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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXXI.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 5, 1835.

[PRICE 2c.]

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE REWARD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

“But, Maria, we are not all possessed of as many attractions as you are; so you need not be surprized that we think a really good offer is not to be trifled with. However, don't be too confident of marrying who & when you please, for Henry Trask seems quite in danger from that little Miss Prentiss, who is taking such a desirable place among the belles—you may lose him after all.”

“Really, Sarah, you talk as though Henry Trask were a declared and accepted suitor; he is no lover of mine. I assure you;—Miss Prentiss is welcome to his heart and hand.”

“Nonsense! just as though all the world could not see how you regard each other, what if you have not plighted mutual truth? Eyes will tell tales which the tongue has not revealed. But I must go—good morning.”

The giddy girl withdrew, having undesignedly planted a thorn in the heart of the haughty Maria Everett. Left to her own reflections, the latter began to take a survey of facts—it was even so; Henry was devoting too much attention to Ellen Prentiss. And who was she! An obscure girl, wholly unconnected in the world—probably of disgraceful origin. Should she win the heart of one of whom herself had been proud as an admirer? No—that girl should sink to the degradation from which she had been raised.

Unfortunately for Maria, she was under the influence of an unprincipled, designing woman, who had been her governess, and was now her confidant. To her she communicated this new vexation, and besought her aid.

“Never mind,” said the woman, “it is well known the girl was picked up among the poorest classes, and it is very easy to make people think she belongs where she was found. You shall not be troubled long with her.”

And who was Ellen Prentiss, upon whose head such vengeance was to fall? She was—but I began with the middle of my story; let me go back a little.

It matters little what station in society was originally occupied by the family of which William Murray was a younger member, nor in what circle the affectionate and accomplished Ellen Hermon might have claimed a place. All that need be known is that, through a series of misfortunes which had befallen his family, William found himself, on entering manhood, possessed of little more than an unsullied reputation, correct moral principles, and every desirable mental endowment and acquisition, and that Ellen was in no degree inclined to withhold her hand from one to whom she had already given a heart of which he knew the value, though his once happy prospects were now wholly blasted. They were married. England had been their home, and England they loved still; but as the contest, during which America had achieved her independence, was now closed, and many inducements to emigrate were presented within her widely extended and fertile territory, they had resolved on making it their future abode; and not many months from the period of their union they were located in New York. Here Murray commenced a retired mode of life, expecting, by self-denial and industry, rather than any uncertain speculation, eventually to secure a competency. Unconnected with the gay and fashionable world, rich in the possession of his own dear Ellen, his happiness seemed likely to be as permanent as it was pure and tranquil. Two or three years had thus passed away when he was summoned to England, to settle an estate which had unexpectedly fallen to him by the will of a deceased relative. Both himself and his wife well knew that even a temporary separation would be to them a most unwelcome event; still, being satisfied of its expediency, they acquiesced, with the hope of soon dwelling together again in improved circumstances. But when

the husband and father bade adieu to a beloved companion, and cherub daughter, who was just beginning to delight him with her infant prattle, he first knew how closely they were entwined about his heart.

When Mr. Murray first arrived in New York, his finances were exhausted; and the expense of fitting up a tenement, and of supplying his domestic necessities, had nearly consumed what he had been able since to acquire. He was, therefore, compelled to leave his wife and child with only a partial provision for their support during his absence, intending to remit an additional supply should his stay be prolonged. Of this, however, the self-denying wife told him to take no thought, for her needle could easily supply the deficiency. Interested in watching the unfolding powers of her little Ellen, cheered and amused with her childish gambols, and always employed either in her maternal duties, or in efforts to provide for herself the means of subsistence, Mrs. Murray endured the absence of her husband with more cheerfulness than she had dared to hope for. Not long, however, after the departure of the latter, his landlord, hearing of his absence, began to feel some anxiety respecting the payment of his rent—presuming that “the young fellow had some wild project in his head, and would never come back.” “Certainly,” he said, “he must have some better security than the old uncle’s guineas.” He, therefore, signified to the unprotected wife his wish to have his house vacated. Mrs. Murray instantly paid the worthy man, who was “only doing justice to himself,” the arrears then due, and made preparations for changing her residence. She obtained a still more humble abode, and, with only a trifling sum of money in her possession, quietly resigned herself to her situation. It was her design, in addition to informing her husband in England of her present residence, to leave her address with their former landlord, that, in case her letters failed of reaching him, he might easily find her on his return to New York.

