



# THE INSTRUCTOR.

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## ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

### ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN SACRED WORSHIP.

[To the Editor of the INSTRUCTOR.]

DEAR Sir,

I believe it is acknowledged that in all matters there is some standard by which to try the correctness of any proposition; and in religion the Almighty Creator of the universe has provided, as a guide for us, the bible, which we are told is for a lamp to our feet and a light unto our path—to direct us in all things pertaining to his government and will concerning us; but if we are permitted to set aside, or alter, every or any portion that does not accord with our private opinions, we might as well close it altogether, and take the infidel's boasted light, reason—unassisted mere human reason—for our guide.

The remarks of 'a Vocal Musician' on the 150th Psalm amounts to a quibble unworthy of the subject about which he writes, had he possessed all the candour for which he gives himself credit in his second communication, he would not have written thus; he could hardly be ignorant of the comments of Dr. A. Clarke, whose opinions he has used so freely, on the very word he cavils at. I here subjoin it: 'AND DANCE—Machol, the pipe, the croude, Old Psalter; a species of violin—it never means dance.'

But to enter into a detailed consideration of the several arguments, assertions and opinions produced and reproduced by your correspondent V. M., would occupy more space than you have to spare; and, moreover, it is less necessary, as I have before answered the majority of them in a manner he has not found it convenient to refute.

I shall, therefore, consider the question 'is the use of instrumental music in divine service compatible with Christian worship?' and in doing this I shall take for

— "My rule the word,  
My end the glory of the Lord."

The first mention, as far as I can learn, in the sacred writings of instruments being publicly used in divine worship is in 2 Sam. 6, 5, and 1 Chron., 15, 8, where the same ceremony is related, viz. the restoration of the ark of the covenant, when those who used them were not reproved but blessed; while Uzzah, because he, contrary to the law, laid his hand on the ark to prevent it from falling, was smote, that he died, and in the 15th chap. of the same book, 13th verse, David said to the priests and Levites, whom he had convened and told to 'sanctify themselves,' 'the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for that we sought him not after the due order;' yet he tells the chief of the Levites, 'to appoint their brethren to be the singers, with the instruments of music, psalteries, and harps, and cymbals, sounding by lifting up the voice with joy.' We afterward read, that at the dedication of the temple by Solomon, it came to pass as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lift up their voices with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth forever, that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister, by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God; and again, when King Hezekiah was restored from sickness, in the gratitude of his heart he exclaimed, 'therefore will I sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord,' for which he is not reproved by Isaiah the prophet, who was specially sent to him. With all these facts before us, it cannot be considered irrational to conclude that—as stated in 2d Chron., 24, 25—their appointment was 'by the commandment of the Lord.'

After so many and such glorious manifestations of the Divine approbation and acceptance of the services accompanied by these ceremonies, it would be more than presumptuous to say that God 'winked at the custom': one thing he is said to have 'winked' at, and that is directly disapproved of by the person who said it. Beside, the 150th Psalm, the 33d, 2, 81st, 2, 92d, 3, 103h, 2, expressly commands them to be used in praising God; and I would ask is it more rational to receive a command because it has not been rescinded, or to reject it because it has not been reiterated?

I would further enquire to what purpose are instruments of music to be applied? To accompany profane singing? No. What then? For private or social worship? As much spirituality is required in them as in public. The Israelites were reproved by Amos for 'inventing them to themselves, and by Isaiah because they were in their feasts, but they regarded not the work of the Lord; but never, I repeat it, has a censure been passed on any for praising God with them, when they did it in sincerity.

'The fact' that 'the sweet Psalmist of Israel was eminently pious,' and an 'eminent musician,' will prove that it is not impossible for the same person to be both.

And now, dear Mr. Editor. I shall take my leave of the subject, and of you, with many thanks to you for your kindness in giving me an opportunity of vindicating the truth; and of 'a Vocal Musician,' with a sincere assurance of good will toward him, and a hope that we shall both tune our HARPS where HARMONY will be eternal and complete, and jarring discord will find no place.

Yours truly,

And much obliged,

Montreal, Jan. 5.

C. R.

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## RELIGIOUS.

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### WINTER.

'By the breath of God, frost is given.'

