

With such high authorities as these, shall we think of the weariness or gloom, and not rather dwell upon the beauty and sublimity. Numb fingers, blue lips and red noses, must all be disregarded as highly unpoetical, and instead of hurrying, shivering to bed, we should think of the imagery on the window pane, and the bright peerless stars, sparkling in the midnight's frosty crown. Poetry aside, however, it is best to take the brightest view of the case, and bear cheerfully what only time can amend. Like joyous Barry Cornwall, let us smile

"When winter nights grow long  
And winter winds blow cold,  
And we sit in a ring round the warm hearth-fire,  
And listen to stories old."

And after all is there a happier time than when we gather round the bright fire-side, with those we love best and talk over the gossip of the day, or conjure up some memory of those dear old times which seen through the vista of the past, seem so bright and fair that we love to linger upon the remembrance, and jot down every tiny item in the spirit's own treasury. The path we have trodden had many lovely flowers by its wayside, and though they may be faded now and withered, it is pleasant to recal them one by one, in the bright fire light of a February evening, and to talk of things and scenes long passed away, with those who knew and participated in them with ourselves.

And for the solitary, where can he find such a field for imagery, for quaint fancies and stirring dreams as in the glowing embers of a winter fire. Who has not conjured up from the living coals, some old memory of things that were, and seen departed faces and long lost smiles far down in those bright recesses on the hearth-stone. Who has not shaped forth some bright and beautiful dream for the future from the same source, till the spirit has been led away captive and chained for hours to the baseless fancy. The imagination has no such scope in summer, with all its beauty and softness and sunshine. "The spirits of the fire" have a more potent spell, and so we say with Kirke White—

"Drear February,  
With no unholy awe we hear thy voice,  
As by our dying embers safely housed,  
We in deep silence muse."

But we lose ourselves in the labyrinth of poetry in which we are involved, and must give the spirit of quotation a check, else we shall make our *shortest* the *longest* month in the Calendar, which we are unwilling to do, although in the present year one day is added to its number. Why the year in which this occurs should be called *leap* because it contains one day more than the others, is a fact we are unable to elucidate, but the origin of the term *bissextile* generally applied to the fourth year is more apparent.\* When

\* For this information we are indebted to a P. E. Island journal, published at Charlotte Town, in which Astronomical and other scientific subjects have recently been popularly treated.