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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XIX.]

MONTREAL, SEPT. 2, 1835.

[PRICE 2s.]

ESPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

THE KEMP GATHERER.

(Continued from page 13J.)

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely that the widow thought the morning would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the least circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front of the dwelling. She recognised the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news, good news, Mrs Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat!—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointin my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark—" the widow replied, endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The Sun! O my almighty Father, save me!"

"What's the matter? Don't you see them ma'am?"

"See them? the poor woman exclaimed, laying her hands on her eyes and shrieking

aloud in her agony—"Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed himself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come to you! Look, I have kept my word.

She strove, with a sudden effort of restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy, said she, laying her hand on his arm—"you are returned to my arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind.

The young man uttered a horrid & piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother?" he repeated—"O, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark for ever! Is it for this I have prayed and laboured? Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! O mother, mother."

"Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands.—Don't add to my sorrows. Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven.—Where are you? Come near me,

Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitation of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes, Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure that the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me.'

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.—'Well,—well,—my poor mother,' he said, 'I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and show no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—stroke.' Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife retiring soft to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted face upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and mournings of the younger mother. 'Is that my daughter's voice?' she asked—'place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom.' The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. 'Young and fair, I am sure,' the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. 'I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these?—Tears? My good child, you should dry our tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me feel them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh If I could open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little

instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing.'

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow-creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighbourhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she lay alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

'It is not over with me yet, sir,' she concluded, 'for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when my son says something pleasant, I try to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems: if I lost my sight over again!'

The surgeon discovered, on examination that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science render this disease, which was once held to

incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor widow replied, 'that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence.'

'Then,' replied her visitor, 'I may inform you that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected.'

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found necessary to inflict, had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow—

'I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness.'

The poor woman clasped her hand firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing an object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness

upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunken since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness—and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too, mingled with theirs. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the younger mother—the fresh and rosy colour of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movement of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced. Had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

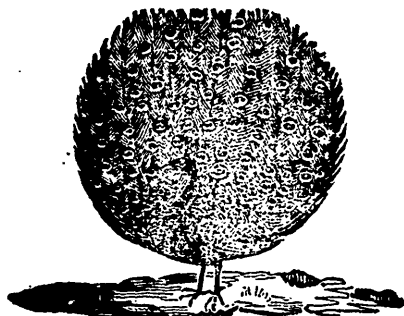
'Richard,' said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, 'did I not judge aright, when I said that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?'

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

The poet should cull from the garden of nature only those flowers that diffuse a healthful fragrance. No poisonous weed, however brilliant its hue, however delicious its perfume, should mingle in the wreath he wears.

PROVERB. — Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence there is safety.

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE PEACOCK:

The Peacock (*Pavo cristatus*) is a well known bird, a native of the East Indies & other parts of Asia, as well of several parts of Africa. It is peculiarly distinguished by having on its head a crest of twenty four feathers, and a single hard spur at the back of each leg. The male has, over its tail, several feathers, sometimes four or five feet in length, and each marked, at the extremity, with an eye like spot; the real tail consists of a range of short brown, and stiff feathers, which are beneath these.

In some parts of the East Indies the shooting of wild peacocks is not an uncommon diversion, and their size and heavy flight are such that it does not require a good marksman to bring them down.

Peacocks are mentioned, in the Sacred Writings, as constituting part of the cargoes of the fleet which conveyed the various treasures of the East to the court of King Solomon. They were so much esteemed for the table, by the Romans, that one person, who had devised a mode of fattening them, obtained thereby alone an annual income equal to about 500*l.* of our money. In England these birds were formerly introduced at sumptuous dinners, and sometimes the skin and all the feathers, particularly those of the tail, were kept to serve them up in. The flesh of the

old birds is coarse and unfit for food; but the young peafowls are at this day much esteemed by epicures.

The train feathers of the peacock are used among the Chinese for ornamental work of different kinds, and particularly for decorating the caps of the mandarims; and they are an article of traffic from the East Indies to that country. Peacocks' crests, in ancient times, were among the ornaments of the kings of England: and it appears from records that in lines to the crown, these crests were sometimes among the articles to be paid.

TRAVELS.

RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

(Continued from page 140)

After four hours digging perpendicularly from the summit, they discovered six beams of date tree wood running apparently into the centre of the mound. In half an hour after I pulled out a large earthen sarcophagus, nearly perfect, lined with bitumen, and filled with human bones; but on attempting to remove it, the vessel broke in pieces. This sarcophagus was larger and broader than any I had ever seen; being upwards of five feet in length, by three and a half diameter. On the slightest possible touch the bones became

white powder, & the pieces of date wood could scarcely withstand the same gentle handling without being converted into dust. From digging in an easterly direction, every five or six yards I verified Mr Rich's conjecture that the passage filled with earthen urns extends all along the northern front of the pile; though I could find no gallery filled with skeletons enclosed in wooden coffins; nor am I inclined to believe that any exist in this or any other ruin at Babylon.

