

THE HYENA.

A young officer in the French navy, who was for a long time stationed at Senegal, amused himself with petting a hyena, which he had rendered so tame that it not only played with him, but suffered all on board to caress him. Both landed at Brest, whence the hyena was sent by his master to the menagerie at the Jardin des Plantes. Here the animal renewed its natural ferocity; but when the officer, six months after, paid a visit to the menagerie, the hyena laid himself down to be caressed, showed every symptom of delight, allowed his old master to put his hand into his mouth, licked him, and returned his caresses with every mark of an affection that he could scarcely restrain within moderate bounds:

POETRY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.]

FRIENDSHIP.

Say, can friendship live forever,
Can its joys survive the tomb?
Yes, 'twill yield eternal pleasure,
Where angelic transports bloom.

When the bosom throbs with anguish,
When it heaves the bursting sigh,
When the fainting spirits languish,
And a tear bedews the eye—

When the soul, weighed down by sorrow,
Weeps with secret cares oppressed,
Friendship blunts affliction's arrow,
And revives the fainting breast.

Friendship cheers the broken hearted,
Yields relief at every breath,
Soothes the heart whence joy's departed,
Kindly smoothes the bed of death.

Montreal, Jan. 5, 1836. A. M.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose 'the better part,'
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;

Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends—
Nearest the throne itself must be,
The footstool of humility.
Montgomery.

BURIAL OF A MIDSHIPMAN, AT SEA.

'His body to the deep' has gone,
It is the last of one too fair.
To pass from time as he has done,
Without a kinsman's parting tear:

They stand upon the ship side now,
And watch the closing wave,
There's gloom upon each seaman's brow
Who bends above his grave.

That one should die, of form so fair,
And thought so noble, thus should fade,
They mourn, as o'er their comrade there,
They gave him to the ocean's dead.

The ripple's gone, Where lies he now?
Say, ocean, where this noble child?
Here's grief to wring a parent's brow,
Aye, woe to turn a mother wild.

Where is her son? The dark sea's bed,
Mysterious field of hidden things,
Lies stretched around her lost one's head,
While far above the tempest rings.

Where shall a sister look for thee,
When thy sad fate she hears?
We leave no mark upon the sea,
Where now we drop our tears.

There is no fane nor stone to tell
The place where rests her brother's head—
He is lost beneath this rolling swell,
Until the sea gives up its dead.

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