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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XLII.]

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 20, 1836

[PRICE 2c

ASTRONOMY.

THE RAINBOW.

[The following reflections on this phenomenon are extracted from a work of considerable talent, Mr Burke's Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature.]

The poets feigned the rainbow to be the residence of certain aerial creatures, whose delight it is to wander in the clouds. Milton, in his exquisite pastoral drama, thus alludes to this Platonic idea—

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creature in the element
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

The rainbow, which, not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is impossible to conceive any arch more grand (if we except the double ring of Saturn) than when its extreme points rest upon the opposite sides of a wide valley, or on the peaked summits of precipitate mountains.

One of the glories which are said to surround the throne of heaven is a rainbow like an emerald. In the Apocalypse it is described as encircling the head of an angel; in Ezekiel, four cherubim are compared to a cloud, arched with it; and nothing, out of the Hebrew scriptures, can exceed the beauty of that passage in Milton, where he describes its creation and its first appearance.

There is a picture representing this emblem of mercy, so admirably painted, in the east of Ambras, in the circle of Austria, that the grand duke of Tuscany offered a hundred thousand crowns for it. Rubens frequently gave animation to pictures, which had little beside to interest the eye of the spectator, by painting this phenomenon—one of Guido's best pieces represents the Virgin and Infant sitting on a rainbow, and round the niche in which stood a statue of the Virgin in the chapel of Loreto, were imbedded precious stones of

various lustres, forming a rainbow of various colours.

The rainbows of Greenland are frequently of a pale white, fringed with a brownish yellow—arising from the rays of the sun being reflected from a frozen cloud. In Iceland it is called the Bridge of the Gods—and the Scandinavians gave it for a guardian a being called Heindler. They supposed it to connect heaven with earth. Ulma and Hougner describe circular rainbows, which are frequently seen on the mountains, rising above Quito, in the kingdom of Peru, while Edward asserts, that a rainbow was seen near London, caused by the exhalations of that city, after the sun had set more than twenty minutes. A naval friend, too, informs me, that as he was one day watching the sun's effect upon the exhalations, near Juan Fernandez, he saw upwards of five and twenty iris combine at the same time. In these marine-bows the concave sides were turned upwards—the drops of water rising from below, and not falling from above, as in the instances of aerial arches. They are sometimes formed also, by waves dashing against the rocks, as may frequently be seen on the coast of Carnarvon, Merioneth, Pembroke, Cardigan, and Carmarthen.

In some rainbows may be discovered three arches within the purple of the common bow—1. yellowish green, darker green, purple—2. green, purple—3. green, purple. Rainbows, too, are sometimes seen when the hoar frost is descending; and Captain Perry, in his attempts to reach the North Pole by boats and sledges saw a fog bow, and no less than five arches formed within the main one, beautifully coloured.

Aristotle states, that he was the first who ever saw a lunar rainbow—he saw only two in fifty years. He assuredly means he was the first who ever described one, since lunar rainbows must have been observed in all ages. That it was unknown to St. Ambrose, however, is evident, from his saying that the bow,

must have been observed in all ages.—That it was unknown to St. Ambrose, however, is evident, from his belief that the bow which God promised Noah, he would place in the firmament, after the deluge, 'as a witness, that he would never drown the world again,' was not to be understood of the rainbow, 'which can never appear in the night,' but some visible virtue of the Deity. Notwithstanding this assertion of St. Ambrose, I have had the good fortune to see several; two of which were, perhaps, as fine as were ever witnessed in any country; the first formed over beds of stones, and a bow, illuminated by the moon, stretched from one side of the vale to the other.

The second I saw from the castle overlooking the bay of Carmarthen, forming a regular semicircle over the Town. It was in a moment of vicissitude; and fancy willingly reverted to that passage of Ecclesiasticus, where the writer describes Simon, shining 'as the morning star,' and 'as a rainbow' on the temple of the Eternal. The sky soon cleared, and presented a midnight scene like that which Bloomfield has described so admirably—

'—above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene.)
Others detached, in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

TRAVELS.

ORIENTAL CEMETRIES AND FUNERAL RITES.

(Continued from our last.)

