

gistic notice of Canadian writers and writings. Of the men on that list two have found their home in England, and the remainder, with two exceptions, in the United States. Men must live, and will ever go where they find a market for their wares, but it is contended here that if there were the lively interest among Canadians in Canadian subjects which the latter deserve, these writers would not have had to go so far afield for an audience. To enlist the sympathies of our young in the lives and trials of our forbears, in the scenery and legends of our country, would be to make the past the background of the present; its contrast an inspiration to stimulate the thought, fancy and literary ambition, and invest every neighborhood, hitherto devoid of past interest, with an interest born of knowledge.

The power in the hands of a writer is great, if his pen be used aright. The majority of us, for example, date a good deal from the time that "the race accursed of God and man" lost power; but while Sir Walter Scott is read, interest in the Stuarts will never die, and the halo which his pen drew about them will be found to have been written in indelible ink. If among us ever arises such an one, Niagara will not be a place mentally dedicated to brides and tourists; but looking at it, in their commonplace stead, will appear the loveliest maiden of the tribes, who, dressed in white, and in a white canoe laden with fruit and flowers, was sent over the Horseshoe, as an offering to the Spirit of the Waters; and with her, all the lore of ante and post-Colonial days.

FR. HOLT.

KOOTENAY.

There are treasures in the mountains
Hemming in the Kootenay.
But the forest, close embracing,
Hid them from the light of day.
Ages, they the secret kept; but the torrents downward crept,
And a portion stole away
For the roaring, rushing, leaping, treasure-keeping Kootenay.

Through the forest growth of ages,
Man, the fell destroyer, came
Searching for the hidden treasure,—
Wreathing all the woods in flame.
As he neared the secret hoard, rose in fury—madly roared—
Striving his advance to stay
With a flood of waters turbid, the uncurbed Kootenay.

From the lake where rests the river
Like a giant in his sleep,
Down the tossing waters hastened,
There the awful tryst to keep;
Where the smoking waters fall, and the roaring rapids call,
Plunging, leaping, flecked with spray,—
Floods of waters downward hurling—raced the swirling Kootenay.

Impotently raged the river,
And, when 'twas low once more,
Man despoiled it of the riches
Scattered all along the shore.
Eagerly he sought to trace where might be the secret place,
Where concealed the treasure lay,
Midst the mountains grimly scowling on hoarse-growling Kootenay.