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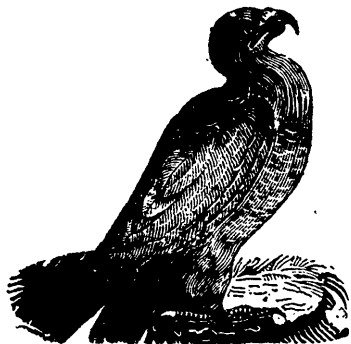
THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XV.]

MONTREAL, AUGUST 5, 1835.

[PRICE 2D.

NATURAL HISTORY



THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

The Golden Eagle is the largest and noblest of all those birds that have received the name of eagle. The length of the female is three feet and a half; the extent of its wings, eight and a half; it weighs from sixteen to eighteen pounds, but the male seldom weighs more than twelve pounds. In general, these birds are found in the mountainous and ill-peopled countries, and breed among the loftiest cliffs. They choose those places which are remotest from man, upon whose possessions they but seldom commit depredations, being contented rather to follow the wild game in the forest, than to risk their safety to satisfy their hunger. It requires great patience and much art to tame an eagle, and even though taken young, and brought under by long assiduity, yet still it is a dangerous domestic, and often turns its force against its master. Of all animals the eagle flies highest, and on this account he was called by the ancients the bird of Jove. Of all birds also, he has the quickest eye; but his sense of smelling is far inferior to that of the vulture.

He never pursues, therefore, but in sight: and when he has seized his prey, he stoops from his height, as if to examine its weight, always laying it on the ground before he carries it off.

Infants themselves, when left unattended, have been destroyed by these rapacious creatures; which probably gave rise to the fable of Ganymede's being snatched up by an eagle to heaven. An instance is recorded in Scotland of two children being carried off by eagles, but fortunately they received no hurt by the way; and, the eagles being pursued, the children were restored unhurt out of the nests to the affrighted parents.

The eagle is thus at all times a formidable neighbour: but peculiarly so when bringing up its young. It is then that the female as well as the male, exert all their force and industry to supply their young.

It happened some time ago, that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle that had built in a small island, in the beautiful lake of Killarney. He accordingly stripped and swam in upon the island, while the old ones were away: and, robbing their nest of its young, he was preparing to swim back, with the eaglets tied in a string; but, while he was yet up to the chin in the water, the old eagles returned, and, missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and, in spite of all his resistance, dispatched him with their beaks and talons.

The nest of the eagle is usually built in the most inaccessible cliff of the rock, and often shielded from the weather by some jutting crag that hangs over it. Sometimes, however, it is wholly exposed to the winds; as well sideways as above; for the nest is flat, though built with great labour. They are at first white: then inclined to yellow; and at last

light brown. Age, hunger, long captivity, diseases, make them whiter. It is said that they live about an hundred years; and that they at last die, not of old age, but from the beak turning inward upon the under mandible and thus preventing their taking an food.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

(Continued from page 107.)

Hamilton Herbert, then, was once affluent, —happy while successful,—more than that, he was always a generous and an honest man.

The tide turned and the scene changed! He had been lured and involved, and was now to be ruined, by speculation. A kind of phrenzy seized him, when, had he entrusted his affairs to some judicious friend, he again might have enjoyed, after paying his debts, a happy independence. But in his own troubles he was his own worst adviser, and at such a crisis the greediest grasp the lion's share of forced sacrifice. He apparently revived in confidence and hope after the wreck of his fortunes, though he could not but expect the remainder of life's journey would be, as indeed it proved to be, gloomy in the extreme. It was on a fine morning in the month of May, when he left, with many tears, yonder mansion of his ancestors—the home of his heart—the birth-place of himself and his three children. It is, sir, one of the most beautiful places on the face of the earth. But he left it grateful for the prosperity he had enjoyed there, though with the vivid recollection of its thousand pleasant associations came also the deepest sorrow and the darkest despair. I shall myself wish to die with that same moral courage which inspired him when he held me by the hand, on that morning of anguish, and expressed his trust in the goodness of God to deliver him out of all his distresses. He left me his kindest wishes and regretted—I shall never forget it—his inability to keep me longer from suffering; for I, though older than he, was his classmate at college, his friend through

life, and his fellow sufferer when age was creeping fast upon us both. But,' concluded the venerable speaker, as he wiped away the starting tears, 'I will not trouble you with any account of my own misfortunes. I have endured them alone since his departure and may pass them therefore in silence now. You, doubtless, long ago heard of Mr. Herbert's death—'

'Whose?—Say you he is dead!' exclaimed the listener, aroused as if the earth had shook with some tremendous convulsion; for he had been alternately burning with revenge and sinking with grief as he attended to Willie's tale, until he was quite overwhelmed by the last word—death.

