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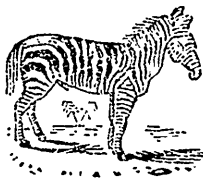
# THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XII.]

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1835.

[PRICE 2D.

## NATURAL HISTORY



THE ZEBRA.

The Zebra is perhaps the handsomest and most elegantly clothed of all quadrupeds. He has the shape and graces of the horse, the swiftness of the stag, and a striped robe of black and white, alternately disposed with so much regularity and symmetry, that it seems as if Nature had made use of the rule and compass to paint it.

The zebra is only to be met with in the most eastern and the most southern parts of Africa, from Ethiopia to the Cape of good Hope, and hence to Congo; it exists neither in Europe, Asia, nor America, nor even in all the northern parts of Africa. Those which some travellers tell us they have seen at the Brazils, have been transported thither from Africa; those which others have recounted to have seen in Persia, and in Turkey, have been brought from Ethiopia; and, in short, those that we have seen in Europe are almost all from the Cape of Good Hope. This point of Africa is their true climate, their native country, and where the Dutch have employed all their care to subject them, and to render them tame, without having been hitherto able to succeed. That which we have seen, and which has served for the subject of our description, was very wild when he arrived at the royal menagerie in France; and he was never entirely tamed;

nevertheless, he has been broken for the saddle; but there are precautions necessary—two men held the bridle, while a third was upon him. His mouth is very hard; his ears so sensible, that he winces whenever any person goes to touch them. He was restive, like a vicious horse, and obstinate as a mule; but, perhaps, the wild horse, and the onagra, are not less intractable; and there is reason to believe, that if the zebra was accustomed to obedience and tameness, from his earliest years, he would become as mild as the ass and the horse, and might be substituted in their room.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### NARRATIVE

OF A MARINER LEFT ON AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

(Continued from page 84.)

Towards morning the weather cleared up, and he proceeded with no very great expedition to climb the mountain, for his strength was nearly exhausted; after great exertion he succeeded in gaining the top, and with great joy found that it commanded a view of the anchorage; but he also made another discovery, which, in its event, threatened to prove more fatal to this unfortunate youth than all his former adventures; the ship to which he belonged had put to sea, and the American brig was at that moment loosening her sails. The distance from the place where he stood to the sea beach, was at least three miles; and however rejoiced and gratified he might have been at the sight of the American, the well known signal warned him that not a moment was to be lost in making a last effort to hail her be-

fore she got under weigh. The perfect hopelessness of all succour, should she sail before he could reach the beach, rendered him desperate, and he rushed down the mountain, sick, dizzy, and faint, his limbs with difficulty performing their offices; he succeeded after nearly two hours of great fatigue and difficulty in reaching the bay where he first landed; but what was his horror on beholding the white sails of the American brig dwindled to a mere speck upon the horizon.

Our youth was naturally of an almost unconquerable spirit, but when this last and only chance had failed him, the hopelessness of being rescued shot like an arrow through his heart, he fell down in agony upon the sand, which he grasped in an agitated spasm. Here he lay until the day was pretty far advanced. On recovering a little, the want of food became insupportable; he now hobbled along the shore in search of shell fish, but was obliged to put up with no better repast than what some sea-weed and wild shrubs afforded. He sheltered himself this night in the woods which skirted the sea, and in the morning returned to the task of procuring subsistence. With this intent he walked along the beach, and at a rocky part of the shore he perceived several seals, some were reposing on the sand, while others lay upon the rocks. Approaching very silently, and selecting one whose head presented a fair mark, he with a few blows secured the prize. Had he been able to have made a fire he possibly might have dined very sumptuously off this animal, but as that was impossible, he proceeded to cut it up, and selecting a piece of the liver, ate it ravenously; this he had no sooner done than he was obliged to lay upon the sand for a length of time, completely exhausted. In a short time, however, having refreshed himself with some water, he again pursued his path along shore, when by great good fortune he fell in with a turpin;\* this

\* Turrapin, a gigantic species of tortoise, which are in great abundance on the Galapagos, and where they attain a larger size than probably in any other part of the world,

he also quick'y despatched, and the flesh agreeing with his stomach, renovated his strength; he was soon afterwards enabled to return to the place where he left the seal, which he forthwith cut up in long strips, and laying them upon the sand, left them to dry, intending to try another piece for breakfast in the morning, the remains of the turpin sufficing only for that evening.

