

rivulet, the swell of the sea and from a thousand sources, bursts of harmony to the like of which we have never listened. It was the soul of Gray that spoke in his poem, as it was the soul of Bryant that spoke to mortals, as it were from another sphere, in the measured and solemn periods of *Thanatopsis*. Though they had been deaf and blind, as we look upon the absence of the faculties of seeing and hearing, they would have seen and heard far more than we, of grosser natures, may ever hope to see or hear.

Gray was born in London in 1716 and died at Cambridge, where he had spent most of his life in lettered ease, in 1771. Looking upon these leaves and grasses from his grave at Stoke, near Eaton, he rises up before me, with his companions of a long buried generation, just as at Annapolis Royal, at Grand Manan, at LaHave, at Louisburg and old Shelburne, I have walked through streets that have an existence no longer in reality, have witnessed pageants that long since became obsolete and talked with men and women who speak no more except to the visionary and the dreamer.

St. John, N. B.

Correspondence.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 3rd, '91.

M. R. KNIGHT, *Editor of Canada*:

Editor of CANADA sounds large! When I look over the map I find Canada is a large country. It stretches from sea to sea, and from the Lakes to the North Pole. There is more land and ice and water under that name than under any other on the map of the world. How many brave men are on its soil and beneath it. How many eminent statesmen, heroic soldiers, orators, poets and philosophers can Canada of the past and the present claim as its sons. Aye and what lovely, gracious, elegant and true daughters are proud of being Canadians. What a history belongs to the land first claimed by the courtly sons and daughters of France. What a glow of romance surrounds the names of the old colonists, of priest and prior, count and seigneur, who first ventured to explore its marvellous rivers, its magnificent lakes and its limitless forests. What heroism inspired those self-denying *courriers-de-bois* who explored these forests and laid the foundation of the present great future.

Before me is a picture of Mackinac, (Michillimackinac). The old Fort is on the hill and the bay on which, in 1670, floated only the birch canoe of the stolid Indian, is now crowded with huge steamers, each carrying 2,000 tons of ore, or 100,000 bushels of wheat to eastern markets.

I commenced this letter to acknowledge the receipt of CANADA, and also to say something about Canada in Minneapolis. It is estimated there are fifteen thousand Canadians in this city—the census for 1890, if it is ever printed, will give the exact number. I find them nearly always at the front. They are among the great millers, in the chamber of commerce, in the banks and the newspaper offices, in the professions of law and medicine, and also the most active and intelligent in the churches. In the last State Legislature there were sixteen members who hailed

from Canada. In the present there will probably be twice that number, as there will be a preponderance of farmers, and you cannot pass through a township in the state without encountering Canadians. Usually they are identified by the thrifty appearance of their farm buildings and their superior methods of farming.

In my next I will, if you wish, speak of the Canadian Societies in Minneapolis, and especially tell my N. B. and N. S. friends of the "Canadian Club", of which a Nova Scotian and a New Brunswicker are respectively trustees.

JOHN ALLISON.

Red Pencil and Scissors.

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

THOUGH other skies may be as bright,
And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other climes invite
My wandering footsteps there;
Yet there is one, the peer of all
Beneath bright heaven's dome;
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian home!

Did kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada that choice should be,
The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy waters' flash and foam;
May God in love o'er thee preside,
My own Canadian home!

E. G. NELSON.

NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

IT is sometimes remarked that there is little in Canada to foster national sentiment. The population of the Dominion is small in comparison with the United States. Adjoining us to the south, along a boundary of 3,000 miles, is the great republic—a nation with vast resources, great ambition and irrepressible energy. The republic is inhabited by people similar to ourselves in race, language and institutions. Under these conditions there was almost more than a possibility that Canada would gravitate toward the United States. But we have lived alongside the republic for more than 100 years and still exist as a separate realm. Indeed, we have made progress in the opposite direction, by uniting together in forming a federal government, which has stood the test of a quarter of a century, while the territory over which the Dominion holds sway has expanded enormously.

There are evidences that national feeling has made marked progress in Canada in recent years. There are two principal causes for this. The first and important reason is plainly traceable to the extension of the boundary of the