

Family Circle.

Parental Responsibility.

—Would we look for one who is signally the pest and bane of his land, our eyes will pass by him who is summoned to her bar for a breach of her laws; she has a more insidious foe—a foe whose harm is more sure, more extensive, and more abiding; they will fix on him who might have blessed her in his sons, but who has originated evil dispositions, and cradled evil tendencies at his home, has corrupted the fount of honour and virtue there, and thereby has marred it in her senates, her cities, or her marts.

Parents owe a debt to ages yet unborn; for who shall say at what point in the stream of time, the personal character of any individual now on earth shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling once communicated to another mind, is gone, it is beyond recall; it bore the stamp of virtue, it is blessing man and owned by heaven; its character was evil, vain the remorse that would revoke it, vain the gnawing anxiety that would compute its mischief; its immediate, and to us visible effect may soon be spent; its remote one who shall calculate? The characters of the dead are inwrought into those of the living; the generation below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth; the existing generation is moulding that which shall succeed it; and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we infuse into our children to-day.

Happily childhood introduces and perpetuates domestic happiness in maturer years. It opens the way for friendship between parent and child when the days of inequality and dependence shall have passed away. It is the base of true and lasting power—power, whose seat is in the heart. It must be so, for it is allied with all that commands reverence and engages love, with all that brings man into near and hallowed connection with his God, the connection which throws sanctity over human ties. Coleridge writes "No emperor hath power to prescribe laws for the heart." The poet is right, but the parent has such power.—*The Parent's Great Commission.*

How to be Miserable.

"How to be happy," is a very common heading to an article addressed to the young. I have seen it in the papers so often that I would not think of writing upon it. But I believe I have never seen anything in print to tell young folks *how to be miserable.*

"How to be miserable, well I guess we don't want to be miserable."

Don't want to be miserable? How so? Then why do you take so much pains to be miserable? I cannot think how a child or a youth who is free from care or trouble, and full of buoyant spirits, can be miserable without trying to be so. But, as I have seen a great many young persons who were not only determined to make themselves miserable, but everybody around them also, I thought, perhaps, they would thank me for telling them how they may do it easier.

In the first place if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and of your own things. Don't care about anything else. Have no feeling for anybody but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but the rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous, lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one that is better off in any respect than yourself, think unkindly towards them, and speak slightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be very watchful against it; and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your rights are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point.

Be very sensitive, and take everything said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of all your friends lest they should not think enough of you. And if at anytime they seem to neglect you,

put the worst construction upon it you can, and conclude that they wish to "cut" your acquaintance: and so, the next time you meet them, put on a sour look, and show a proper resentment. You will soon get rid of them, and cease to be troubled with friends. You will have the pleasure of being shut up in yourself.

Be very touchy and irritable. Cultivate a sour cross and snappish disposition.—Never speak in good nature, if you can help it. Never be satisfied with anything, but always be fretting. Pout at your father and mother, get angry with your brothers and sisters; or if you are alone, fret at your books, or your work, or your play. Never look at or admire anything that is beautiful and good; but fix your eye on the dark side of everything; complain of defects in the best of things, and be always on the look out for whatsoever is deformed or ugly, or offensive in any way, and turn up your nose at it. If you will do half of these things you will be miserable enough.—*N. Y. Obs.*

A Daughter's Education.

When a young lady is seventeen years of age, if she enjoys good health, she is just beginning to have that vigour of mind which enables her to make intellectual acquisitions. Two or three years, then devoted energetically to study, will store her mind with treasures which will be more valuable to her than mines of gold. She will be thus able to command a husband's respect, and retain his love. Her children will feel they indeed have a mother. Her home will be one worthy of the name, where a mother's accomplished mind and glowing heart will diffuse their heavenly influence.

