

has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person and mind and heart, which insures to man the greatest portion of happiness.

Wherever there is most bosom tranquility, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal; she is a good mother and affectionate wife; and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage; there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child, and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us as we pass at the door. Enter and behold that English woman out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with vulgar health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek, contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now, that

is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo around her person, adorning her as a honeysuckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight.

POETRY.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless—
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favor'd than thy own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

O pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

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☞ We beg leave to inform our readers, that, owing to circumstances beyond our control, the Instructor will appear for the future on Wednesday morning instead of Tuesday.