



# THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXXIV.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 26, 1835.

[PRICE 2D.

## POETRY.

### CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my  
harp.

From silence and neglect— one lofty strain,  
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of heaven,  
And speaking mysteries more than words can  
tell,

I ask of thee, for I with hymnings high,  
Would join the dirge of the departing year.  
Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,  
Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,  
Wreath I thy tresses, dark December! now,  
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,  
And fearful joy to celebrate the day  
Of the Redeemer. Near two thousand suns  
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse  
Of generations, since the day-spring first  
Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty  
mass

Of that increasing aggregate we add  
One unit more. Space, in comparison,  
How small, yet mark'd with how much mi-  
sery;

Wars, famines, and the fury Pestilence,  
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge—  
The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,  
Weeping their sufferance—and the arm of  
wrong.

Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,  
And steeping the lone widow's couch with  
tears.

So has the year been character'd with woe,  
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs  
and crime.

Yet 'twas not thus He taught—not thus He  
lived,

Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer  
And much thanksgiving. He a man of woes.  
Went on the way appointed,—path, though  
rude,

Yet borne with patience still. He came to  
cheer

The broken hearted, to raise up the sick,

And on the wandering and benighted mind  
To pour the light of truth. O task divine!  
O more than angel teacher! He had words  
To soothe the barking waves and hush the  
winds;

And when the soul was toss'd with troubled  
seas,  
Wrapped in thick darkness and the howling  
storm,

He, pointing to the star of peace on high,  
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile  
At the surrounding wreck.—

When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,  
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,  
For them He wept, for them to Heaven He  
pray'd,

His persecutors— Father, pardon them,  
They know not what they do!

Angels of heaven,  
Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,  
And did him homage, say, may mortal join  
The hallelujahs of the risen God?  
Will the faint voice and groveling song be  
heard

Amid the seraphim in light divine?  
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will  
deign,

For mercy to accept the hymn of faith,  
Low though it be and humble.— Lord of life,  
The Christ, the Comfortor, thine advent now  
Fills my uprising soul!—I mount, I fly  
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;  
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,  
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

## ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

### CHRISTMAS.

“Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred  
vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
To welcome him to this his new abode.”

MILTON.

So sang the bard, inspired, to greet the day.

When to the earth Redeeming Love was  
given—

So, joyous hailed the barriers swept away,

Which erst had closed the portal gates of  
heaven.

Long had the earth in deepest blindness slept,

Bound in rebellion's adamant chain;

While "dead in sin" the child of sorrow wept,

And tear chased tear o'er his worn cheek in  
vain.

Hail, then, the hour—let songs of triumph  
sound,

And choral hymns the Saviour's birthday tell;

Pour the pure incense of the heart around

And every voice with grateful gladness swell.

Now, hail we the hour

When to earth HE was given,

And rejoice that the power

Of the "Dark One" is given.

There's a voice in the breeze,

While around us 'tis sighing,

When the tired spirit flies

From the frame of the dying,

And it speaketh of rest

When the earth shall have faded—

Of a sun for the blessed

That shall ne'er be o'ershadowed—

A sun that forever

Unobscured will shine,

On souls that shall never

In sorrow repine.

Then hail we the hour

When the Saviour was given,

And rejoice that the power

Of the Dark One is given.

And our tribute of praise

We will gratefully bring,

To the Herald of Peace

From the Heavenly King.

Montreal, Dec. 25.

J. G.

#### ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN SACRED WORSHIP.

[To the Editor of the INSTRUCTOR.]

DEAR Sir,

I was not aware how great a man I was attacking in my remarks on "a Vocal Musician's" publication. I supposed that I was

merely engaged with himself—but I discovered, by reading a letter of his to you, published in the last number of the *Instructor*, that I had encountered no less a personage than the learned and justly celebrated Dr Adam Clarke, from whose works your correspondent has introduced into his letter an extract, which contains, almost verbatim, all that can be justly denominated arguments of the remarks accompanying the enquiry now under consideration, and one additional, which is, that the "Syriac and Arabic versions give the passage Chron. 29, 25, a "different turn" to the one given to it in the English translation. Unfortunately I do not happen to be acquainted with those tongues—but I know it was in neither of them the book containing the passage was first written, so, of course, they are only translations,—but I have a slight knowledge of two other languages, into which the Holy Scriptures have been, with much care, translated, viz. English and French, and they both give the same "turn" to it. I have also consulted all the marginal readings I can find, and they render even more apparent the sense given to it in the English text. Moreover the Rev. Doctor says, "The author of this book (meaning 2 Chron.) states, &c." By the "author" I presume he means the person by whom it was originally written; hence I infer that the sense we have received is the one intended by the inspired person who wrote it; and if two translations are found to differ from an original, to which ought we to give the preference? Is a reply needed?

