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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. L.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 23, 1886.

[PRICE 20.]

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT

To the Editor of the INSTRUCTOR:

Sir,—I have heard and read a great deal, from time to time, for and against the use of Instrumental Music in Divine worship; but the sound argument and excellent reasoning contained in the following article surpasses all I have hitherto seen on the subject. The discussion between C. R. and a Vocal Musician terminated very abruptly, without bringing the matter to any definite conclusion. By giving this article a place in your valuable little miscellany you will much oblige,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

Montreal, April 20.

REMARKS ON THE USE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN DIVINE WORSHIP.

If the universal authority of scripture could be applied to the question before us, it would, of course, supersede any controversial inquiry respecting it—but such a decided authority, I am aware, has never been attempted to be advanced either by the friends or foes of the practice in question—no passage of holy scripture has been produced, in which, by fair interpretation, the use of musical instruments in public worship is either enjoined or prohibited, allowed or discountenanced.

Both parties, it is true, claim the tacit sanction of scripture to their respective views—the one, in the fact, that instrumental music in divine worship is no where forbidden, and that it was unquestionably used for devotional purposes by some eminent saints of the Jewish church, if not a regular part of the temple worship—the other, in the total silence of the New Testament writers on the subject, and also, in the more simple and spiritual character of Christian worship, than that of the Jews. But from these appeals to the Bible no conclusions can be drawn, forasmuch as, when weighed together, it may be

difficult to say whether of them has the preponderating weight of plausibility. Destitute then of the light of revelation, reason and analogy must supply its place—and regarding the subject as a question of expediency, its merits must be deduced from the adaptation or unfitness of instrumental music for the purposes of devotion, and the good or the mischievous effects which can be fairly ascertained to result from its introduction.

As vocal music is universally acknowledged to be a scriptural and appropriate part of the external worship of God, our method must be first, to enquire in what the propriety of singing consists, as a part of divine worship, and secondly, whether, or to what extent, the same fitness is possessed by instrumental music. We must first observe, that there is nothing naturally sacred in singing, any more than in playing—they are both to be ranked under the same art of music, or the art by which the sense of hearing is delighted by means of melodious or harmonious sounds. Now the most remarkable effect of singing, (for to the consideration of singing, we now purposely confine ourselves.) is the excitation and expression of the emotions of joy, grief, gratitude, awe, love, &c. The air of a tune may be adapted to all the most prominent passions of the mind, and where that adaption is striking, it does more than merely express the emotion—it awakens and deepens it. Thus a tune with a lively air would not only be in unison with a cheerful frame of mind, but such a disposition it would cherish. A solemn tune is calculated to produce or deepen a feeling of seriousness and awe. Now, singing is applicable to devotional purposes, chiefly from its influence on the emotions of the mind. Right feeling is the very essence of devotion. To understand our obligation and duty to God, is indeed indispensable: but to be so far affected by the former as to be inclined to perform the latter is a very different thing, and that which is alone truly acceptable to God, or influential on human conduct.

Adoration, gratitude, penitence, &c. must, then, not only exist in principle and sentiment, but as emotions or feelings, and whatever tends to awaken, keep alive, and improve those pious feelings is really serviceable—this effect we attribute to singing when properly performed.

Singing is most naturally indicative of joy, and hence, in divine worship, it seems most naturally employed as an expression of praise & gratitude. Praise, in its principle, is a lofty conception of the divine perfection and glory—in practice, it is an endeavour to give expression to those views and feelings. In adoration there is much of feeling, and that too of the most exalted description: Now the feeling of adoration is most significantly expressed in singing; and there may be infused into the air of a tune a certain kind of dignity, which shall not only be in exact accordance with our emotion and employment, but of that emotion it shall greatly elevate the tone. Again gratitude to God for favours received, we are instinctively inclined to express in singing. Gratitude is connected with, or rather is productive of, love and joy, and to sing a tune with a lively air would not only be in perfect accordance with these affections, but would be calculated to improve them. The use of vocal or instrumental music, in honour of any exalted character, or in token of gratitude to any benefactor, seems to be a lesson taught by nature, as the practice is common among savages. Again—of the solemnities of death, judgment and eternity, every pious man feels it his interest to have a suitable impression. The foundation of such impression must indeed be conviction and principle, but few things are better calculated to keep alive and deepen those impressions, than singing, or hearing solemn tunes. Once more—if our devotion is of the penitential or supplicating kind, suitable singing will counteract our natural apathy, and assist us to enter more strongly into the spirit of that imploring contrition in which true repentance consists. In a word, to produce impression seems to be the principal object of singing—and that by means of its sympathetic correspondence with our passions: and experience has proved that serious and devout impressions may be produced by it, as well as any other. If the warrior's courage is fired by the sound of martial music; if the lover's passion is augmented by

music in its tender strains—if the melancholy are cheered by the sound of melody—so, sacred music elevates the tone and quickens the fire of the devout worshipper's feelings.

