

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

Title 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. XXVIII.] MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 14, 1835.

[PRICE 2D.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS,

(Founded on a recent occurrence.)

CHAP. II.

I left church, my imagination full of the young divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius had cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanour and endearing modesty, of mental curiosity so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Long after our acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and in especial of Lord E—. They needed not to fear, so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing towards him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years. He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us: his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and re-perused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's question of "What is virtue?" The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship: it was before his

glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, the flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the baubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—she was won by him who alone had never wooed her favour—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowliest and homeliest Christian maiden was of more esteem than she. Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awoke—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness, and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its impeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, even its very thorns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for, so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat fully enthroned—his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure,

at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful pining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and 'living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poetry, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world weariness had passed away; I descried from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was *not*, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false motions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproofing silentness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy flattering child of folly as I appeared to be—as but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and impatient hearted," as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded. I grew weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was wrapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and a'ways holy?

And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twin born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness & genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart—I knew that he would love *loftily, holily*, and for ever, but I feared, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted—I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine: I saw the haven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revulment would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education—it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being: I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were for ever rivetted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye, and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "petty brands which calumny do use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous,

and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence—but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeservings, and know how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death! O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for these shrouds, but it asks none—to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day, I like any other slight acquaintance, sent

a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too, that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue—and, opening in at Lazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate, "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. And was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love.

Never marry but for love—but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chief motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of a marriage state, and stray from thy promise, to search out pleasure in forbidden places. It is the difference between love and passion, that this is fixed, that is volatile. They that marry for money, cannot have the true satisfaction of marriage, the requisite means being wanting.

BIOGRAPHY.

MILTON.

Milton stood apart from all earthly things. He may be likened to that interpreter of the mysterious things of Providence, who sits in the bright circle of the sun; while Shakspeare resembles rather the spirit created by his own matchless imagination, which wanders over earth and sea, with power to subdue all minds and hearts by the influence of his magic spell. The poetry of Milton is accordingly solemn and dignified, as well becomes the moral sublimity of his character, and the sacredness of his awful theme. His mind appears to have been elevated by the glories revealed to his holy contemplation; and his inspiration is as much loftier than that of other poets, as his subject was superior to theirs. It is superfluous to say, that his moral influence is always conversant with divine things, and filled with the sublimest thoughts. Yet it has been sometimes said, that the qualities with which he has endued that most wonderful of all poetical creations, the leader of the fallen angels, are too fearfully sublime to be regarded with the horror and aversion which they ought naturally to inspire. He is indeed invested with many sublime attributes;—the fierce energy, unbroken by despair—the unconquerable will, which not even the thunders of the Almighty can bend;—but these qualities, though they may fill us with wonder and awe, are not attractive. His tenderness is only the bitterness of remorse, without end and hopelessness; his self devotion is only the result of wild ambition; and a dreadful retribution at length falls upon him, ‘according to his doom.’ In this exhibition of character, there is undoubtedly vast intellectual power, but there is nothing redeeming, nothing which can win the soul to love. We dread the effect of those delineations in which crime, from which nature recoils, is allied to qualities, with which we involuntarily sympathise; such portraits are of evil tendency, because, though unnatural, they are still attractive; but great crime frequently supposes the existence of imposing traits of character, which may excite admiration, without engaging sympathy. We are interested in Conrad, because his fierce and gloomy spirit is mastered by the passion which masters all—because in him it is deep and overwhelming, yet refined and pure like the token, which restored the

reprinting Peri to Eden—the redeeming and expiatory virtue, which shows that the light of the soul, however darkened, is not extinguished altogether—and we do not ask, how purity and love can find their refuge in a pirate’s bosom—we do not remember, that they could as hardly dwell there as Abdiel among the rebel host. Not so the ruined Archangel. In him all may be grand and imposing, but all is dark, stern and relentless. If there be ought to admire, there is at least nothing to imitate. Through all the writings of Milton, there reign a loftiness and grandeur which seem to raise the soul to the standard of his own elevation. The finest minds have resorted to them for the rich treasures of eloquence and wisdom; and they might also find in them the more enduring treasures of virtue and piety.

ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATION.

Many persons who have not had the advantages of proper instruction in mathematical science, cannot be persuaded that it is in the power of man to ascertain the distance of the sun, moon, and planets, and, of course, pay little regard to the assertions of astronomers on this subject. Sometimes, they are bold enough to say the thing is impossible, because no one has ever been to any of those bodies. Let such persons consider, that it is not necessary to go to its remote object in order to measure its distance; for that purpose, it will be sufficient to know the length of a line at the place of the spectator, and the inclination of this line to two others directed from its extremities to the object; for, on the length of this line, and the position of the two others, depends the distance of the object from the ends of that line.

