

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

# THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. LI.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 30, 1836.

[PRICE 2c.]

## ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT

### TO OUR READERS.

IN closing the first volume of the INSTRUCTOR, we feel constrained to acknowledge our obligations to our respective subscribers, for the support and encouragement with which we have been favoured during the past year. Although our subscription list is not so large as we anticipated, yet, at the earnest solicitation of a number of our friends, who have kindly expressed themselves highly pleased with our humble labours, we have concluded upon commencing a new volume. We, therefore, take this opportunity of assuring them that our best endeavours shall be used in order to render this little work still more deserving of a larger share of public patronage; to this end we have ordered a few of the most interesting literary works of the United States, and have elicited promises from several literary gentlemen of this city to furnish us with occasional original articles. The exertions of our friends to increase our list of subscribers are respectfully requested.

N.B.—A reasonable price will be paid for the following numbers of the Instructor—Nos. 16, 26, 31 and 40.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the first of a series of letters illustrative of the "Anatomy and Physiology of the Vegetable Kingdom, relating more particularly to Theology," from the pen of a professional gentleman of this city; which we have reserved to grace the first number of a new volume.

### REMARKS ON THE USE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN DIVINE WORSHIP.

(Concluded from page 402.)

But singing, by means of the articulate language of which it permits the use, may be the vehicle of sentiment as well as of emotion. This we confess is an important consideration

in favour of vocal music: for sentiment is the groundwork of emotion. Our feelings on any particular subject, arise from the views and convictions that we entertain concerning it; and therefore, the clearer is the view, the deeper will be the impression. The impression of adoration, for instance, depends upon a solemn recognition of the divine perfections—and such a recognition will, doubtless, be greatly assisted by the opportunity which the devotional singer has, of using the language of a suitable hymn. In this particular, instrumental music labours under a disadvantage of an apparently formidable bulk—but it will be considerably reduced by the following considerations;—

1. The disadvantage in question is confined to the individuals who use instruments and who always compose a very small part of a congregation. 2. There may be a mental recognition of sentiments when there is not a verbal one; and 3. Those who use instruments in public worship have generally the opportunity of hearing the hymn read, or given out by some person—in which case their circumstances are not much more disadvantageous than that of the singer.

Pursuing thus the progress of our reasoning on this subject, we seem to be conducted to the following conclusions—namely, that musical instruments may be used in divine worship with propriety and advantage, but that singing is, in general, preferable. This conclusion binds us to admit, that singing ought always, if possible, to prevail in this department of public worship—but it does not require the universal exclusion of instruments. For circumstances may exist to render the proper use of a few suitable instruments obviously advantageous. For example, when there is not one or more leading voices—or when there is a general paucity of good voices—in these cases, the judicious use of an instrument or two, will, I presume, have the effect of introducing more variety, stability, and melody, into congregational singing.

Three objections are often urged against the use of instruments in divine worship, which I am induced to notice, from a persuasion, that they do not possess that weight which their authors attach to them. The first is, 'That sets of singers and players are usually found to be persons of shallow, or no piety: amongst whom dissections frequently arise, disgraceful and injurious to the cause of religion, and often issuing in the dissolution of the party, and their abandonment of the house of God.' Now, if this be a correct statement of this objection, it appears to lie as much against singing as playing: It is, in fact, an objection both of singing and playing. Persons of superficial piety, &c. may confederate together as singers in a place of worship, as well as players—but, as it would be absurd to charge the evils of such a confederation upon singing so it would be equally absurd to charge them upon playing.

The second objection to which I allude is, 'that instruments were not used by the first Christians.' This objection assumes that no forms or usages are lawful in the church, which were not in existence amongst the first converts to Christianity—an assumption, not only unauthorized but absurd, inasmuch as it makes no allowance for the difference of circumstances between the primitive Christians, and those who live in Christendom at the present day. By this argument, we might prove the unlawfulness of an elegant, and even a commodious church or chapel, of a liturgy and forms of prayer, and a variety of other matters which obtain in the present, and are allowed at least to be indifferent, although no traces of them can be discovered among the original disciples of Christ.

