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THE MEMORIES OF OUR HOMES.

Dandelions! who does not love them? Their bright golden heads peeping lovingly forth from the first spring grass. There is no change in them. They come like old friends, greeting you each year with the same cordial welcome that met you when you first came to love strength with age. They are links which bind you to the sunny past. You remember tearfully the time when you sat by the side of the brooklet which winds by the old home, with an apron full of the "golden heads," launching them one after another into the gentle tide. You grow better for these old memories, and repeat again Lowell's beautiful lines: "To the Dandelions:"

"Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaniers, o'joye I that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match for wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

"Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish row
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now,
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

"Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-couras'd bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment,
In the white lily's breezy tint,
His conquered Syberia than I, when first
From the dark green the yellow circles burst.

"Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze.
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue,
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are tinted with thee
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song.
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long.
And I, secure in childish pety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing,
With news from heaven, which he did bring,
Fresh every day to my untaught ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

THE QUAKER AND HIS APPRENTICE.

It is now twenty years since we hung up on a peg in the old *New Hampshire Statesman* office, at Concord, N.H., a little brown jacket and blue cap, and commenced "learning the bases." We remember that cap and jacket well. It was the best cap we had then ever owned, and we remember that its visor had a green lining, which we fancied might be a great benefit to the eye—and we remember how our mother sat up for several nights, after the other members of the family were a bed, to get that little brown suit, ready by the

day appointed for her to leave home and enter upon his seven years' apprenticeship. We were a little fellow then; you are not very large now. We were so short then that we had to order our laughter of the big boys at our necessity of mounting a chair to get up to our work. We have not set down for the sake of that cap or jacket the experience of those seven years, or to tell of the score of young men we met in the Printing Office—all now scattered—the major part having ready passed to that bright who no more travels returns. Peace to their ashes. But we want to tell of a couple of men in those days living in Concord, engaged in the book-binding business. Charles H. was a man in middle life, a Quaker, and generally a very sensible and very clever man. But he was a man of intense and a contrary temper. When excited, he wagged a very smart tongue—and sometimes dealt in blows. His best friends were not unfrequently the subjects of his violent abuse. Oliver L. S. was the other book-binder. He was a young, earnest man, of not many words, but of attentive and industrious habits. For several years he had been an apprentice to the irascible Quaker—frequently subjected to his unreasonable rage, with scarcely a pretext for a cause and at last driven from his shop, his master emphasizing his imprecations by the flourishes of an iron press-bar.

Some sixteen or seventeen years since the Quaker moved west. A few years later, the other binder removed to the city of Portland, where he has since been extensively and successfully engaged in book and newspaper publishing.

Day before yesterday we were in Portland, and in the counting-room of his newspaper establishment met with our old acquaintance again. The conversation of course turned upon the olden times and the gentleman gave me a bit of the history of his old master since his leaving Concord. He first pitched his tent at Utica, N. Y. where in a trade he fell into the hands of a rogue, and lost all his little property. With his interesting family, for he had a good wife and a fine troop of little ones, he pushed farther west. His misfortune kept in company and he was reduced to extreme want. Nine years ago his old apprentice, at Portland, heard rumour of his circumstances and that in his extremity he had been obliged to sell the shoes from his feet to purchase bread for his children. At once like a man with a heart beneath his jacket, he forgot all about their parting, and sent his old master one hundred and fifty dollars. It was the act of a Christian (alas that our world witnesses so few of the kind,) and it was done in time and saved the man and his family. With an hundred dollars of money, the man made a purchase of a tract of rich prairie twenty-five miles from Chicago. His family went with him upon the land. Not a board could then be obtained nearer than Chicago—and they had not the means of buying, were lumber ever so plenty. Their house consisted of a cooking stove sheltered by three boards. But they had the land, and kept their hearts—and boundless crops followed their industry—and in a few years the \$150, with many blessings, found its way back to Portland.

Last year the Portland man was travelling in the west, and finding himself within an hundred and fifty miles of the home he had enabled his old master to possess, he turned off from his journey to pay the family a visit. He says he found them on the

last morning seated at the table, and that he found them all of one of the richest of the prairie, and was always with the same heartiness. He says that he found them all of one of the richest of the prairie, and was always with the same heartiness. He says that he found them all of one of the richest of the prairie, and was always with the same heartiness.

REMARKABLE PREDICTION.

For a prediction that comes true, many have indeed heard of which we never hear. Mary a few months ago, predicts a professorship, and a large business, for a favorite son, who nevertheless, takes through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that, some remarkable predictions have, at various times, been uttered, which have become true, and yet not one more has been attributed to them. Syllabus of Caesar, when he pardoned Brutus for his career of glory, said—You can have pardon—I consent—but know that this young man, whose life you so eagerly plead for, will prove the dreadful enemy to the party which you and I have defended. There is in Caesar more than a Marius. The prediction was realized.

Thomas Aquinas was so unusually simple and reserved in conversation, that his fellow students regarded him as a very mediocre person, and jeocularly called him *the dumb ox of Sicily*. He master, Albert not knowing himself what to think took occasion one day before a large assemblage to interrogate him on several very profound questions; to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity, that Albert turned towards the youths who surrounded his chair, and said—You call brother Thomas a *dumb ox*, but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world.

Erasmus wrote a composition at twelve years old, which was read by a learned friend of Pegasus and he was so struck by its merit that he called the youth to him, and said, scanning him keenly. "My boy, you will one day be a great man."

Samuel Johnson predicted of him, when only a child, that he would one day be great by reason of his courage and his virtue. Had not the prophecy come true, we had no more of it. But only was early put in the way of promotion and on the road, the rest is comparatively easy.

Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, early predicted the future greatness of Sir Thomas More. Pointing to the boy one day he said to those about him: "That youth will one day be the ornament of England."

Cardinal Wolsey, though a butcher's son had an early presentiment of his future great eminence. He used to say, that if he could but once set foot at court, he would soon introduce himself there. And scarcely had he obtained admission at court, the possessor of an humble benefice, than he did not hesitate to say, that "henceforth there was no favor to which he dared not aspire."

At eighteen, Gough, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, composed certain reminiscences of early studies on reading which Richelieu exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow."

Marshal Turcotte, in his early youth, prophetically foretold the distinction in arms to which he would rise. But, doubtless, there are few youths who enter the army, full of ardor and courage, who do not predict for themselves the career of a hero and a conqueror.

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That which would be, and that which we desire, present themselves to our imagination, about us and in the future; we prove our aspiration after an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive (though accomplished itself, under favorable circumstances by direct means, and in unfavorable circumstances by some more circuitous route, in which, nevertheless, we never fail to reach the straight road again.