

279 North Street.

19th Jan. 1924.

Dear Professor Macnechan,

Though very late
may I offer you my sincerest thanks
for the November Gazette prize which
I received today.

Perhaps you thought me ungrateful,
but while I knew I had won the prize
I did not know who gave it or when
it was awarded. I enquired of
several women students but they
could not tell me, and my circle of
friends in Dalhousie is but small.
So will you kindly forgive my
seeming ingratitude.

I am very proud to have this prize
as a little souvenir of my connection
with Dalhousie, though I did not
expect a reward for anything I
wrote for the Gazette. And I am so
pleased you have given me a copy
of Bliss Carman's Poems for since
I came here from Scotland a year
ago I have been trying to learn more
of your writers: in the old country

I knew them a little from anthologies and magazines chiefly. But it doesn't seem so easy to get in touch with literature here as it was at home, for, if you will not think me very rude, it seems to me that Canadians know very little of their own literature. On our side we did know that Lampman, Pauline Johnson, Carman, Roberts, and a few others were making a very real contribution to literature. When learning Canadian Geography my Grade V. in Scotland learned Pauline Johnson's "Guard of the Eastern Gate," yet when I came here and said one day how true a description it was, my two companions, teachers and B. A.'s of Dalhousie, confessed they had never heard it before. I know they know much I do not since I am not a graduate, but I feel very strongly that Education is a failure if it does not go from the known to the unknown... not with the idea of emphasising local literature or history, but rather that as a mother's teaching strengthens one spiritually, and the

teaching of one's School or College strengthens one intellectually for life's battle, so the knowledge that one's own country has a real literature should give one confidence to claim the literature of all the world as one's rightful heritage.

But this letter grows over-long. Let me ask pardon, and again give you thanks for this book of poems - a rich reward for my weak verse.

Yours very truly,

Molly A. Beresford.