Lastly, it is objected, that 'instrumental music is defective in simplicity—that the art and skill displayed by the performers, and offers the very agreeableness of the music, renders it more adopted to gratify the taste, than to improve the devotional feelings of the worshipper.' It is acknowledged that many listen to and perform sacred music, merely as a pleasing art, without designing thereby to glorify God, or attempting to make it subservient to their devotion—but it must be remembered, that every pleasing singer, a tasteful reader, or an eloquent preacher, may be listened to with exactly the same views and im-

pressions—and we might say, that the more talent is displayed by these several performers, the more are their performances calculated to gratify the taste of the hearer, and the stronger is the temptation thereby offered to confine his attention to such display of talent, to the manifest injury of his spiritual edification—but all this, we know, forms no argument against good singing or speaking. The only debatable point of the case then is, whether instrumental music be more obnoxious to this charge than singing. Perhaps, in certain cases, there may be something in the sight and sound of instruments, that renders them unfavourable to deep and recollected devotion—these cases are, when the instruments are too numerous, of an improper description, or when the individual is unaccustomed to hear music. If the writer might be allowed to illustrate the last mentioned case by a reference to his own feelings, he would observe, that the use of an organ in a place of worship, he generally finds an incumbrance rather than a help to his devotion, yet this personal fact he does not feel at liberty to construe into a general objection against the judicious use of that instrument—because it is only very occasionally that he hears an organ, which circumstance, he thinks, furnishes the reason why the sound of that instrument takes his attention more than those he is regularly accustomed to hear. The mention of feeling leads him to remark, that some people lay undue stress on their individual feelings in the determination of the question at issue. To determine the point as a matter of feeling, is impossible, unless we could collect the faithful and agreeing testimony of all mankind on the subject. The testimony of a single person is but the fractional part of a conclusive argument, in the proportion that he bears to the rest of mankind.

## TRAVELS.

### RUINS OF BALBEC.

(Concluded from page 403.)

“The magnificence of the corridor can scarcely be imagined. Its western aspect is towards the plain—and at your feet, lie masses of broken pillars, capitals and friezes, over which you must pass to approach the temple. From the north you look down on the vast

area within the wall—the sides of which are lined with ruined chambers, elegantly carved and adorned, and numerous niches for statues, now, however, empty. The south hangs over the fountain and sheet of water below, in whose bosom it is clearly reflected. The interior of the building is above a hundred and twenty feet long, but is narrow in proportion to its length. In the sides of the walls is a double row of pilasters, and between these are numerous niches, where statues formerly stood. In many parts of the temple around the place of entrance, and on the roof of the corridor, are sculptured, in an exquisite manner, figures of the heathen deities, of the eagle with outspread wings, &c. The roof of the interior is entirely gone.

The hands of the natives have, no doubt, committed many ravages here. Facardine, prince of the Droses, destroyed or injured several parts of these ruins—but when he afterwards visited Italy, and contracted a taste for its architecture, he bitterly lamented the sacrilege he had committed at Balbec. The Turks have, without doubt, used it as a fortification, as they have made additions to some parts of the walls, and left many vestiges of their barbarian architecture, blended with the colossal remains of the temple.

About a hundred feet from this edifice is a row of Corinthian pillars, much loftier and more slender than those of the great corridor—they stand alone, on an elevated site, and their rich capitals and architrave are still entire. Six only now remain, and their appearance is peculiarly elegant. On them the setting sun lingers, the last of all the ruin—and their slender and dark red shafts, beheld at some distance in the purple light, as they stand high and deep, have a solemn and shadowy appearance—as if they stood on the tomb of former greatness.

On the south-east side, nearer to the village, is a small circular building of marble, richly ornamented with sculpture, and supported by pillars. It is in a rather ruinous condition, but appears quite unconnected with the mass of buildings adjoining. Its roof, in the form of a dome, though shattered, is still standing.

About a mile down the plain is the quarry from which the enormous stones, used in the construction of Balbec, were hewn. One still remains, the chief part smoothed and prepared

with great labour for building, but adhering by one of its sides to the native rock: it is of a coarse granite, and its dimensions are much superior to either of the three great stones in the middle of the wall. The labour of removing such enormous masses, and then of elevating them to so great a height, must have been immense—how the latter could have been achieved, is marvellous. A few of the smaller pillars appear to be of a solid piece of coarse marble: but the large columns are composed of three or four pieces of the native material.

Covered galleries, several hundred feet in length, with walls of prodigious thickness, are hollowed beneath the temple. The interior of the temple was divided into three aisles—but most of the pillars which formed them are destroyed; at the upper end, a few steps lead to the altar, or sacred place—but the idol, formerly worshipped here, is gone from its place; which, however, is adorned with a variety of beautiful sculpture. Exposed as the roofless temple has been for so many ages to every storm, it is surprising the decorative parts of it have not suffered more; but the shafts of many of the pillars without, which face the north-east, have been rent and hollowed in some parts.

