

forget the sacred associations and the holy affections of their native family circle. Behold the result in their morality and prosperity. In the silent hours of night—in the stillness and thoughtfulness of the Sabbath day, and in the solemn hours preceding death, the beautiful associations and memories of our infant days—of the looks of a loved mother with eyes upturned to God to implore his blessings on her children—of a manly father inculcating in the bosom of his son moral and religious desires, and in his heart benevolent and manly feelings arise before our minds like a mirror of our memory, and are fondly gazed upon. When all other memories forsake us—the memory of the dear hours we have spent with fond parents—the loved times and scenes in which we have participated with tender sisters and generous and affectionate brothers, many of whom are perhaps no more—will arise and be viewed as holy—holy to the soul. Such happy homes and such examples set in family circles are not confined to Scotland and the New England States.—Our own dear country Canada has many thousands of such. England and Ireland have produced thousands of such. They are found in all christian countries. The stability, happiness and intelligence of society depends on the education of the fireside. Take on the other hand France—a country refined in the arts and sciences—highly civilized, and the middle ranks of its people educated. In it we see an absence of that moral feeling—thoughtfulness—intelligence and independence which characterise in a peculiar manner the Scotch and New England people. Why is it so? Social morality in France is not such as one would desire. Conjugal fidelity—the married state, and the endearments and happiness of the family circle are not generally looked upon as sacred. Hence we see a frivolous and unstable people—not actuated by deep-rooted principles: with hearts open to sudden impressions and military enthusiasm—France is their home and their only one; for it they live—they think—and feel. This want of fixed principles in them as a whole people renders it difficult to govern them in any other way than by a military power. But we will find the most noble and remarkable exceptions to this rule amongst them. France has produced the most remarkable of men—men celebrated for their worth as moralists, and as friends of the sciences deeply skilled in all the departments of philosophy; but as a people, they lack the charms of the sober, calm-thinking and affectionate homes we have described. The blessings of the family circle are not confined to the rich or the noble. In Britain the peasant of the meanest kind can have his home—his family worship—his family comforts and order. The Queen may have them;

and Victoria sets her people in this respect a noble example. We of America, however, can have them and enjoy them to a much greater extent than the people of older countries. We are not oppressed by heavy taxes. We see not squalid poverty at our doors, nor a people crying for work and food. Plenty and wide lands surround us. We have but to wish and determine, to enjoy and possess. Behold a group of happy children cheerful in their home, surrounded by the comforts of life; protected by, and watched over by loving and moral parents! This is a sight that angels delight to gaze on. This is a scene that God delights to bless. The permanency of such a state depends greatly—very greatly upon parents. If one of them is dissipated, is drunken—leaves this happy home to spend his leisure hours in the revels of the tavern or the gaming-house, or clouds the intellect at home with the use of intoxicating drinks—this home will be dispoiled of its best charms, and marred in its beauty. Alas! how many—many homes—and loving wives, are rendered wretched by the fell destroyer alcohol. Children that would otherwise love and feel a pride to respect a father or a mother, are taught by their dissipated habits to loathe the very presence of those who would be otherwise dear to them. Their advice falls idly upon the ears of the child, when that child sees its giver himself, by his example, contradict his own words. The poor wife, who, after a day's work of industry and usefulness about her house, has a right to spend the evening in happiness and social converse with her mate, sees him come home but to insult her or abuse his children. Perhaps, when expecting the enjoyment of his company, or hoping for an hour in which to unburden her heart to him, he suddenly leaves her to spend his evening in the gratification of an appetite for liquid poison. She has then to fear his return as a nuisance. Very little better is he who would mar the beauty of the family circle by an example at home, which his children in the end may follow and turn to their ruin. Evil commences by a first step—by a drop—by a glass—by a touch. Use familiarizes it, and at last it becomes our constant companion and our master. The strong mind resists the first step. The determined will, shakes off the habit forever. Many a home that would smile with a holy joy, is turned to an earthly hell by a drunken husband, who commenced in the beginning with only an evening glass. One glass commenced the ruin of his once loved family circle, and turned the affection of a dutiful child to disgust. One glass commenced the career of that race which has turned the smiles of a youthful wife to care-worn furrows, and her raven tresses to locks of grey. Of all the enemies of the family

circle there is none like alcohol. It brings strife—poverty—disgust—distress and ruin where once we saw the sacred affections of the heart in full activity. The sober man is thoughtful;—is affectionate to his family;—is kind to his wife;—spends his nights at home in useful reading, or in the converse of some neighbor upon some useful subject. After a busy day he fondles his little ones on his knee, or reads out of the holy Book to his little family group seated around the blazing fire, whilst his contented and happy wife, with delighted countenance plies the busy needle. Oh happy scene! Heaven multiply them! Oh, that man who follows the ways and follies of the drunkard, or the drinker of poison, could fully appreciate his bad example—could fully appreciate his duties to his fire-side circle. We all have had or will have our family circle. Let us remember it is a place of holy affections; of holy examples, where nothing should appear or be done but what God approves.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

DISCOVERIES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA—THE NATIVES, PRODUCTIONS, &c.

The news from the interior shows that there is considerable turbulence prevailing among the different native sovereignties or tribes, and that this fact was causing injury to the settlement in various ways. One of the frontier papers states that somewhere about two hundred lives were lost last year, by the collision of different savage tribes, and that similar results will follow in successive years, if the impetuosity of the barbarian people be not restrained.

Discoveries are daily making in regions beyond what was denominated the frontier. Among others, travellers have arrived from the Zulu country. In some places it was fertile and beautiful, with luxuriant vegetation; in others the land was barren, and not a tree to be seen for miles. The chief food of the inhabitants is milk, rice, and sweet potatoes. In one place a party of travellers came to the kraal of one of the principal Zulu chiefs, styled by the natives En Corzin. Here they were hospitably entertained four days. Corzin, the chief, rejoiced in the possession of twenty wives, all of whom were daily dismissed to the labors of the field, except one favorite dark beauty, who seemed exempt from this unfeminine occupation. A cup-bearer, too, figured at the festive board, reminding the travellers of Pharaoh and the kings of ancient times—a tall, stalworth native, whose head was bound in a large blue shawl in oriental style. The natives use black earthenware cups. These cups were so beautifully glazed, and of such curious workmanship, that the travellers were surprised to find that they were manufactured by the natives. The kraal, or hut, of the chief was surrounded for miles with those of his relatives. About one hundred of these vassals were summoned upon one occasion, and despatched to hunt buffaloes. Large crops of sweet potatoes, and Caffre corn were seen, as well as immense quantities of sugar cane. An expedition of about 40 volunteers, headed by the English crown prosecutor, had under plea of stopping the incursions of the "Bushmen," invading the territory of an old chief, the ally of the English, seized 800 of his cattle and several of the Bushmen boys as captives, and required him to cede all his unoccupied territory to the British, all because he had