

THE INSTRUCTOR.

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TRAVELS.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

From Madden's Travels.

I set out from Nazareth to visit the Jordan, a journey of twelve hours across the wild country, as usual accompanied by a single attendant, and so attired as to avoid exciting the cupidity of the Bedouins. About seven miles from Nazareth, we halted at the foot of Mount Tabor; the heat was insupportable; the thermometer in the shade stood at 102, and even my Bedouin guide complained of the excessive warmth.

Mount Tabor is a small isolated mountain, of a conical form, commanding a splendid view of the plain of Esdraelon, which extends above four and twenty miles in length; its breadth is from ten to twelve. In the Scriptures this magnificent plain is sometimes called the valley of Jezreel. It was here "the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host with the edge of the sword, before Barak;" and in latter times, it was here that Kleber, with one thousand five hundred men, sustained the attack of twenty five thousand Syrians; and where Napoleon, with a reinforcement of six hundred men, routed the whole Syrian army.

The next place worthy of note where we stopped, was "Cana of Galilee," where the miracle of changing the water into wine was performed at the marriage feast; there is a small chapel here, in which they show a large stone water vase, which they assured me was the identical one in which the miraculous change took place.

I saw in this neighbourhood the Persian manna plant, which Dr. Clarke calls Hedys-

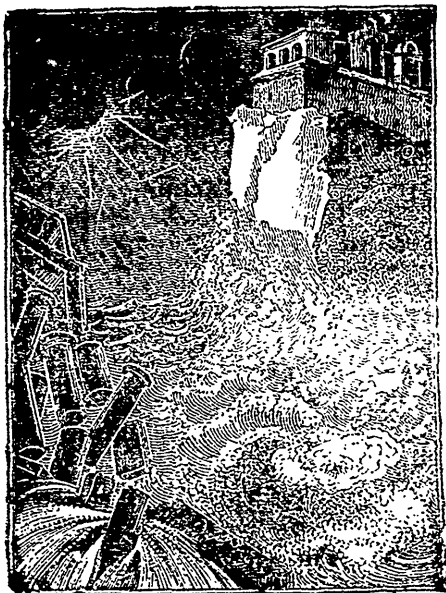
rum Alhagi; it is a thorny plant, but altogether different from the tarfa¹¹³ or tamarisk manna plant, which I saw on the shores of the Red Sea. Leaving Tiberias and the Mount of Beatitude on our left, we proceeded for five hours along a country in some parts cultivated. In others mountainous and barren. In the evening we arrived at the head of Jordan, or about two hours' journey below that part of the lake where Jordan rises. When we came down on the river, there were the ruined buttresses of an old Roman bridge, and close to them a bridge of comparatively modern date, probably of Saracen construction, which goes by the name of Jacob's Bridge.

While I was bathing in the Jordan, I was not well pleased to observe a party of Bedouins approach the river, and still less content to see one of these marauders very tranquilly take possession of my carpet, which was spread on the beach. I judged it best to let my Arab manage with the fellows, and shortly after I saw him drag the carpet from the robber, and on coming nearer, heard him swearing by his beard that I was a Moslem, and a servant of Abdallah, pacha of Acre. If there were any of them acquainted with Turkish, I should probably have got knocked in the head; but luckily not one of them knew a word of any language but Arabic, and in this I gave them the Salaam Aleikoum with great confidence, and had the gratification to see them walk off. The klan on the bridge of Jacob separates the pachaliks of Acre and Damascus. The Jordan, or El Gor, is in this place about sixty feet wide; where I bathed, mid channel, there was scarcely five feet water: properly speaking it is but a stream, and I presume the Hebrew term is like the Arabic balr, applicable to a river or an ocean, as the word gebel signifies

a small hill or lofty mountain. It begins at the northern extremity of the sea of Galilee, at Chorazin—it receives, the Arabs say, twenty rivulets along the valley of Jordan, and falls into the lake Asphaltés, or the Dead Sea; its length being about seventy miles. Where

Burckhardt crossed, it was eighty paces broad and three feet deep. In the winter season it still continues to inundate the narrow part of the valley.

(To be continued.)



FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

Therefore whoso ever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.—And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man that built his house upon the sand; and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it.

MATT. VII. 24—27.

Although moral law may be as perfect as infinite wisdom can make it, and as plain as human language can express it—though it may be guarded by the most weighty sanctions, and the propriety and benefit of obedience to it may be obvious to every mind—yet, such is the depravity of man, that he will

either refuse to obey, or so interpret the law to accommodate it to his vicious propensities, that it becomes almost totally neutralised.

„The decalogue, though denounced from Sinai amid the most awful and terrifying scenes—though it was declared that “the soul that sinneth shall die”—yet, solemn as was

the mode of communicating it, and imperative as were the injunctions to observe and do, the people soon forgot their obligations, or so explained it, that a mere external, and formal conformity, was all that was supposed to be necessary, even by those among them who were eminent for their reputed piety and virtue.

This was the principle, and practice, when the Supreme Legislator appeared among men. He who afterwards "magnified the law and made it honourable" by his death, took the earliest opportunity of explaining it, and showing the latitude of its requirements.—On a mountain he delivered it—on a mountain he paid the penalty attached to its violation—on a mountain he explained it—surrounded by an admiring multitude, "he taught as one having authority," and his lessons on that occasion, challenge all that has been said since time began, by the wise and erudite so called, unaided by revelation.

Our Lord, in the inimitable discourse alluded to, having given an epitome of the whole duty of man, concludes with the comparison which stands at the head of this article. The illustration there given is easily comprehended by every one who reads it.—The first part is a simple representation of the stability of those whose hearts are purified by the influence of truth—the latter part is descriptive of him who lives in the habitual neglect of preparing for eternity, and dies unpardoned, unforgiven.

The Christian's life is frequently and properly compared to a warfare—he has conflicts—conflicts with temptation, persecution, and Satan, who "goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." For "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers." The salvation of the soul must be acquired by conflict and strife—all the elements of confusion, and tempest, in their wildest shock, will gather round the Christian—but he is secure; he is built on a foundation, even on the foundation that is laid in Zion—a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.

Contemplate the security of the house.—
 "The rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." Think of its connection with the work of Christ—with the influence of the Spirit—with the promises of God. Behold it! it falls not, it is built on a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Behold it! The tempest may rise to fury, and dash and beat upon it—the forked lightnings may play—the hoarse thunders may roll and reverberate—the rain may descend in torrents—the hurricane may collect all its force—the earthquake may rumble below, and threaten accelerated and total ruin. Still, the house shall stand unmoved; it shall stand with not an atom shivered—it shall stand a noble monument of the Divine power and mercy—it shall stand firm as the Rock of Ages—it shall stand, an everlasting proof of that declaration, "The foundation of God standeth sure."

Turn for a moment to the other side of the picture.—"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, &c." There are those who hear, and assent to the truth, yet suffer it not to have its designed influence on them. Some there are who live in procrastinating neglect; some, in palpable indifference; some in blaspheming infidelity;—such have their house built on the sand. Others, again, are laying a sandy foundation, by allowing the riches, the pleasures, and the honours of the world to engage all their attention. Let such recollect, that however secure they may imagine themselves, the storm is gathering fast around them—they are shortly to be introduced to the presence of the Judge, and, unless saved while probationers, all the elements of retribution shall beat upon them. "He that believeth not shall be damned." The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his holy Angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

J. H.

Montreal, October 9.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

POOR ROSALIE.

CHAP. IV.

The proceedings had not been long begun, when Caumont begged to be heard. He began by assuring the court that he came thither resolved to speak the whole truth; and he confessed without further interrogatory, that he, and he alone, planned, and he alone committed the murder in question. At these words a murmur of satisfaction went round the court; and every eye was turned on Rosalie, who, unable to support herself, threw herself on the neck of the exulting Madelon.

