

# The Lake Magazine.

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## TRANSLATIONS.

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The universe may be likened to a book written in a language which everyone reads and interprets for himself. The words and phrases it contains have an infinite variety of meanings, and hence the translations of all who read are different. Some find the great tome spiritless and prosaic, without any design, arrangement, or harmony of parts. Others say that it is an awful tragedy, so replete with the recital of horrors, they would fain close their eyes upon its pages forever. Darkness, despair and death are so often referred to throughout the whole, that the little brilliancy it has is not sufficient to relieve the gloom that fills the heart of him who peruses it. Many say that mirth and laughter are written on the face of all things; that the world is a comedy, in which the chief actors are all fools, who, in their attempts to look wise and act prudently, play such fantastic tricks, that when some invisible hand shakes the scaffolding of their giddy stage, they fall off it, in the midst of their madness and jollity, a sight that makes even demons laugh. Some, however, find the work a masterpiece of genius. Although they admit the design of the author is dark, they say that a purpose runs through all, and the whole is good. The language is so full of music and beauty, it enchants them. It is not prose, but poetry of the highest kind, faultless in rhythm, and matchless in the melody of its numbers. Choirs of angels might well sing together to celebrate the completion of such a work. They say the great author, at times, moves them to tears with the infinite depths of his tenderness. Even the meanest subject he touches "give thoughts that often lie too deep for tears," and the visions of beauty and sublimity they behold whilst studying the finer passages,

haunt them ever afterwards like an eternal presence. They are terrified and delighted, yet so much are they under the influence of the beautiful and sublime, that the very idea of death and pain is lost in the rapture of contemplated good.

The outward world never produces exactly the same impression on the minds of two persons, nor does nature appear to us the same at all periods of our life. We change, and the world likewise seems to change. As years roll on, we too shall have to lament with Wordsworth, that a glory has passed away from earth, and the heaven that lies about us in our infancy, we no longer behold, or only at times, and with indistinct vision.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Two travellers meet on an eminence that overlooks the ocean. They stand, and casting their eyes westward, gaze intently on the setting sun. One of them, as he beholds the great flaming orb sink beneath the limitless, world-encircling waste of water, feels as if he were being clothed upon with immortality. His spiritual sense becomes intensely keen, and, like a dawning light, the thought comes to him that all he beholds is a part of himself, and that his soul is diffused through all. The sunlight sparkling on the expanse of water is to him the myriad laughter of the ocean waves, and his being thrills with joyousness; the mellow tints of the evening clouds are suggestive of serenity and goodness; the over-arching sky with its infinite blue, speaks of love, while the twinkling grass and the tremulous flowers about his feet, and the trees with their lengthening shadows, all