There is also a piece of circumstantial evidence, which may be adduced; the services offered by Hezekiah and his people at the time alluded to were accepted by the Lord—which would not have been the case had there been any thing unlawful in them.

But to go a little more closely to the question. Are the psalms of David inspired writings? Dare "a Vocal Musician"—dare any one claiming the name of Christian, deny that they are? I presume not; and this admitted, one plain sentence in them is a sufficiency to serve us as a guide in forming our opinions. Let our friend peruse the 150th Psalm, and then say if it is unlawful to use instruments of music in the praises of God.

But it is argued, "This does not prove that they ought to be tolerated in Christian worship: I answer—God is still the same.

Here we have a plain command, and it must remain a law until rescinded by authority equal to that by which it was given.

It is further stated to be "incompatible with Christian worship." On what ground? It is calculated to draw the mind from the proper object. Was not the heart of a Jew required to be engaged when he worshipped God as well as that of a Christian? By a reference to Deut. 10, 13, it will appear so. Numerous other passages could be adduced, such as "This people draweth near unto me with their lips while their hearts are far from me;" but these are sufficient. Now, is the mind of a Christian under the Gospel more easily drawn aside than was that of a Jew under the Law?—And if music possessed such a tendency in the one case, would it not in the other also? How often do men, with the best intentions, err by imagining that certain effects must be produced by certain causes. The apostle Paul, immediately after his conversion, thought that if he was to return to those who had known him when he was a blind and bigotted Pharisee the charge which had been wrought in his opinions and character would operate powerfully in convincing them of the truth of the doctrines he preached in the name of Jesus; but He whose ways are not as men's ways, nor His thoughts as their thoughts, saw otherwise, and sent him contrary to his philosophical conclusions, to preach to Gentiles. Thus we perceive that learning however extensive, and judgment however sound, while merely human, are no safeguard against error  
I am,

Dear Sir,  
Yours truly,  
C. R.

Montreal, Dec. 24.

## RELIGIOUS.

### REDEEMING THE TIME.

Redeem the mornings of time. Remember there are four mornings of time to be redeemed.

First—Redeem the morning of youth  
"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Second—Redeem the morning of every day.  
"My voice shalt thou hear betimes in the

morning, O Lord; early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."

Third—Redeem the morning of every week.  
"Call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honourable, and honour him: not doing thine own will nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."

Fourth—Redeem the morning of every year. Commune with your own heart on the years that are gone, and put the question to your own soul which God once put to our first parents, "Where art thou?"

### FAMILY PIETY.

Family piety diffuses a sweet odour wherever it is seen and known. In the ordinary but interesting concerns of domestic life it produces, as its genuine fruit, a spirit of gentleness, meekness and forbearance, on the part of individuals admirably calculated to promote the general happiness. Under this benign influence love appears in its true lustre, banishing strife so common and yet so pernicious to the peace of families, and uniting the little circle together by a close but delightful tie. In such a house the name of God, his institutions, his words, are held in the highest reverence.

### GLEANINGS.

Religion and human knowledge should be taught in conjunction—should be engrained together on the intellect, and accompany each other through all the process of scholastic education. We wish to see religion considered as the alpha and omega—the beginning and end of wisdom; not as a dark and repulsive mystery placed in opposition to it. We wish to see the knowledge of the Deity in education what the Deity himself is in the universe—the directing and vivifying principle of the whole.

Religion gives to time all its importance and to eternity all its glory; and without it, existence is a more riddle.

No communication or gift can exhaust genius, or impoverish charity.

The Chancellor D'Aguesseau, finding that his wife always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner bell had rung, resolved to devote the time to writings; work on Jurisprudence. He put this project in execution, and in the course of time produced a quarto work of four volumes.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## STORY OF A STUDENT.

