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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXVII.]

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 7, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.

TO OUR READERS.

Though the increase to our subscription list has not quite come up to our expectations, yet, at the request of a number of our readers, and trusting to the continued exertions of our friends still to add to our number—we have resumed the publication of the "INSTRUCTOR."

Our subscribers will perceive, by comparing the present number with those which have preceded it, that the INSTRUCTOR is considerably enlarged—making a difference of about a page and a half in each number.

Having obtained the promise of original articles from some distinguished individuals, we hope this little work will be found more valuable than heretofore.

It has been suggested to us that the columns of the INSTRUCTOR would afford an excellent opportunity for calling forth the talents of the young Ladies and Gentlemen of this city; and we are assured this hint will prove sufficient to secure a number of correspondents.

Our friends will please send their names with their articles.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS,

(Founded on a recent occurrence.)

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother's conduct, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little,

and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possessions of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I who was intrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation's wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, of moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study; my pleasures were "all of this wicked world," all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother's bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth: the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and still, "still as a frozen torrent," yet destined to leap on to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tonnish widow, and delightfully resigned myself to the intoxication of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels—song, and light, and odour, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of mirthful music. Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favour as for honour and happiness; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature's own glorious form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to "darkness and the worm?" is it not something to have been a portion of the "spirit of delight," a dispenser of so many of the "stray joys" that lie scattered about the highways of the world? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it ennobles the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright my gift of nature: I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source of vanity. Still I prized too highly the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that their are hearts which it can not purchase.

Meantime, the gloss of novelty grew dim: my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me: The flowery opening of the world's path had been bright and gay; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whither it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my noble suitors; but I was in no haste to abridge the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence.

I had, too, considerable acuteness: and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank Lord E—, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him; and his pleadings gratified no better feeling than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardour, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favoured lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our engagement & approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train; I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as well as that of any one else: and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly, who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth, and fresh enjoyment of life; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was alike indifferent to all—so that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the ties of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favour. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance it soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of "loving, unloved again;" yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighbourhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same craving after

crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout. Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed nor doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousandfold more demoralizing than infidelity of misdirected study. Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access for truth but folly, the cold, the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum, rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was, indeed, a fervent and true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned towards him my undivided attention. Ah, Genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, labouring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty, and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch vainly sought—a new pleasure; for the first time I trembled and glowed under the magic sway of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, the monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honours and unendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their thoughts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense

of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smite at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but, his divinely gentle nature taught him that we "have all of us one human heart," and that the unerring way to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity & entire satisfaction for the whole human family, were the very essence of moral being, and the saintly fervour of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though far fainter glow into the bosom of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exert weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful server of humanity. For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unimagined. I imbibed delightedly the grand and exalting sentiments of Christian morality; I had not, indeed, become at once religious, but thanks to the "natural blessedness" and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is "the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."

GLEANNINGS:

Dr. Wilson, the late worthy Bishop of Sodor and Man, once discovered a clergyman at Bath, whom he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave his friend 50 pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me, Sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

Men in general are more ready to argue a point in divinity, than to crucify a beloved lust.

Life, with swift though insensible course, glides away, and like a river which undermines its banks, gradually impairs our state. Year after year steals something from us, till the decaying fabric totters of itself and crumbles into dust. So that, whether we consider life or death, time or eternity, all things appear to concur in giving to man the admonition of the psalmist, "Rejoice with trembling.

TRAVELS.

INDIAN OCEAN.

