

flit like the spiritual guardians of a national heritage, the arsenals with the piled-up implements of world-overshadowing greatness, and the emblems, monuments, and trophies of imperial struggles and bloody battles; the graves of heroes and poets and statesmen; the moving pictures, the stirring memories which come from stored-up achievement in every field; the mixture of the venerable and the new—the crumbling ivied wall, which saw feudal barons strike at the life, through mail of proof, protecting the delicate specimens of the modern floriculturist, or the castelated ruin whence great earls overawed the surrounding country, forming the back ground for a croquet party, or a church bazaar; the shepherd's pipe mingling its plaintive voice with the warlike summons of the clarion; there the loom, the spinning jenny, the miner's lamp—here the colour and pomp, and circumstance of a conquering race. On the other hand, we have none of the squalor and poverty of an old country. We have no vast superincumbent mass of aristocracy to awe us; none of the difficulties which arise from the struggle between the latter part of the nineteenth century and modern feudalism. On reflection, I think, I have overstated the case against Canada. We have at least one city unequalled in its situation, of antique lineament and great associations, and in the Capital we have an Imperial site bearing buildings not unworthy of that commanding throne. Nor is it true to say we are wholly, or necessarily to any extent, cut off from the precious historical traditions of Great Britain and Ireland. All we need is the historical imagination to make these treasures our own. Ours by inheritance, certain mental conditions have only to be fulfilled in order to take possession. The gulf is great which separates the historical and the antique from the land of the woodman, the snake fence, the prairie; but the mind can bridge the chasm; nay, imagination

has only to spread her wings and it is passed. We have schools and universities, far indeed, at present, from what is desirable; but where, nevertheless, our sons can hold communion with the mighty dead, catch their spirit, and learn the arts by which they rose to be the cynosure of nations. Inland, we have not the salt sea air, but the wind which sweeps under our cloudless skies and over our snow-clad landscape is not less exhilarating. Too many are ready to subscribe to the statement made by a Yankee, that it is all tail in Canada—meaning thereby that it is all third class. I have found men—and some of these, I blush to say, born on the soil—quietly assuming that no one would stop in Canada if he could make a good living elsewhere, and this, in the face of the fact, that we have settled amongst us a distinguished literary man of large private fortune. Not a few men have resisted strong pecuniary temptation to go to the United States. The career of Mr. Benjamin shows how much in the way of money gains a first-class lawyer foregoes, by remaining in Canada. Why do such remain here? The answer is to be found in the fact that Canada, although without arts, which would be an anachronism in a young country, has, in her climate, her institutions, her youth, her future, attractions sufficient to fix the affections. In one of those fields to which the word art is applied with peculiar appropriateness, we have made a good beginning. From Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Mrs. Schrieber, Mr. J. C. Forbes, and their associates in the Society of Artists, we have not merely the promise of the future Academy, but present results marked by sincere workmanship and permanent value.

This want of self-belief is the one drawback of young peoples who are too often ready to efface themselves before whatever comes with a foreign imprimatur. There is in certain quarters a sort of despair of art of any kind in

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