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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXII.]

MONTREAL, SEPT. 23, 1835.

[PRICE 2s.]

RELIGIOUS.

A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE A HAPPY LIFE.

When a person labours under a violent fever, every expedient is tried to reduce the wasting malady: The means used, seem for a time to increase the weakness and debility of the patient: but he is thus weakened only that he may eventually become strong. No sooner is the consuming fever abated, than cordials and restoratives are freely administered, which, given before, would have augmented the dangerous symptoms, and thus have hastened on the fatal consequences of the disease.

Thus our heavenly Physician humbles and subdues the proud heart of the sinner; and destroys the feverish thirst and burning desires after sinful gratifications, before he imparts the reviving cordials of pardon and peace, to restore the sin-sick soul to spiritual health and vigour.

Then the bloom of health begins to appear in the sweet tints of peace and joy, of love and humility, of meekness and heavenly-mindedness, which beautify the soul, and cause the believer to shine in the image of his divine Redeemer.

The happy believer now knows his malady and his remedy. He takes with gratitude those medicines which infinite wisdom prescribes. He daily feeds upon Christ by faith and derives strength from this gracious source of blessedness. He feels his own weakness, and experiences the power of Jesus. He loathes himself and truly loves his Saviour, in whose righteousness he appears all lovely in the eyes of his heavenly Father. As a pilgrim, he journeys onwards under the guidance of that Holy Spirit, who dwells in him as in a temple

and who has promised to keep him by his mighty power through faith unto salvation. The world fascinates no longer. The mask falls from its face, and he beholds the idol in its natural deformity. He sees the emptiness of human applause, the madness of ambition. Every thing beneath the sun assumes its true character, whilst he views it through the medium of God's holy word.

He learns to form a proper estimate, too, of temporal things. He prays for grace to use the world as not abusing it; to be moderate in the enjoyment of all created good: knowing that the fashion of this world passeth away.

Has the believer no enjoyment of life? Is he destitute of all rational delights because he makes the Lord his portion. It would be an impeachment of the goodness of God to suppose his service a mere Egyptian bondage.

The true believer in Jesus has the sweetest enjoyment of life. He can eat his meat with singleness of heart, praising God. He can taste the sweets of Christian friendship and domestic life. He can enjoy all the endearing charities of husband, father, brother. He can feel his heart expanding towards the poor, and find his joy in pouring the balm of consolation into the troubled breast. He can delight in all the beauties of natural scenery, and relish all the charms of sound philosophy. He can rejoice in every opening prospect for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, through institutions devised by Christian wisdom and conducted in Christian simplicity. He can weep in his best moments over the ruins of the fall, not only as felt in his own heart, but as beheld in the abject condition of the millions of mankind. He can rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with

them that weep. Say, then, can such a man be miserable? can such a man be destitute of sources of real enjoyment? He lives by faith. He longs for heaven. He desires to be daily conformed to Jesus, and to glorify him more whether it be by life or death. To him to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT.

TRAVELS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

The Christian pilgrim, who walks about the holy city "to tell her towers and mark her bulwarks," is more readily attracted by less splendid objects, the memorials of his own more humble faith. Among these the most remarkable is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is built on the lower part of the sloping hill, distinguished by the name Aca. near the place where it is joined to Mount Moriah. The Turkish government, aware of the veneration which all Christians entertain for relics in any way connected with the sufferings of the great Author of their religion have converted this feeling into a source of revenue: every person not subject to the Sublime Porte, who visits the shrine of Jesus Christ, being compelled to pay a certain sum of money for admittance. But the church, nevertheless, is opened only on particular days of the week, and cannot be seen at any other time without an order from the two convents, the Latin and the Greek with the sanction of the city. On such occasions the pressure at the doors is very great—the zeal of the pilgrims, checked by the insolence of the Turks, who delight to insult and disappoint their anxiety, leading sometimes to scenes of tumult not quite in harmony with their pious motives. We shall give an account of the effect produced by the local and historical associations of the place on a sober spirit in the words of a traveller to whom we have been already indebted—

