

Home Affections.

The heart has memories that cannot die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home—early home: There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung on many a summer's day,—yonder the river in which he first learned to swim—there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection—there is the room in which he romped with brother and sister—long since, alas! laid in the grave to which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself, he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thought of ferule and task, now comes back to bring present remembrances of many an attachment there formed—many an occasion that called forth generous exhibitions of the traits of human nature. There he learned some of his heart's best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being, who, by her love and tenderness in after life, has made home happier even than that which his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity—and, those too, among the best—that can find an appropriate place for exercise only by one's own fire-side. There is a sacredness in the privacy of the spot, which it were a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more or less than a villain, and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate, in any mode, the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested—where he may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

On account of the number for November coming out so late in December, we have thought it better to date the present number—January, 1852. Our subscribers for the year will sustain no loss, as they will receive *twelve* numbers, notwithstanding this verbal arrangement.

Editorial.

THE PRESENT SEASON.

Though but a short period has elapsed since the Mayflower was last issued, it has been marked by the celebration of two of the most interesting and important annual festivals. The biting winds, and desolate appearance without, have been forgotten by the many happy family groups, who assembled around the cheerful hearth, and heartily engaged in the innocent amusements which custom has connected with the joyous season. Whether every heart was affected with the hallowed cause of Christmas gladness, or not,—every face beamed with smiles, every voice was ready with a kindly greeting. The different places of worship were thronged with attentive hearers, assembled to commemorate the birth of the Saviour. The poor and friendless were not forgotten, and many hearts were gladdened by the benevolence of those, who, more highly favoured, remembered that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

The rapid flight of time has been again illustrated by the termination of another year; and the necessity for diligence in improving our present opportunities, has been urged, from the pulpit, with becoming solemnity and earnestness. The commencement of a New Year suggests great cause for thankfulness and serious reflection: thankfulness that we have been allowed to enter on its duties, and reflection, that, gathering wisdom from the remembrance of mis-spent time, we may more wisely improve the advantages which have been so graciously bestowed.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON Fashion and Dress.

From the Lady's Newspaper.

A number of new head dresses, adapted to the evening parties of the present season, have just appeared. They are made chiefly of ribbon, lace, and flowers. Some of the ribbon head-dresses are composed of a mixture of figured ribbon, and of ribbon brooch