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# THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XLIX.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 16, 1836.

[PRICE 2D.

## TRAVELS.

### ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

(Concluded from page 386.)

The minerals which have been extracted from this mountain are numerous—and the museums of Biscari and Givena, in Catania, afford us proof that, on this account alone, a chemist or a naturalist would find an ever-varying source of interest in the examination of the surrounding objects. To the ordinary spectators, the island itself, with the thought of its multitudinous productions, its never failing fertility, its unrivalled beauty, and the calm serenity which distance throws on the scene, strikes the mind with a sort of awe that it is, I think, impossible for any man who has been accustomed to think at all not to regard with admiration. Even the dull gaze of rustic ignorance is startled into something more than its wonted sameness. The coup d'œil of a shot, permitting the sight of objects which, when below a man has been accustomed to consider at a wonderful distance many of them out of sight of one another and others that he had always looked up to—to see these, so far below him that they seem within his grasp, cannot but awaken the attention of the simple peasant who is moved with any of the springs which animate the rest of the creation.

Having looked on all around and beneath me for some time, I entered the crater. I was certainly surprised at a sight so unlike what I had formed an idea of. It was perfectly walled round by its own ashes in every part except the breach by which I entered. The height of this wall I suppose might be from fifty to seventy feet. The bottom of the crater was a perfect level, except being interspersed with about twenty small hillocks, the largest very little higher than a good-sized hay-cock, all of them with proportionate craters, emitting smoke but no fire. The crater, by the imperfect guess which I could make, seemed to be at this time about three

miles in circumference, being nearly a perfect circle in form—and I am inclined to think I am not far from the mark in this estimate, as I made the circuit of it at the base, in which my idea of its size was confirmed. With regard to traversing the crater, I am convinced it might have been effected, and also that we might have inspected those minor volcanoes within, but it would have required great care. A single whiff of the nitrous smoke in your face might suffice to lay you senseless—besides the ground underneath which seemed to be of a sort coarse sand, was still hot. I never came prepared for such an exploit. To have reached the highest point in the cone, so as to be able to get a peep into the crater, was the boundary of my ambition, and I had timed myself to be back to Riposto by the evening. I was moreover so fatigued by the late efforts I had made, that I felt myself quite unable to make use of what would have been esteemed by many the most fortunate circumstance that could have happened.

The flatness of the bottom of the crater is clear proof, in my opinion, that there exists no vacuum underneath of any consequence. The moment the ebullition occasioned by the elements within ceases, the whole gradually subsides, finds its own level, and consolidates. It is only at the moment of the discharges that there is any depth of hollow below. This is clearly evinced by looking at all the old craters of Ætna (Monte Rossi excepted), where nothing of this sort is discoverable, but a solid mass now occupying nearly to the brim the mouths which only a few years ago vomited, from an immense depth, the most frightful emissions of fire.

I contented myself with taking one or two pieces of the ashes, hut out of one of the hillocks, and proceeded to go round the cone outside. This I found great difficulty in doing, since there was the same sort of hard metallic lava to go over again. Every step I took I had first to make fast a purchase with

my hands, thus almost moving upon all fours, so that, to circumscribe the cone, it took a considerable time. We had arrived at the English house, on our way up, at a quarter past four, and though we lost no time in proceeding onwards, did not return to it again until near nine o'clock.

On our return to the English house we made a pretty hearty breakfast. The cold was so great that the wine had become quite thick—and, on entering the stable, the guide found the mules trembling from its effects, notwithstanding they had plenty to eat during our absence.

#### A FIRST VIEW OF MACKINA.

The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, casting long streams of light athwart the ruffled waves, when the captain called me forward to take the first look at Mackina.

The first glance at a long looked for object almost always disappoints, but it was not so now; and as I gazed on the distant island, its steep cliffs rising, as they seemed to do, right out of the water, and towering high in air, their dark outline marked so boldly on the yet glowing west, and even at the distance we were, the white chalky crags shining like pearl spots in the dark face of the island, my utmost expectations were realised.

The deepening twilight soon made every object indistinct, and I was just resigning myself to the idea of seeing no more of the island till morning, when from the eastern sky the darkness fled, a faint streak of reddish light heralds the rising moon, it kindles with a ruddier glow, and then from the bosom of the waters, which seem to burn all around her, the moon arose—and soon the whole scene around us was bathed in her bright beams. Far to the north and east we see the shores of the main land, one or two islands standing forward and breaking the regular sweep of the coast; to the south-east lays the wide expanse of Huron, now all a blaze with moonlight.

