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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXXIX.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 30, 1836

[Price 2s.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

'If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear
That pity had engendered, drop one here!'

Her royal highness, the Princess of Wales, mother of George the Third, soon after her arrival in England, being accustomed to peruse the daily newspapers, perceived in one of them, December, 1742, the following advertisement:—

'A man who has served his country bravely, by a very peculiar circumstance of misfortune, reduced to the extremest distress. He has a family, too, who are deeply involved in his fate. This intelligence will be sufficient to those who can feel, and who can relieve. Such persons may be more particularly informed of his past misfortune, and may be witnesses of his present, by calling at'—

The benevolent princess was struck with this advertisement, and she resolved to see the miserable man who advertised. In a simple morning dress, and in a common chair, to avoid the public eye, she set out about noon; a lady, who was her favorite and companion, walked slowly behind her. They eluded all observation, and arrived at the appointed place.

The direction led them up two pair of stairs to a little apartment, which they entered. A woman, whose ghastly features expressed at once poverty and sickness, lay stretched on a forlorn bed, without curtains, and circled in her arms a female child, whose closed eyes seemed sealed up with death, & whose face outdid her mother's in marks of want and despair. A tall and graceful man sat before a fire, having on his knee a boy wrapped in a flannel petticoat: over whom he hung his head and gazed upon him with looks of affection and anguish. All this was seen in a twinkling of an eye. Her highness stopped short, drew close to her companion, and

clasped her in her arms, as she had suddenly entered this mansion of horror. The man, starting from his chair, placed the child by the side of its hapless mother, advanced gracefully towards the ladies, and begged of them to sit down. Her highness, opening her lips for the first time, said, 'With all my heart.'

The scene that ensued surpasses all description. Hope and expectation sat trembling on the parents' eyes, while sensibility and pity beamed from the royal visitor's features, and diffused over all her countenance a graceful sorrow and dejection.

The attending lady disclosed their business. They had read his advertisement, she said, and were desirous of receiving the information which it promised. The man thanked them for their humanity, and proceeded to relate his story. His voice was good, his style was simple, and he spoke with precision, fluency and grace.

He informed her royal highness of the whole of his misfortunes. He had been an ensign in a marching regiment, which was then in Germany. A knot of these military cocknobs, with which every regiment is crowded, had conceived a pique against him, for being braver and more sensible than themselves. One of these hotheaded youths had sent him a challenge, on a very frivolous pretence, which, from motives of duty and honour, he refused to accept. Pretences were drawn from this, and combinations were formed, to insult and ruin him. They represented him to the chief commander as a coward, a slanderer and a bad officer. His conduct was inquired into, and overpowered by numbers he was broken for crimes he never committed. After this, he set out immediately with his little family for England, to lay his case before the secretary of war, and to implore justice: but having no powerful friend to introduce him into the war-office, the secretary would not listen to his complaints. This put a period to his hopes. His wife was then seized with sickness, and being destitute of

money to procure the necessary remedies or a surgeon's attendance, the distemper was soon communicated to the children; and, in a fit of agony and despair, he had sent the advertisement to the newspapers, as the last resource which a gentleman's honor could submit to.

It was a case of unfeigned distress; and the princess thought that in his present situation, she could not yield him sincerer comfort than by informing him into what safe and powerful hands he had fallen. She presented him with ten guineas, and told him, that the Princess of Wales, to whom he had now related the story, felt for him, and would procure justice to him, his wife, and his infants. The astonished ensign had almost dropped on one knee to make his acknowledgements for her condescension and goodness; but, rushing to the door, she hurried down stairs, and returned into her chair, leaving the ensign wrapped in wonder and gratitude.

The princess immediately applied to the Duke of Cumberland, in the officer's behalf; and after a week had passed, she sent for him to receive a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment that was about to embark for Flanders. Thus provided, she enjoined him to prepare for the expedition, and to leave his little family under her protection till his return. He willingly resigned it to so beneficent a guardian, and set off for his regiment. While abroad, he behaved with so much prudence & bravery that, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he returned to England with a major's commission. He afterwards lost his life in the battle of Minden.

ANECDOTE OF HOWARD.

She bath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.'

'Who is it,' says Fitzosborne, 'that is placed out of the reach of the highest of all gratifications, those of the generous affections, and that cannot provide for his own happiness by contributing something to the welfare of others? To complain that life has no joys, while there is a creature we can relieve by our bounty, assist, by our counsels, or even by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and, is just as rational as to die first with the cup in our hands.'

