

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Tit^e on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXXV.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 2, 1886.

[PRICE 2s.

POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR.

The wheels of time, with rapid flight,
Have brought me to another year,
Which now has usher'd on my sight,
And whispers mercy in my ear.

Awake, my soul, to that kind voice,
Slumber no longer on thy way,
Let gratitude my heart rejoice
While I inscribe my pleasing lay.

To thee, O God! my life I owe,
My comforts and my pleasure here,
And all my heart enjoys below,
By memory or by friendship dear.

When I look back on fleeting time,
And count the years which now are fled—
Amazed I view that love of thine
Which pours such blessings on my head.

How oft hast thou, in pity bent,
And listen'd to my feeble prayer—
Thine ear of kind compassion lent,
To save my mind from anxious care.

To thee, I dedicate anew
My mind, with all its active powers,
Till I the crown of life shall view,
Shining in heaven's celestial bower.

With eager haste I make my way,
Thro' all the varied scenes of life,
In hopes of that eternal day,
Where ends our cares, and holy strife.

O! may this year propitious shine
Upon my soul with glorious beam,
While I upon thy work divine,
More faithful watch time's flowing stream,

May good works mark each fleeting day,
And each declining sun declare
How well I've pass'd my hours away—
How much I've spent in humble prayer.

Then let my years thus round me roll,
With rapid haste, till life shall end;
For heaven shalt burst upon my soul,
And I to paradise ascend.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Many wish me 'A Happy New Year,'
They utter the words and they smile,
But happy some do not appear.
Tho' thus they would others beguile.

What then is a Happy New Year?
Is it honour,—or talents,—or health?
No! The purest its bright beams may cheer,
Which oft leaves the gay mansion of wealth!

'Tis not pleasure, nor high sounding fame,
That will make me a happy New Year;
How many are blest—but in name,
And in secret they shed the sad tear?

'Tis this makes a Happy New Year,—
To do good, and from evil to cease,
To love God, and to live in his fear,
To seek and pursue heav'nly peace!

Then a Happy New Year I shall find,
In Truth and Obedience and Love;
O Saviour, but grant me thy mind,
And prepare me for pleasure above!

Then happy shall be my last year,
'Twill finish all sorrow and pain—
Then with Jesus I hope to appear,
And bliss everlasting to gain!

RELIGION.

— 'What treasures unfold
Reside in that heavenly word.'—**COWPER.**
Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away—
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay;
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure —
 But o'er the Christian's soul
 It sheds a radianse calm and pure.
 Though tempests round him roll ;
 His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke,
 But to its latest thrill,
 Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
 Religion lights it still.

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN SACRED WORSHIP.

[To the Editor of the INSTRUCTOR.]

DEAR SIR,

Before proceeding to a further discussion of this subject, I shall, by way of recapitulation, mention a few facts, which are of themselves sufficient to set the matter at rest, and put C. R. to silence.

1st. Our Lord never gave a command to use instruments of music in Divine worship. On the contrary, by saying that they who worship God, must worship him in spirit and in truth, he seems to intimate that all such trumpery must be laid aside.

2d. The Apostle Paul, though he gives the most minute directions relating to other things yet he no where commanded any of the churches to 'Praise with the sound of the trumpet, and with the psaltery, and harp, Psal. 150, 4. His views on this subject are well known—'SING with the heart, and with the understanding'—'SING with grace in the heart, &c.' St. James also saith, 'is any merry, let him SING psalms.'