Further to the south Bois Blanc stretches her horns, spanning in a capacious and well sheltered bay. To the west, and right over our larboard bow, lays Round Island, round in shape as in name. Its dark tree tops mark almost a perfect arch upon the sky, so regularly does the land rise from every side towards the centre, the starboard bow, and we have a

full and perfect view of the island of Mackina. We had advanced so rapidly, that it was now in plain sight to the east. It is well wooded, though very precipitous, rising nearly perpendicularly to the height of three or four hundred feet. Further to the left stands a cliff called Robinson's Folly, which is bare of foliage, and now shines in the bright moon. On its summit, and just back of the town, stands the fort, its white walls circling the brow of the hill like a silver crown—a wide carriage way ascends from the town below, slanting along the face of the bluff to the fort.

The scene was enchanting—the tall white cliff, the whiter fort, the winding yet still precipitous pathway, the village below buried in a deep gloomy shade, the little bay, where two or three small half rigged sloops lay asleep upon the dark water—would that I could make you feel its beauties. It recalled to my mind some of the descriptions I have read of Spanish scenery, where the white walls of some Moorish castle crown the brow of the lofty Sierra.

#### A CALM ON LAKE ST. CLAIR.

The clear bright water was as smooth as glass, and on the eastern side of the tall dark forest cast an unbroken mass of shade upon the surface of the stream, in which every shrub and tree, I had almost said every leaf, was distinctly marked. Through this mass of shade two canoes were creeping close to the shore—the savage looks and gaudy dresses of the Indians giving an air of wildness to the scene. Nearest us, and about the middle of the river, lay our little bark, sleeping, as it were, upon the wave. Never before did I fully realise the perfect truth of that very poetical expression of Scott, 'The swan upon St. Mary's Lake floats double—swan and shadow.' There is not an atom of poetic exaggeration in saying that our pretty schooner floated double on the bright waters of St Clair. Not only her dark hull and taper masts, but every spar, every block, every stay or brace, all, all, down to the smallest piece of cordage, was traced out on the calm unruffled bosom of the stream with a perfect distinctness which had in it something almost magical. On the American side the scene was diversified—there a clump of dark forest trees, there a patch of cleared land, not yet cropped—beyond, a farm house, a barn, some stacks of yellow grain, an orchard, just behind the house, and further

up, far in the distance, a field of corn, just beginning to assume the brown autumnal hue.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

The weather, during our stay at Smyrna, was tremendously warm; the thermometer ranging from 90 to 95 degrees: and in those spots which were shaded from the sea breeze, the sultry, breathless air was suffocating. Notwithstanding this, the nights were bitterly cold: and every evening, after sunset there came a weighty chilliness through the air, which was sometimes absolutely benumbing. It is the fact of the extreme variations of heat and cold during the course of twenty-four hours, which induces the Turks to employ so much fur in the linings and decorations of their dresses: as the sultry heat of the day forces them to keep those chambers light and airy during the morning, which are consequently chilly and comfortless at night.

Without a visit to the Levant, one would be at a loss fully to understand the force of the expression in Genesis xxxi. 40, "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night;" but he who has passed a spring in the Ionian Island, or a summer at Smyrna, can readily comprehend its full import. The light wind, called by the natives the 'Jubat,' blows generally from the bay during the day, sitting in from the northwest—its faint, refreshing airs are the most delicious conceivable—and these alone render Smyrna inhabitable, the insects and the heat being otherwise completely intolerable.

About sunset we generally went to an open street in the west of Smyrna, where the families usually seated themselves by the doors to enjoy the cool breath of evening. Such meetings used to remind us of the days of the patriarchs, when Abraham received the angels as he sat by the door of his tent—(Gen. xviii, 1;) and when Eli, in the 98th year of his age, as he reclined at sunset on his seat by the way side, was told by the fugitive soldier that Israel had been vanquished in battle, that his sons Hophni and Phinehas were no more, and that the ark of God was taken, 1 Sam. iv 13. The stone couches, too, at every door, explain the exclamation of Job; "O that I were as in months past, in the days of my youth when

my children were about me, when I went out to the gate through the city, when I prepared myself in the street!" Job xxix, 2-7. Here mingling with their social groups we have passed many a delicious evening, and listened to many a tale which made our blood creep from lips which were shortly doomed to share the fate they were recounting;

One who has formed his ideas of the oriental myrtles from the weak and unhealthy plants which spring in the gardens and hothouses of the north, must have a faint conception of their real beauty. Even in Italy they are much superior to ours—and I remember to have seen one at Florence whose stem was at least nine inches in diameter. But in Greece and in the Levant, they are really magnificent. In the Morea I have travelled for hours through an uncultivated tract, while the groves of myrtle formed an almost continuous arbour above our heads, covered here and there with its delicate white flowers, and exhaling at every motion the most delicious perfume, its dark polished leaves combined coolness with beauty.

