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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XIV.]

MONTREAL, JULY 29, 1835.

[PRICE 2s.]

TO OUR READERS.

We gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity to express our gratitude for the liberal share of encouragement the INSTRUCTOR has received during the past quarter; and beg to assure our friends and the public generally, that no exertions shall be spared on our part to render this little work increasingly interesting. Our friends would confer a favour by using their exertions to increase our list of subscribers. An extra number of copies of the present number has been thrown off, for the accommodation of such as may be desirous of subscribing; there are also thirty or forty files of the last quarter remaining, which may be had by making early application.

We must also return our thanks to those kind friends who have furnished us with original articles; and respectfully solicit the continuance of those favours. We hope the number of our correspondents will greatly increase during the present quarter.

It is intended to enlarge the INSTRUCTOR so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to warrant the additional expense.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

The majestic elm cast its shadow along the ground, in token of the approach of twilight, when a "dearborn," containing a middle-aged gentleman and his favourite dog, halted at a small cottage in the village of B—. He had travelled slow and far, having in view a precise object, but one, as yet, undiscovered by the inquisitive people, to whom he was an utter stranger. Unlike, therefore, what the mere listless tourist experiences, to him each

sight and sound was somewhat remarkable. The cottage, or rather hovel, standing in his present view, seemed fast yielding defiance to the storms of time, its roof sinking beneath a thick superincumbent bed of moss, and its two front windows being mostly boarded up to exclude wind and rain, at the almost total, though unavoidable, eclipse of daylight.— Within this tomb of a dwelling, as fortune often inappropriately decrees, was old age! What a shelter for human infirmity! Yet while literally, almost, under the sod, the crippled inmate, to some extent, was living anxiously and diligently—though like his but irreparably decayed, still waiting, with an admirable philosophy, the 'last great change' of a checkered and protracted existence.

To strangers, perhaps, the Solitary and his abode would be more the objects of interest, from curiosity or generosity, than to the neighbourhood. Some care little for the comfort of such octogenarians, considering them ever cumbersome and troublesome; while others, from the engagements of the present or their anxiety for the future, absolutely neglect them. Much after this manner was the aged person in question regarded by his vicinage, who, looking only at the squalid side of poverty, were disposed, in the pride and selfishness of life, to shun any closer acquaintance. His rise, progress and fall in the world, the virtues of his heart and liberal education of his mind, were, therefore, almost entirely unknown. In this new country of ours, all know what changes a few years produce in village 'neighbourhoods,' as they are so properly called—where the old 'die off,' and the young 'marry off'—where enterprise subsides, revives or removes—where, indeed, many a scene may transpire much resembling that here

described: Our traveller, too, every where had noted the 'improvements of the age,' and often mistaken his way by reason of new churches and new roads, or the non-existence of long known and well known landmarks. Truly, then, a survivor of stabler times, like this poor, solitary man, was happier, after all, in his seclusion; preserving thus a quiet mind, and avoiding the discontent and fermentation of a jealous, divided and restless parish.

Giving a sprightly leap, the traveller alighted from his vehicle, and secured his horse at one of the trees before the dwelling above mentioned. Pausing awhile, as if to recollect himself, he left his dog in charge, and at once entered the house, without manifesting the slightest distrust at its appearance. Nay, impressed with respect for age and commiseration for poverty he immediately acknowledged their claims by the kind civility of his address. 'I hope,' said he, observing the occupant had just on his entrance left stirring his evening mess at the fire—'I hope I have not intruded here, worth a friend, or come at an unseasonable time.'

'No—oh, no!—not at all, sir,' replied the old man in a treble negative, lest the introduction should seem half as singular as it really was.

'I have travelled far, and inquired much hereabout, with little success,' continued the gentleman, rapidly surveying the room,— 'I wish you would tell me among other things, before I go there, who resides in yonder white house upon the swell of land, this side of the district school? You have probably chronicled the town's history in your mind half a century back.'

