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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXIX.]

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 21, 1835.

[PRICE 2D.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS,

(Founded on a recent occurrence.)

CHAP. III.

I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he has so often crossed on his angelic errands of good will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I raised the knocker in the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the ever haunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who on leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unplied weeping.

But morning brought unhop'd joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time free from the prying observation of others, and this together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise.

But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were paralyzed—and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most vapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille of La Pastorelle, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her) when I heard a lady near me say to another, 'So—Mr. Trevor and Miss —— are to be married immediately.' This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill;" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E——, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes into Devonshire next week, for a change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time or a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, & in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was thus placed between

me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He has selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I nor loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, the imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, & among the rest Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E—. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man, who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E— had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the toils which my own folly had woven around me.

One day while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the infliction of a visit from Lord E—, a letter, in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus. —

"My dear Augusta—Did you ever hear of s wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, when you were a baby? I am that brother: I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, & that by his will I am entitled to his property, except a paltry portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognised me easily. I shall visit you how-

ever, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait, you will acknowledge me to be your loving brother,

"HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded; but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of release from Lord E—. I flew to the nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"My dear Brother—if you be indeed my brother—you shall only need to prove your title to my own heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As to my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know whether I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once from his abhorred thralldom. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augusta," &c.—more than ever ardent in his vow of unchangeable love. I maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mischance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question? He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love, and sighs and roses. I professed my satisfaction and, congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly, his languid professions of constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying the dictates of affection, by urging his immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c. &c. At last, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to

discover that I had never loved him, and found it convenient to be mighty indignant thereat. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and drawing my hips towards me, sang with mock pathos the first line of "For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I trilled forth in merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

So ended Lord E——'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E——'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were, my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E—— had proved: and, though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion based upon virtue is so indestructible and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes were a sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unvaried conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that paternal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E——. (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friend-

ship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother (a Devonshire country gentleman) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss——, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness towards me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had won the first love of his warm & holy heart, and knew myself his chosen one, his companion through time and through eternity. The long sought was found, the long loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a prepossession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E—— but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears on the bosom of my confessor, when owning my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his wedded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been beloved.

Since then, years have passed, many and full of blessings. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious husband, has reverted to our dutiful children, who know how to use it better than did their mother in her day of thoughtlessness & pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, fondly as ever the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I—eternity could not wear out my love for him!

EXCELLENT THINGS.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things; for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering

TRAVELS.

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

The chamois has been confined by its Maker to those icy palaces of Nature, amidst which that Maker's presence is more immediately and sensibly felt. It has always struck me that the ocean is the fittest emblem, and convey the deepest impression of God's immensity and eternity—the Alps, of His unapproachable power, and everlasting unvariableness: In the sea, wave succeeds wave for ever and for ever—billow swells upon billow, and you see no end thereof. But magnificent a spectacle as ocean is at all times and under all aspects, it still cannot be enjoyed without some alloy. It must be seen either from a ship, in which man ventures too much—or from the land, which again breaks the unity of the idea.

The effect of the scenes among which the chamois-hunter lives, is weakened by no such intrusion as this. Man's works enter not here. From the moment he quits the chalet in which he has taken his short rest until his return, he sees no trace of man; but dwells amid scenery stamped only with its Creator's omnipotence and immutability. Nature is always interesting. Elsewhere she is lovely, beautiful—here she is awful, sublime. Elsewhere she shrouds all things in a temporary repose, again to clothe them with surpassing beauty and verdure. But here there is no change—such as the first winter beheld them, after they sprang from the hands of their Great Architect, such they still are—like himself, unchangeable and unapproachable. Nor summer's heat nor winter's cold have any effect on their everlasting hues—nor can the track or works of man stain the purity of their unsullied snows! His voice may not even reach that upper air to disturb the sacred 'calm that breathes around'—that stilly silence which holds for ever, save when the lawine wakes it with the voice of thunder! In such situations, it is impossible not to feel as far elevated in mind as in body, above the petty cares, the frivolous pursuits, 'the low ambition' of this nether world. If any one desire really to feel that all is vanity here be low; if he wish to catch a glimpse of the yet undeveloped capabilities of his nature, of those mysterious longings, after which

the heart of man so vainly yet so earnestly aspires—let him wander amongst the higher Alps, and alone.