The following passage from the description of the Indian Ocean, is picturesque and eloquent :

“ Though the physical character and aspect of the Indian Ocean bear a strong similarity to those of the tropical parts of the Atlantic, still the resemblance is not complete in all points. The former ocean is but seldom visited by those squalls and storms of thunder and lightning which are of common occurrence in the latter, particularly in the neighbourhood of the west coast of Africa; neither are the formidable water-spouts, which have already been described as frequently appearing in the same quarter, to be often observed in the Indian seas, where nearly all the atmospheric phenomena of the torrid zone are mild in their character, and where the winds, the temperature, and the current, are subject to little irregularity throughout the year. But though possessing these advantages, this ocean is one of the most solitary in the world, at least so far as respects the visibleness of its inhabitants. The voyager will traverse it for days in succession without seeing any animated beings whatever; and when such do appear, it is generally under the form of the shy and snow-white tropic-bird, soaring far above the vanes of the mast-head, and often remaining poised in the air like a small fragment of cloud; or of the great black petrel, which wheels continually round the ship, without ever approaching within several hundred yards of her; or of the flying fish, which shoots across the waves and quickly disappears; or of the whale, evolving its dark coloured back upon the surface of the water like a crescent, and in a few moments withdrawing itself from the view.

“ But if the Indian ocean generally wants animation during the day, it often presents a scene of redeeming splendour at night; for no where is that beautiful phenomenon, the phosphorescence of the sea, to be observed in such brilliancy, or under so great a variety of forms. When the wind blows fresh, the waves are crossed with long serpentine wreaths of fire, and the ship, surrounded with concentric luminous zones, seems to be forcing her way through a burning flood. Sometimes starry lights and comet shaped bodies gleam

in her track, and sometimes a sudden and continuous blaze illuminates a considerable portion of the sea around her, and the eye is never weary of watching the changeful glories of this nocturnal exhibition, which is observable in a partial degree in the calmest weather; for then every fish that happens to be swimming within a few yards of the surface of the water, is surrounded by a luminousness which distinctly marks its course, and even indicates its size and form.

“ The phosphorescence of the ocean is a subject which has long engaged the attention of naturalists, and various causes have been assigned in explanation of it. Some insist that it depends upon electricity; while others ascribe it to the diffusion of animalcula capable of emitting light. The first theory appears quite untenable; and the second may be considered to be so likewise, except when it is applied to those instances of frequent occurrence as above described, in which the sea presents a variety of starry and defined luminous forms. These are evidently produced by zoophytes, holothurise, and medusæ; but that general phosphorescence of the waters of the ocean, which exists in a greater or less degree at all times and in all latitudes, and which wears the appearance of innumerable sparkling points, has been satisfactorily proved by Bory St. Vincent to arise from the vast quantity of putrefied animal substances which are diffused throughout the body of the ocean, and which emits a phosphorescence when agitated either by the breaking of the waves, or by the passing of the ship. The phosphorescence is always greatest in the neighbourhood of the equator; because animal decomposition goes on faster there than in temperate or cold regions; but it is impossible to doubt that it goes on every where and that it is capable of producing the effects in question; while, on the other hand, the existence of phosphorescent animalcula has in most instances been assumed without any evidence—for sea water in a high state of luminousness, it is well known, is often found to be absolutely destitute of any inhabitants of the kind.”

Virtue in an intelligent and free creature, of whatever rank in the scale of being, is nothing less than a conformity of disposition and practice to the necessary, eternal and unchangeable rectitude of the Divine Being.

BIOGRAPHY.

COLBRIDGE.

The celebrated philosophical and Christian writer, S. T. Colbridge, died in England on the 25th July, 1834, at the age of sixty two. The last production of his pen was a letter (written on the 13th July) to an infant in whom he took a special interest, and to whom he says, "Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write." He says—

"I, too, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that more than three score years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you, (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction,) that health is a great blessing; that competence, obtained by honourable industry, is a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives—but that the greatest of all blessings as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been, likewise, through a large portion of my latter life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languor, and manifold infirmities; and, for the last three or four years, have, with few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick room, and this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sick bed, hopeless of recovery, yet without hopes of speedy removal. And I thus, on the brink of the grave, most solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in his promises to them that truly seek him, is faithful to perform what he has promised; and has preserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw his Spirit from me in the conflict, and in his own time will deliver me from the evil one. O my dear child! eminently blessed are they who begin early to seek, fear and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness & mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ. O, preserve this as a request from your unseen friend,