3d. The primitive Christians did not use them—nor were they admitted into the public services of the church till the fourth century. How is it possible they would be so blind to duty, as to omit what some find so plainly commanded. It amounts to nothing to say, that it was because of persecution—preaching the gospel, equally, nay more, exposed them to danger. yet did they never for a moment shrink from duty. Singing was just as dangerous—yet Paul and Silas, though incarcerated in a prison, 'SANG praises unto God, so that the prisoners heard them,

Respecting that text in 2d Chron, about which so much has been said, it is plain that nothing satisfactory can be proved from it. The Chroniclers are merely a compilation,

either by Ezra, or Esdras, and it is well known how many foreign sentences have crept into the Sacred text, by compiling and transcribing: as energetical, or to render the sense more complete. There are several things too, to be considered in relation to the passage in question, which ought, I think, to make C. R. suspend his judgment a little longer. Let him remember, that the copy of the Hebrew bible, from which the English and French translations have been made, is not the original copy. Let him also remember, that the Syriac and Arabic versions, being productions of the 2d and 3d centuries, may be supposed to be translated from older MSS; and that they are a great, and acknowledged, help to commentators in elucidating many passages in our English versions, otherwise obscure and difficult. Let him, too, recollect, that to this passage there is not a parallel in the Law and the Prophets. Now look at the verse itself; take away the interpolation 'so was,' and may not 'the commandment of the Lord by his prophets,' refer to the purification of the temple, and what is related from the 20th verse—then turn to 1st Chron. 23, 5, 'Moreover, four thousand praised the Lord with instruments which I MADE, said David, to praise therewith.' Here the pronoun 'I' is emphatic.

But we are referred to the Psalms, and particularly to the 150th. By adducing this as an argument for instrumental music, C. R. proves too much. In this Psalm, the kinds of instruments to be used are specified; I am afraid it will be difficult to ascertain what kind they were. Here, too, we are told that he is to be praised in the dance. David himself has set the example, and the wise man saith, there is 'a time to dance.' It follows, then, that if Christians obey the commands, and follow the example of David, they shall, when they worship, play on instruments of music: a choir of four or five thousand will not be too many, the more the better; in addition to this they shall praise by dancing; perhaps after all, the ceremonies of the Jumpers is not quite so unscriptural as we imagine.

To be more serious, it is plain this psalm, and many passages in the old testament of the same import, apply exclusively to the Jews. It might as well be contended that Christians ought to submit to the rite of circumcision, because it was practiced among that nation,

may better for the New Testament sanctions it under peculiar circumstances. That the Almighty 'winked' at the custom, may be admitted, with out at all injuring our cause. That the same objections cannot be made to its use in Jewish, as is made to its use in Christian worship, is very plain; the Jewish services were a tissue of the most imposing ceremonies; pomp, and grandeur, were their characteristics—emblematical of the spiritual glory, and dignity, and splendour, and delight, that was to be manifested, and experienced, under the Gospel dispensation.

I might go on to show, that playing on musical instruments on the seventh day, is a direct violation of the command which saith, 'On the Sabbath day thou shalt do no manner of work;' and also that such music prevents the performers from participating in the spiritual service of the sanctuary. I might also show, that it tends to attract the attention and prevents the mind from being as abstracted from ideas of sensation as spiritual worship requires. I might also notice the fact, that eminent musicians are rarely, if ever, eminently pious—but I think enough has been said on the subject, and with these remarks I conclude this correspondence.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

A VOCAL MUSICIAN.

Montreal, Dec 27.

RELIGIOUS.

A MEDITATION FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

I consider this first day of the year, as if it were the first day of my life—and dare expect from the goodness of my God, as many blessings for the year that commences this day as I have obtained in any since my entrance into the world to the present time. What favours have I not reason to expect from my heavenly father, who, from the first moment of my existence, yea, even before I had a being, was occupied concerning me with so much tenderness and goodness.

At the moment of my arrival in this world, he caused me to find parents and friends, who assisted me, who have nourished me, and whose disinterested love provided for me in that state of weakness and incapacity in which I was found. Without their succour, without

their generous attachment to my wellbeing, could I have preserved health, and the many other blessings which I now possess? If at that time I had been able to reflect on my destiny, I should, without doubt, have promised myself many agreeable hours in the course of my existence upon earth. Now that I am capable of making these reflections, I wish to give myself up to the contemplation of my happiness, and to those pleasing hopes which it invites me to form for the future. I enter with the present year, into a new path of life, not so wholly deprived of all things, nor so incapable of assisting myself as I was when I first entered into the world, but with the same need of supernatural succour that I then had.

