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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXXII.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 12, 1835.

[PRICE 2s.]

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN SACRED WORSHIP.

[To the Editor of the INSTRUCTOR.]

DEAR SIR, — 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. Clothed, however, as V. M. has thought proper to send forth his proposition, it will be necessary, first, to discuss the various points presented to us; and, to avoid confusion, I shall notice them in the order he himself has placed them.

The want of antiquity in, or heathenish air of the custom of employing instrumental music in the worship of Jehovah, are by no means arguments of any weight against the legality of using them, as will be plainly seen by a consideration of the next paragraph.

A reference to II. Chron. 29, 25, will show that it ‘DOES APPEAR that the Divine Legislator gave a command to the effect’ that instrumental music should be used in his worship, and, therefore, that David, though ‘a man of great musical genius,’ was NOT guilty of ‘making innovations,’ and that the text Amos vi. 5,* was not a censure on him: and also, that instrumental music was not ‘disapproved of by the Lord’—all which things V. M. has asserted.—‘And he set the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the commandment of David, and of Gad the king’s seer, and Nathan the prophet: for so was the COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD by his prophets’—II. Chron. 29, 25.

The passage from Amos v. 23, is also viewed in a false light, ‘Take away from me the

* At a future period I may make the passage the subject of a communication. V. M. is grossly mistaken in it.

noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the sound of thy viols.’

But was it, I would ask V. M., because God was averse to their songs of praise or their music? No, but because they were not accompanied by the homage of the heart; but if V. M. determines to retain his own view of the passage, let him remember that the song is to go with the viol.

We need not trouble V. M. to ‘admit’ as a matter of courtesy that instrumental music was lawful in the Jewish church, having proved it by the unerring standard; and if, as V. M. asserts, the fact does not prove that ‘it ought to be tolerated in Christian worship,’ it certainly does not militate against it—as it is a command emanating from an unchangeable source, from a Being whose foreknowledge was not likely to create a law which at a future day it should be necessary to annul.

‘It is among those ordinances which were suppressed by the Christian economy.’ Will V. M. shew us his authority for this assertion. That part of the Jewish ceremony which is done away is that which was typical of the Messiah; but I really do not recognise any thing of a typical nature in music: and, though the time is come when the ‘true worshippers are to worship the Father in spirit and in truth,’ I hope that V. M. does not suppose that our religion is to be wholly internal. Jesus Christ tells us, ‘when thou prayest enter into thy closet,’ &c, but he does not mean to forbid a more public mode of worship—for the Apostle of the Gentiles, in his epistle to the Hebrews, says, ‘forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.’

The argument drawn from the allusion made to instrumental music by St. John is much more favourable to its use than V. M. seems to think it is. We should remember that its appointment was by God himself; no command requiring its disuse had ever been given—and are we to think that St. John, who had been favoured with such exalted and overpowering views of the Lord of his ascended

Redeemer, would use any figure or expression calculated to lead men astray; and besides, what he wrote was dictated by the unerring Spirit of God, who, it is not likely, would represent the glorified and perfected spirits as praising the Lamb in the church triumphant in a manner which would be unlawful in the church militant.

V. M. has taken more than a poet's license with the English language, in his remarks on "Behold I come as a thief in the night."

Of the incapacity of music to 'prepare the mind for spiritual worship,' I am willing to give V. M. the full benefit; nor do I believe that its adoption was intended to produce that effect, or that any such result is expected by the 'moderns' from its continuance.

The non-use of instrumental music in the 'primitive churches' may be easily accounted for by the privacy with which, on account of persecution, they were obliged to hold their religious assemblies.

Since V. M. has discovered that it was not until the church had degenerated that 'its aid was called in to supply the spirit and power of religion that was lost,' he can no doubt inform us at what time and by whom it was 'called in.' If he cannot, the assertion goes for nothing.

V. M. is full of novel ideas. I have, in days gone by, attended both theatres and ball-rooms; and were the association of ideas he speaks of inevitable, I should certainly have experienced it among the rest; but never have I had my devotion disturbed by any appearance of similarity between the sacred, solemn music of the sanctuary and the vain passion-bestirring airs of either place.