Such properties, then, and such effects we ascribe to singing, when piously performed. Our next inquiry is, whether or to what extent instrumental music is adapted to answer the same purpose. The effects above enumerated, it must be remembered, we have attributed entirely to the music of singing; and I confess I know no sound reason why the music of instruments should not be as naturally adopted to produce the same effect, because I can discover no essential difference between the sound of the human voice, and the sound of suitable instruments, performed by human breath and human hands. If such an essential difference could be proved to exist, it would also prove, that there is an essential difference between seeing with the naked eye and by the assistance of glasses, or between hearing with the naked ear and by the help of an instrument.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

On the summit of the mountain we stopped to take a farewell view of the celebrated plain at our feet, and then advanced over a barren track, till we came to a spot watered by one or two rivers, and shaded with trees. These luxurious retreats are often resorted to by the inhabitants of the city. The road afterwards wound through wild and rocky defiles in the mountains, and by the steep side of a rapid torrent that flowed over its course beneath, till, towards evening, we came into a plain, and passed the night in the cottage of a peasant. The next day was uncommonly fine, and we pursued our way in good spirits. The aspect of the country was more agreeable than on the preceding day, and the cottages were more numerously scattered.

Soon after sunset we came to Zibolam, a large village, finely situated, and surrounded with groves—and a river ran through the middle of it. The habitation of one of the villagers was again our home, they spread their best mat on the floor, in the midst of which the fire burned bright and cheerfully, and prepared a good supper of fowls and eggs.

followed by coffee and the chikouque—and we found the luxuries of Damascus had not spoiled our relish of this simple and friendly reception.

Demetrie, the servant of Mr. G., was a bigoted Greek, and true to his country, though not a little of a rogue, and a great gourmand. Every evening he said his prayers to the Virgin, accompanied with crossings, which, after the Greek fashion, were drawn from his chin to his middle; & the constant subject of his prayers was, that the Virgin would give him plenty to eat and drink, and send him home safe to his family.

On the third day we came to the ruins of Balbec, which, being approached from Damascus, are not seen till you are almost close on them. The village adjoining is very mean, and contains a few hundred inhabitants—it has a mosque and minaret. This place was situated just between the limits of the rival pachas, and was under the jurisdiction of neither. We made our way to the wretched residence of a Greek priest, who looked the picture of squalidness and poverty, and resides in this lonely spot, to minister to two or three score of Christians. He drew a key out of his pocket, and unlocked, with great care, a waste and dark apartment, a few yards from his own.

We soon sallied out, to visit the temple—but were encountered, about half way, by the governor, or sheik, of the village, who, with much clamour, refused to allow us to proceed, till he understood who we were. We accordingly walked back—and in a short time he made his appearance at the priest's, accompanied by an armed soldier, and a number of the villagers gathered round. The sheik demanded money, for permission to see the ruins—and, after much altercation, and violent threats, on his side, the sum was reduced to twenty seven piastres—on receiving which, he went away, and troubled us no more.

The sun set on the vast temple, and the mountains around it, with indescribable grandeur; the chain of Anti Libanus in front was covered with snow—and the plain, wild and beautiful, stretched at its feet farther than he eye could reach. The pigeons, of many coloured plumage, flew in clusters around the ruined walls, at whose feet were a variety of reeds and flowers, amidst which ran a clear and rapid stream. The outer wall, that en-

closes the great area of the building to the north, is immensely high, and about six hundred feet long, the western wall is lower, being more broken; and midway of its height are three enormous stones, about sixty feet long, and twelve wide. The temple itself is near one hundred and eighty feet in length, and half that in width, and is surrounded by a single row of pillars, forty four in number, nearly sixty feet high, and twenty six feet in circumference—they are, as well as the temple of a fine granite of a light red colour, their capitals are of the Corinthian order, of exquisite workmanship and are very little defaced—indeed, the entireness and preservation of the decorations of this superb temple are surprising. The architrave and cornice are beautifully carved—three or four of these columns, separated from the roof, recline against the wall of the temple—and, on the south side, one noble pillar has sunk from its position into the clear and beautiful pool formed by the fountain beneath the temple, against the body of which, half its length and rich capital still support themselves.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

