

The flowers with which the Great Author of Nature has garlanded her desert places are not inferior in hue and odour to the wild flowers of Britain. The rose of the islands, and the lilies of the field and wave, are scattered profusely every where, and in the warm evenings of summer fill the air with delicious perfume. The woods of Canada are not without their song. The blackbird, the robin, and a numerous family of lovely finches, on the fine spring mornings, discourse sweet music among the lofty branches of our forest trees. As cultivation advances, and the produce of our fields and gardens become more tempting, these

"Light winged wanderers of the pathless air"

will take up their summer residence among us, and reward our industry with their grateful songs.

Nor is the ennobling sentiment of Love less warmly felt by the Canadian, because necessity obliges him to employ his thoughts in providing for the dear objects of his affections. These are labours of love—a love proved by actions, not by words—which boasts less, but achieves more—a healthy, vigorous stimulant to present and future exertion. A love, devoid of selfishness, because its very existence depends upon severe self-denial, and the sacrifice of the luxuries, and indeed of many of the comforts which are deemed indispensable by Europeans.

Canada is a noble country; and the lover of Nature need not wander into foreign lands to gratify his taste for the sublime and beautiful. All that the regal hand of the Great Author of the Universe has deemed necessary for man are here—a fine climate, a serene atmosphere, a rich and productive soil. Lofty mountains lift up their craggy crests to heaven, and magnificent woods and waters lie cradled at their feet. Here, flows a mighty river—there, the silver lake expands into a mimic sea. The cataracts thunder into the dark profound, and the rapid dashes on, bearing its crown of foam far above the course of the tranquil stream. Wild and rugged as when she first emerged from the hand of Nature, there is an awful beauty in her solitary grandeur, which fills the mind with devotional wonder—an eloquence in the deep silence of her pathless woods. We feel, in the dense, unpeopled forest, our own helplessness—our insignificance in His sight, to whom the populous city and the untrodden wild are alike familiar.

We very much fear, however, our digression is becoming somewhat too extensive. We had almost forgotten that the subject of our remarks was the *Garland*, and connected with it, the literature of Canada, of which the *Garland* is almost the only representative. But far in the distance as, to many, the time may seem, when Canada shall become known as a literary country, the experience of our Anglo-Republican neighbours is proof sufficient that the predictions we have ventured may very soon be verified. It is not many years since some English Reviewer, Jeffrey or Gifford, or some one of their fellow-critics, exclaimed contemptuously: "Who reads an American book?" The taunt was felt—but it was a spell to wake the sleeping energies of that giant country. It was like the Enchanter's Wand. It called spirits from the deep, and they came. Poets and novelists sprang into being as if by magic. Now no such reproach can justly cling to the country which numbers a Sprague, a Halleck, a Percival, and a Bryant, among its poets—a Cooper and an Irving among its novelists and historians.

The example is one it may be our pride to follow. Perhaps there is small danger that such a question should be asked in reference to Canada. But, were it asked, in a malicious or contemptuous spirit, what would the answer be? We leave