Scenes like these must be seen and felt; they cannot be described. Languages were formed in the plain—and they have no words adequately to represent the sensations which all must have experienced among mountain scenery. A man may pass all his life in towns, and the haunts of men, without knowing he possesses within him such feelings as a single day's chamois hunting will awaken. A lighter and purer air is breathed there—and the body, being invigorated by exercise and temperance, renders the mind more capable of enjoyment. Though earthly sounds there are none, I have often remarked, amid this solemn silence, an undefinable hum, which yet is not sound, but seems, as it were, the still small voice of Nature communing with the heart, through other senses than we are at present conscious of possessing.

If ever my earthly spirit has been roused to a more worthy contemplation of the Almighty Author of Creation, it has been at such moments as these—when I have looked around on a vast amphitheatre of rocks torn by ten thousand storms, and of Alps clothed with the spotless mantle of everlasting snow. Above me, was the clear blue vault of heaven, which at such elevations seems so perceptibly near and more azure; far below me, the vast glacier, from whose chill bosom issues the future river, which is there commencing its long course to the ocean: high over head, those icy pinnacles on which countless winters have spread their dazzling honours; who is there that could see himself surrounded by objects such as these, and not feel his soul elevated from Nature to Nature's God? Yes, land of the mountain and the torrent! land of the glacier and avalanche! who could wander amidst thy solitudes of unrivalled magnificence without catching a portion, at least, of the inspiration they are so calculated to excite? I wonder not that thy sons, cradled among thy ever matchless scenery should cling with such filial affection to the mountain breast that nursed them, and yearn for their native cot amid the luxuries of foreign cities; when even a stranger, born in softer lands, and passing but a few months' pilgrimage within thy borders, yet felt himself

at once attached to thee as to a second home ; nor yet can hear without emotion the sounds that remind him of thy hills of freedom !

THE INSTRUCTOR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the two following addresses, delivered at the anniversary of the Montreal Infant School, in addition to that of Mr Day, which appeared in our last. We regret that the length of the report precludes it from insertion in the Instructor ; the most important parts of it, however, are adverted to in the addresses of the Rev. Messrs Richey and Bosworth, and Mr. Day.

The pure eloquence and chaste language, as well as the valuable sentiments contained in the respective addresses, will, we are confident, be a sufficient apology for the space devoted to their insertion.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. MR. RICHEY.

Mr. CHAIRMAN,

I rise to propose a resolution, which, while it surveys with pain the inauspicious circumstances by which the exertions of this benignant institution have been well nigh paralyzed, expresses a lingering hope that it will not be permitted to languish and expire ; but that, gathering fresh energies from the interest awakened at its present anniversary, it will emerge from the cloud that has for some time past enveloped it, and move forward to accomplish the wishes and anticipations of those benevolent ladies to whom it owes its existence—a resolution which, had we come here without any previous knowledge of the Infant School system, or even imbued with prejudice against it, could scarcely fail, after the delightful exhibition of its effects which we have this day witnessed, and the eloquent exposition and defence of its objects to which we have listened, to call forth from this respectable assemblage something more than a transient glow of responsive emotion, or an imperative expression of their acquiescence. Persuaded as I am, Sir, that such a resolution embodies the spontaneous sentiments and feelings of all who are present, I might, without the slightest apprehension as to its unanimous

adoption, submit it without a single observation. But the urgency of friendship has imposed upon me an obligation to offer a few remarks, and I must diffidently endeavour to discharge it.