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## Creative Art,

Whether the instrument of words the use,  
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,  
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
 Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part  
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,  
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert;  
 And O! when Nature sinks, as oft she may;  
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress  
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
 And in the soul admit of no decay,  
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,  
 Great is the glory—for the strife is hard.

WORDSWORTH.

## CHAP. I.

I am about to record the stragglings of a life spent in that strife, but unrewarded by that glory.—True, my years have been few, too few for the attainment of a serene and lofty fame; yet few as they have been, their number is completed, for another will not elapse before this wasting frame shall have become “dust for oblivion.” The tide of life is ebbing fast through my young pulses—earthly hope and enterprize are extinct within me, and thought itself is changed to saddening retrospection; yet should I be uncandid did I say that self reproach makes part of my despondency—yet should I be ungrateful did I leave earth complaining of its woes, and thankless for its pleasures. But there is one mood of mind in which I am made to feel shame, remorse, and self-contempt: it is that in which I am haunted by the fear that I do not in truth possess that genius which should alone have caused or justified the enthusiasm with which I devoted myself to the pursuit of fame. The martyr, who, in the midst of death flames, should begin to doubt the divineness of the cause for which he suffered, could only estimate the misery with which I yield to the suspicion that the shrine on which I have sacrificed health, home, and all the world's untasted joys, contains no heaven descended spirit, but an idol formed by my own vanity. But this distrust of my own powers, though terrible, is only occasional, and there are moments, not a few, in which I entertain the proud conviction that, had time, and strength been given me, I would have won a crown and throne among the liv-

vht and son .

I was born in an Irish provincial town, which afforded excellent opportunities for education. My parents were poor and humble shop keepers. I was their only child; my mother's pride, my mother's sorrow. Of those early days when life is almost wholly animal, I recollect little more than my boisterous delight in boyish sports, my awe of my stern, cold father, and my fondness for my indulgent mother; but since I indeed became a living soul, since thought and self-sentience dawned, memory has been a faithful chronicler. My father sent me to school betimes, intending that I should only receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic: and that when this meagre education should be completed, I should be apprenticed to some trade or business. It was long before I was reconciled to the inroads which school hours and school books made upon my childish amusements; but so soon as I had experienced the nobler excitement of mental conflict, I became the most ardent student in the academy. My father never praised or fuddled me, but his parental pride was flattered by my reputation for talent, and in order to give it a wider scope, he permitted me to learn Greek and Latin, and subsequently modern languages and science. But he had not relinquished his original design of putting me into business; he only postponed the execution of it until I should have acquired the last and highest of our collegiate honours. Meantime, study had with me become a passion: and the desire of fame grew up in my heart strong, silent, and unbending as a tree. I had felt the “spur of the old bards to mighty deeds;” I had vowed my soul to the service and search of truth; and my body I had devoted to be the slave and instrument of its divine guest, the soul. But my desire of fame was not a selfish and sole-thoughted passion for personal aggrandizement; it was composed of the best affections of our nature: love of parents, of country, of mankind. My heart throbbed warmly at the thought that I might be the destined discoverer of truths that should be benefactions to future ages, but dearer still was the hope of winning a fame that might be worthy to make part of my country's glory: that when she should be taunted with the ferocity of her philosophers and bards, mine might be among the honoured names with which she would reply to the reproach. I could not indeed expect to witness more than the com-

mencement of such a fame, but it is the peculiarity of this mysterious and unfathomable passion, that it places its hopes, though earth bound, beyond the grave, and kindles brightest at thought of praises which will fall unheeded on the "dull cold ear of death." Yet no man ever found a durable renown, whose claims were not at least partially recognized during his lifetime, and I was scarcely aware how much I was animated by expectancy of this foretaste of glory, and by anticipation of the triumphant wonder with which my parents would witness my success. Youthful dreams — bright visions! how often have they been dispelled by the harsh voices of reality and want; how often have I wooed them back and fondly cherished them! but now they have for ever vanished, they have heard death's coming footsteps, and are fled beyond recall.

