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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No XXXVIII.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 23, 1836.

[Price 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

There is one circumstance connected with the rose, which renders it a more true and striking emblem of earthly pleasure, than any other flower - it bears a thorn. While its odorous breath is floating on the summer gale, and its blushing cheek, half hid amongst the sheltering leaves, seems to woo and yet shrink from the beholder's gaze, touch with hot adventurous hand the garden queen, and you are pierced by her protecting thorns: would you pluck the rose and weave it into a garland for the brow you love best, that brow will be wounded; or place the sweet blossom in your bosom, the thorn will be there. This real or ideal mingling of pain and sorrow, with the exquisite beauty of the rose, affords a never ending theme to those who are best acquainted with the inevitable blending of clouds and sunshine, hope and fear, weal and woe, in this our earthly inheritance.

With every thing fair, or sweet, or exquisite in this world, it has seemed meet to that wisdom which appoints our sorrows, and sets a bound to our enjoyments, to affix some stain, some bitterness, or some alloy, which may not inaptly be called, in figurative language, a thorn. St Paul emphatically speaks of a "thorn in the flesh," and from this expression, as well as from his earnestness in having prayed thrice that it might be removed, we conclude it must have been something particularly galling to the natural man. We hear of the thorn of ingratitude, the thorn of envy, the thorn of unrequited love, indeed of thorns as numerous as our pleasures; and few there are who can look back upon the experience of life, without acknowledging that every earthly good they have desired, pursued, or attained, has had its peculiar thorn. Who has ever cast himself into the lap of luxury, without finding that his couch was strewn with thorns? Who has reached the summit of his ambition, with-

out feeling on that pinnacle that he stood on thorns? Who has placed the diadem upon his brow, without perceiving that thorns were thickly set within the royal circlet? Who has folded to his bosom all that he desired of earth's treasures, without feeling that bosom pierced with thorns? All that we enjoy in this world or yearn to possess, has this accompaniment. The more intense the enjoyment, the sharper the thorn; and those who have described most feelingly the inner workings of the human heart, have unfailingly touched upon this fact with the melancholy sadness of truth.

Far be it from one who would not willingly fall under the stigma of ingratitude, to disparage the nature or the number of earthly pleasures—pleasures which are spread before us without price or limitation, in our daily walk, and in our nightly rest—pleasures which lie scattered around our path when we go forth upon the hills, or wander in the valley; when we look up to the starry sky, or down to the fruitful earth—pleasures which unite the human family in one bond of fellowship, surround us at our board, cheer our fireside, smooth the couch on which we slumber, and even follow our wandering steps long after we have ceased to regard them with gratitude or joy. I speak of the thorn which accompanies these pleasures not with murmuring or complaint. I speak of the wounds inflicted by this thorn with a living consciousness of their poignancy and anguish. Because exquisite and dear as mere earthly pleasures may sometimes be, I would still contrast them with such as are not earthly. I would contrast the thorn and the wound, the disappointment and the pain, which accompany all such pleasures as are merely temporal, with the fulness, the peace, and the crown, accompanying those which are eternal.

NATHANIEL.

The first concern of a young man, in starting in business, is, or ought to be, to connect himself with a suitable partner in life. Early

marriages tend to save young men from habits of extravagance and dissipation, to call into wholesome exercise their mental and physical powers, and to fix them in habits of usefulness. They are calculated to avert evil, and to produce good. Young people can more easily conform to each other's habits, and correct their faults, than old ones. The common objection against early marriages, that a man is not yet able to support a family in the style he wishes, is a fallacious one. Let your beginning be humble, not ostentatious, what ever be your means; for it is easier to advance, as your ability and prudence will permit, than to retrench, when you find you have graduated your expenses too high. Begin to live upon a small income, and you will soon acquire the means of living upon a larger one—if you desire it.

