

but we require something higher than this ; we require the talent and erudition that are solely occupied in the practical affairs of daily life, to be devoted, in part, towards laying a ground-work for a Canadian Literature. In our eagerness for material prosperity, and desire to spread the blessings of civilization over those regions that we are still reclaiming from the wilderness, we are apt to forget how powerful an instrument of civilization we are thus neglecting nearer home. In Canada we have much need of everything that has a tendency to create literary tastes. Ours is a young and busy country, where much of our time is given up—necessarily given up—to the advancement of material prosperity, and where, for the present, at least, Literature, and the elegant Arts, must grow up side by side with the coarse plants of daily necessity, and must depend for their culture, not on the exclusive devotion of time or wealth, but on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuit of worldly interests by intelligent and public-spirited individuals. If we Canadians cannot point proudly back to the traditional patriotism of ages, if we have been too recently transplanted from other soils, to allow our roots to strike deeply into the soil of Canada, and if we cannot glory in her *past*, we may still indulge in as proud hopes for her *future*, and cherish as ardent an ambition for her prosperity, as if we had a history—old as the eternal hills. No doubt it is right and patriotic to direct our ambition towards attaining material greatness, and a place among the nations, from our wealth, or commercial, or political importance—but we must not forget that there is a nobler element in national greatness than any of these. There