Thus if I wish to know the distance of a neighbouring tower, or other object beyond a river, or in some other way inaccessible; I measure any convenient line terminating at my station, and by some instrument proper for measuring angles, I ascertain the position of my measured line to the lines connecting its extreme points and the object. On these data depend the distance, and from this distance and these angles accurately measured, the exact distance may be with great ease truly found. It is on similar principles that astron-

mers investigate the distances of the heavenly bodies. They take as the given or measured line, which may be called the base, some line on the earth, the semi-diameter for distance, as being most convenient. The angle formed, or rather contained by two lines drawn from the sun or planet to the ends of the semi-diameter of the earth, is called the parallax, because it shows the difference of the apparent situation of the object as seen from the extremities of the semi-diameter, that is, it measures the arc of a great circle in the heavens contained between its two apparent places. Hence to ascertain its parallax, or difference of the apparent place when the object is viewed from the other end of the semi diameter, becomes a problem of great importance in astronomy; for this being truly discovered, the distance of the planet will be obtained with the utmost exactitude. If any other line besides the semi-diameter of the earth, whose length & position are known, be used as a base, and the parallax in respect of this line be found, the same conclusions will follow. The chief difficulty in this affair arises from the smallness of the angle to be measured, which is a consequence of the greatness of the distance in respect of the earth's semi-diameter. Several ingenious methods have been proposed and employed by astronomers to discover the distances of the sun and planets, but nothing serves this purpose so well as the transits of Venus, over the sun's disk. At certain periods, which can be foretold by astronomers, this planet passes exactly between us and the sun, and is seen as a dark round spot for some hours, moving in a line across the sun's face or disk. The observer should be furnished with a good chronometer, or pendulum clock with seconds, to note the time of the transit; and good instruments, to take the apparent diameters of the sun of Venus, and her greatest distance from the sun's limb while passing over his disk; from these observations, and the known phenomena of the motions of the earth and Venus, the parallax may be found. But if two observers, at very distant places on the earth properly chosen, make these observations, the parallax may be obtained with much greater ease and nicety; because the distance of the apparent tracks of Venus across the sun as seen from the two places, and also the difference of the time of the passage, arises from the parallax of Venus and that of the sun. The two last transits,

which happened in the years 1761 and 1769, were carefully observed for this purpose, and it is to the results of these observations that the present astronomers are indebted for their more accurate knowledge of the distances of the planets, and the dimensions of the solar system.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTRUCTOR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

MONTREAL INFANT SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

We present the readers of the Instructor, to-day, with a rich and valuable treat, in the following truly eloquent and sublime address delivered by CHARLES D. DAY, E., at the Annual Meeting of the Montreal Infant School Association, held in the British and Canadian School on Tuesday last. After the very masterly manner in which Mr. Day has handled the subject, it will only be necessary for us to express our conviction, that the friends of humanity and the lovers of our common Saviour will come forward liberally to the support of an institution fraught with such incalculable advantages to the rising generation.

As this institution is not sectarian in its character—nothing being taught in the school which can in the least interfere with the peculiar doctrines of any body of Christians—we sincerely hope that it will meet with universal support and encouragement.

We regret that our limits prevent us from noticing this interesting meeting more at large in this number; but we shall return to the subject again next week, when we hope to be able to present our readers with the other addresses which were spoken on the occasion.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES D. DAY, ESQUIRE.

MR. CHAIRMAN,

I shall make no apology for soliciting a few moments of your indulgent attention. Were any imputation of officiousness likely to be cast upon me, my justification would be readily found, in the reluctance which all feel to come forward and address a public assembly. It is the difficulty of prevailing upon others to render assistance of this nature which has induced me to offer a few remarks

upon the institution which we have this day met together, to encourage and support. An institution, which, warmed into existence by a spirit of generous benevolence, and resting its claims to respect upon the broad basis of practical utility, could gain little from the most splendid panegyric of genius, and can lose nothing from the humble commendations of its present advocate.