In choosing a wife, consult judgment before passion; for if the latter gets the rein, discretion is generally disregarded, in matrimonial as in other concerns of life. Choose your wife as you would your farm, on which you design to spend your days—not for the gaudy exterior of the buildings, but for the intrinsic good qualities of the soil, for the good it is likely to produce you—not for beauty and wealth so much—though these are considerations not to be disregarded—as for the abiding good qualities of the mind, and the ability and disposition to perform with fidelity the duties of domestic life. If these qualities were in higher demand by young men, they would be more cultivated by young women. Look for a partner who will bring to the common stock at least her share of industry, prudence and good nature. Seek qualities in a wife which will wear well at home, and with which you can be content to bed and board, in good fortune and in bad. And having gained your wishes, by honourable means, take care to fulfil your part of the bargain—and to justify the reasonable expectations which you have raised. Use the same assiduity to preserve that you employed to win, the affections of your partner. It is dishonourable in a young man to raise expectations, before marriage, which he cannot fulfil after marriage—and possessing the power to fulfil them, he is doubly in fault if he does not exert it habitually in the performance of his plighted faith. You are to look for happiness at home, and if you do not realise it there, you will seek it

in vain elsewhere. Hence the temporary surrender of an opinion, or the relinquishment of a cherished habit, are trivial sacrifices when put in competition with a life of domestic enjoyment. Matrimonial jars are like fire—the more they are fed the fiercer they burn. Take care that they are never lighted upon your domestic altar. Bad passions and propensities may be overcome or eradicated when in the bud, but indulged, they acquire the firmness of the quarled oak, and corrode the best feelings that enable human nature. On this point you are particularly called upon as the head, to teach, by example, those whom Providence may consign to your care.

Beware of the intoxicating influence of prosperity. "O, my son," is the exclamation of Shekh Al Mohdi, "it is not the power of satisfying our desires, but the courage to suppress them, that insures felicity. The heart of man is insatiable—the accomplishment of one wish leads to the formation of a thousand, these are the pregnant sources of evil, like the small kernel that in an almost imperceptible space contains an immense tree, which will soon raise its head to the clouds and destroy all the vegetation under its shade, and whose branches will one day or other break the heads of the children of him by whom it was planted. Moderation in our desire, and contentment with what we possess, constitute the only imperishable wealth.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OBTAINING CORRECT PRINCIPLES IN EARLY LIFE.

The following account of a Quaker of Falmouth, England, is taken from M'Donald's life of the Rev. J. Benson.

This man, unknown to his family & friends, joined with some others in fitting out a privateer to act against the French, who had allied themselves to the American States while in arms against Great Britain. The privateer was successful, and when peace was concluded, there was a considerable dividend for the proprietors. The Quaker received his share among the rest; but his conscience reproached him for what he had done. He considered himself guilty of robbery. About this time he was brought by affliction to the gates of death, which greatly increased his distress. He frequently exclaimed, "Oh that ill-gotten money!" Neither his wife nor his friends knew what he meant. At length it

resolved that should the Lord raise him up he would make restitution to the injured parties, if they could be found. The Lord did raise him up, and he sent his son to Paris, directing him to advertise in the Paris Gazette that any persons who had suffered by such a private r. upon coming and proving their losses, would be refunded in proportion to his share in the prizes. This was accordingly done to the astonishment of all France.

A LIVING TOOTHPICK.

A modern traveller says, that he has frequently seen, on the banks of the Nile, a bird about the size of a dove, or perhaps rather larger, of handsome plumage, and making a twittering noise when on the wing. It has a peculiar motion of the head, as if nodding to some one near it, at the same time turning itself to the right and left, and making its cone twice or thrice before its departure, a mark of politeness he never met with before in any of the feathered tribe. He was told that it was called *Suksaque*, or *Sucksack*, and that tradition had assigned to it the habit of entering the mouth of the crocodile when basking in the sun on a sand bank for the purpose of picking away what might be adhering to his teeth. This being done, it gives the crocodile a hint of its wish to depart; the reptile immediately opens its jaws, and permits the animated toothpick to fly away.

ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

'Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great.'—BEATTIE.

Michael Schuppach, the Swiss doctor, who by the wonderful cures he wrought on persons who had been given up by regular physicians, had obtained so great a celebrity during the last century, was often visited by people of distinction and fortune, especially from Germany. There were once assembled in Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity; and among them, many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquess attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous

doctor—but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquess had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation there entered an old peasant meanly dressed, with a snow white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. The doctor directly turned away from his great company to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquess was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose to turn his jokes against the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly observations on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'or, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty looking fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis d'or on it, and had it carried to the marquess, who, of course, could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, 'Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country.' Saying this she embraced him and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words—'Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age.'

