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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXXIII.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 19, 1855.

[PRICE 2d.

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN SACRED WORSHIP.

[To the Editor of the INSTRUCTOR.]

DEAR SIR, — The fact that there is not a single command, nor a solitary example, in the New Testament, by which the use of musical instruments in Divine Worship may be vindicated, first prompted me to think on the subject. My object is not to display polemical abilities, by writing against the custom, whether it be legal or otherwise, but simply to arrive at the truth.

I wish your correspondent C. R. had been actuated by the same motive. Unenviable, however, as were his feelings, he deserves credit for his candour in confessing them. He tells us indistinctly, that in considering the subject he was influenced by disingenuousness and prejudice: he bears his words — “Had the question of a Vocal Musician appeared unaccompanied by any remarks, or accompanied by such as would have left the subject EQUALLY BALANCED, I should have proceeded at once to a CANDID and UNPREJUDICED consideration of it.” I am sorry C. R. should require such conditions, in order to be honest and unprejudiced. There certainly was no harm in accompanying the question with a few remarks; and if one side preponderates, he must attribute it to the weight of truth on that side, not to me.

The burden of C. R.'s remarks rests on a basis furnished by a passage in 2 Chron. xxix. 25. There he thinks he has discovered a Divine command for instrumental music in Jewish worship: and, indeed, the truth here proposed to be found, runs through the whole of his remarks; so that an explanation of this passage will be a refutation of all that he has already deserving serious notice.

For this explanation I avail myself of what has been written on this text, by one whose

judgment and learning are universally acknowledged; and with whose name, C. R. and I are not worthy of having ours mentioned.

“Moses had not appointed any musical instruments to be used in the Divine worship; there was nothing of the kind under the first tabernacle. The TRUMPETS, or HORNS, then used, were not for song, nor for praise; but as we use BELLS, to give notice to the congregation of what they were called to perform, &c. But David did certainly introduce many instruments of music into God's worship, for which we have already seen he was solemnly reproved by the prophet Amos vi. 1-6. Here, however, the author of this book states he had the commandment of the prophet Nathan, and Gad the king's seer, and this is stated to have been the commandment of the Lord by his prophets. But the Syriac, and Arabic, give this a different turn. ‘Hezekiah appointed the Levites in the house of the Lord with instruments of music, and the sound of harps, and with the HYMNS OF DAVID, and the HYMNS OF GABRIEL, the king's prophet: for David sang the praises of the Lord his God as from the mouth of the prophets.’ It was by the commandment of the Lord and his prophets, that the Levites should praise the Lord; for so the Hebrew text may be understood: and it was by the ORDER OF DAVID that so many instruments of music should be introduced into the Divine service. But were it even evident, which it is not, either from this, or any other place in the Sacred Writings, that instruments of music were prescribed by Divine authority under the law, could this be adduced with any semblance of reason, that they ought to be used in Christian worship? No; the whole spirit, soul, and genius of the Christian religion are against this; and those who know the church of God best, and what constitutes its genuine spiritual state, know, that these things have been introduced as a substitute for the life, and power of religion; and that where they prevail most, there

is least of the power of Christianity. Away with such portentous baubles from the worship of the Infinite Spirit, who requires his followers to worship him in spirit and in truth, for to no such worship are those instruments friendly."—DR. A. CLARKE.

If C. R. will look at the same author's comment on the passage in Amos, it will perhaps assist him in composing his intended dissertation; and he will find that V. M. is not the only one who has grossly mistaken it.

By consulting the Oxford Encyclopedia at the article music, C. R. will discover that musical instruments were FIRST brought into the church by Constantine the Great, about A. D. 306, or 312, the same year that he saw the mysterious cross. In the Encyclo. Edirensis, the same article, he may also find that organs were not used in churches till A. D. 666.

