



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ORIGINAL.]
CANADA.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Of my birth and boyhood's years,
Of my joys, my sorrows and tears,
Of each tie that binds my heart,
O my Canada, thou art
Of my sleeping kindred's urn,
Where the fire of freedom burns,
Of the bright and the glowing west,
Of my birth, I love thee best.

Prand of thy name my heart must be,
Singing for thy prosperity,
Pastor of heaven, I know thy name
Shall add the pinnacle of fame
And thou shalt be thy children's pride,
Scotland's home and glory's bride,
Child of the sea from east to west,
Canada, my home, I love thee best.

No alien's part I claim,
Nor do I wish to share
The soil that from shore to shore,
Lush and fertile, is thy store,
Thy sons alike are brave and true,
The patriot and statesman too,
Thy daughters—Virtue's smile has
Dressed,
And these and thee I love thee best.

The broad Pacific bears thee wealth,
And old Atlantic brothes thee health,
Thy soil is wealth from shore to shore,
Lush and fertile, is thy store,
Thy sons alike are brave and true,
The patriot and statesman too,
Thy daughters—Virtue's smile has
Dressed,
And these and thee I love thee best.

Of the noble and the brave,
Of the wanderer and slave,
No shackled man's toll,
No spot of earth shall cost
Thy birthright and thy power,
From thy heritage and down,
Of the trader and oppressor,
None, I'll love thee best.

Land, where majestic Nature's throne
Shows for the God of heaven alone
Home for Religion's sons called,
Saviour of Africa's bleeding child,
Let me when death shall close my toil,
Sleep 'neath the soil of thy free soil,
Near the graves where my father's rest,
Home of my heart, I love thee best.

Other lands I love a while,
Elin's emerald sea-girt isle,
Spain's cliffs from glory's boat,
Sweden's wave-washed coast,
Alcibiades' sunny shore
Greece (as visited by Alcibiades &c.)
But for thee in all the rest,
Canada, I love thee best.

Gem of the west thy destiny,
Mark the fair mistress of the sea,
The empire of the world now more,
Thy cities rise from shore to shore,
And thou shalt see, the nation's soul,
Come them to bow at thy command,
Mid power is on thy laws imposed,
Land of my birth, I love thee best.

Of a race by nature free,
Of true hospitality,
Of the language of the heart,
Of light genius and of art,
Of deep Nature's fairest ones,
Of fair daughters and brave sons,
Of Oppressor's blood-stained crest,
Of my birth, I love thee best.

My war's red banner o'er the plain,
Never sweep before her march on train,
My pride, her radiant smile shed o'er us,
Thy homes with happiness to crown,
Thy children with parental love,
Crown the dear and the dove,
And hear, oh! may thy blessing rest
On thee, my Canada, the best!

GENIUS IS PERSEVERANCE.

It was the maxim of Buffon the naturalist. He used to say that men did not so much differ one from another in the gifts of nature as in the practice of the virtue of patience: and he said that by dint of indefatigable industry, perseverance, and industry all things can be accomplished.

Patience is the price set up on everything valuable; nor has any man ever risen to eminence in any art, profession, or calling, except by dint of unwearied industry and patient perseverance. And Buffon was not far wrong in his assertion, that the great men consisted mainly in their superior patience.

Johnson once remarked that "the mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great men of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius and natural sagacity; the wits of these days have found a way to fame which the dull caution of our laborious forefathers never attempt."

Remark is applicable in this as it was in Johnson's time. Young men are still eager to arrive at great results without industry of labor. They would be scientific and learned, and wise, without paying the inevitable price—hard work, and get a smattering of many things, but few are at the pains to master a subject. They resemble to much that lady of fashion who is wont to brag of her knowledge of foreign languages, and engaged a master on the express condition that he did not talk with verbs or participles.

Present age being so decidedly mechanical; our leading men recalling in the triumph of science at the expense of nature there is a strong tendency and desire to arrive at results quickly, without undergoing the dull plodding which our laborious ancestors were willing and obliged to confront. In education as in other things, we invent "labor-saving processes," and short cuts to science, learn "French in twelve lessons," and read of a summary pamphlet, which advertises to do it in a matter. We think to learn chemistry by listening to lectures on the subject at mechanics' institutes; and we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to phosphorus burnt into oxygen, we have got our amateur-chemistry—the most that can be said of which is, that

though it is better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. And so do we also learn popular astronomy by means of an orrery, transparencies, and "highly interesting models." We may not believe now that there is a royal road to knowledge, but we seem to believe very firmly in a "popular" one. We have sciences spiced by puns, and art seasoned with anecdotes. We have now got Comic Grammars, Comic Histories of England and Rome, and by-and-by we may possibly arrive at a Comic Euclid. Thus do we "make things pleasant" on the road to knowledge; and imagine we are being educated when we are only amused.

But it will not do. To be really wise we must labor after knowledge; to be learned, we must study; to practice self-culture successfully, we must be diligent and self-denying; to be great in anything we must have patience. Remember the principle of Appelles—"No day without a line; and the axiom of Napoleon—"An hour lost is a chance for misfortune in the future." A young man ought to bring himself to revolt in feeling at a lost hour, as if it were a crime; he needs to watch himself carefully hour after hour, and every night before going to rest, balance the accounts of his days' employment. If he do this it will soon become a habit, and a most valuable one.

