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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XLVIII.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 9, 1836.

[PRICE 2D.

TRAVELS.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

(Continued from page 379.)

For several miles down the mountain, not a tree, a shrub, or a herb is anywhere to be seen—nothing but the black cinders. The nearest vegetation is out of the reach of sound and at such a distance that the eye can perceive no motion; in fact it is one of the few scenes where a panorama might be taken with a striking approach to truth. From such an eminence, as we look down, I do not know whether it is from the rarefaction of the atmosphere, or being so high above that vapour which overhangs about the lower regions of the earth, or from what other cause, but certainly objects remain distinct at a much greater distance than when on the levels. The effect is that of making the surrounding country appear much nearer than it really is. There is likewise another singularity, no less curious; that is, the stillness and quiet that reign throughout this desert region. We know that even in a perfect calm, on the plains, how the most remote sound is carried along the surface of the earth, to an incredible distance. The slightest murmur of the wind, even in the deserts of Africa, is heard by travellers; and when we cannot distinguish the least motion in the air, we can always discern a confused half stifled noise. Here, however, though in a breeze so keen that it cut us to the bone, I felt a sort of blank or void in my oral organs, which produced a defective, and rather disagreeable sensation. The wind which blew conducted no sound, and from my isolated situation, I was, it seems, almost inaccessible to it. My footsteps I never heard so plainly before, not even in the stillest midnight, although I felt they were not loud. Not the least reverberation was distinguishable, and the scene seemed under some spell, in which it could almost have fancied myself included. An enthusiastic Italian, on

viewing this glorious landscape at sunrise, exclaimed that the island seemed as if it had been created but last night, and was not yet endowed with the powers of life; and I do not know how to convey any better idea of the view, and the impression made on me, than by quoting his words.

The day was not one of those extremely propitious, but very good; and I should be glad to compound for no worse, were I to go the journey again. Not a single cloud was to be seen; at the same time there was a slight distant haziness in the air which prevented us seeing Malta. The range of view was however prodigious. Being nearly 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, I was not able to find out without a little search, promontories and mountains which below I had looked up to and which appeared equally great in their way. Brydone says he is persuaded that there is within the range of the visible horizon of Etna, but in this he must be mistaken. The view from the summit of Etna is one to arrest the attention of any man, whatever his qualifications or endowments, with a most riveting interest. The scholar may here see below him the very spots consecrated by the genius of the noblest ancient poets and historians and scenes which are associated with the dearest of his early recollections. The astronomer will have a new sphere opened to him—for by the great height at which he is arrived he will have left below him those mists and vapours which, nearer the earth, render many thousands of small stars invisible, and others of more difficult vision. The botanist will see a variety of the vegetable tribe, equalled in the same space in no other country. The Lapp-land productions will be nearest him; while as his eye moves along, it will insensibly be led to the region, where plants which thrive in the tropics come to perfection, and all this within thirty miles of him. The antiquary may here find ample room for his speculations, for among the numberless calculations as to Etna, its ruins, the adjacent country, and the anti-

quity of the volcano itself, none are so satisfactory as not to make us wish for some more authentic conjectures.

(To be concluded.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

I bought, in the bazaar at Smyrna, says Mr. Emerson, in his very excellent "Letters from the *Ægean*," a woollen girdle, whose construction amply explains the phrase so often occurring in oriental tales, of the heroes 'carrying their money in their belt.' On one end being passed once round the waist, it is fastened by a buckle; and this entire portion, being sewed double all round, contains the paras—which are extracted by means of a small opening in the front, closed with a leathern cover, and strap. This being secured the remainder of the zone is folded round the body, till the successive envelopments take up all the cloth—the end of which is then tucked in at the side, so as to secure the folds.

The word translated purses, Mat. x, 9, signifies, literally, girdles—and from their adaptation to the use pointed out by our Saviour,—"Possess not gold, nor silver, nor brass, in your purses,"—they were undoubtedly of the same fashion with that which I have described.