'Ay, sir,' replied Willie, 'his monument is over yonder, where sleep, too, all his sweet family. Nor was HIS death the most lamented.'

'How?' impatiently vociferated the traveller.

'I see no occasion for this earnestness, my friend,' said Willie, 'I only mean, in saying her death seemed most lamented, that—'

'And who is SHE that has died?' again he interrupted.

'Good friend, have patience and you shall know all. Remember the old talk as well as walk slowly;' replied Willie, in a calm tone of reproof. 'I say then, all that family is extinct, and that when Miss Herbert died—who was the only daughter—the beauty and pet-lamb of this village—the gossips lamented for her the most, because she had lost, they thought, by her father's folly, such enviable prospects; in other words, sir, as themselves said, 'she was born an heiress and died in the poor house.' She outlived her brothers and mother, and her father died the last of his family; so my landlord fears no objections to his titles now but what I can raise from their graves.'

The single word, Villain! escaped from the traveller, and the tears fell profusely down his face. In vain did Willie seek to assuage his grief, ignorant as he was of its cause. He, therefore, after a few ineffectual attempts to

relieve him, left him leaning his head on his hand, to quiet by his own energy the tempest so unaccountably excited within him, and hobbled off to his mess at the fire and to arrange matters for his frugal evening meal. Strange is it that even old age and penury should ever exhibit an ostentatious spirit, and stranger still may it seem to the reader, that the traveller should recognise the antique silver bowl which Willie placed on the table before him. Supper soon being prepared, the moiety thereof was kindly proffered to the unknown guest, who had so far regained the command of his feelings as to accept the simple hospitality. Intent on his own various reflections, each remained for some time at the silent repast, and it was nearly finished when the gloomy stillness of the place was interrupted by the impatient growl of the traveller's dog without. 'That,' said he, awaking from his reverie, reminds me of the lateness of the hour.—Before I go, Willie, I would thank you for your kindness, which assures me a friend's heart is unchanged, and your information, which may direct my future course. Were it not for my misgivings, or the chance I see of doing some good to you, I would return to my home in another hemisphere and bury there the secret within me.

'To my small favours,' said Willie, 'you are welcome, sir. But if your HOME is so far off, I may rightfully demand why your tears have been shed HERE, or wherefore MY ears have heard the sigh of a wandering foreigner?'

Wavering in his mind as to the steps he should now take, the stranger paused a moment ere he inquired, 'Did you once know a son of Ham'ton Herbert, bearing his father's name, and who against his father's advice went to sea like a fortune seeking fool?'

'Yes—yes—I knew the child well,' said Willie eagerly. 'Know you ought of his fate?—No—He has long been given up for lost. His father never heard of him; and yet—I remember—in his dying hour he expressed an anxiety to be certainly assured of that oldest son's death.'

'Say not so,' exclaimed the stranger, 'I am that ungrateful, disobedient son!'

Whoever has the requisite sympathy can alone realise what are the many fibred heart's sensations in any given case. It is enough to say, that the old man, not doubting the truth of the fact, might well congratulate his visitor on his return to his native village. He had wept with those who wept for the wayward favorite—with them, too, had he waited for his return, to the extremity of hope; and when they no longer could weep or hope, he had lived to see the dead alive and the lost found. Yet, through what varieties of fortune had each passed, and how changed the entire scene of things. The earth, indeed, with every thing on the face of it, is perpetually changing its aspect, and some delight to employ themselves in such general reflections; but amidst the universal mutation, the confused mind seldom receives any strong or durable impression, while it gathers its most valuable moral instructions when concentrated on a single distinct illustration.

