

tions that which might prove to be fuel to his flames. He came here solely with a message of comradeship and affection, based upon the kindness shown him in Quebec by gentlemen who had held out a welcome to him before he had done anything, even in adverse criticism; much less in favorable notice of the attractions of Quebec. He referred to a letter which he had received that day from his father, now ninety-five years of age, who said that his heart warmed towards Quebec because sixty-five years ago he was stationed here with his regiment of artillery, and had engaged a French tutor to teach him to speak and write the French language. A new world had thus, he said, been opened to him, not alone of landscape or of territory, but of language and of literature. He could thus claim an acquaintanceship of sixty-five years of comradeship in Quebec when he came here some time ago, an unknown literary man. When you, Mr. Premier, he said, addressing the Hon. Mr. Marchand, can lay aside the cares of political life to be with us to-night, it demonstrates that in one Parliament at least there is no rivalry, though emulations, and that is the parliament of letters. Whatever concern a nation may feel on other matters, it may agree to worship the attributes of beauty and truth. In Quebec, of all parts of the British Empire, he believed that the Government assumed an affectionate, paternal attitude in regard to its literary men. In England, such a relation existed to this extent that, when old and decrepit, literary men of renown might throw themselves upon the bounty of the Government

After replies had been made on behalf of the *Cercle des Dix* by Sir James Le Moine and the Hon. Mr. Marchand, Dr. Harper was called upon to speak to the toast of Literature in Canada, and is reported by

the *Morning Chronicle* as having said :

"We are met here this evening to enjoy the hospitality of one who, though ennobled beyond many of us, from having an audience as wide as the world itself, over whom he may wield his pen as a wizard, and who, during a well-earned holiday, has thought fit in his generosity to do honor to one of our societies that has become of late a prominent exponent of the literary spirit as it is to be found at the present day in this old city of Quebec. And to entertainer and entertained I here make my humble obeisance as I ask you all to drink to the success of the literature of Canada that is coming to gain so much strength among her sons and daughters. Our host himself has already drunk of the cup which the author who would be a true literary man must ever drink of—the cup from which we all must drink if we would keep the literary spirit within us pure and good and true. He has drunk of the wildering flavor of the scenery of his native land and the romance of her early days; ay, he has even lingered within the precincts of Cape Diamond and the Laurentides to drink of the very best of that kind of flavor that is to be had in the world; and to-day we rejoice with him to find that the true patriotism which such nourishment is ever producing in us, has also begotten in him that literary pride and acumen which claims as its own the purity of genius itself. For surely I may venture to say in your hearing, without even the semblance of flattery, that the high dignity and moral tone of his workmanship as a literary man, the purity of thought and diction that marks whatever comes from his pen, prove him to be the true man of letters, and a true Canadian besides. Were I to speak of Canadian literature at any length, I would have to specialize it, though in so doing I would probably forget to