'Oh,' exclaimed the Solitary, 'tis just half a century all the home I've had has been here. They call the owner of that place Ralph Spunge, whom, had it the right with the might, the town of B—— would soon drum out of its precincts. He is my landlord, sir, and will expel this old carcase from its pig sty residence the very next week if his rent is not id; as he hath himself this day sworn.'

The traveller seemed both startled and exasperated at the information so frankly communicated, and begged the venerable man to sit down, inquired when this sharper came into possession of the mansion alluded to, & what had become of the former owner. But to these queries, as if unwilling, or forbidden by some secret obligation, to reply more directly, an answer simply was given confessing how poorly he remembered, in general, the date of transactions. The anxious interrogator, however, impatiently observing his evasive manner, again asked when the white mansion changed proprietors, adding that he had a faint idea of purchasing it, if for sale.

'You may call it ten years,' answered the old man, who in spite of his caution overlooked the apparent knowledge the stranger had betrayed of the former owner, in his desire that the estate should change hands again, of which he now had the pleasing hope.

'An undoubted title would be given, if sold?' asked the stranger, looking full in the cottager's face.

'Why—to tell the truth—' hesitatingly replied the man of years: my landlord 'may not be the rightful owner as you're thinking; The place is called his—he lives on it—and wants to sell. I suppose, bating the warranty.'

There was something in the manner and meaning of the Solitary, which could not fail to fill his visitor with alarming, though vague, apprehensions. It was under their gloomy influence that the latter felt his anticipations to be as evanescent in their nature as that beautiful golden and purple light, which was now lingering in the west. For a moment a tear glistened in his intelligent eye, forced from that fountain within, ever pure and relieving—sympathy with nature. But he had tasted of another fountain—the bitter waters of adversity—enough to master such tender emotions by the most energetic self-control: and now he could imagine that he was cherishing feelings that were, or would prove to be, wholly groundless; so easily might the current of thought be directed.

'But just now,' continued he, 'you called this town B—; can I have mistaken my way, by your new roads, to N—?'

'O, you will travel the globe over,' said the Solitary, 'and never find the good old town of N—that was; names, as well as men and things, have wofully changed here in my day, & a farm's figure is never the same two generations. Have you any acquaintance here, sir?'

'I presume not,' muttered the traveller, over whose features a shade of gloom collected.

'Your tour is one of pleasure, then?'

A moment's pause of deep thoughtfulness satisfied the traveller it was useless longer to act the stranger, if he was to obtain the information so much desired from the glimpse-like facts already elicited. Impelled, therefore, by this sudden conclusion, he started up, and grasping the cottager's quivering hand, exclaimed—'Willie, you have wholly forgotten me, I see, but if you will tell me all you know of the Herbert family, whom I once knew, all their history for twenty years past, I'll pay your rent; left, as I fear you are, designedly, to be wretched on the stream of chance.'

In vain did the confused and wandering octogenarian strive to recall some recollection of his generous visitor. He had learned to bear with indifference the cold world's neglect, and nothing had occurred, hitherto, at his retreat, to beguile his regular course of life. To him, of course, this introduction was a remarkable event, and its object, now fully avowed, occasioned within him no little agitation. A suspicion of deception and his own habit of reserve would restrain him from the desired disclosure, to which he was nevertheless urged by the natural kindness of his heart—now he would drum with his staff on the floor, and now brush across his brow its crowning locks of the whiteness of snow, as if at the successive moments willing and unwilling to proceed. 'My poor memory,' said he at length, 'retains little of the past. I will ask no reasons for your anxiety to know what it is a grief to me to speak; and as you knew the family once, you shall have an outline of their story. (To be continued.)

TRAVELS.

A VISIT TO ATHENS.