The first Newspaper published at regular intervals was issued monthly at Venice in Italy about 250 years since. It was called the *Gazetta*—signifying a little treasure of news. The number of copies issued of this first paper must have been very limited—for the jealousy of the Venetian government would not allow of the circulation of a printed sheet, so that the *Gazetta* continued to be distributed to Manuscript for more than thirty years. Files of this paper are now extant.

He that pursues fame with just claims,
Trusts his happiness to the winds—but he that
endeavours after it by false merit, has to
fear not only the violence of the storm, but
the leaks of his vessel.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

DEPARTURE AND RETURN,

A TALE OF FACTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

When I entered the church-yard it was in the morning—a morning one of the serenest and sweetest of the season; summer had robed the earth in luxuriant beauty; save a few fleecy cloudlets far on the ethereal depths, the whole bosom of the sky was blue and beautiful; and nature, with a silent rejoicing, seemed to bask in the warmth of the genial sun. All around was tranquil, the hum of busy life was hushed, and even inanimate nature seemed to feel and own the presence of the Sabbath. The murmur of the stream came on the ear like a tender lapping song, and the lark that sprang from the tufted grass at my feet, carolling fitfully as it fluttered and soared, appeared in the ear of imagination to chasten its wild lyric notes to something of a sad melody.

As I stood looking at the old church, there was magic in the remembrances connected with it. The whole structure appeared less than it had done to the eye of boyhood, and scarcely could I make myself believe it was the same—but in proof of its identity, there was a self-same bush, from which a school fellow and myself had purloined a green linnet's nest, still keeping its contorted roots steadily fastened in the crevices of the mouldering stones on the abutment of the ivied tower. While casting my eyes up to the steeple, which still from its narrow iron barred lattices looked forth into greyness, the jangling of the bell commenced, and its sonorous ding-dong resounded through the air like the voice of a guardian spirit watching over the holiness of the old temple. I sauntered a few footsteps from the walls, and some urchins, dressed out in their Sunday's best, all neatly clean, were wandering amid the mossy tombstones, picking king-cups and daisies. The oldest had a child in her arms, seemingly a little sister, and was spelling out the inscription on one side of a square pillar.

So unperceived is the lapse of time, and so gradual the change of circumstances, that it is only by contrast we come to perceive the

startling alterations which years have produced. When last I had stood in that calm field of graves, I was a youth, with hopes buoyant as a spring morning, and full of the animation and romantic delight which cares only to look on the sunny side of things. Nature was then as a magnificent picture—the affections of the heart a dream of love. When, attendant on memory, we travel through the past, how often do we stumble on green spots and sunny knolls—on scenes and on persons which endeared life—which awaken thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears, and pleasant remembrance of what hath been, never to be again—too pleasant to be pondered on, except on a bright holiday. As I leaned my elbow on an old moss-greened tombstone, I gazed on the country around—I knew it all—it was the same and unchanged; but the feelings with which I had once viewed it were withered for ever!

It was in my nineteenth year when I left home,—and at that age, life has not lost its romantic interest, nor earth its fairy hues. The serious occupations of life had been hardly commenced; but trifles were allowed instead to assume undue importance. Yet what events may spring from veriest trifles!—trifles seemingly unworthy remembrance, far less record. Nevertheless such influenced my fate—changed all my views—and gave the color to my future destiny.

Reader, I was then in love. If you have never been so, put aside this brief narrative, until consummation happens to you, for it will appear unnatural and over-strained. If you have been, or are, I throw myself on your mercy.

Catharine Wylie, before she left home to spend a few days with a relation, a mile or two distant, had given me a promise to return on a particular evening—the Friday evening—at a particular hour, and I was to be waiting as her escort. The days passed over, and the evening came.

The clock had just struck six—it was summer time, the middle of a delicious June,—and shutting my book, I was proceeding to the door, when lo! it opened, and in bounced my thoughtless friend Frank Lumsden.

