

TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present number, another volume of the *Garland* is completed. On such an occasion it will be only becoming in us to express, briefly and sincerely, our sense of the cheerful support with which our humble efforts have been rewarded.

Our literary labours have already extended over a space of nearly two years. Two years during which a wonderful change has been effected in all around us—two years in which Canada has lived a half a century of her former life—two years during which we have arrived at a knowledge of ourselves, which before we would have deemed incredible. At the beginning of these two brief years, our country was torn by factions, and bleeding under the wounds of an unnatural warfare. Our people were arrayed against each other in a terrible, and almost an aimless struggle. Fierce enmities were at work among us, and blood—human blood—was poured out like water. Now, so different is the aspect all things wear, that we can scarcely believe that two opposing parties are among our people—or if there be, the aim of both seems the noble one of their country's good. Oil has been poured upon the troubled waters, and the vessel of state rides on, the motion scarcely perceptible. The country is improving around us—the hammer of the busy artisan is ever in our ears—the roads in our neighbourhood assume the appearance of those of older countries—our harbours present an appearance of strength and beauty worthy of a noble city. Every thing bears evidence of peace—smiling, beautiful, meek-eyed and gentle peace. As the gallant barque yields to the fierce tempest—her strong masts bending to the gale, when the winds retreat, rights herself more proudly, and spreading her sails to the falling breeze, speeds on to the desired haven—so we, though for a moment almost prostrated by the storm of human passion, have risen from the trial, strong in the knowledge of our own power, and of the energies we possess—and better still, with the will determined to apply that power and those energies to the advancement of our country's prosperity, and our people's good.

All this, however, may seem foreign to our purpose, to the purpose with which we solicited attention; but the reflections forced themselves upon us as we contrasted the different auspices under which we penned our first "address" to those under which we now give utterance to our thoughts; and though the excitement of those bygone days was not without its pleasure, he would lack patriotism indeed, who could look back upon them without regret—without praying that the two races whose different feelings led to the disastrous results we deprecate may become so blended together that they may forever feel as one people—who when called upon to the battle-field, may stand together under the same banner,—and in peace generously emulate each other in their efforts to advance the interests of the common weal.

Such reflections, indeed, are not wholly out of place. It is in peace and prosperity that the true interests of literature must flourish: war and turmoil are not the spheres in which the pen can command honour and esteem. The ruling passion with the gifted, in the hour of peril, will be distinction in the field, while under the spreading olive branch, the same enthusiast who might have flourished as a warrior, will find a path to fame in the less dazzling, but not less noble, task, of enlightening, and affording pleasure to his fellow man. In so far, may we, without travelling from our path, congratulate our readers on the vast changes which are so rapidly and so visibly taking place. We are deeply interested in them—not as subjects of Britain, and inhabitants of Canada only, but as almost the only representatives of the published literature of