

SUNBEAMS.

The merry golden sunbeams
Are falling everywhere ;
They float along the ether
And tremble in the air.
They gild the waving tree-tops
Like golden arrows bright.
While some the boldest venture
To kiss the brow of night.

Upon the restless ocean
They dance in very glee ;
And, fearless, seek the caverns
Which lie beneath the sea.
They sparkle in the rain-bow,
And glisten in the dew ;
Their varied colour glowing
The same, yet ever new.

They linger for a moment
Upon the brow of care ;
Then hide among the tresses
Of childhood's sunny hair.
The weary heart grows lighter,
And yet it knows not why ;
For lo ! the tiny sunbeam
Has quickly hurried by.

Upon life's checkered pathway
In beauty there they stray ;
And through the shadows glancing,
Chase gloom and care away.
The poor man feels their presence
Around his humble door,
And smiles to see them creeping
Across the cottage floor.

These merry little sunbeams
E'en smile where rain-drops fall ;
They seek the grated prison,
And flicker on the wall.
Then to the lonely church-yard
They come with voiceless tread,
And gild the moss-grown tablets
Above the peaceful dead.

They frolic 'mid the flowers.
They dance upon the spray,
And in the breaking ripples
Of mountain streams they play.
Yes, 'mid the forest shadows,
Upon the land or sea,
I love these tiny sunbeams,
Wherever they may be.

For, with a gentle presence,
They walk this lower sphere,
And make our earth seem brighter,
Because they linger here.
Then let us learn the lesson,
A blessing to impart ;
For deeds of love and kindness
Are sunbeams to the heart.

SCIENTIFIC, &c.

In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse at more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

NEW LIFE-BOATS.—Some harbours

trials were lately made in the Regent's Canal Dock, Linchouse, with two powerful lifeboats, thirty-three feet long, and rowing ten oars, double banked, belonging to the National Life-Boat Institution. They underwent their several trials of self-righting, and self-ejecting the water shipped, in the most satisfactory manner. They are to be stationed respectively at Tenby and Lytham.

A NEW TRACTION ENGINE.—An illustration of the progressive nature of the times has lately been afforded to the inhabitants of Northampton by one of Messrs. Allechin & Son's traction engines steaming through its streets. The engine runs very easily, and can be stopped almost immediately. It is guided by a wheel placed in front of the boiler, the wheel being attached to a chain fixed to the axles, and by this means the engine can be turned from one side of the road to the other as easily as a horse.

CYLINDRICAL ROTARY PRINTING PRESS.—Wilkinson's machine prints 22,000 papers on both sides in an hour, and dispenses with manual labour, it is said, to an extent never before contemplated. Its principle, is simple, consisting merely of the passage of the paper, not cut into sheets, but made in an immense web, between cylinders on which the types are set, while a folding and cutting machine, self-acting, is ready to separate each paper as it is printed from the web, and pass it out of the machine ready for publication. Those who have seen this machine at work in London agree that it is as much superior to Hoe's as Hoe's is to Middleton's.

ECHOING FLOORS.—As houses are now built, floors are apt to be very noisy annoyances. The timbers are so strained up that the floors become resonant like a drum. Now this can be easily remedied at a trifling expense. After laying the under floor, nail down some sawed laths, directly over and across the sleepers. These will show where to lay the upper floor. Now make a mortar of lime and sand, in which the latter ingredient may be in excess. It may be made thin. Pour it on to the floor, and spread it just as thick as the laths, and let it dry before laying the second floor. Nail down the upper floor through the laths, and it will seem to you like walking on a brick pavement.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

Answers to the following questions will be given in next No. In the mean time we suggest to our young friends to exercise their ingenuity in solving them; so that they can compare the results of their efforts with the published answers, when their papers are received. All communications in connection with this Department of the Weekly Miscellany should be sent post paid.

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 23 letters. My 1, 4, 9, 13, 16, 15, is what a tiger will often do; my 11, 18, 6, 23, 7, 12, 22, is

a national offence; my 2, 19, 10, 6, 7, 8, is what we should all be; my 11, 17, 21, 5, is a piece of canvas; my 20, 3, is an interjection. My whole is a place belonging to the Southern Confederacy. G. 2. I am composed of 12 letters. My 1, 10, 3, 12, 8, is to bury; my 11, 7, 2, 3, is a coin; my 7, 5, 6, 1, 8, 4, is an imperial dominion; my 9, 6, 3, is an adjective. My whole is a prevailing moral evil. (3.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Charade.—Washington.

Enigma.—Hope.

Rebus.—CuercaN; Ohio; WatcheT; PeEL; EboLL; RockinghaM.—COWPER; MILTON.

VARIETIES.

How to Prevent Flies from getting at your Bacon in Summer.—Eat it all in the winter.

What is that which you can see, but cannot catch?—A shadow.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners?—Because it is not aloud.

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside, "a leaver naturally takes to the water."

A truly grateful heart may not be able to tell its gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act.

A doctor ordered one of his patients to drink flower of sulphur and water; the patient expressed his disgust by significant grimaces. "It is only the first glass that is hard to drink," said the doctor. "Then," rejoined the invalid, "I will begin with the second."

Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

Why is anything reconsidered accounted "profitable"?—Because it is considered *a-gain*.

There is no objection to broils in a house, so that they only emanate from the kitchen.

Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.