

A WREATH OF CANADIAN SONG

I.

EARLY CANADIAN POETRY.

THE assertion that Canada has produced no poetry to speak of is repeatedly heard. But it not unfrequently happens that those who make it have not thought it worth their while to make themselves acquainted with even such as we have got, and are therefore not competent to speak on the subject.

That we have no "great poetry," such as requires centuries of national life and culture to develop, is surely no marvel. To us the wonder is that in our short span of existence and under circumstances incidental to the settlement of a new country, work of so high an order of excellence as that which even now we are proud to claim, should have had its origin amongst us. It is only within most recent years that conditions of life in the country have begun to admit, except in isolated cases, of leisure for thought and facilities for the attainment of a broader culture, and already the gradual evolution into the new order is manifesting itself in the tone and scope of our literary product. But while we look hopefully for more ambitious achieve-