

mean here the kind of life I have been describing. No tribulation, or famine, or sword, but an ordinary life. No call to go through fire or flood for Christ's sake, but only a call to do the level and common-place work of Christian life. The young convert, whose heart is all on fire, whose religion is an enthusiasm, wants to do some great things. He wants to bridge chasms, or breast the roaring torrent, or defy the avalanche; and if he could do that, he would keep his ardour up. But he has to go and live an ordinary Christian life: he must use his brain or his hands in just the same way; he has to plod along through the dust in summer and the snow in winter, and there's the rub. He is not scoffed at by his companions for his religion; he is not specially set upon by the sirens of the world; the devil seems to take no particular pains about him; there is no loss of goods involved, and the whole of outward life is ordinary. And in that lies his one great danger. Isn't that just how you have found it? You have had to live, as Christian men and women, common-place lives for the most part. There was a constant friction with the world; family life went quietly on; social life went quietly on; church life went quietly on: no outward disaster, no storm and wild thunderings in the air, no catastrophes to rouse the soul and call to lofty and heroic effort, and in that dulness it was hard to keep up the burning fervour of your first love. Men and churches have nothing more to dread than the ordinary. The Church was never stronger in faith and more blessed in works than when she bared her young neck to the sword of heathendom, and her garden flamed red with passion flowers. Not in tribulation nor in death, but in tranquillity, lay her danger; and there lies our danger. This sober life we are living, this regular coming of the days of work and of rest, as if life had been set to machinery, a notch to mark the Sabbath—no great doubts storming in upon the soul; no floods of trial to be met; no stern demands for self-denial; scarcely the shadow of a cross on the way—there lies the danger—that tranquillity is the great antagonist of love. Settled beliefs, fixed and prescribed ways of work and worship, the hearing of the same well known truths, have a peril in them, for the very reason that they are routine, and that is the enemy of love. Waters must run as the river, or heave and ebb and flow as the ocean, or they are in danger of becoming stagnant. And a calm, uneventful religious life is liable to cool or destroy the love of the soul, and separate the man from his God.

But, thank God, it need not. His love for us surmounts that, and so may our love for Him. The first condition is that His love be fully shed abroad in the soul; let it be light in the mind, and passion in the heart, and let your own love be free to shine and do, and you will conquer all things—you will bring a great soul to the discharge of small duties; you will lift the ordinary to higher levels, and find that nothing can separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

### MIRANION.

In an edition of poems by Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymers, published in 1840, is to be found the following vigorous word-painting descriptive of the capture of Quebec:—

Why shouts Quebec? Why rolls from all her towers  
The peal of gladness, through the midnight air  
O'er moving crowds? Why do her casements blaze,  
Her torches flash, in lines of restless light?  
Great Montcalm is returned with victory,  
And moves in triumph through her blazing streets.  
Before him glide Canadian maids, white-robed—  
War-widow'd virgins, on whose pensive cheeks  
The blush of health had faded into snow.  
Life, life, how heav'nly graceful are thy forms  
In joy or sorrow! Soft as sleep they move,  
High-waving o'er their heads the spotless lawn  
And scattering roses at his proud steed's feet.  
Quebec pours forth her people, young and old,  
To see again her great deliverer.  
The war-unchilded mother, and the boy  
Whose sire had fall'n in battle, came abroad;  
Even, the friendless, aged, houseless man  
Cast on his ruin'd dwelling, as he pass'd,  
But one brief glance, then, dancing with the young,  
Followed the glad procession and rejoiced.  
The soldier's widow sought the crowded streets;  
Oh, deem not that her true heart could forget  
Her low-laid husband! No! with mournful smiles,  
She thought of him and wept; but while she view'd  
The glittering scene, those sad smiles seem'd to say,  
"And he, too, was a soldier." Did not, then,  
Love-lorn Miranion of the down-cast eye  
Steal to the lattice of her tower to gaze?  
She (stately nun! angelic exile! torn  
From Nature's bosom!) on the various throng  
Look'd pale and anxious. Soon again she saw,  
Herself unseen, yet mute and timidly,  
Though with energetic pensiveness, the lord  
Of her affections, Montcalm. Loftier seem'd  
His martial beauty, darker his large eye,  
With triumph fired; and god-like he advanced,  
To redouble her vows. Unhappy maid!  
Why was she born? All-ignorant is he  
What cause he hath to feel ennobling pride—  
Miranion loves him! but he knows it not.  
He reins his foamy steed; the mighty crowd  
Halts, and is hushed, and living statues hold  
Unnumbered torches still! She sees no torch,  
She sees no crowd, her eyes are fixed on him.  
He waves his hand, he bows in act to speak;  
Forward she bends; she listens motionless;  
Hangs on his lips, and breathless drinks his speech,  
As if the words that should pronounce her death,  
Quiver'd for awful utterance on his tongue.