I was now about seventeen, and had hitherto led a life as tranquil and happy as I could desire. The little apartment which I called my own, was neatly and even elegantly fitted up, and furnished with choice books, which my mother's bounty had enabled me to purchase. In this loved retreat I studied night and day, seldom leaving it except for the purpose of enjoying my dear mother's society. Every evening when the shop was closed, my father went abroad in search of recreation, and I descended to pass an hour or two in my mother's cheerful parlor. Here we discoursed gaily or sadly of things past, present, and to come; and often enlivened our discourse by singing together some of the beautiful airs of our country. But this sweet life of enjoyment and hope was soon to terminate. One day, as I was retiring after dinner, my father said abruptly,

"I have apprenticed you to Mr. —, the wollen draper; indeed I should have done so long since; but I expect that you will immediately prepare to give up your bookish nonsense, and enter on your new situation."

I stated my invincible repugnance to this mode of life, and attempted to remonstrate against being forced to enter on it; but he interrupted me with vehement anger, vowing that I should adopt the business he had chosen for me, or leave his house and provide for myself, as he would no longer support me in idleness. Silently indignant I withdrew, and shutting myself in my quiet sanctuary, began to contemplate for the first time the stern and chill realities of life. I felt that I was no long-

er a child to be nourished by the toil of others — the time was come when I must bear my portion of the primal curse, and eat the bread of my own labour. Yet I could not resolve to brave the living death that was proposed to me. To forego my burning desire of fame, and submit to years of dreary toil with no higher aim than that of making a little money — to be compelled to learn the textures, prices, &c., of broad-cloths, while my soul was thirsting unquenchably for knowledge — such a lot I could not for an instant bear to dwell upon. I could not blame my father, but I determined not to deceive him, and as I found myself unfitted for a business life, I resolved not to sacrifice my time and his money by entering on any apprenticeship whatever. I had just formed this resolution when my mother entered. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her voice faltered as she said, "Surely, dear John, you will not disobey your father?"

"Nothing could grieve me more than dying so, but what he commands at present is an impossibility to me."

"O, my poor child, do not say so! Your father has solemnly sworn, that if in one week you do not consent, you must leave this house — and you know how resolute he is."

"Well in that at least I can obey him," I said, proudly, though my breast heaved and my eyes brimmed. I know not what hardness or strength of heart enabled me to resist my mother's entreaties, but when she found me inflexible, she implored me to make choice of any of the learned professions — divinity, law, medicine — and promised to obtain my father's consent. But neither did the professions tempt me. The first was too sacred to be entered on from inferior motives, and the others would too much engross that time which my ambition had secretly dedicated to higher uses.

My poor mother was dismayed, and a faint sound of displeasure was in her voice as she asked, "What do you intend to do?" I had not conceived the difficulty of answering this simple and natural question, and I blushed painfully as I reflected that the disclosure of my plans would subject me to the imputation of madness. I therefore attempted to quiet my mother, by telling her, what was indeed the truth, that I intended going to Dublin, where, by the exercise of my talents, I hoped to be able to maintain myself for a few years,

after which I would be better able to choose a walk of life fitted to my capacity. I had, in fact, determined on going to Dublin, and there commencing my literary labours. I proposed to myself a life of more than anchorite seclusion, and austerity in food and clothing; and I did not doubt that, by daily sacrificing a small portion of my time in tuition, or some such occupation, I should be able to supply my few wants, and yet reserve all my energies for the slow and toilsome march to fame. I did not then know how much of time and labour the world sometimes exacts in pay for mere subsistence. My father did not speak to me until the time he had appointed for receiving my consent. He then summoned me to his presence, and demanded my decision. I replied respectfully, but firmly, that my habits and inclinations were invincibly adverse to business. He then scoffingly wished me success in the honourable career I was about to run, and telling out twenty guineas, he handed them to me, saying sternly, but I thought also sorrowfully:

“Headstrong and disobedient boy, try how long you will be able to maintain yourself on this sum—this pittance; and you will soon discover that a business life is fittest for one who is not born to an independence. The sooner you purchase this experience, the better for yourself, therefore leave my house to-morrow, and never again enter it until you are convinced of the folly of your disobedience.”