The hours of devotion adopted by the Mohammedans are undoubtedly borrowed from the Jews—and the three daily prayers of Daniel, (Dan vi, 10.) and the morning, noon, and evening worship of David, (Psa. iv, 17.) are still observed, though with some additions, by the Turks. The call of the muezzin, too, in the evening, accords with the later ceremonies of the Christian church—as when Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour, (Acts iii, 1.) The ceremonies of worship are very simple—each devotee, leaving his pappouches at the door as he enters, performs a number of prostrations and genuflections, touching the matted flour with his forehead, and placing his hands behind his ears; the frequent observance of these duties is supposed to leave a mark on the brow, which is to be rigorously scrutinized by the visiting angels, Monkir, and Nakir, as soon as the body is laid in the grave, by whom the intermediate probation, till the resurrection, is to be

decided, either to be gently fanned by the airs of paradise, or after chastisement with their iron maces, to be gnawed till the hour of judgment for his sins, which, for that purpose, are to be transformed into scorpions and venomous reptiles, according to their degree of enormity.

The custom of uncovering the feet still holds good throughout every quarter of the East—and in this portion of the religious ceremonies of the Mohammedans and Hindoos, we may trace the continuance of the practice from the days of Moses—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," Exod. iii, 5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HONEST MORAVIAN.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door. Out comes one of the Moravians, or United Brethren, with a beard silvered by age. 'Father,' says the officer, 'show me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging.'—"Presently," replied the Moravian. 'The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. 'There is the very thing we want,' says the captain. 'Have patience for a few minutes,' replied his guide—'you shall be satisfied.' They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and *renounted*. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, 'Father you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble—the first field was much better than this.' 'Very true, sir,' replied the good old man, 'but it was not mine.'

MISPENT TIME.

Milton has the following remarks upon mispent time:—

"Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot entreat one of them either to return or slacken his pace. The mispents of every minute is a new record against us in heaven—sure if we thought thus

we would dismiss them with better reports, and not suffer them to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it, that every hour should convey up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before his glorious throne.'

CUSTOM OF THE ARYSSINIANS.

In the Galla districts, except those converted to the Mahomedan or the Christian religion, the inhabitants, on the appearance of the small pox, burn their villages, and retire to a place as far off as their districts will allow. As the diseased are burnt with their homes—parents, and the dearest relations, alike fall a sacrifice to this barbarous practice. Horrid as it may appear, the Galla think it a very prudent mode of proceeding, and reproach the Christians for not doing the same, as they say numbers of their brethren are thus preserved by the sacrifice of a few.

SIMPLICITY.

The more I see of the world the more I am satisfied that simplicity is inseparably the companion of true greatness. I never yet knew a truly great man—a man who overtopped his fellow men, who did not possess a certain playful, almost infantile simplicity. True greatness never struts on stilts, or plays the king upon the stage. Conscious of its elevation, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to act its part like common men, in the common amusements and business of mankind. It is not afraid of being undervalued for its humility.

EQUALITY.

After all that can be said about the advantage one man has over another, there is still a wonderful equality in human fortunes. If the rich have wealth—if the heiress has booty for her dower, the pennyless have beauty for theirs—if one man has cash, the other has credit—if one boasts of his income, the other can of his influence. No one is so miserable but that his neighbour wants something he possesses; and no one so mighty, but he wants another's aid. There is no fortune so good, but it may be reversed—and none so bad but it may be better. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendor; and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

FAME.

I shall be glad of any fame I can get, observes an old writer, and not repine at any. I miss, and as for vanity, I have enough to keep from hanging myself, or even wishing those hanged who would take it away. I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old—and when we are old we find it is too late to enjoy any thing.

SLEEP.

Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death:—'So like it,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'that I dare not trust it without my prayers.' Their resemblance is indeed striking and apparent—they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty,—and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be made safe and happy only by virtue.

GREAT MEN.

A great man mostly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people—nay, sometimes he may even be seen rughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitements—having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chat. One sees no bubbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic.

