

around it is uncongenial to its nature. To the generous superintendent of its growth, then, it is especially important that the tree of genius be not implanted in matter-of-fact soil; for imagination and tender sensibilities can find no greatness in the din of commerce. While the striking diversity of talent everywhere remarkable in society, accompanied as it is by a corresponding difference of character, seems to demand its proper appropriation, it is evident that none can better effect this end than such as are experienced in the ways of life.

It is an undoubted fact, however, that many things of good may be corrupted into evil. The protection that at first seems prompted only by a spirit of generosity, on closer examination too frequently is found to be the result of ambitious motives. The statesman, for example, advances the interest of some rising genius, that at length he may make him entirely a creature of his own. In assisting him, he furthers his own cause; and if by any means he can place him under serious obligation, he seizes with avidity the opportunity of moulding him to his will. Beneath influence like this, the man of noble and exalted, though still undigested principles, becomes debased and mean. He descends from the high inheritance of his nature to the degraded and degrading position of a political intriguer. He discards all arguments suggested by public weal or private honour, and embraces the most contemptible chicanery in the support of wrong. Years pass away, and he is still unhonoured, having accomplished nothing save the total demoralization of himself and all his adherents. This is the result of patronage in its evil form. It is wide-spread, yet the persevering endeavours of the philanthropic may ultimately counteract its baneful influence. We have seen it on the other hand, characterized by genuine benevolence, prompting integrity and pointing out the means of shunning vice. To distinguish the one from the other, the nicest discrimination is necessary; for both at first hold forth inducements, and it may be that those of the first are more attractive than of the second. But flowers the most luxuriant and most pleasingly scented distil the subtlest poisons; and in the human as in the natural creation, it has become a truism that appearances are often deceitful.

This then is a subject worthy the consideration of every modern philanthropist. That the rarest talent should be corrupted in the heartless contest for self, that all its future kindly influence should be crushed by a pursuit of error, does indeed demand the most scrutinizing attention. A generous and judicious patronage will certainly, by

degrees, elevate and ennoble the social condition of men, while the opposite system will not less surely drain the world of prosperity and happiness. Therefore, since all are not blessed with equal talents, or equal opportunities of advancement, to the more fortunate it belongs to assist the exertions of those below them—not for purposes of self-aggrandizement, but of universal good.

SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

BY A. J.

SCRAP THE FIFTH.

THE LOVER'S LESSON.

There are three little words that are pregnant with care,
Abounding in sorrow and grief and despair;
But with such naughty words we'll have nothing to do,
I will tell you them now, love—the first is "Adieu!"

Thou knowest how well and how truly I prize,
Each word from those lips and each glance from those eyes,
Yet even thy sweet voice would sound like a knell,
How softly soever it whispered "Farewell!"

What extacy mine when at evening we meet,
To whisper our love in some shady retreat;
But happiness seems to depart with the sigh
That bursts from our lips ere we breathe a "Good bye!"

These three little words, love, have prefaced more tears,
Than e'en from your cheeks I could kiss in five years,
And since they give both of us nothing but pain,
Let us vow that we never will say them again.

SCRAP THE SIXTH.

MUSIC.

Who hath not felt, when cares oppress,
The gentle, soothing tenderness
That melts the soul, when softly stealing,
Some plaintive air to memory dear,
Bright moments of the past revealing,
Falls sweetly on the enraptured ear—
So lightly touching on the past,
It but recalls the happiest hours,
As when at eve the night-winds cast,
Their softened sighs o'er beds of flowers,
They scatter nor disturb their bloom,
Yet wait their sweetness and perfume.

Oh! such hath Music been to me—
A Friend in all adversity;
And though at times 'twill cause a sigh,
A tear, for happier days gone by—
Such sighs give pleasure far more sweet
Than aught in noisier joys I meet;
Nor would I give such tears as these
For all the riches of the seas.