

delight in his or her home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task; and to make him happy, she will never grudge any sacrifice of self.

The greatest misery a woman can experience is the changed heart, and the alienated affections of her husband; but even in that painful case she must not upbraid; she must bear with patience and fortitude her great disappointment, she must return good for evil to the utmost—and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any decline of affection or duty on her part.

Some women, in order to win back the husband's wandering love, have recourse to attempts to arouse his jealousy; but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a course. A man, however debased his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the bride of his youth; there are moments when feelings of tenderness for her will return with force to his heart; to reap the benefit of such moments, the injured, forgiving wife must still be enshrined in the purity of former times. A husband will excuse his fault to himself, and in some measure, stand exonerated in the world, if the wife relax in the propriety of her conduct; while, on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the uncomplaining patience, and the unobtrusive rectitude of the woman he injures, will deeply strike to his heart, and do much to win back to his former love, and to the observance of the vows he breathed at the altar where his heart was devoted to the being from whom it has wandered. A kind look, affectionate expression half uttered, must bring his wife to his side, and she must with smiles of tenderness encourage the returning affection, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings or the cause of them.

This will not be difficult for a virtuous woman to perform. Our love which before marriage is constrained by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency and depth afterwards; it enables us to bear unfelt the world's scorn; all is swallowed up in it. An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches; and the more the world recedes from him, the more firmly will she stand by him; she will be his comforter when all earthly comforts have slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock, when he has no other earthly support; she will smile at the frowns of the world; she will not heed its censures; he is her all of temporal good, and in love are all other things to be forgotten or absorbed.

CHILDHOOD.

AN! childhood—beautiful mystery!—how does nature lie all around thee, as a treasure-house of wonders. Sweet and gentle season of being! whose flowers bring on the period of ripening, or bloom but to wither and fade in their loveliness—time of "thick-coming" joys and tears! of tears that pass quickly away, as if they did not belong to thee—of joys that linger and abide long, and yet make the long day short—time of weakness! yet of power to charm the eye of sages from their lore. Childhood! what a mystery art thou, and what mysteries dost thou deal with. What mystery is there in thy unfolding faculties, that call forth wonder from those that gaze upon thee, and seem to thyself at times almost as if they were strange reminiscences of an earlier being! What mystery is there in thoughts, when thou art first struggling to grasp the infinite and eternal! when thou art told of immortal regions where thou shalt wander onward and onward forever, and sayest even to the teaching voice of authority, "it cannot, father! it cannot be!"—*Dr. Deucey.*

ANONYMOUS LETTER WRITING.—The anonymous letter writer, who assails private character, assassin like, stabs his victim in the dark. He is totally destitute of every noble and generous quality—a coward, who dares not openly confront the man he attempts to wound by his secret communication. An honourable man cannot stoop to such a crime, and every good man abhors it. Amongst the most degraded of our species are such to be found, and these of the most abased intellect. The man who allows himself to be annoyed by every silly scribbler who thinks proper to send him an anonymous letter, in which his character is vilified, lays himself open to constant disquiet. The better plan is to pass it by as you would a barking dog, or a braying ass.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE GREENLANDERS. The belief in a deity has nearly vanished from the minds of the Greenlanders—no word with this meaning, it is said, being found in their language, and no prayers or worship of any kind is practised by the unconverted. They nevertheless maintain the spirituality and future existence of the soul, blended with many strange inconsistencies. There is also a good, though mortal spirit, *Tongarsuk*, described sometimes as of small stature, no bigger than one's finger; at other, as a giant with one arm, or as an immense white bear.

Besides this spirit, there are others, less powerful—genii of the fire, water, and air: the last of whom instruct them, through the *angekkoeks*, what is necessary for their happiness, to perform or avoid. *Tongarsuk* has also a wife or mother, the personification of the evil principle, who lives at the bottom of the ocean, guarded by fierce seals, with seabirds swimming in her train—oil lamps, and surrounded by flocks of the funny tribes, spell-bound by her beauty, and only disenchanted when the magician, seizing her by the hair, tears off her head-dress. As an instance of her power, it is related that she towed the island of *Disco* from *Baal's River* to its present situation, some hundred miles farther north, and the hole in a rock is still pointed out, to which her line was fastened.