The philanthropic Howard was blessed with a wife of a singularly congenial disposition. On settling his accounts one year, he found

a balance in his favour, and proposed to his wife to spend the money on a visit to the metropolis, for her gratification. 'What a beautiful cottage for a poor family might be built with the money!' was the benevolent reply. The hint was immediately taken, and the worthy couple enjoyed that greatest of all gratifications, the satisfaction of having done good for its own sake.'

COLD WINTERS. - In the year 400 the Euxine was covered with ice for 20 days. In 859 the Adriatic was covered with ice, but for what length of time does not appear. In 929, the Thames was frozen over for 13 weeks—the same river was also frozen over in 1263, 1269 and 1607-8. Several times since the same has happened. The winter of 1693 was so severe in Europe, that the trees were split by the frost: Loaded stages passed on the ice from Boston to Nantasket in the winter of 1635 7, and have done the same one or two winters since. On the 12th December, 1708, the frost in New England was so intense, that trees were killed. A fall of snow took place in February, 1717, so deep that people in Boston had to get out of their chamber windows. Eleven hundred sheep perished on Fisher's Island from being buried 16 feet in the snow: two were found alive after a lapse of 23 days, they having supported themselves by chewing the wool of others. In 1730, the Chesapeake was covered with ice as far as the mouth of the Potomac. In the same year, troops of horse and heavy cannon crossed on the ice from New York to Staten Island & Long Island Sound was nearly covered with ice: Almost all the birds of the forest perished.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.

The overmastering effect of the human eye upon the lion, has been frequently mentioned though much doubted by travellers. But from my own enquiries among lion hunters I am perfectly satisfied of the fact: and an anecdote that was related to me a few days ago, by Major Markintosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not confined to the lion. An officer in India, having once rambled into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a large tiger: the meeting appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt ear

nestly gazing on each other. — The officer said he was aware that the word would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal Tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so, and in a few minutes the Tiger, which appeared preparing to take his fatal spring, grew disturbed, shrunk aside & attempted to creep round upon him behind: the officer looked constantly on the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his place, but darting into the thicket, & again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in his attempt to catch him by surprise, till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his pleasure walks.

The direction he took, as may be easily be judged, was straight to the tent, at double quick time.

INFLUENCE OF PROFESSIONS ON MORTALITY.

There are some curious facts respecting the influence of professions on mortality, collected by Dr. Casper, of Berlin, from which it appears, that a lead work is more injurious than bodily labour: that the combination of the two is the most wearing. A sedentary life, free from all excesses, is on the contrary the condition most favourable to life." Of all professions, that of a physician, according to Dr. Casper, is the most life-wearing; while that of the divine occupies the other extreme of the scale. Of 100 divines, 42 reached 70 years of age and upwards—of 100 physicians, 24 only attained to that age. Of 1000 deaths, between the ages of 23 and 62 exclusive, the years of greatest professional activity, there were—of physicians, 610—of divines, 345.

RELIGIOUS.

To the Editor of the Instructor.

SIR,—The following beautiful passage is from a volume of Bishop Heber's Sermons, preached in India.

Bishop Heber was born in the year 1783, and died in the year 1826. A writer in the year 1833 writes thus: "On the 3d of April, 1826, at Fitchinopoli, he (Bishop Heber) was found drowned in a bath, owing, it was supposed, to the sudden transition to cold water, after great exertion in confirming some Chris-

tians." The deep and painful sensation produced by his unexpected decease, both in India and at home, cannot yet be forgotten. In him the Christian civilization of the East seemed to have lost its most zealous, most active and most enlightened friend, &c. With this brief introduction, I subscribe myself your well-wisher.