He then gave the following detail.—He said that, as he passed through the village, he had heard, at a public house, that the old lady was miserly rich—that having lost his last penny at a gaming table, he resolved to rob the house when he heard how ill it was guarded, but had no intention to commit murder unless it was necessary: that he stole in, in the dark hour, when the old lady was gone to bed, and had hidden himself in the light closet in the sitting room, before Rosalie returned; that from the window of that closet he had seen and heard Rosalie; that he was surprised and vexed to find she slept in the room of the old lady, as it would, he feared, oblige him to commit two murders, and kill Rosalie first; but that, when he drew near her bed, she looked so pretty and so innocent, and he had heard she was so good, that his heart failed him; besides, she was in such a sound sleep there seemed no necessity for murdering her, nor would he have killed the old lady if she had not stirred, as if waking, just as he approached her; that he took Rosalie's apron to throw over her face in order to stifle her breath, and then strangled her with her own handkerchief. He then took her pocket book, searched the plate closet, carried away some pieces of plate, and buried them a few miles off, and had only dared to sell them one piece at a time; that he had never ventured to offer

the draft at the banker's—that he had, therefore, gained very little to repay him for the destruction of his peace, and for *risking* his precious soul—and, that unable to stay long in a place, he had wandered about ever since, getting work where he could, but that Providence had his eye upon him, and had brought him and the young girl, who had, he knew, been tried for his crime, thus *strangely* and unexpectedly together at this far distant place, and where he seemed to run no risk of detection; that then the evil one, *intending* to destroy him, had prompted him to utter those words, which had been the means of his arrest, and would be of his punishment. “But,” said he, addressing Rosalie, “it is rather hard that you should be the means of my losing my life, as I spared yours. I might have murdered you, but I had not the heart to do it, and you have brought me to the scaffold!”

This was an appeal which went to the heart of Rosalie. In vain did the judges assure her she had only done her duty—she shuddered at the idea of having shortened the life of a fellow creature, and one so unfit to appear before that awful tribunal from whose sentence there is no appeal—and “Have mercy on him—don't condemn him to death!” burst from her quivering lips. No wonder, therefore, that before sentence was pronounced, Rosalie was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Caumont bore his fate with firmness, met death with every sign of penitence and remorse, and was engaged in prayer with the priest till the awful axe of the guillotine descended.

It was a great comfort to Rosalie to learn from the priest that Caumont desired the young girl might be told that he forgave her. Rosalie spent the greatest part of the day of his execution at the foot of the cross, and she caused masses to be said for his soul.

The next day, all ranks and conditions of persons in the village thronged the door of Madelon, to congratulate Rosalie. On principle, and from delicacy of feeling, she had avoided making many acquaintances—but her

gentleness and her active benevolence had interested many hearts in her favour—while her apparent melancholy and declining health inspired affectionate pity, even when the cause was unknown. But now that she turned out to be the victim of unjust accusation, and of another's guilt, she became a sort of idol for the enthusiastic of both sexes.

But Rosalie would neither show herself abroad, nor would she partake in or countenance any rejoicings. She saw nothing to rejoice in, in the death of a fellow creature, however just might be his punishment—and her feeling of deep thankfulness for being restored to an unblemished reputation was a little damped by the consciousness that it had been purchased at an awful price. It appeared to her, therefore, little short of profanation, to commemorate it at the altar. Besides, her satisfaction could not be complete till her father knew what had passed—and, as she had not heard of him for more than a year, and that only from a person who saw him as he passed his house, there was an uncertainty respecting him which proved a counterbalance to her joy. 'But I will write to him,' said she to Madelon, 'and show him that he can doubt my innocence no longer. Yet, oh! there's the pang that has been wearing away my life—that of knowing that my father could ever have believed me guilty!'

'Shame on him for it,' cried Madelon, 'he does not deserve thee, darling.'

'Hush!' cried Rosalie, 'remember he is my father, and I will write to him this moment.'

Just as she was beginning, some one knocked at the cottage door, and Madelon came up with a letter in her hand for Rosalie. It was from her father,—and the first words which met her eyes were, 'My dearest, much injured, and innocent child.'

'Oh,' cried Rosalie, faintly, 'as he calls me innocent, no doubt he has heard of the trial, and—but no,' she added, her eyes sparkling with joy, 'no—this letter is dated days before

even the arrest of Caumont could have been known to him.'

'To be sure,' said Madelon, 'the bearer said he was to have delivered it ten days ago, but had been ill.'