S. T. COLBRIDGE."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ATHEISM.

Miserable is the blindness of the mental eye—terrible is the darkness which shrouds the soul in its mysterious gloom. Better would it be to live in all worldly pain with a blessed futurity awaiting your approach, like sweet happiness and love, prepared for the weary wanderer over the ocean of darkness and storm, then feel the consciousness of present being, bewildered with the withering ideas that that being must end. Better that we were drenched in long ages of agony triumphing over the gloomy desolation of the heart, if it may only end at last, than to think that the joyous soul can be hurled from its blessed and beautiful career of hope and life into that eternal lethargy, that dreamless slumber—that annihilation of thought, feeling and affection, never again to be awakened into their delicious existence. Such an idea to an aspiring mind would come over all its young affections as blasting as the poison air of Arabia upon the flowers which withered at its touch. The idea is revolting to reason. To be NOWHERE in all the wide and interminable extent of this vast creation—while the sun's bright ray yet shines as it was wont to do—and the moon yet wheels in her beautiful circle, serene and undecaying midst the storms of time—while all the universe keeps on the same regular undeviating and silent revolution—turning and returning from year to year, and age to age—and yet to be apart from all these things, to hold no hope, nor joy, nor sympathy in their unchanging and noiseless perfection. The sense of life eternal—the joy of virtue and innocence—the young budding hopes of future bliss—the great and absorbing love—the adoration of beautiful woman—all cut off in their 'dream-like being—and that most brilliant and wonderful creature of God—the soul of his creature, just as it was opening to the warmth of its faculties, to the energies of its inconceivable nature, to be hurled into the deep and tremendous nothingness which wrenches down the young spirit to the blackest night for ever and ever.

VIRTUE.

Virtue is the daughter of Heaven; happy those who cultivate it from their infancy; they pass their youth in serenity; their manhood in tranquillity; and their old age

without remorse. There is nothing in this world fit to be compared with it—when purified by religion; all its wishes and desires tend to celestial enjoyments, which are not liable to change. The virtuous man looks back on his past conduct without regret; because his fate cannot but be happy. His mind is the seat of cheerfulness, and his actions are the soundness of felicity; he is rich amidst poverty; and no one can deprive him of what he possesses; he is perfection, for his life is spotless; and he has nothing to wish for; since he possesses every thing. Alexander was celebrated for courage; Ptolemy for his learning; Trajan for his love of truth—Antoninus for his piety—Constantine for his temperance—Scipio for his continence—and Theodosius for his humility. Oh! glorious virtue, which in some way or other, rewards all its admirers, and without which there can be no real happiness.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage always effects a decided change in the sentiments of those who come within its sacred pale under a proper sense of the responsibilities of the married state. However delightful the intercourse of wedded hearts, there is, to a well regulated mind, something extremely solemn in the duties imposed by this interesting relation. The reflection that an existence which was separate and independent is ended, and that all its hopes and interests are blended with those of another soul, is deeply affecting, as it imposes the conviction that every act which shall influence the happiness of the one, will colour the destiny of the other. But when this union is that of love, this feeling of independence is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. It annihilates the habit of selfish enjoyment, and teaches the heart to delight in that which gives pleasure to another. The affections become gradually enlarged, expanding as the ties of relationship and the duties of life accumulate around, until the individual, ceasing to know an isolated existence, lives entirely for others, and for society. But it is the generous and the virtuous alone, who thus enjoy this agreeable relation. Some hearts there are too callous to give nurture to a delicate sentiment. There are minds too narrow to give play to an expansive benevolence. A degree of magnanimity is necessary to the existence of disinterested love or friendship.

ASTRONOMY.