And now I come to the last, and, as V. M. terms it, 'not least' of his arguments. It certainly is not the least in the estimation of many—it is the *L. s. d.* of the matter—a point on which men generally are not willing to make many concessions. But I believe that organs, especially, are for the most part purchased by contributions raised for the purpose; and I am inclined to think that they do not operate against the missionary cause, or that those whose names are found on the organ subscription list are less liberal in any 'philanthropic' cause than their more economical neighbours; and the organ once provided, it will be as easy to find persons to play as to sing, without payment; and if other instruments are employed, V. M. al-

lows them to be used for recreation—those who thus use them might be induced to give their assistance in relieving the church from unnecessary expenditure.

I remember to have read a remark similar to the last one of V. M., made by a certain individual, at a place called Bethany, about a box of ointment—*for a more detailed account I refer the curious reader to John xii., 1-7.* The length to which this letter has run warns me to hasten to a conclusion. I intend, however, to discuss, at a future opportunity, the simple question with which 'A Vocal Musician' triumphantly concludes his communication.

In the meantime,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Montreal, December 10.

C. R.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FEMALE MUSINGS.

The following are extracts from the Manuscript of a young lady, who died at the youthful age of 24. It is delightful to mark in the sex, exercises of a class so celestial.

A MOTHER'S DEATH *

"The loss of a mother, a name which kindles every kind affection of our nature, can duly be realized by no one who has not experienced the desolating stroke; and it is perhaps more keenly felt by a daughter, than the loss of a father. During the early years of childhood, when the mind is most tender, and, it may be, recoils at a father's sternness, we resort to the tenderness of a mother, for the indulgence of our youthful wants, and in her bosom lodge all our little troubles and our secrets. And when maturer age arrives, and pain or grief assails, the dictate of nature leads us to a mother to soothe our sorrows and alleviate our sufferings; and when, too, our path is strewn with flowers, our pleasures are but half enjoyed until participated by the friend most dear. But derive not the idea from what I have written, that I had not one of the best of fathers, indulgent in everything that would secure the good of his children, and that I did not feel his loss. Yes, I felt it, deeply felt it, and the recent stroke which has snatched from

* This occurred about eight years after that of her father.

my embrace a surviving mother, has served to open anew a wound which time had begun to heal, and to aggravate the smart. But though bitter is the cup I will not repine. Thanks to my heavenly Father for the blessing of such parents. Long will their memory live fresh in my bosom, and afford a satisfaction pleasant and mournful to the soul."

AN EVENING'S MEDITATION.

"It is one of those serene moonlight evenings, when we almost forget that we are in a bustling world, and our contemplations, resting awhile on nature's works, are uplifted to nature's God, and we seem to be, as we really are, surrounded by the Deity. An hour like the present, I assure you, is most congenial with my present state of mind, and so adapted to awaken every faculty of the soul, that I should almost say, a person who cannot enjoy it, is a stranger to some of the finer feelings of the human heart. Memory rushing back to earlier years, opens anew many interesting as well as melancholy scenes, through which I have passed, and with which are connected impressions which I delight to cherish, and awakens in my recollections here and there a friend, whom I have met with, have loved, and who is gone perhaps for ever. Imagination carries me over a few intervening miles, and places me at the grave of a fond father. I weep awhile, and would return to soothe my grief in the embraces of a mother—but she too is gone. I awake from my reverie, and a marble in yonder burying-place, tells that there sleeps her dust in peaceful silence. How sacred to me is the spot. I love to frequent it, and recall the resolutions which I made during her dying moments, and find, as Percival says, a bliss in tears.

"It is indeed profitable to contemplate the end of our existence, and make ourselves familiar with the grave, which must ere long be the house of these frail tenements. Daily observation verifies the passage, 'As for man, his days are as grass.'"

A YOUTHFUL FRIEND WARNED OF DEATH.

