

for the shadow of the forest, that pertains to the romantic simplicity of our squatter stage of infancy, from which we emerge as fast as possible into the clearing we have hewn out of it."

We have made greater strides from the squatter stage of our infancy than could have been dreamed of at the time this extract was written, but if our lack of love for the forest, and the poetic beauties of nature generally, were to be deplored then, by how much the more is it now? For, with added wealth has there come greater desire for, and striving after, such higher things?

Our educational system shares the general utilitarian tendency. The nemesis of a solid, roundly-developing education, the terminating examination, appears to be permanently established. The attempt is made to crowd too many matters into too short a time. And the mechanical system, together with the general materialistic tendency, cannot but check the originality and imaginative qualities in the pupils.

This introduction may seem to be somewhat general for the subject of Canadian poetry and poets, but every factor in the life of the people appears through all its activities. We must first know the soil, we must have clearly before us the conditions of national life, before we are fully prepared to understand the flower of its literature, its poetry.

In taking up Canadian poetry with regard to its individual representatives, it would seem fitting to commence with the name of first renown. By common consent, Charles G. Douglas Roberts is held to be our chief singer. This reputation is sustained both by the high quality and the extent of his work. He has published four books of poetry, "Orion and Other Poems," "In Divers Tones," "Songs of the Common Day," and "The Book of the Native": and, as he is still a young man, a brilliant future seems to lie before him.

Mr. Roberts was until recently a professor of literature in King's College, Nova Scotia. He is the son of an English Church clergyman, and was born and spent his youth in the seashore county of Westmoreland. The scenery of his early life made a deep impression on the poet's mind; and the cool, green plains of Tantramar constantly recur throughout his verse.

The chief part of Mr. Robert's poetry is founded on his love