“I am just come over to spend an hour with you,” he said, tapping me on the shoulder—

“or what say you to a stroll this fine evening? They say a Danish vessel has come into our little harbor to-day—let us go down and have a look at it.”

What could I do? what could I say? Love is bashful as it is secret, and the tongue of a lover fails when most required. It would have been rudeness to shake him off, and had I plead an out-of-doors engagement, ten to one he would have proposed accompanying me. Frank was a general acquaintance.

Out we went—there was no help for it. I was angry with myself and him. The evening passed over—every minute seemed an hour. I cursed the Danish vessel and all that it concerned. Frank stuck to me like an evil conscience—and not till an hour after all hopes of seeing Miss Wylie had expired, did he leave me to myself, to chew the cud of my bitter thoughts.

The next noon I called in the expectation that some chance might have been afforded me to plead my apology, and to express at once my regret and disappointment. I only saw Mrs. Wylie—Catherine was indisposed. For several successive days I made inquiries. She was better, but had not left her room—she was now nearly quite well—she was out on a short walk—Catherine was invisible. What could this mean? Offence, if offence had been given by me, was involuntary. Faulty or not, why condemn me without affording an opportunity either of a hearing or an explanation?

At that period, all the passions of youth burned hotly in my heart, and all within was a tumult. By fits I was sorrowful and angry, jealous, doting, implacable, forgiving, every thing by turns and nothing long, except in the ardor of an affection which I railed against but could not cast from me.

Previous to this, I had been urged by my friends to accept of a lucrative mercantile situation in Demerara—but this offer, although not positively refused, I had kept in abeyance solely on account of my reluctance to leave all in the world that was then held dear to me. In the delirium of my thoughts, I imagined that this bar was now removed, and that not only had I a right to go where I pleased, but that I was ready in a moment's warning to do so. She shuns me; she despises me; at all events she condemns me unheard; she wishes to get rid of me; her affections may have

been alienated to another; I shall not distress her—she shall soon be rid of my presence.

But perhaps I had procrastinated too long. Was the situation still open; I wrote on the instant to my friend at Liverpool. By return an answer came, summoning me to be ready with all speed, as the vessel was ready for sailing, and he had secured my passage. In two days I was off on my journey. Headstrong and impetuous, I had not time, I gave myself not time, to reflect on my conduct. The steps I had taken were irretrievable.

Did Miss Wylie know my motions? I had every reason to believe that she did not; and even triumphed in the supposition (may Heaven forgive me!) that she would feel the cruelty of her conduct towards me, and suffer for it—no, not suffer—that is too strong a word—but be sorry for it when too late.

The morrow was my starting time. I was to leave my native land, and all I loved in the world, in search of uncertain gains. My mind was dissatisfied and dark, and I could have wished for death, were it for no other reason than that my bones should rest in the same churchyard with those of my forefathers. The love of country may be much stronger in some bosoms than in others, but if the latent glow is at any time to be called forth, it must be when man is leaving it for a dim and indefinite period—perhaps with little prospect of return.

At morning, the carriage, with trunks laced on top and front, rattled to the door. We drove off—passed through the well known streets like people who are hurrying to the scene of gaitly—and before I had recovered enough from my reverie to be altogether conscious of what was passing, we were several miles from my native place—from the home of Catherine Wylie. I remember, even in the midst of my hardy bravery, being more than once overcome with the softness of humanity, and starting up to the windows of the chaise to cast a last, and yet another last look backwards. The young day was serene and beautiful; the birds were singing in the fields, and the wayside traveller whistling in vacant joyfulness of heart. The town was still visible, as it lay on the side of a gentle hill. The blue smoke from a hundred happy hearths was ascending up through the quiet morning air; and the weathercock of the town house steeple glittered brightly in the sunshine.

