

THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXIII.]

MONTREAL, SEPT. 30, 1835.

[PRICE 2s.]

TRAVELS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR SAVIOUR. †

(Continued from page 170.)

Advancing, and taking off our shoes and turbans at the desire of the keeper, he drew the curtain, and stepping down, and bending almost to the ground, we entered by a low narrow door into this mansion of victory, where Christ triumphed over the grave, and disarmed Death of all his terrors. Here the mind looks on Him who, though he knew no sin, yet entered the mansions of the dead to redeem us from death, and the prayers of a grateful heart ascend with a risen Saviour to the presence of God in heaven.

The tomb exhibited is a sarcophagus of white marble, slightly tinged with blue, being fully six feet long, three feet broad, and two feet two inches deep. It is but indifferently polished, and seems as if it had at one time been exposed to the action of the atmosphere, by which it has been considerably affected. It is without any ornament, made in the Greek fashion, and not like the more ancient tombs of the Jews, which we see cut in the rock for the reception of the dead. There are seven lamps constantly burning over it, the gifts of different sovereigns in a succession of ages. It occupies about one-half of the sepulchral chamber, and extends from one end of it to the other. A space about three feet wide in front of it is all that remains for the accommodation of visitors, so that not more than three or four can be conveniently admitted at a time.

Leaving this hallowed spot, the pilgrim is conducted to the place where our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene, and next to the Chapel of Apparition, where he presented

himself to the Blessed Virgin. The Greeks have an oratory opposite to the Holy Sepulchre, in which they have set up a globe, representing as they are pleased to imagine, the centre of the earth; thus transferring from Delphi to Jerusalem the absurd notions of the pagan priests of antiquity relative to the figure of the habitable world. After this he enters a dark narrow staircase, which, by about twenty steps, carries him to Mount Calvary. 'This,' exclaims Dr. Richardson, 'is the centre, the grand magnet of the Christian church: from this proceed life and salvation; thither all hearts tend and all eyes are directed; here kings and queens cast down their crowns, and great men and women part with their ornaments; at the foot of the cross all are on a level; equally needy and equally welcome.'

On Calvary is shown the spot where the Redeemer was nailed to the cross, the hole into which the end of it was fixed, and the rent in the rock. All these are covered with marble, perforated in the proper places, so that they may be seen and touched.

THE COURT OF EGYPT.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favourite residence of the Pasha of Egypt. The palace, on the banks of the Nile, is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a Kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you, tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular

colonnade of white marble, It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade, the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banquetting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white shining marble of which the whole Kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pasha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico, and a juba or exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery, the Nubian eunuchs rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps,—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the Divan.

This court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the garden of Shubra. During the festival of the Bairam, the Pasha generally holds his state in the enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banquetting rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated on small Persian carpets and smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water; from every quarter bursts of melody; and each

moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.

RELIGIOUS.

ASSISTANCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN PRAYER.

Suppose the case of a calm at sea. The ship in the midst of the ocean is sometimes arrested in its progress by a dead calm. Every sail is spread to catch the dying breeze, but all in vain. The vessel continues almost motionless on the vast expanse, or only rocked to and fro by the swell of the sea. The mariners look out, day after day, with longing eyes, for a favourable gale to carry them onward; and perhaps, when they almost despair of attaining it, then, in his hour of need, the sea manifests in the distance a darker hue, some clouds are seen rising in the horizon, a ripple appears upon the water, the sails begin to fill, the wished-for breeze springs up, the sea parts and foams, and the ship darts along towards its destined port.

Thus it is sometimes with the Christian. He needs the breeze from above, and could not without its advance in his course. Sometimes, after using every means of grace, his soul seems motionless in the voyage, and his heart sighs and longs for better days. His sails are spread, he is on his way, longing and waiting for, and yet not immediately receiving the favourable breath of heaven. It is delayed, perhaps, to show him his own inability and weakness, that he is entirely dependant on divine grace, and that the Holy Spirit is the free gift of God. But he is waiting for the breeze, and at length the wind blows, every sail is filled, every faculty, every affection, and power is engaged: he proceeds rapidly in his course, and is wafted along towards the desired haven.