I have had the curiosity to examine John xi. 1-7. It requires the abilities of a C. R. to discern a parallel between V. M.'s remark and that made at Bethany. Before a parity can be shown, instrumental music in Divine worship must be proved to be lawful, and, even then, our Lord's reply must be taken into consideration:

"The purpose for which I quoted that passage I am accused of 'taking more than a poet's license' with, and the remarks I made on it, have been evidently misunderstood—I advise C. R. to read once more that part of my communication.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A VOCAL MUSICIAN.

Montreal, December 14.

RELIGIOUS.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

The following powerful appeal to the sympathies of those who enjoy the good things of this life, in behalf of the poor and destitute, is extracted from a sermon preached at Halifax, by the Rev. Matthew Richey, on Christmas evening, 1833;—

"Are you blest with health; and, if you are arrayed in purple and fine linen—if you do not fare sumptuously every day, (no very enviable distinctions for a being of im-

et have you food and

raiment convenient? Behold you emaciated human form. In the world that gave him birth he seems unknown; sorrow has broken his spirit; dejection claims him for her victim, and sits enthroned upon his brow. His tattered attire exposes his body to the piercing blast; for him no table is furnished with the comforts—scarcely with the necessaries of life.

"Have you a decent habitation, if not a splendid mansion? See that hapless vagrant, without a house to shelter him or a pillow on which to repose his head. Once he had a 'home, sweet home!' and it is still consecrated in his mind by many a sympathy of kindred, and by many a fond recollection of the sunny days of childhood; but he is now an outcast on the world's wide scene; 'lover and friend are put far from him, and his acquaintance into darkness.'"

"Are you placed at the head of a domestic circle which seems the chosen retreat of calm and rational enjoyment—where heart meets heart in mutual harmony, 'wrapping the live long day into one swell of tender emotion.' In yonder squallid abode languishes on the bed of death, an only son, the blighted hope of his parents. O could they but solace his last hours with such alleviations as his case admits and imploringly solicit, they would bow with a more willing submission to that impending stroke, which is about to take away the desire of their eyes.

"My brethren, these are no fictions of the imagination. Scenes of real distress equal to any I have depicted, exist around you: And can you hesitate to give? Before you part with 'the mammon of unrighteousness,' do you wish to propose the question of Peter—'What shall we have therefore?'"

"What would you have? What is the object of your desire? Is it mercy? 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Is it the complacency of an approving Deity? 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. To give and to communicate forget not—for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' Is it divine blessing on all your lawful undertakings? 'Thou shalt surely give thy poor brother, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him—because that in all thy works, the Lord thy God will bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou putteth thine hand unto.' Is it that the everlast-

arms may encircle and sustain you, when life is ebbing from your heart? "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing, thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

"I now commend the poor to you—and you to that God, whose are the silver and the gold, and who hath the hearts of all in his hand."

TRAVELS.

THE MONSOONS.

The setting in of the Monsoons, or tropical sea wind, in the East Indies, is thus described by Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*. The scene was at Baroche, where the British army was encamped. The shades of evening approached as he reached the ground, and just as the encampment was completed, the atmosphere grew suddenly dark, the heat became oppressive, and an unusual stillness presaged the immediate setting in of the monsoon—"The whole appearance of nature resembled the solemn preludes to earthquakes and hurricanes in the East Indies, from which the east in general is providentially free. We are allowed very little time for conjecture—in a few minutes the heavy clouds burst over us.

I had witnessed seventeen monsoons in India, but this exceeded them all in its awful appearance and dreadful effects. Encamped in a low situation, on the borders of a lake formed to collect the surrounding water, we found ourselves in a few hours in a liquid plain, the tent pins giving way, in a loose soil, the tents fell down and left the whole army exposed to the contending elements. It requires a lively imagination to conceive the situation of an hundred thousand human beings of every description, with more than two thousand elephants, camels, horses, and oxen, suddenly overwhelmed by this dreadful storm in a strange country, without any knowledge of high or low ground, the whole being covered by an immense lake, and surrounded by thick darkness, which prevented our distinguishing a single object, except such as the vivid glare of the lightning displayed in horrible forms. No language can describe the wreck of a large encampment, thus instantaneously destroyed, and covered with water—amid the

cries of old men and helpless women terrified by the piercing shrieks of their expiring children, unable to afford them relief. During this dreadful night, more than two hundred persons, and three thousand cattle, perished, and the morning dawn exhibited a shocking spectacle.