Thirty years! What a chasm in human life! Thirty years had passed over my head in a foreign land, as, changed in form and mind; I set my feet on the native soil to which I felt I had almost grown an alien. The high-hearted, passionate stripling had become transformed into the sallow valitudinarian, the almost penniless youth into a man of substance. On the morning after my arrival, as I thought of my early years, I looked at my face in the mirror, and could not help heaving a sigh over the ravages of time. Need I say that few, very few, of my early friends remained to bid me welcome back? The scythe of Time had made a dreadful havoc. The old had passed away 'like a tale that is told'; the mature, such as remained of them, were grey-headed and bending under the weight of years. Boys were transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and jocund thoughtlessness had given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me was a generation which, mushroom like, had sprung up in my absence; and more than once I mistook the children for their parents—pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old. The parents of Miss Wylie, the mistress of my heart in its heyday, were long since dead; and she gone many, many years ago, none knew whither.

I now almost repented me that I had returned home. Much better had it been had I lingered on and on, thinking that many old acquaintances might await me there, if ever I determined to bend my way thitherwards; much better had it been to have indulged in this pleasing reverie of hope—to have died in it—than to have the dreadful certainty exposed to me of all my deprivations—the curse of misery of being left alone in the world.

From having passed my time in the hustle of commercial speculation, the monotony of the country, uncheered by cordial society, was insupportable, and I thought that things would go on better if I placed myself, even though but as a spectator, amid the thoroughfares of life. In such a hope I removed to Liverpool.

In a few days one of the clergymen called on me. He was a frank, free and easy, good-natured sort of a person, and we became rather intimate after a short acquaintance. Being a bachelor, and unencumbered with family matters, he not unfrequently did me the

honour of stepping in to share with me my sometimes solitary meals, and to enliven it by his pleasant conversation.

We had for some time been in the habit of taking a forenoon saunter together, in the course of which he took me to different places of public resort. I remember his one day saying to me, "If you have no objection, we will now visit a scene not less gratifying, though far less ostentatious, than any we have hitherto visited. It is an orphan school, taught without fee or reward, by an old widowed lady."

RELIGIOUS.

POETICAL CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE.

The following extract is taken from the *New York Mirror*. It is a happy effort to exhibit what, however, far exceeds all human description. The pathos and beauty and elegance and Divine truths of the Holy Scriptures are, as, too little known and felt.

Had the Bible been without its poetical character, we should have wanted the voice of an angel to recommend it to the acceptance of mankind. Praise as we are to neglect this banquet, upon which the most exalted mind may freely and fully feast, we should then have regarded it with ten fold disdain. But such is the unlimited goodness of Him who knew from the beginning what was in the heart of man, that not only the wide creation is so designed as to accord with our views of what is magnificent and beautiful, and thus to remind us of his glory, but even the record of his immediate dealing with his rational and responsible creatures, harmonize with all our most tender, refined and elevated thoughts. With our established ideas of beauty and grace and pathos of sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure to the eagle that soars above his eyry in the clouds—from the wild pas of the desert to the lamb with the shepherd's fold—from the consuming, lust to the

cattle upon the thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedars of Lebanon—from the crystal stream gushing forth out of the flinty rock to the wild waters of the deluge—from the barren waste to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the year that falls in secret to the din of battle, and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness, to the satyr on his throne—from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visage of the blest—from the still small voice to the thunder of Omnipotence—from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory—there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore, there is no impression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture, no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply, and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the unlimited scope of adaption and of sympathy comprehended in the language and spirit of the Holy Bible.

How gracious, then, how wonderful and harmonious, is that majestic plan by which one ethereal principle, like an electric chain of light and life extends through the very elements of our existence, giving music to language, elevation to thought, vitality to feeling, and intensity power, beauty & happiness to the exercise of every faculty of the soul!

TRAVELS.

GREECE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

The bear out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. (Psalm lxxx. 13.)

The Rev. Mr. Leeves was proceeding, in the dark of the evening, from Constantinople to Therapie. Passing a vineyard, he observed an animal of large size rushing forth from amongst the vines, crossing the road, and taking to flight with great precipitancy. The Greek syrogee, who was riding first, exclaimed, *Βουποβη, youpobvt, Wild bear! wild*

bear!" and really it proved to be a wild bear, which was retreating from the vineyards to the woods. "What has the wild bear to do in the vineyard?" inquired Mr. Leeves. "O," said the syrogee, "it is the custom of the wild bears to frequent the vineyards, and to devour the grapes. And it is astonishing what havoc a wild bear is capable of effecting during a single night. What with eating, and what with trampling under foot, he will destroy an immense quantity of grapes."

