

## LITERATURE.

## POETRY.

## CHILDREN.

Come to me! Oh, ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me,  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows  
That look toward the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows,  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine  
In your thoughts the brooklets flow.  
But in mine is the wind of autumn,  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us,  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood.

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me! Oh, ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing,  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

LONGFELLOW.

## SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright!  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud:  
Th' indorsements of supreme delight,  
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;  
The couch of time; care's balm and bay:—  
The week were dark but for thy light;  
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou  
Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,  
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:  
The worky days are the back-part;  
The burden of the week lies there,  
Making the whole to stoop and bow,  
Till thy release appear.

Sundays the pillars are  
On which heaven's palace arched lies.  
The other days fill up the spare  
And hollow room with vanities.  
They are the fruitful bed and borders,  
In God's rich garden; that is bare,  
Which parts their ranks and orders.

This day my Saviour rose,  
And did enclose this light for his;  
That, as each beast his manger knows,  
Man might not of his fodder miss.  
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
And made a garden there, for those  
Who want herbs for their wound.

Thou art a day of mirth:  
And, where the week-days trail on ground,  
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.  
Oh, let me take thee at the bound,  
Leaping with thee from seven to seven:  
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,  
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

GEORGE HERBERT.

## QUEBEC.

(Concluded from our last.)

Monday morning was as bright and beautiful as that of the Sabbath; and at four o'clock I was upon the wing. When the first rays of the sun flashed over the hills at Point Levi I had finished a sketch of the Place d'Armes and its surroundings. The most notable of these is the Court-house, the English Cathedral, and the large building containing the Quebec Library, the Collections of the Historical Society, and the Museum. The Court-house, on the north side of St. Louis Street, is a large modern structure, its arched entrance approached by two flights of steps, and its interior arrangements ample for the accommodation of the courts and appropriate offices. The Quebec Library, which contains upwards of six thousand volumes, was founded in 1779, when Governor Haldiman contributed one hundred volumes of valuable works as a nucleus. This library and the Collections of the Historical Society and Museum were in the Parliament House when it was destroyed by fire, and both suffered severely.

From Durham Terrace I went to the Palace Garden, a little southward, where stands a tall monument of granite, erected to the memory of the opposing heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm, who both perished in battle nearby, a hundred years ago. (\*) This garden was formerly a part of the grounds attached to the old Castle of St. Louis, and the portion where the monument stands is finely shaded with ornamental trees. The corner-stone of the monument was laid, with imposing ceremonies, on the 20th of November, 1827, when Earl Dalhousie was Governor-General of Canada (1). It was erected under his auspices, and the ceremonials were chiefly conducted by the Freemasons. These were invested with peculiar interest by the presence of the venerable Master Mason, James Thompson, one of the few survivors of the battle in which the two great leaders fell (2). He was then in the ninety-fifth years of his age, and walked firmly to the spot, wearing the regalia of his mystic order. At the request of the Governor he performed the usual ceremony of giving three raps with a mallet upon the corner-stone, and then retired, leaning upon the arm of Captain Young, of the 79th Highlanders, whose pencil produced the chaste design of the monument. The apex is sixty-five feet from the earth, and upon the pedestal is the following inscription, written by Dr. J. C. Fisher, then a Quebec editor:

## WOLFE.—MONTCALM.

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM

FAMAM HISTORIA

MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS

DEDIT

A. D. 1827.

For these few lines, which mean in English, "Military Virtue

(1) It was on the 15th November 1827, within the gate, (some sixty feet in front of its present position) of the lower garden of the castle, whence the site was changed in prosecuting the work, the ensuing spring to the spot where it now stands.—(*Christies History of Canada*, volume 3. [Ed. L. C. J. E.]

(2) The *Quebec Mercury* of the 20th November 1827, while describing the ceremonies of the day, does not state that Mr. Thompson was a master Mason. [Ed.]

(\*) Montcalm died in the city, the day after the battle. Wolfe on the field.