

take their place in the world's guild of letters. Her intellectual possibilities are as great as those of any country under Heaven; if she cannot overtake England it is because the latter has had seventeen centuries the start of her; and the impetus the U. S. received a century ago left behind her more tardy neighbor. Canada has done more for literature, however, than the world is probably aware of; and, as Canadians, it is our fault that there is not entertained abroad a just conception of our standing in the world of authors. We do not sufficiently study our literature and its history, neither do we keep before the world that history as G. B. and the U. S. do their's, or as much as it is entitled to.

It may be well for us then to take a glance—hasty, though it must be—at what Canada has done in the three important departments of letters—Poetry, History and Science.*

In the first mentioned we can point to names that would do honor to any country. The dramatic poems of Heavysege—who died recently in Montreal—have been pronounced by both English and American critics as approaching an equality with the best that have been written since the "Prince of Dramatists" reigned. The poetical eloquence of De Bellefeuille, "which he has uttered from his soul like a lyre which produces every note," and the high and philosophical intellect of Allan, are beautifully apparent in the poems they have written. If Ford does not equal his English name-sake of the seventeenth century in the depth of pathos, he has beauties for which the latter poet was not at all celebrated. The *Mes Loisirs* of Freckette drew forth from Longfellow a letter of congratulation to the author. "His genius," says Vibert, "sheds on his fatherland a gleam of his own glory." Among the first of the Celtic bards that have breathed the air of the Highlands is Eran McColl, whose poems—both English and Gaelic—are held in high esteem. "His ode to Loch-duich is inimitable. Rich in the splendid imagery of nature, represented to our admiring gaze through the burning vista of poetic genius, we sit on the author's lips, float with him on its glassy surface, or dive into its transparent

bosom." See also Dr. Norman MacLeod's eulogy of his *Clarsach nam Beann* and *Mountain Minstrel*. (Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, p. 256.)

Take another Scotch Canadian, Alexander McLachlan. T. D. McGee has placed him along side of Motherwell. Sir Archibald Allison speaks of him as truly inspired with the genius of poetry. His address to Garibaldi is pronounced equal to Burns' immortal "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." With McLachlan stand Chas. Sangster, whom some have considered the greatest of native Canadian poets. It is little wonder that his masterly verse should elicit the praise of such writers as O. W. Holmes, Jean Ingelow, Prof. Daniel Wilson and Bayard Taylor. The following extract from the Rev. E. J. Deuart's excellent volume on Canadian Poetry—quoted in the *Biblioth. Canad.* will give a good estimate of the poetry of these two great Canadian bards—McLachlan and Sangster:

"In elaborate elegance and wealth of descriptive power, in the success with which he has treated Canadian themes, and in somewhat of the Miltonic stateliness and originality of style, Sangster has certainly no equal in this country. But in strong human sympathy, in subtle appreciation of character, in deep natural pathos, and in those gushes of noble and manly feeling which awaken the responsive echoes of every true heart, McLachlan is peerless."

In the limited space of an article it is impossible to do justice to even a small number of our poets who deserve more than a mention. The charming verse of Gray; the tender lyrics of Miss Murray; the *Aeolian Harp* of the sister, Herbert; the graceful epic and lyric poems of Fiset; the exquisite rhythm, and the deep and tender verse of Miss Vinning; the melodious pathetic and original poems of McPherson, one of Nova Scotia's poets, who died at the age of twenty eight years, the sad, touching story whose baffled life told by J. and T. Thompson reads so much like that of Keats told by Longfellow (Richard Moncton Milnes); and the smooth, pleasing elegance of the style and the happy sweetness of versification, with the descriptive power, of the *Rising Village* of Oliver Goldsmith, another Nova Scotia poet, and

*In this sketch we include as Canadian writers both those born in Canada and those who are Canadian by adoption.