

What a Woman should be.

We do not agree with Charley Leicester in considering a woman an angel:—first, because our ideas with regard to angels are excessively vague and undefined, wings and white drapery being the only marked features which we have as yet succeeded in realizing; and, secondly, because, to verify the resemblance, woman should be faultless, and we have never yet met with one who had not some fascinating little sin left to show that she was not too good for this world. Our notion of a woman, in the best sense of the word, is a being fitted to be a help meet for man; and this would lead us into another disquisition, which we will dismiss summarily by stating that we mean one worthy of the name—not an ape in a red coat, like Ensign Downy-lip—or an owl in a sad coloured one, like Professor Baalam; but a man whom it would not be a satire to call a lord of the creation. A help meet for such a one as this should possess a clear acute intellect, or she would be unable to comprehend his aspirations after the good, and true, and beautiful—the efforts of his fallen nature to regain somewhat of its original rank in the scale of created beings. She should have a faithful, loving heart, that when, foiled in his earthly career, his spirit is dark within him, and, in the bitterness of his soul, he confesses that “the good that he would he does not, but the evil he would not, that he does,” her affection may prove to him, that in her love he has one inestimable blessing yet remaining, of which death alone can deprive him, and then only for a season; for—availing herself of the fitting moment with the delicate tact which is one of the brightest instincts of a loving woman’s heart—she can offer him the only true consolation, by urging him to renew his Christian warfare, in the hope that together they may attain the reward of their high calling, a reward so glorious that the mind of man is impotent to conceive its nature. But to be able to do this, she must herself have realized, by the power of faith, the blessedness of things unseen; and with this requisite, without which all other excellencies are valueless, we conclude our definition of “Woman as she should be.” Such a one was Rose Arundel, and countless others are

there who, if not sinless as the radiant messengers of heaven, are yet doing angel’s work by many a fireside which their presence cheers and blesses. Happy is the man who possesses in a wife or sister such a household fairy; and if some there be who bear alone the burden of life—those are few, for we rejoice not in solitude—let those whose lot is brighter forgive the clouded brow, or the cynical word, that at times attests the weariness of a soul on which the sunlight of affection seldom beams.—*Last Part of Lewis Arundel.*

[ORIGINAL.]

The Sabbath.

Again the golden beams of the “King of day,” usher in the blessed Sabbath. Gently on city and hamlet fall its rays,—awakening the “sons of labour” to a day of repose.—How refreshing to the body, how invigorating to the soul, is the rest which this hallowed day affords,—typifying, as it does, the Sabbath which shall never pass away,—when, freed from the shackles of mortality, we shall enjoy the rest of Heaven.

The “roar of trade” has ceased in the city; the clattering of wheels and hurrying to and fro of busy feet are silenced,—

“And on the air
Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.”

How delightful, in the country, is the aspect of a Sabbath in summer. The verdure of the fields, the graceful motions of the cattle, grazing on the pasture-land, the melodious song of birds, the placid stream reflecting, on its glassy surface, the trees which overshadow its banks,—and, far above all, the bright blue arch of Heaven, fit canopy for so lovely a scene,—invite the mind to contemplation, and raise the thoughts from earth to Heaven. But hark! from a distance comes the chiming of the Sabbath bells, calling the worshippers to the “House of Prayer.” How animated the scene which, but a few moments before, seemed deserted! Wending their way through green and shady lanes, and fields, gay with the golden buttercup, young and old, in picturesque groups, hasten to the temple of God, and join in the solemn services of the