

Support me ! strengthen me ! or let cold earth
Wrap poor Miranion's bosom, and the tears
Of pious sisters mourn a sinless maid !"

Her eyes are red with weeping ; on her hand
Her moistened cheek reclines ; silent she looks
On the dark river. "Do those shadows move?"
She rises, listens. "What strange sounds are these?"
The hum continues, deepens—hark, a step!
Men—soldiers—what are they? The foe! the foe!

The gloom
Deepened, the silence deepened.
She trembles, and her eyes are closed with fear.
What shall she do? Obey affection's voice,
And duty's mandate? And with terror's haste,
She hurried to the camp of sleeping France.

Meantime, o'erwearied Montcalm, on his couch
Extended, sought not sleep, nor had he doff'd
His garments. But the toil of thought intense,
At length o'erpower'd, confused him. Slumbering,
He toss'd from side to side, and sent abroad
The wildly-wandering soul—a reinless steed;
Nor slept, nor waked! Upstart stiff his locks,
By terror smitten; his bones shook. Motionless,
In gloom and might, before his troubled soul,
A power embodied stood, unspeakable
And hueless. "Sleep'st thou, Montcalm?" said a voice,
"Still, vanquish'd victor, sleep! Why wake to shame?
Sleep! Wolfe hath torn the laurel from thy brow."

Thus spake the evil dream. Still slumbered he,
Unhappy; and a mute, expressive tear
Stole from his eyelids o'er his swarthy cheek,
When, pale, approach'd unseen, with noiseless step,
Miranion. Fear and love had bleached her cheek;
And with mute, trembling, inexpressible
Emotion she beheld the man beloved!
She heard him sigh—nearer she drew—she stoop'd,
"He weeps," she cried; "Ah, wherefore in his sleep?"
She looked—she paused; at length, with timid hand,
She touched the hero's forehead, and she said,
"Rise Montcalm!" Up, at once, the warrior sprang,
Confus'd, astonished, and, ere well awake,
His hand had half-undrawn the ready sword;
Then on the maid he gazed, with such a look
Of doubt and fierce surprise, as drove the blood
Back from her fading lip oppressively.
"Who—whence?" he cried, retiring; and he rais'd,
With outstretched arm, the falchion now unsheath'd.
His voice so stern (love was not in the tone)
Came on her heart like death; and, faltering,
At length she cried, "A friend to France I come!
Wolfe climbs the heights of Abraham, and seeks
The city." Fix'd in awe, she stood unmov'd;
The growing light is fearful in her eye:
He gaz'd upon her, never had he seen
Her face before, never a face so fair—
So mild, so sad, so innocent! She seem'd
The gentle angel of the dead, ordained
To bear the virgin-spirit to its home
Eternal; and if beauty could have mov'd
His stern, ambitious heart, sure he had lov'd
That heavenly pensiveness. He stood—he look'd—
He answer'd not; he turned in thought away.
Slow grew the light, the darkness dimly waned,
And on the mountains walk'd the dawn thro' flowers,
When Montcalm's eye shrank, dark from what it fear'd—
The banner'd cross, high on the vanquish'd heights,
O'er bright steel waving red, and England's host,
Embattled, like a crimson fortress vast,
Cresting the eminence with hostile arms.

Why bends Miranion o'er a soldier's couch?
To kiss the pillow of her warrior love.
Her heart is filled with joy, which, soon to fade,
Painteth her pale cheek with a cherub's glow;
And for a moment she forgets herself.
Rise, tall Miranion of the pensive smile!
Rise, stately vestal, from thy warrior's couch!
Soon shalt thou tremble o'er thy counted beads,
And, faltering, listen in thine earnest prayer,
Telling to heaven, to heaven alone, thy love;
And vainly calling every saint to save.
He is not fallen yet! But ere that sun
Shall set and rise, one kiss, thy first and last,
On Montcalm's lip thy breaking heart shall print;
Nor shall the unfeeling taunt of prudery
Flush poor Miranion's faded cheek with shame.
"My hero!" shalt thou say, "for ever mine!
My soul in this chill kiss hath wedded thee."
Then shalt thou grasp his hand fast, with a look
That almost might awake the illustrious dead.
But ere grief close thine eyes for ever, one
Proud spectacle, one long procession more,
Shalt thou behold—sad, slow, funereal pomp,
And nations weeping o'er thy Montcalm's bier.
The victor vanquish'd! That competitor
Worthy of Britain's Wolfe—less fortunate,
Not less heroic—doom'd alike to fall.
Immortal both! Equal their love of fame;
Their genius equal, and their scorn of death.
Then, when the mid-day torches shall no more
Cast the dim gloom of mockery on the slain;
Although no marble tells where thou art laid,
Miranion, night shall love the lonely spot,
The stars shall look in silence on its flowers,
The moon-beams there shall slumber, and the dews
Weep o'er a hapless virgin's modest grave.