COMETS

A writer at Inverness, who discusses the subject of Streamers, is of opinion that the Earth is a comet, and the aurora borealis its tail. Newton maintained the tails of comets to be vapour ascending by means of the sun's heat, other philosophers say they are produced by the action of the sun upon the atmosphere of comets, or on the substance of comets themselves, or on the electric matter through which they pass. In short, the sun is the principal agent in their production, by acting on these bodies themselves, or on the atmosphere by which they are surrounded, or the element through which they move. This is quite analogous to Marian's theory of aurora, in all essential particulars. Electricity has been supposed to be the principal agent in the production both of aurora borealis and the tails of comets. The tails of comets are observed generally to be a little concave towards the sun. Foster's observation in the South Sea, and the appearances of the aurora now described, exhibit the same result. The tails of comets are produced, or to speak more correctly, are seen, when these bodies approach their perihelion, that is in winter. The direction of the tails of comets are from the sun, so are the courses, generally, of the varying aurora. There is nothing extravagant in the supposition that the aurora may be visible to an observer in Mars or Jupiter, as an appendage or tail to the Earth. Would the earth, then, when still nearer the sun, and proceeding with increased velocity, be accompanied by aurora borealis greatly increased in splendour, duration, and extent? On the hypothesis of Marian, it undoubtedly would, and the converse of the problem is equally true, that the aurora would disappear altogether when the earth receded from the sun, and decreased its velocity. In conclusion, the writer hints, that the varying belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn may be brought within the range of these speculations, as possible regulated by the same laws.

To converse well is of more importance in every day life than to write well. But they are both talents or acquirements of inestimable value, the possession of one of which need in no instance exclude that of the other. On the contrary, if properly cultivated, they are mutual promoters.

RELIGIOUS.**CREATION.**

After the Creator had accomplished the purpose of his will, and had finished the creation, He examined and pronounced that it was good. All things made, answering the end for which they were brought into existence. Among other animate things of the new world, I imagine I see a form in the Garden of Eden, like that of its Maker, which personage attracts the notice of celestial spirits, and raises a melodious note of admiration from the harp of angelic hosts. I take another view of this dignitary, and see him placed on an eminence far above every other earthly creature—the Lord of the world. He is clad with innocency, and spotless white—he holds fellowship with Deity—he converses with angels. Such was the love and harmony universally prevailing, that the morning stars sang together and the Sons of God shouted for joy.

I gazed on the many glories in his character, and among others I imagined him a being without numbering of days or end of time. I now sat in solitude for contemplation, and amused myself with the beauties of nature; but none appeared so amiable as the being named by the Lord, Adam, or dust. Here my mind was lost in wonder and astonishment, and I cried with vehemency, great art thou, the Maker of these things.

I now began a retrospect of the things I had already viewed: but the Lord of creation I could no longer see—his place was made vacant. I was now at a loss to find out the cause that gave birth to this great and sudden change—the once beautiful face of nature wore a frown on every feature, and the very place where I stood was cursed of the Almighty. I began to accuse myself of wickedness, supposing my intrusion had disorganized the creation of God—during which time I heard an audible voice rehearsing in my hearing the following—‘It is Beelzebub, the once messenger of God, but now the prince of the infernal host that has done it.’ I could no longer suppress the feelings of my heart, but cried from the bitterness of a soul laden with sorrow, Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may lament the departure of the glory that composed the character of this once noble personage.

So great was the change, that the sun hid in obscurity its animating rays, and the heavenly host seemed to mourn in sackcloth and ashes for the fall of this once noble prince, from his throne of eminence to become a groveling insect of earth—a creature whose days were numbered, but few and full of sorrow.

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE FAMILY.