We may sympathize, then, with that individual in Willie's home, who felt himself, as it were, separated from the rest of his species by an absence of twenty years—the last, indeed, of his family. A fugitive from home, he had come back to find it welcomeless. Setting the parental government at defiance, he had gratified the enthusiastic curiosity—the idlest caprice of youth—to see the world; but he was now, with his matured mind bitterly sensible he had done that which the memory of the living alone can forgive. True, he had seen the world; but at what an expense! Two successive shipwrecks, from which he scarcely escaped, were no retribution for that single filial outrage. To have lived out his days with pirates, into whose merciless hands Providence had cast him, or wandered forever through gloomy forests and ever burning sands, were no atonement for his deviation from the smooth path of duty—reckless and fatal as it had been. No world of waters

might not quench his present remorse, and to the surviving son, in sight of what he could not call his HOME, the riches gathered, after a series of disasters on sea and land, by the merest accidental good fortune, were no compensation to his agitated bosom. But, said he, in concluding the narrative which he gave to Willie, and of which we have given the reader much of the substance,—‘it is remarkable I should have left this place the heir of all my father’s property, and return able to purchase it all.’

‘True,’ exclaimed Willie, ‘in that is the finger of Heaven directing your course. But why did you omit to send the tidings at least of your good fortune to your parents?’

‘Ah! it was difficult to decide the alternative of transmitting an account of my perilous adventures, or suffering an eternal silence to shadow my fate. Thinking they would soon cease to doubt my fate, as all but myself were lost in the first outward voyage, to inform them of my escape would have only revived their anxieties. I had done them an irremediable wrong—the very thought of which would constantly postpone and did finally forbid all correspondence. But, thank Heaven! I am again in the place of my birth, where all may become dear again to me, though I can hardly recognize the scene. Even these elms before your door have grown astonishingly since my childhood, and I well remember now who planted them.’

‘True—true,’ again cried Willie, with deep emotion, ‘keep them, then, as memorials of your kind but unfortunate father. They will flourish as long as your life lasts. Love them too, if you will, for my sake, if, indeed, you design to live here, or can purchase the estate —.’

The conversation was again interrupted by the scratching at the door of old Trowser, who had left the post in trust, and by his piteous howls for his master’s welfare was impatient to draw him out of a place so suspicious in its situation and appearance. The adventurer seized his hat and whip on the instant, and

issued forth, with words of gratitude on his lips, into the still and beautiful moonlight. to the infinite gratification of his faithful animal. Such was the later *ess* of the hour that all seemed wrapped in sleep. His direction led him to an inn at a half mile’s distance, and on the way, with the most solemn reflections, he passed the old church—the white mansion—the district school—the playground and the graveyard.

From what he had learnt from poor Willie, or himself seen of the changes of time, he supposed most, if not all, of his early associates were slumbering in that melancholy place last named. The reader may often have noticed the same sight which now moved his heart of those white and black monuments in the field of the departed casting their shadows in the light of the silvery moon—a sight that purifies the affections of man and hallows his reminiscences—a sight the most solemn and interesting, teaching the inevitable destiny of an intelligent race! Those who have returned home after a long absence of years, especially if they left that home in youth, well know what the social feelings endure in becoming reconciled to the vicissitudes which have marked the interval of time, and how long it takes to be satisfied everything did actually happen which is told them. It is, indeed, like living over again a portion of past existence. Such was the state of mind in which our adventurer laid his head on his pillow at the village-inn. Throughout that restless night his thoughts, like a dream, conducted him over the scenes and the events of twenty years in hurried confusion. But the morning sun never dawned on a human being more firmly determined to execute his plan of operations than was young Herbert. It was the determination of a powerful mind—the plan of a benevolent heart. It is enough to say that Willie’s fears of the titles to the family estate were imaginary, though honest—that Ralph Spunge was no villain, though he soon left that part of the country with little regret on the part of his neighbors—and that the Herbert

mansion, with all its lands, privileges and appurtenances, Willie's hut and elm-trees included, became by ready purchase again the property of an Herbert.

Another year had scarcely rolled by, before the venerable cottager beheld the marriage of his favorite boy in the very hall of his fathers; when with the patriarch of old he desired "to depart in peace." Like the setting of a summer's sun, soon did he leave a world of change and trial, fully "ripe for the reaper—death," and from the windows of the white mansion, where by his benefactor's kindness he had spent his last days, may be seen his monument, too, in the village graveyard, beside his friend and companion. And now let this simple chapter from the book of real life stand as another monument to the young, who would throw off parental restraint as a fetter of tyranny, or indulge their knight-errant propensities and quixotic curiosity to "see the world," at the sacrifice of filial obedience.