On returning to our miserable quarters in Sardis, we found Spiro busily employed in preparing our dinner. He had purchased a kid, which he dissected so as to preserve the shoulders and solid pieces entire, and the remainder he cut up for pottage. The miserable city contained no public oven, so common in all oriental towns, and so often referred to in the Bible—but the owner of the hut in which we were lodged supplied him with a substitute. This was a large, hollow cone of clay, which he immediately filled with dried herbs, sticks and grass, and when it was sufficiently heated, he inverted it over the meat, taking care to keep up a moderate heat around it.

To this practice our Lord refers, where he says, 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' Matt. vi, 30.

"When thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

If one have served thee tell the deed to many; Hast thou served many? tell it not to any.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

ALICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

"The God of Heaven be with you Alice, and may He bless and keep you, my darling, from all participation in the misery which overwhelms your wretched mother! Oh, thou Holy One, be with my child! when the waves roll and the loud winds howl as if greedy for their prey, remember not the sins of the parents—but in mercy to this innocent, speak; and even the rude, tumultuous, shall obey. In Thee alone do I trust for protection, and to Thee alone dare I look for pardon, for thou art infinite alike in power and in goodness, and to Thy hand do I commit my child."

The lady by whom, (in a tone of the most touching softness,) this heart-felt prayer was uttered, was tall and elegantly proportioned, and dressed with a degree of richness, not to say magnificence, which contrasted strangely with the coarse and homely furniture of the cottage in which she stood. Though no longer possessing the bloom of youth, she was still beautiful; and the naturally haughty expressions of her features were softened, increasing the influence of the charm of her appearance. She sat on a low bench—her eyes filled with tears, gazing on a sprightly child who lay smiling in her lap, utterly unconscious of the strife of maternal tenderness, and with the fear of shame, which rent the bosom, and destroyed the peace of the guilty mother. O! how did she curse the ambitious pride which had led her to give her hand to a man whom she despised, merely for the sake of rank and wealth; and far more deeply and bitterly did she deplore the criminal passion which had forever destroyed her self-respect, and which induced her to banish her only child forever, rather than to become the scorn and by-word to that world, for whose admiration she had sacrificed the best feelings of a young and sensitive heart.

Long and dreadful was the struggle!—Could she bear to sink suddenly and irrecoverably from the lofty eminence on which she stood, to the dark and cheerless regions of infamy?—Could she endure to hear that proud and honored name coupled with shame and

gult?—"Never!—sooner rive this heart—Come, death, but come not with dishonour!—Let me perish, but let none know the dreadful cause!"

Pale and exhausted with the excess of her own feelings, the lady rose, and motioning to a woman of decent appearance and a countenance of sincere and honest worth, to approach, consigned the now sleeping infant to her arms—put a purse of gold into her hand, and with many anxious charges to be faithful to her trust, and many a glance of love and sorrow towards her infant daughter, withdrew, bearing with her the commiseration of the simple yet kind-hearted woman to whom she had entrusted her child, who busied herself in preparing for their embarkation; while ever and anon, the tear that stole down her cheek, testified to the sincerity of her sympathy and painful recollections. "Ah, little did I think when the castle was so gaily lighted, and all the lords and ladies so finely dressed, feasting and dancing, all night long, at my lady's wedding; little did I think to see her thus. Ah, what would my poor dear old mistress have said, had she known that the child whom she loved, and reared with so much care, could, when she was gone, forget those precepts, and dishonour that name. Well-a-day, there is nothing to be done now, but to hide it; and then (as I've often told my good man,) America's a long way off, and no one will guess but that the babe is ours by honest marriage: and I am sure I love the little dear quite as much already."

