

The late bishop Heber, in the narrative of his journey through the upper province of his diocese, relates that one of his boatmen every day set apart a certain portion of his rice, and bestowed it on the birds, saying, "It is not I, but my child that feeds you." He had lost an only son some years before; and the boy having been in the custom of feeding the birds in this way, the parent never omitted doing so at sunset in his name.

POETRY.

THE DYING BOY.

I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called
him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed
friends,
And, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest:
"Mother—I'm dying now!
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. O tell me is this death?
Mother, your hand—

Here lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet:
You'll miss me there."

"Father, I'm going home!
To the good home you spake of, that blest land
Where it is one summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then;
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours

We've staved to watch the budding things and
flowers,
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine.
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"

"Sister—my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

And when the roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night: I'm weary and must
sleep.

Who was it called my name? Nay, do not
weep.

You'll all come soon!

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted
with

The savoury labours of the early spring—
It marred not his slumbers. He was dead!

NOTICES.

We have received an anonymous poetical
effusion, entitled "Death of the youngest
child," but we cannot insert it until we hear
from the author. We take this opportunity
of requesting that correspondents will send
their names with all communications intended
for insertion in the Instructor.

Those who intend patronising this work,
and who have not yet given their names, will
much oblige us by doing so with as little delay
as possible. Lists remain at the Union De-
pository, at the Book-stores of Messrs. Starke
and Campbell, and at the Herald Office.

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