

I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, and they told me I must not awaken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke; and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room. She was dead!—she never spoke to me more—never smiled upon me again! and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will “bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.”

READING AND REFLECTION.

The mind of the man of extensive reading without reflection, resembles a vast army of barbarians. The materials to form a commanding power are possessed by both, but are inefficient for the want of order. The numbers of the one, and the acquisitions of the other, instead of furthering, frequently retard their operations, and neither are under the control of their nominal masters. Both attempt to carry their point by the display rather than the disposition of their forces, and are thus often foiled by a much inferior but better regulated antagonist. A skilful general is to such an army what thought is to such a mind. Arranging its resources, concentrating its strength, substituting discipline for chaotic confusion, and giving energy, point and perseverance to its effort. Teaching to delve the secret mine—to aim its artillery, and wield its

weapons; in fine, to conquer its foes by conquering itself, to command by being commanded.

We gladly give insertion to the following communication, and shall be happy at all times to accommodate our friend “G.” with a corner of the INSTRUCTOR. We hope that his example will be followed by others.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—A periodical whose object is to promote mental, moral and religious improvement, deserves support. I hope the publisher will meet with such countenance as to enable him to proceed with the INSTRUCTOR. There are two ways of affording support, viz., by becoming a subscriber and affording occasional communications. Solicitous that your paper be continued and enlarged, I shall recommend it to those with whom I have any influence, and sometimes contribute a scrap for insertion, should it meet with your approval. You can do as you please with the following lines:—

Sweet, silent Eve! thy gently breathing gales
Touches the finest movements of the soul,
Wafts o'er each chord of feeling the dear tales
Of joys which softly o'er the bosom stole.

Season serene! I hail thy smiling beam,
Smiling all lovely o'er the rosy west,
And drop a tear, while all alone I dream
Of scenes forever, now forever past.

Yet oft, methinks, borne on thy softest sighs,
Like cadence dying on the ambient air,
The distant strains of heavenly minstrelies
Serenely falls upon the listening ear—
Wafting the soul to yonder happy shore,
Where sighs shall mingle with our songs no
more.

Montreal, July 2, 1835.

G.

W.'s third letter on Phrenology has been received. It will appear in our next.