It is such a scene as this that explains the phrase of Zechariah; "I saw by night, and beheld a man riding upon a red horse; and he stood among the myrtle-trees that were in the bottom," Zach. i, 8.—And they are trees of the dimensions such as I refer to, that preserve the consistency of the phrase of Isaiah—"I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the myrtle, and the oil tree. I will set in the desert the fir tree, the pine, and the box," Isa. xli. 19.

Education is the most valuable estate that parents can leave to their children; this is a possession of which human violence can never deprive us.

Plato, describing the attributes of the Deity, fancifully declares truth to be his body, and light his shadow.

Tears are, as it were, the blood from the wounds of the soul, grief produces tears as naturally as trees produce leaves or fruit.

Famine has destroyed thousands—fire and sword tens of thousands; but luxury millions.

'A wise man,' say the Spaniards, 'changes his mind, but a fool never will.'

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### FILIAL PIETY.

Of all the virtues recommended to society there is none more strongly inculcated by eternal wisdom than that which forms the subject of this paper. If nature sometimes produces monsters, whose base and unprincipled souls lead them to relax the sacred and venerable ties which should so powerfully unite children to the authors of their being, it is not for such depraved minds we have selected the following facts, as they are incapable of feeling the force of the virtuous sentiments we here celebrate; but we address ourselves to those exalted minds in whom a sentiment of early piety produces a pleasing obedience to the dictates of that divine precept, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

A young lad, but newly admitted into the military school, soon made himself appear rather a singular disposition by his remarkable abstemiousness. Whatever variation of diet was allowed, he never ate any thing but bread and soup, and drank nothing but water. The governor being informed of this conduct, so very uncommon in a boy, attributed it to an indiscreet devotion, and reproved him for it. Nevertheless the lad persisted, and the governor mentioned the circumstance to Monsieur Paris Duverney. He had the boy called before him, and with his usual mildness and moderation represented to him that such singularity was by no means proper or allowable in a public institution, and that he must certainly conform to the rules and diet established there. He afterwards unsuccessfully tried to find out the reason that could induce the boy to act in such a manner, and at last threatened, if he persisted in concealing it, that he would send him home again to his family. This menace had the desired effect, and he then disclosed the motive of his conduct. "You will not, I hope, be displeased with me, sir," said he; "but I could not bring myself to enjoy what I think luxury, while I reflect that my dear father and mother are in the utmost indigence. They could afford themselves and me no better food than the coarsest bread, and of that but very little. Here I have excellent soup and as much fine white bread as I would choose. I look upon this to be very good living, and the recollection of the situation in which I left my parents

would not permit me to indulge myself by eating any thing else."

Monsieur Duverney and the governor could not restrain their tears at such an early instance of fortitude and sensibility. "If your father has been in the service," said M. Duverney, "how comes it that he has got no pension?" "For want of friends and money, sir," replied the youth. "He has been upwards of a year soliciting one, but his money and resources failed; and rather than contract debts at Versailles, he is content to languish in the manner I have told you." "Well," said M. Duverney, "if the fact appears to have been as you have stated it, I will engage to procure your father a pension of 500 livres. In the meantime here are three louis d'ors for yourself as a present from the king and I will advance your father six months' pay out of the pension I am certain of obtaining for him." "How can you send the money to him, sir?" asked the boy. "Let that give you no uneasiness," replied M. Duverney. "I shall find means." "Ah, sir," said the boy, with precipitation, "if you can do it so easily, be pleased to send him these three louis d'ors you were so good as to give me. I want nothing here, and they would be of the greatest service to my father for my brothers and sisters." How delightful to the sensible mind are such early emanations of pious gratitude!

