as the fallen leaf decays, so sure it buds again

When April comes with mellow winds, and gushing founts of rain;

The merry strains from air-wing'd birds, in ecstasy shall thrill,

And thy lone heart with bliss the while, deep throbs of love shall fill.

Pale lovely wanderer of earth! why tremble at the sign

Of friends departed, near thy couch to note thy life's decline?

Thy being fades to bloom again in Beauty's angel bower,

Where Virtue's loveliest daughters dwell, and ruin hath no power—

Where Jesus is—thy Saviour there—and there thy death cold love

Hath summoned home his sweet Annet—  
—he waits for you above.

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