I perceive, Sir, that the children assembled here are chiefly the offspring of the poor; and I notice the fact, as affording a striking example of the extent to which knowledge and the means of acquiring it have been diffused throughout all classes of the community. This is emphatically the age of universal education. It is not with us, as in the ancient world, that a few names stand forth in proud pre-eminence, like beacon lights on some high tower; while the mass of humanity is wrapped in ignorance, deep as the midnight gloom that rolls around its base: it is not, that a Socrates, an Aristotle, a Tully, Seneca, or an hundred others, have cast glory on their country's history, and bequeathed their labours and their fame a cherished legacy to mankind; but it is, that light has beamed from the summit of society to its very base—that the voice of instruction is heard as freely at the peasant's hearth as in the halls of wealth. It is that knowledge is no longer a sealed book to the poor, but that its page is expanded, and its precepts are laid bare to all. This it is, which distinguishes, and proudly distinguishes, the present age—which invests it with a character, unattained by any that has preceded it.—I have alluded, Sir, to some of the venerable names of antiquity. Let us, for a moment, contrast our situation with that of millions who have gone before us. Let us glance at the period when all intellectual and moral energies seemed sinking in the slow and heavy ruin which overwhelmed the giant empire of Rome—let us call to recollection the decay of learning and the sickliness of thought, which pervaded and characterized the dying struggles of that magnificent people. Let us mark the gloomy clouds of the dark ages closing down on the horizon and enveloping all Europe in their folds of rayless ignorance and benighted superstition. Dark indeed were those ages, when the professed and consecrated minister of religion could scarce read his breviary—and the halls of

Legislation, and the cabinets of Kings, were destitute of the knowledge which a menial or a child would at this day blush at not possessing. Education, in its more extended & useful sense, scarcely existed. Learning, driven from her fair and favour'd haunts, to become the tenant of a monkish cell, was to be found only on the metaphysical page of worse than useless speculation. The ruling spirits of that period of the world would fain have bound down the human mind, forever, as with a chain of adamant; they would have prescribed a limit which it was never to exceed—they would have said to it, thus far shalt thou go, and no further. The mind, that spark of divinity, lent by the Creator to stamp us with his image—that distinguishing mark, which glazes blazoned in the eye of man his immortality—that pure, ethereal, incomprehensible essence, the theme at once of our wonder, and our pride. But the attempt was vain—they could not fetter the restless activity of the human intellect. There is a principle, inherent in our race, which will vindicate itself—it may be dormant for ages, it may pass from generation to generation inactive and unknown. But the hour will arrive when the thoughts, long pent in their prison house, will burst like thunder from the cloud; when the high aspirations of the soul after knowledge WILL be satisfied.

Let it be matter of deep gratitude to us, that we have fallen upon a day, when to think is no longer a crime; and when the aspirations worthy of our nature, instead of being repressed and limited, are encouraged, guided and approved.

But we must return from this digression to the consideration of the immediate design and tendency of this institution. They are, if I understand them aright, to plant the seeds of knowledge in the infant mind, and to mould into virtue its plastic sentiments and affections. It is a high and important task; as sacred in its character, as it is arduous in its execution. Let us contemplate it for a moment. To those of us who are parents, and many here are so, it is a subject pregnant with the deepest interest. The objects of education are twofold—the mind and the heart—the intellectual powers, and the warm, pure and generous affections of our nature; and these are to be equally fostered, and equally developed. The neglect of the one will, necessarily, lead to the deterioration of the other; they must proceed

hand in hand ; and if they do so, we shall find when the child has ripened into youth and manhood, that, by the mellowing influence of his active and chastened sympathies, the labour of thought will fail to render him more rose and stern : while his kindling affections will be restrained from degenerating into passion, by the calm and persuasive voice of cultivated reason. If any preference is to be shown, it should be to our moral nature—first surely, the lessons of virtue and the precepts of religion cannot be inculcated too early. An anxious and scrutinizing eye will discover in every expression of the infant countenance, in every tone of the infant voice, in every gesture and every propensity—the lurking germ of future vice or virtue, usefulness or frivolity, happiness or misery. The hand that is raised in the impotence of childish anger may, when nerved by years, at the bidding of the self-same passion, strike at a brother's life—and the light that beams in the infant's eye, may, in maturer age, settle into the calm and beautiful expression of benevolence, shedding hope and peace, and happiness, on all within its influence.