'Oh, merciful Providence!—oh, blessed Virgin!' cried Rosalie: 'how has my trust in divine goodness been rewarded. Now is the rankling wound in my heart healed, and for ever. My father was convinced of my innocence before the confession of Caumont. Madelon, that I shall now soon recover I doubt not. But what is this?' she cried, reading on: 'My wife is dead, and on her death bed she confessed that she had first intercepted and destroyed my answers to your letters, and then had suppressed thy letters themselves, so I was led to believe that thou hadst forgotten thy father and thy home. I knew that thou wast alive, as one of our villagers saw thee several times during the last five years—but judge how pleased though shocked I was, when she gave me one of the intercepted letters, and I read there the fond and filial heart of my calumniated child. Long had I repented of having seemed to think thee guilty, for indeed it was always seemed. Come, come directly to my arms and home. Thy brothers and sisters are prepared to love thee—and, if our neighbours still look cold on thee, no matter, we shall be sufficient to each other. If thou dost not come directly, I shall set off in search of thee.'

Rosalie could not read this welcome letter through, without being blinded by tears of thankfulness, for this proof of a father's love—nor could her joy be damped by the knowledge that her constant enemy, her step-mother, was no more. She rejoiced to hear that she died a penitent, and heartily, indeed, did she forgive her.

'Well, then,' said Rosalie, 'now I shall return to my native village, and so happy! And who knows but that my dear father will be here to-day, or to-morrow, as he said he should come for me if I did not set off directly?'

Then what a happy journey I shall have, and now such a happy home!—and how ashamed all those will be who judged me so cruelly!—Augustus St. Beuve, and every one! Madelon, dear Madelon! is not this a blessed day?

Madelon replied not—she only sat leaning her head on her hands. At last she faltered out, 'It may be a blessed day to thee, yet it ought not to be so, Rosalie, as it has broken my heart. Thy home may be a happy one, but what will mine be? Unkind girl!—to be so glad at leaving one who loved and cherished thee, and believed thee innocent even when thy own father'—

'Madelon, my own dear friend, my mother!' exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her neck. 'Indeed, I have no idea of home unconnected with thee; my home will not be complete unless it is thine also—and thou must go with me.'

'What, and leave my dead Rosalie?'

'To be sure; I know thou wast willing to leave her to go with me a very few days ago, Madelon.'

'Yes, darling: but then thou wast friendless and unhappy—but now'—

'I shall be unhappy still, if she who would so kindly have shared my adversity, does not share in my prosperity. Yes, yes thou must go with me, and we will come, from time to time, to visit thy Rosalie's grave.'

'But if thy father will not let me live with you.'

'Then we will live in a cottage near him.'

'Enough,' cried Madelon, 'I believe thee, and wonder I could for a moment distrust thee, darling.'

Rosalie was right. Her father, alarmed at her silence, did come that evening, and their meeting was indeed a happy one. 'Though satisfied of her innocence himself, even before the trial, he was glad that every one else should be equally convinced; and he took care that the papers which contained the proceedings should be widely circulated.'

The generous heir of the old lady was not wanting in proper feeling on this occasion, and

he insisted on giving Rosalie a considerable present in money, not for having been the means of bringing the culprit to justice—as in that she but did her duty—but as some amends for all the unmerited suffering which she had undergone. The day of Rosalie's return to her home, accompanied by her father and her maternal friend, whom the former had warmly invited to live with them, was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Their friends and neighbours—nay, the whole village, came out to meet them. Amongst the rest, Rosalie observed Auguste St. Beuve; but she eagerly turned away from him to greet that young man who, believing her innocent, as he candidly weighed her previous character against every suspicious circumstance, had, though a stranger, visited her in prison. The young man had suddenly followed to America, unknown to his friends, a young woman whom he had long loved. He had married and buried her there—and on his return to his native village, he had entirely exculpated himself from the calumnious charge against him, and had thereby rendered some service to Rosalie.

But the pleasure of welcoming home again the patient sufferer under unmerited obloquy, was considerably damped by the alarming change in her appearance. She had now, however, the best of all restoratives in a quiet mind—and, at length, her sense of happiness, and of having 'fought a good fight,' restored her to health.

