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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XL.]

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 6, 1836

[PRICE 2d.]

TRAVELS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

They came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him; every one gave him a piece of money, and every one an ear-ring of gold—Job xiii. 11.

The custom alluded to, of relations and friends giving relief to a person in distress, is practised in the East at this day. When a man has suffered a great loss by an accident, by want of skill, or by the roguery of another, he goes to his brothers and sisters, and all his acquaintances, and describes his misfortunes. He then mentions a day when he will give a feast, and invites them all to partake of it. At the time appointed they come, dressed in their best robes, each having money, earrings, finger rings, or other gifts suited to the condition of the person in distress. The individual himself meets them at the gate, gives them a hearty welcome; the music strikes up, and the guests are ushered into the apartments prepared for the feast. When they have finished their repast, and are about to retire, they each approach the object of their commiseration, and present their donations, with best wishes for future prosperity. A rich merchant in North Ceylon, called Siva Sangu Chetty, was suddenly reduced to poverty: but by this plan he was restored to his former prosperity. Two money brokers also, who were sent to these parts by their employer, who lived on the opposite continent, lost one thousand rixdollars, belonging to their master—they therefore called those of their caste, profession, and country, to partake of a feast—at which time the whole of their loss was made up. When a young man puts on the ear rings or turban for the first time, a feast of the same description, and for the same purpose, is given, to enable him to meet the expense of the rings, and to assist him in the future

pursuits of life. When a young woman, also, becomes marriageable, the female relations and acquaintances are called to perform the same service, in order to enable her to purchase jewels, or to furnish a marriage portion. In having recourse to this custom there is nothing that is considered mean—for parents who are respectable and wealthy often do the same thing. Here then we have a simple and interesting illustration of a most praiseworthy usage of the days of ancient Job.

Many bulls have compassed me—strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. Psalm xxii. 12.

The multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people. Psalm lxxviii. 30.

Wicked men, or those who have much bodily strength, who insult and domineer over the weak, are still called bulls in the East. People of docile tempers are called cows or calves. The following expressions are often heard in Ceylon: 'Of what country are you the bull? That bull is always oppressing the calves? Why is this bull always butting the cows? Why has the strong bull of Point Pedro come here?'

What is the cause that the former days were better than these? Eccles. vii. 10.

This question is still asked by the people of the East: and they believe that every succeeding age is worse than the former. The ancients, say they, had rain three-times in the month, and in the year three harvests—the trees also gave abundance of fruit. Where is now the cheapness of provisions? the abundance of fish? the fruitful flocks? the rivers of milk? the plenty of water? Where the pleasures? where the docility of animals? where the righteousness, the truth, and affection? where the riches, the peace, the plenty? where the mighty men? where the chaste and beautiful mothers, with their fifteen or sixteen children? Alas, alas, they are all fled.

The trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, Isaiah iv, 12, 13.

In the poetry of the East such figures are often used. When Raamar was going to the desert, a poet said, 'The trees will watch for you; they will say, He is come, he is come, and the white flowers will clap their hands. The leaves, as they shake, will say, Come, come, and the thorny places will be changed into flower-gardens.'

And things which are not. 1 Cor. i. 29.

As for the other people, which also come of Adam, thou hast said that they are nothings, 2 Esdras, vi, 56, 57,

Mr Wesley says, on the former passage, 'The Jews frequently called the Gentiles, 'them that are not'—in so supreme contempt did they hold them.' And exactly in the same way do the people of this country speak of those whom they despise. The term used is 'alla-tha-varkul,' literally, 'those who are not;' which refers not to existence, but to a principle, a quality, a disposition—to those who are vile & abominable in all things. To call a man by this name is insulting beyond measure. 'My son, my son, go not amongst those who are not. Alas! those people are all alla-tha-varkul.' When wicked men prosper, it is said, 'This is the time for those who are not.' 'Have you heard that those who are not are now acting righteously?' Vile expressions are also called 'words that are not.' Thus did the Lord select the 'base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.

In Greece horses are employed to tread out the corn, as was sometimes the case in Judea: (Isaiah xxviii. 29) — and with regard to them, the law is observed which Moses gave to the Jews concerning oxen. (Deut. xxv. 4.) Hence they find means, in the progress of their labour, to partake pretty largely both of the straw, and of the grain: I also saw the Greeks frequently winning with 'the shovel.' (Isaiah xxx. 21)

BIOGRAPHY.

BORRHAVE.