Though all that concerns me be hid from my eyes yet every thing is open to the eyes of the Lord, and all is regulated according to his purposes, which are ever fraught with wisdom and goodness. If during the course of this year, I should meet with some misfortune which I cannot foresee; if some unexpected happiness should fall to my lot; if I meet with some loss which I have no law reason to expect, I shall consider the whole as happening according to the wise direction of my God.

Impressed with this conviction, I enter on the journey which commences this day. Whatever may occur, I will confirm myself more and more in the persuasion that Jehovah shall be my God and my Father in my old age; as well as he has been in my youth. If I find myself exposed to want or distress, I will remember the days of my infancy, a state still more critical, in which the Lord had pity upon me. If I meet with unfaithfulness from any friend, this must not disturb me; God can raise me up others from whose tenderness I may derive joy and comfort. Should my life be exposed to persecutions and distresses which I can neither foresee nor prevent, this shall not terrify me; I will trust in the Lord, who has protected my infancy when it was exposed to a thousand dangers.

What then should hinder me from beginning this year with tranquillity? I desire without anxiety to look forward, and abandon all my concerns to the direction of the Lord. I wish submissively to follow the path which he shall point out, and to bless him at each step, because he leads me in a way so successful and safe.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

STORY OF A STUDENT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.

Went together until my father's return, when, as I did not wish to be seen by him, my mother brought me to my former apartment and left me, promising to see me in the morning, & to call me in time to return next day by the Dublin coach. About an hour after midnight, however, I accidentally awoke. A bright full moon was shining into the apartment, and its silver brilliance fell on the face and form of my beloved mother, who was kneeling and praying by my bedside. The moonlight showed me that she wept fast and feebly, although no sound of sorrow passed her lips. Stretching out my hands to her, I murmured, "Dearest mother!" but, taking my hands in hers, and pressing them to her lips, she whispered, "Hush, my child, sleep, for you have need of rest;" then holding my hands, and bowing her head upon them, she continued in the attitude of prayer. I gazed upon her in unspeakable reverence and love. Until sleep insensibly surprised me, and, owing to the fatigue I had undergone, several hours elapsed before I again awakened, and in that half-conscious state which precedes a gradual waking from a profound sleep. I felt an indefinable sense of misery, a strange presentiment of impending evil. Without unclosing my eyelids, I knew that my mother had not quitted the posture in which I had last seen her. Her hands still pressed them; but the hands were cold—the lips had no breath. In an agony of alarm I started up. The gray twilight of dawn enabled me to distinguish her kneeling and moveless figure. I called on her in tones of love and terror: but no motion, no reply. Hoping that she slept or had swooned, I raised her tenderly in my arms, but her tears were dried—her sorrows and prayers were ended—she was dead! She had perished by the swift stroke of apoplexy, and I had slept tranquilly while the only heart that loved me was stilled for ever!

Grief for my mother's death served to soften my father's displeasure against me; and during the very few years that he survived her, he occasionally sent me money and other presents.