It is the most excellent rule to avoid gross familiarity even where the connexion is most intimate. The human heart is so constituted as to love respect. It would indeed be unnatural in very intimate friends to behave to each other with stiffness—but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference which tends to preserve that degree of esteem which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt when a too great familiarity is allowed. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt, and perpetuate affection.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE DUTIES AND DELIGHTS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

“Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty and faithful love.”

A course of rectitude and well doing is seldom produced and promoted by dry philosophic precepts—affection must be inspired by something which engages the heart, and pure affection grows and thrives best in the quiet soil of domestic privacy. Those who are called to take a prominent part in public affairs, to traffic at the exchange, to plead at the bar, or legislate in the senate, have still important duties to discharge at home. Here the force of moral and religious obligations ought to be mutually felt by husband and wife—parents and children—masters and servants—nor can we reasonably expect, where those obligations are slighted, that a consistent conduct will be maintained in commercial and professional pursuits.

The pleasures of the world are of a promiscuous and turbulent kind—but a man finds in his garden, and at his own fireside, enjoyments more simple and satisfying. He is exhilarated by the smiles of love, and the sports of juvenile gayety. After the toils of business and the vexations of care, in the bosom of a beloved and affectionate family, he seeks and finds a sweet and refreshing repose. There are many, it is true, who speak with contempt of these calm domestic pleasures. They are roused into life and action abroad, but grow dull and weary at home—they have some zest at the feast which luxury prepares for the crowd, but at their own table every thing is insipid. Nor is it very uncommon for persons of both sexes to insinuate, that mediocrity only can be content with such occupations and delights as the narrow circle of domestic life supplies, while genius and spirit will always aspire to something greater. Are, then, intelligence and energy, virtue and constancy, closely and exclusively allied to dissipation? What! are we to seek for the elements of the sublime in character, only at the club and tavern? Before we come to such a conclusion, it will be necessary to obliterate from the memory the lessons which wise and good men have taught as well as all the facts of history.

“All the members of a family,” says Dr. Dwight, “are connected by the strong bonds of natural affection—bonds which unite human beings together with a power and intimacy found in no other circumstances of life. The members of a family all dwell in the same house; are daily united in one common system of employments—interchange unceasingly and habitually their kind offices, and are accustomed to rejoice and mourn, to hope and fear, to weep and smile together. No eloquence, no labour, no time, is necessary to awaken these sympathetic emotions.—They are caught at once from eye to eye, and from heart to heart, and spread instantaneously with an electric influence, through all the endeared and happy circle.”

The celebrated Sir Thomas More apologises for not having sooner published his ‘Utopia,’ by alleging that he felt obliged to devote a great part of the time he could spare from his public avocations, to free and affectionate intercourse with his wife and children, which though some might think trifling amusements he placed among our necessary duties.

To this example from history we shall add the testimony of a living writer of great and distinguished worth.

“Let me here,” says Mrs. More, “be allowed the gratification of observing, that those women of real genius and extensive knowledge, whose friendship has conferred honour and happiness upon me, have been in general eminent for economy and the practice of domestic virtues—and greatly superior to the affectation of despising the duties and the knowledge of common life.”

When the charming delights of the domestic circle have lost their relish, there must be something radically wrong. It is not genius, or literature, or virtue, which has disenchanting the lovely scene—but avarice, unhallowed ambition, or profligacy. I was much pleased with an anecdote of Racine, the famous French poet, the substance of which will be given to the reader. Having one day just returned from Versailles, where he had been on a visit, he was waited upon by a gentleman with an invitation to dine at the Hotel de Conde. “I cannot possibly have the honour to go there,” said the poet—“it is a week since I have been with my wife and children: they are overjoyed to see me again, and provided a fine carp, so that I must dine with those dear

relatives." "But, my good sir," replied the gentleman, "several of the most distinguished characters expect your company, and will be very glad to see you." Racine showed him the carp, saying, "Here, sir, is our little meal—then say, having provided such a treat for me, what apology can I make for not dining with my children? Neither they nor my wife could have any pleasure in eating a bit of it without me; than pray be so obliging as to mention my excuse to the Prince of Conde, and my other illustrious friends." The gentleman did so—and not only his serene highness, but all the company present, professed themselves more delighted with this proof of the poet's faithful tenderness as a husband and a father, than they possibly could have been with his charming conversation.

