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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XLI.]

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 13, 1836

[PRICE 2¢

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROSPEROUS CONDITION OF THE JEWS UNDER CHARLEMAGNE.

To the flourishing commerce of the Israelites, the extended dominions of Charlemagne opened a wide field: from the ports of Marseilles and Narbonne their vessels kept up a constant communication with the East: in Narbonne they were so flourishing, that of the two prefects or mayors of the city, one was always a Jew; and as we shall see presently, the most regular and stately part of the city of Lyons was the Jewish quarter. The superior intelligence and education of the Jews, in a period when nobles and kings, and even the clergy, could not always write their names, pointed them out for offices of trust. They were the physicians, the ministers of finances, to nobles and monarchs; and when Charlemagne, either with some secret political design or from an ostentatious show of magnificence, determined on sending an ambassador to the splendid Caliph, Haroun al Raschid, Europe and Asia beheld the extraordinary spectacle of a Jew, named Isaac, setting forth on this mission, with two Christian Counts, who died on the road, and conducting the political correspondence between the courts of Aix-la-Chapelle and Bagdad. It cannot be wondered if this embassy gave rise to the wildest speculation in that ignorant age, both as to its objects and its event. It was given out that the Caliph granted Judaea as a free gift to Charlemagne; others limit his generosity to Jerusalem, others to the key of the Holy Sepulchre. The secret objects probably never transpired beyond the councils of Charlemagne; but it was known that Isaac returned with presents of a wonderful nature from the east. Among these was an enormous elephant, of such importance that his death is faithfully chronicled by the monkish annalists—apes, a clock, and some rich robes, doubtless of silk. Isaac acquitted himself with such ability, that

he was intrusted by his imperial protector with another mission to the same quarter.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower over which it clapped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said, 'look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest.' The child answered, 'I see a little book.' And Memory said, 'I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that will be sweet to thee when thou art old.'

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, 'Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile as sweet as the pretty lay I sing thee.'

But Memory said, 'Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we shall be to him as sisters all his life long.'

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams. When he woke, they came, with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But, at length Age found him and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered.—Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously and said, 'Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted thee with?'

And she answered, 'I fear so; for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am

wear and sleepy, and Time purloins my key. But the gems that thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are,

While they thus sadly converséd, Hope put forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors.

Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form and said,

Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine, Jesus hath redeemed it.—MRS. SICOURNEY.

INFANCY.

What is more beautiful than an infant? Look at its spotless brow—at its soft and ruddy lips—which have never uttered an unkind word, and its laughing eye, as it rests on the breast of its fond mother. See it has stretched out its white hand and is playfully twisting her hair around its tiny fingers. Ah! let us look at an infant. It is endued with life; the very counterpart of love. It requires nothing but the pleasant look of its mother, and her warm kiss upon its lily cheek to make it happy. You may talk to it of sorrow, of misery, or death—but your words are unmeaning. It has never felt the chill of disappointment; it has never withered beneath the pang of affliction—and its guiltless heart knows nothing of the emptiness and heartlessness of the world. Oh, that the cup might be broken ere it be lifted to those lips!

ASTRONOMY.

THE MOON.

(Continued from our last.)

Every particular connected with the disk of the Moon is interesting, and in many respects astonishing. Her mountainous scenery is awfully grand. Huge masses of rock rise perpendicularly from the plains, tower to an immense height and reflect the rays of the Sun as from a steel mirror. These rocks appear perfectly naked, or destitute of any kind of

soil and vegetation. In these stupendous and terrific rocks are discovered rents and ravines, as if split or separated asunder by some tremendous earthquake or volcano; and numberless large fragments of rocks are seen near the base of these frightful eminences, as if they had been detached by some extraordinary shock or convulsion.

The surface of the Moon is admirably calculated to reflect the light of the Sun upon the Earth. If her surface were smooth and level the reflected light would not have been so luminous and diffusive, and the Earth would have been but indifferently supplied with light in the absence of the Sun. But owing to her surface, this inconvenience is prevented. Her stupendous range of mountains, whose summits rise to an immense height; her lofty, rugged, bare, perpendicular, and in some part bold and projecting rocks—her numerous, deep and extensive hollows or cavities, containing insular mountains, whose towering tops receive the first rays of the Sun—her ridges, or rather mountains, encircling these deep hollows or cavities: all contribute to reflect the rays of the Sun to all sides, and to diffuse light to every part of the Earth in the course of every lunation.

