

species which we, in our human conceit, call *homo sapiens*. But this is a ridiculous name for the mass of mankind. It ought to be applied only to those very few original and creative minds whom we acknowledge as men of genius, and without whom the root and stem of all our life could never have brought forth its flower.

XII. With man we come back again to history. And the St. Lawrence is historic, so historic, indeed, that the mere names on its roll of honour are alone enough to stir the hearts of all who live along its shores—Jacques Cartier, Champlain and Laval; Frontenac, Wolfe and Montcalm; Lévis, Murray and Carleton; de Salaberry, Brock and Tecumseh; the Fathers of Confederation, the South African Contingents, the Quebec Tercentenary,—these are the men and events whose names will go down to posterity, when all the merely material triumphs of which we make so much ado will be as totally forgotten as such triumphs have always been before, except in so far as they formed part of things beyond and above themselves.

And for those who are thinking about these greater things at all let them work on in the faith that an appreciative posterity will be brought a little nearer by what they are doing now. that this "Great River," this "River of Canada," will presently give birth to the genius who will reveal its soul, and that its people will then divine its presences of Nature, see the visions of its everlasting hills, and be themselves regenerate in the consecration and the dream of it forever.