Little Ellen was now nearly three years old, and, in disposition and person, the perfect miniature of her mother. Doubtless that fond mother already began to anticipate the delight with which the returning father would witness her infantile improvements—for improvements are made during even a brief period of

human existence in its budding state, sufficient to interest more indifferent observers than a parent; and every day and every hour add something to the acquisitions of the young being just beginning to exercise its physical and intellectual faculties.

Mrs. Murray was in an obscure neighbourhood; she knew nothing of those who lived in her immediate vicinity, and was unknown to them. A few weeks after her removal, Ellen was one day heard to cry piteously, and was occasionally seen at the door with an appearance which indicated the want of attention. As the day wore away, she continued crying at intervals, until the unusual circumstance induced a neighbouring woman to go to the house. The child was weeping over, and endeavouring to arouse, a DEAD MOTHER! The woman was satisfied, on questioning her, that her mother had not risen at all that day—to all appearance she died many hours before, perhaps during the night. Others were called in, the body prepared for burial, and, on application to the proper authorities, was, the following day, committed to the grave. A female in humble life, who, among many of her own class, went to see the corpse and the child, proposed “to take the poor little thing for her own—‘it is a pity she should be sent to the poor house,’ said the kind-hearted woman—‘if she were my baby, I should want somebody to have her that would love her.’” No competitor appeared, and no knowledge of the deceased woman or her friends could be obtained, the little one was readily committed to her charge, with such of Mrs. Murray’s effects as remained after defraying funeral expenses.

The child soon became attached to her new mother, though she long grieved for her “dear mamma.” As she called herself Ellen, the name was still continued to her, but she could not tell that of her parents. Very little could be learnt from her except that “Papa had gone away over the water.” A miniature was found in Mrs. Murray’s possession, which was judged to be her own, and the considerate woman who had taken Ellen obtained that also, thinking it might one day be the means of restoring her to her relatives, if she had any.

Mr. Murray’s stay in England was somewhat protracted, and, before he was ready to embark for America, he began to feel considerable uneasiness at having no intelligence from his wife. Communicators between the two

countries were, however, less frequent at that time, than the present. He knew letters were liable to be lost, or detained—hope buoyed up his spirits, and now, having successfully closed his business, he returned to New York, happy in the expectation of placing his beloved Ellen in a station of which, she was every way deserving.

Disappointed and alarmed at not finding her where he expected, at their former dwelling, he sought the owner of the house, but without gaining any information respecting her. The landlord acknowledged the cause of Mrs Murray's leaving his house, seeming to feel some compunction when he learned that Mr Murray had returned in possession of a handsome fortune. The distressed husband was indefatigable in his endeavours to discover his lost family. Month after month passed away, and he obtained no intelligence of their retreat. He became convinced that his wife must be dead—but how, when and where did she die? The thought of what she might have endured was intolerable. And then his child—was that dead too? or, if alive, into what hands had it fallen? perhaps it was worse than dead.

But it is impossible to imagine the utter desolateness of feeling to which he was abandoned. The paroxysms of intense agony which at times almost deprived reason of her empire, were preferable to the uninterrupted continuance of the self-consuming sorrow which usually sat upon his countenance. Sometimes a trifling discovery or circumstance would enkindle in his heart a ray of hope that he was speedily to be re-possessed of his long sought treasure. The suspense he must endure before the necessary inquiries could be made, and the wretchedness these inquiries would return upon him ten fold increased, were enough to drink his very life blood, and paralyse every faculty. Still the possibility of one day finding, at last, his daughter, sustained his otherwise sinking energies and determined him, instead of wasting, to endeavour to prolong his existence for her sake. He so far restrained his sorrow as to engage moderately in business, and, though he rather avoided society, those who came in his way were treated with urbanity and real kindness. The distressed and destitute were objects of his peculiar attention; and, during his fruitless efforts to gain some intelligence of his wife,

or child, these were often presented before him. His own bereavement had mellowed every feeling into compassion for the woes of humanity. There was a luxury in administering to the necessitous. It was his greatest pleasure to do, to others as he would that they should do to him. Thus lived Mr Murray, and thus he probably should end his life. His story was soon forgotten by most who had known his details; and that portion of the community which had been interested and considerably excited by a knowledge of his aggravated loss, soon resumed its wonted state, like ocean's surface which closes over the transient abyss, leaving no vestige of the wreck it has engulfed.

