

is that which a nation leaves as a heritage to future generations, when she is swept away by the hand of time, and dies like one of us. Where are the material glories—the wealth, the arms, the power—of the great nations of antiquity? are they not swallowed up in the past, without bequeathing any substantial legacy to the present or to future ages? While the noble thoughts, and wise words, of their master minds, live and speak for all time. Let us look at the page of history for examples; and for one that will strike us all, we

“ Turn ever to the land
Where on the Egean shore a city stands
Built nobly—pure the air and light the soil;
Athens! the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence—”

While the wild and warlike nations that in all parts of the East were cotemporaries of Athens, have left no trace of their existence, save the record of some bloody fight, she still guides the deepest thinkers, instructs the greatest orators, and inspires the imaginations of the noblest poets of the nineteenth century. And if Canada can never aspire to a destiny like this, she may still set such examples before her, and may well hope, at some distant day, to take a high position as a literary nation, at least, in the New World. And it is to the men of our own day that the glorious privilege belongs of raising Canada in the eyes of the world, from a rude, half civilized Colony, to a respected, literary nation. The stout arms of our forefathers have cleared away the trees of the forest, and have given us a fair land, full of plenty and prosperity,