

Missionaries and towards the brave LaSalle. We have in the "Guardian Angel" the famous picture of the Village Poet, his unfulfilled aspirations, his burning self consciousness, his little clique of admirers ; his dear little wife Susan Posey, and his adoring mother ; Gifted Hopkins has become a type of the class. What can be said about Oliver Wendell Holmes will soon be seen in the December MAGAZINES. We once had the pleasure of an interview with Holmes having had our introduction to him from one who has worked hard to promote a Canadian Literature, Dr. George Stewart of Quebec I presented the letter one Monday afternoon in January 1887 at Dr. Holmes' house in Beacon Street. After waiting a few minutes in a drawing room on the ground floor, I was called upstairs to a back room which was evidently the Professor's study. He said : "before I talk to you I must ask you if you are connected with the Press, don't be offended, I should ask the question just the same if you were the Archbishop of Canterbury." I hastened to say "I was not". "Then" said he "I don't mind talking to you". A friend had once betrayed some of his unguarded conversation to a weekly paper. He asked me what was doing in Literature in "the Provinces", as they generally call Canada in the States, perhaps not having grasped the fact of our unified Dominion. I mentioned one or two names he then said "they are always sending me Magazines and books to read ; here is one, shewing me a Magazine published in Chicago. I am too old now to read anything but what I write myself. I must read that (you know), as I have to correct the proof sheets." Then I asked him of his reception at St. Johns College, Cambridge during his recent trip to England in 1886. The Fellows of St. John's had given Holmes a breakfast, and Heitland, one of the tutors and a great classical scholar, whom Holmes described as "a young gentleman of the College," had composed a poem in honour of the event. Holmes could remember the event but could not, as was natural at his age (78) recall the different dons in whom I happened to be interested. After this he went on telling me the details of his tour almost in the same words that I read afterwards in the papers he wrote in the "Atlantic Monthly" and which were afterwards published in "One hundred days in Europe ?" I left after three quarters of an hour of genial chat and trust my mentioning the interview in these columns is not a breach of faith with him who has now passed away and who had such a horror of pressmen !