

WOMAN.

The following just and beautiful tribute to the character of woman, is taken from *Blackwood's Magazine* :—
 GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman ; who can elevate its dignity ! Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern enterprizes ; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies are led, and empires are governed ; to guard against the slightest want of bodily infirmity, the frail yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her ; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilized shall learn to bless ; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement ; to exalt generosity into virtue, by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body and the far worse anguish of the mind ; by her tenderness to disarm passion ; by her purity to triumph over sense ; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil ; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people ; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny ; to visit the forsaken, to attend to the neglected ; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged ; and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe the test of virtue.

GOD EVERYWHERE.—Lord Craven lived in London when the plague was raging there. His house was in that part of the town since called (from the circumstance of its being situated there,) Craven buildings. On the plague growing epidemic, his lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to go to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, his baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as postilion), saying to another servant, "I suppose by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in the town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing a plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause. "My God," thought he, "lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand!" He immediately ordered his horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours, and never caught the infection.—*Toplady's Anecdotes.*

EXPECTING A LETTER.—I do not think that life has a suspense more sickening than that of expecting a letter which does not come. The hour which brings the post is the one that is anticipated, the only one from which we reckon. How long the time seems till it comes ! With how many devices do we seek to pass it a little quicker. How we hope and believe each day will be our last of anxious waiting ? The post comes in, and there is no letter for us. How bitter is the disappointment ! and on every repetition it grows more acute. How immeasurable the time seems till the post comes in again ! The mind exhausts itself in conjectures ; illness, even death, grow terribly distinct to hope in its agony—hope that is fear ! We dread we know not what ; and every lengthened day the misery grows more insupportable. Every day the anxiety takes a darker shadow. To know even the very worst of all we have foreboded, appears a relief.—*Miss London.*

From Wright's Casket.

Domestic Happiness.

And 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 circle ! The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned toward home ; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promises which cause him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." O ! the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smoothes 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 'dush that hath a father's heart,
 To take, in childish play, a childish part ;
 But bends his sturdy neck to play the toy,
 That youth takes pleasure in, to please the boy."

Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toils 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 behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease ; and in their welfare and recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the labor 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 humble repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume 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 laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling ! who can be indifferent to thy comfort ? Peace be to this house !

SUNRISE ON THE OCEAN.—This singularly beautiful sight is most happily and faithfully described in the following paragraph extracted from Emerson's Letters from the *Ægean* :

"The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature ; sunset on land is more reposing and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening, he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness ; at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing from the deep, not in softened beauty, but in dazzling splendor. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at even, from peak to peak, and sinks from hill to hill ; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise, the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—At Engntekia in Lapland, during the space of three weeks in every year, the minister informed Dr. Clark that he is able to light his pipe at midnight with a common burning glass ; and when the clouds do not intervene he may continue this practice for a longer time, but the atmosphere becomes cloudy as the season advances. From the church near his house it is visible at midnight, during seven weeks in each year ; but the pleasure of this long day is dearly purchased by an almost uninterrupted night for the rest of the year ; a continual winter, during which it is difficult to dispense with the use of candles during the space of three hours in each day.