"On Tuesday last, I called at _____ to see a young lady not yet fifteen years of age, who had stopped with her parents to spend the night on their return from the Springs. She

was so feeble as to be unable to walk. But a more beautiful object I have seldom seen. Her skin was of the purest white, with a hectic flush still lingering on her cheek; her eyes were black, and expressive of more than an ordinary mind; and an angel's features resting on her countenance, made her appear like a stranger from some fairer world than this. But disease had marked her for its prey, & seemed rapidly consuming the fair fabric. As I sat near her bed beside her mother, who was herself a beautiful woman, and watched her lovely child with all the intenseness of maternal solicitude. I said to myself, Must this fair flower, so which the morning of life has just dawned, so early wither and fall? and I was more deeply impressed with the uncertainty of human life, and the momentous importance of being constantly with our lamp trimmed and burning, than I can well describe."

GLEANINGS.

Charity.—We may see mountains removed, and miracles wrought; but there is nothing in the compass, either of human or divine action, that is so sublime and beautiful as CHARITY— as giving alms to the poor, and pouring oil in to the wounds of distress.

Intrepidity.—The wise and prudent conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them. Sluggish and folly shiver and shrink at the sight of toil and danger, and make the impossibility they fear.

To be revenged of your enemy be virtuous and honest—to bear provocation is great wisdom, and to forgive it shows a great mind.

Man is never more diminutive nor more grand, than when he considers himself in his relation to God.

A good book is the best of friends. You may be agreeably entertained by it, when you have not a living friend in whom you may confide. It teaches you wisdom, and will not reveal your secrets.

To insinuate a thing, prejudicial to another, which we are not willing openly to avow, is a kind of mental assassination.

To arrive at the summit of wisdom, it is necessary neither to eat too much, nor sleep too much, nor talk too much.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE REWARD.

CHAP. II:

The woman who had adopted Ellen Murray provided for her as well as her limited means would admit. She was allowed the advantages of a common school, and taught to perform the labours suited to her age. Mrs Prentiss, the foster mother, was satisfied that the child had no mean origin, and she used to flatter herself that she would, at a future time, find friends, and "hold up her head in the world, as it was right she should." But soon after Ellen was old enough to be useful, by assisting the good woman in obtaining a maintenance, she was again left without a friend, without a home. The death of her second mother compelled her to seek a situation at service. She never felt this degradation, for all her recollections were of a life of labour and dependence. But when she witnessed the interchange of affection between parents and children, brothers and sisters, no wonder if she sometimes sighed as she thought that nobody loved her, and none sought her love. Her amiable disposition and quiet habits gained her the good will of those she served; she soon found employment in respectable families, constantly adding to her stock of knowledge & experience whatever she judged would be a useful acquisition. Her manners were likewise improving; for, native gratefulness of person and sweetness of temper, improved by the abiding influence of a mother's example in early childhood, ensured an assimilation to the refinements of genteel society, whenever she should be placed within its precincts. Without advancing beyond the limits of her station, silently and unconsciously to herself, she acquired the ease and polish of her superiors, and, at sixteen, was as well fitted to grace the drawingroom as three fourths of its occupants. When about this age, Ellen attracted the notice of an elderly lady, who was on a visit at the house where she then lived: Having no children, Mrs Bond was inclined to take into her family a young female whom she could adopt as a daughter, if found deserving. She had never met with one whose appearance accorded so well with her designs as did that of Ellen; and, leaving that she was an orphan, she proposed to give her employment and a home,

Ellen was not blind to Mrs Bond's peculiarities, but she discerned through them all a benevolent spirit, a heart that could feel for a stranger; and, unused as she was to the voice of affection, the hope of living with one who would care for her, induced her to accept the proposal, though she was not aware of the extent of the benefit intended her. Nor was she disappointed. Both the old lady and her husband felt themselves soothed by her gentle manners—they perceived that her assiduities added to their comforts—they were grateful, and reciprocated her kindness. She was ere long invested with all the privileges of the parlour & afforded every advantage for mingling in society. The circle with which Mrs Bond's family was connected was highly respectable, he having long been known as a man of wealth and influence. When it was known that Ellen was regarded by them as a daughter, the most fashionable of their acquaintances were not unwilling to admit her among their associates. Henry Trask was a distant relative, and had always maintained a friendly intercourse with the family, which certainly had not been remitted since Ellen became an inmate. Her desolate situation, without a relative in the world that she had knowledge of, excited his sympathy: he admired her amiable disposition and deportment; and whenever, in consequence of his relationship to her new-found friends, it became a matter of etiquette for him to attend her abroad, he did so with pleasure; still he had never thought of her but as an orphan—having from this very fact, and her own personal merit, a claim upon the kindness of all.