Very frequently, whilst you are silently engaged in your apartment, the stillness of a Turkish town, where no rumbling of wheels is very heard, is interrupted by the distant sound of the funeral chant of the Greek Priest. As the voices grow more loud, you hasten to the window to behold the procession. The Priests move first, bearing their burning tapers, and by their dark and flowing robes give an idea of mourning in harmony with the occasion. The corpse is always exhibited to full view. It is placed upon a bier, which is borne aloft upon the shoulders, and is dressed in the best and gayest garments possessed by the deceased. A young female,

who had departed in the bloom of life and beauty, is sometimes seen adorned rather 'as a bride to meet the bridegroom,' than as one who is to be the tenant of the chamber of corruption. The young man at Nain, who was restored to life by the command of our Saviour, was doubtless carried on a bier of this kind. When our Lord intimated his design of interposing in his favour, 'they that bare him stood still.' And when the miraculous energy was exerted, 'he that was dead sat up, and began to speak.' (Luke vii. 15.) It is unusual for the Orientals to be buried in coffins.

The Greeks allow so short a time to intervene between the decease of an individual and his burial, that certain evidences have occasionally been afforded of premature interment. Once, a person on his way to the grave, through the streets of Smyrna, sat up, and began to speak, to the great alarm of all present. There was a person frequently seen in Smyrna, only a very few years ago, who had actually been placed in his grave, and left in that situation. On recovering his recollection, he emitted cries, which were soon heard, and which led to his release before any fatal consequences had ensued. The nature of the graves, as will soon be described, afforded him the means of escape, which an English grave and coffin would have utterly precluded.

The closing part of the Greek burial-service commencing with the words, 'Come and impart the last embrace,' is very affecting. The friends of the departed press forward from every part of the church, and kiss his cold and pallid lips, and weep over him. It is considered a very peculiar mark of disrespect to neglect this last office of affection.

The custom of employing professional mourners to howl for the dead still exists in some parts of the Levant. One morning, whilst taking a solitary walk in Ægina, the most plaintive accents fell upon the ear of the writer of this account. He followed in the direction from which the sounds proceeded—and they conducted him to a new-made grave, over which a woman, hired for the occasion, was pouring forth 'lamentation and mourning and woe,' with such doleful strains and feelings, as could scarcely have been supposed other than sincere. It was the grave of a young man who had been cut down in the

bloom of life—and very pathetic expostulations were addressed to him, in reference to his quitting so soon his family, his friends, and his property.

After the conclusion of the burial service, the corpse is stripped of its gay attire, and committed to the grave with no other covering than that of a large winding-sheet. In Smyrna, and some other places, the graves are vaults, with nothing above them but the grave-stone. Here, for twelve months, the corpse reposes undisturbed; but at the close of that period, the large stone is removed, and the remains are inspected with much interest. If it appear that entire decay has ensued, much satisfaction is expressed. The bones are removed, and placed in the charnel-house: and the grave is left vacant for the next member of the family who may inherit it. But if, unhappily, the corpse should be found unmouldered to dust, it is deemed a most inauspicious circumstance: it is considered a certain sign that the deceased had left the world under the excommunication of some Ecclesiastic—and it is the duty of the relatives to use every means within their power to rescue the unhappy spirit from so melancholy a condition. Hence, Bishops and Priests are sent forth portions of the Gospel are read over the corpse; and many superstitious practices are employed in hopes of producing decay, and of relieving the excommunicated soul. When symptoms of decay appear, as they naturally will after exposure to the air, comfort returns to the minds of the survivors, and hopes are entertained, in consequence of their religious endeavours, that their friend will now obtain repose. Persons who reside among the Greeks will be surprised to find how many absurd narratives of this description are in circulation amongst them.

RELIGIOUS.

TIME.

Time is that blessing which, of all others, we value the least. We reserve our place for our friends; our gifts for our creatures; our property for our children; our credit for ourselves; our praise for those we think worthy; but our time we give to all the world—we expose it as prey; and, it should seem, we do us a favour who take it off our hands. It is a burden which we carry among man-

kind; seeking continually some one to release us from it.

Years appear long, when at a distance—but they no sooner arrive than they are gone, and before we can look about us, we find ourselves overtaken by some fatal period which we thought to be very far off, and fondly hoped might never arrive. Let us look at the world as we saw it in our youth, and as we see it now. A new Court has succeeded that which we first beheld; new personages have entered on the stage, and new actors are performing their parts. We see new events, new intrigues, new passions, new heroes in virtue as well as vice, who are all in their turn the subject of the applause, derision, and censure of the public. A new world has insensibly appeared; and, without our perceiving it, is built upon the ruins of that which is just gone.