The south-west monsoon generally sets in very early, in certain parts of India.—At Anjengo, observes the above author, it commences with great severity, and presents an awful spectacle; the inclement weather continues, with more or less violence, from May to October—during that period the tempestuous ocean rolls from a black horizon, literally of 'darkness visible;' a series of floating mountains heaving under hoary summits, until they approach the shore, when their stupendous accumulations flow in successive surges, and break upon the beach; every ninth wave is observed to be generally more tremendous than the rest, and threatens to overwhelm the settlement. The noise of these billows equals that of the loudest cannon, and, with the thunder and lightning so frequent in the rainy seasons, is truly awful. During the tedious monsoon I passed at Anjengo; I stood upon the trembling sand banks, to contemplate the solemn scene, and derive comfort from that sublime and omnipotent decree: "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further—and here shall thy proud wave be stayed."

GLEANINGS.

Once a day, especially in the early years of life and study, examine what new ideas you have gained, and what advance you have made in any part of knowledge, and let no day, if possible, pass away without some intellectual gain. It was a sacred rule among the Pythagoreans, that they should every evening turn thrice over the actions and affairs of the day, and examine what their conduct had been, what they had done, and what they had neglected—assured that by this method they would make a rapid progress in the path of knowledge and virtue.

Great talents render a man famous; great merit procures respect—great learning esteems—but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE REWARD.

CHAP. III.

Mrs. Trask, from that moment, forgot his treatment of herself, dwelling only upon his past affection, and accusing herself as the cause of his ruin. She was left in a wretched condition, pennyless, helpless, without friends, a prey to the most agonizing reflections. A gentleman, who had lost his wife several years previous, and had lodgings in the neighbourhood, on learning from his landlady something of her history, and that she would like a private residence in the country, offered to furnish the means for her removal, and comfortable subsistence one year, delicately prohibiting the least intimation which would betray the donor. The money was conveyed to the wretched woman through the landlady, and, in a short time, Mrs. Trask's place of residence was known only to a few, including the parson through whom she received the charity which had enabled her to leave New York. On settling herself at B—, her natural haughtiness of spirit, not yet conquered, induced her to desire effectual concealment from all former acquaintance, and she assumed the name of Lincoln, by which she must at present be designated. She here cherished a state of feeling which was fast paralyzing every mental and bodily energy. Her wasted form, haggard features, and agonized expression of countenance, bore alarming testimony to the corroding effects of grief, disappointment, and remorse, as in her case unmitigated by hope, unaccompanied even by the excitement which suspense creates, and aggravated by entire seclusion from society. In this seclusion, however, were raised up for her friends more valuable than those she had lost.

Mr Horton, the clergyman of B—, adorned his high and holy calling by a life of uniform piety and active benevolence. In his indefatigable exertions to discharge the sacred duties of his office, he was greatly aided by the congenial spirit and labours of his wife, who considered it her peculiar province to cheer and assist the distressed, and to acquaint her husband with any new opening for usefulness which might invite his attention. She was not long in learning enough of Mrs.

that she had a claim upon their sympathy, and immediately obtained Mr. Horton's assent to a joint call upon the stranger. Their reception was not very encouraging. Mrs. Lincoln maintained a painful reserve in regard to her history, merely saying that she had experienced severe trials and reverses, and betrayed an embarrassment and uneasiness which, in one evidently accustomed to the world, could not easily be accounted for. But these messengers of mercy resolved to persevere in their endeavours to win her confidence, and administer balm to her wounded spirits. For, whether her evident wretchedness was caused by guilt or affliction, or both, she was one to whom they were commanded to exhibit the instructions and consolations of his holy religion, who came to seek and save that which was lost.