The cheerless season of winter is as full of instruction to the religious and thinking man as the other seasons. All in magnificent succession awaken the purest sentiments of piety in the human heart. The living and exhilarating green of Spring—the genial and joy-

dance of Autumn, and even the inclemency of hoary Winter—each suggest their appropriate topics of gratitude to Him, who from his throne on high 'remembereth the things which are in heaven and on earth.' Perhaps we learn the most ennobling lessons of religion from the storms and clouds of Winter. The splendid variety of nature is no more—the gay livery of earth is hidden from our sight by a snowy mantle, and even the light of the sun himself is obscured. Driven thus from the contemplation of things external, we turn to higher and better objects of thought. Other seasons draw our attention to the earth we inhabit—but this exhibits to our wondering eyes myriads of other worlds, and naturally leads the mind to the contemplation of heavenly things—and even (such is human frailty) to speculations as sinful as they are presumptuous.

No language, (Revelation excepted,) is so plain and so readily understood as the language of Nature, and at no season does she speak so forcibly and solemnly to the heart as in the season of Winter. She tells us in the buried flowers—in the icy stiffness of the trees—in the snowy covering of the fair and beautiful vines of summer—of decay written by the finger of God upon all his works. We are thus warned that as wave succeeds to wave, so generation succeeds to generation, and that we must soon mingle with our native dust. The little prattler of to-day soon fills our place in society, and the tendrils of earthly affections are severed at our departure only to be transferred to our successors. But it teaches a nobler lesson—it tells us that the buried vine will soon, in renewed beauty, wave its delicate leaves in the breath of Summer, and the icy-mantled trees soon put forth their strength and beauty, and that we too, having left our chrysalis shell to moulder in its native earth, shall wing our flight to worlds above.

••The mighty resurrections of nature have been these six thousand years annually giving to men their eloquent teachings," and the glorious powers God thus annually exerts are not yet marred—nor are even subject to decay. He has thus taught us that while every natural object seemed dead, the principle of vegetable life was still unceasingly operating and preparing silently this earthly resurrection—and that in his wise government there exists

“When gathering clouds around we view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,”

He tells us in the voice of Nature to look upward for support and consolation—that no enemy hath done this, but that if an additional mantle of joy grief is thrown over us it is only to assist the ‘principle of life,’ in so renovating the system as to prepare it for its glorious resurrection. The year of nature is an emblem of the year of the soul; and while we see the wisdom of present evil to the plants and trees of the earth, shall we not also believe in the wisdom of afflictions to the soul? While the natural objects of sense are annually dying, man still lives and sees the beginning, life and end of myriads of the inanimate creatures of God.

Let then the storms of Winter blow and the icy mantle still cover the earth; they are the signs of the same Father who beautifies the Spring and the Summer, and ‘crowns the year with his goodness.’ They are to us evidences of that kind hard which makes the ‘momentous evil productive of final good,’ and teaches us to look through Nature to its God. The natural winter is but typical of the moral winter, and amid the weaknesses of age assures us that a Spring shall visit the grave, and every man arise to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil.

#### AN IMITATION OF MASILLON.

Oh Lord! how strong are my passions; how they triumph over reason—how unrestrained by thy holy law. Great God! How weak am I. I can resolve, re resolve, applaud my resolution, seem invulnerable, feel temptation, resist, waver, desire, will and act in the space of one short hour. Then I can reflect, judge, condemn, aggravate, sorrow, weep, blush, pray, hope, resolve, feel, assault, abhor, reject, consider, waver, and again offend thee. Oh how inconstant am I! Then I am filled with fervent desires for holiness, and again I am indifferent—then I am thankful, and again I am ungrateful—then I am on fire to glorify thee, and again I am afraid to confess thee—then I am enamoured with thy word, and again it presents no charms: O my sickness! Immutable God! I am, indeed, a changeable worm; but oh, make me as a rock. O great Being! let not thine

ears be shut to my supplications. O pity me. Let not my senses rule, but do thou chain them, and let reason, assisted by thee, have the sway.

Raleigh, one of the most illustrious heroes that England ever bred—a man equally celebrated for valour, for genius, and for learning, was not ashamed to address his wife, in the view of approaching dissolution, in the following pious strain:—

“Love God, and begin betimes. In him you shall find true and everlasting comfort. When you have travelled & wearied yourself, with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God while he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him. Then will God be a husband to you, and a father to him—a husband and father that can never be taken from you.”

#### GLEANINGS.

Whenever you speak any thing, think well, and look narrowly what you speak; of whom you speak, and to whom you speak, lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

Our pleasures are, for the most part, short, false, and deceitful; and like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour, with the sad repentance of many.

Never expect any assistance or consolation in thy necessities from drinking companions.

Biogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, ‘This is pride.’ Afterwards meeting with some Lacedaemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, ‘And this also is pride.’