Time, that precious deposit which is confided to our care, often becomes a burden which oppresses and fatigues. To be deprived of it, we fear as the greatest of evils; and yet we fear almost as much the thought of bearing its enmity, and its duration! It is a treasure that we wish always to retain, and yet we can hardly suffer it to remain in our hands! The whole of our life is an art, continually employed in losing it; and notwithstanding all our endeavours to kill time, there always remains more of it than we know what to do with.

Every thing passes away with us. A rapidity which nothing can arrest bears all away into the abyss of eternity. Yesterday our ancestors prepared the way before us. To-day we are preparing the way for those who are to succeed us. Age follows age. The dead and the living replace each other continually. Everything wears out. Everything becomes extinct. We are always ready to profit by the ruin of others. We resemble those infuriated soldiers who, in the confusion of battle, and while their companions are falling at their feet under the sword of the enemy, eagerly pick up the garments of the dead: and no sooner have they put them on, than a mortal blow strips them also of life, and of their ornaments. And, so far from profiting by the example of our predecessors, there seem to arise, as it were, from their ashes some fatal sparks which rekindle in us the same desires, and lead to the same results.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

RACHEL MORISSON.

It was a clear, sunny September morning—bright and cheerful Autumn was stealing, not striding over the landscape, and Rachel Morisson looked out upon a joyous picture as she sat within the window of her father's house.

Her two younger sisters had crept a richly fringed carpet beneath a verandah that was curtained by clustering vines; the elder of them had filled a basket with the rich clusters of the purple grape, and held it up, a double temptation to little Miriam and a bounding, beautiful greyhound, the pet and torment of the family. Kate Morisson, the tempter, would not, however suffer either of them to touch a single grape until she had first presented the basket to Rachel; indeed, her youthful sisters loved Rachel dearly,—and loved her the more, for that the rose was fading from her cheek, and her lips seldom smiled as was their custom in former times. I have often observed that the love of children increases with the illness of a friend or companion,—a beautiful illustration of the disinterested nature of true love.

'There is a bunch, Rachel,—a bunch fit for a queen! The doctor said you might eat grapes.'

'Thank you, dear Kate; they are very fine indeed; but you should not have tempted Miriam and Nica with them.'

Oh! replied Kate, laughing, 'I love to tempt them—to tease them a little; it does them good.'

'No, I do not think so,' said Rachel. 'I am not fond of quoring from the Holy Scriptures on trivial occasions, but you must remember we pray not to be led into temptation; and, Kate, looking on the temptation with which you tempted your little sister and the pretty hound, made me think——'

'What, sister?'

'Upon mine own!'

'Yours, Rachel! I did not tempt you with grapes?'

'Grapes?' repeated Rachel Morisson, smiling, though there was sadness in the smile.

'No, not with grapes;—yet I have had my temptation.'

'What was it, sister?'

'I will tell you when you are old enough to understand its nature.'

'But I am old enough, Rachel. I shall be seven next month. Perhaps, sister, you were tempted to tell a story?'

'No.'

'To wear tight shoes at the dancing lesson?'

'No!'

'To go into the garden and gather cherries without leave?'

'No.'

'To ride the kicking pony?'

'Indeed, my Kate, you need not attempt to find out. Listen to me; if it pleases God that I live until you have completed your seventeenth year, I will relate to you my temptation; if—listen to me, Katharine—I am taken from you into the world of spirits before you attain the beauty and incur the danger of womanhood I will leave a written testimony that may warn you how to avoid the sorrows which have planted and watered the willows that are already growing over my early grave.'

Kate did not quite understand what her sister meant, but she saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and so she crept silently to her side, and looked up into her face and felt her heart sad within her. A little time, and the sharp winds of an unusually cold evening sent (the physician said) poor Rachel Morisson to an early grave. There was one who knew otherwise,—who knew that the iron had entered her soul, and festered in its core, and that her body was too delicate to withstand the struggles of her mind. Her mother closed her eyes, and sorrowed even over her,—but not as one having no hope, for her last blessed words were, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth?' There was much mourning in the hereaved dwelling. Kate was able to feel and to tell how truly she missed—

The glancing of her sisters' eyes,

The waving of her hair,

The footsteps lightly guiding by,

The hand so small and fair.

But little Miriam soon forgot her troubles in the excitement of black frocks and a crape bonnet.