In this manner he existed for some days, sleeping in the woods at night and roving abroad in the day; but the supply of seals at last failed him, nor had he an opportunity of recruiting his stock, neither could he find any turpin, and starvation began to stare him in the face; it happened very luckily for him that the weather was particularly pleasant, and he often refreshed himself with a sleep on the warm sand; a gun would have been the means of supplying him with plenty of water fowl, and he often had the vexation of seeing such birds fly past him with impunity. One morning when he had wandered some distance, allaying his appetite with whatever he could find upon the coast, he sank down beside a small bank quite exhausted, where he must have slept some hours. On awaking he found that he had overlaid a snake; its species was different from the one he had killed in the woods, and of less size—it was not quite dead; the unexpected occurrence not a little startled him, and placing his stick under its speckled belly, he tossed it into the sea. He had not the good fortune with all his industry to find any provision, he therefore crawled back to the bay. As soon as the morning arrived, which was very serene and pleasant, he sauntered along, but with the same want of success as on the foregoing day; nothing could he find to recruit his strength, which now became seriously impaired, not only from the deprivation, but the quality of food which he had been obliged to eat. The morning being far advanced and the sun pleasantly warm, he threw himself or rather fell down upon the shore, and betook himself to his usual recipe for hunger, which was going to sleep.

It would require a much more able pen than the writer's to express the surprise of our hero on awaking; his eyes on not a "lovely female face of seventeen," but the amphibious and black bully head of a large seal, who like himself was basking in the sun and enjoying a sound sleep: it had taken up its situation, singular as it may appear, almost within the grasp of our famished Crusoe. Astonished (as every one so situated would have been) at the companionable qualities displayed by his unctuous friend, for "misery acquaints man with strange bed-fellows," he raised himself up, and gazed, perfectly panic struck, on the uncouth monster, who soundly reposed (no doubt after his fatigue and repetition sub aqua) with the utmost tranquility.—From what has been related, it will not be unreasonably concluded that poor L. was not at this time very strong, but it cannot be doubted that had he happened to have his club by his side, he would have given the seal a tolerable hand smash on the figure-head, which in all probability would have rendered it still more comatose and prevented a deal of trouble; but unfortunately he had left fall his weapon about twenty paces before he sank upon the shore, and feared that if he got up to fetch it, he might disturb the gentle slumbers of his reposing companion, and thereby he prevented from again converting (notwithstanding his former loathing) part of its liver and blubber to his own accommodation and enjoyment. He therefore relinquished all idea of regaining his club, and determined on commencing an attack with his knife, although fearful, from its bluntness, that it would not prove a very formidable weapon. However, he darted suddenly upon it, and driving the knife with all his force at its throat, succeeded in "drawing first blood," & also of encircling the seal in his arms and legs, rolling the creature over and over; it made the most desperate efforts to escape, and practised sundry flip-flaps and tourbillions, blowings and snifflings; still he succeeded in holding on its greasy carcase, with as much affection as ever the old man of the forest did

about our old acquaintance Sinbad the Sailor. There is nothing so indispensably requisite for the establishment of good stamina as good living, and it therefore will not be wondered at, that he of the club found himself, after a few rolls and tumbles, in what is called bad condition, and getting the worst of the fight, and that he also began to sniff and blow with almost as much fury as his antagonist. The seal appeared to have a great affection for the water, while Lord wished to keep it a short time on land; they, therefore, struggled for the mastery, but the seal was too strong in despite of all he could effect, and they both rolled into the sea. This certainly increased the odds against the capture; the animal seemed to redouble its struggles at this advantage. Although nearly half drowned, our hero made a last attempt, by rising on his feet, to drag his slippery seal-ship again on shore, but he was too much exhausted.

