

The present premier of Quebec, M. Chauveau, is the author of several literary productions, which are favourably known among his countrymen, and give promise of much excellence in the future, if he can find time to devote to the promotion of letters.* We might refer to many other men who now occupy prominent positions in the provinces, and constantly give us eloquent evidences of the high cultivation of their minds; but as we have only to deal here with those who are known in the field of authorship, we must pass them by with the expression of the regret that they have not connected their names, in some enduring form, with the literature of the New Dominion just springing into vigorous life.

When we look at the number of our colleges and schools—at the condition of our free and enlightened press—at the increasing interest in all matters of social, moral and intellectual improvement,—we have conclusive evidence that the development of a colonial literature is only the work of time. It would indeed be a sad mistake if our people were taught to consider the mere acquisition of wealth the most laudable object of their ambition. In communities like our own, there is sometimes a disposition to over-rate the practical and under-estimate the intellectual. In the opinion of some persons, such a superior education as is afforded by our universities is unnecessary except for the professional man. According to them, anyone in business should not have an idea beyond the counting-room or the ledger. Fortunately, such fallacious opinions are fast disappearing with the intellectual development of the country, and it would be superfluous to attempt to show their absurdity at the present time. It must be admitted on all sides—indeed it is a truism—that the politician, whether drawn from the learned professions or from the counting-room, is useful to his country in proportion to his literary attainments. The men who are most thoroughly versed in historical learning and political economy—who have gathered inspiration from the masterpieces of classical literature, and drank deeply “from the well of English undefiled,”—must certainly do much to raise the standard of oratory, and give that intellectual elevation and dignity to the profession of politics in which it is too often found wanting throughout America.

* If the reader wishes to obtain some information as to the state of colonial literature, he should go through Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*.

A PARTING.

Few, simple, farewell words!—no tear, no sigh,—
 No burning kiss, no lingering embrace,—
 No passionate vows of truth, defying fate,
 Expressed the love our hearts had learned too late:
 An eager, questioning glance,—a calm, pale face,—
 Hands quivering in quick clasp,—low, tremulous: “Good-bye.”

C.