OMNIPRESENCE AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

God's eye is upon every hour of my existence. His spirit is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His inspiration gives birth to every purpose within me. His hand

impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale, is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death, or of woeful suffering, is now at ease, because he at this moment is warding off me a thousand dangers and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps me through the whole current of my restless and ever changing history. When I walk by the way side, he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will he tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest domains of Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings, and of all my faculties.

GLEANNINGS.

A righteous man is one that takes the word of God for his rule, the grace of God for his strength, the Spirit of God for his guide, and the heaven of God for his home.

An honest heart, and a sincere intention to please God in all things, will clear the path of duty from many a stumbling block, which the pride of human reason has cast up; for 'if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.'

A clergyman having made several efforts to reform a profligate, was at length repulsed with, 'It is all in vain, Doctor, you cannot get me to change my RELIGION.' 'I do not want that,' replied the divine, 'but I wish religion to CHANGE YOU.'

On the heel of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

POOR ROSALIE.

CHAP. II.

Once more, therefore, she was under her father's roof, and she tried to bear, in the pleasure of being near him, and still beloved by him, the increased persecutions which she had now to undergo. Her tyrant was continually telling her that she still believed her to be the murderer's accomplice; and, therefore, she could not do too much to show her gratitude for being admitted under the roof of a respectable person; and there were times when Rosalie had reason to believe her father was persuaded to be of his wife's opinion. She had, also, the misery of finding herself sometimes shunned by those who had once professed a friendship for her. Auguste St. Beuve no longer stopped to talk with her when they met; and it was evident that, till it should please heaven to bring the real murderer to justice, a stain would always rest on her character.

At length, her daily trials, spite of her trust in Providence, deprived her of strength sufficient to labour as usual; and she had soon the added misery of being told by her brothers and sisters, of whom she was very fond, that their mother said, she was a very wicked woman, and they ought not to love her. It was at the foot of the cross that Rosalie sought refuge on these occasions, and there she found it!—there she found power to bear her trials without murmuring, though she could not conquer the increasing debility which anxiety of mind and over fatigue had brought upon her. She had, meanwhile, one solace dear to her, that of visiting the grave of her mother and friend, of decorating them with funeral wreaths, and of weeding, with pious hand, the flowers which she had there planted. As her health was now evidently too delicate to permit her to perform her wonted tasks, her step-mother insisted on being paid more for her board; and she would soon have left her penny-less, but for the following circum-

stance:—One young man, as I have related above, and one only, had visited her in prison—led thither, for he was unacquainted with her, merely by the generous wish to prove his entire belief in her innocence.

This young man left the village suddenly, soon after Rosalie's acquittal took place, after having, for some time, appeared disturbed in mind. A few weeks subsequent to his departure, he informed his relations that he should return no more, having left France for America. It was instantly reported and believed that he and Rosalie had secretly been lovers and accomplices in the murder; that when she had received her legacy she had refused to marry him, and that he had gone away in order to conquer an unsuccessful attachment, and also to avoid all chance of detection: This event put the finishing stroke to poor Rosalie's misfortunes. She was now almost universally shunned; and even her father, when he witnessed her sorrow at the young man's mysterious departure—the effect of gratitude merely—was sometimes induced to believe it was the result of self-upbraiding.

'And is it possible,' said Rosalie, 'that you can think him a murderer, and me his accomplice?'

'Why no—not positively so; but appearances are strong against you both.'

The truth was, that, having repeatedly admitted to his wife the possibility of Rosalie's guilt, he had tried to reconcile his weakness to his conscience, by believing that he might have admitted a truth.

