

*pleasant task* to add information to intelligence. He who has assisted to raise a people from a state of debasement, has performed a work of arduousness and difficulty,—and his reward is great and indestructible; less grand the triumph, but infinitely more pleasing the occupation, of him who but lends his aid, in the company of many labourers, in the like cause to improve and enlarge the already intellectual appetite of a population, and to contribute to the proper and laudable gratification of that appetite. The latter is the case with those who attempt to assist the cause of literature, in Nova Scotia. Its inhabitants, composed as they are of the descendants of various races, have risen hitherto in the scale of mankind by their industry and energy. They now see that the progress of wealth and of happiness depends greatly on that of a solid and refined literature, and of liberal and enlightened science. They are therefore an intelligent people. Of them it cannot be said, that “famine still urges on to labour—want still forbids knowledge.” Their bread, it is true, is still won by toil. But former toil and former perseverance have brought them thus far on, that a thirst for information—a desire for much that is lofty and noble—has been excited,—and they now present the appearance of a small and enterprising population, ready to press forward in pursuit of those objects whose triumph will add power and enlightenment, and consequent wealth and ease. In the domestic growth of a people, no point is more interesting than this. It is here that the ruler, who has laboured wearily to raise the people from ignorance, finds his way become more simple and more sure. He has not now to be in advance of the spirit of the age, and look back with depression at the toilsome march yet before the great mass of his fellow countrymen. He has only to keep pace with them in a steady progression, ridding—animating—them in their exertions, and ministering to their intellectual wants. In this he is assisted by all who have the welfare of their native land at heart. And this is the case with Nova Scotia. The mechanic, the farmer, the labourer, all who are toiling for their daily bread, feel the importance of an acquisition of knowledge. The merchant, the aristocrat, those who have already open to them the many doors of the temple of science, feel, or ought to feel, that a first duty—and not only duty, but interest—is to give an impulse to the literature of the land in which they live. And he who possesses an ability, however moderate,—a perseverance that is indomitable,—a soul embosomed of great things,—

will find no fitter goal for his loftiest and his brightest hopes—his high-strung and untiring energies—than the happiness which must flow from the prosecution of so grand a cause. It is for him to encourage a love of those pure and inexhaustible waters, which spring from every pore of nature to which the hand of science shall direct the magic wand;—it is for him to bid the spirit burn, as it grasps at those boundless subjects which the Giver of Good hath thrown open to its view;—and, when the long course of his labours shall have fulfilled their purpose, it is for him, as a rich reward, to look back upon the scene, and behold intellect brightened by his resolves, and a people ennobled by his toil!

And the usefulness—the moral influence of the man who pursues this path, are our aims. True it is that our sphere may be a contracted one, the difficulties many, the labour arduous, and at first unfruitful; but we are content that our own way shall be rugged, if we may but smooth, by a few flowers, the more toilsome pilgrimage of others. Should we succeed in promoting the love of books, which is the first proof of an intellectual dawning, and in furnishing a nutritious food to the mind thus awakened to its wants, among those classes who are destined to labour, our object will have been accomplished. The fruits of this are sure. Thereby shall many an hour in toilsome and weary lives be sweetened, thereby shall the culture of a succeeding generation be characterized by an elevation and refinement, and thereby shall want and penury, with their ghastly train, be diminished. Our share in producing this amelioration and improvement will be but small. In this great field there are many labourers. One unoccupied department we have selected, and to aid us in our task, we call the few who have gained that which we are desirous to bestow on all. The man of wealth, the man of influence, the man of talent, have power,—and they have duties. And so, likewise, have the graceful and blooming: power more resistless, though more gentle, than that of man,—duties as lofty, and yet the exercise of which is not incompatible with the social virtues. To the educated, in return, we offer much that is amusing, much, we trust, that is informing. But every class it is our desire not only to entertain, but to instruct—to improve. Should our motives be found pure, our efforts worthy, it will be in accordance with many virtues to lend an impulse to the labour. No man can sincerely love his country who is unwilling to assist in laying the foundation of her real welfare.