It was at Mrs. Bond's that he first met Maria Everett, an occasional visitant at the house, who was likewise an orphan, but of a high family, and mistress of a fortune. It was Ellen Murray (for she had always borne the name of her foster mother) that Miss Everett was about to sacrifice. In doing this, she was actuated more by selfish than malicious feelings; that is, she would not have objected to Ellen's enjoying the good opinion of society, had she not imagined her to be an obstacle in the way of her own happiness. Selfishness however, which could resort to such cruelty, is no less revolting than pure malice. The governess was the principal agent in accomplishing Maria's designs. A detail of the means employed is unnecessary, intimations were thrown out that if the truth was known, Ellen Prentiss

tiss would not appear the amiable being she had been thought,—hints were put in circulation respecting her probable origin; &c. None who repeated these charitable sayings knew whether they were entitled to credence, but their effect was soon visible in the reserve with which Ellen was treated by her acquaintance. She was surprised and grieved, but, little imagining the cause, concealed her uneasiness and pursued her usual course.

Her residence among the lower classes of society had made her acquainted with their wretchedness, and the most efficient methods of benefiting them. Having a liberal allowance for her own expenditures, she was able to afford them pecuniary relief, which she always bestowed personally. Taking advantage of her frequent visits to the obscure and distressed, sometimes made in the evening, with a servant lad as an attendant, those who would injure her reported that she frequented improper houses; and, to establish this, false messages, desiring her presence, were more than once sent to her, which led her into places where she received only abuse. Still she never suspected it was not a trick of those who inhabited these dreadful abodes.

Henry Trask was one day speaking in favorable terms of Ellen, in conversation with Miss Everett, who replied—

“Miss Prentiss appears quite interesting, but”——

“But what?” said Trask.

Her embarrassed manner led him to infer that she did not like to explain herself, and he changed the conversation. The remark, however, reminded him that Ellen had latterly been received among her acquaintance with less respect than formerly. Inquiry made him acquainted with the prevalent opinion respecting her, and this was communicated to his relative, Mrs. Bond. All eyes were now turned upon Ellen—every movement was watched. Who with neither wealth nor family to sustain them, could maintain a standing against the united force of suspicion, jealousy and envy? And, in poor Ellen's case, a knowledge of her early life served to confirm the surmises and reports wantonly put in circulation. It has been intimated that Mrs Bond had peculiarities. One of these was a scrupulous attention to all the formalities and precaution which finished prudence could require. The slightest imprudence on the part of her own sex, she regarded as unpar-

donable; and nothing could, in her view, ever wipe away the odium attached to even a suspected reputation. True, she erred on the right side, and only extended to an undue extreme sentiments which should be regarded as an indispensable safeguard to virtue. But this severity was unfortunate for Ellen. The information conveyed to her by Mrs Bond, of the light in which she was regarded abroad, was received with something like fortitude; but when that lady hinted her own fears that there was a cause for these suspicions, the heart of the orphan was crushed. Finding it impossible to establish her innocence, the idea of living upon the bounty of those who had ceased to regard her with entire confidence, was revolting. Obscurity and privation seemed preferable to reserve and distrust.

A note was one morning found in her room, expressing the warmest gratitude to Mr. and Mrs Bond for their former kindness, declining to burden them longer with the presence of one in whom they could not confide, and saying that she took the liberty of retaining her plainest clothing for present use, closed with a farewell. Ellen had disappeared——nor could any inquiries elicit her retreat.

