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THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

During my residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments and its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seem to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed

down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing within us.

“Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man: but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, and the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am