The Mujelibah appeared to me to have an air of ancient grandeur, which, contrasted with the present solitude of the scene, cannot fail to temper the curiosity of the traveller with awe and reverence. On pacing over the loose stones and fragments of brick work which lay scattered through the immense fabric, and surveying the sublimity of the ruins, I naturally recurred to the time when these walls stood proudly in their original splendour; when the halls were the scenes of festive magnificence; and when they resounded to the voices of those whom death hath long since swept from the earth.

This very pile was once the seat of luxury and vice; now, abandoned to decay, and exhibiting a melancholy instance of the retribution of Heaven, it stands alone. The solitary habitation of the goatherd marks not the forsaken site. A projecting embankment surrounds it on the northeastern and northwestern sides. Two small canals enclose the western line, where the Euphrates is a distance a little more than half a mile.

The embankment, which is of great height and breadth, is strowed with vestiges of old buildings, and embraces a most extensive area commencing from the northwest of the Mujelibah, passing before its northern and eastern faces; and running due south for a quarter of a mile. Not far from the centre of this great area, formed by the embankment, stands a lofty elliptical mound, which I suppose to be the remains of the lesser palace. It extends three hundred and twenty five yards in length, one hundred and twenty five in breadth,

and sixty feet in height, and is composed of fragments of bright and red burnt bricks; and the Babylonian writing, instead of being on the smooth surface of the brick, appears along its edge, from three to eight lines: consequently the characters are smaller than the more abundant writing, and are altogether executed with great taste and delicacy.

Adjoining stands an enormous pile, which the natives have distinguished by the name of Al Kasr, or "The Palace," and which, next to the Mujelibah, is the most attractive and conspicuous object on this part of the river, rearing its rugged head seventy feet above the level of the plain. I feel confident that here lie the debris of the great western palace; for the ground of the eastern face of the river is low and soft, and indented, as if the river had wandered from its original course. Its form is very irregular; its length is eight hundred and twenty yards, and its breadth six hundred and ten. It is deeply furrowed throughout by ravines of great length, depth, and width, and crossing each other in every direction. Some are full sixty feet deep, which may be principally attributed to the Arabs, who were constantly at work to obtain the valuable bricks which, from the vicinity of the river, are with little trouble and expense conveyed to Hillah, or any towns north or south. In some of these artificial ravines, fragments of detached wall are still standing, composed of burnt bricks cemented together with bitumen, with their faces, or inscribed parts, placed downwards. The freshness of the inscriptions, on extracting many of the bricks, was amazing.

(To be continued.)

Benevolence imprints a godlike beauty upon the soul of man this feeling is opposed to every thing that is unworthy of our nature, and is that which immortal beings should be most anxious to cultivate and expand.

Serenity of temper is the mind's good health which we should always (as is clearly our interest) assiduously endeavour to preserve. d

RELIGIOUS.

(FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.)

Sir,—In looking over an old manuscript, I found the following article—which, with several others, are at your service.

J. A.

PIOUS CONTENTMENT

As a poor, pious man was sitting by his little fire one cold evening, with his wife—and children, he said to them, “I have been thinking a great deal to day about that part of Scripture, ‘The son of man hath not where to lay his head.’ How wonderful it is that we, who are so sinful, unworthy and helpless, should be more favoured than He was.

“It is wonderful indeed, father,” said the eldest girl, “for though our house is small, and our victuals scanty, compared with the houses and way of living of many persons, yet it seems that Jesus Christ was not so well provided for as we are.” “I am glad to hear you speak in that way, Sarah,” said the wife; how happy we are all in our little dwelling this cold night, and, as soon as we wish, we have beds to rest ourselves upon; there, sharp and piercing as the frost is, and bleak and stormy as the wind blows, we shall be comfortable and warm; and yet, the Son of man, as your father has just told us, “had not where to lay his head.” O that this thought may make us thankful for our many mercies. “Thomas” said the father, “reach that hymn which our minister gave you last Sabbath at the Sabbath School, and let us all join in singing it.” The whole company, father, mother, and children, then, with a glow of sacred love and pleasure, sung the hymn entitled, “The Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

What happiness in this poor contented and pious family. They approach their God with praises on their lips, for having given them a place where they can lay their head. How much more, then, ought those persons who live in stately dwellings, sing praises to their

Creator for having bestowed on them so many blessings.

THE BEAUTY OF RELIGION.

