

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE COMMISSION.

And sent them two and two before his face
into every city and place whither he himself
would come.

Go forth! in the name of the Holy One go,
And call to repentance all Adam's lost race;
Ye have freely received, and as freely bestow,
The knowledge of God, of his mercy and
grace.

Fear not that exhaustion your store shall sus-
tain—

With heavenly wisdom your minds I'll supply;
The mountain before you shall sink to a plain.
The crooked be straighten'd, the waters made
dry;

The desert shall blossom and bud as the rose,
The beauty of Carmel the vallies adorn,
The myrtle shall spring where the wild brier
grows,
The fir-tree shall flourish instead of the thorn.

The brightness of morning the darkness suc-
ceed,

The Sun of Salvation his beaming display;
The lamb and the lion together shall feed,
And Messiah shall reign with unlimited sway.

Go forth—and to every creature proclaim
The life-giving words of this Gospel of mine.
Baptising them all in the thrice blessed name
Of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit Di-
vine.

Go forth—in the strength of the Holy One
go—

Your steps I will follow, your labours I'll
bless;
And when you've accomplished my purpose
below,

Ye life everlasting with me shall possess.

A. S. S. T.

Montreal, February 8.

THE SECRET PRAYER.

It was a still and solemn hour
In an isle of the Southern Seas,
And slowly the shades of night were swept
Away by the morning breeze,
When a lonely son of Britain stood
With cheek and brow of care,
Seeking amid the solitude
A place for secret prayer.

No ear to hear in that silent glen,

No eye but the ~~eye of God~~—
Yet the giant fern gave back a voice
As forth the wanderer trod;

They were broken words that met his ear,
And a name was mingled there—
It was the name of Christ he heard,
And the voice of secret prayer,

A native of that savage isle
From the depth of his full heart cried
For mercy, for help, in the hour of need,
For faith in the Crucified!

And peace and hope were in those tones,
So solemnly sweet they were,
For He who answers while yet we call
Had blest that secret prayer.

The morning dawned on that lonely spot,
But a far more glorious day
Came with the accents of prayer and praise
On the Indian's lips that lay.

The first, the first who had called on God
In those regions of Satan's care,
The first who had breathed in his native tongue
The language of secret prayer.

And he who that sacred music heard,
The missionary lone—

O! the joy that thrilled thro' his yearning
heart

By a stranger may not be known:
But he knelt, and blest the hand that sent,
In the hour of his deep despair,
Comfort and strength to his fainting soul
With the voice of that secret prayer.

EASTERN LUXURY.

In Bartolomeo's Voyage to the East Indies;
he says, that the heat at Calcutta is so exces-
sive, that the Company's clerks, when writing
letters, "are obliged to sit naked, immersed
up to the neck in large vessels, into which cold
water is continually pumped by slaves from a
well!"

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