Vexed and confounded at the escape of his prey, the more so when he found his hands much lacerated in the encounter, he crawled on shore, where he luckily recovered his knife which he had dropped on the spot where they floundered. As he did not expect another visit from this animal, he picked up his club, and began to pursue his road back, benumbed with cold, and much reduced by the heavy fatigue of the day; he had not gone half a mile when, to his great joy, he beheld a tolerable large turpin moving up from the sea towards the woods. Exerting his utmost strength, he was so successful as to arrive in sufficient time to intercept its retreat, and he proceeded to dispatch it without delay. It must be confessed that this supply came very opportunely, for he was more dead than alive, and after this meal (which lasted a considerable time) he found himself so much the better that he reached the tree, where he always put up for the night, when he composed himself to rest, and slept without disturbance. The next morning he finished the remains of the turpin, and he then mustered up resolution to enter the forest, in order to keep a look out

from the mountain from whence he had beheld the American ship prepare for sailing. He succeeded in gaining the summit without much difficulty, as he could perceive it from the beach; here he remained all this day viewing the distant horizon, but no sail appeared, and the night passed heavily. About the middle of the next day he was obliged to return to the beach, the island being destitute of berries or fruits.

In this manner he subsisted till the morning of the twenty-first day, which found him on the top of the mountain, reduced to the greatest extremity, and more like an apparition than a human being, "sharp misery had worn him to the bone," and he expected to die very shortly. As his eye wandered round the glittering expanse, he thought he discovered in the extreme distance a dark speck, which he took to be a sail. He gazed at it most intensely, but it did not appear to move, and he concluded it was a rock; in order to be convinced he lay down, and brought the stem of a small tree to bear upon the distant object, which he now perceived moved along the level horizon. It must be a ship, but she was passing the island, and he kept anxiously looking in the expectation of her fading from his view. In a short time she seemed larger, and he could now perceive her to be a vessel of some size, but his heart sunk within him when he observed soon afterwards that she hauled her wind, and stood away upon a different tack. In about half an hour she tacked again, and it now became evident that she was making for the island, as she stood directly for the bay. The extreme joy of the poor sufferer at this welcome sight broke out in sundry raptures and transports. He rushed down with such little caution, that he stumbled over the broken rocks and pitched headlong down the broken and rugged descent. This fall almost rendered him helpless; he received a severe cut above the ankle, besides other bad contusions, but the idea of losing this only chance inspired him with fresh energy and he made his way down, after many painful efforts, staggering from the woods

upon the sea shore, and when he beheld the ship come fairly into the bay and anchor, a boat hoisted out, and pull with long and rapid strokes towards him, he fell overpowered upon the sand.

On the boat reaching shore, the poor fellow appeared at his last gasp, and all he could articulate was "water, water!" One of the sailors brought him some in a can, and suffered him to drink his fill; soon afterwards he again swooned away, and in this state they carried him alongside, where he became sensible, but unable either to speak or move. His helpless condition rendered it necessary to hoist him on board.—Nothing could exceed the kind and humane treatment which he received from Captain Cook and the surgeon of the ship, to whose skill and attention may be attributed his ultimate recovery, as from the quantity of water the sailor suffered him to drink (which the surgeon succeeded in dislodging from his stomach) in his miserable and emaciated state, the medical gentleman, when he first saw him, had but faint hopes of his surviving; indeed, this gentleman declared that he could not have lived upon the island many hours longer. In a short time he was well enough to leave his cot, when he was informed by Captain Cook, that about a week's sail from Gallapagos, he had luckily fallen in with the ship by which Lord had been left, when the master told him that a youth had been missed, and left upon the island; this induced the Captain to bear up for the place, otherwise he had no intention of making it.