The sun had just risen from behind a high hill, and was pouring his brightest morning ray upon the bosom of the wild and romantic Mohawk. The vines and shrubs which grew among the rocks, that rise almost perpendicularly from the bosom of this beautiful stream, fanned by the morning breeze, waved the branches in the air, and showered down in rich abundance a flood of crystal drops into the smooth and glassy surface beneath. Blythe and joyously, the warbling tribe sent forth their mellow songs, as if in generous strife which should loudest sound their Maker's praise, while the tinkling of the sheep-bells, as the flock strayed over the distant hills in search of food, gave to the whole scene an impress of calm and peaceful repose, which is seldom surpassed. Suddenly, a loud and boisterous shout, accompanied by the gleesome

silvery laugh of childhood, burst upon the ear, and a group of merry children appeared, full chase after a rabbit. "There she goes; I saw her," shouted a boy of about twelve years old, who was a little in advance of the rest, there she is in the hazle-nut bush; I'll have her." And away they flew to seize their trembling prey. A few moments sufficed for this, for the little creature was nearly exhausted; and the victors, with no small share of pride, and with sportsman-like indifference, prepared to finish their exploit by depriving it of life.

"Nay, William, do not kill it," said a soft and gentle voice—"it will not be fit to eat, and why should you deprive the poor thing of life? I should not like to leave this pleasant sunshinè, and pretty world,—and how do we know, but this poor little rabbit thinks so too. Just feel how its heart beats with fright—do let it go."

"Let it go! Emily. What, when we have had such a chase after it? Why, we've been running at least half an hour, and I'm so tired."

"Dear William, you have had your sport in catching it. Now, do let it go—and you will have a great deal more pleasure in seeing it enjoy its liberty."

"Oh, yes," echoed the compassionate little group—and William, subdued by the voice of public opinion, yet reluctant to acknowledge its influence, yielded to this expression of public opinion, and released his prisoner, who bounded off most joyfully, right glad to be allowed to sport away a few more days of a harmless existence. The child to whose humanity the rabbit was indebted for its preservation, was a girl of about fourteen years of age, slight but gracefully formed, with hair of the softest auburn, which hung in natural ringlets, so as entirely to shade a neck of marble whiteness. Her full blue eye was expressive of the deepest feeling; while the small mouth, which changed its character with every varying emotion of the mind, told of a heart too tender and too sensitive for happiness in a world like this. She stood among the little group as a superior being, and yet she called them brothers—and though clad in the same coarse garments, and sharing the same sports, yet there was an undefinable dignity in word and motion, which could not pass unnoticed. Often would she steal away,

and with some small, but admirably selected library, seat herself in some sequestered spot, to indulge her love of solitude, and amuse herself in building castles as beautiful and as ethereal as such visions generally are. Her education had consisted in learning to read and write, and the elementary branches of arithmetic, at a country school, yet her thirst for knowledge but increased as she formed means of gratifying it, and, at the time we speak of, the few choice volumes which from time to time were put into her hands, were eagerly perused and not a few committed to memory. How such works came into her mother's possession, she never thought of inquiring. Little did she dream of that hand which had, with judicious foresight, seen an made provision for the future wants of the then helpless and unconscious infant; that tender hand now mouldering in the gloom grave, that welcome resting-place to the weary traveller through life's drear space. Where else can weak and erring man find a refuge? Shunned by her own—despised by the other—bent to the earth with her load of grief and dishonour; drags on a miserable existence, without a single hand to support, or a smile to encourage her to seek for comfort here or happiness hereafter. Years had now passed since the death of Lady Emily Cortlandt, but the hearted woman to whom she had inherited her child, yet continued to watch and care for it with as much fondness as she felt for her own. She had been born on the same day she expressed it, and had waited in the capacity of a waiting-maid until she had become so firmly attached to her mistress that she was willing to make any sacrifice to preserve her good name. To effect this, she had proposed to take her mistress's child as her own. Married about this time to a worthy man, they had formed the scheme of emigration to America. As Lady Emily found it impossible to keep up the semblance of independence as the child increased in size and intelligence, all those little arts which wind round mothers' hearts, she was obliged to accede to the proposal, and it was nearly certain that she would behold her offspring. Such is the weakness of human pride. But she had her powers of endurance. In the year her health gave way, and she was