Repeated calls, made both separately and together, appeared to have awakened in the forlorn woman a feeling of tenderness and gratitude, yet the constraint in her manner was not overcome. Returning one afternoon from a walk, during which she had dropped in, to utter a word of kindness to the stranger, Mrs. Horton said to her husband—

“There is something in Mrs. Lincoln's appearance which I cannot account for; she seems as though my presence awakened unpleasant recollections; it is often painful to witness her confusion when I approach her.”

“Perhaps you resemble some friend she has lost,” replied Mr. Horton.

“It may be—and certainly I have often thought that her face is not a new one to me.”

At the succeeding interview she was received by Mrs. Lincoln with evident cordiality, but with increasing perturbation. Mrs. Horton was endeavouring, as usual, to soothe and profit the object of her benevolent visit, by presenting such topics as might be applicable to her case, whatever was the cause of her distress, when the unhappy woman, unable longer to restrain her feelings, convulsively exclaimed—

“Oh! madam, you know not that the wretched being to whom you offer consolation has inflicted upon you the most cruel injury. The name by which I am here known is assumed, —your attentions have been bestowed upon

Mrs. Horton was petrified. Confused recollections rushed upon her mind—and, in the care-worn, sunken countenance before her, she discovered some traces of the once fascinating high minded Maria Everett. An explanation ensued.

"From the first moment that I saw you," said the self-estimated woman, "I was impressed with the idea that you were Ellen Prentiss;—subsequent interviews, with the information I gleaned from others, confirmed my suspicions. For some time I doubted a recognition of my own person: but your kindness has won my heart, and I have longed to make a full disclosure of my guilt and my sorrows."

She then related the particulars already recorded, and concluded with saying—"And now I can only expect that you will abandon me to the desolation I deserve, and cease to cherish the viper that has stung you to the heart."

"Not if I hope for forgiveness from above," was the meek reply; "your history, instead of inclining me to desert you, has excited a stronger desire that you may be restored to happiness, and a proof of confidence in me creates a sense of obligation. But my feelings have been too strongly excited to allow of prolonging this conversation. I will see you again soon."

And, indeed, in Mrs. Horton we have found the late orphan, Ellen. On leaving Mr Bond's family she took lodgings in a distant part of the city, and by her capability in sewing and the nicer departments of female industry, was able to procure a maintenance without returning to the humbler grade from which she had been removed. Having learnt the evanescent nature of all earthly pleasures, and the instability of earthly friends, she sought and obtained enduring happiness and an abiding friend in intercourse with the Father above. Her character thus became, in the highest sense, ennobled and refined.

At a summer residence in the country, where she had gone with a family who invited her to accompany them, as much from kindness to her as to be accommodated with her services, she was thrown into the society of Mr. Horton. A person of less discrimination than he possessed, would not have been long discovering that she was eminently fitted to

after their marriage he removed to B—, where the tempest-tossed, desolate orphan found a happy home, and ample opportunity for executing the dictates of a benevolent heart. The facts with which she had now become acquainted relative to Mrs. Trask, awakened no feeling of resentment; and, in her efforts to convince her of this, and to remove that consuming melancholy of which she was the subject, Mr. Horton cordially coincided. Their kindness not only inspired her with the most unbounded gratitude and respect, but gradually overcame her reserve, till she felt somewhat like ease in their presence. She felt that they were friends. Her haughty, unyielding spirit was subdued; the assumed name was discarded—and as much of her history as propriety dictated was made known to those who sought her acquaintance.