The diameter of the Moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty-one miles; and as solid bodies are to each other as the cubes of their diameters, the magnitude of the Moon is to that of the Earth as one to forty-one.

The Moon is twenty-four thousand miles from the centre of the Earth; and moves from any fixed star to the same star, in twenty-seven days, seven hours, forty-three minutes, and eleven seconds. This is called her sidereal revolution.

Her periodical revolution is the time in which she passes through the twelve signs of the zodiac—or from the equinoctial point to her return to the same—This is performed in twenty seven days, seven hours, forty three minutes, and four seconds. The difference between her sidereal and periodical revolution is caused by the precession of the equinoxes.

Her synodical revolution is the time in which she passes through her different changes, or from one conjunction with the Sun to the other. This is performed in twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty four minutes, and two seconds.

RELIGIOUS.

MIRACLES AND MARVELS.

If miracles be caused, yet marvels will never cease. There is no creature in the world wherein we may not see enough to wonder at; for there is no worm in the earth, no spire of grass, no leaf, no twig, wherein we may not see the footsteps of a Deity. The best visible creatures is men; now, what man is he that can make but a hair or a straw, much less any sensitive creature; so as no less than an infinite power is seen in every object that presents itself to our eyes. If, therefore, we look only upon the outside of these bodily substances and do not see God in every thing, we are no better than brutish; making use merely of our sense, without the least improvement of our faith or reason. Contrary, then, to the opinion of those men who hold that a wise man should admire nothing, I say that a man truly wise and good should admire every thing.

ON THE SABBATH.

Without reference to the divine origin of the Sabbath, the appropriation of one day of the week for religious and moral instruction, for reflection on our duties, our errors, and the means of amendment, for reviewing our condition here, and weighing our hopes hereafter, seems the wisest institution for the promotion of virtue and happiness. It is thus alone that the hard-wrought labourer finds leisure to receive instruction, or to communicate to his children the fruit of his experience—while the eager man of business, as well as the abandoned libertine, meeting with these frequent intervals of religious worship, are led to think of their duties, as well as of their gains or their pleasures. From this spring of instruction and serious reflection, knowledge and good morals naturally flow, and the blessings of a wise and vigorous government become inviolable, because they become thoroughly understood.

Avoid as much as you can the company of all vicious persons whatever; for no vice is alone, and all are infectious.

This liberty in conversation (fiction and exaggeration) defeats its own end; much of the pleasure and all the benefit of conversation depends upon our opinion of the speaker's veracity.

NATURAL HISTORY.

FIDELITY AND MATERNAL ATTACHMENT.

A celebrated preacher, named Bucholz, who resided at Hasmark in Hungary, had occasion to go to the village of Eperies, distant about twenty English miles from his own place of abode. He travelled on foot, and took with him a small terrier bitch then in the last week of her pregnancy. After having been detained several days at Eperies by floods, he was compelled to return home without his dog, which in the mean time had brought forth a litter of five puppies. He had not been in the house an hour, when to his surprise the bitch came in bearing a puppy in her mouth, which she carefully placed upon the mat where she ordinarily lay, and immediately rushed out of the house again on the road to Eperies. In the space of twenty-four hours, she went and returned four times more; on each occasion bringing home a puppy in her mouth. It is hardly necessary to state that the puppies were quite dead as the mother brought them into the house. As the poor creature laid the last puppy upon the mat, she could scarcely stand for weariness—she whined and trembled, looking pitifully upon her dead puppies—and after walking once or twice round the mat, she laid herself down beside them, and died in a few minutes. In twenty-four hours the animal had run about 180 miles.

RANK AMONGST VULTURES.

Many of our readers will have seen in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, the magnificent bird of prey called the King Vulture. It is a native of South America. Mr. Wateron, an amusing traveller and naturalist, among many curious remarks respecting this bird, has the following anecdote: He had killed in the forest a large snake, which, becoming putrid, attracted about twenty of the common vultures, who all came and perched on a tree in its neighbourhood. Then the king of the vultures came too; and I observed that none of the common ones seemed inclined to begin breakfast till his majesty had finished. When he had consumed as much snake as nature informed him would do him good, he retired to the top of a high mora-free, and then all the common vultures fell to, and made a hearty meal.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. 'Our Father which act in heaven!' might the good man say—or he felt it; and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr. —, 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyment of the world—yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess—and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, and lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks I am allied to God.' It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to digression. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the man-

ners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. —, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snow, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.