The wide diffusion of knowledge, which confers so lofty a distinction on the present age above every preceding period in the world's history, has been justly adverted to by the gentleman who has sat down, as matter of gratitude, of triumph, and of hope. With equal pleasure have we listened to his beautiful illustration of the general benefits, as well to the moral as to the intellectual nature of the species, likely to result from this expansion of the page of knowledge and truth to all.

Permit me, Sir, in promotion of the object for which we are assembled, to allude to one or two of the specific advantages of the INFANT SCHOOL SYSTEM, where the inculcation of the great facts and salutary precepts of Christianity form a constituent of that system.

One of these, which must strike us at first view, is the presentation to the infant mind of the best elements of thought and character. And can this be regarded as a matter of trivial consequence, by any who entertain adequate conceptions of the importance of those relations which human beings are destined to sustain in the social system—of their ultimate responsibility to the tribunal of the skies—and of the tenacity with which first impressions, more especially those of a moral nature, cling to the memory and to the heart, through life ? Even the incipient susceptibilities of knowledge, & of the principles of moral control, indicated by the human mind, are far too precious to be unheeded, or surrendered to the influence of sin and error. If it be true, that 'the first seven years are the seed-time of life'—that the earliest direction given to the tendencies of the mind often determine its future course, and bear the impress of eternity—then is it surely an object worthy of the vigilant attention and solicitude of the philanthropist, to watch and to hail the first bud-dings of the mental powers as the signal for entering on the 'delightful task' of intellectual and moral culture. To occupy precisely this position in the circle of institutions which the benevolence of the age has arrayed against the powers of darkness, is the design of the esta-

ishment of Infant Schools The importance of this system is now very generally appreciated. Nor can it, under proper regulation, be viewed by any as an experiment of doubtful expediency—since, while it directly aids the expansion of the faculties, it deposits in the tender heart of infancy, materials of the richest value—elements of truth and virtue, which may not unreasonably be expected, under the Divine blessing, to operate, in many cases, with the happiest effect, in the future formation and development of character.

The Infant School system is peculiarly important also as a vestibule to those institutions, whether weekly or Sabbath, which are designed to promote the higher objects of instruction. It has been accurately observed, that he who shortens the road to knowledge lengthens life, and that we are all of us more indebted than we are always aware of to that class of writers whom Johnson calls the 'pioneers of literature'—doomed to clear away the dirt and rubbish for those who are pressing on to honour and to victory.

Those who communicate the first rudiments of instruction to the infant mind, and discipline it to a habitude of attention, perform an office of equal value for the interesting objects of their solicitude. They are the pioneers of education and of religion. To children sent immediately from their families to a Sabbath school, much time and assiduity must be devoted, before they are susceptible of that species of instruction which it is the appropriate design of such institutions to impart—while those who are transferred from an Infant school, enter with the advantage of that preparatory training, alike conducive to the pleasure of the teacher, and to the proficiency of the taught.

Against the Infant School system, so strongly recommended by these, among many collateral advantages, there has been, for aught I know, but one objection urged, worthy of a moment's consideration. We are told that by commencing the work of education at so early a period, the brain is prematurely developed and a foundation laid for all the melancholy train of nervous disorders, so paralyzing at once to the physical and to the intellectual powers. This objection, it is conceived, can only lie against the enforcement of a species of mental discipline upon little children, exclusively adapted to those of a

more advanced age, which, most certainly, were highly injudicious and cruel. But from infant schools, as they are actually managed; such discipline is studiously precluded. Unless the alleged evil therefore can be shown to attach to habits of cleanliness and order, to maternal discipline, and instruction of the simplest kind, presented in a form which admirably blends fascination with utility, the objection is fallacious, and the ground upon which it rests purely visionary.

Under these impressions, Sir, I feel a pleasure in moving the following resolution, and I do so in the animated hope that it will not merely be adopted by this meeting, but receive the practical concurrence of the liberal community of this city.

Resolved—That this meeting views with deep regret the diminution of the funds and consequent decline of the usefulness of this institution, and cherishes an earnest desire and hope, that the liberality of the Mountreal public will enable it to extend the humble, but in its sphere of its beneficial exertion.

