

Say, did'st thou pause
 From tiresome study, just to send a thought
 Out on the glorious world?—to call to mind
 How pleasant is the music of the breeze
 Amid the old elm branches?—how the bee,
 In the rich clover nestled down,
 Murmurs its drowsy music?—how the bird
 Chirps to its tiny young in the soft nest
 Down in the willow boughs beside the brook?—
 How the young lamb amid the fragrant grass
 Sports with glad merriment all day, while thou
 Must con thy weary lesson?—

'Mid such thoughts
 It was not strange that sleep should hang a weight
 Upon thy drooping eyelids, and bring down
 The tired drooping head with all its yellow curls
 Upon thy little desk.

Sleep sweetly on,
 Thou peaceful little boy! I will not break
 Thy undisturbed repose, nor thoughtlessly
 Call thy young spirit from its sunny dream
 Back to this weary world.

Oh! far too soon
 Thy day-dreams will be done. The blessed years
 Of artless childhood will be all gone by;
 And thou, perchance, a weary-hearted man,
 Will be a stranger in this treacherous world,
 Willing to give a kingdom, were it thine,
 For one blest hour of careless sleep like this.

ABOUT CANADIAN LITERATURE.

READ BY M. J. KELLY, M. B., L. L. B., SCHOOL INSPECTOR, BEFORE THE COUNTY OF BRANT
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It is surprising when we consider that more than two centuries and a half have elapsed since Champlain first planted the *fleur de lis* upon Cape Diamond, how little attention has been paid, either by our French Canadian fellow countrymen or ourselves, to the cultivation of the *belles lettres*. Especially has the domain of poetry been neglected. While our republican neighbors, whose worship of the "Golden Calf" has been made the subject of sarcasms innumerable, and in whose mental constitution the practical is generally supposed to have taken precedence of the ideal and the speculative—have for a century past paid successful court to the Muses, we cannot name a single Canadian poet who rises above mediocrity. Joel Barlow, the author of the "Columbiad," the earliest American epic, although not likely to trouble school-boys much in years to come, and Dr. Timothy Dwight, whose "Conquest of Canaan" contains many splendid descriptive passages, were men of the last century. Dana, whose "Buccaneer" is one of the finest and most dramatically descriptive poems in the English language, and the wild and wayward Poe, prince of the poets of the unreal, are no more. Gone, too, is the elegant Pinckney, the accomplished Joseph Rod-