The *angekkoeks*, who are rather magicians than priests, have great influence over the natives, who consult them on every difficulty, as the heathen of old had recourse to the oracles. They have a peculiar language of their own, and are able, it is said, from long continued observation to foretell the changes of the weather some days before they occur—an acquirement of vast importance among a people dependent on the sea and winds for their food. In sickness, the *angekkoek* is the only physician, prescribing either a peculiar diet, or the use of some strange ceremonies or amulets. He also secures to them a plentiful supply of fish or game, and, consulting his familiar spirit, informs them as to the health or fortune of their best friends.

With all this outward respect, there is mingled a great degree of scepticism which appears in their private meetings, where they mimic and turn into ridicule the ceremonies of these conjurers, not sparing *Tongarsuk* himself; and in those parts of Greenland where missions have been longest established, few or none of these impostors are now found.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

MOTHERS, BE CHEERFUL.

NOT in studies above their years, or in irksome tasks, should children be employed. The joyous freshness of their young natures should be preserved while they learn the duties that fit them for this life and the next. Wipe away their tears. Remember how hurtful are the heavy rains to the tender blossom just opening on the day. Cherish their smiles. Let them learn to draw happiness from all surrounding objects—since there must be some mixture of happiness in every thing but sin. It was once said of a beautiful woman, that, from her childhood, she had ever spoke smiling, as if the heart poured joy from the lips, and they turned it into beauty. May I be forgiven for so repeatedly pressing on mothers to wear the lineaments of cheerfulness! To be good and disagreeable too, is high treason against the royalty of virtue, said a correct moralist. How much is it to be deprecated, when the only foundation of true happiness fails of making that joy visible to every eye. Its happiness is melody to the soul, the concord of our feelings with the circumstance of our lot, the harmony of the whole being with the will of our Creator. How desirable that this melody should produce the response of sweet tones, and a smiling countenance, that even slight observers may be won by the charms of its external symbols.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE LION.

THE life of a lion has been limited to 22 years; but the great lion, *Pompey*, which died in the tower of London, in 1760, was known to be more than 70 years old. Another, brought from Africa, died in the same place, at the age of 63.

The hottest regions of Asia, and Africa, appear to be their native soil. On mountains, and in cooler climates, the lion is much less ferocious.

THERE are, according to some writers, near 3000 muscles in the common grasshopper.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WATCH-MAKER.

I HEREBY send thee my pocket-clock, which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school he was no ways reformed, nor in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering and irregular; that his pulse is some times fast, which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping; or, as the vanity of human reason phrases it, I catch him napping. Hence I am induced to believe he is not right in the inward man. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, by being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his ways, and show him the path whereon he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder thereon, I am verily of opinion, that his body is foul, and the whole man corrupt. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will place him a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest it. I expect thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman. And when thou layest thy correcting hand on him, let it be without passion, lest thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for the time to come, by the motion of the light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the aforesaid motion, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges drawn out by the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the rest of all evil.

FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship never will permit, (if it is possible to prevent it,) much less perpetuate, an injury towards another. Those who think they have friendship for others, and yet will deliberately do or say that which they well know will result in their injury, are doubly deceived. They are more dangerous than open enemies. There is a kind of friendship in the world, which originates in self-interest; but such friendship is treacherous—false as the slumbering volcano! Shun it as you value your liberty; sooner tread upon the burning crater of Vesuvius, than place yourself within its precarious influence.

TIME.—There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill spoken by *Metuselah*, in the nine hundredth and sixty-ninth year of his age.—*Cowley.*

TEMPERANCE RECORD.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPERANCE.

IN the metropolis, during the past year, the number of drunken cases brought before the police magistrates showed a decrease of 4,754 as compared with the previous year; of disorderly characters, a decrease of 3,000; and of prostitutes, a decrease of 700!!

TEMPERANCE AMONG SAILORS.

OUR friend, Mr. *Hudson*, of Liverpool, states, in a letter received from him in April, that "many of our seamen are signing the pledge," and that a short time ago, twelve ships sailed from Liverpool to different parts of the world, upon temperance principles, with about one hundred and twenty men on board the whole. What a beneficial influence must this have upon foreign lands!—*Tem. Journal.*

TEMPERANCE AND LONGEVITY.

THE report of a metropolitan society states the death of one individual only, out of one thousand members, during the previous year. This, according to the present weekly bills of mortality, is forty-five per cent less than the average death of the population.