I passed my last evening among the magnificent ruins on the banks of the Ilissus.—I am looking more for the amusing than the useful in my rambles about the world; but I freely say I never have met with an equal number of my fellow-creatures who seemed to me so indisputably & purely useful as those at the mission station. The most cavilling mind must applaud their devoted sense of duty, bearing up against exile from country and friends, privations, trial of patience, and the many, many ills inevitable to such an errand in a foreign land, while even the coldest politician would find in their efforts the best promise for an enlightened renovation of Greece.

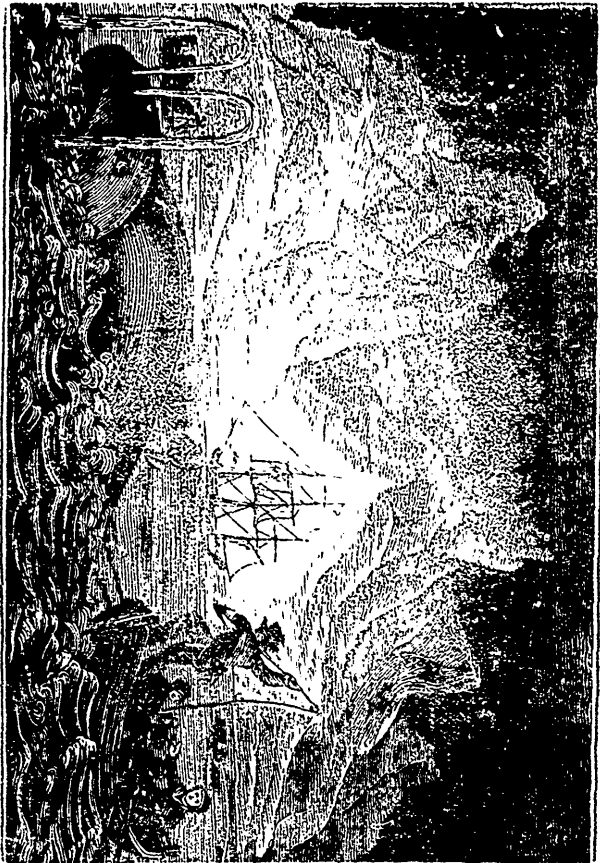
Long after the twilight thickened immediately about us, the lofty Acropolis stood up bathed in a glow of light from the lingering sunset. I turned back to gaze upon it with an enthusiasm I had thought laid on the shelf with my half-forgotten classics. The intrinsic beauty of the ruins of Greece—the loneliness of situation, and the delightful climate in which to use Byron's expression, they are "buried," invest them with an interest which surrounds no other antiquities in the world. I rode on, repeating to myself Milton's beautiful description:

'Look! on the Egean a city stands.
Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens—the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence; native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks or shades.
See, there the olive groves of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer
long.
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the
sound
Of bees' industrious murmurs, oft invite
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream; within the walls
there view

The schools of ancient sages, his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world."

NATURAL HISTORY

MANNER OF TAKING THE GREAT GREENLAND WHALE.



The Great Greenland Whale is the fish, for taking which there are such preparations made in different parts of Europe. It is a large heavy animal, and the head alone makes a third of its bulk. It is usually found from 60 to 70 feet long. The fins on each side are from five to eight feet, composed of bones and muscles, and sufficiently strong to give the great mass of body which they move, speed and ac-

tivity. Their tail is about twenty-four feet broad; and, when the fish lies on one side, its blow is tremendous. The skin is smooth and black, and, in some places, marbled with white and yellow; which, running over the surface, has a very beautiful effect.

The cleft of the mouth is above twenty feet long, which is near one third of the animal's whole length; and the upper jaw is furnished

with barbs, that lie, like the pipes of an organ, the greatest in the middle, and the smallest on the sides. These compose the whale-bone, the longest spars of which are found to be not less than eighteen feet. The whale-fishery begins in May, and continues all June and July; but whether the ships have good or bad success, they must come away and get clear of the ice, by the end of August; so that in the month of September at farthest they may be expected home; but a ship that meets with a fortunate and early fishery in May can return in June and July.