GLEANINGS.

Elizabeth, a young Parisian, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married the next day, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, 'that a man of the world would not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion.' Eliza immediately started—but soon recovering herself, said, 'From this moment, when I discover that you do not respect religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honour God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely.'

There is, says Bishop Taylor, an universal crust of hypocrisy, that covers the face of the greatest part of mankind; but true religion is open in its articles, honest in its prosecutions, just in its conduct, innocent when it is accused, ignorant of falsehood, sure in its truth, and simple in its sayings.

Lysimachus, for extreme thirst, offered his kingdom to the Genæ, to quench it. His exclamation when he drank is very striking—'Ah! wretched me, who, for such a momentary gratification, have lost so great a kingdom!' How applicable is this to the case of him, who, for the momentary pleasures of sin, parts with the kingdom of heaven!

A FLAMING COMPARISON.

Sir Walter Scott, in his life of Napoleon, says, that the French nation, at the time of the revolution, might be compared to a great bedlam set on fire by the patients, who remained dancing in the midst of the flames!

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.]

Is the use of Musical Instruments in Divine Service compatible with Christian Worship?

Trivial as this question may appear, it has given rise to considerable altercation in the Christian world. Some maintain that all instruments, with one or two exceptions, may be admitted; some, that the organ alone is to be used; others would exclude all instruments whatever. If one instrument may be used, there certainly does not appear any reason why another may not, provided the music be as good, or suits equally well the musical taste of the congregation. We shall, therefore, recognise only two classes of persons—those who admit musical instruments into public worship, and those who reject them.

By the former it is argued, that instrumental music is almost coeval with the history of man; that it was, from the earliest period, used in the heathen worship, perhaps in imitation of the "true worship," or from a tradition that it was practised in the devotion paid to Jehovah, before man lapsed into idolatry. It bore a prominent part in the Jewish worship; there is frequent mention of it in the psalms of David. True, there is no positive command, either for or against it, in the New Testament; but, in St. John's description of the state of glorified spirits, they are represented as "harping on their harps." Admitting this language to be figurative, still it may be argued, that the writer, in describing such a scene, would not have employed any figure but such as was derived from the true and legitimate worship of the church militant.

It is further asserted, that instrumental music promotes devotional feelings, by its tendency to calm the passions, soothe the spirits, tranquillise the mind, and give an elevated tone to the benevolent affections.

To all this it is replied by the opposite party, that, although instrumental music be of so high antiquity, yet it is problematical whether it ever was used in divine worship by any except the Jews. It will be difficult to prove that it was. The partiality of the heathen to such music in their sacred rites, is nothing to the point. It rather militates against the opi-

nion of those who are in favour of a custom that carries with it such an air of heathenism.

It is not attempted to be denied, that, in the Jewish services, instrumental music had a very conspicuous place; but it may be humbly asked, by what authority they introduced it into their services? It does not appear that the Divine Legislator ever gave a command to that effect. In the Pentateuch there is no mention made of a musical instrument, except it be a trumpet to call "the people together, or rams' horns to be sounded round the wall of Jericho. David, being a man of great musical genius, seems to have made the innovations for which he is censured; and instrumental music disapproved of by the Lord through his prophet: "Take away from me the noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the melody of thy viols," Amos v. 23. "Woe unto them that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David," Amos vi. 5. Even admitting it to have been lawful in the public worship of the Jews, this does not prove that it ought to be tolerated in Christian worship. The Jewish service "stood in meats, and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation." Among the ordinances designated "carnal," may very properly be regarded instrumental music; it was among those ordinances which were superseded by the Christian economy, "when the true worshippers were to worship the Father in spirit and in truth," "singing with the heart, and with the understanding"—"admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in the heart to the Lord."