Years pass, as well as months; and when we review them, we think they pass as quickly. The retrospect of ho-h is nearly the same; but the prospect, how different! Katharine Morisson had completed her seventeenth year, and was already arrived at the dangerous dis-

tion of being a belle and a beauty. She had almost ceased to remember that her sister, whose once beautiful form was now part and parcel of the earth wherein it lay—left a written testimony of her trials; that she laid open her heart's feelings, hopes, and disappointments for her advantage—that to prevent her sister's tears, she had reshed her own—for she had torn afresh wounds which time had comparatively healed, and had again courted the drops of blood distilled from her lacerated heart. 'My blessed child!' said her mother, 'have you forgotten poor Rachel's legacy?—how she bequeathed you the knowledge of her "temptation," that your fate might not be as hers?'

She laid a few leaves of paper upon her table, fairly and plainly written—and Kate re-
tired her lamp, and flung the garland from her brow, that she might read **THE STORY** of her dead sister.

“**A WOMAN.** Kate!—a young unmarried woman's trials are generally of the affectionate trials of temper—trials of judgment—trials of power—come afterwards—but a young girl's trials are of the heart.

• I hope you have not yet understood what it is to love; unless indeed, you love what is lovely.—lovely not only for time, but for eternity. The impression made on a young heart may be considered light; and yet, Katherine, it is long—oh, how long!—before it wears out I found it so. You know the pains my dear mother ever took to impress upon us our religious duties—to teach us Christ—all in all sufficient: and to manifest our faith by our works. I fear me that I trusted too much to my own strength—that I thought too much of my own acquirements. The pains bestowed on my education made me superior to my companions, but not, alas! superior to myself. The remembrance of your sister—of the once living reality of her who pines these lines—will, before you read them, have faded to an outline vision. You will remember a thin, pale girl, who loved flowers and music, and for whom you gathered the finest grapes, and the throu-ht of her will bring back her last kiss—her white brow—her dead hand, the never to be forgotten touch of death—the tears—a mother's precious tears!—and then the funeral. Ay, my beloved sister, all will be as a vision; but we may learn wisdom from such.

• I did think too highly of my acquirement and practised them more for the sake of display, than a desire to give pleasure. They attracted the attention of one who, possessed of much beauty, much talent, and some—indeed many—amiable qualities, was, nevertheless deficient in the great requisites for domestic—much less Christian—happiness. For a time, we were as two gay butterflies sporting in the sunshine; I learnt to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, to feel his feelings, to live but in his presence; and yet I hardly knew it—was not that strange? One of the mysteries of love; perpetually denying his influence with my lips; lying to my own heart—practising self-deception—but however I might have succeeded in deceiving myself, I did not, could not, deceive him. He knew his power, and while he loved me.—(Ah! Kate, take my experience with you in the world, and remember that while men talk of love, women feel it)—loved me—he believed well—yet endeavoured to laugh at my ‘amiable weaknesses,’ ‘early prejudices, want of worldly knowledge.’ Such he termed, in honied words, woman's best and surest safeguard—her refuge—her hope—her shield and buckler. At first I was alarmed—but he never wounded my feelings. Day by day, secure of my affections, he became more careless in his expressions, though he gave me no reason to suppose that he was guilty of infidelity. I wanted the courage, and in truth, the Christian knowledge, to combat his assertions, and for a long time, I sheltered myself under the hope, almost the belief, that he did but jest. And awful as it was, still it was a comfort—a coward's comfort truly, that has no truth for its foundation: My dear mother, too, trembled while she prayed for my happiness—but my father thought of the splendor of the alliance, and rejoiced therein.

• The time approached for our union, and the care, attention, and tenderness of my affianced husband made me almost forget what then I had hardly time to think upon amid the congratulations, the preparations, and the festivals that were to celebrate our marriage. Every one, too, assured me how certain I was of happiness, and I endeavoured to—yes, I did—believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of an un sanctified hope, and I fought against my doubts and Christian terrors—it was to be the last Sunday before our

marriage, and we were to take the sacrament together. He had agreed with so much seeming pleasure that we should do so, that I hailed it as a happy omen—and on that memorable Sabbath morning entered a bower whose rose and jessamine had been twined by his hand—which made them doubly dear to me. It was a bright and balmy day—the sprays were bending beneath the dew drops, and the air was heavy with perfume; every thing was hushed and silent—even the song of the bird was tempered in its sweetness; and I prayed—oh! how fervently prayed, that I might—that we might together find ‘the way, the truth, and the life.’

