

When a man shall take hold of his brother of the house of his father, saying, 'Thou hast clothing; be thou our ruler; and let this ruin be under thy hand.' (Isaiah iii. 6.)

Methonius, late steward of All Bey of Napoli di Romania, informed me that his master possessed forty five gowns, valued, some at one thousand, others at two, three, four, and four and a half thousand piastres. Kiamil Bey of Corinth inherited from his father seventy gowns. The wardrobe of Lucullus is too well known to require citation.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. (Isaiah xl. 6, 7.)

The very affecting images of Scripture, which compare the short lived existence of man to the decay of the vegetable creation, are scarcely understood in this country. The verdure is perpetual in England. It is difficult to discover a time when it can be said, 'The grass withereth.' But let the traveller visit the beautiful Plain of Smyrna, or any other part of the East, in the month of May, and revisit it towards the end of June, and he will perceive the force and beauty of those allusions. In May, an appearance of fresh verdure and of rich luxuriance every where meet the eye; the face of nature is adorned with a carpet of flowers and herbage of the most elegant kind. But a month or six weeks subsequently, how changed is the entire scene! The beauty is gone; the grass is withered, the flower is faded—a brown and dusty desert has taken the place of a delicious garden. It is, doubtless, to this rapid transformation of nature, that the Scriptures compare the fate of man.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

##### A DOMESTIC SCENE.

I saw a youthful mother kneeling  
O'er the cradle of her boy,  
Her placid features all revealing  
The happy matron's holy joy.

I saw her lips in prayer were moving  
Over him reposing there,  
And her guileless spirit roving  
Through the azure fields of air—

But, another there was bending,  
Who in very gladness smiled—  
In his breast affection bleeding  
The mother with her sleeping child.

He spoke not—but his beaming eye  
Revealed the father's pride as well;  
Erupt he gazed—until a sigh  
Of purest pleasure broke the spell—

Around she turned, and met his gaze  
With one in which her gladness shone;  
And, deeply blushing, bade him raise  
His voice with hers to mercy's throne!

And here, I said, aye here, is bliss,  
Where hearts in holy union live—  
Oh! who would yield a joy like this  
For aught this fleeting world can give!

January 27,

#### FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Stern Time the hero's blood will chill,  
His bosom cease to glow,  
Will wither e'en the laurel's wreath,  
That waves around his brow—  
'Twill damp the ardent poet's fire,  
Bid playful fancy die,  
The giddy joys of life expire,  
And youth and beauty fly—  
And yet 'tis time can best improve  
The warmth of friendship and of love.

O then I'll not desire proud fame,  
Capricious as the wind,  
And building on an empty name,  
Leave real bliss behind—  
Nor yet the softest, brightest glow,  
That blushing beauty wears—  
But let me feel another's wo,  
And soothe another's cares—  
Let me the lasting pleasures prove  
Of faithful friendship, faithful love.

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