The propriety of the image in the 12th verse of this psalm must be familiar to all persons who have visited grape countries: "All they which pass by the way do pluck her:" but the force and beauty of the succeeding figure, derived from a practice connected with the natural history of the wild bear, has probably been but seldom observed.

With what fatal propriety does this affecting image retain its force, up to the present moment! Still is the vine of Israel "broken down," ravaged, "cut down, burnt with fire."

The ferocity with which Turkish masters torment and oppress the Jews may be compared, with melancholy aptitude, to the savage tearing of the bear and the devouring of the wild beast.

The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country (Egypt) is singularly injurious: the natives tell you, as I found they also afterwards did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange, that that passage in the Psalms, "the sun shall not strike thee by day, nor the moon by night," should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon, here, really strikes and affects the sight when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun, a fact of which I had a very unpleasant proof one night, and took care to guard against afterwards. Indeed, the sight of a person who sleeps with his eyes exposed at night would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed.

And a certain woman cast a piece of a mill stone upon Abimelech's head and all to brake his skull. (Judges ix. 53.)

The fate of Pyrrhus was altogether similar. The Argives did not receive Pyrrhus; but he fell before the walls of Argos.

it seems, having thrown a tile, from above,
on his head. (Strabo. lib. viii.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

A FRIEND OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS TO THE
PUBLIC.

Men! Christians! Fathers! Friends! behold
Our interesting train;
Say, can you see, unmoved and cold,
Or shall our hopes be vain?

Humanity—Religion—Love.
Combine our cause to plead;
And all the friendly passions move
To urge the generous deed.

If you are Men—support your kind,
Relieve the rising race;
If Christians—teach the infant mind
The word of Christ to trace.

If you are Friends—befriend us still,
For still we want your aid;
Still snare surround, prepar'd to kill,
And foes our faith invade.

If you Parental feelings know,
Feel for our tender years;
Let your benevolence bestow
A mite to calm our fears.

If Providence hath bless'd your store
A bounteous hand extend;
God is the guardian of the poor,
And 'tis to Him you lend.
Montreal, Jan. 18, 1836.

W.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.

I saw her once look beautiful—
Her cheeks were rosy red,
Before her first—her only boy
Was numbered with the dead;
Before his feeble voice in praise
Unto his God had risen—
Before the angel's trump announced
His guiltless name in heaven.

Before his infant eye upon
His Saviour's face had turned,
Before the angelic love of heaven
Within his bosom burned,

Before the tribunal of God
Had summon'd him on high,
And before the voice of death had said
Unto him, 'Thou shalt die!'

Aye—and she still is beautiful—
Although her sunken eye
Tells of the many tears she shed
When he had reached the sky—
It tells of many, many tears,
That forced themselves along
The grief-worn furrows of her cheek,
When he, her babe, was gone!

But why should tears be shed for him—
He has left this world of woe,
And gone to everlasting peace,
Where sinners may not go—
He is clothed in robes of purest white
And sits on God's right hand,
His name is in the Book of heaven,
As one of the righteous band.

He sitteth there on beds of flowers,
And around him angels sing,
To welcome him to their holy bowers,
A follower of their King!
And underneath his arms they place
Two wings so clear and bright,
That could you see him as he flies,
They'd dazzle your earthly sight...

When evening's ghorn surrounds the earth
And bright the stars appear,
Look up with joy—your baby boy
Dwells in that heavenly sphere—
And brighter far than the brightest star
Is your baby's guard and guide,
And together through the vales of heav'n
Shall they forever glide!

T. D. D.

Montreal, Jan. 19.

* * * J. A.'s favour has been received. We shall make use of it next week.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY

J. E. L. MILLER.

TERMS.—The Instructor will be delivered
town at Six Shillings per annum, if paid
advance—or Six Shillings and Eight pence
if paid quarterly in advance. To Country
subscribers, 8s. per annum, including postage.
Subscriptions received by Messrs. Miller,
and J. & T. A. Starke, and by the publisher
at the Herald Office.