It is recorded of this truly great man, 'that his knowledge, however uncommon,

held in his character but the second place—his virtue was yet more uncommon than his earning. He was an admirable example of temperance, fortitude, humility, and devotion. His piety and a religious sense of his dependence on God were the basis of all his virtues, and the principle of his whole conduct. He was too sensible of his weakness to ascribe any thing to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue passion, or withstand temptation by his own natural power; he attributed every good thought, and every laudable action to the Father of goodness. Being once asked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocation, whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion? He answered with the utmost frankness and sincerity, that he was naturally quick of resentment, but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.

As soon as he rose in the morning, it was, throughout his whole life, his practice to retire for an hour to private prayer and meditation: this, he afterwards told his friends, gave him spirit and vigour in the business of the day, and this he therefore commended as the best rule of life: for nothing he knew could support the soul in all distresses, but a confidence in the Supreme Being—nor can a steady and rational magnanimity flow from any other source than a consciousness of the divine favour.

RELIGIOUS.

HEAVEN.

In the present condition of our being, so many wants arise from the body, so many necessities of a worldly nature to be provided for, that it is but a small part of our time that we can devote to the offices of religion. We have two worlds with which we are concerned, the world which now is, and that which is to come, and these give birth to two distinct interests—the interests of the body, and those of the soul. Though the latter are infinitely the most important, the former cannot and ought not to be neglected—they demand a large portion of our exertions, and, with too many, absorb the whole of their attention and solicitude. 'What shall we eat, and what shall

we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?' is the general inquiry. Truly holy persons employ their hands upon the world, and set their hearts on heaven—but even these find it difficult, amidst the distractions and cares of the present state, to keep their affections set upon the things that are above. Their souls too often cleave unto the dust, and their hearts are sometimes overcharged. Nothing of that nature will be experienced in heaven: 'God will be all in all.' No wants will there remain to be supplied, no dangers to be averted, no provision to be made for futurity. The contemplation and enjoyment of the Great Eternal will present an ample occupation of the mind for ever and ever.

At present, the occupations in which we are engaged have no immediate relation to the Deity, they are capable of being sanctified only by a general intention of pleasing God, while it is impossible to make him the immediate object of our thought. In eternity the capacity will be so enlarged and extended, that the idea of God will be incessantly impressed, the beams of his glory will perpetually penetrate the heart, and the fire of love will never cease to burn upon the altar.

ASTRONOMY.

THE MOON.

The opinions of astronomers are at variance with respect to the existence of a lunar atmosphere. Philosophers often reason from analogy and because the surface of the Moon bears a striking resemblance to the Earth, in having valleys, mountains, hills, dales, volcanoes, &c. They conclude that the Moon has an atmosphere, and, consequently rain, hail, snow and winds. Various are the arguments advanced on each side of this question by astronomers of the greatest fame.

But if we may be allowed to judge from the appearance of the Moon when our nights are clear, we may conclude that the Moon has no atmosphere. No person ever perceived either clouds or vapours on her disk, or any thing resembling them—and these must have been seen in every age by millions of mankind, if lunar clouds, &c. existed—unless we believe that there may be an atmosphere without vapours.

Mr. Ferguson observes, 'If there were seas in the Moon, she could have on clouds,

rains nor storms, as we have; because she has no atmosphere to support the vapours which occasion them. And every body knows that when the Moon is above our horizon in the night-time, she is visible, unless the clouds of our atmosphere hide her from our view: and all parts of her appear constantly with the same clear, serene, and calm aspect. But those dark parts of the Moon, which were formerly thought to be seas, are now found to be only vast deep cavities, and places which reflect not the Sun's light so strongly as others, having many caverns and pits whose shadows fall within them, and are always dark on the sides next the Sun, which demonstrates their being hollow; and most of these pits have little knobs, like hillocks, standing within them and casting shadows also, which cause these places to appear darker than others that have fewer or less remarkable caverns. All these appearances show that there are no seas in the Moon; for if there were any, their surface would appear smooth and even, like those on the Earth.'

Dr. Brewster observes—'The arguments adduced by Mr. Ferguson to prove that there is no sea in the Moon are very far from being conclusive. The existence of a lunar atmosphere is completely ascertained: and the little pits and eminences which appear in the dark parts of the Moon, which are extremely even and smooth, may be regarded as rocks or islands. By observations however, on Mare Crisium, when the line which separates the enlightened from the obscure segment of the Moon passed through the large and apparently level spot, I have found that the shaded parts of the Moon, however smooth they may appear, are not level surfaces, and therefore cannot be seas. If there were seas in the Moon, there would be particular times when the reflected light of the Sun would render them more brilliant than any other part of her surface, and the light would acquire that property called polarization, which is, however, found not to be the case.'