NOTE.—Who was Miranion? Is there any legend connecting her love with Montcalm?—perhaps some of our Quebec historians may help to unravelment.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

The *Odessa Messenger* states that never before has there been so much wheat stored at Odessa as at the present time, as no orders arrive from abroad. The corn in store already amounts to 2,000,000 tchetverts, and every day there arrives from 100 to 150 cartloads.

Colonel Stanley, speaking in the "army flogging" debate, with a charming *naïveté* declined to go into the sentimental question, "because, although it had been said that the punishment was barbarous, still he believed it would be generally accepted that war itself was also barbarous." Supposing, however, it were to be argued that war was an eminently gentlemanly profession—how then?

Westminster Abbey has been kept hitherto for English statesmen and soldiers, and men of letters who have done good service to the State. Is it now to be turned into a menagerie of exiled pretenders whose ill fate and whose foolish ambition have induced them to embark their precarious fortunes in an adventure conducted by Lord Chelmsford? The Abbey was not made for such as these, and the erection of a bust of Prince Napoleon in that sanctuary should be strongly protested against.—*London Weekly Dispatch*.

The July *Fortnightly* contains a warm and eloquent eulogy of Cardinal Newman, by W. S. Lilly. It is a striking instance of the fairness and impartiality of the journalism of the present day that such an article should find a place in such a magazine. At the same time we cannot help feeling that the sudden outburst of praise which has been poured upon Cardinal Newman has reached its limit. More than has been said would become fulsome adulation, and might be interpreted as due to his opinions as well as to his character. We yield to none in our high appreciation of the latter, while we regard the former as destructive of individual liberty and of social progress.

Says the *Indian Mirror*:—"The Hindu idea of hell is interesting, and we think it is perfectly harmless when compared with the terrible hell-fire of the Christians. One writer has taken the trouble to ransack the national literature on the subject, and found out in the penal code of heaven the different punishments adjudged against offenders of all classes. The following table enumerates the offences and their punishments:—

Drunkards.....	To be Frogs.
Dissenters.....	" Snakes.
Backbiters.....	" Tortoises.
Misers.....	" Cranes.
Debtors.....	" Bullocks.
Thieves.....	" Deaf people.
Flesh-eaters.....	" Eagles, &c.

"There is no offence," the *Mirror* adds, "in being candid. We are dissenters, and we are not vegetarians. *Ergo*, according to the table given above, we shall be both snakes and eagles. A terrible lot!"

"Praying for fine weather" was the subject of a discourse by the Rev. Charles Williams, at Cannon street Baptist Chapel, Accrington. Mr. Williams said there were only two assumptions on which by any possibility they could practice praying for weather. The first of those assumptions was that the weather was penal in its character, a punishment for our sins as a nation; and the other was that the weather, not being penal, might be better than it was, and so they went to God to ask Him to mend his own work, and to give to them that which would be more suitable for their need and for the protection of the prosperity they desired. Could they accept either assumption? Was the long-continued rain they had had, penal in its character? Was God thereby punishing the English people for their sins? If so, it was time they all began to inquire what sin it was for which God was punishing them. He did not, however, believe for a moment that the long-continued rains were punishment for our sins either as individuals or a nation. With reference to the second assumption, the preacher pointed out the absurdity of man making himself wiser than God, and quoted from the *Lancet* to show that the great moisture of the atmosphere in England and Europe had stopped the progress of the black plague. Only in May there were people predicting there would be no water for carrying on manufacturing purposes, and scarcely sufficient for domestic purposes, and now, when God had sent rain in abundance, they were complaining.

A PEN WORTH RECOMMENDING.

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