As the means with which she had been furnished for defraying her expenses were nearly exhausted, she felt the necessity of some exertion to support herself, and began to acquire a knowledge of useful employments. About this time, the gentleman, on whose bounty she had been living, having occasion to pass near B— on a journey, left his direct course that he might make inquiries respecting her situation and, if advisable, continue his assistance. Having called at her lodgings, he introduced himself as an acquaintance of Mrs. —, the person who had been the almoner of his beneficence. A brief conversation led him to conclude that her retirement had not been unprofitable; and the warm terms in which she spoke of the clergyman and his wife induced him to call upon them, judging that he could obtain full satisfaction as to the propriety of a further appropriation for her benefit, and, at the same time, commission them to communicate what he should bestow. The object of his visit at the personage procured him a cordial reception, while he seemed as much gratified by an interview with its inmates, as previous encomiums had prepared him to expect. Indeed, the apparent interest with which he observed Mrs. Horton could not have been heightened by long acquaintance and the emotions occasioned by the childish glee of a little girl two or three years of age, who was gliding about the room, showed that he was or had been a father. On hearing the child addressed by the name of Ellen, he start-

and, for a few moments, seemed absorbed in his own reflections. Then rousing himself, he said a domestic scene like the present was to him painfully interesting, for it reminded him of a treasure he had irrecoverably lost, and added, "the name Ellen awakens a thousand dear and agonizing reflections." Observing an expression of sympathy in the countenances of those to whom he addressed himself, he continued—"It is now many years since I revisited England, my native country, on business, leaving a wife and child in New York. When I returned, my wife had removed from the house in which I left her, and I was unable to discover her residence; even to this day the most indefatigable search has afforded no intelligence of her or my daughter. They were both named Ellen. Since I have been sitting here, I have almost fancied that the identical beings were before me, so strongly am I reminded of what they were when I gazed upon them for the last time. Their images, borne away on my heart, unobliterated by any subsequent meeting with the beloved originals, still live in my memory. I forget the changes which time effects, and often see myself, as now, looking for my child in that little prattler, not realizing that, if alive, she must be a woman."

Mrs. Horton listened with increased emotion—she scarcely breathed. Her husband watched her movements in silence, feeling himself inadequate to participate in a task of so delicate a nature, and such thrilling interest as the one for which she was evidently preparing herself—but his eye said, "my heart reads yours—may God sustain you." With considerable composure, she at length asked the stranger what would be the age of his daughter if yet living?

"Twenty six."

Suppressing somewhat the tumult within, she crossed the room, and taking from her bosom the miniature which had been her precious charge from childhood, inquired whether he recognized it? He did not move—he uttered not a word—but, gazing on the object before him, his eyes became fixed, as it were, in death. With the assistance which he summoned, Mr. Horton was able to sustain his agitated wife, and ere long restore their guest. The latter, slowly recovering, looked upon them inquiringly. Mrs. Horton, in a few

words, communicated all she knew of herself. Mr. Murray feebly extended his arms, and wept upon the neck of his long lost daughter.

* * * * *

"That miniature," said he, as he was one day viewing it with a look which told how dear the original had been to his heart, "was designed to have been my solace during my absence from your mother—had it not by an oversight been left with her, I should now want the assurance which it gives me, that my child is indeed restored to my arms."

As Mrs. Horton could direct her father to the neighbourhood in which she had lived during her childhood, he took her with him to New York, hoping there to learn some particulars respecting the death of his wife. After many laborious inquiries to no purpose, he discovered the sexton who interred Mrs. Murray, and succeeded in bringing the circumstance to his recollection. The old man named a few facts corroboratory of Mr. Horton's account, and added, "maybe have a paper which she left. I kept it a long time, thinking some friend of hers might appear who would value it." And he soon produced part of a letter, designed for Mr. Murray, in which, though it bore the impress of time, he readily traced a hand writing as familiar as was the image of her by whom it was executed. The substance of its contents has been anticipated in relating what transpired between his departure for England at her death. This imperfect fragment was invaluable treasure to him, especially as removed the mystery which previously hung over her disappearance. He had not before doubted the integrity of her conduct; but now the whole was explained—and, being satisfied that he was in possession of every circumstance which the present life would disclose, his mind was comparatively at rest, no longer harassed by suspense and uncertainty. Becoming one of Mr. Horton's domestic circle, he found quiet, congenial home, and for many years enjoyed that happiness which, a short period before, he regarded as irrecoverably lost. The poor and afflicted, as well as the objects of his natural affection, were benefited by his ample fortune. From a regard to propriety, as well as to afford his daughter the gratification of returning good for an intended evil, he placed at her disposal the means of pro-