It is astonishing how much may be done by economizing time, and by using up the spare minutes; the odds and ends of our leisure hours. There are many men who have laid the foundations of their character, and been enabled to build up a distinguished reputation, simply by making a diligent use of their leisure minutes. Professor Lee acquired Hebrew and several languages during his spare time in the evening, while working as a journeyman in a carpenter's shop. Ferguson learnt astronomy from the heavens while herding sheep on the Highland hills. Stone learnt mathematics while a journeyman-gardener. Hugh Miller studied geology while working as a day laborer in a quarry. By using up the odds and ends of their spare time—the spare bits which so many others would have allowed to run to waste—these and a thousand more in a hazy acquired honor, distinction, and happiness for themselves, and promoted the well-being and general advancement of the world.

Hayden, in his lectures on painting has given some excellent advice on this subject. He says—"Always look temptation in the face, and never shrink. There is no being takes so many snaps as Miss Mary Illness. She is a beautiful devil, with lustrous teeth, raven hair, big eyes, and a nose and cheeks, chin and dimple, lips, and forehead not to be mentioned; and the worst is, whatever she proposes is always for your good. If you have genius, I advise you to make ready for its inspirations. If you have not, industry at least, will give you knowledge. I am no friend to the lachrymose croaking about "time of life;" I am just as old now, a fifty-eight years, to set to work in a new acquirement, as at eighteen years—and perhaps, more able. "Were I to begin the world again," said Reynolds; he would do all sorts of things he has neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now he had been saying this forty years. Why did he not, at once, like Titorelli, write over the door of his painting room, "The day to Titian, the night to Michael Angelo?" and in six months we should have had his limbs more like legs and his thighs than mine. Why? because he had only the consciousness of imperfection, without the sufficient power (or will), to amend the remedy. After lamenting this, Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or a young to be club to listen to the declamations of Johnson."

It is true; force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing. A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you wish, that you are for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one and no wishes to be submissive, patient, modest or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

Even at advanced years men can accomplish much, if they determine forthwith to begin. There are many late learners in the world: Sir Henry Spelman only commenced the study of science when between fifty and sixty years of age; and after this he became a most learned an historian and lawyer. Fra L. d. J. only began his philosophical studies until he had reached his fiftieth year. Becceca was thirty-five when he commenced his studies in poetic literature; and Addison was forty-six when he began the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold was above forty when he learned German, for the purpose of being able to read Niebuhr's works. When Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Dutch druggist, somewhat above the age of thirty, he did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry;

and he was sixty-eight when he commenced the translation of the *Aeneid*. Scott was upward of thirty before he published his *Minstrelsy*, and what a life of hard work was his after that. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works; and Mehmet Ali was above forty when he learned to read and write. Indeed, hundreds of instances might be given of men who struck out an entirely new path, and successfully entered on new studies, at a comparative advanced age. None but the sick and indolent will ever say, "I am too old to study."

One of the most striking illustrations of industry, and of Bacon's maxim that "patience is genius," is afforded in the life and labors of Sir Isaac Newton. It is related of him, that when he was questioned respecting the mental qualities which formed the peculiarities of his character, he referred it entirely to the power which he had acquired of *continuous attention*. "When he was asked," says Mr. Whewell, "how he made his discourses, he answered, 'By always thinking about them;' and at another time he declared that 'if he had done anything, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought; I keep the subject of my inquiry constantly before me, and wait till the first dawning opens gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light.'"

When William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, was at St. John's College, in order that he might daily devote several hours to study without interruption, he made an agreement with a bell-ringer to be called up every morning at four o'clock. But his strength was soon seriously impaired thereby, and he contracted a painful disease in his legs, of which he got subsequently cured. At sixteen he delivered a public lecture on the logic of the schools, and three years later on the Greek language. He studied all subjects, including law, antiquities, and heraldry, and copied with his pen anything that appeared to him worthy of notice. His despatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once;" and he never left a thing undone with a view of recurring to it at a period of more leisure. When business pressed, he rather chose to encroach on his hours of meals and rest than omit any part of his work. Even when laboring under pain he was carried to his office for a despatch of business. An eye-witness says of him, that for a period of twenty-four years he never saw him idle for half an hour together; and if he had no particular task, which rarely happened, he would still busy himself in reading, writing, or meditating.

Sir Walter Scott said, seriously, in his autobiography, "Through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered at my own ignorance."

Such is true wisdom. While many think themselves learned, who have gained but a smattering of knowledge, from "comic" primers and "popular" lectures, the wiser man really becomes, the more he begins to feel as the sage of old did, when he said, "The longer I live, the more persuaded I become that I know nothing."

CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, AND THE WALDENSES.

When, in Cromwell's time, the Vaudois lost everything by the cruel persecution of their enemies, he called for a collection for them in all the churches of the Puritans and Covenanters in Great Britain. So hearty was this responded to, that a considerable surplus was left after their necessities were met, which surplus remained in the British treasury and was applied to the general purposes of the Kingdom for a considerable period. The fact having at length been brought to the knowledge of the Government, it was agreed that the fund, being no longer needed for their original purpose, should be set apart for the support of the Vaudois pastors. Accordingly, each one of them, sixteen in number, receives annually £10 sterling from the bank of England. The source of another part of their support is even more singular. When Napoleon conquered Italy, he confiscated certain properties belonging to the church of Rome, and made them over to the Vaudois. By the treaty of Vienna, after Napoleon's overthrow, it was guaranteed that this arrangement should not be overturned; and in consequence of it, each of the Vaudois pastors receives £20 sterling a year. The £20 sterling which is thus provided for them, is estimated by the *Free Church Magazine*, taking into view the simplicity of their manners and the circumstances of the country, to be equivalent to one-half more than the members of the Free Church receive from the subscription fund; that is to say, it is ample support for them. What is more wonderful in all history than that Cromwell and Napoleon should be found or credited in promoting such a result. "Large shall be thy nursing fathers."