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THE INSTRUCTOR.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

The convent of the Great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupifying influence of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lies ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with

their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support: and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends — & such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to teach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by two avalanches, and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished.

A story is told of one of these dogs, who, having found a child unhurt whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche, induced the

poor boy to mount upon his back, and thus carried him to the gate of the convent.

UTILITY.

That useful knowledge should receive our first and chief care, we mean not to dispute. But in our views of utility, we may differ from some who take this position. There are those who confine this term to the necessaries and comforts of life, and to the means of producing them. And is it true, that we need no knowledge, but that which clothes and feeds us? Is it true, that all studies may be dispensed with, but such as teach us to act on matter, and to turn it to our use? Happily, human nature is too stubborn to yield to this narrow utility. It is interesting to observe how the very mechanical arts, which are especially designed to minister to the necessities & comforts of life, are perpetually passing these limits—how they disdain to stop at mere convenience. A large and increasing proportion of mechanical labour is given to the gratification of an elegant taste. How simple would be the art of building, if it limited itself to the construction of a comfortable shelter. How many ships should we dismantle, and how many busy trades put to rest, were dress and furniture reduced to the standard of convenience. This 'utility' would work great changes in town and country, would level to the dust the wonders of architecture, would annihilate the fine arts, & blot out innumerable beauties which the hand of taste has spread over the face of the earth. Happily, human nature is too strong for the utilitarian: It cannot satisfy itself with the convenient. No passion unfolds itself sooner than the love of the ornamental. The savage decorates his person, and the child is more struck with the beauty, than the uses of its raiment. So far from limiting ourselves to convenient food and raiment, we enjoy but little a repast which is not arranged with some degree of order and taste—and a man who should consult comfort alone in his wardrobe, would find himself an unwelcome guest in circles which he would very reluctantly forego. We are aware that the propensity to which we have referred, often breaks out in extravagance and ruinous luxury. We know that the love of ornament is often vitiated by vanity, and that, when so perverted, it impairs, sometimes destroys, the soundness and simplicity of the mind, and the relish for true glory.

Still, it teaches, even in its excesses, that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature, and this single truth is enough to put us on our guard against vulgar notions of utility.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM IV.

The following, and regularly authentic anecdote ought not to remain buried in oblivion. A gentleman who had held the commission of First Lieutenant when his Majesty sailed in the British navy as midshipman, and Sir Richard Keats held the same rank, became, some years after, by untoward events, embarrassed in his circumstances. His Majesty, meeting his old Lieutenant, then become captain, and seeing him much dejected, inquired anxiously the cause, which was, after some hesitation, communicated to him. He was deeply hurt at seeing an old shipmate in distress, and inquired if he had applied to a wealthy relative for his assistance. The Captain told him he had, but was refused, and upon hearing which he said, "I will solicit a loan of him for you." This he did, and his Royal Highness was as unsuccessful as his friend. Disappointed by the rich man's refusal, but determined to carry his point, he sent the Captain an invitation to breakfast, which being concluded, his Majesty withdrew from the apartment, and did not return, but he sent by his secretary an apology to the Captain, and, in an envelope, a check upon his banker for 2000*l.* which amount it was subsequently discovered he had borrowed for the purpose, having no money of his own at his command. The Captain, delighted and surprised, hastened to discharge with this princely consideration the obligation incurred, and shortly waited upon his Royal Highness with his grateful acknowledgments, and a bond for the advance. Upon the letter being given to his Majesty, he instantly destroyed it, saying, "I cannot hold this instrument, George, for I intended this check as a present to your wife and children.

He must be good, who wishes to be great.

A GOLDEN RULE.

Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost him anything. He who has it should only draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure

always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, & poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best master to serve—INDUSTRY OR IDLENESS.

RELIGIOUS.

MORAL DUTIES.

That no man may deceive himself, let him bring himself to the true test of Christianity to try if his religion be such, as to make him perform 'the weightier matters of the moral law.' All zeal, and warmth of affection for Christ and his church, or his Gospel, without this, are but false fire. Without this, all peace of conscience, and assurance of the love of God, are but delusions of fancy and the devil, and mere religious dreams. They are the moral laws which God loves and delights in. He prefers them before his positive ordinances and institutions, which he undervalues in comparison of his moral laws. They are essentially and eternally good, because they are agreeable to his divine reason. He loves them for themselves, and he loves us for them; because the practice of them conforms our souls after his image, in humility, purity, justice, mercy, truth, charity, and all other moral graces and perfections, wherein the Spirit of Christ, or the image of God in the soul of men, doth truly consist. O that we may desire them more than gold, yea, than much fine gold—and that they may become sweeter to our taste than the honey, and the honey comb! Then shall we surely avoid that dreadful sentence, which our Saviour has told us he will pronounce upon all Christian pharisees at the last day.