At his death, I inherited the small sum arising from the sale of his effects; these pecuniary aids enabled me to devote several years to study and composition. During this period I began several works, and completed some, but never attempted to bring any of them before the public. I looked upon them rather as exercises that would prepare me for the production of glorious works, than as compositions entitling me to any share of present fame. I naturally distrusted the efforts of such extreme youth; (I was scarce twenty-one,) and I would not, if I could, have risked my hope of reputation by publishing any of them. But I could no longer continue to toil for a remote object; my funds were almost exhausted, and I must earn money or starve. In this emergency, I wrote a short article and sent it to a London periodical, for seldom does my luckless country possess any of these ready resources of indigent genius. After a considerable delay, my suspense was terminated by the return of the article, accompanied, however, by a complimentary note from the editor, stating that its rejection was unavoidable, as it avowed political principles opposed to those supported in his periodical; but hinting that the same power and taste expended on papers purely literary, would insure their insertion. Simpleton that I was, I had overlooked the obvious necessity of silence on obnoxious topics. I resolved, however, to profit by the lesson in future, but it came too late for my urgent wants, and I was unwillingly obliged to offer one of my poetical works for sale. I resolved to part with it for any sum, however small, that might relieve my present necessities, annexing only the condition that it should be published anonymously. The first publisher to whom I offered it, declined without reading it, saying coldly that he did nothing in that line. The next I perused it carefully, and pronounced it the work of a strong but immature genius, adding, however, that even had it been far superior he could not risk the expense of publication. The poem had been so long written, that I could judge of it dispassionately, and I freely admitted the justice of the bookseller's opinion. Encouraged by his friendliness, however, he informed him of the necessity that could alone have induced me to think of publishing it. I begged him to furnish me with some literary employment, however humble, that would procure me present relief. At present, I had

replied, "I cannot think of any. At another season, I might give you orders for political pamphlets, though I doubt whether your philosophic mind could stoop to render them such as would generally please, and obtain an extensive sale." I was about to leave him in despair, when he hesitatingly mentioned that he could procure me a situation, which, though it was beneath my talents, might possibly be acceptable in my present circumstances. I eagerly accepted this offer of his services, and was in a few days engaged as clerk in a newspaper-office, at a salary of forty pounds per annum. This, together with occasional contributions to magazines, afforded me a comfortable livelihood; but my time was completely sacrificed—my genius so much dissipated and frittered away, that I was as far removed from the possibility of producing any great original work, as if I had been employed from morn till night in measuring broad cloths. Daily I became convinced that of all men he is most miserable who is wholly dependent on literature as a profession. He, whose very subsistence must be purchased by the daily labors of his pen, can never attain that concentration of spirit so necessary to genius, nor transcendent as may be his talents, will he ever win an immortal fame. But I must now hasten to a part of my narrative chequered by events and feelings more generally interesting.

One evening, about dusk, I was as usual in my office. It was the eve of publication, and I was busily engaged at my desk, when a small slip of paper was laid before me. Glancing hastily over it, I saw that it was an advertisement for insertion in the next day's paper. The advertiser desired a situation as governess and professed competency to teach the various accomplishments indispensable to modern female education. Communications were to be left at the office. I looked up at the bearer, who I felt assured was the advertiser. Her appearance strongly excited my curiosity and interest. She seemed scarcely sixteen, and had an air of utter artlessness and inexperience. Glossy golden ringlets fell in profusion round face and neck of singular beauty and fairness, but her eyes were strained with weeping and her hurried manner indicated terror and distress. She had on a deep coarse bonnet and common gray elck, such as are worn by

motion of her arm displayed the dress she wore beneath, which was extravagant, rich, and showy. Puzzled by these incongruities, but still more interested by her loveliness and evident embarrassment, I offered to send or bring her any communication, if she would favour me with her address; but she eagerly exclaimed, "O, not for the world!" Then, checking herself, she said she could not think of giving me that trouble, but would herself call in a day or two. When she left me, I saw her tripping along the street with the speed and lightness of a fairy; while ever and anon she glanced hurriedly around, as if fearful of being followed or discovered. The day after the advertisement appeared, a letter was left by a livery servant addressed to the advertiser. So anxious was I to see her again that I feared to leave the office for a moment, lest she should call during my absence—and every female form that approached made my heart palpitate with expectation. At length, when evening was deepening into twilight, the lovely little stranger came. Before she had time to ask a question I handed the letter to her, which she received with the fervent ejaculation; of "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" Opening it impatiently, she began to read, but the brilliant flush of joy soon faded from her cheeks, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears. Deeply affected, I ventured to express my sympathy, and suggested that, by repeating the advertisement, she might meet with something more satisfactory than the present proposal. Restraining her tears, she answered, "Ah, yes, let it be repeated. The present situation would not do. I need not apply for it." She then inquired the cost of the advertisement—indeed, she seemed scarcely sure it would cost any thing, and availing myself of her evident inexperience, I named a price scarcely half the real one, purposing to supply the deficiency myself. I was delighted that I had done so when I saw how much she was appalled even by the small sum which I demanded. She paid it, however, in silence, and left the office. As it was now my time for returning home, I could not resist the impulse to follow her, and if possible discover her residence. Accordingly I kept as close to her as I could do without attracting her observation. In this manner we passed through several crowded streets, until we came to a comparatively private. Here too unperceived

