

THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXXVII.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 16, 1836.

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TRAVELS.

GREECE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

I met with a scriptural illustration in *Ægina*, says Mr Hartley, which interested me. Having had my attention directed to the words, "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name," (John x 3.) I asked my man if it was usual in Greece to give names to sheep. He informed me that it was; and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd, when he called them by their names. On the morning of March 4th, 1829, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd the same question which I had put to my servant, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him to call one of his sheep. He did so; and it instantly left its pasturage, and its companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience which I had never before witnessed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep of this country, that "a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." The shepherd told me that many of his sheep are still wild, that they had not yet learned their names; but that, by teaching, they would soon learn them. The others, which knew their names, he called tame. How natural an application to the state of the human race does this description of the sheep admit of! The good Shepherd laid down his life for the sheep; but many of them are still wild; they know not his voice. Others have learned to obey his call, and to follow him; and we rejoice to think, that even to many of those not yet in his fold the words are applicable—"Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice—there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

It may not be unworthy of remark, that I have seen in *Ægina*, and other parts of Greece,

that kind of ox-goad, which is described by Maundrell, as illustrative of the instrument with which Shamgar killed six hundred men. (Judges iii. 31) It is often eight or nine feet in length—and is furnished at one end with a goad, and at the other with a large weapon-like piece of iron, which is used for cleaning the ploughshare. It was, no doubt, this latter part of the instrument which Shamgar used as a battle axe, and thus killed so many of his enemies.

In the Morea my attention was directed to the practice of grafting the olive trees, to which St. Paul alludes. (Rom xi. 17, 20, 23, 24.) I was shown a few wild olives; but by far the greater number were such as have been grafted. A friend informed me, that it is the universal practice in Greece to graft from a good tree, upon a wild olive. I also noticed the manner in which the vine is cut, or purged. (John xv. 2.) Only two or three of the principal sprouts are permitted to grow up from the root—the rest are cut off, and this practice is often called by the Greeks cleaning.

In England, where the roads are so excellent, we do not easily perceive the force and just application of the scriptural images derived from "a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence," (Isaiah viii. 14, and similar passages,) but in the east, where the roads are, for the most part, nothing more than an accustomed track, the constant danger and impediment arising to travellers from stones and rocks fully explain the allusion.

Passing under the olive trees, I have frequently noticed how easily the accident which befel Absalom might actually occur. It is necessary to be continually on one's guard against the branches of trees—and when the hair is worn in large locks flowing down the back, as was the case with a young man of the party to which I belonged. April 7th, 1828,

any thick boughs interposing in the path might easily dislodge a rider from his seat, and catch hold of his flowing hair. The custom of wearing the hair exceedingly long, which St. Paul condemns as effeminate. (1 Cor. xi. 14,) is still common in Greece, especially amongst the Priesthood. Absalom doubtless wore his hair in this manner; (2 Sam. xiv. 26;) and Homer celebrates continually the

'Achaëans, with the head of flowing hair.'

In Greek schools it is still usual to have a small clean board, on which the master writes the alphabet, or any other lesson which he intends his scholars to read. As soon as one lesson is finished, the writing is washed out, or scraped out: and the board may thus be continually employed for writing new lessons. Not only does this instrument harmonize, in its use, with the writing-table mentioned Luke i. 63; but the Greeks call it by the very same name.

While travelling to Napoli, one of the multitudes told me a story which reminded me of David's approaching the encampment of King Saul in the night, and carrying off 'the spear and cruse of water.' (1 Sam. xxvi. 12.) The narrator entered the Turkish camp in the night, and took off a fine horse: and from the very bolster of the sleeping Turk, a musket, yataghan, and two pistols. Such events are not unfrequent in Greek and Turkish warfare.

The peasants in Greece not only still carry their wine to market in skins, but also their milk. Such, in all probability, was 'the bottle of milk' which Jael opened for Sisera, (Judges iv. 19.) 'Two bottles of wine' (1 Sam. xxv. 18) appear to an English reader but a trifling present for David and his numerous companions: but two skins of wine, which they doubtless were, are something more considerable, being a load for an ass or a mule, as I have often witnessed.

