

Anglo-Saxon letters. The great centres of our race, where are to be won the great prizes of life, must always attract the brightest and most ambitious spirits. One of our own people—a successful author now in London, writes in the “Canadian Magazine” to reproach us for under-estimating ourselves. It is a good fault, even if uncommon among English speakers. Our youth are unlearning it; but they will not grow great by self-assertion, only by performance. I have tried to set forth in detail the reasons of our retarded commencement—our growth of late years has been rapid. We have to guard against materialism and to watch lest literature be oppressed by the pursuit of practical science. We see the workers toiling and we hear the din, but the world is saved by the dreamers who keep the intellect of mankind sane and sweet by communion with the ideal. Canada must not regret her children if they achieve fame in other lands. John Bonner and William G. Sewell left Quebec long ago for the “Herald,” and “Harper” and the “New York Times.” Lanigan wrote “The Akhound of Swat” one night waiting for telegrams in the “World” office. Nova Scotia lost John Foster Kirk, who completed Prescott’s great task, and Simon Newcomb, of the United States Navy Department, Astronomer and Mathematician. From New Brunswick went Professor De Mille the brilliant author of the “Dodge Club,” George Teall the archivist and leading writer of South Africa, and May Agnes Fleming,—a story writer who for many years earned with her pen in New York an income as large as that of a cabinet minister at Ottawa. From Kingston went Grant Allen and Prof. George Romanes—the latter a star of intellect in the regions of the higher science where it touches the realm of metaphysics. His premature death was lamented as a loss to Cambridge University. I could tell of many others if there were time—but I must close.

We read that, in remote ages, the followers of Pythagoras, and, in mediæval times, the adepts of the Rosy Cross had