The argument drawn from the allusion made to instrumental music in describing the state of glorified spirits, proves nothing more than the preceding. Were such reasoning as this admissible, the worst consequences might follow. For instance, it might be shown that robbery is no crime, because Jesus hath said, "Behold I come as a thief in the night."

On the last argument it is unnecessary to say much. Music certainly affects—powerfully affects—the mind; but, whether it be a devotional feeling that it produces, may very properly be questioned. It is well known that instrumental music is favourable to martial feelings—promotes a spirit of levity—and when moderately engaged in, proves an agree-

able recreation; but to moderns is due the merit of discovering what is not to be found in revelation — on the contrary, what it flatly contradicts. Who ever before heard that any thing short of the Holy Spirit can prepare the mind for spiritual and acceptable worship. Add to this the fact, that in the primitive church service instrumental music was unknown. It was not until the church began to degenerate that its aid was called in, to supply the place of the spirit and power of religion, that was lost. Connect, also, the association of ideas that is produced — you are transported by it, in imagination, to the ball room, or the theatre. And still, though not least, the expences of a musical establishment such as we sometimes see in churches; how much better to appropriate the money thus expended to missionary, or other philanthropic purposes.

Is Instrumental Music compatible with Christian Worship?

A VOCAL MUSICIAN.

Montreal, November 27.

TRAVELS.

NIGHT SCENE IN THE DESERT.

(From Fuller's Tour in the Turkish Empire.)

A caravan presents in the evening a very active and cheerful scene. The camels, which had been turned out to graze as soon as they had halted and been unloaded, now return in separate groups, each of which, following the bell of its leader, proceeds directly to the spot where its master's tents are pitched. When arrived there the docile animals lie down of their own accord in a row, and their heads attached by halters to a rope, which is fastened to a range of stakes about four feet high, extending along the front of the camp. They are then fed with large balls composed of barley meal and lentils, mixed up with water, which they swallow whole, and are left to ruminate till morning. As soon as the night closes in, fires begin to blaze in every direction. They are made with dry thorns and stunted shrubs, collected round the camp, and their flames throw a bright light on the different groups of travellers who are seen squatted on the ground in front of their tents, or beside their piles of merchandise, some occupied with their pipes and coffee, and others enjoying their frugal evening's meal. In an orienta-

company, of whatever class it is composed, the harsh sounds of vulgar merriment are never to be heard; a low hum of conversation spreads through the camp, and as the evening advances, this gradually sinks into a silence, disturbed only by the occasional lowing of the camels. All those persons who have once tried it and who understand the eastern languages, speak of a caravan as a very agreeable mode of travelling. The wild and solitary scenery through which it generally passes, the order and tranquility with which it is conducted, the facility of conveying baggage, and the feeling of security which prevails, amply compensate for the slowness of its movements — and among hundreds of persons collected from the most distant parts of the Turkish empire and the neighbouring states, many of whom have spent their lives in travelling, there is to be found a never failing variety of associates and anecdotes.

MOVING MOUNTAINS IN CALABRIA.

From each side of the deep valley or ravine of Terranuova, enormous masses of the adjoining flat country were detached and cast down into the course of the river, so as to give rise to great lakes. Oaks, olive trees, vineyards, and corn, were often seen growing at the bottom of the ravine, as little injured as their companions from which they were separated from the plains above, at least 500 feet higher, and at the distance of three quarters of a mile. In one part of this ravine was an enormous mass, 200 feet high, and about 300 in diameter at its base, which had been detached by some former earthquake. It was well attested that this mass travelled down the ravine nearly four miles, having been put in motion by the earthquake of the 5th of February. The momentum of the 'terre mobile,' or lavas, as the flowing mud is called in the country, is no doubt very great; but the transportation of masses that might be compared to small hills, for a distance of several miles at a time, is an effect which could never have been anticipated. The first account sent to Naples of these two great slides or landslips was couched in the following words: — 'Two mountains, on opposite sides of the valley, moved from their original position until they met in the middle of the plain, and their joining together intercepted the course of the river.'

RELIGIOUS.

To the lovers of rhetoric we would recommend the following beautiful specimen from the pen of the Rev. John Newland Maffit. The article is admirably calculated to impress the mind of the serious reader with the solemnity and grandeur of the Sacred Writings, abounding, as they do, with the most lofty sentiments, together with the finest in poetry. We regret that we can give but a part of it in this number—it will, however, be concluded in our next.