'They are not seen in Flanders!' said Mademoiselle, with a sigh.

'That's an odd remark,' said Mr. —, smiling.

She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy. but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence—and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva—the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter on his former visit was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains on a part of which they often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was that in silence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies when the latter drew their pens in controversy they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from

the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of — want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years they had been separated by his joining, one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's, but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the waves, that seemed to proceed from the house — it moved slowly along as he passed, up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it

shone from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture:

On Mr. —'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir? you never beheld a lover.'

'La Roche!' exclaimed he, in reply.

'Alas! it was she, indeed!'

The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came closer to Mr. —.

'I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.'

'Acquainted with her! Good God! when — how — where did she die? Where is her father?'

'She died, sir, of heart break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him.'

He followed the man without answering. The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased. La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. — was not less affected than they. La Roche arose.

'Father of mercies!' said he, 'forgive these tears: assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee — to lift to thee the souls of thy

people? My friends, it is good so to do— at all seasons it is good, but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well said the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord—at all times trust in the Lord.'

When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use—for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings—but therefore may I the more willingly be heard—therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you—to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears—not speculation, but from experience—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

'You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years. Such a child, too? it becomes not me to speak of her virtues: yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy—ye who are parents will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me—I see the hand of my father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope—we know that the Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrows is unknown and happiness is as endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me, I have not lost my child—but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children; would ye that I should not grieve without comfort?

So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.'

Such was the exhortation of La Roche—his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord—his countenance had lost its sadness and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr. — followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past—at the sight of him the scenes they had just met in, rushed again on his mind—La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected, they went together, in silence, into the parlor where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open: La Roche started back at the sight.

'Oh! my friend!' said he, and his tears burst forth again.

Mr. — had now recollected himself: he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand,

'You see my weakness,' said he, 'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.'

'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.'

'It is, my friend,' said he, 'and I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force—if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Mr. —'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness—when, amidst all the pleasure of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

TRAVELS.

ORIENTAL CEMETRIES AND FUNERAL RITES.

Few persons are so entirely resigned to insensibility, as to survey without emotion the remains of a fellow mortal consigned to the cold and silent grave. At such times, we might suppose that reflection would force itself upon the most thoughtless; and that, from

viewing the termination of life in the instance of one of their friends or neighbours, men would pass, by a natural transition, to the contemplation of their own latter end. In Turkey, the places and rites of sepulture have an affecting prominence and solemnity connected with them, scarcely equalled in Christendom. In general, the dead are interred in very spacious cemeteries contiguous to towns and villages. There appear to be two cities placed side by side—the city of the living, and the city of the dead and the population of the latter far exceeds that of the former.

The Turkish cemeteries around Smyrna cover a very considerable space of ground. They may be recognised at a distance by the lofty and sombre phalæx of cypress trees, which are always the favourite attendant on Turkish graves. The Jews have also covered the face of a very large hill, rising above the city of Smyrna, with the stones which notes the place where the earthly remains of their deceased countryman are deposited. There is a desolation and forlorn appearance presented by this spot, unsheltered as it is by a single tree, which is in striking contrast with the thick shade and beautiful order of the Turkish place of burial. It shows, that even in death, the Jew is not exempt from the contempt and oppression of which he could not divest himself whilst living.

The immense burying-grounds of the Turks on the Asiatic side of Constantinople have been much celebrated by travellers. There is also a cemetery of the Armenians close to Pera, where the eye beholds, to a wide extent, stone after stone glittering upon innumerable graves—whilst thick spreading trees extend their branches and their shade over them. A silent awe pervades the mind in the contemplation of the scene—and the feeling is often increased by the new arrival of corpses which are to be deposited by the side of their ancestors. In walking among these graves Armenian females are not unfrequently seen weeping over the last abode of a husband, a father, or a friend. The interment of a corpse according to the ritual of the Church of England is a striking solemnity in Turkey. On passing through the streets to the place of burial, innumerable eyes of strangers, of a diversity of nations, gaze fixedly upon the scene. All is still. The pur-