The vanity of young men, in loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing themselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profuseness and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity, and too much expensiveness in your apparel; let your apparel be comely, plain, decent, cleanly, not curious or costly; it is the sign of a weak head piece to be sick for every new fashion, or to think himself the better in it, or the worse without it.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## STORY OF A STUDENT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## CHAP. III.

Awed by the venerable presence of misery, I had not yet dared to speak of love, but the respectful favour of my manner, and the sympathy I manifested for her misfortunes, had, I saw, impressed her in my favour, and disposed her to regard me with confidence. I could not commence my suit in a place where we would be every moment liable to interruption. I wished rather to breathe my vows "full in the smile of the blue firmament," and telling Charlotte that I wished to converse with her on a subject important to my happiness, I with much difficulty obtained her consent to walk with me that afternoon. At the appointed hour I returned for her, and found her equipped, with her usual attention to disguise. The evening was a glorious one, and we rapidly and in silence traversed the streets that lay between us and the quiet of the country. As we passed along one of the squares Charlotte grasped my arm convulsively, and bent down her head as if in terror. I saw that the object on which her eye had rested, before it was so suddenly withdrawn, was a phaeton which was slowly approaching us. In it were seated a hardsome, but bold and showy looking woman, who seemed to be about forty or forty-five years of age, and a man some ten or fifteen years younger. While they were slowly passing, I felt Charlotte shudder, as if in an agony of affright; she then gasped out, "Did they see me? Do they look back towards us?" Turning to observe them, I saw that they had not noticed us, and told Charlotte so.—She then drew a long relieving breath, but murmured passionately, "Oh, that the grave would hide me from them—from wretchedness!"

As soon as we had left behind the stir and tumult of the city, I began to describe my love with all the eloquence of fervid passion. Charlotte heard me in silence; but not, at the silence of a loving and beloved maiden. Low moans stole through her pale, closed lips, and heavy sobs shook her slender frame. Dis-

ed alike remote from affection and from indifference, I could only articulate, "Charlotte, Charlotte! do you not, can you not love me?"

At this question she suddenly looked up into my eyes with a rapt and devotional expression. "O what a heart would mine be if it did not love you! Yes, my guardian angel, my protector, my friend—my only friend, I do indeed love you!"

A thrill of rapture ran through my pulses at this impassioned avowal, and I exclaimed triumphantly, "Then are we one, henceforth and for ever; another sun shall not set before our hands shall ratify the union of our hearts! Say, dearest, shall this not be so?"

"O no, no, no, I may not, must not, be your wife! Fate has stored no such happiness for me."

I tenderly remonstrated with her on the inconsistency of her words, and pictured lovingly the efforts that I would make to better my lot, when she should be the sharer of it. A strange, sad conflicting of love and fear was visible on her countenance while I spoke; but she made no direct reply, only ejaculating, as if in prayer, "Almighty arbiter! can it be thy will that I should cast away this blessing—that I should myself dash down the cup of happiness?"

From her broken exclamations I learned a fear that there was some hidden impediment to our union, and I implored her to tell me if this was the case—but tears and sobs were her only reply. At length, when we drew near the city on our return, she became suddenly calm, like one who has formed a resolution which the future must depend. "John," she said, "I can no longer endure this miserable strife. I fear that I have therefore resolved to confide to you the whole of my short, sad history—but to-night I am unequal to the task. To-morrow I will write to you, and when you have read my letter, you still dear our union, I shall have nothing left to offer."

Next day I received the promised letter. It began abruptly. "My true name is Charlotte Ormond. My earliest recollections are of a school in the south of Ireland, in which, about two months ago, I passed my life. When quite an infant, I was placed there, and continued regularly to

my school pension, but never visited or wrote to me. My youthful imagination delighted in decorating this unknown mother with all the loveliest attributes of humanity. I loved to make my young companions describe their respective mothers, and from each I stole some grace or charm wherewith to deck my visionary parent.—Night and day I prayed and pined to see my mother—in her all my hopes and affections centred, and often have I envied some little ragged urchin, when I have witnessed the maternal caresses bestowed on it. Alas! alas! I have since found my own. And what a mother! to avoid her I would flee to the ends of the earth—to the depths of the sea—to the gloom of the grave. The only information that my governess could give me concerning her was, that when she left me at school, about twelve years before, she was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, and called herself Mrs. Ormond. Since that time the remittance had been sent regularly, often from provincial towns in various parts of the United Kingdom, but in winter they came chiefly from London. From this, and some peculiarities of dress and manner, which she had noted in their sole interview, my governess conjectured that my mother was an actress, though she had never been able to discover any of celebrity who bore that name.

