

MISCELLANY.

A WINTER LAY.

(TRANSLATED FROM KRUMMACHER.)

Ah! why reposest thou so pale,
So very still in thy white veil;
Those cherish'd Father-land?
Where are the joyous lays of Spring,
The varied hue of Summer's wing,
Thy glowing vestment bland?

But half-attired, thou slumberest now,
No flocks to seek thy pastures go,
O'er vales or mountains steep:
Silent is every warbler's lay,
No more the bee hums through the day,
Yet art thou fair in sleep!

On all thy trees, on every bough,
Thousands of crystals sparkle now,
Where'er our eyes alight;
Firm on the spotless robe we tread,
Which o'er thy beaucous form is spread,
With glittering hoar-frost bright.

Our Father kind who dwells above,
For thee this garment pure hath wore,
He watches over thee;
Therefore, in peace, thy slumber take,
Our Father will the weary wake,
New strength, new light to see.

Soon to the breath of Spring's soft sigh,
Delighted thou again wilt rise,
In wondrous life so fair.
I feel those sighs breathe o'er the plain,
Dear Nature, then rise up again
With flour-wreaths in thy hair.

EARLY RISING.

The winter season, in a Canadian climate, may not appear the most opportune, in which to recommend this desirable and most valuable habit. The resolution and imagined self denial involved in the formation of this habit, constitute some of most useful and important elements of human character. Early rising is naturally conducive to health of body, clearness and strength of mind, and success in the various pursuits of life. To witness at all seasons of the revolving year that glorious diurnal phenomenon, the rising of the bright orb of day, not only affords us the full natural advantages of the day, either for study or business, but to the reflecting mind may help us to perform its duties, and manfully bear its burthens. We hear people constantly complaining of the shortness and uncertainty of life; and yet how few make the most and best use of the time that is mercifully allotted them! Young people would find it to their improvement and happiness to ponder well this matter. By forming the invaluable habit of early rising, they secure a larger amount of mental and physical enjoyment, and practically lengthen out the span of their probationary existence.

Dr. Doddridge, an English divine, highly distinguished for piety and learning, has the following remark in reference to this subject. "The

difference of daily rising two hours earlier, supposing the same time of going to rest be observed, and the practice maintained for forty years, adds six years to a man's waking life!—and states that his great work, "The Family Expositor," was the fruit of early rising. Well might he adopt the sentiment of his family motto, *Dum Vivimus Vivamus*—"While we live let us live," on which he composed the following lines, pronounced by Dr. Johnson "the finest Epigram in the English language:"—

" 'Live while you live,' the Epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE; BY SOPHOCLES, B. C., 491.

Faithful—as the lone shepherd's trusty pride;
True—as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
Firm—as the shaft that props the tow'ring dome;
Sweet—as to shipwreck'd seamen land and home;
Lovely—as a child, the parent's own delight;
Radiant—as morn that breaks a stormy night;
Grateful—as streams that in some deep recess
With crystal rills the parting traveller bless.

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.—What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of a pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth, and that, although so remote from us, a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly-organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second? That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensations of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—Sir John Herschell.