

axe or spade, we stand, as we comprehend their utility, nearer to the Adams, to the workers of the field and factory. When we look into the golden eye of the daisy, the glow of the lily-cup, or catch the whispering notes of the pine and fir, or the tremulous murmur of the far-off beating on the sands, we stand nearer to the Creator. We think of Ithaca, that fondled Ulysses; Sparta, that cradled Menelaus; Athens, where Plato lived and taught beneath the shining olive trees; these were and are but rude spots in Nature's robe, compared to the fertile hills and vales of Canada. We are too much affected by the Saxon and Greek past—it hangs around us like a millstone. It is the Canadian present we should see. We must feel the beauty of Canadian hills, rivers, lakes and fields. Then when we get near to the real life of all we see, will come the real artist—the cultured, educated Canadian.

A number of mechanics were asked once which of the seven studies had been most beneficial to them. The studies were history, Latin, spelling, arithmetic, drawing, botany, algebra. All replied that Latin,