"The mind is not withdrawn from the important concerns of this hallowed spot by any

tasteful decorations or dignified display of architecture in its plan or in its walls; but having cleared the throng, the religion of the place is allowed to take full possession of the soul, and the visitor feels as if he were passing into the presence of the great and immaculate Jehovah, and summoned to give an account of the most silent and secret thoughts of the heart. Having passed within these sacred walls, the attention is first directed to a large flat stone in the floor, a little within the door; it is surrounded by a rail, and several lamps hang suspended over it. The pilgrims approach it on their knee; touch and kiss it, and prostrating themselves before it, offer up their prayers in holy adoration. This is the stone on which the body of our Lord was washed and anointed, and prepared for the tomb. Turning to the left, and proceeding a little forward, we came into a round space immediately under the dome, surrounded with sixteen large columns, which support the gallery above. In the centre of this space stands the Holy Sepulchre; it is enclosed in an oblong house, rounded at one end with small arcades, or chapels for prayer, on the outside of it. These are for the Copts, the Abyssinians, the Syrian Maronites, and other Christians, who are not, like the Roman Catholics, the Greeks, and Armenians, provided with large chapels in the body of the church. At the other end it is squared off and furnished with a platform in front, which is ascended by a flight of steps, having a small parapet wall of marble on each hand, and floored with the same material. In the middle of this small platform stands a block of polished marble about a foot and a half square; on this stone sat the angel who announced the blessed tidings of the resurrection to Mary Magdalen, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James.

(To be continued.)

Justice and Mercy are as the bass and treble strings of the great Lyre of Heaven, which make all the harmonies and symphonies of the universe.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

POOR ROSALIE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

[The following pages record a remarkable circumstances which occurred a few years ago in some part of France; but as I made no memorandum of it at the time, I have forgotten the when and where; nor can I recollect the names of the persons concerned. All I can vouch for is, that the outline of the story, and the leading events, are perfectly true.]

CHAP. I.

In a small village in, as I believe, the south of France, lived an elderly lady, who was supposed to be rich, though her style of living was rather penurious. But as her charities were many, and she denied no one but herself, she was regarded with affectionate respect, and was particularly commended when she took into her house a young girl, whom I shall call Rosalie, the daughter of humble, but of very estimable parents.

Rosalie's childhood was happy, and so might her youth have been, had she not lost one of the best of mothers when she was only twelve years old; a mother who, having had rather a superior education, sedulously endeavoured to impart her knowledge to her daughter. Rosalie's father, for some years after the death of his wife, seemed to think his child sufficient for his happiness; but at length he married again, and, in his second choice, he gave to himself and his daughter a domestic tyrant. Poor Rosalie toiled all the day, and sometimes half the night, to please her taskmistress, who, as soon as she had a child, insisted that her husband's daughter should be its nurse and do the chief part of the household work besides.

As child succeeded child, Rosalie's fatigues increased every year; and if her father ventured to repay her patient industry by an affectionate caress, his wife desired him not to

spoil still more, by his foolish fondness, a girl who he had sufficiently spoiled already.

Happily, Rosalie's mother had been enabled to instil into her mind the duty of entire submission to the divine will; she, therefore, bore her hard lot with cheerful resignation.

But, however little her harsh and unkind step mother appreciated her worth, Rosalie was beheld by the whole neighbourhood with affectionate pity and esteem, except, perhaps, by those mothers who were mortified to hear her called the prettiest as well as the best girl in the village; yet even they were forced to own she was pious and dutiful, “though certainly they could not think her a beauty,” and every one was pleased when the old lady before mentioned offered to take her as a sort of companion. At first the step-mother declared she could not afford to lose her services but, on the kind friend's promising to pay all the expense of a servant in her place, and on her giving handsome presents to the children, the selfish woman consented to give up Rosalie, and the dear pleasure of tormenting her.

It was a great trial to Rosalie and to her father to be separated; he, however, was consoled by the belief that his ill-treated child would be happier away from home; but she had no such comfort. On the contrary, she feared that her too yielding parent would miss her ready duty and filial fondness. Still, as her health was beginning to suffer for want of sufficient rest, she felt the necessity of the removal, and was deeply thankful to her benefactress.

As the old lady had only one female servant, Rosalie became her waiting maid as well as amanuensis—and the gardener, a married man, who did not live in the house, officiated sometimes as her footman. The chief part of her fortune was settled on a nephew and niece who lived at a distance—but she had informed Rosalie and her friends, that she had left her in her will a comfortable independence. Her motive for mentioning this bequest was, probably, the suspicion which she was known to entertain, that a young man in the village, of

higher rank than Rosalie, beheld her with admiration—and she hoped that his parents might not object to the marriage, should a mutual attachment take place, if they knew that she had provided for her protegee.

