

said one of the Forty Immortals to the poet, "is that the modern style, the Parisian style of your verses is united to something strange, so particular and singular it seems an exotic, disengaged from the entire work." This perfume of originality which this author discovered was at that time unknown to Fr chet te. What was it? It was the secret of their nationality, the certificate of their origin, their Canadian stamp. And it is important never to allow this character to disappear. There is much in this. Our country is full of history, full of character, full of something to be met with nowhere else in the world. A mine of literary wealth is to be had in every section of the dominion, and it only awaits the hand of the craftsman. Bret Harte opened up a new phase of American character as he discovered it in wild California. Miss Murfree found the Tennessee mountains rich in incident and strong in episodes of an intensely dramatic color, and Mr. Cable developed in a brilliant and picturesque way life and movement among the Creoles of the South. Have we no Canadian authors among us, who can do as much for us? Lesp rance, it is true, has dealt with one period of our history, in a captivating way. Kirby has told the story of "The Golden Dog" with fine and alert sympathies. Miss Macfarlane's "Children of the Earth" depends on Nova Scotia for its scenic effects. Marmette has presented, with some power, half a dozen romances of the French r gime, while Fr chet te has dramatized the story of Papineau's rebellion.

But Canada is full of incident and romance, and the poet and novelist have fruitful themes enough on which to build many a fanciful poem and story. In history, we have much good writ-