THE REV. MR. BOSWORTH observed, that he was not aware there would be any speaking after the examination; but that, being requested by a warm friend of this & every other useful institution, (W. Lunn, Esq.) to take a part in the proceedings, he most cheerfully consented to propose a resolution to the meeting, which was essential to its operations, and which, therefore, he need not employ many words to enforce or recommend—the appointment of the Ladies' Committee of Management. He proceeded to express the satisfaction with which he listened to the examination of the children, and stated that, if he had formerly entertained doubts as to any part of the system, this day had removed them, or rather showed that there was no room for objections, as the system was practised here. He concurred with a preceding speaker, (Rev. Mr. Richey.) in his estimate of the great advantage and comfort which the school offered to mothers who were under the necessity of labouring, often from home, for the benefit of their family. Every such mother, on leaving her offspring at the school, not only felt assured that they would be safe during her absence, but taught useful knowledge and virtuous principles in a manner superior to any thing within her own power—and that, on returning home after the labours of the day, her infants

would be restored to her arms and her smiles, after another season of guardianship and instruction. He referred in terms of merited eulogy to the speech of Mr. Day, and agreed with that gentleman in the truth of the picture he had drawn of the contrast of the past with the present—when knowledge, no longer confined to the schools of philosophy and to the cell of the monk, appeared abroad in open day, and diffused its happy and benign influence over the whole face of society. Feeling the importance of cultivating the affections as well as the intellect, he rejoiced to find that BOTH were assiduously trained by the methods resorted to for the benefit of the rising generation. In addition to the advantages of the present day, as pointed out or alluded to by the preceding speakers, he (Mr. B.) thought there was one which deserved a distinct reference, and which he could not refrain from considering, at least in its practical bearing, as a discovery of modern times; and that was, the early period at which direct tuition now commences. Formerly it was thought sufficient to begin the art of training when many habits were too strongly formed to be changed, and many impressions too deeply made to be ever afterwards obliterated, without recollecting or observing that nature is not so tardy in her processes, but exposes the tender mind to the influence of good or of evil from the first evolution or development of its powers. On this principle it is that the minds of children are susceptible of instruction at a much earlier period than was formerly supposed; and one great recommendation of infant schools is, that instruction is imparted as soon as the mind is capable of receiving it, and a moral and religious bias is given to the affections before they are contaminated by evil example. While several things in the report, and every thing in the preceding examination, were of a pleasing character, there was one fact in the statement which could not be reflected upon without pain. He alluded to the reduction of the number of children in the school from more than one hundred, which it contained last year, to scarcely beyond fifty, which were instructed in it now. This falling off was occasioned not by any diminution in the number of children needing to be instructed, (for this was probably greater than ever,) but by the want of funds. He then made a forcible appeal to all present to exert themselves to supply this

deficiency. "Surely," said he, "it cannot be that so numerous and respectable an assembly of ladies, in conjunction with the other benevolent inhabitants of this great and prosperous city, will suffer so good a cause to languish and die for want of adequate support. Rather let us all, after the example of a preceding speaker, Mr. Radiger, resolve to do all we can by our personal contributions and by exerting our influence with others, to encourage this institution, renew its expiring strength, and increase its beneficent operations.

[We regret that we cannot give more than an outline of the latter gentlemen's address; & the speaker, to whom we applied for a copy, was unable, on a short notice, to recall any further particulars of it. We trust, however, that the appeal will not be made in vain; but that future years will witness the flourishing state, and increasing efficiency, of the MONTREAL INFANT SCHOOL SOCIETY.]

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

LOVE.

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
Overflowing morn when greatest numbers
drink.

Essence that binds the uncreated Three,
Chain that unites creation to its Lord,
Centre to which all being gravitates,
Eternal, ever growing happy Love!

POLLOCK.

Love, in its various forms, has been the theme of ten thousand songs.

