

"The rev. author's address to an Edinburgh friend, breathes the lofty spirit of an adopted citizen. After a pathetic wafting of praise to the land of his Sires, he thus foretells the greatness of the land he lives in :—

"With you hath been what here may be,
 Yea, will be yet, and we shall see
 New glories crown this virgin land,
 Whate'er is beautiful and grand
 Its own become, as time pours forth
 Of art and toil the varied store,
 Us now enriching, as of yore,
 The father people with the spoil
 Of ages gone, the treasured hoard
 Into the lap unceasing poured
 Of generations as they rise.
 By lib'rai sires, whose high emprise
 Bids earth and air and ocean wide
 Their wealth untold with man divide.

"The gifts so fair, that blessed their toil,—
 LAWS EQUAL,—grace Canadian soil.
 Nor to her conquering patriot sires
 Ungrateful, Canada aspires,
 Onward, in time's great march to speed,
 Like them to win the victor's meed."

Proceeding in his eulogy, localities are mentioned. Alluding to our Canadian men of genius, he says :—

"With soaring view they anxious tend
 The opening intellect to bend,
 By lures that art and science lend.
 Thus, where by great St. Lawrence tide,
 Stately arise in martial pride,
 Quebec's famed walls, and Diamond's towers
 Defiance frown to hostile powers
 The painter's varied skill displays
 The artist mind of other days,
 The architect's ingenious lore
 The art of times gone by, even more
 Sets forth, as wond'ring you behold
 Those massive works now gray and old,
 That oft have beat the foeman back,
 Repelling, firm, each bold attack
 As powerless fell the shattering ball
 Against the compact bomb-proof wall."

"Nor fail with time our wisdom powers,
 Of modern skill the genius ours.
 Witness those edifices grand
 That deck the foaming Ottawa's land :