


tions by a woman is now, and always will be, out of due time. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.—The novelist should stick to novel-writing and the woman should give theology a wide berth.

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## Literature: Its Claims and its Rewards.

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“O man can serve two masters.” Nor can any man devote himself, body, mind and soul, to getting on, and hope to attain true refinement or a taste for literature, in any real sense of the word. Least of all may he hope to do any worthy work in the literary field. Literature is a jealous mistress, and not tolerant of rivals. To her occasional, dilettante lovers, she shows scant favours.

It is in this respect that the Cisatlantic spirit of dollar-worship is inimical to true culture, to all real refinement. “The love of money is the root of all evil.” That is no mere theological dictum, having no reference to man’s lower life, but is true morally and intellectually, as well as spiritually. It blunts the sensibilities, coarsens every fibre. The money-maker has no leisure for less paying occupations; the rich are consumers rather than producers of literature. The goddess must be wooed for herself alone.

It is not easy for one born in another land, the land of leisured classes, of ancient universities, to make comments on the literary conditions of his all-too-kindly hosts. Yet Canada stands, visibly, at a parting of the ways. She may follow which of two paths she will; that of Mammon, in the footsteps of her southern neighbour; or that of Literature and Art, after the examples of those three lands whence the best of her sons have come; France, Ireland, Britain; the homes of three great world literatures, three great literary traditions.

Herein, it may be hoped, the revival of Ireland’s ancient speech, the renewed study of her ancient literary treasures, will have results not, hitherto, largely counted on, if only in leading Ireland’s sons and daughters into a realm where Mammon has no place, nor is art