girl was accosted by two gentlemen, who peered admiringly under her bonnet, and seemed disposed to enter into conversation with her. She evidently quickened her steps in order to avoid them, but finding it impossible to distance them, she darted into a shop which was still open. I saw, however, that her persecutors continued to watch for her reappearance, and resolved to offer her my protection. For this purpose I entered the shop, where I found her trembling violently, and pale as death. With respectful earnestness, I urged her to accept my escort, which she did, though not without reluctance. We walked on for some time in silence, which was at length broken by the fair unknown herself. "I know not, kind stranger, why I should so much dread letting you see the poverty of my present abode, and I am sure I may rely on your concealing your knowledge of it, and of me, when I assure you my happiness, perhaps my life depends on my concealment." I eagerly assured her that her confidence should not be abused, and representing the danger of traversing the street at an hour, obtained permission to bring to her any letter that might follow her advertisement. We had now arrived at a poor cabin in one of the city's most miserable outlets. It was the lodging of my beautiful and mysterious companion. She did not invite me to enter, but begged that so soon as I should have any intelligence for her I would come there and inquire for "Charlotte."

This little adventure kindled my youthful imagination, and short and slight as had been our acquaintance, I was already enthusiastically enamoured of this fair and helpless being, who, though almost a child, was so strangely friendless and forsaken. I felt boyishly proud of the protection I had afforded her, and, for the first time in my life, I longed for wealth and station that I might share them with her. Methinks I see the self-sufficient sneer with which the "world's true worldlings," will regard my pure and honourable love for one of whom I knew so little, and that little so questionable and suspicious. But no dark doubt of her purity ever flitted across my soul, filled as it was with that ancient-world passion—love. Her sweet and cherub countenance was ever present to my eye and heart; and he who could dispute its testimony must have been fashioned

of other clay than I. I had no thought, no plan for the future.—I only felt that I joyed with my whole mind, and soul. I only knew that if I could not win her love I must be for ever wretched. I watched, anxiously as she could have done, for an answer to her second advertisement, but none appeared, and with a heavy heart I went to communicate the unwelcome intelligence. On arriving at the house, I raised the latch and found myself in a kitchen, in which two or three dirty little children were at play. I inquired for Charlotte, and one of them threw open the door of a side apartment which contained a mangle, baskets of clean clothes, &c, indicating that the house was tenanted by a poor washer woman. Charlotte was standing at a table in the centre of the room, engaged in ironing some caps.—The costly dress in which I had first seen her had been laid aside, and she was now attired in a plain wrapper of coarse brown stuff. She welcomed me gratefully, and invited me to sit down, but my intelligence seemed to convey the bitterest disappointment. I endeavoured to prolong the conversation, as an excuse for prolonging my visit, and not knowing how to begin, I reverted to her then occupation. "It was," she said, "wholly new to her, and she feared her hostess would soon be weary of an unprofitable servant." Although she did not confess so much, I learned to suspect, that if she failed of procuring a situation, she would soon be destitute of food and shelter. I advised a repetition of the advertisement, to which she assented. A letter was the result, and early in the forenoon I went to deliver it to her. I found the mistress of the house absent. Charlotte was absent. "She had," she said, "sent her to the hedge, to watch some clothes which were drying—" but, indeed," she added, "I cannot keep her much longer. Very few would have let her in as I did, if she came here in the darkness of the night, crying for shelter. God forgive me! I do not see any harm with her since she came here, and I would not turn her out if I could do it—but I can hardly get bread for my children—and now her money is done, though she is willing to work she is of no use to me—for, indeed sir, she has the strength of a cat—would you believe she fainted yesterday at the wash-tub. A poor woman would have run on for ever, endeavouring to excuse to herself and

