

vernable; in fact, never knew what self-government was, for he was never taught it. He had no home. Not so with Cowper, who embalms, in fascinating poetry, his recollections of the sanctity of home. The reminiscences of his mother were so delightful, he could apostrophize in tender numbers even her portrait when brought to view.

The family is a *school*. The parent is the natural teacher. With what beauty of language and solemnity of style, with what divine authority does the law giver of Israel appoint the parent to his work—Deut. vi. 7. In the house, by the way, in the morning, in the evening, must this work be constantly done. Happy the child who can say, "I was my father's son—he taught me also." Happy the parent who saith, "Hear, ye children, the instructions of a father." Speak not of wealth, of legacies, of estates bequeathed. The best inheritance is the educator of the soul for eternity. Alas! how many thousands are trained to a career of guilt and shame!

The family is a *society*. In it are all the elements of social relations. Numbers, intellect, attachments, sympathies, temperaments, attrition of mind, moral power. Thus it is the very foundation of civil society, whose dignity, advancement, and prosperity, in every form, depend upon the same qualities in the family. This is the only road to the perfection of the social state.

The family is a *sanctuary*. If on earth can be found a refuge from earth's ills, toils, and calamities, it is here. To the man of business, jaded with cares; to the laborer, worn with toil; to the professional man, the clerk, the politician; to the sailor, from the stormy fight; to all who come from the battle of life, how refreshing to find a spot where the heart is sure to repose, undisturbed by a doubt that *there* every face beams with a smile of welcome, every heart bounds with joyful emotion.

The well ordered family is a little *church*. Believers and their children in covenant with God constitute the essential idea of a church—at least in a qualified sense. Such a family is the miniature of the "whole family named in heaven." "To the church in thy house," said Paul to Philemon. Happy house!—Thrice blest home! God is their father, Christ their elder brother, the Holy Spirit that sanctifier and guide.

That house is the vestibule of heaven. The sacred shrine is there. There the incense of prayer diffuses its sweetness. The melody of praise is there. Death does not break, but sanctifies, the link which binds it to the family above. The grave but opens the passage to glory.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

How short is the earthly history of a family! A few short years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their name will be no longer heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we can feel? Why should not our feelings towards them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into the dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed under far happier circumstances, in the region of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in heaven.

HOWARD'S OPINION OF SWEARERS.—Howard, the philanthropist, standing in the street, heard some dreadful oaths and curses from a public house opposite. Having occasion to go across, he first buttoned up his pockets, saying to a bystander, "I always do this when I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can also steal or do any thing else that is bad."