BIOGRAPHY.

MILTON.

One of the most beautiful minor poems of Milton, though slightly obscure in some passages from the use of antiquated phrases, and in one instance strongly imbued with the author's political feelings, is his *Monody of Lycidas*: This was written in Milton's 29th year, on the occasion of the untimely death of his friend, Mr John King, who was drowned in the passage from England to Ireland. The

character of the poem is pastoral, it being assumed that the author and his lamented friend were brother shepherds—

“For we were curst upon the self-same hill—
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn.
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had slop'd his west-
ering wheel.”

The complaint of the poet on the shortness of life, and the glowing reply of Phœbus to his lamentation, is one of the finest passages in the whole compass of English verse—

“Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live harmonious days—
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred
shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the
praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling
ears—
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ning foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove—
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.”

But Milton's soul was nourished with the hopes of the Christian, as well as excited with the ambition of the poet—and thus the monody finely concludes with an eloquent expression of the only real consolation under every such calamity—

“Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no
more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor—
So sinks the day star in the ocean's bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
ore
Flares in the forehead of the morning sky—
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd
the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the best kingdoms meek of joy and love,
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.”

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE ORPHANS.

I was straying, about ten years since, at a delightful little watering-place on the southern coast, which, like many other pretty objects, is now ruined by having had its beauty praised and decorated. Our party had wandered, one sunny afternoon, to an inland village. There was amongst us all the joyousness of young hearts—and we laughed and sang, under an unclouded sky, 'as if the world would never grow old.' The evening surprised us at our merriment—and the night suddenly came on, cloudily, and foreboding a distant storm. We mistook our way,—and, after an hour's wandering through narrow and dimly-lighted lanes, found ourselves on the shingly beach. The tide was beginning to flow—but a large breadth of shore encouraged us to proceed without apprehension, as we soon felt satisfied of the direction of our home. The ladies of our party, however, began to weary—and we were all well nigh exhausted, when we reached a little enclosure upon the margin of the sea, where the road passed round a single cottage. There was a strong light within. I advanced alone, whilst my friends rested upon the paling of the garden. I looked, unobserved, through the rose-covered window. A delicate and graceful young woman was assiduously spinning—an infant lay cradled by her side, and an elderly man, in the garb of a fisherman, whose beautiful grey locks flowed upon his sturdy shoulders, was gazing with a face of benevolent happiness upon the sleeping child. I paused one instant, to look upon this tranquil scene. Everything spoke of content and innocence. Cleanliness and comfort almost approaching to taste, presided over the happy dwelling. I was just going to knock, when my purpose was arrested by the young and beautiful mother (for so I judged was the female before me) singing a ballad, with a sweet voice and a most touching expression. I will recollect the words, for she afterwards repeated the song at my request.

SONG OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

Rest, rest, thou gentle sea,
Like a giant laid to sleep,
Rest, rest, when day shall flee,
And the stars their bright watch keep—
For his boat is on the wave,
And he must toil and roam,
Till the flowing tide shall lave
Our dear and happy home.

Wake not, thou changeful sea,
Wake not in wrath and power,
Oh bear his bark to me,
Ere the darksome midnight lower,
For the heart will heave a sigh,
When the loved one's on the deep,
But when angry storm are nigh,
What can Mary do—but weep ?

The ballad ceased; and I entered the cottage. There was neither the reality nor the affectation of alarm. The instinctive good sense of the young woman, saw, at once, that I was there for an honest purpose; and the quiet composure of the old man showed that apprehension was a stranger to his bosom. In two minutes our little party were all seated by the side of the courteous, but independent fisherman. His daughter, for so we soon learned the young woman was, pressed upon us their plain and unprejudiced cheer. Our fatigue vanished before the smiling kindness of our welcome; while our spirits mounted, as the jug of sound and mellow ale refreshed our thirsty lips. The husband of the young wife, the father of the cradled child, was, we found, absent at his nightly toil. The old man seldom now partook of his labour. 'His Mary's husband,' he said, 'was an honest and generous fellow;—an old fisherman, who had, for five and forty years been roughing it, and 'blow high, blow low,' never shrunk from his duty, had earned the privilege of spending his quiet evening in his chimney-corner; he took care of the boats and tackle, and George was a bold and lucky fellow, and did not want an old man's seamanship. It was a happy day when Mary married him, and God bless them and their dear child!' It was impossible for any feeling heart not to unite in this prayer. We offered a present for our refreshment, but this was steadily refused. The honest old man put us into the nearest path; and we closed a day of pleasure as such days ought to be closed,—happy in ourselves, and with a kindly feeling to all our fellow-beings.

