

I had hoped to say a few words about some of those strong prose writers who in the greater newspapers, wield more influence over the Canadian mind than most of the writers of books ; but time will not permit. Not all our newspapers have succumbed to the scrappiness of newsmess. Thoughtful and finished editorials in dignified style may yet be found, in number sufficient to send a note of sweeter reason through the din of political strife. It is in Canada as elsewhere ; the sands are strewn with the wreck of ventures of purely "literary papers free from the ties of party or sect." Such were the "Week" and the "Nation," and many others ; but, although it is abundantly clear that literature alone cannot support a newspaper, the greater newspapers have departments, sacred from intrusion, where reviews are faithfully given and questions of pure literature discussed.

And here let me pause to regret the loss of the excellent literature which lies dead in our dead magazines. From 1824 literature has never been without a witness in our land. Some magazine, French or English, has stood as a living witness that we are not made to live by bread alone ; and afterwards fallen as a dead witness that bread also is necessary in order to live. This is a subject by itself and would require a separate paper to elucidate it fully.

Finally we reach the region of Belles Lettres, sometimes called "pure literature," and here we encounter a strong contrast between the English and French sides of our community. There are many volumes of *Causeries*, *Mélanges*, *Revue*, *Essais*, in French. Buies, Routhier, Marchand, Chauveau, and all the French writers of note are represented in this class. Such writing in English has seldom been published in the form of books. I remember a book called "Trifles from my Portfolio," by Dr. Walter Henry, a retired army surgeon, published at Quebec by Neilson in 1839. The doctor had been stationed at St. Helena while Napoleon Bonaparte was confined there and he had some interesting