J. A.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Beware how you neglect that species and degree of intercourse with your heavenly Father, to maintain which, his mercy permits, and his word invites, and his grace, if you will make use of it, enables you. Beware lest by thinking of Him but seldom—but seldom addressing Him in prayer, and seldom hearing his voice in his holy Scriptures and his public ordinances—you estrange yourself by degrees entirely from his love, and allow the pursuits and pleasures of the world to establish an empire in your hearts, left empty of holier affections! It is by daily prayer, and daily thanksgiving—by patient study of God's word, and by patient contemplation on our own condition, and on all which God has done, and will do for us, that a genuine and a rational love for him is kindled in our hearts, and that we become unfeignedly attached to the Friend of whose kindness we have had so much experience. It is to be expected, that, in the earlier stages of our approach to God, we should experience but little of that ardour of devotion, those pleasures of earnest piety, which are in this world the reward of love, as well as its most convincing evidence. Our prayer, at first, will often be constrained, our thanksgiving cold and formal, our thoughts will wander from our closets to the world, and we shall have too frequent occasion to acknowledge with shame and sorrow the imperfection of those offerings which we, as yet, can make to our benefactor. A religious feeling, like every other mental habit, is slowly and gradually acquired. To have begun at all is, in religion, no trifling progress; and a steady perseverance in prayer and praise, will not only, by degrees, increase the strength of habit on the side of holiness, but will call down, moreover, and preserve to us, that spiritual support and assistance, without which all human effort must be vain; but which no one will seek in vain, who seeks for it in sincerity, and by the appointed means.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

DEPARTURE AND RETURN,

A TALE OF FACTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.

He led me to one of the oldest and most obscure parts of the town, where the buildings seemed congregated together in opposition to regularity or order—a confused and huddled mass, where squalor and poverty showed but too many signs of their residing dominion.

Proceeding down one of those lanes, we came to a low-browed doorway, and he entered without the ceremony of rapping. There were three windows in the apartment, but from the narrowness of the lanes on either side, the light was so much obscured that a degree of indistinctness seemed permanently thrown over all the objects within. In a few seconds, however, the vision adapted itself to the place, which insensibly brightened up, and discovered to us some thirty or forty little urchins, all poorly but cleanly habited, arranged on wooden benches—the boys on one side, and the girls on the other. The governess had risen from her chair on our entrance.

While my reverend friend was addressing her—this recluse from the world, who had devoted her life to the sole purpose of doing good—an indescribable emotion awoke within me. The remembrance of—I know not what—flashed across my memory. She was a lady looking person, somewhat on the worst side of fifty, rather tall and thin. We stopped for a little, while she explained to my friends some alterations and arrangements she had been recently making in her teaching room; after which we heard two or three of her pupils cover their lessons and repeat a hymn, and making our bows, wished her a good morning.

“What is that lady’s name?” I asked, “Does she belong to this town?”

“I believe not,” was the reply, “but she has been for a long time here—some fifteen or twenty years, I dare say. I do not know much of her history, but she is the widow of a captain Smith—a West India captain. Her own name, I believe, was Wylie, or some such thing.”

I could have sunk into the ground. “Wylie did you say?”

“Yes, Wylie—I am sure that is the name. Perhaps you overheard her invitation for my dining there tomorrow? They are most excellent people, and I am on the most easy terms with them. As you seem interested to accompany me—I will vouch for your receiving a hearty and sincere welcome.”

I accordingly went. The drawing-room, into which we were immediately ushered, was large, and, although partaking somewhat of the fashion of years gone by, yet not without pretension to elegance. Mrs. Smith, our hostess, received us with much cordiality, and introduced us to two or three female friends, who were to make up our party.

The window, near which my chair was placed, looked into a very pretty flower garden, and I was making some passing compliment on the manner in which it was laid out, when the same indefinable sympathy between the lady’s voice and something relating to the past again obtruded itself. I gazed at her more attentively, when opportunity offered; and as she chanced to be seated with respect to me so that her profile was exhibited, revolved a thousand circumstances in my mind, which, however, like the windings of the Cretan labyrinth, led to nothing, and left me in doubt. And yet her name could be Wylie! Strange coincidence! But she of yore had fair hair, this had dark. To dream of their identity were a thing impossible.

In a few minutes, the door opening, a tall spare figure entered, whom my reverend friend introduced to me as Mrs. Smith’s cousin.

“Miss Catherine Wylie—my friend, Mr. —.”

