



GENTLE EVA.

BY MRS. N. S. NICHOLS.

Have you heard the touching story,
Told so sadly, of that clime
Where the rose in crimson glory,
Brightens all the summer time?
It tells us of a maiden—
Golden haired and starry eyed—
Young in years, by thought o'erri'den,
Who in angel beauty died.
Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Sleeping by the ebbing wave,
Wail or woe shall never grieve her,
Shrouded in her mossy grave.

Once she wept o'er wrong and sorrow,
Childish tears so wisely shed;
Birds of Eden, on the morrow
Warbled dirges o'er her head;
Velvet leaf and snowy blossom
Crowned her young and radiant brow,
O'er her white and heaving bosom
Little hands are folded now.
Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Sleeping by the moaning tide,
Never more shall sorrow grieve her,
Who in angel beauty died.

CURIOSITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Among the curious facts which we find in perusing the biographies of great men, are the circumstances concerned with the composition of the works which have made them immortal.

For instance:—Bossuet composed his first grand sermons on his knees; Bulwer wrote his first novels in full dress, seated. Milton, before commencing

his great work, invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a live coal from off the altar; Chrysostom meditated and studied while contemplating the painting of St. Paul.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. Pope could never compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Bentham composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or whilst taking his 'antejentacular' and 'postprandial' walks in the garden—the same, by the way that Milton occupied. St. Bernard composed his 'Meditations' amidst the woods; he delighted in nothing so much as the dense forest, finding there he said something more profound and suggestive than anything he could find in books. The storm would sometimes fall upon him there, without for a moment interrupting his meditations.

Camoens composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears; for the Portuguese Poet was a soldier, and a brave one though a Poet. He composed others of his most beautiful verses at the time when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage, at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a countenance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside, labouring to overcome the defects in his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Rabelais composed his "Life of Gargantua," at Bejay, in the company of Roman caronals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau, Pascal wrote most of his "Thoughts" on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his

"Telemachus" in the Palace of Versailles, at the Court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and been written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Queenay first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour!

Luther when studying, had his dog lying at his feet, a dog he brought from Wurtenburgh, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for hours together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some fantasy, (for he was a skillful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology music was the first of arts. 'Mus.c,' said he, 'is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight.' Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock he had books, manuscripts and papers, carried to him there and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his latter years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentence issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out door duties for days, weeks, and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Cujas, another learned man used to study when