I had escaped from the tumult of company to commune with my own heart, and He, to whom all hearts are open, knows, that I prayed more for him than for myself. Suddenly, the church bell sounded in my ear, and I rose to attend its blessed summons. I was pushing back the silver stars of a clustering jessamine that curtained the arbour’s entrance when I saw the object of my prayer coming towards me—perhaps I would not have drawn back had he been alone, but an intimate friend, who was to have been his bride’s-man, was with him, and I shrank beneath the shade. As they approached, they laughed and talked together, and so loudly that I heard what one of them would have given worlds I never had heard.

‘The sacrament will take up so much time, that I cannot meet you as I intended.’ This sentence attracted my attention—though when indeed did he speak that I was not attentive? Oh, how I shuddered at what followed!

‘Then, why do you go? Why submit to what you despise? I would not do it for any woman upon earth?’

‘I would do more than that for Rachel; but when once away from this, she will get rid of all her early prejudices, and become one of the world; her mind is comprehensive, and her love for me will tend to teach her the superiority of rational over her formal religion.’

‘To have a preaching wife—to be obliged to go to church, sing psalms on Sundays, and take the sacrament once a month—a pretty prospect of domestic felicity?’

‘Psha—you do not suppose that my present life is a type of what is to come? No, no—

I do not intend to be canonized under the denomination of Saint Alfred, but it pleases her, and believe me she is not half as bad as she was. I remember when she would not read a newspaper on Sunday.’

‘Is it possible?’

‘Fact—upon my honor. Now she is getting better and better. I must tolerate the mummery till we are married; and then——’

‘Kate, Kate, I heard no more. A torrent of bitterness overwhelmed me. The blessed sacrament to be termed ‘mummery’—the man for whom I lived and prayed to exult that my religion was declining—to plan its destruction. I do not ask you to pity me now, because my transgressions have been pardoned—my race run—my sorrows ceased their troubling—my spirit found its rest,—but then, or rather when restored to perfect consciousness, you would have pitied me.’

‘For weeks I could not leave my bed; the delirium of brain fever for a time spared me worse agonies, but the Temptation was with me still. I knew that Alfred’s attentions had been unremitting—that he had watched over me—they said he had prayed for me. Oh, to whom was he to pray? his people were not my people, his God not my God. And yet I loved him—I loved him in my heart of hearts—prayed for him; Kate, I pray for him still—at morn—at midnight—by the way side—and in secret; his name is on my lips—in my heart. My mother, though she knew by bitter experience that two can never be as one, except in the Lord, she almost wished me to perform my contract; she feared that, though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak—she talked of the believing wife saving the unbelieving husband. It might be so; and had I married, believing that he believed, I would have borne my cross; but the film had been miraculously removed from mine eyes: he was an acknowledged infidel, regarding the holy ordinances of religion as mummeries. Could I look up to select such a one as my guide through life? My father spurned me from him—talked of the lands which I had lost—the station I had cast away. My bride’s maids mourned that their splendid dresses could not be worn; and you, Kate, a little fairy of five years old, wept bitterly the loss of cake. But oh, when he, the loved one, promised to be all I desired; said that I could

save him from the destruction into which he would surely plunge if I did not share his name—then came my worst temptation—then. I felt how bitter it was to remember that he who had deceived me once might repeat the deception? They tell us we ought to forget the faults of those we love—I found remembering their perfections the most dangerous of the two.

Enough; we parted. He said, 'If his life, if his opinions, became really religious, would I marry him?' I said, 'Yes.' He went forth again into the world and he forgot me—I remained in my own home; I forgot not him. His career has been thoughtless, brilliant, and extravagant—he has grown of the world, worldly; while I have found rest and peace, and hope,—and ere long, ere you have read these pages, shall have been made immortal. Oh, then, beloved Katherine, let your prayer be, 'Let me not be led into temptation,' for once led therein, by the vanity of the pleasures, or the riches of life, our escape is doubtful, and our trial great.'

Bitterly did Katherine weep over the record, of a life which was terminated before twenty summers had stamped the perfection of beauty on her brow—but I am happy to record, that Kate was saved much misery by the wisdom she gleaned from the Temptation of Rachel Morisson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS.

Paper was manufactured in Arabia in the beginning of the eighth century. Spain was then a province of Arabia.

Paper was originally made in China.

The use of the compass was known to the Arabians in the eleventh century. The invention of the compass has been given to the Italians and to the French in the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century.

The first voyage of Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, to America, was in 1492.

In 1497, Vesputias Americus, a Florentine, made his first voyage to North America.

In 1524, John de Verazzano, a Florentine, made his first voyage to North America.