And it was a father whom she tenderly loved, her only earthly hope, who had thus spoken to her! It was almost more than the poor Rosalie could bear—but she remembered that she had a father in heaven, and was comforted.

To remain where she was, was now impossible, nor could her step-mother allow her to stay, as she was told it would be a disadvantage to her own daughters, if she harboured such a creature: Accordingly Rosalie was told that she must seek a distant home.

This was now no trial to her. Her father had owned that he thought she might be guilty—she therefore wished to fly even from his presence. But whither shall she go? There was one friend who would, as her father thought, receive her for her poor mother's sake, even in her degraded state, and to her care, by a letter which she was to deliver herself, her father consigned her. Nothing now remained, but to take as affectionate a farewell of her kindred as might be permitted her—to visit the grave of her mother and her friend, breathe her last prayer beside them, and take her place in the Diligence which was to bear her far from her native village, in order to remain an exile from her home—till He, who is able to bring "light out of darkness," should deign to make manifest her innocence. She was going to a small town in Burgundy; and it was with a beating heart that the injured girl quitted the Diligence, and, with her little bundle, asked where her mother's friend resided. The question was soon answered, and the residence pointed out; but she had the pain of hearing that she was dead, and had even been buried some days. However, she found that her son-in-law and his wife were at the house, and she ventured thither. But no sooner had the master and mistress, in her presence, read the letter together, than they both changed colour, and with an expression of aversion in their countenances, declared that, under her circumstances, they could not admit her into their family; and Rosalie, in silence and in sorrow, turned from the door. Whither should she go now? The evening was then far spent—therefore, for that night, she hired a bed at a small guinguette, or ale house. In the morning she decided on quitting the town, and proceeding on foot to the next village, lest those who had denied her entrance into their house should prejudice the townsfolk against her. Accordingly, she set off quite early in the morning, and arrived, after a few hours, at so pretty a village, that she resolved to stay there, and, if possible, hire a small

room, and try to procure a service or some employment.

She was not long in procuring the first, and hoped she had procured the second—but, when the person who was going to hire her heard her name was Rosalie Mirbel, & whence she came, she regarded her with a look of painful suspicion, and, saying she would not suit her, shut the door in her face.

What was it now expedient for her to do? Should she change her name, as it was evident that it was only too well known? But this, the principle of truth, inculcated in her by her mother at a very early age, forbade her to do. All she could do, therefore, was to go forward and as far as she could from her native place, in hopes that the farther she went, the less likely it was that she would be recognized. The next day, when she paid for her night's lodging, she saw, by the countenance of the man of the house, that he had been told who she was—and, on going out, she saw a crowd evidently waiting to look at her—nor could she, though she walked very fast, escape from the misery of hearing some abusive names applied to her, and execrations of her supposed crime.

Rosalie clasped her crucifix only more closely to her breast, and continued to trust that the hour of her deliverance from unjust suspicion would, in time, arrive.

It was noon before the faint and weary sufferer reached the suburbs of the next town, and saw a kind looking woman, in deep mourning, sitting at work at the door of the cottage. Her pale, care worn cheek, and her dress, encouraged her to accost her. Perhaps the recent loss which she had sustained had softened her heart, and Rosalie ventured to request, first a draught of milk, and then a lodging if she had one to let.

"Thou shalt have both, my child," was the ready answer. "Come in and sit down, for I am sure thou art tired."

