

## A NOBLE REPLY.

It is related of the eminent surgeon, Boudon, that he was one day sent for by the Cardinal Dubois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The Cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, sir, to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat those poor miserable wretches at the hospital of the Hotel Dieu." "My lord," replied M. Boudon, with great dignity, "every one of these miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

## POETRY.

## FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

How fair the steps of morning,  
 Along the eastern sky,  
 The earth with gems adorning,  
 Shed from her liquid eye.

She wakes the sleeping odours,  
 As breath from Flora's bower,  
 And tunes the lyre melodious  
 Of nature's festive hour.

This universal concert  
 Our mingling spirits swell,  
 Inhaling the refreshment  
 Which vernal joys distil.

But tho' thus fair is morning,  
 Tho' gladness wreathes her brow,  
 With smiles which seem as forming  
 An Eden still below—

There is a calmer season,  
 A dearer, holier hour,  
 Which opes serener visions  
 To fancy's magic power ;

Breathing, in softest numbers,  
 The tales of other years,  
 And wakes as from its slumbers  
 Anew some parting tears :

O, how I love the closing  
 Of evening's tranquil eye,

As, peacefully reposing,  
 She sinks along the sky ;

For through the rich enfoldings  
 Which mantle o'er her breast,  
 We feel as if beholding  
 Some region of the blest—

Whence strains seraphic stealing  
 Invite our souls away ;  
 To brighter scenes inviting,  
 To glory's fullest day.

G.

Montreal, August 1, 1835.

## MATERNAL CONSOLATION.

When we are sick, where can we turn for  
 succour ;

When we are wretched, where can we com-  
 plain ;

And when the world looks cold and surly on us,  
 Where can we go to meet a warmer eye,  
 With such sure confidence, as to a Mother ?

MISS B. ILLIE.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received another communication  
 from our friend G., as also some original po-  
 etry from the pen of a young lady of this city  
 —both of which will appear in our next.

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