

## IN THE GARDEN OF POESIE.

A SWEET-FACED maiden, whose clear, azure eyes  
Shone 'neath a golden crown of sun-bright hair,  
Wandered one day, with happy, careless steps,  
Into a garden, where

Luxuriant bloomed bright flowers from every clime,  
Fragrant of scent, and, oh! most fair to see!  
"Since earth can hold such loveliness as this,  
Ah! what must Heaven be?"

Thus thought the maiden; and upraised her eyes,  
For by her stood, with grave and kindly mien,  
The gray-haired gardener. Of him she asked:  
"Oh! sir, *who* is the queen

"(For less she cannot be) for whom these flowers  
Bloom in bright myriads, like the stars above?"  
"My child," the old man said, "our beauteous queen  
Is one whom all hearts love:

"But most beloved is she by those o'er whom  
She rules with gentle, yet most potent sway;  
At her command they rise, with eager feet,  
Her wishes to obey:

"And this their blissful task—to bring sweet flowers,  
That they may bloom within her garden fair.  
Lo! through yon gate come they of whom I speak,  
And fragrant offerings bear.

"With footstep soft comes one whose gentle hands  
Are filled with heart dew'd blossoms, pure and white;  
Oft hath she brought blest peace to anguish'd souls,  
And changed their gloom to light.

"He of the noble brow (whose flowers are strewn  
With cypress leaves) is one who safe hath brought,  
O'er dark and troubled seas, his lonely barque  
With rarest treasure fraught.

"A joyous youth, with happy, love-lit eyes,  
Hastes with his spoils—roses of richest hue.  
Now yonder gate opes wider still, and brings  
An eager throng to view:

"And they are beckoning me. Good friend, farewell;  
But thou wilt come again, some day, I ween,  
To pay thy homage to fair POESIE:  
'Tis she who is our queen!"

HELEN HOLTON.

## NOTES FROM MONTREAL.

MRS. PAGE-THROWER'S concerts, held on the 8th and 9th inst.—at which the artists assisting were Madame Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiler, of Chicago, pianiste; Miss Wonham, of Montreal; the Dannreuther Quartett, of New York (Herr Gustave Dannreuther, Musical Director), and Herr Max Heinrich—were much appreciated by those who were wise enough to attend them; but the audiences were not so large as they should have been. At the Saturday matinée this might have been accounted for by the fact that a lacrosse match, between the Britannias and Ottawas, was in progress at the same time, and physical enjoyment, and the contemplation of it, supersedes, in the minds of many, that of the intellect. Herr Max Heinrich, who possesses a baritone voice of great richness and power, and uses it most artistically, joined the Cathedral choir on Sunday. His rendering, during the offertory in the evening, of Gounod's "There is a green hill far away," was simply perfection.

NATURE'S painting brush has touched the trees with warm tints of red and gold, and the Mountain is a glorious mass of harmonious colouring. The Montreal Mountain has been designated "a hill" by cynical strangers, but as I stood upon one of its highest points, I discovered that it was high enough to make one realise that humanity is very small indeed, that we are, in fact, but as a large species of insect. Space, sky, and the gleaming St. Lawrence alone seemed large: the houses, gardens, animals, and human beings below seemed but little insignificant things which could easily be swept away. And so it is with us, for change by change will come, and we shall reach the boundary line of life, where life loses us.

We do not lose our life, life loses us—snaps the frail thread to which we so blindly cling, as though displeased at the small use we have made of the great possibilities that life gives. And the Mountain, land, and river will give those who follow after us their placid welcome, while the trees will whisper of the "before" as they do to us now.

Town life makes one fully realise the *struggle* of existence. In the country, poverty is for the most part picturesque. Every thing is "cause and effect," however, and one's mind broadens and enlarges in the city; whereas, in the country one is apt to settle down into the narrow groove of one's own personal interests, and fancy we are the beginning and end of all things.