RELIGIOUS.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR.—Looking over a large library a few days since, I could not help thinking that the world was filled with such books, and great numbers of them are excellent. How many men of the first talents have written admirably on the subject of religion. Every age can boast of its celebrated authors, who have consecrated themselves to the instruction of mankind. I have read many of them with pleasure and improvement; but I find that, when I have gone through them three or four times, I have gained all their ideas; in spite of me, they become flat and uninteresting, and I am obliged to lay them aside, for I can no longer read them with pleasure. But the New Testament forms an exception to this rule. I have read many parts of it hundreds of times, and could read them again tomorrow with equal relish as at first; whenever I peruse it with serious attention I discover something

new, and the more attentively and devoutly I do so I discover the more; and new ideas spring out of the words and subject, and enrich my mind. Besides, I am never weary of reading it; it presents new charms to me every day—the more I read the more I love it, and the more intimate my acquaintance the stronger is my affection for it. I have my favourite authors on religion, and frequently peruse them; they are men of genius, learning and piety, but they are only children in comparison of the fishermen of Galilee, and I find a fulness and sweetness in the writings of the latter which others do not possess. Whence comes this astonishing difference? We allow that the New Testament is written by inspiration, and the reason is evident. The Holy Spirit, whose understanding is infinite, can put such a number of ideas into a book—it shall unspeakably surpass the power of man to do, which will one after another appear to the pious reader, and amply reward his researches. He can likewise so fill the book with good as well as with truth, that it shall delight the heart as well as enlighten the mind, and have such indescribable charms, that it shall be always sweet, and fill the soul with the highest degree of mental pleasure. To these causes I ascribe its astonishing fulness. But how will they who call the New Testament a common book, or a forgery, account for this singularity? To deny the fact will not avail. The observation before us has been made by thousands of persons, both illiterate and learned, in every age; and against such a mass of evidence the assertion of those who have read merely to find fault and condemn will not weigh much in the balance of impartial reason. The testimony of bats and owls to the loveliness of the gloom of night, and against the beauty of the light of the sun, would not be heard in opposition to the unanimous declarations of the inhabitants of the earth and the air to the contrary. But ought I to use such a comparison? My design is not to irritate but to convince—not to triumph over the enemies of the New Testament, but to reclaim

them. But I hope the time is not far distant when we may lay aside all our arguments—
 “when all shall know Him from the least to the greatest.”

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Montreal, August 1.

J. S.

TRAVELS.

RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

On the northern front of the Kasrah, or great western palace, upon an artificial pyramidal height, stands a solitary tree, which the natives call Athleh. It appears to be of the greatest antiquity: perhaps the scion of the monarch of the hanging gardens. Its present height is only twenty-three feet. Its trunk has been of great circumference. Though now rugged and rifled, it still stands proudly up; and, although nearly worn away, it sufficient strength to bear the burden of its evergreen branches, which stretch out their arms in decaying greatness. The fluttering and rustling sound produced by the wind sweeping through its delicate branches, has an indescribably melancholy effect; and seems as if it were entreating the traveller to remain and unite in mourning over fallen grandeur. I scarcely dared to ask why, when standing beneath this precious relic of the past, and prophet of the future, I had nearly lost the power of forcing myself from the spot.

“It is the only one I brought, to those it could not be taken.”

Proceeding two hundred and four feet east of the old tree, and on an uneven piece of ground, surrounded by vestiges of buildings, is to be seen, lying on its right side, a lion: beneath him is a prostrate man, extended on a pedestal, which measures nine feet in length, by three in width. The whole is from a block of stone, of the ingredient and texture of granite; the scale colossal, and the sculpture in a very barbarous style. The head of the lion has been knocked off by some modern Vandal. When Mr. Rich visited Babylon,

this statue was in a perfect state. In his interesting investigations he remarks, of the lion, that “in the mouth was a circular aperture, into which a man might introduce his fist.”

From its vicinity to the river, (within five hundred yards,) little toil and expense would enable the antiquary to remove it from the mutilation of barbarians; and boats are procurable at Hillah, which would convey it to Bassorah. I trust that I shall be believed when I state, that the want of funds was the only reason that prevented my transporting this valuable relic of antiquity to India; where no great expense would attend its embarkation for England.