The manner of taking whales at present is as follows:—Every ship is provided with six boats, and an harpooner, whose business is to strike the whale with his harpoon. Two of these boats are kept constantly on the watch at some distance from the ship, fastened to pieces of ice, and are relieved by others every four hours. As soon as a whale is perceived, both the boats set out in pursuit of it, and if either of them can come up before the whale finally descends, which is known by his throwing up his tail, the harpooner discharges his harpoon at him. There is no difficulty in choosing the place where the whale is to be struck, as some have asserted; for these creatures only come up to the surface in order to spout up the water, or blow, as the fishermen term it, and therefore always keep the soft and vulnerable part of their bodies above water. As soon as the whale is struck, the men set up one of their oars in the middle of the boat as a signal to those in the ship. On perceiving this the watchman alarms all the rest with the cry of fall! fall! upon which all the other boats are immediately sent out to the assistance of the first.

The whale, finding himself wounded, runs off with prodigious violence. Sometimes he descends perpendicularly; at others goes off horizontally, at a small depth below the surface. The rope which is fastened to the harpoon is about 200 fathoms long, and properly coiled up, that it may freely be given out as there is a demand for it. At first, the velocity with

which this line runs over the side of the boat is so great, that it is wetted, to prevent its taking fire; but in a short time the strength of the whale begins to fail, and the fishermen, instead of letting out more rope, strive as much as possible to pull back what is given out already, though they always find themselves necessitated to yield at last to the efforts of the animal, to prevent his sinking their boat. If he runs out the 200 fathoms of line contained in one boat, that belonging to another is immediately fastened to the end of the first, and so on; and there have been instances, where all the rope belonging to the six boats has been necessary, though that quantity is seldom required. The whale cannot stay long below water, but again comes up to blow; and being now much fatigued and wounded, stays longer above water than usual. This gives another boat time to come up with him, and he is again struck with an harpoon. He again descends, but with less force than before; and when he comes up again, is generally incapable of descending, but suffers himself to be wounded and killed with long lances which the men are provided with for the purpose. He is known to be near death when he spouts up the water deeply tinged with blood.

RELIGIOUS.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

CHRIST, THE WORD.

In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God and the word was God, John i. 1.

Whence John derived this term is a matter of disagreement among the learned. Some suppose he borrowed it from Plato, who flourished about 400 B. C. or from Philo, a learned Jew of Alexandria, who lived 80 years before the Christian era. Others again, on better grounds, maintain that he uses the name as he found it among the most eminent writers of his own nation, and particularly in what are called the Targums or Paraphrases of the Law and the Prophets.

These Paraphrasts generally make use of the word *memra* which signifies Word, in those places where Moses puts the name **JEHOVAH**, and it is thought that under this term they intended to intimate the second person of the Trinity. The Jewish Rabbins, too, translate it 'Dabar Jehovah' or 'the Word of Jehovah.' The reason why our Lord is designated the Word may be given thus.

1. As words are the images of our thoughts, so is God the son the image of God the Father, 'the express image of his person.'

2. As words are the channels through which we communicate what is passing in our minds, so is He the grand medium of communication between the Creator and the creature; like Jacob's ladder, he connects heaven and earth. He is "the way the truth and the life." Indeed, under preceding dispensations there appears to have been few, very few manifestations of the Father. The Targumists above alluded to, say it was this *memra* or word which created the world, which appeared to Abraham on the plains of Mamre, that was seen of Jacob at Bethel, to whom Jacob made his vow and acknowledged as God, Gen. 23, 20, 'If God will be with me and keep me in the way that I go—then shall the Lord be my God.' It was the same Word which appeared to Moses on mount Sinai; which gave him the Law; which spake to him face to face; which brought Israel out of Egypt; which marched before the people, and who wrought all the miracles recorded in the book of Exodus. These truths are as plainly taught in the New Testament. We are there informed that by him and for him, were all things created; that he was the Angel who spake to Moses from the bush, revealing himself by a name importing absolute and supreme divinity—"I am that I am," "before Abraham was I am;" that it was the same Divine personage who went with the Israelites in the wilderness, "they drank of that Rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."