It is a truth, sir, painful indeed to our self-love, but too plain to be denied, that our virtues, like the exotics of a foreign clime, require the hand of tender care and unerring skill, to secure their growth and unfold their beauties : while our vices, like rank weeds growing on their native soil, can only be uprooted or repressed by unceasing vigilance and unwearied toil. Such being the case, it becomes a duty imperative upon all entrusted with the education of children, diligently to study the principles of human action—to pry into the secret places of the heart—to endeavour to develop its folds, and lay bare the hidden springs, from which the intellectual and sympathetic beings before us, must receive their impulses through life ; for how can we crush the serpent's head of incipient vice, if we know not the reptile's haunts—or how can we fan the spark of virtue into a holy flame, if we be ignorant of the sanctuary where the God of Nature has placed it. These are duties which, perhaps, can be safely entrusted only to the watchful affection of a parent : but we cannot expect their exercise from those parents, whose days are necessarily consumed in bodily toil. The immediate pressure of physical necessities—the outcries of nature, against hunger and cold, must first be

relieved, and but little time or energy remains, or probably but little capacity exists, for the performance of these more elevated and sacred but less importunate duties. Under these circumstances, it is to the wealthy and enlightened classes of society that the children of poverty are entitled to look. It is only in institutions such as this, that the offspring of the poor can find a refuge from ignorance and vice ; and if we admit that the immortal part of our nature is worthy of regard ; if we deem its cultivation, its right direction and development a matter of great and lasting importance ; if we believe that the seeds of virtue cannot at too early a period be implanted in the infant mind ; then are we urged, by every rule of consistency—by every obligation, which can rest upon moral and accountable creatures, bound to the performance of mutual duties—to lend our hearty and substantial aid, to sustain this fabric which the hand of enlightened charity has already reared—to contribute, as well our personal exertions as our pecuniary means, to the continuance and extension of the benefits which this institution is calculated to confer. I pass over its minor claims to support, founded upon the facility which it affords to the labouring parent for pursuing his daily toil ; I am content to rest altogether upon its higher objects, its moral tendency and design. I am willing to trust all to a sense of the incalculable value of our reason and our affections. Our reason & our affections—they are, indeed, precious gifts—let us not for a moment overlook them. Let us ever bear in mind, that, cultivated by education, invigorated and disciplined by virtue, they may again approach that pure, vivid and immortal lustre, with which they sprang fresh and perfect from the bosom of God.

In expression, Sir, of the feelings of this meeting, relative to the institution of the Infant School, and of the wish to promote its objects, I beg leave to propose the following resolution :—

Resolved—That the institution of Infant Schools, as affording highly favourable opportunities of imparting religious knowledge, and implanting the seeds of virtue in the infant mind, ought to be regarded as a powerful means for the suppression of vice and the promotion of the interests of society ; and that such schools are entitled to the warm encouragement and support of all those who have the good of the human race at heart.

DULLNESS OF A VEGETABLE WORLD.

Unpeopled by animals, the verdant earth, in all its primitive and untarnished beauty, though inlaid with flowers, exhibiting in endless variety every mixture and shade of colour that can glad the sight—though fanned by gales breathing Sabean odours to gratify the scent—though tempting the appetite by delicious fruits of every flavour—still it would be a scene without the breath of life. No motion would be seen but of the passing clouds, of the fluctuating waters and the waving boughs—no voice heard but of the elements. Was a single pair placed in this paradise, though at first it would seem that there was gratification for every sense, and joy would possess the heart, and admiration fill the soul with pleasure—yet, after the novelty of the spectacle had ceased, and the effect of its first impression was obliterated, a void would soon be felt, something more would seem wanting to animate the otherwise lovely scene; a longing would arise in the mind for some beings, varying in form and magnitude, furnished with organs that would enable them to traverse and enlighten the lower regions of the atmosphere, others that might course over the earth's surface, and others that could win their easy way through its waters, so that all, by their numbers and the variety of their motions, might exhibit a striking and interesting contrast to the fixed and unconscious vitality of the vegetable kingdom.

POETRY.

RESIGNATION.

Yes, 'twill be over soon—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—your golden harvest
grow,—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below,
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health and future evils brave:
Then shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gavest the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

Henry Kirke White.

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy Maker's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thought like garlands bind thee
Unto thy home, yet Grief may find thee—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
Singeth, in its summer nest,
No evil thought, no unkind word.
No bitter, angry voice hath stirr'd
The beauty of its rest;
But winter cometh, and decay
Wasteth thy verdant home away—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Thy Spirit is a House of Glee,
And Gladness harpeth at the door,
While ever with a merry shout
Hope, the May-Queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er!
But Time those strings of Joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever;
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy Mother's Hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night,
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darken'd light.
But that sweet Hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more those feet shall stay:
Then pray, Child, pray!

THE BROKEN HEART.

I saw on top of a mountain high
A gem that shone like fire by night,
It seem'd a star that lit the sky,
And dropp'd to sleep on its lonely height;
I climbed the peak and found it soon
A lump of ice in the clear cold moon—
Can you its hidden sense impart?
'Twas a cheerful look, and a broken heart.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY

J. E. L. MILLER,

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