During my short residence at the village I have described, I made several visits to the fisherman's cottage. It was always the same abode of health, and cheerfulness, and smiling industry. Once or twice I saw the husband of Mary: He was an extremely fine young man, possessing all the frankness and decision that belongs to a life of adventure, with a love of domestic occupations, and an unvarying gentleness that seemed to have grown in a higher station. But ease, and competency,

and luxurious refinement, are not essential to humanize the heart. George had received a better education than a life of early toil usually allows. He had been captivated, when very young, by the innocent graces of his Mary. He was now a father. All these circumstances had formed him for a tranquil course of duty and affection. His snatches of leisure were passed in his little garden, or with his smiling infant. His wife's whole being appeared wrapped up in his happiness. She loved him with a deep and confiding love; and if her hours of anxiety were not unfrequent, there were moments of ecstasy in their blameless existence, which made all peril and fear as a dim and forgotten dream.

Seven years had passed over me, with all its various changes. One of the light-hearted and innocent beings who rejoiced with me in the happiness of the fisherman's nest, as we were wont to call the smiling cottage, was no more. I had felt my own sorrows and anxieties—as who has not; and I was in many respects a saddened man. I was tempted once again to my favourite watering-place. Its beauty was gone. I was impatient of its feverish noise and causeless hurry; and I was anxious to pass to quieter scenes. A recollection of deep pleasure was, however, associated with the neighbourhood: and I seized the first opportunity to visit the hospitable cottage.

As I approached the green lane which led to the little cove, I felt a slight degree of that agitation which generally attends the renewal of a long suspended intercourse. I pictured Mary and several happy and healthy children—her husband more grave and careful in his deportment, embrowned, if not wrinkled, by constant toil; the old man, perchance, gone to rest with the thousands of happy and useful beings that leave no trace of their path on earth. I came to the little garden; it was still neat; less decorated than formerly, but containing many a bed of useful plants, and several patches of pretty flowers. As I approached the house I paused with anxiety: but I heard the voices of childhood, and I was encouraged to proceed. A scene of natural beauty was before me. The sun was beginning to throw a deep and yellow lustre over the clouds and the sea: the old man sat upon a plot of raised turf at the well-known cottage-door; a net was hung up to dry upon the

rock behind him—a dog reposed upon the same bank as his master—one beautiful child of about three years old was climbing up her grandfather's shoulder—another of seven or eight years, perhaps the very same girl I had seen in the cradle, was holding a light to the good old man, who was prepared to enjoy his evening pipe. He had evidently been labouring in his business: his heavy boots were yet upon his legs; and he appeared fatigued, though not exhausted. I saw neither the husband nor the wife.

It was not long before I introduced myself to the 'ancient' fisherman. He remembered me with some difficulty; but when I brought to his mind the simple incidents of our first meeting, and more especially his daughter's song, while I listened at the opened casement he gave me his hand, and burst into tears. I soon comprehended his sorrows and his blessing: Mary and her husband were dead! Their two orphan girls were dependent upon their grandsire's protection.

The 'Song of the Fisher's Wife' was true in its foreboding to poor Mary—her brave husband perished in a night of storms. Long did she bear up for the sake of her children—but the worm had eaten into her heart; and she lies in the quiet churchyard, while he has an ocean grave!

Beautiful, very beautiful, is the habitual intercourse between age and infancy. The affection of those advanced in life for the children of their offspring, is generally marked by an intensity of love even beyond that of the near parents. The aged have more ideas in common with the young, than the gay, and busy, and ambitious can conceive. To the holy-minded man, who wears his gray locks reverently, the world is presented in its true colours; he knows his wisdom to be folly, and its splendour vanity—he finds a sympathy in the artlessness of childhood—and its ignorance of evil is to him more pleasing than men's imperfect knowledge, and more imperfect practice of good. But the intercourse of my poor old fisherman with his two most dear orphans was even of a higher order. He forgot his age, and he toiled for them—he laid aside his cares, and he played with them—he corrected the roughness of his habits. His fears lest they should be dependent upon public support gave a new spring to his existence. He lived his manhood over again in

all careful occupations : and his hours of rest were all spent with his beloved children in his bosom.