At Balbec, as at the other eastern ruins, a traveller must luxuriate on the pleasures of imagination, for he will get no luxury more substantial. The darkness and misery of the good father's habitation were extreme—his hair hung long and bushy, like that of a San-ton; and his whole garb and person looked as if water had long been a stranger to them. He stood in extreme fear of the Turkish governor.

Before sunrise in the morning we were at the ruin, and the spectacle soon was magnificent. As the purple light covered the snowy mountains in front, the line of vapour at their feet had so entirely the appearance of a river, that we could not, for some time, persuade ourselves it was not so. The description in Lallah Rookh, of the plain and its ruins, is exquisitely faithful; the minaret is on the declivity near at hand, and there wanted only the muezzin's cry to break the silence. The golden light now rested on the six lone and beautiful pillars, and gradually sank on the temple, and the various portals and broken masses that crowded the area around it.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

ALICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS:

CHAP. II.

'Tis very strange,' said Alice to her husband, 'but I am sure I have heard that gentleman's voice before. Didn't you think he looked very hard at me and at Emily? Pray God, there may no evil come out of it.'

'You are too suspicious, Alice. Why should you think you have seen this man before? I dare say 'tis only one of those travellers who so often stop a few days to see the falls, and admire the rock and the trees which towns-people are so fond of looking at.'

'I have seen a great many such people but I never yet met with one that made me feel so strange and awful-like, as this man does. It seems as if I saw my poor dear lady, too, whenever I look at him. I hope he may never come here again.'

'Nonsense, wife, you are too silly. Put such notions out of our head as fast as you can, that's my advice to you.'

Thus warned, Alice knew her husband too well to say anything further on the subject, but she spent the greater part of the night in endeavouring to bring back the chain of associations which his presence inspired. It was nearly fifteen years since she had left her native shores, and the bright and vivid recollections which she at first retained, had lost their distinctness with each succeeding year, and time had familiarized her with new faces, and attached her to different scenes. Having long lost all hope of learning anything of her mistress' fate, she had contented herself with giving Emily every advantage which her slender means would allow, while she preserved, with religious care, every book, map and even toy which had been intrusted to her for her use.

The next morning she repaired early to the bedside of her adopted child, when she was surprised to find her much better, and having assisted her to rise and dress, she busied herself with her usual domestic occupations, still looking with considerable anxiety to the promised visit of the stranger. He soon made his appearance, and easily ingratiate himself with the children, by those thousand little arts which are always felt, and gratefully acknow-

ledged by those acute, and often accurate judges of character. For one, he shaped a boat, for another, a whistle, while to Emily, he presented a richly bound Souvenir, claiming, as he did so, a kiss in return, with playful familiarity, he stood leaning on her chair, admiring her beautiful hair; now and then raising a curl, and insisting that he must have it as a keepsake. Suddenly, struck by some deadly arrow, he dropped the ringlet, turned very pale, and sunk upon a seat. Alarmed, and yet not greatly surprised. Alice ran for water, and having dismissed the young folks, awaited in silence the issue of this strange demeanour.

'Woman,' said the stranger, as soon as he had recovered sufficient composure to speak, 'tell me, in pity's name, is this the child of Lady Emily Cortlandt?'

Alice was not prepared for this sudden address, though during the interview of the morning, she had discovered, in spite of the changes of time and sorrow, the features of Sir Henry, and in him had recognized the destroyer of her beloved mistress, and the father of the little Emily. She had scarcely time for thoughts, but remembering that he would probably be able to import some information concerning the unfortunate lady, she hesitatingly acknowledged it was. Finding that he made no reply, except by a heavy groan, she in her turn, demanded why he asked, and how he had discovered her.

'Alice,' said he, 'I see that you recollect me, and therefore there is no need of further introduction. At the death of Lady Emily—'

'Death!' exclaimed Alice, 'my dear Lady Emily dead?'