The love of WOMAN has called forth the exertions of the proudest poets, whose lofty & impassioned strains may not be read by the veriest anchorite without emotion; even when bereft of all the embellishments with which the fancy of the poet has adorned it, there is in its "true nature" much that demands our admiration and fills us with astonishment. Such is her devotedness to the object of her affection, that she will forsake home, friends, riches, comfort, everything for his sake—and even when ill-treated and neglected, and while the bitter tears of disappointed hope trembles in her eye, she will bless and continue to love.

The PATRIOT, too, has had his meed of praise, nor had it undeserved. For the sake of his country, he has disregarded personal interest, set at nought the smiles and frowns

of princes, and endured, without shelter, the winter's cold & summer's heat. A William Tell has risked the life of an only and beloved son? a Brutus has sacrificed a friend and benefactor: and thousands there are who have nobly given their breasts for bulwarks, to guard their father land from oppression.

And there is a MOTHER'S LOVE. Ah, who has not enjoyed the blessings of a mother's love? Who, looking back to the earliest moments memory has noted, feels not a thrill of grateful delight on the remembrance of her kind sympathy and readiness to alleviate their little sorrows and participate in their joys? Who that has been pressed to the maternal bosom, received the ardent kiss and heard the pious and fervent "God bless thee" bursting, as it were, unbidden from an overcharged heart, can ever forget it? None! memory itself must cease, to exist before the remembrance of it could pass away. Oh, if there is in earthly affection any thing of holiness, or purity, or strength, surely it is to be found in a Mother's love.

But there is a love that exceeds them all—there is a love, compared with which every other appears indifference, and that is, the LOVE OF GOD. HE so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have eternal life; and it was not to save his faithful servants from unmerited suffering; oh no—“God commendeth his love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us;” for our sakes he left the sovereignty of heaven, took on him the form of a servant, and, as he himself tells us, had not where to lay his head. Behold him in the garden of Gethsemane—see there his mental agony; again at the bar of Pilate, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so he openeth not his mouth; the Roman scourge laid on HIM the chastisement of OUR peace. Follow him to Calvary—see him sink beneath our woes, borne to the earth by the ponderous cross—mark the final scene: the tide of mortal life issuing from wounds inflicted by the hands of those he came to save; hear his persecutors with bitter irony taunt him, and revile him as an impostor; his accumulated sufferings draw from him the cry, “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani,” and remember that the powers of heaven awaiteth his mandate, endued with will and power to execute his commands; but he does not say,

destroy mine enemies, for they are not worthy of me; no—his God-like prayer was, ‘Father forgive them for they know not what they do.’ This—this is love beyond conception,—compare this with the highest degree of human love, and, as stars before the mid-day sun withhold their shining, all would be lost in its bright effulgence.

“O love, all height above, all depth below, Surpassing far all knowledge, all desire. All thought, the Holy One for sinners dies, The Lord of Life for guilty rebels bleeds— Quenches eternal fire with blood divine.”

Montreal, Nov. 18, 1835.

C. R.

POETRY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR]

THE TRUE FRIEND.

I have a kind, a tender friend,
Whose love and goodness ne'er can end—
One on whose truth I can rely,
And one whose help is ever nigh.
When deep distress and sorrows roll,
He whispers comfort to my soul;
When cruel scorn and scandal's tongue,
My fearful heart with anguish wrung,
And caused to fall the bitter tear
Because I loved this friend, so dear:
He kindly interposed, and said—
“I will soon be o'er, be not dismay'd;
My followers all have suffered loss,
Disdained the world, endured the cross;
To win a bright, a dazzling crown,
Despised, o'ercame, the worldling's frown.”
Oh, who would barter love like this
For honours vain, or earthly bliss;
Or change a friend so tried, so great,
For paltry wealth, or pomp, or state.
Oh, sinner, seek this friend of love,
Receive his grace, his mercy prove—
His love's unchanging, still the same,
And JESUS is that dear friend's name.

Montreal, Nov. 18.

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