

Alas ! that this sacred, yearning prayer of the Head has been so cruelly unheeded by the members.

If the sensitive heart of our authoress was often saddened at beholding the remorseless dissensions of Christians, it has been compensated gloriously by the enjoyment of the repose and unity of the blessed Saints in the Church triumphant, with angels,

" Chanting in their homes above
The wonders of eternal love."

She has found " Consolation," whose works beneficently united with " Religion," she has so nicely described in the poem bearing their names ; which, however, we pass by, together with the " Brothers," in which earthly ambition and " good report" of an approving conscience are contrasted and represented, to give more notice to her master piece, " The Surrender of Quebec." For this poem (written in her eighteenth year) Miss Johnson received an honorable medal from the Quebec Literary and Historical Society. It is worthy of all the commendation that has been bestowed on it. We hesitate not to say that for its admirable, concise unity, for its chastened beauty of expression it holds a *high place* among the compositions of like character in the whole range of the English language. The historic interest of Old Quebec, with its sieges and changes, makes in itself a " piquant" subject for a poem.

Under the spell of the authoress's pen, we see the steep banks of the river ; the painful ascent up the height ; the dimness of the night facilitating the movements of Wolfe, as really as though we had been eye-witnesses of the whole scene. Full justice is done to the bravery and skill both of the defenders and of the assailants. It is one of its chief beauties, as a Canadian poem, that it is free from disparagement of the honor of either race, whose descendants make our present population. In everything but success, the French are shown equal to the English. The dying scenes of Wolfe, in the arms of victory, and of Montcalm, le pieux chevalier, who having faithfully done his duty so stoically and nobly, yielded to inexorable fate, are admirably depicted. The whole poem is a " monumentum aere perennius" of both heroes.

" From cliff to cliff the gallant army spring,
Nor envy now the eagle's soaring wing ;
They view their labors o'er ; their object gain,
And proudly stand upon the lovely plain,
Gaze down upon the awful scenes they've passed,
Rejoicing that they've reached the heights at last."

The din of conflict is thus well described :

" Louder and louder still the awful roar
Pealed from the heights and shook the frightened shore.
Thick clouds of smoke enveloped friend and foe ;
The volleyed thunder shook the depths below ;