After a morning spent in the whirl and bustle of the town, it is refreshing to the mind and body to drive slowly through the park, drinking in the beauty and freshness of it all,—the trees on either side of the long avenue, through whose branches you catch sight of the sky's "celestial blue"; the sweet scents of damp bark and mossy banks which fill one's soul with delight, coming as holy, unspoken things; the merry squirrels chasing each other from tree to tree; the birds chirping among the branches; while over one steals a feeling of "rest,"—and a voiceless prayer of praise and thanksgiving rises, for the sense to see, and feel, and know.

FERRARS.

## EDUCATION AND WAGES.

NOTHING is more natural or more common than to see sympathy asked for and bestowed upon the clerk who works hard with his pen for forty years, and yet never earns more than a hundred a year. It seems to many people utterly unjust that clerical work should not somehow or other be able to command a greater share of the good things of life than it in fact does command. While other forms of labour are not regarded as underpaid so long as the competition of the market leaves those engaged in them at least enough to support life, the clerk with £2 a week is looked on as an object of compassion by all classes. Yet, in truth, the feeling is chiefly a sentimental one. In a country where education has become universal, mere clerk's work is not skilled labour; and the man who uses the pen has, in the nature of things, no better right to expect high pay than has he who uses the chisel or trowel. So strong is the sympathy for what is supposed to be the more intellectual form of labour—though, as a matter of fact, mere writing or book-keeping is far less intellectual than carpentering or bricklaying—that to say this sounds unfeeling, almost brutal. We have, we need hardly assure our readers, not the slightest wish or intention to use harsh words, or to tell the clerk with £50 or £100 a year that he is not worth more, and that therefore he has no grievance; but only to point out how the spread of education, by increasing a hundred or a thousandfold the number of persons qualified for clerical labour has changed his position. In the Middle Ages, when learning was so much rarer, to be able to read, write, and cipher meant the attainment of an exceptional position, to which all men were willing to pay respect and honour. Thus it happens that clerical labour has come by tradition to be looked on as something valuable and good in itself, and deserving of special consideration. That this view must now, owing to the force of circumstances, be changed, is only too evident. What the results of increased competition arising from the spread of education are likely to be in the future in England may in some measure be calculated from its effects in Germany and America. Every one knows how in Germany not only can clerks be got to work for labourers' wages, but how, even in the learned professions, the salaries are reduced to an incredibly low scale. Germany, however, is a land of low prices; and something must therefore be in its case attributed to causes other than those connected with increased education. In America, however—the land of extravagantly high prices, where a dollar only goes as far as a shilling, where a bachelor cannot mix in society unless he has at least £1,000 a year, and where, in fact, the city life is three times as dear as in England—the result is shown still more clearly. The whole population has a good commercial or professional education within its reach, and the consequence is that not only do the wages of the clerks suffer, but the ministers of the religious sects get about half what they do in England, and many doctors at the very top of their profession only make £1,500 a year.—*The Spectator*.

THE *St. James's Gazette* relates a once famous incident that occurred in a great Lancashire cock-pit half a century ago. After a splendid battle two cocks desperately wounded made a last effort. One fell dying on the sand. The victor tottered towards his fallen foe, climbed laboriously on his prostrate body, beat his mangled wings, and tried to raise the glad crow of victory. A feeble croak was the result. But it reached the ear of the dying bird that lay bleeding beneath his enemy's feet. With a sudden dash he sprang from the arena, drove his spur through his triumphant rival's brain, crawled upon his corpse, gave one ghastly croak, and died.

AN account contained in the *Times* of recent date of the records recently printed by the India Office includes an interesting story about Napoleon, which the writer believes never to have been published before, and which is certainly not generally known. It comes from a letter written from Syria under the direction of Sir Sidney Smith, which relates that two French ships came out of Jaffa, and being captured, with only a formal attempt at flight, were found to contain about 1,000 wounded French soldiers, "without sailors, provisions, or the simplest necessities for the wounded." Napoleon had, in short, set his wounded men helplessly afloat, in confidence, first, that the ships would be taken; and, second, that the wounded would be cared for by their perfidious captors. Both calculations were correct; though possibly it would not have broken the Emperor's heart if by accident the rescue had failed.