

mind been trained to seek gratification in what is good, noble and intellectual, she would not have acquired that morbid taste for dwelling amidst the miseries and imperfections of humanity, and I do not hesitate to say that all the tattlers and busy-bodies I have ever known, were persons whose minds were either very weak, or very empty. Therefore the best preventive against the contagious influence of slander is, doubtless, the pre-occupying of the youthful mind with subjects which would expand and agnify its powers. To those who hold the opinion, that literary and scientific knowledge is detrimental to domestic happiness, and injurious to women, by distracting their minds, and taking their attention from household duties, I would simply say, that had Mary T. . . ., in childhood, enjoyed the instructions of an intelligent mother or governess, she would, in all probability, although a little more bookish, have been quite as efficient in household affairs; a much more agreeable companion, and susceptible of that high bliss, which she appears never to have tasted—the bliss of promoting the happiness of others.

IDA.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

For the Calliopean.

TO LOVE and respect our parents is a duty, which we owe not only to them, but to God; since the only commandment with promise is, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Three most important duties are comprehended in the word—Honor—viz: love, obedience, and reverence.

We should love our parents, as our best and most faithful friends; who have watched over us from our infancy, and protected us from the many dangers to which we have been exposed—who have borne with our waywardness for years, and whom our unkindness and ingratitude could never estrange. How much of their own comforts did they relinquish to promote our happiness, when we were utterly helpless ourselves? If we would think how willingly a kind father labored for our support—with what affection a loving mother suffered her night's repose to be disturbed to administer to our wants—with what solicitude and anxiety they watched over our youthful steps, and taught us to "eschew evil" and "cleave to that which is good,"—how differently would we act, and how would it be our constant aim to show our attachment, by doing all in our power to render them happy—indeed, all we can do, will be but a very partial recompense to them for all their trouble and watchfulness.

But their solicitude and kindness end not with the helplessness of infancy. They are still concerned for our welfare, as is plainly shown by their self-denial and sacrifices to provide for our education—that we may be fitted for usefulness in the world—prove a blessing to our fellow creatures, and an ornament to christianity.

We cannot indeed esteem our parents too highly, or love them too sincerely. They are deserving of our purest affection, and every mark of respect we can show them is but a trifle. How affectionately have we been summoned by them to surround the family altar; where we have heard the word of God read and explained—listened to their earnest prayers at the throne of grace, in our behalf; and been exhorted to give our hearts to God.

Every well-instructed mind cannot but admit, that the claims of parents are sacred, and that their opinions should be received with deference, and concurred in so far as they are in accordance with the revealed will of God; and that their feelings should always be regarded with the greatest tenderness, and in no case willingly wounded by the folly of those, whose welfare it has always been their most earnest desire to promote. Their instructions and requests, however mildly expressed, should be listened to with submission, and carefully obeyed.

How delightful to contemplate the happiness of a family, in which affection and tenderness animate the hearts of each of its members; where all endeavor to lighten the labors of each other, and sweetly harmonise in their efforts to promote the general comfort. Such a scene is one which might cheer the angels of heaven in their missions of love to the world, and upon which the eye of Omnipotence might rest with peculiar approbation.

E. A. S.

Salut Paul

"WHILE examining the pages of history, and looking through the postern of time long elapsed, our attention is very often arrested, and our feelings excited, by the wild grandeur in which the heroes of antiquity are invested. The partiality of the historians of those days of chivalrous deeds, the romance and high wrought enthusiasm of the times, and the lofty perceptions of their poets, have contributed, in no small degree, to cause that magic influence which is almost universally felt by mankind, while contemplating the master-spirits of other days. But where do we find such a soul moving in the breasts of their most renowned warriors and statesmen, as may be seen stirring in that of the great apostle of the Gentiles—point us out the spirit among them all, who, though fettered and imprisoned, yet maintained a noble contest with principalities and powers, and with spiritual wickedness in high places. His intrepid soul no chains could bind, no threatenings shake; he was alike regardless of sufferings, and unmoved by the flatteries or applause of men. Other great men move forward with the tide; the wave of glory buoys them up; the breezes of prosperity waft them along; nature herself aids them in their bold undertakings; both the Indies pour treasures at their feet, and hosts of armed hands succeed and back their most ambitious projects. But in Paul we see a man pushing against wind and tide, buffeting the rude, rough surges of a thousand adverse seas, smiling at impossibilities, trampling upon opposition, poor and penniless, forsaken, distressed, insulted, and degraded,—yet contending with a world of foes, and maintaining his ground even in the very heart and centre of the dominions of the prince of darkness. In a word, the case of Saul of Tarsus, once the bold persecutor of christianity, afterwards its most zealous and successful champion, is without a parallel in the history of man."

One's Mother.

AROUND the idea of one's mother, the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, head-strong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent, with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

Editorial Department.

☐ We regret, that through inadvertency some of our city subscribers did not receive the first number. If any should still be deficient, we beg they will do us the favor to step into the office of the publisher and get their copy. We shall endeavor to be more careful in future.

WE hope our able correspondent, "SIMON," will not forget to favor us with, at least, an occasional article from his pen.

☐ THE communications from "Burlington," and "Doreas," are too late for the present number, but shall appear in our next.

ALL the matter for the present number, excepting the editorial, being in type, we gladly give place to the following letter, just received from an esteemed friend, the Rev. J. Scott. We do so for three reasons. 1st.—Because it is