The poor girl herself was too humble to suspect that any one admired her. She only knew that Auguste St. Beuve, who was a general favorite, spoke to her with great kindness and stopped to converse with her when he met her on the road. But there is reason to believe she had overheard him pass some encomiums on her person on the memorable evening when they met at her cousin's wedding—the only festival she had ever been permitted to attend—and that she had remembered and repeated these praises at a moment, which, as it afterwards appeared, was big with her future fate.

Rosalie left those nuptial festivities at no late hour, yet long after the gardener had gone home. The other servant, who was always deaf, and who then was more than usually sleepy, let her in, and immediately went to her own bed; while Rosalie, who slept in the old lady's apartment, undressed in the sitting room adjoining, for fear of disturbing her. Never had the poor Rosalie looked so well, and never (for some years at least) had she felt so happy. It was the first marriage that she had ever witnessed—the first time she had ever worn a dress that was peculiarly pretty and becoming; and her youth, for she was only just eighteen, made her pleasure in both these things natural, and perhaps excusable. But still, her greatest delight had been derived from her father's presence. He had been with her all the day, and without his wife! And she hung on his arm: he had told her she looked well, and danced well, and, what was far more precious, he had said she was a good girl, that he missed her every day, and that he loved her dearly!

Certain it is, that, lost in agreeable thought, she stood looking at herself in a glass far longer than she had ever done before; and, in the intoxication of her vanity, newly awakened by

the praises which she had overheard, she exclaimed aloud, as she drew off her gown, "Oh, le joli bras! Oh, le joli bras!" (O the pretty arm!) And she prepared for bed that night vain and conscious of her personal beauty. But her heart soon reproached her for having given way to a mean, unworthy pride; and said to herself, "Well, if weddings and entertainments always turn heads as these have turned mine, I hope I shall never go to another; but then," she modestly added, "perhaps I am weaker than other girls!" However, prayer relieved the burdened heart of the young and humble penitent, and she soon sunk into the deep unconscious slumbers of healthy innocence. Alas! to what overwhelming agony did she awake! Having risen, spite of her fatigue, at the usual time, she was quitting the room with as light a step as she entered it, looked back to be certain that she had not disturbed the old lady, when she saw that the curtains of her bed were turned back, that the bell rope was tied up, and on approaching nearer, she found that something was drawn quite close around the neck of her benefactress; and that, while she slept, probably, some murderous hand had deprived her of life!

At first she stood motionless, paralyzed with horror, but restored only too soon to a sense of feeling. She rent the air with her shrieks! The gardener, who was already at work, immediately rushed into the room, followed by the other servant; and they were as distracted as she was when they found what had happened. In a short time the room was filled with many who mourned, more wondered, and some who began to suspect and accuse. "Who had done this cruel deed? Who had any motive to do it?" The first thing was to ascertain if she was quite dead; and they proved she had been dead some hours. The next duty was to see whether she had been robbed; and it was discovered that her pockets had been turned inside out, and some old plate had been removed from a closet below. There was no trace of any footstep in the garden; but the window of the lower room was open.

Doubtless she had died by strangulation ; but was it impossible that Rosalie had heard no noise, no struggles ? And she was strictly interrogated ; but her eye was wild, and her senses so disordered, she seemed incapable of understanding the questions put to her.

There were some persons present who believed that this was consummate acting—and when, on being asked if she knew what the old lady had in her pocket, she said, “Yes,” and taking her murdered friend’s purse out of her own pocket, exclaimed, “Here, take it, take it !” It was thought that, actuated by remorse, she had desired them to remove from her what she had endangered her soul to gain.

“But where is the pocket book and plate ?”

“What pocket-book—what plate ?” was her agitated reply.

“Surely, she who knew where to find the purse, knows where to find the rest of the stolen goods !”

“Stolen !” repeated the poor girl, uttering a piercing shriek, as the consciousness of being suspected came over her mind, “stolen ! the purse was given to me to buy faggots for the poor—the poor—the poor indeed, now ! Oh, my dear, lost, murdered benefactress.” Then, throwing herself on the body, she gave way to such a burst of agony, that even the most suspicious of her observers could scarcely believe she was even privy to the murder.

