

BOOKS.—Books are not only the friends of individual solitude, but also of the family circle. They contribute to bind together, to fill up deficiencies, to cover flaws, to make it closer and brighter and firmer. By engaging the thoughts, improving the taste, and exciting the kindly feelings of the members of a household, they render each one more considerate and gentle, and more useful and agreeable to the rest. They insensibly introduce mental grace and refinement, and not only so, but refinement and grace of manners, wherever they become favorites. Show us a family in which the best and purest authors are loved and read, and we care not in what nominal rank of society they are stationed, or what may be their wealth, or want of it, or what may be their daily avocations; but we will answer for them, that vulgarity and coarseness have no place at their meetings, and that domestic peace is a dweller among them.

The domestic services which books are qualified to perform, are particularly valuable when the business and bustle of day-light are over, and the active interests of life are hushed into slumber under the brooding wings of night. The master of the house comes home from his office, counting-room, or workshop, the children come home from their schools, or places of employment, the mother's household duties are done, and they sit down together. What shall they do with the impending hours to keep them from hanging heavily. We suppose that there are some families, in town and country, who find, if there is no party to go to, or no place of public amusement to offer its attractions, such as they may be, or nothing particularly interesting to discuss in the events of the day, or the character or fortunes of their neighbours, that the long winter evenings, by which we mean the evenings of six months in our year, are apt to move off rather slowly and wearily. This would not be so, we are persuaded, if they would just call in to their assistance one or two of the friends which they would find in good books. How much more swiftly and pleasantly, not to say profitably, the hours would then glide away!

What honest friends, what sympathising companions, what excellent instructors they are! How can a man be really solitary when these and nature are with him and around him? How can it be said of him, that he is without society, even though no being of flesh and blood should be near him, when he can sit down in his closet with the best and brightest minds which ever dwelt and beamed in residences of clay; with the master spirits of all time; with the souls of the mighty living and the mighty dead, the dead who are yet living; with ancient and modern lawgivers, philosophers, and bards; with moralists and satirists; with civilians and divines; with navigators and travellers; with the explorers of nature and the professors of art; with martyrs; with Apostles of Christ; with prophets of God? Who shall say that with these he is alone? Who shall say that in his sorrow he is without consolers; that in his trials and perplexities, and the various conditions of his mind and feelings, he is without spiritual advisers?—*Greenwood.*

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.—One of the guides described to us the adventure of a French lady called by him a demoiselle, and supposed to be nearly forty years of age, who, about five years ago, came to Chamouni with a determination to ascend Mont Blanc. The difficulties were represented to her as much too great for any lady to encounter, and especially one who did not appear to be strong and robust, though in good health. She persisted, however, at all hazards, and an unusually strong and numerous party of guides and attendants were accordingly provided to accompany her. It was in the month of August; the weather was remarkable, and there were two other parties; one of a Polish

gentleman with five guides, another of an English gentleman with six, and the French lady with eight. They all kept distinct and separate from each other, the Pole first, the Englishman next, and the French lady in the rear of all. Long before they reached the Grand Mulets—the first halting place in the ascent, and where it is usual to sleep in the open air or in a tent on the first night—the lady fainted repeatedly from fatigue and dizziness, and could only be restored with great difficulty by repose and an occasional draught of wine. When she recovered, her only answer to all the remonstrances of the guides was that she must go on to the summit at all hazards. They would then proceed a little further, and seeing her again droop would urge her not to proceed, as in all probability she would die, and they would have to answer for her life. Still she persisted in being taken to the top of the mountain, dead or alive. They accordingly fastened a rope round her waist, and a man holding her on each side, she was literally dragged up a portion of the way. On reaching the summit, she asked for wine, and drank a bumper to the health of her guides, after which she requested them to form a square, and caused herself to be lifted on their shoulders, where she remained some minutes, and waving her handkerchief in the air, exclaimed, “Viva la belle France!” boasting that she had been higher up above the earth than the native of any other country in Europe, at last! The descent was of course less fatiguing than the ascent, but the lady became at length so helpless by excitement and exhaustion, that it was necessary to take the greatest care to prevent her falling asleep, and the anxieties of the guides for her safety continued to increase all the way, until they landed her once more in bed at the Hotel Chamouni.—*Buckingham's Travels.*

FEMALE EDUCATION.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied; “I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society.” Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless, dressy slattern: “It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have any chance of growing up good for anything, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example.”

USEFUL FACTS TO BE KNOWN.—Water, when hot, dissolves more salt, sugar, &c., than when it is cold.—Hence the utility of pouring hot salt and water over articles to prepare them for pickling; and hot syrup upon preserved fruits; for the salt or sugar that would crystalize as the liquid cooled, is taken up by the fruit, &c., which by being heated also, absorbs more than it could be made to do if it were put on cold.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—“1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side was heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.”—*Corus's Life of Simeon.*

PAINTED TEA.—Professor Reid, of New York, says that painted green tea may be most easily detected by putting a small quantity of it in a glass of cold water, letting it remain for a few minutes, and then stirring it.