This unexpected step was sincerely regretted by those who had taken her under their protection; for, though they had harboured doubts as to the purity of her character, the hope that it was without cause predominated; and, in proportion to this hope, was their affection heightened by a sense of the wrong which, if innocent, she was suffering. However, as intercourse with those whose esteem she had lost must subject her to painful mortifications, they could not condemn the desire to avoid them. Various conjectures were formed as to her fate, but her name was soon forgotten by the gay and the busy——by most, except Maria Everett. She could not stifle an occasional regret when reflecting on the ruin she had wrought, Yet she had expressed so much compassion for the “poor girl,” that her own agency or interest in the mischief she was occasioning, was never suspected. Her object was accomplished; and it probably would have been without the disgraceful artifice to which she had resorted. She became the wife of Henry Trask. External circumstances conspired to render their prospect of earthly bliss the brightest. They seemed destined to tread a path upon which even the

favorites of fortune might look with envy. But Trask knew little of the being upon whom he had placed his best affections. His undisciplined mind, and a temper unaccustomed to control, proved effectual barriers to domestic peace. Time passed on, and, with its progress, the husband's heart and presence were increasingly alienated from his home. At one time, passing his wife's room, when she was not aware of his being in the house, he overheard a conversation between her and her confidant, in which the part she had acted relative to Ellen Prentiss, was developed. His respect for her had long been diminishing—now he was thoroughly disgusted, he almost hated the author of such barbarity. Reproaches on his part produced only chagrin in his wife. She was vexed at the exposure of her conduct, but not humbled. Her unsubdued spirit disdained concessions or conciliatory measures. Every feeling of affliction having now been driven from his heart, the disappointed, irritated husband sought companions and recreations abroad. The hours which should have been sacred to domestic enjoyments, were spent in places of public resort. Who can anticipate the result? Loss of property and respectability followed in the train of gambling—intemperance, and their kindred vices. The deserted wife too late discovered that she had planted her own pillow with thorns. Friends, who had clustered around her in the bright days of prosperity, were dispersed by the dark clouds gathering in her horizon. Mutual animinations had resulted in the separation of herself and the woman to whose influence was to be imputed. In a great measure, the unamiable traits in her character. Without the least effort to gain friends, or prepare for the future exigencies into which she might be brought, she abandoned herself wholly to self-reproach and despair. Her splendid domestic establishment had been exchanged for a contracted room in a boarding house, and here she sought to bury herself and feast upon her own misery.

One night, on the return of her husband to their lodgings, at an unusually late hour, she perceived a favourable change in his appearance. Instead of the almost ferocious manner with which he often came into her presence, his demeanour denoted a subdued spirit. He was silent, and seemed thoughtful and

sad, passing the remainder of the night in restless wakefulness. The wife's sensibility and solicitude were awakened, and when, in the morning, he evidently lingered in the room, and, as he left it, bestowed upon her a look of almost tenderness, she experienced the full tide of returning affection—for women still loves even when conscious that she has suffered and inflicted wrong. Hope was permitted to banish every other feeling: Her husband had opened his eyes upon the course he was pursuing, and was ready to retrace his steps to comfort and respectability, were her delightful thoughts. In imagination, she was happy in his love, and she began to be impatient for his return, that, by kindness, she might encourage his amendment. That day the corpse of Henry Trask was brought home to his distracted wife. A messenger had previously informed her of his having fallen in a duel, the result of a gaming house quarrel the preceding evening, which, according to arrangement, was now 'honorably' adjusted.

RELIGIOUS.

BIBLICAL SUBLIMITY.

(Concluded.)

The Red Sea was running on in a sort of mournful cadence, dirge like and echoing as wasteful. It swept over a buried king and the chivalry of an empire. But on its farthest shore there was joy. A song of redemption was raised by Moses and the warriors thousands of Israel. *The first loud strain rolled like thunder, or the sound of many waters. 'I will sing unto the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously—the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.' Then every image of sublimity and wonder was gathered up from the face of the sea—from the blast of the strong winds—from the ocean for a mile a wall of defence, then melted into a torrent of destruction—from the tear of the eye on the dunes of Edom and the impenetrable Palestine. The song of a nation dies away like a solemn echo upon the shore.—But hear the silver sound of timbrels strikes the air and a thousand daughters of Israel dance in graceful gestures on the sand, while wide-sweet gush of harmony the response to the loud song of the warrior host rings along the ranks of loveliness.—'And Miriam answered and said, Hear ye the voice of the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously—the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'*

them, saying ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'

