

until I can, I see no probability of finding comfort at home. Mary is as ignorant as a baby, of all that the mistress of a family ought to know, and I am tired of living at the mercy of a pack of careless domestics."

"Mary has been unfortunate in not learning such duties in her early home, Charles, but certainly there is no difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of them now; did you ever try to teach her?"

"Try to teach housekeeping, mother? no, indeed; I should as soon think of teaching a woman how to put on her dress; who ever heard of a man teaching his wife how to keep house?"

"I will tell you, Charles, what you might have taught her; you have such habits of order, and are so systematic in your arrangement of time, that you could easily have imparted to her your notions on such subjects, without appearing to meddle with woman's affairs, and when she had once learned them, half her task would have been accomplished."

"A woman ought not to be married 'till she knows her duties. The parent who allows a daughter to marry, when conscious that she is utterly ignorant of these, is guilty of an actual imposition upon the luckless husband."

"You would scarcely expect a parent to blazon his child's defects, Charles; a man chooses a wife for himself—he marries with his eyes open."

"No, I'll be hanged if he does! he is blinded by a pretty face, at first, and then the lady and her friends take good care to noose him, before he gets his eyes open."

"You are angry, Charles, and I am afraid you have used bitter words, rather than arguments, with poor Mary."

"Mother, I am as unhappy as ever was mortal man: I love home—I love my wife, but when I seek both, I am disgusted by the sight of a disordered house and a slovenly woman, and my feelings are instantly changed into anger and almost dislike. I shall break up housekeeping in the spring; I can't bear it any longer."

"I think I could remedy the evil of which you complain, if I was only sure that Mary would not resent my interference."

"Resent! why, mother, she never resents any thing; I never heard an angry word from her in my life, and I have given her many a one. Mrs. Wharton looked significantly at her son, as she promised to make the attempt.

It happened, not long after the conversation above narrated, that Charles Wharton was

taken seriously ill, and his mother became an inmate of his family until his recovery. There is nothing which so effectually subdues wrathful feelings, and obliterates the recollection of past unkindness, as the touch of sickness.—When death sits watching beside the bed of pain, the animosity of a lifelong enemy seems like a sin against the charities of life, and how much more vain and wicked seem the angry bickerings of those whom love has bound together! Charles saw nothing of the sloven in the attentive and devoted nurse, who untiringly ministered to his wants, and Mary felt more happiness, notwithstanding her apprehensions, than she had enjoyed for many months. But Mrs. Wharton, the mother, now obtained a clear insight into the difficulties which had marred their domestic comfort, and, no sooner was Charles restored to convalescence, than she set herself to the task of subduing them.—Fortunately for her scheme, Mary possessed that perfect good temper which was not to be ruffled even by the interference of a mother-in-law, and Mrs. Wharton had sufficient tact to know just how far that interference could be carried with success. In the course of the frequent confidential conversations which occurred between the mother and wife, during the time when both were engrossed in the care of the invalid, Mary learned much of her husband's early tastes and habits, of which she had before been utterly ignorant. She heard, but not in the language of personal rebuke, of his peculiar notions of order and system, and her mind, which had consciously acquired habits of reflection and thought in her hours of solitude, began to understand the benefit of a regular and well-ordered plan of life. But still she was at a loss to know exactly how to arrange such a plan, and it was not until she had summoned sufficient moral courage, (smile not, reader, it required no small share of it,) to explain her dilemma, and ask the aid of her mother-in-law, that she was enabled to enter upon her new course of life.

Following the advice of Mrs. Wharton, the first bad habit which she corrected, was that of indulging in morning slumbers. Early rising afforded her the time to attire herself with neatness and propriety, while it also gave her the opportunity of visiting the important domain of the 'Land of Cookery,' and of inspecting the arrangement of the morning meal. It required a serious struggle with that hardest of all tyrants, Indolence, but Mrs. Wharton soon found that bad habits are like the bonds with which the Lilliputians fettered the slumbering Gull-