

of Government are placed, and on whom the destiny of nations so greatly depends.

On account of the favor conferred on us by the thrice welcome visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty's worthy representative, this day shall ever be cherished among the happiest of our life; and when the halcyon season of our school-days shall be numbered with the past, and we have gone forth to meet 'the rough realities of life,' we will look back with fond recollection to this memorable day.

Might we presume to request Your Excellency to tender Lady Young our most sincere respects and best wishes for her health and happiness.

THE PUPILS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS.

His Excellency responded in French and in English. The following is the English reply:

It has given me much pleasure to receive your kind addresses of welcome, and I am sure they will give equal pleasure to Lady Young when I inform her, as I shall not fail to do, of the kindly mention you make of her name.

The youthful spirit of patriotism which they breathe, amply proves that you are treading in the footsteps of those, your seniors in years, from whom during my short sojourn amongst you, I have already received so many convincing proofs of loyalty to the throne and attachment to British institutions.

In due time their places will be yours, and your task will be to complete and consolidate institutions of which they are wisely laying the foundations.

No fitter preparation for the work can be devised than a good christian education. This, the institution in which we are now assembled offers and places within the reach of each one of you.

To beg of you to avail yourselves of the precious offering, and to entreat you to make good use of the golden hours of youth would only be to reiterate advice which I am sure is daily inculcated; but, if by chance, a passing word of mine should weigh with even one here present and fructify as the seed in the good ground, I shall deem myself more than amply rewarded for my attendance to day at the Institution of the Christian Brothers of Montreal.

JOHN YOUNG.

At the Governor General's request the Director presented to him the Brothers with each of whom he cordially shook hands. He then granted the pupils a holiday which they gladly accepted and in return greeted him with a beautiful chorus.

The band having played "La Canadienne" and "God Save the Queen" His Excellency departed leaving a pleasant impression on all present.—*Gazette*.

Quebec Literary and Historical Society.

Thesoirée on Saturday evening, (6th. Feb.) in Morrin College Hall, was the first given under the auspices of this institution since their removal to that building.

The audience included many of the prominent citizens of Quebec. The interesting features of the occasion were the addresses which the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Premier, and the Lord Bishop of Quebec had consented to deliver.

The Hon. Mr. Chauveau began by mentioning an article written on the history of the old Government House in Montreal, by l'Abbé Verreau, which terminated by a quotation from Terentianus Maurus: *Habent sua fata libelli*; with this trifling change "*Habent sua fata monumenta*"—which could never apply so strikingly as to the old jail converted into a college and literary institution. The speaker then reviewed the many changes which have taken place in the public buildings of this old city, associating in his remarks the memory of those public men, writers and others, who have contributed to the fame of Quebec. He then gave a brief history of the Literary and Historical Society from its foundation, alluding to its founder, the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir Francis Burton, Dr. Wilkie, Chief Justice Sewell, the late Andrew Stuart, M. Roy, M. Vallière de St. Real, the Hon. W. Sheppard, and the many other distinguished men who have taken an active part in its proceedings and written for its transactions. These transactions, he said, were well known in Europe and were a credit to this country. He alluded more particularly to the historical publications of the Society, which were begun under the care of the late lamented Mr. Faribault and which had contributed so much to fostering a general taste for the hitherto unknown treasures of Canadian history. The old books on Canada were now an object of research and competitions among amateurs, and our literary publications besides the numerous historical works

which have been published here recently are now finding in these works a source of inspiration. He spoke of those old works, reviewing the style of the authors, Charlevoix, La Mère de l'Incarnation, Sagard, Lescarbot. As an illustration of the pleasant old French of Sagard, he read from his written description of the humming-bird, which he said was written long before Buffon and Mr. Le Moine had given theirs. The garden of the Recollets, where Sagard was admiring the humming birds, was in those days at the place where the General Hospital is now, on the River St. Charles. The honorable gentleman, as one of its oldest members, concluded by congratulating the Society on the beautiful rooms they had now procured, and expressed the hope that they would remain longer in this building than in any of the numerous places where their predecessors had settled down in the many peregrinations of the Society from the time when it had first assembled at the call of Lord Dalhousie in the *Chateau St. Louis*, in the year 1823.

The Lord Bishop addressed the assemblage as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Poor old Quebec is going down. It is 365 times, I think, exactly, that this statement has been repeated to me within the last twelve months. And being of an experimental turn. I sallied out one fine afternoon not long ago, to verify the proposition. And as I came down St. Ann street, and marked the change that had come over the dingy old building that used to occupy this site—I could not see it. And when I considered that two literary institutions have now their home where once was a gaol—when I realized the fact that the muses have dispossessed the felons—positively I began to think that poor old Quebec was going up. But, sir, joking apart, there is in this welcome to intelligence—in this making of a home for culture—an unquestionable proof of the moral wholesomeness of our state. They have the seeds of progress, the pledge of growth, within them who are imbued with the belief that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth, to whom it has been given to see that opportunity for mental cultivation is a public necessity. I do not mean to argue and I do not think—that knowledge is all the same as virtue—or that the diffusion of intelligence is all that is needed for the extirpation of vice. But I do think and I do maintain that a large and liberal culture—the fructifying of thought and the refinement of feeling—tends no less to the advancement of society, than to the happiness of the individual. The mind of the man who, without the liberalizing influence of general culture, is given up to his particular calling or profession will invariably deteriorate. His taste, his sympathy will grow narrow, his understanding small. His understanding small. It may be bright and keen in the confined groove within which it usually works—it will be dull and edgeless out of that groove. The proof of this is over plain. The World is full of people clever and of repute in their profession—ignorant, wrong-headed, and unreasoning out of it.

It is true that some professions do make larger demand upon the intellect—do for their ordinary exercise require and compel the mind to move in a larger circle. And these we therefore call the Liberal Professions. But if you meet with a man of a really flexible understanding—or intellect adjusting itself spontaneously to the appreciation of new circumstances, and new facts—a mind that will work freely, so to speak, in a new material—you may depend upon it, that man knows something, and cares for something outside of his profession; you may depend upon it that this versatility has not been acquired without many a canter on some favorite hobby—many a canter over the fresh and springing turf of some favorite intellectual pursuit—off the hard and dusty road along which he wins his bread. And this many-sidedness it is—this openness to variety of interest, which while it raises a man's mental nature, and enhances the enjoyment of his private hour, this it is that lends to the intercourse of society its charm and its delight—supplies to conversation the elastic spring without which life's most exhilarating refreshment sinks into an infliction and a bore. Well then, ladies and gentlemen, our Literary and Historical Society is an institution admirably calculated as it seems to me to supply those opportunities for mental cultivation which we so much desire. Literature, History, Science—for though the name of science does not appear in our style and title, yet (what is made more to the purpose,) the thing is not absent from our transactions. Science, History, Literature—to bring these about us—to make a home for these among us—this is to surround ourselves with an atmosphere of culture—this is to enable ourselves to breathe the breath of intellectual life. There is no stimulant so potent, no tonic so invigorating for the human mind, as that questioning of nature, that close grapple for truth, which we call science. In the sifting and sorting of nature's facts, in piercing to divine their intent and significance, in penetrating to a perception of nature's forces, so vast in their universal grasp, so minute in the delicacy of their touch, which fashion the snowflake, and uphold the universe—in penetrating to discern beneath nature's