

ings for the better world. Oh, how oft, in my hours of musing and solitude, of childish suffering and sorrow, have I sought each dear familiar scene of my own native mountains, telling my wild thoughts to the winds, which were not unkind, and to the gay woods that would not betray me; when, gentle as the low whisperings of heaven, did the mild breezes fawn around me, kissing my parched lips and sun burnt brow, and moistening with their dewy breath the seared and withered beauty of the flowers. I have tuned my wild harp in gentle cadence with the winds, when none might listen to the song: I have sung my sorrows to the gentle flowers by a thousand streams, wild yet loved and lovely—to the foliage crowned hills of my own loved land, and to the sorrowless songsters of the woody dell. The hills echoed back the sound—while the forest birds, in harmony with my own wild wood song, chanted a requiem to childhood's departed pleasures—and I have felt that I was not quite alone, and that, though the world might shut me out from its presence for ever, yet I should be happy with myself in solitude.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONDUCT.

A person may, even after religion is received into the heart as a regenerating principle, do precisely similar things, in a manner precisely similar to what he would have done before. The difference, however, will consist in his new motive; and that motive will be a hearty, honest, constant desire to glorify and serve God, and to benefit his fellow creatures, for the sake of God, and in the name of Christ;—a perpetual reference to God's will, as a standard of duty, and a constant eye to the approbation of God, in place of the applause of his fellow men.

The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tombstones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing in its transformations, a type of that futurity which they believed but did not understand. They placed it there as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful and touching; and Sharon Turner, taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations to excite the sentiment in the human heart, of death being only one step in the path of life.

Riches may enable us to confer favours, but to confer them with propriety and grace, requires a something that riches cannot give—even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be such. The citizens of Magare offered the freedom of their city to Alexander—such an offer excited a smile in the countenance of the monarch; but he received this tribute of their respect with complacency, on being informed that they had never offered it to any but Hercules and himself.

POETRY.

WE SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN.

A smile, a chasten'd smile of love,
Adorn'd her snow-white brow;
Like that which decks the vaults above,
It cheers my soul e'en now;
Though years not few, and sad, have pass'd,
Since that sweet smile was given;
I hold it dear, for 'twas the last,
Till we shall meet in heaven.

Delightful as the fabled lyre
Of Orpheus, or the spheres,
Which rocks and trees with life inspire,
Aud rage with calmness hears,
Were the sweet notes she warbled then,
By discord's sounds unriven;
But such I ne'er shall hear again,
Till we shall meet in heaven.

Her lip of snow and coral hue,
Beneath her tear-glaz'd eye,
Whisper'd a trem'ulous soft adieu!
The echo of a sigh.
That plaintive sound is present yet:
Her last sad farewell given,
I do not, cannot, once forget:
But we shall meet in heaven.

Beauty no more can charm, nor sound
Which once convey'd delight,
Nor aught in this diurnal bound,
That meets my aching sight.
Sorrow and tears alone are mine,
Yet be the thought forgiven
That dares rebel;—I'll not repine,
For we shall meet in heaven.

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