suits of business are suspended—a lucid interval appears to be imparted to the delirium of folly and sin—and when the muffled drum and martial step, which accompany to the dust the body of an English sailor, add their interest to the procession, the feelings of spectators are wrought up to no common pitch of excitement. During the reading of the burial service, more especially at Constantinople, where the English burial-ground is in a place exceedingly public, a solemn attention arrests all present, even though to few the language is intelligible. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Christians, appear to have forgotten their animosities, and, at the grave of death, to have recollected that a common fate awaits them all. However distinct they may be from each other in the enjoyments and attainments of life, and however they may differ in what is much more momentous, the prospects of immortality, still there is an awful uniformity, which unites in one inseparable communion the men of all ranks, of all ages, and of all religions—‘Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.’

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS.

SLANDER.

There is but one effectual way to cure slander, or rather to disarm and neutralize it, and that is by living it down. If you attempt to oppose it by positive agency, you but increase its malignity, and to a certain extent, are contaminated with its spirit. It is not in the power of a traducer to ruin the character of a truly upright man, who pursues the even tenor of his way, bent on having a good conscience, and acquitting himself in the eye of God.

It can hardly be expected runaway matches will end happily—as a female will seldom preserve gentleness and obedience to her husband, when she has exhibited such a want of them to the authors of her being.

What we know too roughly we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms.

As thrashing separates corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE COMMISSION.

And sent them two and two before his face
into every city and place whither he himself
would come.

Go forth! in the name of the Holy One go,
And call to repentance all Adam's lost race;
Ye have freely received, and as freely bestow,
The knowledge of God, of his mercy and
grace.

Fear not that exhaustion your store shall sus-
tain—

With heavenly wisdom your minds I'll supply;
The mountain before you shall sink to a plain.
The crooked be straighten'd, the waters made
dry;

The desert shall blossom and bud as the rose,
The beauty of Carmel the vallies adorn,
The myrtle shall spring where the wild brier
grows,

The fir-tree shall flourish instead of the thorn.

The brightness of morning the darkness suc-
ceed,

The Sun of Salvation his beaming display;
The lamb and the lion together shall feed,
And Messiah shall reign with unlimited sway.

Go forth—and to every creature proclaim
The life-giving words of this Gospel of mine.
Baptising them all in the thrice blessed name
Of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit Di-
vine.

Go forth—in the strength of the Holy One
go—

Your steps I will follow, your labours I'll
bless;

And when you've accomplished my purpose
below,

Ye life everlasting with me shall possess.

A. S. S. T.

Montreal, February 8.

THE SECRET PRAYER.

It was a still and solemn hour
In an isle of the Southern Seas,
And slowly the shades of night were swept
Away by the morning breeze,
When a lonely son of Britain stood
With cheek and brow of care,
Seeking amid the solitude
A place for secret prayer.

No ear to hear in that silent glen,

No eye but the ~~eye of God~~—
Yet the giant fern gave back a voice
As forth the wanderer trod;

They were broken words that met his ear,
And a name was mingled there—
It was the name of Christ he heard,
And the voice of secret prayer,

A native of that savage isle
From the depth of his full heart cried
For mercy, for help, in the hour of need,
For faith in the Crucified!

And peace and hope were in those tones,
So solemnly sweet they were,
For He who answers while yet we call
Had blest that secret prayer.

The morning dawned on that lonely spot,
But a far more glorious day

Came with the accents of prayer and praise
On the Indian's lips that lay.

The first, the first who had called on God
In those regions of Satan's care,

The first who had breathed in his native tongue
The language of secret prayer.

And he who that sacred music heard,
The missionary lone—

O! the joy that thrilled thro' his yearning
heart

By a stranger may not be known:
But he knelt, and blest the hand that sent,

In the hour of his deep despair,
Comfort and strength to his fainting soul
With the voice of that secret prayer.

EASTERN LUXURY.

In Bartolomeo's Voyage to the East Indies;
he says, that the heat at Calcutta is so exces-
sive, that the Company's clerks, when writing
letters, "are obliged to sit naked, immersed
up to the neck in large vessels, into which cold
water is continually pumped by slaves from a
well!"

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