An angel might covet the mission which is assigned to a mother. Your child, who thinks of finishing her education at sixteen, may soon have entrusted to her keeping a son, in whose soul may glow the energies of Milton, or of Newton, or of Washington. God did not make her to play a waltz or to dance the polka. She is created a little lower than the angels. When the waning stars expire, she is still to go careering on in immortality, till she reaches that climax of happiness—in the presence of God. Appreciate the exaltation of her nature, her duties and her destiny. Let not the noble intellect where dwells her immortality be unheeded. The years of youth are soon gone. The moments when a young lady can attract attention by a few superficial accomplishments are as transient as the morning dew. But there are life-long cares, and responsibilities which will weigh upon her. And when she has passed through her threescore years and ten, and venerable in age, she sits by the fireside with her children and grand-children around her, accomplished scholars and honoured statesmen may be among their number, who shall assemble in her chamber with emotions of love and reverence.—*Rev. J. S. C. Abbot.*

Attractiveness of Children.

Children—they are a sacred happiness. Their place in our hearts is marked out in every page of Holy Writ. By the mouth of a child God reproved and doomed his High Priest, when the great house of Eli was to fall, and Hophi and Phineas to die "both in one day." By the example of a child Christ warned and exhorted his disciples, when they would have forbidden the company of those little ones, as intrusive and trivial in the great Presence.

Nearer to glory they stand than we in this world and the next! It was a gentle and not unholy fancy that made the Portuguese artist Squiera, in one of his sweet pictures, form of millions of infant faces the floor of heaven; dividing it thus from the fiery vault beneath, with its groups of the damned and lost. For how many women has this image been realized! How many have been saved from despair or sin by the voice and smile of these unconscious little ones! The woman who is a mother dwells in the immediate presence of guardian angels. She will bear on for her children's sake. She will toil for them—die for them—live for them—which is sometimes harder still. The neglected, miserable, mal-

-treated wife has still one bright spot in her home; in that darkness a watchlight burns; she has her children's love; she will strive for her children. The woman tempted by passion has still one safeguard stranger than all with which you would surround her; she will not leave her children. The angry and outraged woman sees in those tiny features a pleading more eloquent than words; her wrath against her husband melts in the sunshine of their eyes. Idiots are they, who in family quarrels, seek to punish the mother by parting her from her offspring; for in that blasphemy against nature they do violence to God's own decrees, and lift away from her heart the consecrated instruments of His power.

The fact that there are careless and unnatural mothers does not destroy the argument. So there are men who are murderers; children who are monsters. Nature makes exceptions to all her great unswerving rules; but rules they will remain until the end of time; and among them, none more general, more mighty, more unailing, than the love of a mother for her child!

The Evil of a Bad Temper.

A bad temper is a great curse to its possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is in truth a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is most deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering, because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so if all the members of a church, neighbourhood and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.—*Morning Star.*

The Old Family Horse.

But where is the deacon's horse? Last year, and for the past twenty years preceding, you could hardly pass the house on a summer evening, without noticing an old gray quietly feeding by the roadside, lazily brushing off with his long switch tail the hungry flies that fastened on his flanks.—The landscape is nothing without the old horse. The deacon reared him on the homestead. When a yearling, he used to come regularly to the back door, and there receive crusts of bread, crumbs of cake, and other delicacies, the free gifts of the children to their pet. He was the most wonderful colt that ever was—as docile as the house dog. When stray poultry trespassed on the grounds, he would lay his little ears back, and putting his nose close to the ground, curling up his lips and showing his white teeth, drive the marauders from the premises with such a "scare," that they would refrain from their incursions for a week to come. But he was incapable of injuring a living thing.

When old enough for use, he submitted to the discipline of bit and bridle without a single opposing effort. And what a fine figure he made in harness! How smartly he trotted off to church, carrying the whole family behind him in a Dear-born wagon! How proud was his carriage when he bore the deacon on his back!

The old man once made a long journey on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in the northern part of New England. A great portion of the way there was only a bridle path to follow through the woods, and this was frequently obstructed by fallen trees. When the impediment was merely a bare trunk, the gallant gray cleared it at a flying leap; when the tree was encumbered with branches, he clambered over it like

a wild cat. Once the deacon was obliged to dismount and crawl on his hands and knees through the dense branches; the sagacious horse imitated his example, and worked his way through like a panther.

