

READING FOR WORKING MEN.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk; with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family,—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be any thing above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it—all contribute to the gratification of the rest,—and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more; it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

'Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest;
Wander through all the glories of his mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.'

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him, at the same time, to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples."

A CHAPTER ON TEMPER.

One of the most impressive admonitions ever given to a mother, is found in the advice of her physician, never to nourish her infant, when in a passion, as the pure fountain from whence it derives support, is for the time poisoned by the ebullitions of rage, and convulsions and death too frequently follow. How dreadful, therefore, is the consequence of passion, when it may even endanger the life of the innocent being at the very moment when it receives the nourishment so necessary for its existence—and how frequently is every enjoyment through life poisoned by giving way to the force of a crabbed, petulant, wayward temper. Something may be charged to Dame Nature in the formation of our tempers, but more to early impressions—to proper corrections, to severe admonitions in repressing and checking the gusts of passion in a child. This watchful and anxious duty is more necessary with a daughter than a son, because the boy is thrown upon the world—mingles with mankind, and rudeness and passion is promptly checked by prompt punishment, and the rough treatment he experiences on life's stormy billows, is an efficient corrective of a bad temper. Not so with a girl. From her pursuits and domestic habits, she is necessarily estranged from the world until that period arrives, when she is called upon to take an interest in its bustling concerns—when her accomplishments, and probably, personal attractions, draw around her friends and admirers;

and when she is about to be translated from scholastic pursuits and maiden habits to the more elevated sphere in which the wife and mother moves. Here is the trying moment. The ardent admirer sees in the object of his fond affection nothing but what is truly amiable; he finds her all that glowing fancy had painted;—but when the giddy lover is superseded by the temperate husband, and he anxiously examines with deeper scrutiny into the qualities of her head and heart, he is shocked beyond expression to find youth and beauty under the deformity of a confirmed bad temper—and he dates his misery and unhappiness from the moment of this unfortunate discovery—he finds that nature has not been munificent in this blessing, but neglect had strengthened natural propensities, like a fair garden which is allowed to be overrun with weeds. If he is blessed with wealth he cannot enjoy it from the fretful contradictions of her temper; if he has to labour with care and anxiety, his home is always hateful to him; if he advises he is treated with neglect; if he admonishes he is threatened with displeasure; if he raises his voice in anger, he is assailed with ten fold violence—his servants refuse to remain with him—his friends will not sacrifice their comfort to her splenetic humours: she is unhappy herself, and makes every one unhappy around her, while her husband driven to other sources for enjoyment, too frequently plunges into dissipation and ruin because he cannot find that happy retreat which his ardent fancy had painted. A bad temper therefore in a woman poisons all her happiness, and 'turns her milk to gall'—blights her youth and brings on premature, fretful old age—pulls all her enjoyments—banishes her friends, and renders her home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest of a home made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who, if afflictions cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his domicile—is happy in a companion whose temper is like the silver surface of a lake, calm, serene, and unruffled. If he is rich, his admiring friends rejoice in his prosperity, and delight in his hospitality, because all around is light, airy, and sunshine; if he is poor, he breaks his crust in peace and thankfulness, for it is not steeped in the waters of bitterness. An amiable temper is a jewel of inestimable value in the sum of earthly happiness, because with that alone, the whims of a cross husband may be subdued—many vices may be overcome, the boisterous may be tamed—the unruly conquered—the fretful tranquilized, and the hurricane softened and hushed, as the mild zephyr that sweeps over the honeysuckle under the casement.

A CHAPTER ON HAPPINESS.

Let people say what they will, the middle age of life is the season of happiness. Youth, it is true, has vigor and boiling blood; it has its day dreams and night dreams, its dim and vague but far stretching aspirations, its warm attachments garnered in its heart's core, its panting and unspeakable thirst after knowledge, and there is vividness and intensity of feeling in all it feels or does. It is alive to all influences, whether good or bad, and when the gust of excitement passes over it, it is swayed and shaken like a storm-stricken reed. Let this excitement come in what shape it may, be it love, hate, ambition, pleasure, its effect is of the same overpowering character. And yet, with all the susceptibility of youth to pleasurable emotions, there can be no doubt that it is the season of melancholy. When the world begins to break in with its clouds and storms, and the day-dreams of earlier years begin to vanish one by one before the visits of stern experience; when cold and hungry necessity stands naked before them and makes its demands, young gentlemen are very apt to betake themselves to moping, to nurse discontented and repining thoughts, until their imaginations become so diseased that they can hardly get along without a daily dish of melancholy. Even those who have no carth-