

ular investigation has been promoted for objects foreign to those which alone ought to influence all the parties concerned therein, and which are unworthy of the Government of any country. But we nevertheless hope better things concerning the present administration, and will not pre-judge them; no, not even on the semi-official assumptions of their own avowed organs. In the meanwhile we ask for a careful perusal of our Review of the Government Inspector's Report.

But these remarks are only by the way. We now return to our Reviewers, and repeat, that nothing could be more thoroughly gratifying than the fact that the *Canadian Patriot* has attracted the attention and called forth the special criticisms of the leading journals of the Province. Not to have been noticed would have turned out almost certain death to us. Although the *Witness* is quite willing to admit our power, our fearlessness and independency, and even our "slashing" qualities, it is nevertheless a question if we could have survived, had the press united in "inflicting upon us silence most severely."

Or, suppose the *Gazette*, for instance, in condescending just to give the *Patriot* one passing remark, had muttered out, "INIMITABLY TAME!" and there left us. Why! that might have killed us outright. Then again, only think of the leading journals endorsing our *Magazine* as "VERY NICE," and saying nothing more about us. Under such an unkind infliction we might have dwindled away in slow consumption. A new periodical must now-a-days be up to the mark, and start out in pace with the times, before the established press will even recognize that it has a being. Any attempt at publication falling short of this standard, passes both into, and out of the literary world, altogether unnoticed.

Well! we have passed through this ordeal safely. It is worth something to know that our articles remind the venerable editor of the Montreal *Daily Witness* of the trenchant criticisms of the early *Edinburgh Review*. In these days of gas, and

steam, and railways, and telegrams, and in this New World of America, everything above and beneath and around bespeaks progress. Manliness, earnestness, perseverance and right, give a tone to these newly created nationalities. The press is the legitimate representative of ideas. We care not who may make the laws, so long as we may be permitted to write leading articles which shall command a reading from the people.

Other reviews are daily coming under our notice, but this article has already reached its utmost limits.

H Y M N.

All moving Spirit! freely forth
At thy command the strong wind goes
Its errand to the passive earth;

Nor art can stay nor strength oppose
Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine
So, weary of each earthly thing,
My spirit turns to thine.

Child of the sea, the mountain stream
From its dark caverns hies on
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star and noontide's sun;
Until at last it sinks to rest
O'er wearied in the waiting sea
And moans upon its mother's breast,
So turns my soul to Thee.

Oh Thou who bidst the torrent flow
Who ledest wings unto the wind—
Mover of all things! where art Thou?
Or whither shall I hope to find
The secret of thy resting place?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may reach the space
Of highest heaven, for Thee?

Oh would I were as free to rise
As leaves on Autumn's whirlwind born,
Or arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or song, or ray, or star of morn
Which melts in heaven at daylight's close;
Or aught that soars unchecked and free
Through earth and heaven, that I might lose
Myself, in finding Thee!

Thoughts of my soul! how swift ye go,
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow
To the far aim of your desire;
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise
Like spring doves from the startled sod,
Bearing, like them, your sacrifice
Of music unto God.

And shall those thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me,
Returning like the Patriarch's dove
Wing weary from the eternal sea?
To bear within my longing arms,
The promise bought of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green immortal palms
That shadow Paradise!

LAMARTINE.