GLEANINGS.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP—The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter—and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adver-

The complaint is, Times are hard! why then make them harder still? A good man in bad times will live ten times better than a bad man in good times.

The poor man's profit is to be found in his time. And lost time is never to be found again. Laziness travels slow—but poverty soon overtakes it.

The servants of industry are known by their livery—it is always whole and wholesome. Next look at the ragged slaves of laziness, and then ask, who serves the best master.

They who provide you with cheap food, in a time of severe want, request you above all things to remember that the fear of God in a poor man's house, is a little estate. Simning is an expensive trade—ask those that practice it.

The fear of God will make a man think well, and act well—and when he needs it, God will provide him a friend. Did you ever find a sincere but poor christian, a common beggar.

A disposition to push forward too fast and too far has been the ruin of many a fine fellow - while an unfortunate diffidence has consigned a great many also to unmerited oblivion. There is a medium between these two extremities, a deviation from which on either side must always be followed by bad consequences.

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE WANDERING ORPHAN.

Poor forsaken little wanderer,
Come to me and rest thy head;
You've no father, you've no mother—
They are number'd with the dead;
Come to me, look up with joy,
I'm your father, you're my boy.

Come to me, my wandering orphan,
Dry those tears from off your cheek;
The night is cold, and dark and dreary,
And the wind is blowing bleak;
Come to me, poor little boy,
I'll share with you in grief and joy.

Come to me, my little stranger,
Make my house your peaceful home;

Here you will be free from danger,
Never, never more to roam;
Come to me, I'll make you mine,
Come to me, and cease to pine.

Now you're in a stranger's home,
Now you're 'neath a stranger's roof—
But you'll find that stranger kind,
Chiding only with reproof;
Make this house your home for ever,
Until death force us to sever

T. D. D.

Montreal, January, 1836,

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS—No. 1.

To Parents and others who have the guardianship of Children.

DEAR FRIENDS,

With feelings of respectful affection for you, and ardent solicitude for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of your important and interesting charge—to promote whose happiness may be justly supposed to be one of the principal objects of your life—I would draw your attention to the consideration of Sabbath Schools, as being eminently calculated to lay the foundation for their future usefulness and felicity.

The object of these institutions is to inculcate the principles of Christianity in the mind at that season of life, when it is most susceptible of instruction, and at which a lesson makes the most durable impression. All who have attained to any advanced age have observed, that while events of very recent occurrence are almost entirely forgot, others, which happened in early childhood, are remembered with a vividness and force that are truly astonishing: How important, then, that, at this spring time of life, such seed should be sown as will produce, in autumn, the most profitable harvest. Soon, in many instances, those who are now the objects of your constant care, and under your immediate control, will change your guardianship for another; and may be exposed, through the disregard of those under whose care they may be, to the temptations of a delusive world, and the machinations of designing people, who lay in wait and seize every opportunity to entrap the unwary, and too frequently succeed in dragging down to ruin their unprotected victims, and render-

ing them as despicable, wretched and miserable as themselves. Infidelity, too, stalks fearlessly abroad, and belches forth his poison in the face of day. Think not it is too odious to allure—too many has it robbed of happiness in life, of hope in death. Great is the fear that the mind, which is unprotected by the barrier of Religious principles, will seize eagerly the supposition that it may walk in the ways of its heart, and in the sight of its eyes, without having its sinful pleasures embittered by the thought that for all these things it will be brought to judgment. Let, then, the mind be fortified by the knowledge of truth, that it may be enabled to stand the shock of fierce temptation at that age when the passions are strong and the judgment unformed.

Ye learned—ye rich—ye pious—send your children to a Sabbath School. It may not be absolutely necessary on their account—but they will be rather better than worse. It is not intended to supersede domestic instruction still may you enjoy the blissful privilege of training up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and by so doing you will receive assistance, which, if followed up by judicious counsels at home, may, yea will be productive of blessed results. But the principal motive by which I would urge it upon you to permit your children to attend these institutions, is your EXAMPLE—lend, I would say, your influence to make it respectable to attend them; then many, who are regardless of the eternal interests of themselves and their offspring, may be induced to send them where they will obtain a knowledge of those things, which belong to their peace, and which there is a fearful possibility they might not otherwise obtain.