ding every comfort for the unfortunate woman who had been the cause of her severest trials, as she was, though undesignedly, the occasion of her present happiness. Mrs Trask's constitution had been so impaired by the immoderate indulgence of sorrow, acting upon a temperament naturally irritable, and accompanied by a rebellious, self-tormenting spirit, that no means could restore her health. Many and protracted were the sufferings which finally laid her in the grave—a self-immolated victim to supreme selfishness and unregulated passions.

And think you not that, when she bent over that bed of death, with the tenderness of a sister, relieving the anguish and soothing the troubled spirit of the sufferer, pointing to the only source of rest and hope—think you not that in thus recompensing a fallen, helpless enemy, the injured orphan, for every sorrow which had wrung her own heart, found a rich, and imperishable REWARD?

MISCELLANEOUS.

INJURIES FROM FRIENDS.

Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit which every honest man bears about him, for his own vindication; but unkindness in words or actions among friends, affects us the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in the heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms, but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well wishes of a friend, give a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of all his enemies. It is here only he enjoys and suffers to the quick.

MODESTY OF THE WISE—A French writer remarks that “the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.”

Every hearer of the gospel should put such inquiries as these to his own conscience. What do I know of the excellency, what do I feel of the power, and what agreement is there between my hearing the gospel and my living under its influence? Hearing is good—but feeling, believing, and doing, are better.

EASTERN PROVERBS.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thine heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembles, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispers in thine ear the meaning of their looks; ah! hear with caution their seducing words, guard well thine heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion—the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness—with innocence in her mind and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music, the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words, in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the force of her virtue begeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife, happy the child that shall call her mother!

She presideth in the house, and there is peace: she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance, with frugality, is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband; and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners in goodness, by her own example.

The words of her mouth is the law of their youth—the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly—she pointeth, and the thing is done, for the law of love is in their hearts, her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments—he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife, happy the child that calleth her mother.

POETRY.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

It is not uncommon in certain stages of the consumption to have frequent dreams of the dead. The scenes of early youth and those companions in pleasures long departed, and the objects of the heart's love, seem to rise to the

mind's vision in the hours of sleep with the vividness of life. Virtuous life at this quiet, pensive moment of waning vitality triumphs with a refreshed energy; and often, in lonely musings, the image of a 'death cold' lover becomes in the power of recollection almost palpable to sense.

Pale lovely wanderer of earth! why sigh at eventide

When golden sunlight trembling leaves the quiet mountain side,

In haste, on purple wings upborne, to visit realms afar

And leave its sentinel behind—a bright-eyed watcher star?

Sure as the daylight goes away, so sure its glad return

Shall kindle glorious fires again to cheer thee as they burn.

Pale lovely wanderer of earth! why midst autumnal gloom

Walk passively and tearfully, like those who seek the tomb?

Sure as the fallen leaf decays, so sure it buds again

When April comes with mellow winds, and gushing founts of rain;

The merry strains from air-wing'd birds, in ecstasy shall thrill,

And thy lone heart with bliss the while, deep throbs of love shall fill.

Pale lovely wanderer of earth! why tremble at the sign

Of friends departed, near thy couch to note thy life's decline?

Thy being fades to bloom again in Beauty's angel bower,

Where Virtue's loveliest daughters dwell, and ruin hath no power—

Where Jesus is—thy Saviour there—and there thy death cold love

Hath summoned home his sweet Annet—
—he waits for you above.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY

J. E. L. MILLER.

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