Sinai was there—a terrible mountain on which Jehovah stood. Before its awful pyramid of flame and cloud stood the chosen tribes, brought thither by God himself, borne as on eagle's wings. On the third day a thick cloud, like an impenetrable crown of darkness, capped the mountain; the thunder shook the rocks, and the lightnings blazed fearfully around; the sound of an unearthly trumpet swelled louder and louder until heart and flesh and the innermost soul of man trembled under the strange and scorching roar. One monarch, whose lofty forehead reflected back the glare of his flames ascends the mountain. The crown of the everlasting blackness incense him round. The law was given. The mountain still as deathful; the glory on its summit like devouring fire. Here is a sublimity which earth cannot imitate, monarchy cannot represent, the time defying colors of genius and poetry put it. It is worthy of God.

Moses, the man of God, and the leader of Israel through forty years of sojourn in the shadow of a wilderness, came to the age of one hundred and twenty years with unwasted strength of body and undimmed lustre of eye. His last song is like that of a bird of Paradise, or a heavenly swan, whose dying strains breathe the soul of melody into the dull organs of death. He closes his song by a blessing upon each of the tribes—and the reader is surprised at the similarity of Joseph's blessing to that uttered by Jacob four hundred years before. 'To him, through Ephraim and Manasse are again assigned the precious things of the heavens—the dew, and the deep, couching beneath', the sunny fruits, and the 'precious things' lighted by the moon—the chief herbs of the ancient mountains, the precious things of the fasting hills.' An untold glory 'ill circles the head of him who was separated from his brethren.' Horns of power are bequeathed him with which he is strangely to crush the nations even to the world's end. Moses went to his God from Nebo—but never all the grandeur of his character or of his poetry fade from the memory of man while we last or eternity treasures up the record of his virtue.

What misty form comes up from the frosty folds of death, roused up in a monarch's evil

day by a voice more potent than the incantations of witchcraft? It is Samiel. Pale and stiffened with the drapery of the grave around him, his rayless eyes are fastened on a crown devoted to ruin. The tongue that ever uttered the truth in life speaks it solemnly in death. Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up from the grave's repose? *** Tomorrow shall thou and thy sons be with me! Where? Saul, thy kingly form must trail the dust, and thy proud head lie low on Gilboa's mountain, when another sun shall look out again upon Palestine; and a better than thou shalt pensively sing—how are the mighty fallen!

The hour, dreamless sleep of the grave is grandly pictured by Job—or rather pencilled with a sublimity of comparison which dries the waters of the sea, and then paints a way to the departing heavens as the period of this dreary slumber—the end of death's dominion over humanity. As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

In what composition of human authorship can there be found numbers as sweetly flowing or images as purely pastoral as those of David:—

The Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

But the task we have imposed upon ourselves of selecting specimens of biblical sublimity is a boundless one. The heart of the reader must gather, from the same source whence we have drawn the few examples we have recorded the full & inexhaustible materials for an emotion which shall expend its powers forever, and make it spacious of happiness. The book of Isaiah is an epic poem of unparalleled beauty, strength & sublimity. If inspiration furnishes its awful subjects, and lends the sound of its everlasting thunders, and the blackness of its eternal storms, genius furnishes the electric flash and illuminates the demonstrations of Omnipotent power;—genius chastens the imagination that is glowing under the excitement of prophecy, and seeks the wide world over, and travels amidst the morning stars to find every image of natural grandeur with which to clothe the words and express the doings of God.

POETRY.

THE LONE MOTHER TO HER FIRSTBORN.

Sleep babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have prest !
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me ;
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend —
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee.

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;
His eye is closed ; he sleeps—how still and
calm !
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on death's cold
arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !—
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—un-
close

Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error !—he but slept—I breathe again,
Come gentle dreams, the hour of sleep be-
guile !

Oh ! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see that waking smile ?

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave !—
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child ?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest
bow—

Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow !

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter stream,
By thee, as first in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams,

But I must linger here,
'To stain the plumage of my sinless years,

And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,
With bitter tears.

Ay—must I linger here,
A lonely branch, upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee,

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones o' tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn, religion's holiest shrine,
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
'To blend with thine.

SOLITUDE,

There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

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