I would further urge upon all who may be interested, to visit the schools, in order that you may make yourselves acquainted with the character to whose care your children are confided, and the nature of the instruction they receive.

In the hope that, with your assistance and the blessing of God, the Sabbath School may be made an instrument in evangelising the world, and conducive to the universal spread of pure and undefiled religion—with all the respect due to the character of those I am addressing—I subscribe myself,

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

Montreal, January 16, 1836.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

STORY OF A STUDENT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.

In a few days we were married, & I brought my young bride to my humble lodging. I cannot here delight the romantic and imprudent by describing our wedded life as an unalloyed elysium. We were indeed in full possession of those rarest and purest elements of happiness,—harmonious accordance of temper and disposition, and calm reposal on the affection of each other, but we were not therefore insensible to the vexing power of minor evils. For the sake of a miserable pittance, I was obliged to leave my Charlotte for the greater part of every day utterly alone, and when I did return to her, instead of being able to enliven our evening by gay or tender converse, I was obliged to devote myself to the literary drudgery which served to eke out our precarious subsistence.—Nor was Charlotte an idle dependant on my toils.—Mistress of her needle and pencil, she devised a hundred fanciful little elegancies which amused her solitude, and by the sale of which (though miserably ill paid) she augmented our income. These small earnings she loved to devote to the purchase of some dainty or luxury wherewith to cheer our evening repast, the hour of reunion after our daily separation. Her winning playfulness had intense captivation for one, like me, unused to female society, and each day developed in her some new grace of manner or charm of character that added, if that were possible, to my affection. My mild cold dream of glory had faded before the healthier excitement of labouring for the happiness of a beloved object, and when, during my hours of study, my gentle wife silently pursued her household avocations, I felt that the “light whisper of her footsteps soft,” was a more spirit stirring music than ever echoed from the trump of fame. For several weeks after our marriage Charlotte seemed quite happy. I never entered my home that I did not find her gaily singing at her work. Though I could not help suspecting that this was an affectionate artifice to quiet my regret at leaving her so much alone, it yet was evident that

she was content and cheerful. All my reasonings, however, could not banish what I considered her exaggerated fears of detection. She never went out, except in cases of absolute necessity, and then veiled and disguised herself as closely as ever.—The effect of such confinement on a naturally fragile frame was soon visible. Her soft young cheek “grew sick within the rose’s just domain,” and the hollow cough, which has knelled away so many precious lives, became frightfully frequent. Then I felt the sharpest sting of poverty: I could not bear my drooping bird to the pure climates of health and renovation, but must sit calmly by and see her pine to death in her bondage; I vainly tried to make her accept of such recreations as were within our reach. The mere idea of going to any place of amusement made her shiver and turn pale, and on the few occasions on which she went abroad to procure materials for her industry, such were her panting haste and trepidation, that her health was injured rather than benefited. But I soon became aware that it was not disease alone that was preying on her life. Some new and solitary sorrow was seated in her eyes, and the lightest tread, the softest knock, made her suspend her breath, and strain her sight as if for the appearance of some terrific phantom. One evening, on my return from the office, I ran upstairs as usual to her little drawingroom, but had nearly stumbled over the prostrate figure of my wife, who lay in a deep swoon a few paces within the door.—On her recovery she imputed her indisposition to mere physical weakness, but, from this time forward, I observed she always bolted the door of our apartment during my absence. Her caution arose, she said, from the carelessness of the persons below in leaving the street door open, and thus exposing her to the intrusion of any one who chose to enter. One evening, about twilight, I was on my way home, at an hour somewhat earlier than usual, when I saw Charlotte at a distance of several paces from me. I could not mistake her well-known dress, her light and graceful step, though I wished to dispute even the testimony of my senses, when I saw her addressing earnestly and with animated gesture, a gentleman who was walking with her. At the corner of a street diverging towards our lodging, her companion was about to leave her, when she laid her hand on his arm with a detaining movement, pro-

longed the conversation, then darted rapidly homewards. I followed, but though she could not have preceded me two minutes, I found her quietly seated by the fire, all traces of her recent excursion banished. Resolved to watch the development of this mystery in silence, I did not mention what I had seen, but, for the first time, I felt unkindly towards her, and my manner must have betrayed the feelings. For often during the evening I caught her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of relenting fondness that half vanquished my rising doubts of her integrity. The following evening we were sitting together, silently occupied, I in writing, Charlotte in drawing, when a handsome, well-dressed man, of about thirty years of age, entered our apartment unannounced. He addressed me with an air of fashionable effrontery.