Next morning I quitted the parental roof, never again to become a dweller under it. My little fund had been privately augmented by my mother, and I had with me an excellent wardrobe, so that I felt secured from want for at least a year, and that year I resolved to dedicate to my first work. On arriving in Dublin, my first care was to procure a cheap and quiet lodging. In this I succeeded, and quickly establishing myself in my new residence, I commenced my long projected poem. Nothing could so effectually have taught me humility as did this attempt. Thoughts and images, which in the mistiness of my own imagination had seemed sublime, lost their majesty and sank into common-place when clothed in my uncouth style, and I saw, but without dismay, that it would be long before I could fashion for myself a grand harmonious utterance like that of the ancient sons of song.

Were I an acknowledged child of genius, I might here relate many of my mental experiences, for, in that case, they would be highly interesting; but I feel the difference which exists, and which ought to exist, between the biography of an obscure, and that of a celebrated man, and shall, therefore, suppress the details of my hours of composition. The scantiness of my income compelled me to adopt the most rigid frugality. I lived almost entirely upon bread, fruit and vegetables, and often (shall I confess it?) when the chill and cheerless meal was served, I caught myself sighing after the delicacies with which my tender mother used to tempt my fastidious appetite. But far, far more did I miss the mother's tenderness, when sickness visited me, and that was frequently, for I was of a very delicate constitution. But these considerations had no power to check my enthusiasm. When they recurred, I banished them with these few words of Chreonubrian, which I often and fervently repeated: “What are privations, what is death itself, if our name descend to posterity—and if, two thousand years hence, its sound should cause one generous heart to beat in the cause of liberty?”

I was in the habit of taking a long walk in the country very early every morning, and was always during these excursions that I originated those poetical conceptions, which, during the day and night, I laboured to embody. One morning, about six months after my arrival in Dublin, I went out for this purpose, taking with me some money, with the intention of purchasing a work which I ardently desired to possess. It was seldom, indeed, that I could permit myself such an indulgence, and I had long since discovered that even a student cannot be reconciled to poverty, when he feels that mental, as well as sensual pleasures are circumscribed by want of money. As I was walking along Sackville street, my eye was caught by a mailcoach bearing the name of my native town. An unutterable yearning to look again upon my dear mother's face filled my heart; the money which I had with me would defray the expenses of the journey—the coach was about to start—I could not resist the impulse of filial love, I stepped upon the sledge, and in a few seconds found myself rapidly travelling towards my birth-place. Looking back upon all the circumstances of the visit to my mother, I cannot but believe

that it was some mysterious prompting that urged me to it on that particular day. It was late and dark when I arrived, but it was, I knew, the best time for seeing my mother alone, as the hour approached at which my father generally closed the shop and went abroad. Meantime, I wrapped my cloak around me, and muffling the lower part of my face in its folds, I walked up and down, gazing fondly on my dear mother, who was as usual busied in the shop. As I stood in the shadow without the door, I could hear some of the customers, who were neighbors, inquiring for me, and attempting, in their own style, to comfort my mother, whose tears flowed at my name. They prophesied that I would soon see my father and return, unless, indeed, I should fall into the wicked ways of the great city, and then there was no saying, &c. All, however, agreed that it was cruel in my father to cast me off for a first offence; but here his entrance from the back parlour suspended the conversation, and the gossips dispersed, one of them saying as she passed me in the darkness, "Ah! I doubt he is a wild boy—no good could he be thinking of when he refused the decent trade his father offered him." I continued to hover near the house until I saw my father close the shop and go out. I then knocked gently, and making myself known, was soon clasped in my mother's arms

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## TRAVELS.

### THE RED SEA.

The setting of the sun from the spot where we stood, was very beautiful, although there were neither groves nor vales on which the sinking rays might linger, but a low & naked shore. But this was not the case on the other side of the sea, to which nature had been more bountiful: the mountains were there bold and lofty, and the sun was sinking slowly behind them, while his red beams rested on their broken ridges. They were the same amidst which the Israelites were entangled in their flight, and the wilderness on the other side being a sandy expanse, left them at the mercy of their pursuers. It was the divine intention, doubtless, from the first, to destroy the power of Egypt, as the route towards the head of the Red Sea was equally direct and near, and the secret of Sin was then open to the fugitives