BIBLICAL SUBLIMITY.

It is now a sort of standing acknowledgment in the mouths of thoughtless thousands, that the Sacred Writings abound with sentences of matchless sublimity. But ask these amateurs of the sublime in what passages they find the thrilling emotion which takes hold of the heart and binds the frame in subdued wonder, they only repeat what the rhetoricians have carved out for them; they say, 'there be light and there was light'—they say, 'God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran!' But however sublime may be these often quoted texts, there are yet deeper fountains of emotion, bottomless as the ocean of wisdom which first gave birth to passion, and then rolled up the element on which it may feed for ever.

It is not our design to analyse the emotion of sublimity; the philosophers and rhetoricians have done this long centuries since. Neither shall we draw our visions of sublimity from the stupendous drama of the apocalypse, in which heaven, earth with its far off ages, and hell with its unfathomed horrors, appear and are withdrawn like the shifting scenes of a mysterious but terribly graphic development, alike important to men, demons and heavenly ones. Neither shall we travel over the field so fully and faithfully explored by Lowth, by Michaelis, and other critics on Hebrew poetry. It has been remarked by a philologist that the Hebrew language, above all others, is well adapted to express energetic action. Strong and discriminating and powerful, the Hebrew phrase never slumbers over the idea it would express. It borrows its illustrations from nature, and therefore the biblical student must study nature, to know what inspiration means. It flashes its undimmed blaze upon a subject

before hidden or dark or complicated, and does more, in a word, than philosophy could have done for ages.

Without reference, then, to criticism or philosophical inquiry, we will indulge ourselves over a few passages of inspiration, as the pervading spirit of the 'book of books' would teach us.

There was a time when the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth. The clouds had never gathered upon the mountain brow; never had the solemn thunder called out from cloud to cloud the growling summons of the storm; never had the red lightning fringed the bosom of the black tempest with rapid and lissing furnace fires, untamed and savage and unsparring, the very bolts of vengeance launched red hot upon the watery atmosphere with the lion's roar of power.—What was the action of the Almighty mind in this season of drought, when there was not a man to till the ground? Simply and sublimely this: 'There went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.' The first white vapour that ever exhaled from shore and fountain and flood was seen creeping along the serpentine brooks, gathering density and shape in its progress, disclosing its heaviest columns where Pison and Gihon and Hiddekel and Euphrates rolled their waters to far separated regions. This mist hung like a bridal curtain awhile over the earth, then went up and was dissolved in showers, and Eden bloomed afresh beneath the first tears of the affectionate heavens.

Man had perished on account of infidelity and crime beneath a deluge of waters. The whole race, with the exception of a single family, was extinct. This family was shut with the frail planks of gopher wood between them and the hungry waves which entombed humanity and the rich memorials of ancient art and grandeur. One hundred and fifty days had this melancholy remnant of mankind heard the pattering of tremendous rains and the beating of such surges as never might have raved except on a shoreless ocean. Hope was dying within them. What now was the action of the Eternal mind? 'And God remembered Noah, * * * and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged.' Not a single swelling epithet here used or needed. Memory is described as the act of the infinite God—and they

his command, the wind begins to roar through the confused mass of clouds and waves. Vapour and gloom no longer rule the atmosphere. The broken up deep sinks down beneath the breath of heaven, and at last hides its awful billows in the lowest caverns of the earth. Then, to hush the fears of the terrified beings who had survived the death of a world, with what a sublimity of beauty did God, upon the first dark cloud that rolled over the summit of Arrarat, plant his many coloured rainbow? 'I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token.'

A death bed was spread in Egypt, and a venerable man laid him down to die. It was Jacob. 'He called to his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you what shall befall you in the last days.' One by one the fathers of the tribes advanced, and heard the oracular words that destined them and theirs throughout futurity. Joseph approaches. His blessing is a sentence that casts every heathen oracle into midnight shadows. 'A fruitful bow by a well, whose branches run over the wall * * shot at by the archers,' * * a garland of blessings coming down from heaven above, coming up from the deep which lieth under, twined with love and fruitfulness, and reaching 'unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills, on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.'

(To be continued)

MEGALOMANIA.

OBSCURITY.

