

ing the cottage into a college. The *intellect* may be prematurely quickened and developed;—but the *heart* cannot be too early disciplined. Our present danger lies not so much in education neglected, as in education *partial* and *disproportioned*. I think the great desideratum now, is to counterbalance an excessive cultivation of science, as taught in our public seminaries, by inducing, at the paternal mansion, a deeper watchfulness over those affections and moral feelings, "out of which are the issues of life," and upon which little real attention is bestowed, at the greater part of our numerous and pretending literary establishments. I will not here venture on the great question so much agitated in our country at the present time—I will not say what place should be assigned to religion, in those seminaries which are endowed from the public funds; but one thing is certain—no religious discipline of after years, not even the eloquence of the pulpit, with all the multiplied and gracious influences of the church itself, can ever supply the defects of a heart neglected in childhood. No public care can ever atone for parental sloth. None but those who have attended public schools, can imagine how little is done, yea, how little can be done, at such schools, toward reforming a vicious child.

Some exception to this remark may be made in favor of some female schools, where the government is domestic and paternal, and the whole establishment is assimilated to the quietude, watchfulness and affection of a family. Such seminaries may sometimes be found and are invaluable to any country; but they are rare, for they require abilities and singular benevolence; yet, so far from these furnishing arguments against the necessity of *homo cultura* that it is there its importance is most felt, and its neglect most deplored. With respect to colleges and seminaries, in general, they are known to be places of peculiar danger, and nothing but the strictest vigilance can keep them from becoming hot-beds of vice. True, these dangers, like other temptations in the great world, must sometimes be encountered; but shame on the parent who sends his child into their midst without the safeguard of early piety.

If these observations on early training be just, then will it follow, that female education is not the trifling affair that many persons imagine. It is the culling of the mother to educate her children—to educate them, not in science, but in manners and morals. In this work the father may do much, but nothing in comparison with the mother. And the mother is thus to form the early and enduring habits of the child. She must be well educated herself. She need not be Madame de Staël, or a Hannah More, but she should be intelligent. She should be something different from a kitchen-maid, and something different from a well-dressed doll; something more than a slave to her husband's convenience; something more than a canary-bird, to sing and shine for his amusement. Her understanding should be enlarged by useful reading, and her affections regulated by religion. If the reader asks for an example, he will find it in the mother of John Wesley. If we had more such mothers, we should have more such sons.

We seem generally to mi-take the best plan of reforming the world. We despise the children, because they are children; forgetting that the mighty actors, now struggling on "the world's broad field of battle," were yesterday slumbering in the cradle. We could have *led* them, or *taught* them, *then*; we must *fight* them *now*. We look over the world, and we see the abodes of sorrow and crime well thronged. We look on, and sigh; we have no power to close the rushing flood-gates of pollution; no power to allure the fallen victim from his cup of sensual pleasure; but yesterday—yesterday, we might have prevented the first bewitching draft. Oh, what labor, what discouragement might be saved to the reformer and the preacher, by the faithfulness of the mother!

"I would have been a French infidel," said John C. Calhoun, "but for my mother, who used to teach me to kneel by my bedside and say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'" Let every mother go and do likewise; for among all the multiplied means employed to renovate this fallen and godless world, there is none more beautiful, none more effectual, than the mother teaching her child to say "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Port Hope, December, 1847.

MOVING ONWARD.

THE world rolls on, let what will be happening to the individuals who occupy it. The sun rises and sets, seed-time and harvest come and go, generations arise and pass away, law and authority hold on their course, while hundreds of millions of human hearts have stirring within them struggles and emotions eternally new—an experience so diversified as that no two days appear alike to any one, and to no two does any one day appear the same. There is something so striking in this perpetual contrast between the external uniformity and internal variety of the procedure of existence, that it is no wonder that multitudes have formed a conception of Fate—of a mighty unchanging power, blind to the differences of spirits, and deaf to the appeals of human delight and misery; a huge insensible force, beneath which all that is spiritual is sooner or later wounded, and is ever liable to be crushed. This conception of Fate is grand, is natural, and fully warranted to minds too lofty to be satisfied with the details of human life, but which have not risen to the far higher conception of a Providence to whom this uniformity and variety are but means to a higher end than they apparently involve. There is infinite blessing in having reached the nobler conception; the feeling of helplessness is relieved; the craving for sympathy from the ruling power is satisfied; there is a hold for veneration; there is, above all, the stimulus and support of an end perceived or anticipated; a purpose which steepens in sanctity all human experience. Yet even where the blessing is the most fully felt and recognized, the spirit cannot but be at times overwhelmed by the vast regularity of aggregate existence, thrown back upon its faith for support, when it reflects how all things go on as they did before it became conscious of existence, and how all would go on as now if it were to die to-day. On it rolls—not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere;—on it rolls; and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen and heard above the general stir and hum of life, than the Chimborazo or the loftiest Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere.

On, on it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary mote of the myriads that swim in space: no shriek, of passion nor shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations on a continent, could attain the ear of the eternal Silence, as she sits throned among the stars. Death is less dreary than life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart, believe that they are not the accidents of Fate, but the children of a Father. In the house of every wise parent may then be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into his parent's pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he can only venerate! Which of these little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parent's thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household—its going forth and coming in, its rising and its rest—having been different before his birth, or that it would be altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when it now and then occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him—that he has clothes and a couch, and that his mother thinks and cares for him. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it—his father thoughtful, his mother occupied, and the rest gay, with the one difference of his not being there. Thus he believes, and has no other trust than in his shrieks of terror, for being ever remembered more. Yet all the while from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parent around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening its passions, nourishing its affection—now troubling it with salutary pain, now animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while is the order of household affairs