without either mountain or waves in the way. The twilight soon rested on the silent sheet of water, that was not broken by a single bark or vessel from the ports below, as the breeze was too faint to carry them through its uncertain navigation, that abounds with numerous shoals and rocks. The rugged forms of the mountains opposite grew dim and indistinct. No sound broke on the stillness of the beach, on which we now lay down to rest, save the faint murmur of the shallow water, and there was little danger of intruders, for the place was too desert to tempt either the wandering Bedouin or the busy fisherman. The hours fled almost unperceived; the scene was full of interest; and we could not help recalling the description of the famous passage of this sea by the chosen people, that has given rise to so many fruitless doubts and explanations. What a noble subject for a painter that hour of darkness and terror would be, and the rushing of the hosts through this wide gulf! It would seem that the absurd idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side, had as well be abandoned. This is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative words of Scripture; where it is said that God caused the sea to go back all night by a strong east wind and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and vast expanse from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that "the sea returning to its strength in the morning," was the rushing back of an impetuous and restless tide, inevitable but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled from its approach.—Crane's Travels in the East.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FLIGHT OF TIME.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years? alas! how many of the lively actors, at present on the stage of life, will make their exit long ere ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told!" a dream; an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes for ever. Is it possible that

life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade, and disappear; all the pride and passion, the love, hope, and joy pass away, in ninety years, and be forgotten? "Ninety years!" (says Death,) "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to day, and to-morrow, and every one, is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust, and be remembered not."

#### THE JEWISH NEW YEAR.

On Sunday evening last, the year 5592 was ushered in with the usual rites observed on such occasions by the Israelites. At sunset the people now called Jews, resident in this metropolis, all assembled at their synagogues, when the whole of the Mosaic laws, and the usual prayers, &c. were read over, and the congregation remained until between eight and nine o'clock. On Monday, their new year's day for the present year, they again assembled at sunrise to celebrate the feast of trumpets, in commemoration of Abraham's offering up his son. At ten o'clock the trumpets were sounded, which announced the commencement of the year; and those who thought proper, then left the synagogue, but many of them remained to a late hour. They met again at sunset the same day, and also yesterday at the same hour, when the observance of these rites terminated. No food is allowed to be taken until the sounding of the trumpets on either day. — (London, September 30.)

#### MIND.

"It is the mind that makes the body rich." It is wisdom and understanding that makes the man independent. Ignorance is of all slavery the most degrading. Chains and fetters may be made of gold as well as of iron, but neither the one nor the other can keep down the energies of an intelligent, well cultivated, independent mind, — a mind trained in the school of virtue, and imbued with principles of honesty, integrity, firmness, honor, and that love which forms the basis of the social system. The power of such a spirit is uncontrollable and un limited; its elasticity can no more be subdued than that of the vital fluid which sustains its physical organization. Prison walls cannot

confine it, nor mountains nor seas set bounds to its operations.

#### HUMILITY.

This virtue expresses itself in the modesty of our appearance, of our pursuits, and of our behaviour toward other men. It is distinguished from affectation, bashfulness, and meanness; and consists in not assuming more of the praise of a quality than belongs to us — in not attributing to ourselves any excellence which we have not; but in the moderate value which a person puts upon himself and every thing relating to him, and in a lowly sense of our imperfections, errors, and sins.

#### BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The banks extend over a space of 40,000 miles, and are from 30 to 45 fathoms below the surface of the ocean. The shoals are inhabited by innumerable tribes of muscles and clams, to which it is a favorite residence, as they can easily bury their shells in the soft sand. They have enemies to contend with. The cod fish resort to this coast to prey on them. They keep a constant watch, and swim about a foot above the submarine sands. When a muscle opens its shell, it is immediately seized and devoured. — At other times the fish do not wait. They are provided with a horny protuberance round their mouths, with which they burrow in the sand, and capture the muscle in his shell. The fishermen of various nations, French, English, and Americans, who resort to these banks, take annually from 8 to 10,000,000 fish. On opening them, they find the remains of 20 or 50 muscles in each. Sometimes the shells are found either wholly or partially dissolved. The first care of the fishermen, after taking their station, is, to ascertain the depth of the water. The line must be regarded so as to lie on the bottom, where the fish are always engaged in this species of submarine war.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
BY  
J. E. L. MILLER.

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