While the pious and grateful girl, never forgetting the mercy which had been vouchsafed to her in the day of her distress, was daily repeating these words of the patriarch, that had so often shed peace upon her soul:—'THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM.'

Every fool may find faults that a great many wise men can't mend.

Afflictions are God's whetstones; they put a new edge on old principles.

MISCELLANEOUS.**THE FAITHLESS HUSBAND.**

There is no suffering more acute than that felt by an affectionate and sensitive mind, mourning over the violation of nuptial vows. This suffering is not confined to the unhappy woman in the dwelling of poverty, who, at the midnight hour, trembles, as she hears the approaching footsteps of her drunken husband. You may go into many an elegantly furnished abode, and find the broken-hearted wife and mother, surrounded by every external comfort, and yet in solitude, and silence, and tears. There is nothing that will compensate for the neglect of those we love—"I have seen," says a quaint writer, "the accomplished wife, before twenty moons had waned since she changed her name, sitting alone and solitary as the sparrow on the house top. Perhaps her health was now so delicate that the nourishing care of her partner was almost necessary to her existence; but he was gone away to some political, literary, or perhaps to some dissipated club. Perhaps he returns at midnight, breathing the fumes of wine, and steaming with the smoke of segars."

You call him a brute who breaks his wife's head; so he also is a brute who breaks her heart: and now many an unhappy wife sits friendless and alone, during all the hours of the evening, and even of the night, when her faithless husband is seeking his pleasures in other society. How painful must be her reflections on thus finding her fondest anticipation disappointed, and the fireside, at which she hoped to be blessed with sympathy and society, deserted and desolate. That man deserves not the generous affections of a wife, who will not invite her love by the respect and honour of personal attention. It is not a few gaudy trinkets and occasional freaks of fondness that can give your wife a happy heart, and make her home a happy one. There must be real substantial kindness, the unequivocal evidence of love for the society and joys at home.

It is not unfrequently that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks, because he once loved her, he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which first enchained his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labours of the day; who will not chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful room and a cheerful heart. There is not one man in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course—so in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth generally brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; & such manhood passes off itself without uneasiness into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Consider thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust. The being thou hast produced it is thy duty to support.

Upon thee also it dependeth whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself—a useful or a worthless member to the community:

Prepare him early with instruction, and season his mind early with the maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of his inclination, set him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain strength with his years.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountain. His head shall be seen above the trees of the forest:

A wicked son is a reproach to his father— but he that doeth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

The soil is thy own. Let it not want cultivation. The seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee. Teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits. Teach him charity and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance, and he shall have health. Teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world. Teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase: Teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful.—Teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

POETRY.

MEMORABLE EVENINGS IN SCRIPTURE.

'Twas eve—on the subsiding flood
The western sun was low;
The dove brought home the olive leaf,
Fresh from the first seen bough.

'Twas eve—the last on Sodom's plains,
When angels, mercy-spied,
Passed through its gates, and Haram's son
From sure destruction led.

'Tis eve—near Lahai-Roi's well
The musing Isaac roams,
He hears the camel's footsteps near,
And lo! Rebecca comes.

'Twas eve, a well remembered eve,
When leaving Egypt land,
The Paschal feast was first observed
By Israel's chosen band.

In prayer and fasting, from the dawn,
The Hebrew prophet lay,
And Gabriel, with the answer charged,
Came at the close of day.

'Tis twilight, and a stormy sea,
The boat begins to fill,
The trembling twelve awake their Lord—
He speaks the waters still.

Full many an eve the Saviour did
To th' Olive Mount repair,
His chosen people's cause to plead,
And hold communion there.

'Twas summer's prime, from Sychar's
roofs
The lengthening shadows fell—
A weary pilgrim Jesus lay
Upon Samaria's well.

Water from Jacob's well to draw
Samaria's daughter came—
From Jesus heard of living streams,
And learned a Saviour's name.

The torch-lit pomp has often borne
The mighty to their home—
But Death his triumph held that eve
Messiah graced the tomb.

A glory more than Eden knew,
When earth was in her prime—
The sun of Righteousness shall light
The even tide of time.

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