Excellent old man ! the blessing of Heaven shall be thy exceeding great reward—and when thou art taken from thy abode of labour and love, 'to have thy virtue made perfect, thou shalt feel, at the moment of parting, a deep and holy assurance that the same Providence which gave thee the will and the ability to protect the infancy of thy orphans, shall cherish and uphold them through the rough ways of the world, when thou shalt be no longer their protector.

TRAVELS.

SINGULAR ROCKS.

A rock near the island of Corfu bore, and still bears, the resemblance of a vessel under sail—the ancients adapted the story to the phenomenon, and recognised in it the Phœnician ship in which Ulysses returned to his country, converted into stone by Neptune for having carried the slayer of his son Polyphemus. A more extensive acquaintance with the ocean has shown that this appearance is not unique ; a similar one on the coast of Patagonia has more than once deceived both French and English navigators—and Captain Hardy, in his Travels in Mexico, has recorded another near the shores of California.

THE BAMBOO.

The bamboo is a native of the hottest regions of Asia. It is likewise to be found in America, but not in that abundance with which it flourishes in the old world. It is never brought into this country in sufficient supply for any useful purposes, being rather an object of curiosity than of utility. But in the countries of its production it is one of the most universally useful plants. 'There are about fifty varieties,' says Mr. Loudon, in his Botanical Dictionary, 'of the Arundo bambos, each of the most rapid growth, rising from fifty to eighty feet the first year, and the second perfecting its timber in hardness & elasticity. It grows in stools which are cut every two years. The quantity of timber produced by an acre of bamboos is immense: Its uses are almost without end. In building it forms almost entire houses for the lower orders, and

enters both into the construction and furniture of those of the higher class. Bridges, boats, masts, rigging, agricultural and other implements and machinery—carts, baskets, ropes, mats, sail-cloth, cups, pitchers, troughs, pipes for conveying water, pumps, fences for gardens and fields, &c. are made of it. Macerated in water it forms paper ; the leaves are generally put round the tea sent to Europe—the thick inspissated juice is a favourite medicine. It is said to be indestructible by fire, to resist acids, and, by fusion with alkali, to form a transparent permanent glass.'

GHEENT.

Where Charles the Fifth was born, and where there is some curious tapestry, the work of Croyer, of Brussels.

Ghent is a very large city, being nearly 15 miles in circumference. It is built on a number of little islands formed by 4 rivers and many canals, over which there are 100 bridges. Some of the streets are large and well paved. Among the public buildings, there are none worthy of any attention, but a few churches, and the house in which Charles the Fifth was born, which is still to be seen. This place gave birth to the monarch in 1500. He was son of Philip, the handsome Archduke of Austria, whose parents were the Emperor Maximilian, and Mary, the only child of Charles the Bold, the last Prince of the House of Burgundy ; his mother was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Arragon.

The Abbey of Saint Pierre ranks far beyond any other in Ghent. It is situated on a rising ground, at the extremity of the town, and consists of an abbot and 37 benedictine monks.

The refectory is superb, and fitter for a palace than a convent ; it is paved with black and white marble and painted throughout in a masterly manner. The library is very magnificent, and the number of books, such as they are, very considerable. From the windows is a most delightful, as well as extensive view of the country. In the church is some tapestry, held in great estimation, which has been there upwards of two centuries. It contains the history of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in divers compartments, most admirably finished, and was the work of Croyer of Brussels.

GLEANINGS.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is either great or noble in his nature—it makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

While I condemn the bad man's frown, I am not insensible to the good man's approval.

Never say that you have changed your mind, but, that you have changed your intention.

The institutions of Great Britain are like unto the hills about Jerusalem, at once an ornament and a defence.

Ever blend dignity with affability, for dignity without affability becomes a haughtiness, and affability without dignity a meanness.

Lord Bacon says "knowledge is power," but it perhaps is a question whether an indiscriminate diffusion of it is policy.

Christianity is not answerable for the crimes it forbids, more than any other system.

One of the strongest evidences of the divinity and authenticity of the Scriptures are the 'Jews!' that, however, which we cannot unravel, let us learn to trust.