This individual is at present master's assistant on board his Majesty's ship *Druid*.

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## RELIGIOUS.

### MEDITATION.

"Seen of angels"—I. Tim. iii. 4.

Angels of mercy! ye saw him leave his seat of glory above, and descend to the meanest and most wretched of his worlds. Ye were in attendance when he stooped from the height of

his power, and was born in a stable at Bethlehem : ye were with him in the howling wilderness, when the dark hour of temptation had passed, and he was left alone ; ye were with him in his retirement, in the secret and fervent pouring forth of prayer such as man never prayed ; ye were with him in the garden, when his agony was hard upon him, and even his pure soul seemed to shrink from the trial before him ; ye were with him in his hour of desertion and mocking, of scourging and death, and ye were with him in the sepulchre, and ye saw the stone rolled to the door, and the guard set, and ye heard the loud call answered, and the last watch word given.

Angels of glory ! ye saw him burst the bonds of the tomb, and rise triumphant ; ye saw him chain to his infernal den the king of Hell, and seize the keys of death and the pit. Through your shining ranks he passed on to his Father's mansion ! Ye have seen the glorified body which was pierced for man ; ye have bowed before him in heaven ; ye see him now above, all lovely as he is, and cast your crowns before his throne, and give him blessing, and honour, and praise, and power, for ever and ever.

O then for your tongues to describe his sufferings—O for your harps to celebrate his glories !

#### PICTURE OF LIFE.

In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine appears to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit, but when we have gained it, how different is the prospect on the other side ; we sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wishful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is like a portentous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain ; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

## ASTRONOMY.

### THE COMET.

The Edinburgh Review for May, 1835, contains an elaborate and scientific article on the Comet, from which a few extracts may not prove uninteresting to our readers. The article commences with a noble exordium in praise of astronomy.

“The present year has long been marked by astronomers as an epoch. For the civil and political historian, the past alone has existence—the present he rarely apprehends, the future never. To the historian of science it is permitted, however, to penetrate the depths of past and future with equal clearness and certainty; facts to come are to him as present and not unfrequently more assured to him than facts which are past. Although his clear perception of causes and consequences characterises the whole domain of physical science, and clothes the natural philosopher with powers denied to the political and moral inquirer, yet foreknowledge is eminently the privilege of the astronomer. Nature has raised the curtain of futurity, and displayed before him the succession of her decrees, so far as they affect the physical universe, for countless ages to come, and the revelations of which she has made him the instrument, are supported and verified by a never ceasing train of predictions fulfilled. He shows us the things which will be hereafter not obscurely shadowed out in figures and in parables, as must necessarily be the case with other revelations, but attended with the most minute precision of time, place and circumstance. He converts the hours as they roll into an ever present miracle, in attestation of those laws which his Creator through him has unfolded,—the sun cannot rise—the moon cannot wane—a star cannot twinkle in the firmament without bearing witness to the truth of his prophetic records. It has pleased the Lord the Governor of the world, in his inscrutable wisdom, to baffle our inquiries into the nature and proximate cause of that wonderful faculty of intellect—that image

of his own essence which he has conferred upon us, nay, the springs and wheel-work of animal and vegetable vitality are concealed from our view by an impenetrable veil, and the pride of philosophy is humbled by the spectacle of physiologists bending in fruitless ardor over the dissection of the human brain, and peering in equally unproductive inquiry over the gambols of an animalcule. But how nobly is the darkness which envelopes metaphysical inquiries compensated by the flood of light which is shed upon the physical creation! There all is harmony, and order, and majesty, and beauty. From the chaos of social and political phenomena exhibited in human records—phenomena unconnected to our imperfect vision by any discoverable law, a war of passions and prejudices governed by no apparent purpose, tending to no apparent end, and setting all intelligible order at defiance—how soothing and yet how elevating it is to turn to the splendid spectacle which offers itself to abitudinal contemplation of the astronomer! How favorable to the development of all the best and highest feelings of the soul are such objects! The only passion they inspire being the love of truth, and the chiefest pleasure of their votaries arising from excursions through the imposing scenery of the universe—scenery on a scale of grandeur & magnificence compared with which whatever we are accustomed to all sublimity on our planet dwindles into ridiculous insignificance. Most justly has it been said, that nature has implanted in our bosoms a craving after the discovery of truth, and assuredly that glorious instinct is never more irresistibly awakened than when our notice is directed to what is going on in the heavens."