Isaiah, in the remarkable vision recorded in the 6th chapter of his prophecies, beheld the

Lord adored by the Angelic choir, who "cried Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts, &c." and the Evangelist John in his Gospel tells us that He whom Isaiah saw on that occasion was none other than our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

3. He is called the Word because he is the great subject matter of revelation, "to him give all the Prophets witness,—and the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

4. He is the Word by whom we are taught—the Word by whom we are called—the word which says I will be thou clean—and the Word which maketh intercession for us at the right hand of the Majesty on high:

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.

The following beautiful lines were the last ever written by the late Mrs. Hemans; they breathe that pure spirit of devotion which characterized all she wrote. The Dublin University Magazine, says "they are the last verses ever dictated by her, which she sent us a few days previous to her death"—the last tones of the dying swain:

"Nobly thy song, O minstrel, rushed to meet

Th' ETERNAL on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him as a mantle cast,
And cherubin to waft his flying seat

Amidst the hills that smok'd beneath his feet.

With trumpet voice thy spirit called aloud;
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat

And the bent cedars and the bursting cloud,
But far more gloriously to earth made known
By that high strain, than by the thunders tone,

The flashing torrents or the ocean's rill;
JEHOVAH spoke through the imbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire

With the deep worship of a living soul."
Dublin, April, 1835.

In the works of nature we never discover a train of contrivances to bring about an evil purpose:

MONTREAL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

	SCHOLARS.		Total of Boys' Girls each School	Grand Total
	Boys	Girls		
Methodist—Central School,	123	110	233	
“ “ Quebec Suburbs,	0	0	142	
“ “ Current St. Mary,	0	0	30	
“ “ St. Lawrence Suburbs,	33	42	80	
“ “ Griffin Town,	30	25	74	519
Protestant Episcopal,	133	91	229	
Presbyterian—American—No. 1,	86	107	183	229
“ “ “ “ No. 2,	0	0	31	
“ “ “ “ No. 3,	0	0	21	
“ “ “ “ No. 4,	0	0	72	321
“ “ Scotch—St. Gabriel Street,	63	59	127	
“ “ “ “ St. Peter Street,	46	40	86	213
“ “ “ “ St. Helen's Street,*	0	0	0	
Baptist—St. Helen's Street,	51	69	101	101
Independent—St. Maurice Street,	46	80	120	120
Free Congregational—St. Maurice Street,	137	70	200	230
Whole number,				1703

The principle of the present system of Sabbath School teaching is to impart religious knowledge only, and that in the most engaging and affectionate manner; and the necessity, the high importance of every Christian who has the peace and happiness of his fellow-creatures at heart, giving the cause his earnest support, must be evident. In many countries at the present time, particularly in Scotland and the United States, many eminent public characters and other highly respected individuals, not only feel it their duty to aid and encourage this Christian work by visiting the schools, but are frequently to be seen as teachers of a class; and certainly, when we reflect upon this simple means of doing good, open to us all; and the important result that is confidently to be expected, we may well exclaim, with a late writer, that "in the present day, opportunities of doing good are so brought home to every individual, that if any one is contenting himself with

* Number could not be obtained.

the determination of going to Heaven by himself, and let others alone, he probably needs no other evidence to prove that he is not a Christian at all."

EARLY RISING.

The present beautiful season of the year, when the mornings are long, and peculiarly pleasant, is the time when this subject may be advantageously considered in a practical way.

Early rising is a habit so easily acquired, so necessary to the dispatch of every business, so advantageous to health, and so important to devotion, that except in cases of necessity, it cannot be dispensed with by any prudent and diligent man.