It was now discovered that the piece of linen which lay near the corpse, was an apron of Rosalie—and though it was very improbable, that, if she had been guilty, she would not have removed this fancied evidence out of sight, still, her great agitation of mind was said to account satisfactorily for this suspicious circumstance—and ere one half hour more had elapsed, Rosalie, stunned, bewildered, and unable to do any thing but weep, was committed to the prison of the next town, on the charge of having STRANGLED HER BENEFACTRESS:

The gardener and the other servant had both been examined—but he was able to prove an alibi, and there was no reason to suspect

the deaf woman. It was some time before Rosalie entirely recovered the use of her reason and she almost lost it again when she recollected where she was, and why she was there. But, Rosalie now felt the advantage of being habitually pious ; for, knowing in whom to trust, she was at length able to look her accusers in the face, with calmness and resignation. To her solemn assurances that she was innocent, the reply was : “Then if you did not commit the murder, who did.”

“I neither know nor suspect,” she answered, “and I could have no motive to commit it, for to whom was my poor friend’s life of such consequence as to me.”

“Nay, nay, you knew she had provided handsomely for you in her will.”

“I had forgotten that,” she exclaimed. “O, my best, my only friend,” and she sobbed with renewed agony.

A further trial awaited Rosalie. She expected that her step-mother would believe her guilty—but she was not prepared to hear that her father refused to see her—he who, but a few hours before, had said, he loved her so tenderly ; and her health sunk under this blow. But, as the surgeon said her life was in danger, he went to the prison, though reluctantly—as his wife had tormented him into believing, or admitting that Rosalie might, possibly, be privy to the murder—still the moment that he saw her, and that rushing into those arms which vainly endeavoured not to close on her, she exclaimed in a tone which truth alone can give, ‘Father I am innocent, I am innocent.’ He pressed the poor sufferer to his bosom again and again, saying, in a voice suffocated with emotion, ‘I believe thee, I believe thee.’ From that moment Rosalie’s health revived. However, he visited her no more, as he was again worried into an acknowledgement that it was just possible she might be implicated in the black deed, though he could not conceive how—but the reason of his absence was concealed from her, lest she should have a relapse.

There was another person whom Rosalie vainly hoped would visit her in her distress; Auguste St. Beuve—whose praises had betrayed her into the weakness of self-admiration—neither came nor sent! And the poor girl was frequently repeating to herself, “and does he, too, believe me guilty?”

Her trial had been delayed, in order to give time to discover the plate and pocket-book, and also to find out who, among the young men in the village, were the most intimate associates of Rosalie. Accordingly, the strictest inquiries were instituted; but the virtuous and modest girl had no associates whatever of the other sex; and though one young man visited her in prison, it was believed that he had no previous acquaintance with her. Auguste St. Beuve was the only one who had ever paid her any attention, and his situation in life placed him above suspicion.

At length, after she had been for many days persecuted by the entreaties of her priest and others, that she would confess, the hour for appearance at the awful bar arrived; and she stood there unsupported by any earthly aid, save that of conscious innocence. The trial was long—the examination severe—and the circumstances were deemed strong against her. To every question, she answered in a modest, humble, but firm manner; and whether it was that her youth, her beauty, and gentle graces prepossessed her judges in her favour, or whether the legal proof was not sufficient, she was, at the end of some painful hours, unanimously acquitted, and instantly discharged. Alas! the delight of being declared innocent was damped to poor Rosalie, by the fear that she should not be permitted to find shelter under a parent's roof.

Avarice, however, did for her what justice should have done. The heir of her poor friend, convinced of Rosalie's innocence, and pitying her sufferings, offered to pay her immediately the legacy which his aunt had left her; but the sensitive girl shrank from accepting it. She was suspected of having committed, or concerted the murder of her benefactress in

order to hasten her possession of the sum in question. She, therefore, positively refused to run the risk of confirming any one in the belief of her guilt by receiving it. And she persevered in her delicate and well-motived refusal, till her father, instigated by his wife, commanded her to accept the money: then she complied, and not reluctantly, when she found that, on condition of her paying for her board, she would be again received into his house.

(To be continued)

MISCELLANEOUS.

VOLCANO IN ICELAND.