The following fact by no means yields to the preceding in greatness of soul, generosity or filial affection:—

A French officer, going to rejoin his regiment, took the opportunity while on the road to enlist some recruits whom he wanted to complete his company, and had got several in a city where he halted. Two days before he determined to march from this city, a young man of a very graceful figure and pleasing aspect presented himself. An air of candour and politeness prepossessed every beholder in his favour, and the officer at the first interview wished to engage him, while with the utmost precipitation he offered to enlist. The officer perceived his embarrassment, and tried to remove it. "Ah, sir," said the young man, "do not, I entreat you, attribute my disorder to any base or shameful motive; but perhaps you do not choose to engage me, and in that case dreadful indeed will be my misfortune." Some tears escaped as he uttered

these last words, and the humane officer, eager to relieve him, demanded to know his conditions. 'They will, perhaps, disgust you sir, and I cannot propose them without trembling. I am young. You see my size. I have strength and every disposition to serve, but the unfortunate circumstances I am in compel me to set a price upon myself, which I am confident you will think too exorbitant, though I can make no abatement. Believe me, that without the most pressing reasons I would never sell my service. I cannot follow you for less than 500 livres, and you will break my heart if you refuse me.'

'Five hundred!' replied the officer. 'The sum is considerable I confess; but I feel myself prepossessed in your favour. You seem well disposed. Therefore I will not dispute the bargain with you. Here is the cash. Sign, and hold yourself in readiness to march the day after tomorrow.' The young man seemed overjoyed at thus obtaining his desire, and with great alacrity signed his engagement.

After receiving his 500 livres, he requested his captain's permission for a short absence to fulfil a sacred duty, and promised a speedy return. It was granted. But the officer, curious to find out the intentions of his new soldier, followed him, who, on his part, rather flew than ran to the prison, knocked eagerly at the door, which was no sooner opened than he darted in, saying hastily to the jailor, 'I have here the sum for which my father was arrested. Take care of it, but conduct me to him. Let me have the happiness to release him.' The officer stopped a moment to give him time to go on alone to his father, and then followed. But how affecting was the scene that presented itself! The young man closely embraced by his aged father, who, upon hearing the sacrifice he had made, felt his emotions too powerful to express; but the silent though eloquent language of tears evinced his gratitude to the Almighty for giving him so inestimable a child, while paternal tenderness mourned the sad extremity to which he was driven. The officer, no longer able to conceal his feelings, now came forward and said, 'Take comfort, my good old man, I will not take your son from you: but, on the contrary, will share with him in the meritorious action he has performed. I can never regret the sum he has made so noble a use of

and here is his engagement which I return to him.' The father and the son fell at their benefactor's feet, expressing the most lively gratitude for his generosity; but the son respectfully declined the offer of liberty, and entreated the captain to accept of his service, which with some difficulty he obtained, representing that his father having then no employment for him, he must of course be a burden to him. He joined the regiment, and fulfilled the term of his engagement. He always, while in the army, saved a small sum out of his pay, which he regularly remitted to his father; and upon receiving his discharge, returned to provide, by his daily labour, for their mutual support.

#### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The following striking and eloquent remarks are from 'Suggestions on Education,' by Catherine E. Beecher;—

Woman has been but little aware of the high incitements that should stimulate to the cultivation of her noblest powers. The world is no longer to be governed by mere physical force, but by the influence which mind exerts over mind. How are the great springs of actions of the political world put in motion? Often by the secret workings of a single mind that in retirement plans its schemes, and comes forth to execute them only by presenting motives of passion, self interest, or pride, to operate on other minds.

Now the world is chiefly governed by motives that men are ashamed to own. When do we find mankind acknowledging that their efforts in political life are the offspring of pride, and the desire of self aggrandizement, and yet who hesitates to believe that this is true?

But there is a class of motives that man are not only willing, but proud to own. Man does not willingly yield to force. He is ashamed to own he can yield to fear. He will not acknowledge his motives of pride, prejudice, or passion. But none are unwilling to own they can be governed by reason, and even the worst will boast of their being regulated by conscience; and where is the person who is ashamed to own the kind and generous emotion of the heart?—Here, then, is the only lawful field for the ambition of our sex. Woman, in all her relations, is bound to "honour and obey" those on whom she depends for protection and support; not that she

truly feminine mind desire to exceed this limitation of Heaven. But where the voice of authority may never control, the dictates of reason and affection may ever convince and persuade—and while others are governed by motives that mankind are ashamed to own, the dominion of woman may be based on influence the heart is proud to acknowledge.