Beauchamp, in speaking of this ruin, says, “On this side of the river are those immense ruins which have served, and still serve, for the building of Hillah, an Arabian city, containing ten or twelve thousand souls. Here are found large and thick bricks, imprinted with unknown characters. This heap, and the Mount of Babel, are commonly called by the Arabs, Makluboh, that is, turned topsyturvy. I was informed by the master mason employed to dig for bricks, that the place from which he procured them were large thick walls, and sometimes chambers. He has frequently found earthen vessels, engraved marbles, and about eight years ago, a statue as large as life. On one wall of a chamber he found the figure of a cow, and of the sun and moon, formed of varnished bricks. Sometimes idols of clay are found, representing human figures.”

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

The following story from the Jewish Talmud, inserted in “Hurwitz’s Hebrew Tales,” appears worth, inserting as, although it may be a legendary narrative, it may excite the Christian, who has a fuller hope than the Jew, to ask himself, “Do I sufficiently look at my

Saviour's dealings with me, remembering that he suffered for me, and that he knows what is best for me!"

"Compelled by persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and sandy deserts. His whole baggage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch to awaken him in the morning; and an ass on which he rode.

"The sun was fast going down—night was approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head or rest his weary limbs. Fatigued and almost exhausted, he at last came near a village. He asked for a night's lodging, but was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would receive him; he was, therefore, obliged to seek for shelter in a neighbouring wood. 'It is hard, very hard,' said he, 'not to find a hospitable roof to protect me from the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.' He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter when a violent storm extinguished the light.

'What!' exclaimed he, 'must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study? But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.'

"He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours sleep. He hardly closed his eyes when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. 'What new misfortune is this?' ejaculated the astonished Akiba. 'My vigilant companion is gone! Who will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just—he knows what is best for us poor mortals.' Scarcely had he finished the sentence when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. 'What is to be done now?' exclaimed the lonely wanderer. 'My lamp and my cock are gone! My poor ass too is gone? But praised be the Lord, what he does is for the best.' He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to

the village to see if he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

"It appeared that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, 'Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind, often considering those things as evils which thou intendest for their preservation; but thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people, by their inhospitality, driven me from their village, I should assuredly have shared the same fate. Had not the wind put out my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the robbers where I was. Praise be thy name for ever and ever; for thou knowest what is best!'"

INFLUENCE OF LEARNING.

It rarely, very rarely happens, that a man of taste and learning is not, at least, an honest man, whatever frailties may attend him. The bent of his mind is speculative, and studies must mortify in him the passions of interest and ambition, and must, at the same time give him a greater sensibility of all the decencies and duties of life. He feels more fully a moral distinction in characters and manners; nor is his sense of this kind diminished, but on the contrary, is much increased by speculation.

Negligence in small things is a species of infidelity which is often punished by great falls.

We wish that God should hear us in our prayers, but we do not always hear ourselves.

A NOBLE REPLY.

It is related of the eminent surgeon, Boudon, that he was one day sent for by the Cardinal Dubois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The Cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, sir, to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat those poor miserable wretches at the hospital of the Hotel Dieu." "My lord," replied M. Boudon, with great dignity, "every one of these miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

How fair the steps of morning,
 Along the eastern sky,
 The earth with gems adorning,
 Shed from her liquid eye.

She wakes the sleeping odours,
 As breath from Flora's bower,
 And tunes the lyre melodious
 Of nature's festive hour.

This universal concert
 Our mingling spirits swell,
 Inhaling the refreshment
 Which vernal joys distil.

But tho' thus fair is morning,
 Tho' gladness wreathes her brow,
 With smiles which seem as forming
 An Eden still below—

There is a calmer season,
 A dearer, holier hour,
 Which opes serener visions
 To fancy's magic power ;

Breathing, in softest numbers,
 The tales of other years,
 And wakes as from its slumbers
 Anew some parting tears :

O, how I love the closing
 Of evening's tranquil eye,

As, peacefully reposing,
 She sinks along the sky ;

For through the rich enfoldings
 Which mantle o'er her breast,
 We feel as if beholding
 Some region of the blest—

Whence strains seraphic stealing
 Invite our souls away ;
 To brighter scenes inviting,
 To glory's fullest day.

G.

Montreal, August 1, 1835.

MATERNAL CONSOLATION.

When we are sick, where can we turn for
 succour ;

When we are wretched, where can we com-
 plain ;

And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
 Where can we go to meet a warmer eye,
 With such sure confidence, as to a Mother ?

MISS B. ILLIE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received another communication from our friend G., as also some original poetry from the pen of a young lady of this city—both of which will appear in our next.

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