Thanks to the goodness of God, and the fostering hands of our kind parents, this habit is so formed in some of us, that we should think it a cruel punishment to be confined to our beds after the usual early hour. Let us prize and preserve this profitable practice; and let us habituate all our children and servants to consider lying in bed after daylight as one of the ills of the aged and the sick, and not as an enjoyment to people in a state of perfect health.

If any of us have been so unfortunate as to have acquired the idle habit of lying late in bed, let us get rid of it. Nothing is easier. A habit is nothing but a repetition of single acts; and bad habits are to be broke as they were formed, that is, by degrees. Let a person accustomed to sleep till eight in the morning, rise the first week in April at a quarter before eight, the second week at half after seven, the third at a quarter after seven, and the fourth at seven; let him continue this method till the end of July, subtracting one quarter of an hour each week from sleep; and he will accomplish the work that at first sight appears so difficult. It is not a stride, it is a succession of short steps, that convey us from the foot to the top of a mountain. Early rising is a great gain of time; and should the learner just now supposed, rise all the harvest month at four instead of eight, he would make that month equal five weeks of his former indolent life.

Death is a judgment, that leaves a man no more land than his grave, no more clothes than his shroud, no more house than his coffin.

Diseases are the pioneers of death, to break the way for his approach.

POETRY.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

O! there are moments when the cares of life

Press on the wearied spirit; when the heart is fainting in the conflict, and the crown, The bright, immortal crown, for which we strive,

Shines dimly through the gathering mists of earth.

Then, voices of the dead! sweet, solemn voices!

How have I heard ye, in my inmost soul. Voices of those, who, while they walked on earth,

Were link'd unto my spirit, by the ties Of pure affection—love more strong than death—

Ye cry, "F frail child of earth—tried, tempted one—

Shrink not, despond not, strive as we have striven

In the stern conflict—yet a little while, And thou shalt be as we are—thou shalt know How far the recompense transcends the toil."

Sweet sister! thou wert parted from my side,

Ere yet one shade had dimm'd thy loveliness— While still the holy light of innocence

Was radiant round thee—thou hast pass'd away In purity unsullied, to His bosom,

Who, in his love, said, "Suffer little children To come unto me, and forbid them not."

Mine only sister! thou art calling me— By all a sister's love, by every hope

Which wither'd at thy tomb to bloom in heaven,

To that bright home, where all the sever'd links

Of the dear household band again shall join, Nor through eternity the silver chain Of purity, and love, and peace, be broken.

Friend of my youth! how lately in thy beauty

And gladness, thou wert with me! Life's young flowers

Were budding round us; now, my lips have press'd

Their last, sad kiss upon thy pale, calm brow, And the delight of many eyes is hid In the dark house of death. My friend! my friend!

'Tis thy sweet voice is pleading—shall the hope Which tinged, as with a ray of heavenly light, The clouds which gather'd round the parting hour—

The blessed hope of meeting thee again, Where death is not, be lightly cast away?

My mother! O my mother! thoughts of thee

Come o'er my spirit, like the dews of heaven Upon the fainting flowers. Best belov'd Of all the dear departed! to thy child

Thine image rises, in thy mournful sweetness And touching beauty, fading from the earth.

I hear thy voice as when I knelt before thee, And thou didst lay thy hand upon my head,

And raise thy tearful eyes to heaven in prayer To Him who, though the mother leave her child,

Will not forsake the orphan. Thy full soul Was pour'd in supplication, dying saint.

Wert thou not heard? surely thou wert, by Him,

Who, loving thee, hath called thee to himself; Surely thou wert—even now that voice of prayer

Is floating round me, breathing hope & peace. Thy God has been my God—thy trust, my trust—

His goodness faileth not. O, may he grant, That yet again the mother with her child

May bow to worship Him, the merciful, In that bright temple where no tone of sorrow

Is mingling in the rapturous bursts of praise!

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*** Our friends will much oblige us by making their payments in advance.