Sir Henry hid his face in his hands, and for some moments mingled his tears with those of the faithful dependent. At length, with a heavy sigh, he resumed. 'At her death, which happened ten years since, she left a sealed packet directed to me, for I was then on the continent, and had not seen her for several years. It contained the information that her daughter was living in America, but in what part of it, or under what circumstances, she could not tell, further than that she was under your care, as by some mischance she had never heard from you since the time of your arrival. She earnestly entreated me to seek her out, and gave me a minute descrip-

tion of a singular mole just below the left ear, by which I this morning discovered her. When I returned to England, the package was put into my hands without suspicion of its contents; by her husband, who fondly loved her and deplored her loss. Stung to the quick by this proof of confidence, from one whom I had so deeply injured, I hastened from the spot to comply with her request, merely because it was such, for I had not the least idea of succeeding in the search. The only link that bound me to my native land, was now severed and I set sail for this country without a tear, save to the memory of her whom I had so passionately loved, and so fatally destroyed. When I landed in New York, without a single friend to whom I could apply to advise or assist me, I felt that my task was a hopeless one, and abandoned all hope of accomplishing my object. In the meantime, I met with a party of gentlemen, who persuaded me to join them in a trip to Niagara; I did so, and having reached this place, was taken sick and was detained some weeks. Being much pleased with the wild scenery and the hospitality of the people, I had resolved to spend a few days longer in this neighbourhood, when accident conducted me to the spot where I found my child. I was struck with her resemblance to her mother when I first saw her, but thinking that perhaps it only existed in my heated imagination, I called this morning, little thinking to have my hopes and wishes so completely realized.'

Alice listened to this relation with deep interest, though not without some forebodings. She saw that she was expected to yield possession of the child, and as it appeared by the letter of her mistress, which was now handed to her, to have been her wish, she could not object, though, to resign one whom she had so tenderly loved and cared for, she felt to be a bitter task.

'Think not Alice,' said Sir Henry, 'that your care is unappreciated, or will go unrewarded. No: while their is life and memory in this sad heart, you and yours shall be amply provided for.'

'Al! sir,' said Alice, 'twas not of reward or gain that I was thinking, but I have nursed and cherished that little child, and have thought it but little when I have done my best, and now to lose her forever—Oh! it is too hard!' And she hid her face in her apron, and sobbed bitterly.

'Alice, you have other children, still dearer: you have a husband, and a peaceful home, while I have but this single tie to bind me to earth. I am rich, but wealth has lost all charms; powerful, but can power fill the dreary void created by the absence of all natural affections? You shall not be separated entirely. Alice; it is my design to leave her in a boarding-school for three years, and she can spend her vacations with you, for I would have her always love and honour the friends of her early youth. But you must be well aware that the means of improvement which she now enjoys are far short of what, as the daughter of Lady Emily Cortlandt, she has a right to demand.'

Alice could but yield a reluctant consent to the truth of this observation. She timidly enquired whether it was the intention of Sir Henry to return to England. 'Not under a year,' was his reply. 'I wish to see more of this country ere I make up my determination with regard to my permanent residence. In the meantime, it is my wish that all idea of my real relationship may yet be kept from Emily. I hope with your co-operation to be able to persuade her to accept of my offer.'

This arrangement having been satisfactorily settled, it was put in operation without delay. In a few weeks, Emily found herself at a fashionable school in the midst of a large and populous city, a handsome wardrobe provided for her, and every means of gratifying her ardent desire for improvement within her reach. For some time, the gloom of parting from those she so sincerely loved, hung on her spirits like a dense fog upon a beautiful landscape, obscuring for a time, though not diminishing its real beauties. The griefs of childhood are not of long duration, and Emily was soon entirely engrossed in the pursuits of literature.

Thus did two years of her time pass away, enlivened by letters and occasional visits from her cottage home. Her benefactor, as she called Sir Henry, had twice visited her, and his pleasure at her evident improvement, stimulated the grateful girl to renewed exertion, in order to equal the expectations he had formed of her talents and industry.

The period when he should return from England, began to draw near, and she felt her heart glow with delight at the thought of

meeting him from whom she had received so many favours. The day when she should complete her studies at length arrived, and at the same time, her father made his appearance. His presence cheered and comforted her, and enabled her to bid adieu to her companions with considerable composure, though there were a chosen few among them to whom she was much attached, and with whom there was little probability she even could meet again.

While the heart of Emily was filled with emotions of joy, as they journeyed towards her mountain home, that of her father was torn by anxious doubts, as to the safest means of imparting the intelligence that a few short weeks must again separate her from it. He began by stimulating her curiosity with relations of scenes of foreign countries, and gave her eloquent and rich descriptions of the various scenery, costume, manners, and buildings of those he had visited. These were well calculated to inspire a wish to travel, in older and more settled habits than those of our heroine. At all events, they served to beguile the time;—and, when they arrived at the summit of the hill which overlooked her humble dwelling, Emily could not but remark the rapidity with which they travelled.