We are too apt to forget the responsibilities and commands of our holy religion. The world holds out to the erring foot, to the cheating eye, to the eager hand, many a bright lure, the real nature of which the mind does not pause to balance and consider, and which leads us onward and still onward over many a quaking bog and treacherous morass, and finally leaves us to wander in darkness and hopeless misery. How much of evil and distress should we escape if we always carefully kept in view the great truths and obligations of our religion! What pangs of a remorseful spirit, what reproaches of an uneasy conscience, what tortures of an anguished mind, should we escape if we always walked in the path prescribed by religion, and always observed the restraints which it has so clearly and forcibly prescribed to us! Regard them as we choose, whether we receive or reject, seek or avoid, assent or deny, the realities of heaven remain unalterable. Virtue in this life has its own reward, and crime is visited with its proper punishment; and, reasoning from analogy, and believing in the Scriptures, the beauty of virtue will be hereafter crowned with reward, and the deformity of vice will be punished with disgrace and infamy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SKETCH

A mother was kneeling in deep hush of evening at the couch of two infants whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings, and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit, yet rested on their red lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride, and then

as she continued to gaze on the lovely summerers, her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer solemnly, passionately earnest that the giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. And as the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passions. And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that He who was the fountain of all purity would preserve these whom He had given her in their perfect innocence permitting neither shame nor crime nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested from His hand as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in weakness of the spent spirit a pale shadowy form stood beside the infant sleepers.—‘I am death,’ said the spectre, ‘and I come for these babes. I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown, where neither stain nor dust nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them forever from contamination and decay.’ A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony shook the mother’s frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earth and passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the spectre.

‘Behold!’ said death, as he touched the fair forms, and the beauty of life gave place to a holier and yet deeper loveliness, ‘behold the smile of innocence is now for ever sealed. They will awaken where there is not her blight.

nor tempest.—And the benign power, whom we call the spoiler, bore away the now perfected blossoms of immortality to the far off sky.

SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S DEVOTIONS

The zeal, the self-denial, and sometimes even the humility of Heathens and Mahomedans, in their religious worship, rebuke the lukewarm and time-serving bodily service of many Christians. The following circumstance mentioned in a private letter, which took place some time ago in Morocco, one of the darkest seats of Islamism, may make many a British Christian blush, and the lesson taught by a despotic prince to a slave is well worthy the attention and reception of every christian.

‘A striking circumstance,’ this gentleman says, ‘occurred during my residence at the court of Morocco. The Sultan Mulai Soliman, conformably to his usual practice, visited the public mosque of Sair Yousif on a certain Friday, but being a little after time, the area of the mosque was crowded with worshippers to the very portico.

‘It happened, also, that the congregation were in the act of adoration (in a prostrate posture,) and the Sultan could barely find room for the ceremony, by squeezing his body amidst a motley group, who occupied the threshold, and that with great inconvenience, for his head, in lieu of touching the ground, repeatedly came in contact with the heels of a slave, who occupied the space before him. The man finding himself molested, left off the devotion to inquire into the occasion of it, but instantly recognising the features of the sovereign, he started upon his feet, and would have retired on one side, had he not been restrained by the forcible grasp by which the Sultan held his bayk, and again involuntarily dragged him into the posture he had quitted. When prayers was over, Mulai Soliman desired the attendance of the slave’s master, whom he reprimanded for not inculcating into the mind of the vassal a true knowledge of the ‘Ia of God.’ To the slave he said, ‘Mark these words which have a relation in common to the

class you belong to. On the throne—in the palace—in the city—or in the field, you shall know me for the sovereign-commander of the faithful, by day or by night. but in the mosque, or at devotions, you shall know me as I am. Neither shall you know your own master—for before God, the prince and the slave are equal, and must meet judgment according to their several actions, without distinction of rank."

The Mahomedan, in this instance showed greater reverence in worship than many professors of religion in this country discover in the appointed service of the Most High.

POETRY.

WHO LOVES ME BEST ?

(By Miss Brown.)

Who loves me best ?—my mother sweet,
Whose every look with love's replete ;
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,—
Who hath ever watch'd me tenderly ;
And yet I have heard my mother say,
That she some time must pass away :
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill ?—
Some one must love me better still !

Who loves me best ?—my father dear,
Who loveth to have me always near :
He, whom I fly each eye to meet,
When past away is the noontide heat ;
Who from the bank where sunbeam lies
Brings me the wild-wood strawberries.
Oh ! he is dear as my mother to me,—
But he will perish even as she.

Who loves me best ?—the gentle dove,
That I have tamed with my childish love,
That every one save myself doth fear,
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near ;
Yet perhaps it but loves me because I bring
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,
And hang green branches around the door :
Something, surely, must love me more !

Who loves me best ?—my sister fair,
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair ;

Who flowers around my head doth twine,
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine,
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,—
Can any love me better than she ?
Yet when asked, that sister confesseth,
Of all she did not love me the best ?

Who loves me best ?—my brother young,
With his healthy check and his lipping tongue :
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play
Far down the green wood's bushy way,
Who showed me were the hazel nuts grow,
And where the fairest field-flowers blow
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the
rest ;—
How shall I find who loves me the best ?

My mother loves me,—but she may die ;
My white dove loves me,—but that may fly ;
My father loves me—he may be changed ;
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged ;
If they should forsake me what should I do ?
Where should I bear my sad heart to ?
Some one surely would be my stay—
Some one must love me better than they.

Yes, fair child ! there is One above,
Who loves thee with an unchanged love :
He who form'd those frail dear things,
To which thy young heart fondly clings—
Even though all should forsake thee, still,
He would protect thee through every ill.
Oh, is not such love worth all the rest ?—
Child ! it is God who loves thee best.

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