her intended inhospitality—but I pacified her by a small present, which I promised to repeat in case she treated her guests kindly, and telling her that I had a letter, which I was sure contained good news; I persuaded her to go take Charlotte's place, and send her home to receive it. I had not waited long when Charlotte arrived, breathless and brilliantly rosy from haste and expectation. But the perusal of this second letter seemed even more afflictive than that of the former. Letting the paper fall from her hands, she sank upon a seat with a look of utter hopelessness, that it was terrible to witness in one so young. She did not conceal from me the cause of her disappointment and despair. Having resolved to exchange her line and talents in return for mere maintenance and protection, and determined not to reject any situation, however lowly, in which these could be afforded her, she had not anticipated the possibility of failure. Her ignorance of the world's ways had prevented her foreseeing the necessity of references and testimonials as to character; hence her dismay, on finding from both letters, that these were absolutely required. Testimonials of any description, she could not, she said, procure without incurring the certainty of a discovery, which she dreaded more than death; even her real name, she confessed she dare not assume. I saw at once, that under such circumstances she would find it impossible to procure any honourable occupation—and I shuddered at the peril of her situation. Though I could not penetrate the mystery that enveloped her circumstances, yet I felt in every nerve the magic of her looks, her tears—my love grew brighter as her fate grew dark. I longed to lift her from the thorns of life, and bear her over its weary waste, safely sheltered in a husband's arms.

GLEANINGS.

‘To arrive at perfection; a man should have try sincere friends, or inveterate enemies—because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one, or the admonitions of the other.

It is of no consequence to say we will not change our religion, if our religion do not change us.

He, who has opportunities to inspect the sacred moments of elevated minds, and seizes

none, is a son of dullness; but he who turns these moments into ridicule will betray with a kiss, and in embracing; murder.

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great numbers it is likewise reformed by their moderation.

Poiteness seems to be a cure, by the manner of our words and actions, to make others pleased with us and with themselves.

A burthen which one chooses is not felt.

Accusing is proving, when malice and perversity judges.

The finest dressed, the most talkative, and the richest, are not always the most worshipped.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

All truths must not be told at all times.

Rewards are proportioned to success, not to merit.—Success itself is a great reward.

We should value our composition by weight rather than measure. One unanswerable argument establishes a point—ten probabilities prove nothing.

When reading, we should fix on what is true, striking and weighty, and let the rest blow off.

A thousand probabilities do not make one truth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FABLE FROM THE POLISH.

Near a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in heaven, his rays fell on the tear and dew-drop—but glauced with double brilliancy on the pearl shock from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, addressed its neighbour—‘How darest thou appear thus solitary and lustreless?’ The modest tear made no answer but the zephyr that just then was wantoning near them, paused in its flight, brushed down with its wings, the glittering dew drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace, carried it up to heaven.

THERE IS A GOD.

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

GRATITUDE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER WRITING.

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

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

IGNORANCE AND ERROR.

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

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

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

NEW ZEALAND TRADITION.

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

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY
J. E. L. MILLER.

TERMS.—The Instructor will be delivered town at Six Shillings per annum, if paid in advance—or Six Shillings and Eightpence if paid quarterly in advance. To Country subscribers, 8s. per annum, including postage. Subscriptions received by Messrs. M. and J. & T. A. Starke, and by the proprietors at the Herald Office.