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## PHRENOLOGY.

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### FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

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Having proved the brain to be the organ of the mind, and answered the great objection to the science, we will conclude by giving our readers a general idea of its nature and use-

fulness. The brain, though designated an organ, consists of an aggregate of separate parts, each being the medium of a distinct feeling. Upon the crown of the head are situated the religious and moral faculties, such as reverence and benevolence; in the frontal region are the intellectual ones, such as eventuality, individuality, &c; and at the back and sides of the head are the propensities, such as destructiveness, amiteness, &c. In all there are 33 organs, and the great variety in the character of man is produced by the endless combinations of those.

As the limbs and muscles strengthen and increase in size by exercise, so it is with the brain. If the thinking powers of the mind be exercised, the medium of it will increase, and consequently the mind itself will act with more ease and vigour. In the education of children we find the great utility of Phrenology. Some children require more attention in rearing than others, whilst more are quite tractable. This proceeds from the different developments at the time of birth, and the different impressions imbibed after birth by the external senses. All, however, by proper management may be led into the path of virtue, so that "when they are old they will not depart from it." To discover the exact situation of every organ requires much study, but the general character may be determined by comparing the size of one portion of the head with the other. For the various combinations we refer our reader to a work upon the science.

With regard to animals, their minds act according to their developments of brain—his is what I call INSTINCT. This instinct then prompts them to act. Different classes of animals have different proportions of brain, and consequently have different kinds of instinct. But animals of the same species, universally inherit the same instinct. Man also, the head of the animal creation, has this mind and this instinct—and more—he has a SOUL, an everliving soul. To harmonise or correspond with this means of communion with his God, he is endowed with higher faculties—

he has the moral and religious ones. And what, we would ask, were those heaven born feelings intended for, if not to induce man to lead a religious life? He has marvellousness, that he might believe spiritual things; hope, to cheer him along; and reverence, that through this soul he may reverence his Creator. To govern those and the other faculties, he has the reflective ones.—(Reader reflect!) This soul then makes the distinction between man and the lower animals. They have only this instinct, but man has both it and a soul. Into this soul it is that the heavenly spirit can be infused, and a change wrought which will operate upon the moral and religious faculties by causing them to act with more vigour.

By experience it can be proved that the brain is an aggregate of separate parts: Firstly, the powers of the mind manifest themselves only as their respective organs become developed. Secondly, dreams are caused by some organs being awake while the others are at rest. Thirdly, particular organs become diseased, producing partial insanity. Fourthly, genius is partial.

We regret that we cannot, through the medium of the Instructor, treat of this subject more fully, we therefore rest satisfied with the idea we have given, and refer our readers to the perusal of a work upon the science, which may be had at any of the principal book stores.

It will appear that Phrenology is not contrary to religion; that it is the true philosophy, and guides our judgment in social intercourse; that a knowledge of it prevents insanity or instructs in the treatment of the insane; that it is an inexhaustible subject of entertainment and enquiry; and that it is the BASIS OF EDUCATION.

In the next number we intend explaining, phrenologically, how it is that intoxicating drink operates upon the animal frame in producing temporary insanity.

W

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

The infidelity which prevailed towards the close of the last century commenced among philosophers, and it is no wonder that it flowed for a time down through the lower orders of society. Opinions, as naturally as fluids, run down hill.