Rosalie did so, and as soon as she was rested she was shown the neat apartment which, at a

moderate rent, she was to occupy, and which had only just been vacated. She then told the good woman her name was Mirbel, Rosalie Mirbel, and she anxiously fixed her eyes upon her face, to see what effect that name had on her. To Rosalie's great alarm, she, too, started, but not with any sign of aversion: on the contrary, she took her hand, and gazing on her with tearful eyes, said, "I am glad thy name is Rosalie. It was that of my dear lost child, and I shall like thee all the better for it"—then, throwing herself on her neck, she wept the dear Rosalie in the arms of the living one. It was with a heart full of thankfulness that Rosalie lay down that night: hoping that she had not only found a permanent home, but a second mother. When Rosalie had been some days in her new abode, and had obtained as much employment as she required, through the exertions of her hostess, she wrote to her father, giving him her address and begging to hear from him. She had long resolved not to spend any of the money still remaining of her legacy; that she reserved for her brothers and sisters. "I shall not live long," thought Rosalie—"my heart is nearly broken, but one day my father and they will love me again—one day my innocence will be made known—and they will be very sorry to think how cruelly they judged the poor Rosalie, who, as they will then find, loved and forgave them."

At length, she could not be easy without telling her kind friend who she was; accordingly she said, "Dear Madelon, I have a sad secret weighing on my mind, and I cannot be satisfied without revealing it to thee."

"Nonsense!" replied she, "I hate secrets!—I will not hear it, darling!

"Oh, but you must!—you do not yet know who I am."

"I know," returned Madelon with deep feeling, "that thou art the child of sorrow, and that is enough for me."

"Good generous being!" cried Rosalie—"but I am called more than the child of sorrow—I am, though falsely, accused of—of"—

"I know it, I know it already! Some one passing through the village, saw thee and knew thee, and came to tell me what thou wast said to be, but I did not believe thee guilty—no, no, dear child, how could I. She a murderess—said I, when I have seen her averse even to kill the bee that stung her. No, no—and I sent him off with his wicked tales."

"Then you will not cast me from you, my best friend," said the poor girl, bursting into a flood of soothing tears, and throwing herself into her arms.

"Never, never." And this was the happiest day that Rosalie had known since her misfortunes. But no reply came from her father; and, though she wrote to him every year for five years successively, she never received any answer. "Well then," said she to her indignant companion, "I will write no more, and try to be contented with knowing I have a parent in you Madelon." Still, spite of her habitual trust in Providence, this neglect of a beloved parent had a pernicious effect on her health, and it continued to decline.

The next morning as she was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while, as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice, in the next garden, singing a song which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother—for it was one which she used to sing; nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales; and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up, and, seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, perturbed, and, as she thought, a sarcastic expression; which was so disagreeable to her, that she left the widow, and the man sung no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again; but she withdrew immediately,

because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression as on the preceding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the same man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes, had some tools in a bag hanging on his arm, and was gathering up some others which he had left on the grass; and thence Rosalie concluded he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to observe him; when suddenly he lifted up his head, and, as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed, in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one, "OH, THE PRETTY ARM!—OH, THE PRETTY ARM!" and then ran out of the garden.

(To be continued)

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—In the following lines I have drawn together a few cursory observations on the value of sight, and sent them, if you think them worthy, for insertion in your Magazine.

ON THE VALUE OF SIGHT.

Sight is one of the many blessings the beneficent Creator has bestowed on mankind. The construction of the eye is so various and wonderful as to lead us to suppose that God surely intended it to be a source from which we would derive both pleasure and happiness. Yet this sense is so little valued by those who are in full possession of it, and their want of compassion, on those individuals who have had the misfortune to be born blind, or from some providential occurrence lost their eye sight, so great, as would lead one to suppose it was of little consequence to men in this present state of existence: and we often see the blind, while groping their way in darkness when the sun's rays are most resplendent, made an object of laughter and derision, when

the finer feelings of our compassion should be called into operation, and our hearts melt in pity for them. But how very different are the feelings of the blind in this matter, who have felt all the evils & disadvantages arising from the want of this one single sense. Milton, the most accomplished and sublime poet modern times have produced, lamented his mental darkness in the following pathetic strains:—

“Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn.
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,
Surround me—from the cheerful ways of
man
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and
raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
out,”

And again, in strains as melancholy:—

———But chief of all,
O loss of sight! of thee I most complain;
Blind among enemies! O worse than
chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepid age!
Sight, the prime work of God, to me's
extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd———

And we might here quote a numberless host of authors, who have shone, at various times, in the firmament of letters, lamenting the great disadvantages they laboured under from the loss of sight—but the above will be sufficient to convince us of the high value we ought to put on this gift.