And if it is, indeed, the truth, that reason and conscience guide to the only path to happiness—and if affection will gain a hold on these powerful principles which can be attained to other way—what high and holy motives are presented to woman for the culture of her noblest powers. The developement of the reasoning faculties, the fascinations of a purified imagination, the charms of a cultivated taste, the quick perceptions of an active mind, the power of exhibiting truth and reason by perspicuous writing—all these can be employed by woman, as well as by man. And with those attainable facilities for gaining influence woman has already received from the hand of her Maker those warm affections and quick susceptibilities which can most surely gain the empire of the heart.

Woman has never waked to her highest destinies and holiest hopes. She has yet to learn the purifying influence she may gain and maintain over the interests and affections of the human mind.—Though she may not teach from the portico nor thunder from the forum, in her secret retirements she may form and send forth the sages that shall govern and renovate the world. Though she may not gird herself for bloody conflict, nor sound the trumpet of war, she may enwrap herself in the panoply of Heaven, and send the thrill of benevolence through a thousand youthful hearts. Though she may not enter the lists in legal collision, nor sharpen her intellect amid the passions and conflicts of men, she may teach the law of kindness, and hush up the discord of life. Though she may not be clothed as the ambassador of Heaven, nor minister at the altar of God, as a secret angel of mercy she may teach its will, and cause to ascend the humble but most accepted sacrifice.

#### HARMONY OF NATURE.

How admirable are the analogies and harmonies of nature! Nothing is isolated—nothing is imperfect—nothing is out of place.—

The universe may be said to be a transcendently vast social system. The moon revolves around the earth; the earth, with numerous other planets and their satellites, around the sun; and the sun, with its train of dependent worlds, around other systems; and these systems around other systems, through spaces and with forces infinitely beyond the power of human imagination to conceive—and yet, as we have seen, the same principle that guides and connects these countless and vast worlds, holds together the particles of a pebble!

Thus every thing is connected with every thing. The several substances of the universe co-operate in a system of mutual dependencies. Observe the phenomena of the seasons—what a circle of beautiful dependencies, each is necessary to all, and all to each. Vegetables are dependant upon the inorganic matters for sustenance and strength, and animals are dependant upon both vegetable and inorganic matter—lime is an ingredient of the bone, and iron of the blood—inorganic matter in turn, is dependant on the principle of life and heat for the multiplied and distinctive beauties which are conferred upon it, in the countless myriads of vegetable animal productions. How admirably all are blended and grouped together, each giving and receiving advantages.

From creative love sprang the multitudinous parts of this beautiful universe. It is not strange, therefore, that we find the minutest molecule of matter, or the particles of a dewdrop, as well as the countless orbs that revolve in the illimitable depths of space, held and bound together by mutual affinities and attractions. Man only, man—the wanderer and the offender—is insensible to the good which surrounds him. He uses without knowledge; is reckless of affinities and attractions, that point not to the gratification of his appetites and passions.

How beautiful is the analogy of the vegetable and animal structure. Take the circulation of the blood—In the animal, the food is taken into the stomach, and converted into chyme by the operation upon it of the gastric juice; when it is changed into chyle it is absorbed by innumerable minute vessels, the lacteals and lymphatics, (the roots of the stomach,) which unite and terminate in a common trunk, called the thoracic duct—it is con-

veyed to the left auricle of the heart, thence to the left ventricle, whence it is taken by the pulmonary artery, which divides into two branches, leading to the lungs; there, by the action of the atmospheric air, it is vitalized or oxygenized; immediately the new-made blood is taken by innumerable vessels to the right auricle, thence to the right ventricle, where it is thrown into the aorta, and thence distributed by numerous arteries throughout the system—these terminate in veins, which return what remains of the blood to the heart, to go through the same process.

Who would suppose a similar elaboration takes place in the humble plant, upon which we tread with such lordly heedlessness?—When the seed is placed in the ground, the cotyledons or lobes impart moisture and oxygen to the heartlet, which sends forth two radicles, the ascending and descending; the descending is the root, which is composed of small fibres, to which is attached at their extremities small vessels, called spongioles; these spongioles are the proper roots or lacteals which absorb the blood, (water,) the water is conveyed by means of small vessels, the arteries, by which means nourishment is conveyed into every section of the plant—when the water arrives at the leaves, (which are the lungs,) it is oxygenized, as in the animal—from thence it is taken by another set of vessels, (the veins,) and carried down the trunk, between the cuticle and the inner bark. How striking and beautiful is this analogy!

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### VALUE OF LEARNING.