hourly compelled to endure the kind and affectionate attentions of her confiding husband, who was alarmed for her safety and endeavoured, by every means in his power, to win back that gaiety & cheerfulness for which she had hitherto been remarkable. But, alas—what can restore the cheerfulness of a broken heart? Is there balm for the stricken spirit? She died,—and the secret of her frailty remained undiscovered;—of course all communication ceased, and the good Alice was left in utter darkness as to the fate of her mistress. She continued her unremitting kindness, still concealing from Emily all knowledge of her real parentage. The mild serenity of temper with which she was endowed, made her a favourite with the younger branches; while the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed could not but render her an object of tenderness to her foster-parents. It was the anniversary of the American independence, that Emily, wearied with the sight of the village parade, of half-equipped, half-drilled volunteers, and sick of the discordant notes of a cracked fife, as it squeaked forth, most patriotically,—‘Yankee Doodle’ and ‘Hail Columbia,’ without the least regard to time or tune,—stole from the side of her delighted companions, to seek for quiet and retirement in one of her favourite haunts. The spot towards which she directed her footsteps, was a sort of natural bower, about half way up the mountain, formed of a rock projecting on one side, while, on the other, an old vine united its towering branches with a sturdy oak. The river at the foot, fell with noisy violence over a rocky bed, of gradual descent, presenting a beautiful, though not very imposing cataract. The sweet brier and the wild rose shed forth their perfume to charm the dainty bee, who roams, on untired wing, to sip his ambrosial food from nature’s loveliest works. Here, on a mossy turf, sat down our little worshipper of nature. The village at her feet, with all its bustling idleness, seemed to enhance the pleasure of retirement, and of that ideal existence which a strong imagination is so apt to encourage. Her gipsy hat, tied loosely under her chin; her simple dress of the purest white; she looked the picture of happy innocence, without a care beyond the present, or a thought that the God of Heaven might not look upon without displeasure.

The sun was fast shining behind the mountain, when she rose to return. The path was steep and rough, but somewhat dangerous, but she was familiar with it, and thoughtlessly proceeded without an emotion or fear. She was just turning a short angle of the rock, accidentally placing her foot upon a loose fragment, it gave way, and she fell with violence upon the edge of a precipice, and was only saved from immediate destruction by grasping the trunk of a small sapling which stood within her reach. She attempted in vain to recover her feet, and was obliged to remain in this precarious situation for some minutes. It was then with no small degree of pleasure, that she beheld a gentleman approaching in the opposite direction, with the evident design of rendering her some assistance. She was not mistaken; the stranger had seen and watched her for some time previous, and had hastened to her the moment he saw her fall. His age was about fifty, if his gray hair and furrowed brow did not belie him, though his firm and active step might have indicated greater youth. He raised the tender child, with words of pity and encouragement, and finding her severely hurt, proposed to bear her to arms the remainder of the distance. To this she would not consent, and they proceeded a few steps, till Emily found the pain increased to such a degree, that it would be impossible for her to regain her home, and she was compelled, with bashful reluctance to accept the stranger’s offer. The dews of night had fallen thickly around them, ere they reached her lowly home, where having safely deposited his lovely burden, and received the thanks of his grateful friends, the gentleman took his leave, promising to return the next morning.

Emily had received a severe bruise, but was not otherwise injured; she was put to bed, and soon was fast asleep, little dreaming what effect this trifling circumstance might have upon her future prospects in life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor as keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means so weak as to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy! In youth, we are looking forward to things that are to come, in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past—in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day.

If none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world. Our Saviour could love the criminal while he hated the crime,—but we, his disciples, too often love the crime, but hate the criminal. A perfect knowledge of the depravity of the human heart, with perfect pity for the infirmities of it, never co-existed but in one breast, and never will.

POETRY.

THE FATHER'S TALE.

The following is copied from 'TALES OF THE FACTORIES,' by an English Lady, lately published in London, but not yet reprinted in this country. It bears internal evidence of being a picture from life.

Marvel not, children, that ye see me so
In spirit moved for poor humanity—
This morning, as is oft my wont, you know,
Being awake, and stirring with the bee
I took my way to visit that small mound
Ye know of, in our parish burying ground:

That low green grave, where your young
sister lies,

Whom late, with many tears, ye saw laid
there—

Kiss off these drops from your fond
mother's eyes—

Children, ye see how dear to us ye are.
But God, who gave, required his own again—
We wept, and yielded up our little Jane.

But oh! with what an agony of prayer
That one dear lamb selected from our fold
For His good pleasure, He the rest would
spare

Even with like pleadings that may not be
told;

This very morn', my precious ones, I prayed
By that green mound beneath the lime-tree's
shade.

While thus I stood, smote heavy on mine ear
The funeral bell, and 'turning, I espied
An open grave, planked loosely over, near.
That scarce a few short spaces did divide
From that of my own child, and it must be,
Methought for one as early called as she.