“You are, I presume, the——?”

I assented.

“And that young lady, in what relation does she stand to you?”

“She is my wife.”

“Are you very sure of that, young sir?”

“Perfectly. But by what right do you presume to investigate her affairs or mine?”

“By the indisputable right and title of a husband; for know, young gentleman, that if you believe yourself married to this girl, she has egregiously deceived you. Let her, if she can, deny that she was my wedded wife before she ever saw your face!”

I looked to Charlotte, expecting her indignant refutation of this dreadful charge, but she had none to offer! Pale, convicted, guilty she sat, like a felon awaiting doom.

And addressing her, the intruder continued, “But, in consideration of your childish years, I shall overlook the past if you will now return to your duty. Come then, my fair fugitive. My—nay, I should say your—carriage waits to bear you hence.”

But with a wild shriek of abhorrence, Charlotte fled at his approach, and sought refuge behind my chair. The strange scene proceeded, but, stunned as I was by the certainty of Charlotte's guilt, I took no part in it. “Be it so, then, my fair dame! but since you will not accompany me on my continental tour, I shall defer it, in order to have the pleasure of procuring you a safe and cheap passage to New Holland.” British law recognizes such a crime as bigamy, my pretty ran away.”

The wretched Charlotte had not yet spoken. but she now said slowly and in hoarse & feeble accents, “Monster, I no longer fear you. You have destroyed my peace—you have poisoned my happiness—you have broken my heart—you can do no more.”

“I shall try, nevertheless. Therefore, most gracious wife, adieu. Trust me, we shall meet again.”

For many minutes after his departure, the silence of our apartment was unbroken, save by the quick, troubled breathings of the unhappy Charlotte. At length she attempted to take my hand, but I repulsed her sternly and coldly, and, burying my face in my hands, yielded to all the bitterness of the belief that my hopes of love, though fairer, had been false than my hopes of fame. The unfortunate then fell at my feet in penitential unlikeliness, but I could not trust my fortitude to look upon her, and she continued her pleadings interrupted only by her sobs, and fatal, convulsive cough. “Oh, John, beloved John, have you no forgiveness for her who has loved, and still loves you so fervently and well? Listen to the whole truth, and do not pronounce a sentence harsher than that I look for from my heavenly Judge. The letter which I wrote to you was true in all particulars but one. I was momentarily expecting Catherine to give me freedom, when she entered my room hurriedly, and said that Harwell had arrived, accompanied by the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony—that he desired to see me immediately, and that flight was now impossible. I resolved to east myself on the protection of the clergyman, but Catherine assured me that this would be of no avail, as he was a person wholly devoted to Harwell's interest. But if, she said, I could submit to undergo the ceremony, and thus quiet all suspicion, escape would then be easy, as she knew that Harwell and my mother had some business to transact, which could not be completed till after the marriage. Fear and her arguments prevailed. I was led to the drawing-room, where, half-insensible, I heard some words muttered over me, and repeated others, the import of which I scarcely knew. The hated ring (which I soon after flung away for ever) was then placed on my finger, and I was told that I was married. Shortly after, I withdrew, my mother and Harwell remaining together. Then it was

Catherine fulfilled her promise, and I fled. And now, dear husband, (for so I will ever call you.) now you will understand the mingled joy and anguish with which I listened to the avowal of your pure and ardent love; but believe me, I did not at first intend to deceive you. Even when I began that lying letter I meditated a full disclosure of my situation. I believed that my enforced marriage could not be binding in the sight of Heaven, and I hoped that you might also think so. But my courage failed when I contemplated the possibility of losing you for ever by this confession, and I adopted the deceit which made you mine. I know that you may justly doubt the truth of even this statement, from one already convicted of falsehood, but words uttered with death breath may surely be relied on." They were relied on, and long before the dear penitent had concluded her recital, she was restored to my confidence, and pillowed on my bosom. She continued to explain the events of the last few days.

