

tenderness? If it be true, that our pleasures are chiefly of a comparative or reflected kind—how supreme must be theirs, who, “thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,” continually reflect on each other, the portraiture of happiness! I know of no part of the single or bachelor’s estate, more irksome than the privation we feel by it, of some friendly breast in which to pour our delights, or from whence to extract an antidote for whatever may chance to give us pain. How tranquil is the state of that bosom, which has, as it were, a door perpetually open to the reception of joy, or departure from pain, by uninterrupted confidence in, and sympathy with, the object of its affections! The mind of a good man, I believe to be rather communicative, than torpid:—If so, how often may a youth, of even the best principles expose himself to very disagreeable sensations, from sentiments inadvertently dropped, or a confidence improperly reposed. A good heart, it is true, need not fear, the exposition of its amiable contents:—but, alas! it is always a security for us, that we mean well, when our expressions are liable to be misconstrued by such as appear to lie in wait only to pervert them to some ungenerous purpose? The charms, then, of social life, and the sweets of domestic conversation, are no small incitement to the marriage state. What more agreeable than the conversation of an intelligent, amiable, and interesting friend? But who more intelligent than a well educated female? What more amiable than gentleness and sensibility itself? Or what friend more interesting than such an one as we have selected from the whole world, to be our companion, in every vicissitude of seasons, or of life? “Oh that I had,” says the song of the Hungarian peasantry, “a large garden well stocked with fruit; a farm well stocked with cattle; and a young and beautiful wife.”

If either of the parties be versed in music, what a tide of innocent delight must it prove,—to soothe in ad-

versity,—to humanize in prosperity,—to compose in noise,—and to command serenity in every situation.—If books have any charms for them—(and must they not be tasteless if they have not) what a transition is it, from what a Shakspeare wrote—to what a Handel played!—From the melodious versification of Addison and Milton, to the notes of Mozart and Corelli! How charming a relaxation from the necessary and time-serving avocations of business! “Of business do you say?”—Yes; for I number this too, among the pleasures of the *happily married*.—Let the lady find agreeable employment at home, in the domestic economy of her household—but let the gentleman be pursuing, by unremitting and honest industry, new comforts for her—for his children—and for himself. Is there not some pleasure too, in reflecting, that the happiness of the married state, is more secure and permanent, than that of all others?—It is the haven of a sea of gallantries, of turbulence, and fears. Other friendships are seen to fade, to languish, and to die, by removal of abodes, by variance of interest, by injuries, and even by mistakes: but this is coequal with life: here our education is completed—all the sympathies and affections of the citizen, the parent, and the friend have their fullest spheres assigned them, and when each falls off, one after the other, like the “sere yellow leaf,” the transition to Heaven will be neither difficult nor strange; for that is the *home* to which the best improvements of social life are only framed to conduct us.—

“Evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour’d more, as more remembrance
swell

With many a proof of recollected love;
Together down they sink in social sleep
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal
reign.”

CECIL.

St. John, N. B.