I shall not attempt to describe my emotions. The whole truth stood in a twinkling revealed before my mind’s eye. Thirty long years were annihilated—and the day of my departure from my native country, “all things pertaining to that day,” its hopes, its fears, its regrets, its feelings, were in my mind, and pre-eminently over all, the image of Catherine Wylie, the wayward, the young, the beautiful. I glanced across the room—I looked on that picture and on this—there could be no mistake—but oh, how different! What a change! could so much lie within the narrow compass of human life! It were less had she been dead—vanished for ever. Then would she have been Catherine Wylie still, the peerless

in the eye of imagination; but her gloomy reality put an extinguisher on fancy. The spring's opening rose of beauty had matured only to wither, like the commonest weeds around, and to drop beneath the unsparring blasts of age's approaching winter. The vision of long years disenchanted. The romance of life had waned away into the cold and frigid truth; and my heart bled to behold its long idol moulded of the same perishable elements as the perishable elements around. She was plainly dressed. Care and thought and the ravages of time were visible on her countenance, that yet, in eclipse, betrayed of what it had been, as the western sky retains the illumined foot prints of the departed sun. She was looking wistfully into the fire, as she leaned her cheek on her thin pale fingers, one of which was encircled by a mourning ring.

Dinner passed over, but no symptoms of recognition on her part were perceptible. I had contrived to place myself by her side; yet I dared scarcely trust myself to enter into conversation with her. Her cousin—our hostess, Mrs. Smith—I identified with a young lady whom I had seen at her aunt's house in the days of yore, and who was an especial friend of Catharine. General topics were discussed—more especially those of a serious and sedate nature—but I could take no share in either eliciting or keeping up the flow of thought. My heart was full of unutterable things; and often, in spite of every repressing effort an unmanly tear would gather itself in the corner of my eye. Happily all this was unperceived and my absence of manner excited no attention. Here were the long Sundered fortuitously brought together, after seas had rolled between us for more than a quarter of a century!—and yet it seemed as if we had never met before.

Having on our walk home been informed by my reverend friend that our hostess was regular in her forenoon attendance on the labors of love amid which we had formerly found her engrossed, I thought I might sinlessly, and without breach of friendship, make a visit next afternoon. I did so, and found Catharine at home.

She had not the least suspicion of me. I tried her on various topics, and occasionally verged very near the truth. But how could it be? She was a girl when last we parted. Through a long sequence of years in which

she had seen all the world changing, she had heard nothing of me, and the chances were as one to five hundred that I could yet be alive.

“You mentioned, Darlingport, Miss Wylie,” said I; “are you acquainted with any of the families there?”

“Oh yes,” she answered—“or rather, I should say I once was. Indeed, it is twenty years since last I laid foot on its streets. Our burying-place, however, is there, and I must pay it yet another visit, when I am unconscious of all.”

“May it be long till then, Miss Wylie? It is still a longer period since I took up my abode there; but I lately paid it a visit. Do you know if any of the family of the G——'s are still alive?”

She turned pale.

“I scarcely think so. G——, did your say? I knew them well, long, long ago. The two daughters married and settled with their families in London. James, the youngest son, went to India, when a mere boy. My inquiries have thrown no light on his destiny since. Richard went out to a mercantile house at Demerara. But that is thirty two years ago.”

“Indeed,” said I, almost trembling, as I took a small gold locket from my waistcoat pocket. “Did you ever see that before?”

“Merciful heavens! is it possible?” she exclaimed. “How came that into your possession, and— and who are you? Does Richard——still live? or, dying, did he transmit that remembrancer through you to be given to her who once owned it?”

“Nay, Catherine,” I answered; “look at me. Am I indeed changed so much that you—even you do not recognise me?”

She started back, half in agitation and half in alarm, gazing at me for a second or two in breathless silence, then, sinking into a chair, extended to me her hand, which (I trust pardonably) I pressed to my lips. The hour was a melancholy one—but it was an hour of the heart, and worth many years living for. In it the mystery of life was unriddled, and the paltry nucleus on which its whole machinery evolved fully disclosed to view.

“I remember well,” she said, “the evening you allude to; but you blame me without cause, when you say that I dismissed you, without deigning an explanation. I had been urged by the family whom I was visiting to

extend my stay for a few days longer; but no—I held in mind your promise to meet me, and all their entreaties were in vain. Let me add, that I had been that very day told that you were about to be married to another. This I could scarcely lend an ear to; yet it would be prudery in me at this distance of time to deny the effect on my excited feelings."

"When I descended from the carriage at the appointed spot, for I would not allow it to proceed with me near home, I gazed anxiously along the road. No one was there; and, as twilight was already deepening, I made what speed I could forward. I confess it was now only what I heard began to make a serious impression on my mind, and from what had happened I felt vexed and agitated. Come what might, in this peevishness of spirit, I determined to deny myself to you for a few days to evidence my displeasure, as well as my doubt. That by this determination I was sorely punishing myself I do not deny; but the resolution was strengthened from my learning, the same night, that you had twice passed my window, leaning on the arm of Frank Lumsden, the brother of your reported bride."