One evening, on her return from making some little purchases, she was followed and traced home by Harwell, who forced himself into her presence, but who, to her great surprise, instead of upbraiding her for her desertion, addressed her in terms of adulation, and urged her to accompany him on a tour of pleasure which he was about to make. Having discovered that what she most dreaded was my being made acquainted with his claim, he, on her refusal to accompany him or even to receive his visits, threatened to make all known, and legally enforce her return to him. It was on the evening of this threatening visit that I found her in the deep swoon, into which she had fallen soon after he had left her. Hence her precautions for preventing any subsequent intrusions on her solitude, and hence too her alarm at every sound that might indicate the approach of a stranger. The evening before the present, however, meeting him accidentally, she, of her own accord, accosted him and earnestly besought him to bury in oblivion their ill-omened marriage, and leave her to the lowlier lot which she had chosen. His manner left her in doubt as to the effect of her entreaties, but the event showed that his revengeful feelings were excited by her unconquerable aversion, and made us feel that he would spare no effort to compass our preparation, and her destruction, though I felt

that poor Charlotte was my wife, in the eye of justice and of Heaven, I yet feared that human law would not consider her as such. My marriage with her could, I knew, be easily substantiated, and if, as was likely, Harwell could also prove his, every thing was to be dreaded from his malignity. This, together with alarm at her hourly increasing illness, prevented my thinking of Charlotte's sole fault, that of deceiving me. Mental suffering had so fatally aggravated her disorder, that she was soon confined entirely to bed. Finding it impossible to leave her alone in such circumstances, I resigned my situation, and devoted myself entirely to tendence on her while she waked, and to writing when she slept. I had sufficient credit to obtain for her all that she required, and, in such a case, I did not scruple to incur debt; for, should I lose her, I should have time enough, and too much, to betray it, and, should my cares be blessed by her recovery, all after privations would seem light to us both. Fear of the threatened prosecution, however, disquieted every moment of our lives, and Charlotte's deepest slumbers were haunted by vision of trial and disgrace. But, when several days elapsed without bringing any new calamity, we began to hope that Harwell would fear to invite public notice to a transaction in which he had played so disgraceful a part. On calm reflection, I saw good reason for believing that the marriage had only been a mock ceremony, intended to delude and betray the innocent Charlotte. The unprincipled character of her mother, the profligacy of Harwell, and, above all, his conduct on his first visit to Charlotte, after her marriage with me, so unlike that of an injured husband, served to confirm me in this conjecture; and, eager to obtain proof of it, I resolved to seek an interview with the woman who had favoured Charlotte's escape. For this purpose, I went to Mrs. Ormond's villa, the situation of which Charlotte had often described to me. But my disappointment was keen on finding that she had left Ireland. I learnt, however, that she had dismissed Catherine, who now lived in Dublin, some time before she went. This Catherine I with some diffidulty found, and her testimony banished all lingering dread of Harwell's threatened vengeance. He and his vile accomplice had quarrelled on pecuniary subjects soon after

Charlotte's flight, and Catherine then learnt, for the first time, that the pretended obergymnan had been one of Harwell's minions in disguise, and that, even had the ceremony not been otherwise informal, it would have been nullified by the fact that Harwell had already been, for many years, the husband of an English woman of fortune. It was, therefore, evident that his threats had been employed only in order to terrify Charlotte into his power but mighty love had shielded her from a fate as terrible, and she was now mine beyond the power of any earthly rival. But this blessed certainty came too late for happiness. The young sufferer's strength waned slowly, but steadily, and when at last death, the "pale unrepenter," claimed his dedicated bride, she received his child caress without a murmur or a mean.

The ancient cemetery of Clontarf contains the dust that once was beauty. Since my Charlotte's golden head has rested there, no sun has risen that has not seen me kneeling by her green and quiet grave, nor could earth offer me a hope so dear as that of swiftly joining her in that "dark paradise."

I continue to write, but no longer with the aspiration for the desire of fame. The spring of hope and health are broken, and the unelastic spirit longs weary for its last repose. I write that I may pay my debts, and leave the world with a conscience void of offence toward men—but unable to imagine or paint fictitious woes, while my heart is heaving under the pressure of its own, I have penned this record of too true a tale.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SINCERITY.