We owe the possession of most of the pleasures and comforts of this life to sight, as by it our steps are guided and our bodies protected from many accidents. Our minds are enlightened, improved and instructed from the treasury of creation and the productions of the human intellect. To the sight the chisel is indebted for its power of forming the shapeless marble into the most expressive images of the human form, and the pencil to tracing on canvas the beauties of

nature, and handing down to posterity, as in reality, the works and portraits of men, which the mutilating hand of time has long ago crumbled into dust. To the sight also we not only owe all the researches in Philosophy and the Arts and Sciences, but all the splendid imagery with which the poet has clothed his ideas in conveying them to the mind. The discovery of the telescope and the microscope, two instruments that have tended greatly to raise man in intelligence, and enable him to meditate, with wonder and astonishment, on those works of the Almighty which before were looked on with carelessness and indifference, resulted from sight. With the one we explore the regions of heaven, and search into immensity of space which is far beyond the reach of the naked eye, and with the other discover a world on every leaf, and see the whole earth teeming with living beings.

Without sight the beauties of nature would have been a blank, and the mind of man would have never been estimated. The knowledge of the planetary system would have been unknown, and the reappearance of comets after being invisible for three or four hundred years, would not have been seen, and man would have been ignorant of the beautiful order and scenery which pervades the whole works of the Almighty Jehovah, and, above all, the plan of redemption through Christ his only son to a guilty and ruined world.

Let us who possess this with all the other senses and faculties of the mind and body, offer up to God a song of grateful praise for his mercies, and express ourselves as his servant of old. “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?”

DELTA.

Montreal, Sept. 1835.

Who forgets, and does not forget himself, in the joy of giving, and of accepting, its sublime.

The first war undertaken, for religion was that of the Arminian Christians, to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximin.

REMEMBER ME.

There are not two other words in the language that can recall a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship than these. Look through your library, and you cast your eyes upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say Remember me. Have you an ancient album, the repository of mementos of early affection? Turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the name enrolled on them—each speaks, each says Remember me. Go into the crowded churchyard, among the marble tombs, read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones—they too have a voice that speaks to the heart of the living, and says Remember me. Walk in the scenes of early rambles: the well-known paths of the winding streams, the overspread tree, the green and gently sloping banks, recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions—they, too, bear the treasured injunction, Remember me. And this is all that is left of the wide circle of our earthly friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our rank by the changes of circumstances or of character—in time we find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were:

POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

MEDITATION.

“Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.”

PSALM LI. 10.

What can the reason be
That I do not enjoy
That depth of purity,
That love without alloy?

Is it because the Lord
Is slow to answer prayer?
Has he not pledg'd his word
To lend a gracious ear?

If faithfully I call,
And plead th' atoning lamb,
He'll willingly give all
I ask in Jesu's name.

'Tis true I love him still,
And for the past I'll praise—
But oh, I long to feel
His sanctifying grace.

I know it was for me
The Saviour did unfold
His love upon the tree,
In agonies untold—

That love so free and pure
Which caused him to brave,
To enter and endure,
The terrors of the grave.

Why do I doubt him, then,
Or murmur at his stay?
I do believe he can
Wash all my sins away;

Not only can, but will
Give me a new, clean heart,
And then forever dwell
In me, no more to part.

Montreal, Sept. 1835.

L.

If the talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be some use to the world—but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good-sense, by attracting every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

Always endeavour to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with, and to put thy company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. E. L. MILLER,

At the low price of TWORENCE a number, payable on delivery; or 1s. 8d. per quarter, in advance. To Country Subscribers, 2s. 4d. per quarter, (including postage) also in advance.