It must be confessed, that harmony, peace, and pleasure, are not found in any families where they might naturally be expected. Various causes will account for this. Education is conducted in so preposterous a mode, that it should almost seem domestic happiness formed no part of the ultimate design. The marriage union, too, is the result of subtle intrigue or sordid interest, rather than a virtuous attachment originating in mutual sympathy and congeniality. Sometimes pomp and parade destroy the skill and taste, has expatiated on this topic, and presented a fine contrast in the characters of Aurelia and Fulvia.

We meet with persons who display much vivacity and politeness in mixed company abroad, but at home they are sullen, unsociable, irritable, and captious. Their good honour and good manners are reserved, like their best apparel, for holiday visits, and are put away the moment they enter their own residences, as if too precious for everyday use.

To secure fireside comfort and homeborn happiness something more is necessary than a neat snug mansion, surrounded with gardens and lawns, where flowers and shrubs, and shady walks, are kept in the nicest order. Family bickerings and strife would turn an Eden itself into a desert. It is of little avail to furnish the house, and cultivate the ground in the best style, if the minds of the inhabitants are vacant, and uncultivated. Nor will a few bright insulated maxims, and soft soothing sentiments from the pages of fiction and poetry, have the desired end. The play

& movement of kindly feeling must be kept up by an unremitting interchange of these little winning attentions which are required to sweeten all human society. Yet tenderness, though full and overflowing, will not suffice, unless accompanied by a dignity and decorum which command esteem and respect. Those who would enjoy domestic delight ought to be reminded that they will be more likely to gain their point by studying to pass their time usefully, than by making it over in regular distributed portions to ease and pleasure. Many persons wonder that the enchantments which bards have sung should be wanting in the retreat to which they have long fondly looked. But man cannot be happy in any situation without an expansion of mind, a brisk flow of ideas and spirits, and a lively sense of the worth and importance of those talents which are given by the great Creator to be occupied and improved. It is evident that where present ease and gratification are exclusively sought, the domestic circle must first be invaded by weariness and apathy and afterwards by chagrin and disgust—but the pursuit and communication of knowledge, the culture of friendship, the exercise of charity and faith—in a word, the assiduous discharge of personal and relative duties, and the proper use of every advantage which Providence hath bestowed, fail to give a wholesome currency and purity to the thoughts, and a brightly cheerfulness to the feelings of the heart.

The house which is dedicated as a temple to God becomes the mansion of peace and concord, love and joy. Religion sheds a hallowed influence over the most endearing relations of life, corrects acerbity of temper, purifies the springs of sympathy, and enlivens the present life by the glowing prospects of futurity. Nor is the man a blank in the world whose lot is comparatively obscure, provided piety and virtue prompt his actions and pervade his comforts and his cares. "He," says an able writer, "who praises God on a ten-stringed instrument, whose authority extends no farther than his own family, nor his example beyond his own neighbourhood, may have as thankful a heart here, and as high a place in the celestial choir hereafter, as the greatest monarch who prases God on an instrument of ten thousand strings, and upon the loud sounding organ, having as many millions of pipes as there are subjects in his empire."

HUMANITY.

“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”

Humanity or mercy is the first great attribute of the Deity, who maketh his rain to fall upon the just and unjust. Consequently there is nothing that can bring a man to so near a likeness to his Maker.

A good hearted man is easy in himself and studies to make others so—and a denial from him is better relished by his obliging regret in doing it, than a favour granted by another.