But age came upon the good gray. His sight began to fail, his knees to falter. His teeth were entirely worn away.

After a bitter struggle, the deacon concluded to replace him by a younger horse. Life had become a burthen to the old family servant, of which it was a mercy to relieve him. Yet, even then, the deacon was reluctant to give a positive order for his execution.

One day he called his eldest son to him. "Abijah," said he, "I'm going over to W., to get that colt I was speaking about. While I am gone, I want you to dispose of the poor old gray. I shouldn't like to sell him to anybody that would abuse him."

He could say no more—but Abijah understood him. When his father had gone, he went into the meadow, and dug a deep pit, beside which he placed the sods at first removed by the spade. He then carefully loaded his rifle, and called to the old gray. The poor animal, who was accustomed to obey the voice of every member of the family, feebly neighed, and tottered to the brink of the pit. The young man threw a handkerchief over the horse's eyes, and placing the muzzle of the rifle to his ear, fired. The poor old horse fell, without a groan, into the grave which had been prepared for him. With streaming eyes, Abijah threw the earth over the remains of his playmate, and then carefully replaced the sod.

When the deacon returned with his fine new horse, he manifested no elation at his purchase, nor, though he perceived that the stall was empty, did he trust himself to make any inquiries respecting the old gray. Only the family noticed that, in the course of the afternoon, in wandering through the meadow, he came upon the new-made grave, and though the sods had been carefully replaced, he evidently noticed traces of the spade, and he suspected the cause, for he tried the soil with his foot, and was also observed to pass the back of his hands across his eyes. But he never alluded to his old servant.

If there be men who can smile at the grief of a family for the loss of an animal who had been long endeared to them by service and association, be assured that their hearts are not in the right place; and that they are individuals who would exhibit a like callousness to the loss of human friends.

Literary.

Judge Marshall's Concluding Letter, TO THE PEOPLE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

REMEDIES AND CONCLUSION.

Another general remedial measure, proposed by many, as perfectly sufficient, of itself, for effecting these same desirable and excellent purposes, is, that, of bringing those classes more fully under religious means and influences; and imparting to them religious instruction, as universally as possible. This is urged by very many among religious professors, including the great body of Ministers of different denominations, who either oppose the total abstinence reform, or refuse to afford it their sanction or assistance. Their assertion, in effect, is, that religion, or the gospel, is quite sufficient, of itself, to effect the whole reform which is required; and, therefore, that the total abstinence means and operations, are either not at all needed, or, if requisite for drunkards, are certainly not required for members of christian churches. This is a subject, which will, here, require very precise and accurate examination and remark, in order to elucidate and fix the true points of difference of opinion, between the persons first mentioned, and those, who, quite equally with them, believe in the power and efficacy of religious truth and instruction, and also favour and advocate the total abstinence reform. There is a fallacy, or misapprehension, involved on the point of difference, which it is requisite should be accurately

exhibited. posture an mentioned gospel, is: ral and s they mean cluded in use of all i would, at difference end. But They mea ligious or g they insist contained allows the liquors, so that divine from that we, who a stinence ground, cec ble requir cepts, that sake the understand that they —should but as wis worldly lu being stra "crucify t lusts"; sh pearance not every man also "put a st ther"; an or whatso to the glo stainers, citation whi "Lead us that, acco christianit time, thei body, thei their infl sessions a and empl in their p ner, for t and the g fellow bei ther as to or duty, c least necc use intox an ordina sition we truth ha proved, th the expet or even s different various o the earth, cum-stanc have spo precisely stinence, has been and mind nary cir their con this life: fessors w indeed, n of this pe use of in erage, is of tempti sons, are sin. All I must e candid, v also, inn siently, keep reli We app and asse but that millions a course churches minister every re converte of their l quors h sots, an numbers eternity, minister