To make any thing very terrible, obscurity seems in general to be necessary. When we know the full extent of a danger, when we can accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Every one will be sensible of this, who considers how greatly night adds to our dread, in all cases of danger, and how much the notions of ghosts and goblins, of which none can form clear ideas, affect minds which give credit to the popular tales concerning such sorts of beings. Almost all the heathen temples were dark. Even in the barbarous temples of the American Indians they keep their idol in a dark part of the hut, which is consecrated to his worship. For this purpose, too, the Druids performed all their ceremonies in the bosom of the darkest woods.

and in the shade of the oldest and most spreading oaks. No person seems better to have understood the secret of heightening, or of setting terrible things, if I may use the expression, in their strongest light by the force of a judicious obscurity, than Milton. His description of death, in the second book, is admirably studied; it is astonishing with what a gloomy pomp, with what a significant and expressive uncertainty of strokes and colouring he has finished the portrait of the king of terrors:—

The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none,
Distinguishable, in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black he stood as
night;
Fierce as ten furies - terrible as hell—
And shook a deadly dart. What seem'd his
head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

In this description all is dark, uncertain, confused, terrible, and sublime, to the last degree.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

The second branch of the social passions is that which administers to society in general. With regard to this, we observe, that society, merely as society, without any particular heightenings, give us no positive pleasure in the enjoyment; but absolute and entire solitude, that is, the total and perpetual exclusion from all society, is as great a positive pain as can almost be conceived. Therefore, in the balance between the pleasure of general society and the pain of absolute solitude, pain is the predominant idea. But the pleasure of any particular social enjoyment outweighs very considerably the uneasiness caused by the want of that particular enjoyment: so that the strongest sensations relative to the habitudes of particular society, are sensations of pleasure. Good company, lively conversations, and the endearments of a friendship, fill the mind with great pleasure; a temporary solitude, on the other hand, is itself agreeable. This may, perhaps, prove that we are creatures designed for contemplation as well as action; since solitude as well as society has its pleasures, as from the former observation we may discern, that an entire life of solitude contradicts the purposes of our being, since death itself is scarcely an idea of more terror.

RIGHT HAND OF FALSEHOOD.

It was a custom among the Jews, when an oath was administered in a court of justice, for the person who took the oath to lift up his right hand towards heaven, as invoking God to witness his veracity. Hence it was usual to describe a person who swore falsely, or violated his engagements thus solemnly made, as having a right hand of falsehood. Thus David, complaining of the treachery of his enemies, says, 'Their mouths speak vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood,' Psalm cxliv, 8, 11. The same form is still retained in Scotland.

POETRY.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night.

Go with pure mind and feeling—
Fling earthly cares away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee—
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.

Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim—
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude, to pray—
Should holy thought come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way—

Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth and love.

O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power which he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace, who gave thee all.

GREATNESS AT HOME.

(Dialogue between two Roman matrons.)

LICINIA. I am the happiest wife in Rome
my Livia!

LIVIA. I doubt it not;
But there's Flaminius's wife, the other day,
Scarce from the Forum to her house could
pass,
For gratulation that her husband won
The Consulate.

LICINIA. That day my Caius sat
At home with me, and read to me, my Livia;
Little cared I who won the Consulate!

LIVIA. And there's Lectorius has obtain'd
a government—
His wife will be a queen!

LICINIA. Well, let her be so;
My queenom is to be a simple wife;
This is my government, my husband's house,
Where, when he sits with me, he is enthroned
Enough. You'll smile, but . . .
I'd rather see him with his boy upon
His knee, than seated in the Consul's chair,
With all the Senate round him.

LIVIA. Yet his greatness
Must needs be thine.

LICINIA. I do not care for greatness,
It is a thing lives too much out of doors;
'Tis any where but at home; you will not
find it

Once in a week in its own house at supper
With the family! Knock any hour you choose,
And ask for it: nine times in ten they'll send
you

To the Senate or the Forum, or to such
Or such a one in quest of it! 'Tis a month—
Since Caius took a meal from home, and that
Was with my brother. If he walks,
I walk along with him, if I choose; or if I
stay

Behind, it is a race 'twixt him and the time—
And when he's back, and the door shut on him,
Consummate happy is my world within—
I never think of any world without.

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