It would appear, therefore, from these facts, that there is no water in the Moon, neither rivers, nor lakes, nor seas, and hence we are entitled to infer that none of those atmospherical phenomena which arise from the existence of water in our own globe, will take place in the lunar world.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

More than forty years ago an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling, but the mildness of his manner has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country; and that the father had been seized in the night with a dangerous disorder which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had

His of his own was exchanged

for a coat, and he followed his governant to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. —— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth and above were the joists not plastered and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed gown: her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. —— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.

'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.

She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones.

'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the governant, 'if he could be moved anywhere.'

'If he could possibly be moved to our house,' said her master.

He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the governant's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was

now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulged in. Mr. —, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His government joined the old man and daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.

'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a christian—but he is the best of unbelievers.'

'Not a christian!' exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, 'yet he saved my father! heaven bless him for it—I would he were a christian!'

'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation—hence opposers of christianity are found men of various lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.'

'But Mr. —,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies.'

She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness—she drew it away from him in silence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.

'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.'

'That is right,' replied his landlord.

'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise—did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me, (he clasped Mr. —'s hand) but when I look on this recovery as being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel

for different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him—it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror.'

'You say right my dear sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking of a scheme that struck me to day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. As I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.'

La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in, and told of it.—She was equally pleased with her father—for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages—for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion—he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge of learning, at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid—every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love—but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La

Poche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Barne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides—below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent—his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven—and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, begged to point out to his guest some striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this, and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, come to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence—it was too delicate for their handling—but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he, and they saw he had settled the matter with himself, Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound,—he explained their meaning to his guest:

'This is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an

attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within.'

'By no means,' said the philosopher, 'I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions.'

'She is our organist,' said La Roche: 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism—and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.'

'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other, and they walked into the room together:

At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr —— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined, the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused, it ceased—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved—His parishioners caught the ardor of the good old man, even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CRUCIFIXION.

One condemned to death on the cross was termed cruciarius. The culprit was first beaten with stripes either in the pretorium or on the way to the place of execution. He was compelled to carry the cross on which he was to suffer—"Et corpore quidem," says Pliny, "quisque malefactorum suam affert erusem." Arriving at the place he was stripped of his garments—he was then either nailed by the

lands and feet to the cross before its erection or after it. If the body was too heavy to be supported by the nails, cords were used in addition. This was a lingering and therefore a horrible death—but rendered more so by other circumstances. Often the birds of prey flocked to the suspended culprit, and plucked away such parts of his flesh as they preferred, or if the cross was not very elevated, the same friendly office was performed by wolves or dogs. Sometimes a merciful bystander pierced the body with a spear, and thus ended the lingering torments of the sufferer. At other times he was stifled by the smoke of a fire expressly lighted for the purpose at the foot of the cross—or the torments ended by burning. If no birds or beasts of prey arrived to devour the carcase, it was suffered, like a wretch on our gibbets, to drop piece by piece until nothing remained. “*Suffixorum corpora crucibus,*” says Seneca, “*insuam sepulchram defluunt.*”——To this cruel and barbarous death, which Cicero calls “*crudele terribissimumque.*” none were condemned but slaves and the vilest malefactors. Hence the cross itself is styled *arbor infelix*, infame lignum, *cruciatu servilis*. In general it was erected by the side of some great road, that the ignominy and severity of the punishment might be witnessed by thousands. This punishment was of great antiquity—invented, according to Cicero, by Tarquin the Proud. It remained in force until the time of Constantine the Great, who from reverence to the symbol of Salvation, abolished it throughout the Roman world.

There are some coincidences connected with the appearance of Comets, which, to say the least, are very remarkable. In 1607, Halley's Comet, as this year, appeared in October, and it is stated by Dr. Fisher that the winter which followed was severely cold and that a drought prevailed. The appearance of the Comet that year and the present, are the only ones, so far as is known, which took place in the month of October.

The New York Gazette lately gave an account of a newly patented stove, exhibited in that city, which not only warms rooms, but does the cooking, without the consumption of any fuel whatever, and at comparatively

no expense. The editor of the Gazette saw a beef steak cooked and bread baked, of both which he partook, and might have washed them down with a dish of tea made from water which was done, by the slacking of two cents worth of lime—and the fire was worth as much after it was slacked, for the purposes to which it is ordinarily applied, as before.