The Indians found in the northern parts of North America on its first discovery, are supposed to have been Tartars from Asia.

In latitude 66 degrees north, Asia and

America are only 13 leagues asunder, and the islands between the two continents are less than twenty miles from each shore. Here the Asiatics could have crossed over from Asia to America, on the ice.

The Mississippi river was discovered by the Spaniards, in 1539.

From the ninth to the fourteenth centuries, the arts and sciences rose to the highest perfection in Arabia. Europe during this period, was in darkness. Arabia now sits in moral darkness, a prey to superstition and ignorance.

The countries of Fez and Morocco, for five centuries illustrious for their academies, universities and libraries, are now deserts of burning sand.

John Cabot emigrated to England in pursuit of wealth. The letters patent commissioning Cabot were dated March 5th, 1495. Cabot and his son Sebastian, aged 20, set sail with five ships from Bristol, England. They proceeded as far north as 67 1/2 degrees. They are supposed to have discovered St. Johns, Newfoundland. They went into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, sailed along the coast to latitude 33, and returned to England. The King of England claimed all North America from this discovery. Sebastian made a chart of the coast.

The river St. Lawrence was discovered by the French, in 1534, by James Cartier, 74 years before the discovery of Lake Champlain and Hudson river.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE RESURRECTION.

He is not here; he is risen,' Matt. 28, 6.

A victory! a victory!

Ye sons of earth rejoice!

The praises sing.

Of Christ your King,

With a triumphant voice;

For he hath burst the gates of death

And shook the powers of hell beneath;

The redemption's work hath wrought,

And gain'd for you, for whom he fought,

A victory, a victory.

A victory, a victory!

Repeat the joyous strain,

And ever more

Let all adore

The Lamb who once was slain.

For us he lived and wept and bled,
For us was number'd with the dead;
Then let our songs unite as one
To praise Him who for us hath won
A victory, a victory.

A victory, a victory!

Ye ransom'd join the song,
And Cherubim
And Seraphim

The heavenly theme prolong;
Lift, lift your heads, eternal gates,
For to the King of Glory waits
To enter in—his vesture's stain'd
With his own blood—but he hath gain'd
A victory, a victory:

A victory, a victory!

Immortal Prince of Peace,

A thankful heart

To all impart,

For blessings such as these;

Thou Jesus hast done all things well—
The world, and sin, and death, and hell,
Thou hast o'ercome, and thou wilt give
To all who in thy name believe

A victory, a victory.

A. S. S. T.

Montreal, February 15.

THE MORE CONVENIENT SEASON.

(By Mrs. Sigourney.)

Alone he sat, and wept. That very night
The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal
Of eloquence, had warned him to repent,
And like the Roman at Drusilla's side,
Hearing the truth, he trembled. Conscience

wrought.

Yet sin allured. The struggle shook him sore.
The dim lamp waned, the hour of midnight
toll'd—

Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had
closed

Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch,
And bade the Spirit of his God depart.

But there was war within him, and he sigh-
ed,

'Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One!
Return when youth is past, and make my soul
For ever thine.'

With kindling brow he trod

The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice
And beauty's smile his joyous pulses woke.

To love he knelt, and on his brow she hung
Her freshest myrtle wreath. For gold he
sought,

And winged wealth indulged him, till the
world

Pronounced him happy. Manhood's vigorous
prime

Swelled to its climax, and his busy days

And restless nights swept like a tide away.

Care struck deep root around him, and each
shoot

Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree,
Shut out with woven shades the eye of heaven.

When lo! a message from the Crucifix—

'Look unto me, and live!' Pausing, he spake

Of weariness, and haste, and want of time,

And duty to his children, and besought

A longer space to do the work of heaven.

God spake again, when age had shed its
snows

On his wan temples, and the palsied hand

Strank from his cold gathering. But the
rigid chain

O' habit bound him, and he still implored

A more convenient season.

'See, my step

Is firm and free—my unquenched eye delights

To view this pleasant world, and life with me

May last for many years. In the calm hour

Of lingering sickness, I can better fit

For vast Eternity.'

Disease approached.

And reason fled. The manac strove with
death

And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and
cries,

Till darkness smote his eye-balls, and a thick
ice

Closed in around his heart-strings. The poor
clay

lay vanquished and distorted. But the soul—

The soul, whose promised season never came,

To hearken to its Maker's call, had gone

To veil his sufferance with its own abuse,

and bide the audit.

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