

it seems, having thrown a tile, from above,
on his head. (Strabo. lib. viii.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

A FRIEND OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS TO THE
PUBLIC.

Men! Christians! Fathers! Friends! behold
Our interesting train;
Say, can you see, unmoved and cold,
Or shall our hopes be vain?

Humanity—Religion—Love.
Combine our cause to plead;
And all the friendly passions move
To urge the generous deed.

If you are Men—support your kind,
Relieve the rising race;
If Christians—teach the infant mind
The word of Christ to trace.

If you are Friends—befriend us still,
For still we want your aid;
Still snare surround, prepar'd to kill,
And foes our faith invade.

If you Parental feelings know,
Feel for our tender years;
Let your benevolence bestow
A mite to calm our fears.

If Providence hath bless'd your store
A bounteous hand extend;
God is the guardian of the poor,
And 'tis to Him you lend.
Montreal, Jan. 18, 1836.

W.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.

I saw her once look beautiful—
Her cheeks were rosy red,
Before her first—her only boy
Was numbered with the dead;
Before his feeble voice in praise
Unto his God had risen—
Before the angel's trump announced
His guiltless name in heaven.

Before his infant eye upon
His Saviour's face had turned,
Before the angelic love of heaven
Within his bosom burned,

Before the tribunal of God
Had summon'd him on high,
And before the voice of death had said
Unto him, 'Thou shalt die!'

Aye—and she still is beautiful—
Although her sunken eye
Tells of the many tears she shed
When he had reached the sky—
It tells of many, many tears,
That forced themselves along
The grief-worn furrows of her cheek,
When he, her babe, was gone!

But why should tears be shed for him—
He has left this world of woe,
And gone to everlasting peace,
Where sinners may not go—
He is clothed in robes of purest white
And sits on God's right hand,
His name is in the Book of heaven,
As one of the righteous band.

He sitteth there on beds of flowers,
And around him angels sing,
To welcome him to their holy bowers,
A follower of their King!
And underneath his arms they place
Two wings so clear and bright,
That could you see him as he flies,
They'd dazzle your earthly sight...

When evening's ghorn surrounds the earth
And bright the stars appear,
Look up with joy—your baby boy
Dwells in that heavenly sphere—
And brighter far than the brightest star
Is your baby's guard and guide,
And together through the vales of heav'n
Shall they forever glide!

T. D. D.

Montreal, Jan. 19.

* * * J. A.'s favour has been received. We shall make use of it next week.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY

J. E. L. MILLER.

TERMS.—The Instructor will be delivered
town at Six Shillings per annum, if paid
advance—or Six Shillings and Eight pence
if paid quarterly in advance. To Country
subscribers, 8s. per annum, including postage.
Subscriptions received by Messrs Mel-
and J. & T. A. Starke, and by the publisher
at the Herald Office.