The infidelity of this day, particularly that of New York, has commenced among the lower orders—the ignorant, the abandoned. To this class of men lamentable evils may ensue; but the contagion will not affect the higher classes of the community. Opinions, like fluids, will not run up hill. One might as well think at this day to make men of sense proselytes to the grand lama, as to Voltaire. It is too late

### HOW TO BE LOVED.

The eldest daughter of Dr. Doddridge was a most love'y and engaging child. She was a great darling with her family and friends. Her father once asked her what made every body love her so well. She answered, "Indeed papa, I cannot think, unless it be because I love every body."

## POETRY.

At the solicitation of a number of our readers, we insert the following pathetic line, written by a father on the loss of a lovely infant. Though not original, we have no doubt the beauty and simplicity of its language will prove a sufficient apology for its appearance in the Instructor.

### ALAS, MY JANE!

He was delighted with the work of his hands—he saw it beautiful, he made it good, and took it to himself.

I had a daughter, sweetly fair,  
With hazel eye, and auburn hair;  
A dimple, too, in either cheek,  
And cherry lips. She could not speak,



She was so young ; yet she could look  
 Her meaning, just as if she'd spoke.  
 Oft in her eyes I used to gaze,  
 Delighted with her infant ways,  
 And play'd and look'd, and play'd again,  
 So watchful never to give pain;  
 Then she was pleas'd, and seldom cried  
 Except when something was denied,  
 Which sterner duty ordered so,  
 And this, forsooth, would cause her woe ;  
 But then it went so soon away  
 That we did little else but play.  
 She just could run ; I think I see  
 Her infant form approaching me,  
 A bunch of flowers in either hand,  
 Like little Sylph from fairy land.  
 She rooted was within my heart,  
 So that I thought I could not part  
 From little Jane, I loved her so ;  
 But yet a journey I must go,  
 And leave my little girl behind,  
 To nurse's care,—it grieved my mind ;  
 For I had fears, foreboding fears,  
 Which forced away the silver tears :  
 And made me tremble, yes, and sigh,  
 Though I could give no reason why:  
 Oh ! ye who know a parent's cares,  
 Whose every wish some darling shares—  
 Though absent long, and far away,  
 You cling to that auspicious day,  
 When you again shall eager kiss  
 The sweet controuler of your bliss—  
 And so did I ;—the day was come,  
 And I had fondly journey'd home ;  
 Alas, my Jane ! she was not dead—  
 She still could smile, and still would try  
 To run, because Papa was nigh ;  
 And when she could not, seem'd to say,  
 Papa, be cheerful, perhaps I may :  
 Then turn, and give me such a look,  
 As all the parent in me shook ;  
 I saw the struggles in her heart,  
 For well she knew that we must part.

My little infant now is gone,  
 And why should I her loss bemoan,  
 Through glass of faith I plainly see  
 That she is happier far than me :

Her golden harp she tunes so sweet,  
 When sitting at her Saviour's feet,  
 That I could like to go and hear  
 (I sometimes think, and shed a tear  
 No tear of sorrow but of joy.)  
 The hymns that now my child employ.  
 Far from the waves which roar so near,  
 She's landed safe, and free from fear,  
 No ruffian rude shall ever stain  
 The innocence of little Jane.  
 Angels do sit, and listen round,  
 I make no doubt, on heavenly ground—  
 And every voice in chorus raise,  
 To sing the lov'd Redeemer's praise !

It was a beautiful flower : it was committed to my care, and I watch'd over it with the tenderest affection ; but I loved it, perhaps, too well, and it was taken from me in mercy.

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\* \* \* Those favourable to the continuance of this little work, would confer a favour by using their influence to add to the number of our subscribers, by the commencement of the next quarter.

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We would feel obliged to those of our readers who may feel disposed to furnish us with original articles on any of the subjects contained in the INSTRUCTOR.