

was under the stress of terrible emotion, but I was captivated with the happy conclusion. I confess that I harbor an old fashioned desire to leave my friends of the printed page comfortable and in good spirits between their cardboard covers. This delightful new story encourages, soothes, cheers, and makes it easier to live and bear and make sacrifices—the last more than all.

*
* *

I often wonder do the friends who honor me by perusing those paragraphs favor a form of literature which I consider as interesting as it is instructive, I mean Biography? When Carlyle averred that biography is the only true history, and defined history as the essence of innumerable biographies, he spoke truth. History deals with masses, biographies with individuals. In the latter the attention can be easily concentrated on a single subject, while in the former it is apt to be divided by a dazzling variety of objects. A Biography is the record of a single life and the exponent of a character. Its interest and worth depend upon the significance of the events and character recorded, and the skill and fidelity of their narrator. Men may be roughly divided into two classes, those who act and those who think; and biography of necessity follows the divisions. - Young people generally concern themselves with records of incident and adventure, while people of more advanced years turn to the story of the historical personage, the statesman, or the scholar. It is pleasant to be able to remark that English Literature is rich in biography, and has models of all sorts, and it is a subject for even more satisfaction to be aware that Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic have distinguished themselves in this important department of letters. Later on, when time and space are at my disposal, I may return to this theme.

*
* *

I have looked into "Canadian Essays," by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. From the article on "Poets and Poetry," I learn, *à grands frais*, that one of our Canadian poets, "writes poetry with all the felicity and charm peculiar to the author of "The Deserted Village," that another possesses "resources of melody which