

lows that the care of educating the child belongs altogether to the mother, and that if it has been usurped by men, it is because education has been confounded with instruction—things essentially different, and between which it is important to make the distinction, for instruction may be interrupted, and pass without danger into other hands; but education should be continued by the same person.

Let us, then, not seek out of the family for the governor of our children; the one which nature presents to us will relieve us from the necessity of inquiring further, and that one we shall everywhere find; in the cottage of the poor, as in the palace of the rich; everywhere endowed with the same perfection, and ready to make the same sacrifices. Young mothers, young wives, let not the stern title of governor alarm your weakness; I would not impose upon you pedantic studies or austere duties; it is to happiness that I wish to lead you. I come to reveal to you your rights, your power, your sovereignty; it is in inviting you to roam through the happy paths of virtue and love that I prostrate myself at your feet, and that I ask of you the peace of the world, the order of families, the glory of your children, and the happiness of the human race.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE JOYS OF HOME.

O, what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved family circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance. It quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communicates with him as he journeys; and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "thou shalt know also, that thy tabernacle shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin." O, the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science. He drops the labour and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes and mingles with the diversions of his children:

He will not blush, that has a father's heart,  
To take in childish play, a childish part;  
But bends his sturdy back to any toy,  
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family, he will behold the desire of his eyes, the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles, he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast.—See, his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again, and retires to rest, and "the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely, lovely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? I cease to be thus house.

"Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,  
Thy homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor."

**IDLE DAUGHTERS.**—It is, says Mrs. Ellis, a most painful spectacle in families, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as a necessary consequence of the

neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are.

These individuals will often tell you with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it real! that "poor dear mamma is working herself to death." Yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.

**READING.**—Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting book, supposing him to have the book to read. It asks no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and graver, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, full as much as if he were *errec so drunk*, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family—and without a headache. Nay it accompanies him to his next days work; and if the book he has been reading, be any thing above the idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of beyond the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and shield me against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir John Herschel.*

**CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.**—The Crown Prince of Sweden has published an elegantly written work on the punishments and crimes of Sweden, which is remarkable for its sound views and liberal sentiments. To illustrate the inefficiency of capital punishments, the following table of annual executions is prepared:

Spain.....	one in	122,000	inhabitants
Sweden.....	"	172,000	do
Norway { from 1832 to 1834.....	"	720,000	do
{ from 1835 to 1837.....	none		
Ireland.....	one in	200,000	do
England.....	"	250,000	do
France.....	"	447,000	do
Berlin { in 1834.....	"	400,000	do
Austria, in Germany.....	"	1,230,000	do
Wurtemberg.....	"	840,000	do
Pennsylvania.....	"	750,000	do
Bavaria.....	"	823,000	do
Prussia.....	"	2,000,000	do
Vermont, since 1814.....	none		
Belgium, since 1830.....	none		

He advocates the abolition of capital punishments.

**POVERTY.**—We always say, "You need not be ashamed of poverty—it is no disgrace;" and most truly have we spoken; poverty is no disgrace. But why do we treat it as if it were a pestilence? shrink from it—proclaim it—insult it—chastise it—betray it—loathe it—abandon it? We shame to meet that "shabby looking man," or bow to that "ill-dressed woman," because we want moral courage to walk erect in the right path, unless it be the chosen high way of the great and powerful. What a dreadful lesson does this address to the hearts of men, steeped in hypocrisy, and pampered by wealth and crouching obsequence? How many bow in fervid adoration to the length of a man's purse, while in their hearts they despise the man! How many slaves of coin, and mere watch dogs of wealth, will pass by in proud denision a labourer! How many a rich nabob would spurn the proffered grasp of a tiller of the soil in his labouring habiliments, and how contemptuously they can speak of the lower orders. Ye garished sepulchres! in what are ye better than they? Haughty mistress of a lordly mansion! how dare you spurn and scoff at the operative? What comfort, what luxury do you enjoy that labour did not procure? What comfort or luxury could you command,