The little cottage rung with the joyous shout of welcome, as the travellers descended the hill, and drew up before the vine-covered porch which shaded the entrance. Poor Alice greeted her former charge with tears, which could neither be repressed or concealed, for she but too plainly understood that this was the parting visit. The little ones crowded round Emily to examine her dress, measure, or try to measure her height, which now fast out-topped them all, and with untiring assiduity plied her with questions till she was glad to tell them that she would tell them all they wished to know another day. Worn out with fatigue, she took the earliest opportunity of retiring to bed, while Sir Henry seized this moment of the few that were free from interruption, to consult with Alice on the best means of gaining the consent of Emily to remove to England. With many cautions, he intrusted this delicate mission to her, as he felt altogether unequal to the task.

We pass over the first burst of passion which sprung from that young heart, when she learned the story of its wrongs. We will

not paint the anguish, shame, despair, and hatred, that took possession of that hitherto gentle spirit, and with convulsive sobs, rung out the prayer for death, and scarce restrained the curse upon a father's head.

We pass on to that bright and sunny morning, when, having bidden adieu to her home, and at the same time to happiness, Emily found herself seated on the deck of a splendid ship, bound for England. Her high polished forehead rested upon her hand, while her blanched cheek and drooping eye gave to her appearance an air of deep dejection, which, united with her great youth and beauty, could not fail to excite an interest in the hearts of all around her. Her father stood beside her, striving with every art of love and tenderness, to rouse her mind to its native energies. He led her to the prow of the vessel, that she might see the silvery waves recede with noisy swiftness from the proud disdainful ship, which passed on, with steady unimpeded course, heedless of the dashing of the surf upon the well-defended sides, or the gambols of the dolphin, which leaped around as if in joyful recognition of an old acquaintance. Emily gazed without perceiving the beauties of a scene which a few weeks before, would have called forth rapturous praises. Her father sighed as he looked upon the change, from the deep enthusiastic love of nature, in all its varied forms, his child scarce looked upon the new and varied succession of scenery: fast the light and spirit stirring laugh which he so often wrung in his ears, warming him to sympathy, the deep drawn sigh now his ear, telling too plainly of the measure of peace within. Day by day did he wait in vain for some change of demeanour, which seemed a thing of heaven bearing mercifully the sorrows of earth. 'She faded on,' he thought that new scenes would wake her from her lethargy of woe. But alas! 'never' he thought her step to bend earth's living flowers again. The proud winds rose, and bore them swiftly onward, but more swiftly sped the fatal shaft that struck that defenceless bosom. On a low emaciated, but still beautiful form of Emily her half shut violet eye beaming with unnatural brightness as it gazed upon the setting sun, and then in a low voice, she uttered the words of the psalmist, 'My days are like

shadow that declineth,—I am withered like grass, yet thou, Lord, will sustain me.”  
 ‘Father,’ she continued, ‘you will not weep for me, when I tell you I am very happy. I am going home,’—and in a voice of smothered emotion,—‘where I shall see my mother! I will tell her how kind you have been to me, and that you will join us there—will you not?’  
 After a long pause, she said again,—‘Give this,’ pointing to a locket which contained one of her hair, cut from her head when she was an infant, ‘to my dear Alice, and tell her this yourself,’—she slipped a ring from her delicate finger, and placed it on his hand,—‘and do not forget one who loves you too dearly to part willingly, except it were to meet in a world where sorrow and sighing were away,’ and with these words yet hovering on her lips, her spirit winged its flight.

On the mid seas a knell; for man, was there anguish and love—the mourner with his dead! Long low rolling knell, a voice of prayer, dark glassy waters like a desert spread; when the broad lovely sunshine, and the plash to the sounding waves.”

Who shall tell of the deep sense of desolation that sat upon that father's heart, as year after year, he lingered in this weary world, haunted by the image of these lovely beings whom his love had been the seal of miserly death,—for 'twas unhallowed love.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### A GOOD CHARACTER.

That, like the wife of Cæsar, is above reproach,—he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of shielding the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without aid. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may be trusted to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth & Time, in their slow but steady progress, shall come up to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is not only a shield for the sake of others, if possible, but an armor for ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and relief to the oppressor.

“In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are pertinacious, slight condescensions cost little, but are worth much.’ He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels and cumber the movements.

The Christian should be careful how he mingles with the world, or his Christian profession, like a sword exposed to moisture, if it do not lose its edge will certainly lose its polish.