Order is Heaven's first law. God himself is the example of it—and by nothing does he bless his creatures more, than by the steadiness of the order of nature and the regularity of the seasons. What uncertainty is there in the ebbing and flowing of the tides—what deviations in the changes of the moon. The sun knoweth his going down and his rising up. Even the comet is not eccentric; in traveling the boundlessness of space, he performs his revolutions of fifty or a hundred years to a moment. And in all the works of God, what seems disorder, is only arrangement beyond our reach. “For in wisdom he has made them all,”

Hear the apostle, “Let every thing be done decently and in order.” The welfare of your household requires that you should observe times. Every thing should have its seasons—your business, your devotional exercises, your rising and your rest. It is important to peace, and temper, and diligence, and economy. Confusion is friendly to carry on evil work. Disorder also multiplies disorder. For no one thinks of being exact with those who set at nought all punctuality. The same principle requires that you should keep every thing in its place,—Subordination is the essence of all order and rule. Never suffer the distinctions of life to be broken down. All violations of this kind injure those who are below the gradation, as well as those above it. The relinquishment of authority may be wrong as its excesses. He that is responsible for the duties of any relation should claim its prerogatives and powers. How else is he to discharge them? Be kind and affable to servants, but let nothing divest you of the mistress. Be the tenderest of fathers but be the father, and no sensible woman will, I am sure be offended if I add, be the most devoted of husbands, but be the husband.

POETRY.

I THOUGHT IT SLEPT.

I saw the infant cherub—soft it lay,
As it was wont, within its cradle, now
Deck'd with sweet-smelling flowers. A

sight so strange

Fill'd my young breast with wonder, and I
gazed

Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept,
And yet its bosom did not move!

I bent me down to look into its eyes,
But they were closed; then, softly clasp'd its
hand.

But mine it would not clasp. What should I
do?

“Wake, sister, wake!” I then, impatient,
cried,

“Open thine eyes, and look on me again!”
She would not hear my voice, All pale,
beside,

My weeping mother sat, “and gazed, and
look'd

Unutterable things.” “Will she not wake?”
I eager ask'd: she answer'd but with tears.
Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous
look

Were cast—now on the babe once more were
fix'd—

And now on me; then, with convulsive sigh
And throbbing heart, she clasped me in her
arms,

And, in a tone of anguish, faintly said,
“My dearest child, thy sister does not sleep!
Alas, she's dead! she never will awake.”

She's dead! I knew not what it meant; but
more

To know I sought not. For the word so sad—
“She never will awake”—sunk in my soul;

I felt a pang unknown before, and tears,
That angels might have shed, my heart dis-
solved.

From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir for
1836.

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

I came, but she was gone.

There lay her lute
Just as she touch'd it last, at the soft hour
Of summer twilight, when the woodbine cups,
Filling with deeper fragrance, fondly press'd
Through the rais'd casement, uttering tender
thanks

To her who train'd them. On her favorite
seat

Still lay her work box open, and the book

That last she read, and careless near its page
A note, whose cover her slight pen had traced
With lines unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside, It was the pleasant home
Where from her childhood she had been the
star

Of hope and joy.

I came, and she was gone.
For this I knew, for I remember'd well
Her parting look, when from the altar led,
With silvery veil, but slightly swept aside,
How the young rosé leaf deepen'd on her
cheek,

And on her brow a solemn beauty sat,
Like one who gives a priceless gift away,
And there was silence. ‘Mid that stranger
throng,

Even strangers, and the hard of heart, did
draw
Their breath suppress, to see the mother's
lip

Turn ghastly pale, and the tall stately sire
Bow with a secret sorrow, as he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship.
And to a far off clime. Perchance his thought
Travers'd the moss grown prairies, and the
shores

Of the cold lakes—or those o'erhanging cliffs
And mighty mountain tops, that rose 'o'er
Her log reared mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friends

Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand the joys of home,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea, and its own life also, lays them all
Meek and unbleaching on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth
A scene like this.—ye laughter loving ones—
Hence with the hackney'd jest! The dancer's
heel—
What doth it here?

Joys serious and sublime
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand
Fresh from its young flower-gathering, gild
eth on

That harness, which the minister of death
Alone unlooseth—and whose power doth aid
Or mar the journey of the soul to Heaven

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

J. E. L. MILLER,

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