On Doctor Johnson being asked for his definition of gratitude—he replied, 'Thanks for favours to come.'

This liberty in conversation (fiction and exaggeration) defeats its own end. Much of the pleasure and all the benefit of conversation depends upon our opinions of the speaker's veracity.

Read history with the greatest attention, for to be ignorant of what happened before we were born, is to be always a child.

Death hath nothing terrible in it, but what life hath made so.

Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, being asked one day, What was the surest method of remaining happy in this world? replied, Only do always in health what you often promised to do when in sickness.

Praise undeserved is censure in disguise.

Nothing is more sincere than conscience, nor more advantageous than its counsels.

NATURAL HISTORY

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

Some of the Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say that it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.

Then tell us, thou bird of solemn strain!

Can those who have loved forget?

We call, and thou answer not again—

Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,

And the father of his child?

And the chief, of those that were wont to share

His wanderings in the wild?

We call for them through the silent night,

And they speak not from cave or hill—

We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,

But say, do they love there still?

THE ELEPHANT.

While breakfast was getting ready, I amused myself with looking at a baggage elephant and a few camels, which were in the act of loading. The intelligent obedience of the elephant is well known—but to look upon this huge and powerful monster kneeling down at the mere bidding of the human voice, and when he has risen again, to see him protrude his trunk for the foot of his mahout or attendant, to help him into his seat, or bending the joint of his hind leg, make a step for him to climb up behind—and then, if any loose clothes or cards fall off, with a dog-like docility pick them up with his proboscis and put them up again—will delight and surprise long after it ceases to be novel. When loaded, this creature broke off a large branch from a lofty tree, near which he stood, and quietly fanned and fly-flapped himself, with all the nonchalance of an indolent woman of fashion, till the camels were ready.

THE CHARMING SERPENT.

This reptile is met with in Long Island, North America, and its powers of attraction are such, that on placing itself under a tree, and fixing its basilisk eyes on the feathered songster perched above, the latter invariably, on perceiving its deadly enemy, falls from the tree a victim to its voracious jaws.

LOVE NOTE ON THE WOODPECKER.

The ingenious author of the British Naturalist, speaking of the love note, or rather sound, elicited by the Woodpecker, thus describes its organization: "The muscles of the neck of the bird are so constructed, that it can repeat the strokes of its bill with a celerity of which it is difficult to form a notion. They absolutely make one running jar, so that it is impossible to count them: We have often tried with a stop-watch, but could not ascertain the number for a minute, although we are certain it must be many hundreds; and from the sound the space passed over must be at least three inches backward, and as many forwards at every stroke, which in the rude estimate that we were able to form, would make the motion of its beak one of the most rapid of animal motions—nearly two hundred miles in an hour.

POETRY.

THE INVITATION.

Ye who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise
Which is left upon record—
"I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within."
Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find—
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered. groaned and died—
On the cross a healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.
Oh, ye tender babes in Jesus,
Hear your heavenly Father's will,
Claim your portion, plead his promise,
And he quickly will fulfil—
Pray, and the refining fire
Will come streaming from above—
Now believe and gain the blessing,
Nothing less than perfect love.
If you have obtained this treasure,
Search, and you shall surely find,
All the Christian marks and graces
Planted, growing in the mind—

Perfect faith and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then
Perfect hope and perfect meekness,
Perfect love to God and man.

But be sure to gain the witness,
Which abides both day and night—
This your God hath plainly promised—
It is like a stream of light;
While you keep this blessed witness,
All is clear and calm within—
God himself assures you by it
That your heart is cleansed from sin,

Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below
As it is your father's pleasure—
Jesus, only Jesus know;
Spread, oh spread the holy fire—
Tell, oh tell what God has done—
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

Witnesses might be produced
Of this glorious work of love—
Paul and James and John and Peter,
Long before they went above—
Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,
Have and do and will appear—
Let me ask that solemn question,
Has the Lord a witness here?

Wake up, brother—wake up, sister—
Seek, oh seek this holy state,
None but holy ones can enter
Through the pure celestial gate;
Can you bear the thought of losing
All the joys that are above?
No, my brother—no, my sister—
God will perfect you in love.

May a mighty sound from heaven
Suddenly come rushing down—
Cloven tongues, like as of fire,
May they sit on all around;
Oh, may every soul be filled
With the Holy Ghost to-day—
It is coming, it is coming—
Oh prepare, prepare the way!

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