That scourge of the human race, war, is totally repugnant to this generous attribute—but it presents innumerable opportunities of its being exercised, and he who spares a cruel enemy when in his power, gains more honour than by winning a battle.

EXAMPLES.

The senate of the Areopagites being assembled together in a mountain without any roof but heaven, the senators perceived a bird of prey which pursued a little sparrow that came to save itself in the bosom of one of the company. This man, who naturally was harsh, threw it from him so roughly that he killed it—at which the court was offended, & a decree was made to banish him from the senate: The judicious may observe that this company, which was at that time one of the gravest in the world, did it, not for the care they had to make a law concerning sparrows, but it was to show that clemency and a merciful inclination were so necessary in a state that a man destitute of them was not worthy to hold any place in government—he having, as it were, renounced humanity.

Marcus Antonius, the philosopher and emperor, excelled most others in that excellent virtue, as he manifestly showed in that glorious action of his towards Avidius Cassius and his family, who had rebelled against him in Egypt. For as the senate bitterly prosecuted Avidius and all his relations, Antonius, as if they had been his friends, always appeared as an intercessor in their behalf.

Alphonsus, king of Naples and Sicily, was all goodness and mercy. He had besieged the city of Cajeta, that had insolently and aggravatingly rebelled against him—and the city being distressed for want of necessary

provisions, put forth all their old men, women and children, and such as were unserviceable, and shut their gates against them. The King's council advised that they should not be permitted to pass, but should be forced back again into the city, by which means he would speedily become the master of it. The king, pitying the distressed multitude, suffered them to depart, though he knew it would occasion the protraction of the siege. But when he could not take the city some were so bold as to tell him that it had been his own in case he had not dealt in this manner.

‘But,’ said the king, ‘I value the safety of so many persons at the rate of a hundred Cajetas.’

During the retreat of the famous King Alfred, at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circumstance happened, which while it convinces us of the extremities to which that great man was reduced, will give a striking proof of his pious and benevolent disposition. A beggar came to his little castle there and requested alms, when his queen informed him that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success. The King replied, ‘Give the poor Christian the [one half of the] loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities.’ Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions with which his people returned.

Louis the Ninth, on his return to France, with his queen and his children, was very near being shipwrecked, some of the planks of the vessel having started, and he was requested to go into another ship, which was in company with that which carried them. He refused to quit his own ship, and exclaimed, ‘Those that are with me most assuredly are as fond of their lives as I can possibly be of mine. If I quit the ship, they will likewise quit it—and the vessel not being large enough to receive them, they will all perish. I had much rather entrust my life and those of my wife and children in the hands of God, than be the occasion of making so many of my brave subjects perish.’

Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him, and whilst mounting a third was wounded by a musket shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp—and being faint with the loss of blood, and most probably parched with thirst, through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him—but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth a poor wounded soldier who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes—The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth just as he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, ‘Thy necessity is greater than mine.’

Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver Cromwell, is said to have fallen at the feet of his father to beg the life of his sovereign Charles I. In the same spirit of humanity, when Colonel Howard told him, on his father's death, that nothing but vigorous and violent measures could secure the protectorate to him, and that he should run no risk, as himself would be answerable for the consequences, Richard replied, ‘‘Every one shall see that I will do nobody any harm—I have never done any, nor ever will. I shall be much troubled if any one is injured on my account; and instead of taking away the life of the least person in the nation for the preservation of my greatness, (which is a burthen to me,) I would not have one drop of blood spilt.’’

An anecdote is told of the late Beau Nash, of Bath. When he was to give in some official accounts, among other articles he charged, ‘For making one man happy 10l.’ Being questioned about the meaning of so queer an item, he frankly declared that happening to overhear a poor man say to his wife, and a large family of children, that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, that if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge he was ready to refund the money. His employers, struck with such an uncommon instance of good feeling, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled as a proof of their satisfaction. In the severe winter of 1729 his charity was great, useful and extensive. He frequently, at that season of calamity, entered the

houses of the poor whom he thought too proud to beg, and generously relieved them. But of all the instances of Nash's bounty none does him more real honour than the pains he took in establishing a hospital at Bath. It is with pain we add that, after this, in the evening of his life, he stood in want of that charity which he had never refused to any one.

Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that ‘when a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliation for every fault—we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed; and wish for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.’

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS—No. II.

To the Pious portion of the Young Persons of Montreal, who are not hitherto engaged as Sunday School Teachers.

DEAR FRIENDS.—Many of you, doubtless, have yourselves received instruction in these institutions; to such, I feel deeply conscious it would be unnecessary to say any thing in order to convince you of their utility. Although years may have rolled away, and you, perhaps, may be far from the scenes of childhood and the persons who taught you in the Sunday School, yet, sure I am, the remembrance of all is vivid, and fraught with grateful feelings to God and those who were the humble instruments employed by him to give you a knowledge of divine things and to store your minds with those truths which, it is more than possible, may, in a great measure, form the principles by which you regulate your conduct. May I not, then, call upon you to endeavour to impart a portion of the benefit you have received on those who are now rising into active life, and will shortly assume situations which will give them an influence in society—which will either benefit or bring evil on those around them. You would not refuse to give your mite to further the missionary cause, or any other evangelical purpose; hesitate not, then, to come forward and instruct

those around you—those who, it may be, will become the companions of the younger portion of those connected with your own family, and it may be, too, may exert an influence, either good or bad, upon the habits and pursuits of your own offspring.

'To do good and to distribute forget not,' is a divine command—and if in earthly things how much more in heavenly—if with regard to the body, which must soon cease to exist, how much more with regard to the soul, which will endure for ever; besides, imparting to others those things causeth no diminution of our own store—for there is that scattereth and yet increaseth. Rich, rich shall be the reward of him who, with faithfulness and zeal, endeavours to make known the Saviour's love. In the day when God shall gather his wheat into his garner, then he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together. It cannot be an unpleasant task to him who hath felt the love of Jesus Christ, to tell others of that love, and teach them his will: for if the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth.

Were we to receive a command from our sovereign, how should we deem ourselves honoured by it: but how much more should we be called to assist in a work in which he was himself personally engaged. And thus it is with our heavenly King; to accomplish the salvation of man he led a life of suffering and privation and died a death of ignominy and intense anguish—he gave his back to the smiters and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; he, that he might save mankind, hid not his face from shame and spitting. Shall we not, then, engage, heart and hand and hand, in a work so replete with mercy, honour and profit. Ah, methinks if the most exalted of the celestial beings who dwell in the immediate presence of the King of Glory were to receive the slightest intimation that it was his Creator's will that he should undertake the instruction of three or two, or even of but one, of the sons of Adam, how would he wend, with willing wing, his way to earth—how would he exert his all but unlimited faculties in clearing away from that mind the clouds of ignorance—in what vivid colours would he represent the unparalleled condescension of God, as displayed in the scheme of redemption—how would he deem himself honoured by the commission! Who, then, of

the sons of men shall be vain enough to suppose that it would be beneath him to enter into the employment. * For we are labourers together with God.'

Take the subject, my dear friends, into consideration, and strive to be useful in your day and generation; and thus lay up for yourselves a treasure where moth and rust corrupteth not.

I am,

With most sincere affection,

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

Montreal, April 6.

POETRY

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The following beautiful lines upon the Love of God are said to have been composed by a lunatic, and found written on the wall in his cell after his death.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade:

To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
If stretch'd from sky to sky.

TO MY MOTHER.

Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.
Unfelt, in sleep, thy load of sorrow,
Breathe free and thoughtless of tomorrow;
And long and light thy slumbers last,
In happy dreams forget the past.
Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

Many's the night she waked for me,
To nurse my helpless infancy!
While cradled on her patient arms,
She bush'd me with the mother's charms.
Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

And be it mine, to see thy age,
With tender care thy grief assuage;
This hope is left to poorest poor,
And richest child can do no more.
Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.