“ About two months ago this long expected parent came to remove me from school. She had, she said, withdrawn from the stage, and intending to reside privately in the neighborhood of Dublin, wished naturally for the society of her daughter. I hung enraptured on every word and every glance of my beautiful mother, and though to me there seemed something strange and startling in her manner I carefully combated this impression, and imputed it to my own ignorance of the world. Though I shed some regretful tears on leaving my young companions, yet regret was soon lost in glad anticipation. And when I found myself seated beside my mother in her elegant chariot, I was conscious only of tenderness and joy. We arrived at our new home (a neat villa within a few miles of this city) on the third day of our journey. Here I was allotted a sumptuously furnished apartment, and my mother's confidential waiting-woman, Catharine, was appointed to attend me and superintend my toilet. I often remonstrated against the gaudy adornments that were heaped

upon me, but with a laughing tyranny which I could not resist, I was compelled to wear them. Every day my mother drove me to town in her phaeton, and every day seemed to add to the number of gentlemen who attended and escorted us. Two or three times a week my mother gave splendid supper parties, but at these few, very few of her own sex were present; indeed, her associates were almost all gentlemen. Of these Sir Lawrence Harwell paid me the most assiduous attention—but there was a boldness, a presumption in his manner, which made me receive his addresses with unqualified disgust and terror. Indeed, the society in which I now found myself was well calculated to inspire such feelings. Levity and profaneness ruled the conversation of the guests.—And the hostess—but in what words can a daughter paint a mother's moral deformity? How shall I describe my horror when veil after veil fell from my eyes, and I looked clearly on my mother's dishonour. She sedulously encouraged the addresses of Sir Lawrence, and frowned severely on me whenever I ventured to treat him with disdain in her presence. Though this grieved me, it did not lessen my respect for her, as I considered it pardonable in her to desire so wealthy an alliance for me; but I was soon cruelly deceived. One day when Harwell had teased me out of patience by his importunate profession, I exclaimed petulently, ‘Sir Lawrence Harwell, spare yourself and me a repetition of these scenes, for I solemnly assure you that I would not marry you if you were monarch of the world.’ I do not remember the words in which the wretch replied, but their import aroused in me a passion of indignation, such as I had believed myself incapable of experiencing. I commanded him instantly to leave the house, and declared that I would prevent the possibility of his return, by informing my mother of the deep baseness of his designs. ‘Your mother, my pretty baby,’ scoffed the fiend, ‘will feel very slightly obliged by your communication. However, I see that she has sadly neglected your education. And I shall, as you desire, relieve you of my presence; but to-morrow I shall hope to find you more tractable! a little maternal advice will improve you amazingly. But I vow we must have you on the boards. That melo dramatic air is divine, and would make your fortune.’ Appalled and terror stricken

I fled to my own apartment, and, locking myself into it, tried to reflect upon the scene that had just occurred. But in vain, I could not follow out any train of thought; my mind was a chaos, through which one sole bright ray penetrated—a hope that the atrocious Harwell had belied my mother. When, therefore, she knocked at my door, I gladly admitted her, and throwing myself into her arms sobbed out my agony on her bosom.—But never shall my pen or tongue repeat the conversation that ensued. It was such as left me convinced of the utter, the unimaginable depravity of her whom I must call my mother. I never loved her since—I can never love her more! The violence of her threats left me no hope of safety but in flight, which I found impossible. Two days I had elapsed, during which I was permitted to remain undisturbed in my own apartment; but on the third my mother entered. All traces of anger were banished from her fine features, and with a congratulatory and exulting air she informed me that Sir Lawrence had commissioned her to make me an offer of his hand. The very thought of passing my life with such an abandoned man, filled me with a sick, unutterable loathing, and forgetting my fears of my mother's violence, I solemnly asseverated that I would rather die. The words had no sooner passed my lips, than she smote me again and again, with frantic fury, then hissing into my ears a horrible malediction, she vowed that she would herself drag me to the altar. In a misery verging on delirium I continued to lie stretched on the floor, as she had left me, and had the means of self-murder been within my reach, I feel—I fear that I should have used them. Towards evening Catherine came to wait on me. She had, she said, been ordered to adorn me for the reception of Sir Lawrence's first visit to me as his intended bride. Thinking I read compassion in the woman's voice and manner, I implored her to aid me in escaping from a fate so horrible. She long resisted my passionate entreaties, but at length promised to aid my escape in case she could do so without herself incurring suspicion. But in order to procure a possibility of this, it was, she said, necessary that I should gradually assume a semblance of content.