"What could I think—young and inexperienced—and in a case that precluded me from daring to ask advice, or acquire information? I kept my apartment, feigning illness—and not feigning it—The sickness of the heart was mine; more intolerable in the endurance than aught of corporeal sufferings. Doubt was with me night and day. It clouded my day dreams—it haunted my nightly pillow. A pocket copy of Milton, which you had the week before presented me with, was my only companion—but I could not peruse it. My sorrows were too entirely selfish to allow my thoughts being alienated from my inward feelings. But in the calm of after years, I have often read it since—there it is." she added, reaching a carefully preserved volume from the mantle piece. "But my doubts and my hopes deferred at last ended in despair. The first thing I heard was, that you had embarked for a foreign country, and I vowed a separation, so far as Christian duties permitted, from the things and the thoughts of this world. No one has possessed the place which you, and now I speak of you as a being of the past, once possessed in my affections, and I have sworn to keep my vow unbroken before Heaven."

"These passages from the story of human life need no comment. He who knows not to control his passions, and bear with the frailties of these organs, instead of freeing himself from difficulties and annoyances, will only plunge himself more inextricably into the lugh. Behold what 'trifles light as air' had an overpowering sway in our destinies, as if they had been 'confirmations strong as rocks of holy writ.' But regrets are now, fifteen minutes of explanation would to both have altered the hues of destiny, and saved thirty long years of melancholy separation.

We lived in calm friendship for two years after this meeting, when my poor Catherine was suddenly called to pay the debt of nature; and mine was the sorrowful privilege of laying her head in the grave. I often visited the spot, and counted over the name engraved on her simple tomb. Nor can the time be so distant when my ashes shall be laid beside hers, and our spirits meet again in another world to part no more.

TRAVELS.

GREECE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

And when I looked, behold, an hand was sent unto me, and, lo, a roll of a book was he in—and he spread it before me, and it was written within and without' (Ezek. ii. 9, 10)

In the monastery at Megaspelaion I observed two beautiful rolls of this description. They contained the Liturgies of St. Chrysostom, and that attributed by the Greeks to St. James. You began to read by unfolding, (Luke iv. 17.) and you continued to read and to unfold, till at last you arrived at the stick to which the roll was attached. Then you turned the parchment round, and continued to read on the other side of the roll, folding it gradually up, till you completed the Liturgy. Thus it was written 'within and without.'

"And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was; and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay." (Mark ii. 4.)

Dr. Shaw has supposed that there was a difficulty in understanding this passage, and the corresponding one. (Luke v. 19.)

in a literal manner—and has therefore suggested an interpretation which appears to me wholly inadmissible. When I lived in Ægina I used to look up, not unfrequently, at the roof above my head, and contemplate the facility with which the whole transaction might take place—The roof was constructed in this manner—A layer of reeds, of a large species, was placed upon the rafters. On these a quantity of heather was strewed. Upon the heather, earth was deposited, and beaten down into a compact mass. Now, what difficulty would there be, in removing, first the earth, then the heather, next the reeds? Nor would the difficulty be increased, if the earth had a pavement of tiling laid upon it. No inconvenience could result to the persons in the house, from the removal of the tiles and earth—for the heather and reeds would intercept anything that might otherwise fall down and would be removed last of all.

“It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and be cast into the sea.” (Luke xvii. 2.)

To one who connects this passage with the idea of large millstones employed in our country, there must appear something unnatural in the allusion. To attach such a millstone to the neck would be to terminate life by another mode of death than by casting into the sea: There is here an evident reference to the millstones employed in the East, which are called hand-mills. These consists of an upper and nether millstone, playing into each other, and not more than a foot in diameter. They are turned round by two persons; one sitting on one side, and the other on the other; two women grinding at the mill. The corn, being thus ground between the stones, escapes, in the form of flour, through a hole in the lower millstone. In order to sink a person in the sea, nothing could be more suitable than to attach a millstone of this kind to his neck. The Greeks who were besieged in Achaia had provided several hundred of these handmills.

“The pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.” (Eccles. xii. 6.)