#### SOLITUDE—A FRAGMENT.

Oh! there are holy hours in the dull round of human existence, and they come around us like the dark and shadowy, yet mild and beautiful visions of our dreams. Interrupted alone by the wild and fitful gustings of the care subdued and humbled spirit, hovering around the flickering lamp of existence, they come up with their thousand hopeless realities and visionary joys to the chafed and sicken tablets of our hearts, lulling into calmness our ambitious soarings, and lighting up the unfitly tenement for the abode of higher and more holy aspirations. When the voice of the spirit wanderer is upon the earth, speeding us onward, and the magic touch of inspiration is upon the winds—when the warping of our unearthly passions is tearing away the slender fibres of our hearts, and breaking up the sealed fountains of our earthly enjoyments—how sweet are the sequestered haunts of solitude, unbroken by the deep weight of care. We turn away from the world, sick of its recklessness, to commune with our own souls. We pierce through the dim vista of future years, and behold the last twilight of time lingering around the brow of heaven, when the stars shall have closed their nightly vigils, and the sun sunk in darkness to rise no more for ever: and but hail that as the foretaste of the better land, ‘formed for the good alone.’ Old Time, who, with hoary head and grisly beard, has marked each victim as his own, seeks not our pathway. He may see the leaves—he may blight the flowers and still the music of the winds—but there are hours of holy purity and beauty, broken only by the deep thirst of feeling and our unearthly yearning.

ings for the better world. Oh, how oft, in my hours of musing and solitude, of childish suffering and sorrow, have I sought each dear familiar scene of my own native mountains, telling my wild thoughts to the winds, which were not unkind, and to the gay woods that would not betray me; when, gentle as the low whisperings of heaven, did the mild breezes fawn around me, kissing my parched lips and sun burnt brow, and moistening with their dewy breath the seared and withered beauty of the flowers. I have tuned my wild harp in gentle cadence with the winds, when none might listen to the song: I have sung my sorrows to the gentle flowers by a thousand streams, wild yet loved and lovely—to the foliage crowned hills of my own loved land, and to the sorrowless songsters of the woody dell. The hills echoed back the sound—while the forest birds, in harmony with my own wild wood song, chanted a requiem to childhood's departed pleasures—and I have felt that I was not quite alone, and that, though the world might shut me out from its presence for ever, yet I should be happy with myself in solitude.

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S CONDUCT.

A person may, even after religion is received into the heart as a regenerating principle, do precisely similar things, in a manner precisely similar to what he would have done before. The difference, however, will consist in his new motive; and that motive will be a hearty, honest, constant desire to glorify and serve God, and to benefit his fellow creatures, for the sake of God, and in the name of Christ;—a perpetual reference to God's will, as a standard of duty, and a constant eye to the approbation of God, in place of the applause of his fellow men.

The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tombstones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing in its transformations, a type of that futurity which they believed but did not understand. They placed it there as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful and touching; and Sharon Turner, taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations to excite the sentiment in the human heart, of death being only one step in the path of life.

Riches may enable us to confer favours, but to confer them with propriety and grace, requires a something that riches cannot give—even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be such. The citizens of Magare offered the freedom of their city to Alexander—such an offer excited a smile in the countenance of the monarch; but he received this tribute of their respect with complacency, on being informed that they had never offered it to any but Hercules and himself.

#### POETRY.

##### WE SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN.

A smile, a chasten'd smile of love,  
Adorn'd her snow-white brow;  
Like that which decks the vaults above,  
It cheers my soul e'en now;  
Though years not few, and sad, have pass'd,  
Since that sweet smile was given;  
I hold it dear, for 'twas the last,  
Till we shall meet in heaven.

Delightful as the fabled lyre  
Of Orpheus, or the spheres,  
Which rocks and trees with life inspire,  
Aud rage with calmness hears,  
Were the sweet notes she warbled then,  
By discord's sounds unriven;  
But such I ne'er shall hear again,  
Till we shall meet in heaven.

Her lip of snow and coral hue,  
Beneath her tear-glaz'd eye,  
Whisper'd a trem'ulous soft adieu!  
The echo of a sigh.  
That plaintive sound is present yet:  
Her last sad farewell given,  
I do not, cannot, once forget:  
But we shall meet in heaven.

Beauty no more can charm, nor sound  
Which once convey'd delight,  
Nor aught in this diurnal bound,  
That meets my aching sight.  
Sorrow and tears alone are mine,  
Yet be the thought forgiven  
That dares rebel;—I'll not repine,  
For we shall meet in heaven.

The INSTRUCTOR is published every Saturday, at 6s. 8d. per annum, one quarter in advance. Application to be made to J. E. L. MILLER, at the Herald Office.