O thou who art enamoured with the beauties of Truth, and hast fixed thy heart on the simplicity of her charm hold fast thy fidelity under her, and forsake her not; the constancy of thy virtue shall crown thee with honour.

The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart; hypocrisy and deceit have no place in his words.

He blushes at falsehood, and is confounded; but in speaking the truth, he hath a steady eye:

He supporteth as a man the dignity of his character; to the arts of hypocrisy he scorneth to stoop.

He is consisted with himself—he is never embarrassed—he hath courage enough for truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanness of dissimulation—the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips—he studieth what is right, and speaketh with discretion.

He adviseth with friendship, he reproveth with freedom—and whatsoever he promiseth shall surely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breast; he masketh his words in the semblance of truth, while the business of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in sorrow, he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

LA BELLE SAISON.

There is a precious moment for young people, if taken at the prime, when first introduced into society, yet not expected, not called upon to take a part in it—they, as standers by, may see not only the play, but the character of the players and may learn more of life and of human nature in a few months, than afterwards in years when are themselves actors upon the stage of life and become engrossed by their own part. There is a time, before the passions are awakened, when the understanding, with all the life of Nature, fresh from all that education can do to develop and cultivate, is at once eager to observe and able to judge, for a brief space blessed with the double advantage of youth and age. This time, once gone, is lost irreparably—and how often is it lost—in premature vanity or premature dissipation!

"Stand back a little," said an old gentleman to a very lively little boy who was pressing very close to the edge of a mill-race where some people were digging—"stand back a little, the ground will cave in with you." He had hardly got the words through his teeth before the event anticipated occurred the boy fell and broke his arm. The example seems to me to be applicable to a great many cases of common occurrences in life.

MONEY HAS WINGS.

A young dashing lordling recently visited Paris with a considerable sum of money, which he was determined to spend before his return. Upon his arrival in the capital of "la belle France," he waited upon a banker, and after stating his intention, inquired how long six thousand pounds would last him in Paris. "Why," replied the banker, "if you visit the gaming table, it may last you three days; if you do not, it will last you six weeks."

POETRY.

MORN.

Morn is the time to walk :

The eyelids to unclose ;

Spring from the arms of sleep, and break

The fetters of repose ;

Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray :

How lovely and how meet,

To send our earliest thoughts away,

Up to the mercy-seat !

Ambassadors for us, to claim
A blessing in our Maker's name.

Morn is the time to sing—

How charming 'tis to hear

The mingling notes of nature ring

In the delighted ear !

And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin-song of praise !

Morn is the time to sow

The seeds of heavenly truth,

While balmy breezes softly blow

Upon the soil of youth ;

And look to thee, nor look in vain,
To God for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love :

As tendrils of the vine,

The young affections fondly rove,

And seek them where to twine ;

Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find a resting place.

Morn is the time to shine,

When skies are clear and blue ;

Reflect the rays of light divine

As morning dew-drops do ;

Lak' early stars, be early bright.

And melt away, like them, in light.

Morn is the time to weep

O'er morning hours misspent :

Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep

On folly madly bent,

We've left the strait and narrow road

And wandered from our guardian, God.

Morn is the time to think —

While thoughts are fresh and free —

Of life, just balanced on the brink

Of dark eternity.

And ask our souls if they are meet

To stand before the judgment seat ?

Morn is the time to die —

Just at the dawn of day.

When stars are fading in the sky.

To fade, like them, away —

But lost in light, more brilliant far,

Then ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise —

The resurrection morn —

Upspringing to the glorious skies,

On new-found pinions borne,

To meet a Saviour's smile divine —

Be such ecstatic rising mine.

THE HOME OF THE CONTENTED.

Shady groves and purling rills,

Walks where quivering moonbeams play.

Screen the world-sick breast from ill,

Lull the cares of noisy day,

Leave all cares and fears behind,

Give up pleasure's splendid toys ;

All you wish, you here will find,

Peace and Quiet's calmer joys ;

But if passion haunts you still,

If in love with hope and power,

Franquid vale and murmuring rill

Cannot charm the heart an hour.

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