

O! I have thought and thinking sighed
 How like to thee thou restless tide—
 May be the life, the lot of him
 Who roams along thy river's brim.
 How many a fair and loved retreat
 May rise to woo my weary feet,
 But restless as the doom that calls
 Thy waters to their destined falls.
 I feel the world's resistless force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course,
 From rock to rock till life be done;
 And the lost current cease to run.
 O may my fall be bright as thine,
 May Heav'n's forgiving rainbow shine,
 Upon the mist that circles me,
 As bright as now it falls on thee."

The rapid onward flow of a river has been for ages past, taken by poets as a meet emblem of human life, an apt and natural simile—one that speaks to every heart—one of those natural witnesses that speak to the created of the wisdom and power of the Great Creator.

Contrasted with the quiet, slow flowing rivers of England, how different is the character of this wild picturesque Otonabee, running its course through the vast pine forests unfettered for miles and miles,—now widening into extensive lakes, diversified with wooded or rocky islands—now gathering its forces into a deep and narrow channel between rocky banks fringed with every variety of evergreens, from the gigantic pine, the monarch of the Canadian woods, to the light feathery hemlock and dark spruce and balsam, casting their funereal shadows athwart its waters or mirrored deep, deep down upon its glassy surface. Now gentle, like a sleeping child, anon impetuous as an impatient war steed, that smelleth the battle afar off, and pants to meet its shock.

The calm unruffled waters of England, designed as if by Nature to enrich and fertilize her soil, and contribute to the welfare and commerce of her people, are unlike the wild streams of Canada. The former may be compared to a highly civilized people, the latter to the rude, uncultivated Indians, and less refined settlers. Though less available for the purpose of transport; yet these inland waters possess a value in their immense power for working machinery, which is a source of incalculable wealth to the inhabitants of the country. Look at the inexhaustible pine forests, that clothe the banks of the lakes and streams. See the rafts of squared timbers that are borne down, year after year, on the bosom of those rapid flowing waters, and in due time find their way to the shores of the parent country. Might not a history of no mean interest, be written of one of these massive timbers, from its first dropping from the cone in its native soil, on the elevated ridge above some remote and nameless stream, to its voyage across

the Atlantic and final destination in one of the British dock-yards. Shall we believe that no providential care was extended over that seed which was in the course of time to undergo so many changes, and which might even be connected with the fate of hundreds of human beings? We are taught by lips that spoke no guile, that the lilies of the field are arrayed in their glorious clothing by our Heavenly Father, and that He careth for the fowls of the air, that in Him all things live and move, and have their being.

One word more, before I leave my favourite rivers. I was particularly struck by the extreme clearness and transparency of the water, in which every pebble and minute shell may be seen; every block of granite or lime-stone that obstructs its course, can be discerned at a considerable depth. Fragments of red, grey, and black and white granite, looking like bright and glittering gems, as the sun's rays penetrate the waters that cover them. Some future time I will give a description of Stoney Lake, which is a miniature of the Lake of the Thousand Islands; a spot so replete with beauty that none who have seen it can ever forget it. Those who wish to enjoy a treat, should visit this remarkable spot which possesses a thousand charms for the genuine lover of the beautiful and picturesque, for it is amid lone solitudes like these that the mind is naturally led to ponder upon the works of the Deity, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.

Oakland's, Rice Lake.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Let not every singing mistress, however great her ability, anticipate such good fortune at St. Petersburg as that which Madame Czecca met with. She was indebted for her favorable reception to the gratitude of the amiable ambassadress, her former pupil, who not only recommended her, but sang at a public concert for her benefit. This would have been nothing for Mademoiselle Sontag; for the Countess Rossi, in the midst of the high Russian aristocracy, and of their haughty prejudices, it was an incredible deal. The concert was the most brilliant of the season, and its net proceeds were 14,000 rubles.

The day after the concert, Madame Czecca showed the Countess the cash account of its result.

"Ah! Henrietta," said she, "what have you done for me?"

"For you?" cried the Countess, and threw herself, sobbing aloud, into her arms. "For you? no, for myself! Ah! once more, after many years, have I enjoyed an hour of the purest and most complete happiness. Providence has done everything for me; has given me rank, riches, reputation, the love of a man whom I adore, the possession of hopeful and charming children; and yet, dear Czecca, how shall I explain to you? But