

who is already well known in America and England through his *Catacombs of Rome*, the latest and perhaps the best, single authority on a deeply interesting theme,—Ferland—whose *Cours d'Histoire du Canada* is called the “noblest monument yet erected to our national glories”—and Garreau—whose *History of Canada* (3 vols.) stands in the same relation to our country as Henri Martin’s does to France, or Bancroft’s to the United States.

The Illustrated History of the Dominion of Canada, by Prof. Chas. R. Tuttle, now in course of publication in Montreal, to be completed in two volumes of about 800 pp., will probably be the key-stone worthy of a large and beautiful arch.

As the war of 1812 had such vital connections with Canada—for had it not been for Colonial troops England would have fared as sadly on land as she did on sea—it is not wonderful that, of the historians of the war, many—and they equal to the best—have been Canadians.

Among many other works by Canadian historians, the following deserve more than the passing notice: *The Battles of the World*, by Borthwick; the *Child's Histories of the United States, Greece and Rome*, by John Bonner, sometime the editor of *Harper's Monthly*,—Histories, the idea of which was suggested by Dicken’s *Child's History of England*, into which, says Duyckinck, Bonner has infused a critical spirit into an engaging, lively narrative; the *History of Ireland*, by the talented and lamented T. D. McGee; of *Nova Scotia* (3 vols.) by the late Beamish Murdoch,—a standard work embodying the result of laborious research which the author nobly laid upon the altar of his native Province, the latest and most popular history of which has been written by Mr. Campbell; and the *History of the Parliamentary Government of England* by Todd.

It would have been a pleasing task to have spoken more fully of the histories and their authors mentioned in this paper, and equally pleasing to speak of others not noticed; but such was not our design. Time and space forbid it. We hope, however, that it has appeared from the preceding names that Canada in her contributions to history can *comparatively* stand alongside of older and more favored countries.

*A mistake in the proof-reading of the last Athenæum substituted *History for Poetry* in the title of the sister-article of the above.

Imagination in Literature.

Delivered on Sophomore Night, Dec. 21st.

WE are all image-makers. Not that from gold, or marble, or divers woods we form with cunning hand likenesses of things in Heaven, or on the earth, or under the earth, but, that there is in the mind of man a creative faculty, which, almost without his volition, is continually producing mental images. Out of the known we mould hitherto unknown and uncreated forms. We all live in the same, yet all in different worlds; for ourselves, according to our different mental constitutions, we change and modify and supplement, till we have a creation of our own. The matter-of-fact man has a matter-of-fact world, where the winds are only moving air, where the sea is only water and the hills earth; but to the imaginative man this world takes on a glory which touched not the eyes of the other. From the bare realities about him he conjures up quiet beauty and rugged grandeur. To him the breezes speak, the sea sobs, the very hills whisper in the solemn twilight; all nature is sentient. Not content with what is fair or sublime amid the real, man steps quite beyond the domain of the actual, culls from this a little and from that a little, and, by the formative power of imagination, brings into being new and surpassing forms. The flowers that woo the kisses of the spring breeze are pale and mean beside those that flutter in the breeze of fancy. The hurricane that lashes the rocks of our eastern coast is tame compared with the rage of elements which the mind can picture.

As we glance over the wide field of human action we see striking hints of this creative principle. What is sculpture, but the imagination petrified? What is painting, but imagination projected upon canvas? These are the tangible evidences of intangible mental actions. Like mute fingers, they point to facts in the hidden life of man. And they are but the *indices* of the great powers of fancy which lie behind them. But it is in connexion with literature that imagination reveals her most striking phases; when, in the quiet garb of language, she comes to each of our homes. Literature is the broad and even road on which we travel out over the great present and into the greater past, to all the