

from participating in our exercises, he has the higher aim in view of doing his small share towards fostering those precious seeds of Literature, that may, ere long, take root in our congenial soil, and, shooting out in all their luxuriant beauty, may one day bear their sweet blossoms of poesy and erudition, of history and philosophy, under a Canadian sun. And there is no wish more patriotic, no aspiration more noble, than that Canada may soon have a Literature of her own. And what reason have we to despair of this? Among three millions of intelligent and enterprising people, have we not brains and imagination enough? With a population as large as that of Scotland, with educational institutions that would be a credit to any country in the world, and with the readiest access to all the Literature of the English language, why should we not have one of our own? If anything is necessary in the face of nature to inspire the Canadian poet can we not point to our majestic Niagara, our wild, wonderful Saguenay, and our fairy Thousand Isles? And although objects of historic interest are for the most part wanting in this Canada of ours, although we have no feudal fortress, no cloistered abbey, or mouldering castle, there is hardly any combination of wood and water, plain and mountain, shady dell and rocky height, clothed, perhaps, with the traditions of the red man, that may not be found in this favored land, affording ample food for the poet's or the romancer's dream.

We are fortunate, however, in having amongst us many whose pens are as ready to round a period of pure and elegant English, as their tongues are to utter one;