

THERE IS A GOD.

The plants of the valley, and the cedars of the mountain, proclaim him; the insect hums his praise, and the elephant salutes him with the rising day; the bird warbles his praise among the foliage; the lightning announces his power, and the ocean declares his immensity. Man alone has said, 'there is no God.'

GRATITUDE.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root, from whence it arose; as a river poureth his streams to the sea, where his spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligations with cheerfulness; he looketh on his benefactor with love and esteem.

And if to return it be not in his power, he nourisheth the memory of it in his breast with kindness, he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers—but the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth, with greediness, the showers that fall, and burieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, neither strive to conceal the benefit he has conferred: for though the act of generosity commandeth admiration, yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

But receive not a favour from the hands of the proud; to the selfish and avaricious have no obligation—the vanity of pride shall expose thee to shame; the greediness of avarice shall never be satisfied.

LETTER WRITING.

Every subject has a style suitable to it. The majestic periods of Gibbon would be wholly out of place in a familiar letter; let the language come warm from the heart, and the head will always do it justice. But the un-studied eloquence of the epistolary style would be improper for history—which requires that the reflection should be well weighed, because the value of history depends on the truth and clearness of the reasoning, whereas the great charm of letter-writing is sincerity, and sin-

cerity does not require much expense of thought—all attempts at pointed and brilliant expression serve only to throw a doubt upon it.

IGNORANCE AND ERROR.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors, as his knowledge.—Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write—but error is a scribbled one, from which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth—but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

The largest waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave. The form of the wave only advances, while the substance, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place.

NEW ZEALAND TRADITION.

It is very remarkable that the New Zealanders attribute the creation of man to the three principal deities acting together; the exhibiting in their barbaous theology some thing like a shadow of the Christian Trinity. What is still more extraordinary is, their tradition respecting the formation of the woman, who, they say, was made of one rib—and their general term for bone is 'hau' or, as Professor Lee gives it, 'iwi'—a name bearing a single resemblance to the Hebrew name of our first mother;

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