The skill of any liberal art is valuable as a handsome ornament, as a harmless divertisement, as a useful instrument upon occasions, as preferable to all other accomplishments and advantages of person or fortune—for who would not purchase any kind of such knowledge at any rate—who would sell it for any price—who would not choose rather to be deformed or impotent in his body, than to have a misshapen and weak mind—to have rather a lank purse than an empty brain—to have no title at all, than no worth to bear it out? If any would, he is not of Solomon's mind—for of wisdom, he saith—"The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,

and the gain thereof than fine gold—she is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

#### THE VOICE OF NATURE.

The visible works of God speak to us with a commanding eloquence. The sun, that fountain of life and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty—the moon shining with a lustre borrowed from his beams—the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament—the air giving breath to all things that live and move—the interchanges of light and darkness—the course of the year, and the sweet vicissitude of seasons—the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them—the bow bent—by the hands of the Most High—which compasseth the heavens above with a glorious circle—the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightening—the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals—the great and wide sea, with its innumerable inhabitants—all these instruct us in the mysteries of faith and the duties of morality.

#### THE SAINTS OF OLD OUR EXAMPLES.

In their public privileges, they must, indeed, be like the stars, and dwell in constellated grandeur, far above our reach and measurement—companions only to each other,—Elijah, in his chariot of fire—Moses, on the heaven-enveloped Sinai—Job, hearkening to God in the whirlwind—Jacob, met by the host of God, and John, traversing the new Jerusalem, with its streets of gold and gates of pearl. They are unapproachable—not one with us, and we not one with them. But Elijah, and Moses, and Job, and Jacob, and John, as followers of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation—in their tears and prayers, temptations and infirmities—yes and in their spiritual consolations and enjoyments, are our brethren and our friends, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Their God is our God; their Father, our Father: their Lord, our Lord.

#### CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Many a Christian, who is now a pillar of the temple of God in heaven, was on earth a bruised reed.



## EXERCISE.

Persons whose habits are sedentary deceive themselves into a belief that mere physical exercise will preserve health—and accordingly take daily walks for that purpose, while the current of their thoughts remains unchanged—this we conceive to be a radical error. The only exercise that can produce a really beneficial result, is that which breaks up the train of ideas, and diverts them into new and various channels. It ought (as an eminent writer has said) to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him—for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. This is no doubt true—and in order to the attainment of any advantage by exercise, especially walking, the mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of any particular thoughts, as easily to accommodate itself to the entertainment which may be drawn from surrounding objects.

## THE ACCOMPLISHED DIVINE.

To him nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, should be familiar to his imagination; he should be conversant with what is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the meteors of the sky, should concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth. He should range mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and picture upon his mind every tree of the forest, and flower of the valley: the crags of the rock, and the mazes of the stream.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CONDUCT.

A person may, even after religion is received into the heart as a regenerating principle, do precisely similar things, in a manner precisely similar to what he would have done before. The difference, however, will consist in his new motive; and that motive will be a hearty, honest, constant desire to glorify and serve God, and to benefit his fellow creatures, for the sake of God, and in the name of Christ—a perpetual reference to God's will, as a standard of duty, and a constant eye to the

approbation of God, in place of the applause of his fellow men.

## POETRY.

## SHE SLEEPS.

She sleeps! no light is on her brow,  
No griefs torment her heart's deep aching;  
No vision haunts her slumbers now—  
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

She sleeps! and worms must revel deep  
Upon that brow made pale by sorrow;  
She sleeps! and dreamless is that sleep  
Which knows no coming of the morrow.

She sleeps! no smile illumines her eye.  
Now closed for ever from its weeping,  
Her cheeks have lost their wonted dye—  
She wakes no more from death's cold sleeping.

She sleeps! and earth must close around  
Her narrow bed, till earth be riven.  
And the last trump of God shall sound,  
To call her slumbering dust to heaven.

## THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Go to the hidden ocean caves,  
Where man hath never trod,  
And there beneath the flashing waves  
Will be thy Maker, God.

Where'er the lion makes his lair,  
Or reindeer bounds, unseen,  
Thou'lt find his ready presence there,  
And know where God hath been.

All nature speaks of Him who made  
The earth and air and sky—  
The fruit that falls, the leaves that fade,  
The flowers that bloom to die.

The lofty mountain, lowly vale,  
And mighty forest trees—  
The rocks that battle with the gale,  
The ever rolling seas—

All tell the omnipresent Lord,  
The God of boundless might,  
By angels loved, by saints adored,  
Whose dwelling is the light!

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