May there not be an allusion here to the method of procuring water for irrigating gardens which is usual at Smyrna, and in many

other places? A large wheel is fixed over the mouth of a well, in a vertical position. A number of pitchers are attached to the wheel, in such a manner, that, by means of its revolution, which is effected by a horse, they are continually descending and filling, and ascending and discharging themselves.

They crowned are as the locusts and thy captives as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are. (Nahum iii. 17.)

Nothing could be more accurate than this description of the grasshoppers. I observed this appearance on a journey from Constantinople to Smyrna by land. Early in the morning the locusts were seen congregated in the bushes, by the road-side, in a close mass; which it would be difficult to express in better words than ‘camping in the hedges.’ They appeared to be assembled with all the precision of military tactics. But ‘when the sun arose, they fled away, and their place was not known where they were.’

And as Jesus passed forth from thence, he saw a man, named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom (or, rather, at the custom-house.) (Matt. ix. 9.)

Any persons may see this ancient custom exemplified to this day, at the gate of Smyrna. The miragee or collector of customs, sits there, in the house allotted him; and receives the money which is due from various persons and commodities, entering into the city. The exactions and rude behaviour of these men are just in character with the conduct of the publicans mentioned in the New Testament. I was myself, the very day before I left Turkey, grossly insulted by a man of this class, because he chose to suppose that the mule on which I was riding was liable to pay duty. A terrible fracas took place—in which some Franks, who came to my assistance, tore the animal away from him by main force. Had I not been sailing from Smyrna the next morning, I might have felt it my duty to summon the man before the Pasha, who would have bastinadoed him sufficiently. When men are guilty of such conduct as this, we wonder that they were detested in ancient times, as were the publicans; and, in modern times, as are the miragees.

When a man shall take hold of his brother of the house of his father, saying, 'Thou hast clothing; be thou our ruler; and let this ruin be under thy hand.' (Isaiah iii. 6.)

Methonius, late steward of All Bey of Napoli di Romania, informed me that his master possessed forty five gowns, valued, some at one thousand, others at two, three, four, and four and a half thousand piastres. Kiamil Bey of Corinth inherited from his father seventy gowns. The wardrobe of Lucullus is too well known to require citation.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. (Isaiah xl. 6, 7.)

The very affecting images of Scripture, which compare the short lived existence of man to the decay of the vegetable creation, are scarcely understood in this country. The verdure is perpetual in England. It is difficult to discover a time when it can be said, 'The grass withereth.' But let the traveller visit the beautiful Plain of Smyrna, or any other part of the East, in the month of May, and revisit it towards the end of June, and he will perceive the force and beauty of those allusions. In May, an appearance of fresh verdure and of rich luxuriance every where meet the eye; the face of nature is adorned with a carpet of flowers and herbage of the most elegant kind. But a month or six weeks subsequently, how changed is the entire scene! The beauty is gone; the grass is withered, the flower is faded—a brown and dusty desert has taken the place of a delicious garden. It is, doubtless, to this rapid transformation of nature, that the Scriptures compare the fate of man.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

I saw a youthful mother kneeling
O'er the cradle of her boy,
Her placid features all revealing
The happy matron's holy joy.

I saw her lips in prayer were moving
Over him reposing there,
And her guileless spirit roving
Through the azure fields of air—

But, another there was bending,
Who in very gladness smiled—
In his breast affection bleeding
The mother with her sleeping child.

He spoke not—but his beaming eye
Revealed the father's pride as well;
Erupt he gazed—until a sigh
Of purest pleasure broke the spell—

Around she turned, and met his gaze
With one in which her gladness shone;
And, deeply blushing, bade him raise
His voice with hers to mercy's throne!

And here, I said, aye here, is bliss,
Where hearts in holy union live—
Oh! who would yield a joy like this
For aught this fleeting world can give!

January 27,

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Stern Time the hero's blood will chill,
His bosom cease to glow,
Will wither e'en the laurel's wreath,
That waves around his brow—
'Twill damp the ardent poet's fire,
Bid playful fancy die,
The giddy joys of life expire,
And youth and beauty fly—
And yet 'tis time can best improve
The warmth of friendship and of love.

O then I'll not desire proud fame,
Capricious as the wind,
And building on an empty name,
Leave real bliss behind—
Nor yet the softest, brightest glow,
That blushing beauty wears—
But let me feel another's wo,
And soothe another's cares—
Let me the lasting pleasures prove
Of faithful friendship, faithful love.

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