"France is victorious! Ever fortunate!  
She, mistress of the nations, shall extend  
The limits of her sway. Columbia spreads

The verdure of unbounded wilds, and rolls  
Her rivers rivalless, to load with wealth  
Our noble country; and the vanquish'd seas  
Shall bound her greatness with their amplitude;  
For England, like a wintry sun, descends,  
Nor shall the sloping orb, returned, arise  
Again to glory. Laud the Lord of Hosts!  
The maple, and the monarch of the woods,  
Magnolia, now in praise lift up their hands,  
To measureless Missouri's serpent folds.  
I see the unborn glory of this land—  
Her sons, high-destin'd, her immortal men,  
The stately children of futurity.  
Laud, then, the God of Battles, my loved friends!  
Calamity hath worn you, war hath sown  
Your streets with wo; but better days approach.  
Go to your homes, and to your little ones  
Say—Ruin hath stalked near us, with a frown  
That awed, but blasted not—the storm is past."

So said he, hapless in his prophecy,  
And, from the throng retiring, sought repose.  
Then, as a catacomb's vast silence, soon  
The living scene was hush'd; a silent crowd,  
A peopled solitude—the city slept.  
Time ever moves, the only traveller  
That tires not, rests not; dilatory man  
May loiter and may pause; Time pauses not.  
How fast his wings have swept away the hours!  
And lo! 'tis come! The important hour is come  
That shall make children fatherless, and dash  
Into despair the confident hope of pride!  
Thou, Quebec, sleepest! and thy warrior sons,  
In visions, see the host of England worn  
With famine, and subdued without a blow.  
But that unconquered host abjures repose,  
Crowds every boat, and glides, inaudibly,  
Down the dark river. Wake, proud city, crest  
Thy rocks with thunder, while they yet are thine!

Night hears the bat and owlet flit and swim  
Over funereal forests, all asleep;  
And mighty rivers, and lakes ocean-like—  
That gaudily deck th' eternal wilderness,  
And round the virgin waist of solitude,  
Enamour'd, twine their long and beauteous arms—  
Slumber beneath innumerable stars.  
The snow-white porpoise, rising, starts to hear  
The prow-divided wave. How sweet, O night,  
Thy chaste and unperturb'd sublimity!  
Yet, on the shaded river, many a heart  
Aches, as the British boats, with muffled oars,  
Glide with the stream. Of England's happy fields  
Thinks the doom'd soldier, mute—of friends and home—  
Of love and quiet—and the parting look,  
Engraven on his heart—of weeping wife—  
Oh! never more around his neck to clasp  
Her arms, or lift his babes to kiss their sire.  
Amid the silent faces, there is one  
Most thoughtful. O'er the stern he leans in thought,  
Where, thro' the glimmering waves, gleams many a face  
Of slaughtered warrior, peaceful in his tomb  
Of waters; for, tho' heaven's bright queen towers not  
Above the mountains; yet, the clouds which wreath  
Their highest cliffs, tinged with her mildest beams,  
Are visible in magic forms of shade  
And brightness; and their edges, silver-fringed,  
Tremble, reflected on the glassy stream.  
The shrouded heavens, the solemn hour, the vast  
River, the rocks enormous, plumed with pines,  
That cast their calm shades o'er the gliding wave,  
Bend to stern sadness Wolfe's o'er-wearied mind.  
Ah! soon the battle-crash shall wake their shades  
And bid their echoes howl; hurl o'er their rocks  
The slayer and the slain, and dye with gore  
This silent, solemn, loneliest, loveliest scene!

The rocks frowned darker o'er the shoreward fleet.  
First on the strand stood Wolfe. Boat followed boat,  
And warrior warrior. With uplifted sword  
He pointed to the rocks; and swift, and strong,  
And resolute, they scaled the steepness there.  
Silent, and each assisting each, they rose.  
From tree to tree, from cliff to cliff; and soon,  
High on the summit, twenty veterans waved  
Their Highland blades. Mute thousands followed them,  
With labour infinite, and cautious tread,  
And breathing, half-suppress'd; and painfully  
Their slaughter'd cannon weigh'd from pine to pine.

Still dost thou sleep, proud city, unalarm'd!  
Hush'd are thy streets; and by the warrior's bed  
The sword is idle; and of peace restored  
The matron dreaming, sees her sons unscrew  
The rifle, and release the useless helm.  
But pale Miranion wakes. She, love-lorn maid,  
Hath stolen to the heights, unseen, unheard,  
Alone, to hear the river, far below,  
Murmur unseen; and to indulge fond thought,  
Sweet wishes, fond and vain. O'er the grey rock  
She bends her drooping beauty, and she thinks  
How sweetly, pillowed on his bronzed breast,  
The peasant's wife is sleeping from her toils;  
How well it were to be a soldier's bride,  
And couch with love and danger! Holy maid!  
What if thou doff thy veil, in man's attire,  
To stand by Montcalm's side, a seemingly page?  
But virgin fear, and virgin modesty,  
Chas'd that wild thought at once; a painful heat  
Rush'd to the cheek, which never erst the blush  
Of guilty shame suffused; and "Oh!" she said,  
"My God, forgive me! O forgive thy child!"