

Fruits too, of various kinds and delicious flavors, are produced in this smiling country, so that her inhabitants need not sigh for the vineyards and orange groves of southern climes.

Birds of rare plumage and sweet song, flit among her groves; and let us wander where we will, we are enraptured by some new and charming landscape. There we behold some magnificent work, fashioned by the all-forming hand of God, which expands and fills the mind with awe, and, rising above the things of earth,

"We climb the heights of yonder starry road,
Rising through nature up to nature's God."

Here we are delighted by the contemplation of some softer scene, blending beauty with harmony, and tending to soothe and tranquilize the mind.

As the climax of this world's sublimities, Canada presents her stupendous cataract, "a mass of wonders tossed from the hand of the Almighty, to mock the folly and vanity of man." "The light showers of ever continued spring—wetting the rocks, the grass, bushes, and trees—the green fresh foliage crowning and clustering about the rocky cliffs; and the gently eddying waters below, but slightly removed from the boiling foaming surge; laving playfully, the rocky edges of the shore, and murmuring softly, as they ever again kiss the foot of the bank, and the tips of long grass hanging over, as if to woo the greeting—all this to the observant eye, makes Niagara not more a scene of striking grandeur, than of calm, softest beauty." And what a world-famed wonder, when the opposite shores of the vast gorge below are bound together by the iron bridge! "In full sight of the cataract, the surge of angry waters far beneath the mighty whirlpool, and the sullen, storm-beaten rocks all around, it will be an iron link of civilization between the ruling powers of the world."

The falls of Montmorency, though less grand, are nevertheless noted for their beauty. To describe appropriately, the ever-varied sublime and beautiful scenery of our fondly cherished country, must be the work of her future bards—her Scotts, her Byrons, and her Southseys.

While nature has lavished the ornamental, she has not forgotten to scatter with it the useful. Canada is rich in mineral products, which must, at no very distant day, become a source of immense revenue; rendering her, to a greater extent, an exporting than an importing country.

When, in connection with her mineral and forest wealth, her superior adaptation to agricultural pursuits is considered, who can doubt that Canada is destined to become a rich and populous country? On this subject it has been remarked, by a writer, that it is chiefly with her agriculturists to raise her to an elevated position and extend her influence in Europe, and cause her to be beloved and respected as a highly favored country of wealth, prosperity, and merchandize. And she is constantly advancing in improvements. Where a few years ago the mighty and almost impenetrable forests stood, now resounds the busy din of trade; and while the towns and villages of yesterday have advanced to the rank of cities now and flourishing villages are yearly springing up; and, judging from the fact, have we not good reason to predict, that ere another century shall have been numbered, when we who now admire and love our native land are gathered to our fathers, that Canada will shine as one of the first nations on the records of history, rivalling even her mother kingdom, to which she is cemented by the closest ties of affection and government.

The climate of Canada, though changeable, is remarkably healthy; and in point of salubrity, perhaps is not exceeded. While others are driven by necessity from the home of their childhood, and are obliged to seek in other lands those necessaries which are denied them in their own country, we, more highly favored, find our wants more than satisfied, and have sufficient wherewithal to assist the crowd of emigrants that yearly flock to our coasts. In this far off portion of the new world the sons of Erin, as well as of other countries, find food and shelter, and soon forget their sufferings in their father-land, in the smiling plenty of their new home.

Blessed with so many and great advantages; with a fertile

and productive soil, which yields abundance; with a healthy and agreeable climate; with inexhaustible stores of mineral wealth; with water privileges, unsurpassed in number and excellency by any country in the world; in a word, with all that gratifies the taste and charms the sight, what sense of gratitude have we to our heavenly Father, who has given us our inheritance in this goodly land, an appendage of the most free, enlightened, and glorious empire, upon which the stars of heaven look down, or the sun pours forth his cheering beams.

Our queen, though ruling a mighty empire, does not forget her far off Canadian subjects, but shares with them a parent's love; yes, and a parent's loaf. May it be her delight long to sway the sceptre over a people, elevated by religion, literature, and everything that ennobles and exalts mankind, and may we prove ourselves worthy of our country and our queen.

"There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free,
The hope, the port of liberty.
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er."

CARLYLE.

WHAT do the writings of Carlyle show us of the writer? We see him, in them, as a poet: his criticism is poetical, he conceives and reproduces the work which he is criticising, if a work be before him; and if a character, he draws it, as a poet, more or less perfectly—that essay on Burns, which we think the best of his writings that have come before us, is all poetry; let but verse be added to it, and the whole world would recognize it as a poem. In his teaching he is a poet also; rather speaking to what is in us directly, and thereby leading us to recognize its existence, than speaking of it to the mere intellect.

We see him also, as a fearless and frank speaker of what is in him: his imitation results from love, not subserviency, and never is thorough and deadening; and this very imitation he speaks out boldly; will not assume to be other than he is, while he is diseased, for we doubt not Carlyle knows that his mind is in no healthy state, as well as many of his critics.

We see him as an original thinker; by which we mean not a giver of new thoughts, but an originator of the thoughts given, be they new or old.

He is a man of genius, of insight, not leading us to new truths by argument, but by revelation, to matters for meditation, and recognition; what he says may have no meaning to-day, and but a misty meaning to-morrow, and yet, on the third day, be clear to us, for it is not a merely new combination of old truths, but the statement of a new truth, which we must see by our own exertion of the power that is in us. He is a man of keen understanding, too; seeing relations as quickly as any one, and capable of combination, and arrangement, and the most strict logical speech. He is a man of enthusiasm; his heart is in his labor; he lives as we have said, in an idea; thence come his earnest sympathy, his hearty scorn, his warm approval, his deep dislike; and from these, and his noble openness, come his mixture of tolerance and bigotry, his ironical indifference, his assumed but not sustained impartiality: he is bigoted, however, with regard to principles, not men; he goes wholly, neither for nor against any man; indeed, there is much that would lead us to fear that he cares less for men than abstractions; that he looks at them, not as immortal spirits, but at the individual exhibitions for a time of the true, and pure, and holy.

In a word, we see in these writings a man of great insight, keen and clear understanding, most unlimited fancy, and an imagination that can raise the dead, and build the fallen temples again; and this intellect is combined with deep earnestness, quick sympathy, and perfect fearlessness: this whole nature comes before us undeveloped, but self-possessed; as it looks forth into the depths of creation, its powers unfold and stretch abroad, but in the fever of growth lose their self-possession, and are, for a time, unbounded by force without, or law within: this man has