The Oræfa mountain is not only the loftiest in Iceland, but has been rendered remarkable by the great devastation made by its eruption about a century ago. Nothing can be more striking than the account of this calamity given by John Thorlokson, the aged minister of a neighbouring parish. He was in the midst of his service on the Sabbath, when the agitation of the earth gave warning that some alarming event was to follow. Rushing from the church, he saw a peak of the neighbouring mountain alternately heaved up and sinking—and the next day this portion of the mountain ran down into the plain like melted metal from a crucible, filling it to such a height that, as he says, to more of a mountain which formerly towered above it could be seen than about a size of a bird—volumes of water being, in the meantime, thrown forth in a deluge from the crater, sweeping away whatever they encountered in their course. The Oræfa itself then broke forth, hurling large masses of ice to a great distance; fire burst out in every direction from its sides—the sky was darkened by the smoke and ashes, so that the day could hardly be distinguished from the night. This scene of horror continued for more than three days, during which time the whole region was converted into utter desolation.

Words and works, tongues and hearts, and lives, should go together.



A GOOD WIFE.

Several men having spent the evening at a tavern, on their way home after midnight, began to speak of the reception they should meet from their wives. All, except one, expected nothing but scolding and reproach. One of the company, however, observed that he expected the kindest reception from his wife. His companions doubted. He insisted that if they would go with him, she would rise from her bed without a murmur, and receive them all in the kindest manner. A wager was laid, and they all proceeded together. On their arrival the good woman arose, and admitted them with great affability, prepared supper, and waited on them with so much kindness that the men were quite confounded, and inclined to reproach their companion for his treatment of so excellent a woman. When the supper was over, they begged pardon for the trouble they had given her at so unseasonable an hour, and requested an explanation of her reasons for a conduct so extraordinary under such aggravating circumstances. She said, that, from the purest affection, she had long warned and instructed him to prepare for a future world; but as her counsel was not taken and as he could not live long in his present course, she was desirous to make his short period of life as comfortable as possible, as he gave her no hope

of being otherwise than miserable for ever beyond the grave. The poor man was so much affected that he at once gave his companions to understand that he must bid a final farewell to his former practices and society, and henceforth live for God and heaven. Thus was this good woman the happy instrument of reclaiming a drunken husband.

GLEANINGS.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would taste His works. Admitted once to his embrace, Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before Thine eye shall be instructed—and thine heart Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight, Till then unfehl, what hands divine have wrought.

We form our words with the breath of our nostrils—and we have less to live upon every time we speak.

Many who pass the rock of Great Sins, have been cast away on the sands of Self-righteousness.

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and gloom.

POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR—The following is from a selection of "Religious and Preceptive Poetry;" and I trust will find an insertion in your valuable little work.

J. A.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Fear was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed;

And men stood breathless in their dread
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still."

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And calm the tempest's mood,
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood;

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say—Peace, be still!

MRS. HEMANS.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

(By Mrs. Sigourney.)

I saw thee at thy mother's side, ere she in dust
was laid,
And half believ'd some cherub form had from
its mansion strayed;

But when I traced the wondering wo that
seized thy infant thought,
And 'mid the radiance of thine eye a liquid
crystal wrought,
I felt how strong that faith must be to vanquish
nature's tie,
And bid from one so beautiful to turn away
and die.

I saw thee in thy graceful sports, beside thy
father's bower—
Amid his broad and bright parterre, thyself
the fairest flower—
And heard thy tuneful voice ring out upon the
summer air,
As though a bird of Eden poured its joyous
carol there—

And lingered with delighted gaze, to the dark
future blind,
While with thy lovely sister's hand thine own
was fondly twined.

I saw thee bending o'er thy book, and marked
the glad surprise,
With which the sun of science met thy spark-
ling eagle eyes—

But when thy deep and brilliant mind awoke
to bold pursuit,
And from the tree of knowledge plucked its
richest, fairest fruit—

I shrunk from such precocious power, with
strange, portentous fear,
A shuddering presage that thy race must soon
be finished here.

I saw thee in the house of God, and loved the
reverent air

With which thy beauteous head was bowed low
in thy guileless prayer,
Yet little deemed how soon thy place would be
with that blessed band,

Who ever near the Eternal Throne in sinless
worship stand;

Ah! little deemed how soon the grave must
lock thy glorious charms,

And leave thy spirit free to find a sainted mo-
ther's arms.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Honestas," and "Maria," have been
received. An interview with the authors is
requested.

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