

In ours, half of his original energy, necessary self-confidence and divine inspiration, is used up in the struggle to make himself heard. A singer needs an appreciative audience. Canada has not been appreciative. A Canadian poet depends for success in the sale of his book, mainly, outside of his own country. Of course, the public is not entirely at fault. A good deal of careless work has been given out. Much has been put in circulation that is poor in ideas, faulty in versification and rough in finish. And, unless our writers are conscientious, they cannot expect to obtain an attentive public.

The greatest barrier in the way of, first, general literary, and then poetic, advancement, is, that apparently the one aim of our Canadian people is to get rich, and to get rich fast. Everything must be fast. The chief literary ailment of most of our people is the daily newspaper. It consists of from four to twelve pages of new matter, gotten out every day. Under such pressure, it is surprising that the papers possess the literary excellence they do. Everything, also, must bear directly on material advancement.

In 1858 the late Sir Daniel Wilson, writing in the old Canadian "*Journal of Industry, Science and Art*," referred to the benumbing effect of this materialistic predominance. He treats the matter so squarely and genially, that I quote from him at some length.

"We cannot yet respond, amid the charred stumps and straggling snake fences of our rough clearings, to Hiawatha's appeal to those :—

' Who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadows,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower, and the snow-storm,
And the rushings of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees.'

We want our pine trees for lumber, and so long as they spare us a surplus for kindling wood we ask no kindling inspiration from them. The rushings of our great rivers we estimate rejoicingly for their water privileges. The poetry of the snow-storm is full of the music of sleigh-bells. As to our love