“This was my first lesson in deceit; but necessity makes apt scholars, and I soon learn-

ed to veil my abhorrence with false words and smiles. The vigilance of my persecutors, however, was not lulled, and I saw the appointed time approach without bringing any opportunity of escape. Sometimes too, I was haunted by a fear lest Catherine's seeming sympathy might be only part of a deep laid scheme to compass my unhappiness. The fatal day appointed for my marriage came.—Catherine continued to feed, but had not yet fulfilled my hopes. She urged me to keep up the deuce, and I obeyed her, yes—obeyed her, even while my cruel mother decked me for the sacrifice. But I escaped—praised be Heaven! I escaped before it was consummated. Catherine procured me the slight disguise of a coarse cloak, which I had only time to cast over my gony bridal garb, when the long sought opportunity of escape occurred. Youth and terror lent me speed, and I had nearly reached the city when darkness set in, its friendly shroud enabling me to pass even the hated Harwell unnoticed. I wandered long through the city's thousand obscured lanes and alleys, before I could summon courage to seek a night shelter; at length, alarmed by the lateness of the hour, I succeeded in obtaining my present refuge. The following day was that on which I first saw you.

“And now, generous and kind friend, if you can resolve to wed your heart to me, who may at any moment be torn from you, I shall no longer scruple to link your fate with mine. I know little of the laws of man, but I believe that they endow the parent with absolute power during the child's minority; and if during mine my mother should discover me, I should be lost to you for ever. Better than this that we should now part, that I should bear my misfortunes alone, and leave you to the peace in which I found you. If you share in this conviction, let yesterday's meeting be our last, but do not quite forget the love cast away, whose latest breath will utter prayer for you.”

The intense interest with which I perused this lite narrative, was only equalled by my delight on finding that it contained nothing which should delay or prevent my union with Charlotte. I did not observe that her story furnished no adequate cause for those exclamations which had led me to fear that some duty opposed our marriage. This discrepancy

between her written and spoken words eluded my notice, until recalled by succeeding events.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### WOMAN.

Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her; from birth to death he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life; her bosom succors him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character—must diminish or increase his happiness, according to the moral and intellectual elevation or degradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general. Call upon all women to rise to a work that will bring such 'exceeding great reward'—Tell them to think more of their sex and less of themselves, and more of universal humanity than of either. The rivalry of pretty faces and French fashions, the cruelties of coquetry and the follies of flirtation, are all **BLASPHEMIES** against their own power, their own privilege—that of perfecting the moral happiness and intellectual character of human nature.

#### THE CAREER OF CRIME.

A few years ago as I was walking through the streets of my native village, on an errand in the dusk of the evening, I saw two young men rush from a shop one pursuing the other. They were brothers. The oldest had a leather throng in hand. He caught his brother, and after a severe struggle, in which many blows were given and received, succeeded in throwing him down, and severely whipping him. I was then a child, and the scene produced an impression on my mind, which will never pass away. This occurred about fifteen years ago. Since that time I have never seen or heard of these two individuals, till a few years since, I read in a paper, this very person who then whipped his brother, is under sentence of death for the murder of his wife! The two events I could not but connect in

What a warning to parents to restrain the passions of their children.

What a warning to children to avoid contentions, and to check the risings of anger.

#### RESIGNATION.

The most remarkable and astonishing instance of human resignation I ever remember to have met with, is to be found in the conduct of the exemplary Archbishop Fenelon. When his illustrious and hopeful pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, if I mistake not, lay dead in his coffin, and the nobles of his court, in all the pomp of silent sadness, stood weeping round, the archbishop came into the apartment, and having fixed his eyes for some time on the corpse, broke out at length in terms to this effect: "There is my beloved prince, for whom my affection was equal to the tenderest regard of the tenderest parent. Nor was my affection lost, he loved me, in return, with the ardor of a son. There he lies, and all my worldly happiness is dead with him, but if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not, for ten thousand worlds, be the turner of that straw, in opposition to the will of God!"

#### CAVE TEMPLES RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN INDIA.

The late campaigns in India occasioned the discovery of a series of cave temples, the existence of which was previously unknown to Europeans or the more intellectual classes of natives. The pursuit of some refractory Bheels in the direction of Arguan led to the caverns in which these people had taken refuge, which were found to be very splendid excavations, dedicated to the performance of Buddhistic worship. Many of the interior decorations were composed of paintings in a bold and florid style, the colors being perfectly uninjured by time. The figures represented in these paintings are described to be Persian, both in dress and feature, and the female countenances especially are said to possess great beauty. Some of the borders of these compartments are of the richest blue, as fresh as when they were first painted on the walls—and the whole seems to offer an extensive field for the investiga-



## 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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