WHAT IS LAW LIKE?—Law is like a country dance—people are led up and down in it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too—they that eat the least of it are best off. It is like a homely gentleman—very well to follow—and like a new fashion—people are bewitched to get into it—and like bad weather—they are glad to get out of it.

COMFORT TO THE AFFLICTED.

When you are deeply grieved yourself, from any cause, look around, you may find some unhappy person, to whom you may do good. There is a sweet relief in this. Every tear you wipe away from a widow's or a sick man's face, will be a drop of balm to our own wounded heart. Thus you seem to get amends of the adversary. Satan would tempt you to selfish grief and misanthropy—break forth into active well doing, and you utterly thwart him.

How sudden do our prospects vary here!
And how uncertain every good we boast!
Hope oft deceives us—and our very joys
Sink with fruition—pall, and rust away.
How wise are we in thought! how weak in
practice!
Our every virtue like our will is—nothing!

CURIOUS PARTICULARS RELATING TO MARRIAGE.

The intervention of a priest, or other ecclesiastical functionary, was not deemed in Europe indispensable to a marriage, until the Council of Trent, in 1409. The celebrated decree passed in that session interdicting any marriage otherwise than in the presence of a priest, and, at least, two witnesses. Before the time of Pope Innocent III., (1118.) there was no solemnization of marriage in the church, but the bridegroom came to the bride's house, and led her home to his own, which was all the ceremony then used. Ranns were first

directed to be published by Canon Huber Walter, in the year 1200.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A curious case of somnambulism appears in the English papers: A young lady rose from her bed, traversed different rooms in the house, and in a remote apartment raised the cover of a large chest, got in and closed the lid on herself. However, want of air soon awoke her—and terrified at finding herself entombed, as she conceived, she called lustily for help. Her cries awoke her parents, who commenced a search, under great alarm. After some time they came to the chest, where they found the young woman almost dead from fright and suffocation.

A pigeon alighted on the roof of a house at Flushing, and afterwards took shelter in the infirmary of the barracks. Being exhausted with fatigue it was easily taken—and on examination, was found to have under its wing a small piece of English newspaper, containing the price of stocks at London, on September 23d. The conjecture is that the winged messenger had been destined for Antwerp, but was driven out of its course by some bird of prey.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Hear you the mournful and deadly hum
Of the lifeless soldier's funeral-drum,
Pouring its wail on the breeze of the morn,
Like the dying blast of a hunter's horn—
Onward they bear him, with measured tread,
To lay him down in his cold, damp bed,
And fire a volley of musketry o'er
The grave of him who shall speak no more.

O'er the coffin lid his cockade flies,
And motionless there his bayonet lies:
Which once sent fear to the hearts of those
Who haughtily nam'd themselves Briten's foes,
And his voice which but lately resounded so
free,

Is as silent and hushed as a calm on the sea.

But the soul of the brave is no longer in
chains—

For 'tis soaring away mid the silvery domains,

Where the sun in his grandeur walks proudly
along,

Where the moon in her glory glides silently
on—

Where streamers are flying, and banners unfurled,
Shedding lustre and light o'er the loveliest
world.

Weep not for that soldier—tho' nameless, unknown,
He fought for his King, for his country's
throne—

He traversed o'er Egypt—the spear and the
lance

Of the conquerors of kingdoms recoiled at his
glance,

As the dark, lowering armies of mist, which
at night

Mustering strong in their safety but fly with the
night:

No steel of Damascus—the truest the best—
Could shield from his weapon the proud foe's
man's breast—

The weapon from whose bosom the hot bullets
flew

To the heart of the foeman at stern Waterloo—
Which helped him to parry the thrust of the
lance,

And to tear from its standard an eagle of
France.

Then why should you weep at the death of
the brave,

Or why should you sigh o'er his newly made
grave—

He died but the death which we all have to die,
He sleeps in the earth where we all have to lie,
And methinks that he slumbers as peacefully
and sound

As the noblest of monarchs, embalmed under
ground.

Montreal, Feb. 2.

T. D. D.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY

J. E. I. MILLER.

TERMS.—The Instructor will be delivered
town at Six Shillings per annum, if paid
advance—or Six Shillings and Eightpence
if paid quarterly in advance. To Country
Subscribers, 8s per annum, including post.

Subscriptions received by Messrs. Miller
and J. & F. A. Starke, and by the publisher
at the Herald Office.