Once—twice, again (no more) that sullen
sound

Jarred with uneven stroke—and at the call
Appeared within the consecrated ground,
No funeral pomp or mourners—plume and
pall—

But minister and clerk, and huddling nigh.
A squalid group—one wretched family.

Foremost, a man of wasted frame, and
weak.

But tall and bony-bowed, but not by years;
Grizzled his thick black locks—his sallow
cheek

Furrowed, as if by long corroding tears,
But the deep sunken caves were parch'd and
dry,

And glazed and meaningless his hollow eye,

With him came, step for step, with sham-
bling gait,

A pale-faced boy, whose swollen and feeble
knees

Bowed out, and bent beneath his starveling
weight;

They two beneath them, slung with care-
less ease,

A little coffin, of the roughest boards
And rudest framing Parish help affords,

And close behind, with stupid looks agape,
Two sickly shivering girls, dragged shut-
fling on

A long-armed withered creature, like an ape,
From whose bleared eye-balls reason's light
was gone;

The idiot gibbered in his senseless glee,
And the man turned, and cursed him bitterly.

Bareheaded, by the grave of my own dead;
I stood, while his, that wretched man's was
lower'd

Into the narrow house. His shaggy head
Sank on his breast: but when the earth was
poured

Upon the coffin-lid, there stirred in him
No visible change or tremor: face of limb

And so he stood, while all was finished
The grave filled in, the raised turf
smooth'd o'er—

Till one cried "Father!" then he raised
his head

With such a look: I see it to this hour—
And turning, stamp'd down hard the new
laid sod,

Mutt'ring with half-clench'd teeth, "One's
gone, thank God!"

"One's gone!" I echoed, glancing where
my own

Slept in her grave: "and thou can'st tread
that spot

So rudely, speak those words in such a tone!
Art thou a father?" "Would that I
were not!"

Facing quick round his questioner to scan,
Made answer stern that miserable man.

Dark scowling from beneath his close-knit
brow,

His gloomy eye full fix'd on mine, he said,
"Children may be good gifts to thee, and
thou

May'st love them living, and lament them
dead;

But mine are born to misery and despair;
They're better off in heaven, or any where."

'Ye're of the Factories,' I began, but he
Broke in with horrid laugh, 'Aye, who
can doubt

That same, that sees us? Fact'ry hands
are we—

Their mark's upon us, and it don't wear
out.'

And dragging forward one poor girl, 'Look
there!'

He shouted out, and laid her shoulders bare.

Tearing the ragged shawl off, "That's fresh
done—

They sent her home scored black and blue
last night,

To serve as mourning for the little one—
We've no black rages—and that's a goodly
sight

For parent's eyes—that poor demented thing—
He was born straight and healthy, Duke or
King

Might have been proud of him—sharp-wit-
ted too,

Aye, 'cutest of them all—till his time
came

For the curs'd mill: They strapp'd him
on to do.

Beyond his strength: he fell against a
frame,

Struck backward—hurt his spine, the doctors
say,
And grew deformed and foolish from that
day.

Sir, when your young ones are in bed asleep,
Mine must slave on—in dust, and steam.
—and see,—

You may with yours, the Lord's day holy
keep

In his own house—'tis more than I can do,
(Brute as you think me,) from this rest that
day,

Poor little wretches, to drag mine away!

I've been myself a wretched Fact'ry boy—
Untaught, uncared for,—a poor foundling
too,

I never felt the feeling you call joy,
Nor leap'd nor laugh'd as happy children do,
But I liv'd on, and married like the rest
In reckless folly. And I say 'tis best

To die a sinless child, as mine lies there.

With aching pity, tenderly I strove
To sooth the wretched man in his despair—

I talked to him of seeking strength above,
He shook his head—of comfort found in pray-
er—

He groaned out, pointing to the grave, 'There,
there.'

But we must seek him in his home distress,
Where ague struck his helpless partner
lies,

Nursing a wailing baby at her breast.

That drains her life blood with its scant
supplies—

And we must try what Christian love can do,
For the sick soul, and staking body too:

And oh, my children, fervent be our
prayer

This night before we sleep, and day by
day,

That from our country, this good land and
fair!

The mortal plague spots may be wiped
away,

Ere from her heights, like guilty Tyre she's
hurled,

The wonder and opprobrium of the world.

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