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AMENITIES OF COMMERCE.

"The world is too much with us," says Wordsworth ; and no one feels more the force of this maxim, than does the harassed man of business. His moments of uninterrupted seclusion are few ; his enjoyment of calm pleasing reflection stunted and broken. It is in vain that we admonish, in the words of *W. J. Pabodie*:—

“ Go forth into the fields,
Ye denizens of the pent city's mart ;
Go forth and know the gladness nature yields,
To the care-wearied heart.

And if within your breast,
Hallowed to nature's touch, one chord remain,
If ought save wordly honour find you blest ;
Or hope of sordid gain ;—

A strange delight shall thrill,
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove ;
Earths' placid beauty shall your bosom fill,
Stirring its depths with love.”

Warm sympathies will respond ; tastes cultivated and refined will appreciate grand emotions. But the business man who dares lend a willing ear to this Siren-song, must expect soon to see his credit strangled in the Siren's embrace.

Few business avocations in which we now engage will permit us to yield our sympathies freely to the contemplation of nature. Little time is left for thoughtfully surveying our own position in the universe. Anxious, ardent exertion in the prosecution of some practical object of life, engrosses every faculty, strains every nerve. In this ungrateful struggle more than a com-