

Nelligan, on the other hand, has something that one cannot describe by any other word than that of genius. He is, in fact, the only literary genius that Canada has produced. In this he stands above all the other., and on account of this Lozeau's poetry is feeble and vapid after his. Again, Nelligan loved the hard definite beauty of things we can touch and see. Lozeau is moved rather by suggestion—those vague nuances of feeling that permeate sick souls in pain-stricken bodies:

Toujours il m'est resté dans l'âme, je ne sais
Quel persistant frisson d'extase et d'harmonie,
Et le songe lointain d'une fête infinie
Au cœur où depuis tant de maux sont passés.

So it comes about that the moon and music are with him perpetual source of inspiration.

Quand la lune au ciel noir
Resplendit claire et ronde,
Le vers en mon cerveau comme
Une eau vive abonde;
Il coule naturel comme une source au bois,
Avec des sons fluets de flute et de hautbois,
Et souvent les accords doux et mélancoliques
D'harmoniums plaintifs et de vieilles musiques.

Or again the vague suggestion of the autumn day evokes:

Ce jour a l'air d'un long crépuscule oublié.
L'heure lasse, comme un oiseau blessé, s'éploie.
Dans les arbres le vent passe en un bruit de soie.
Feuille à feuille s'abat l'orgueil du peuplier.

Finally Lozeau is no more Canadian than Nelligan. There is nothing Canadian here. The law of club and fang in the great white snows where the rare trail goes, the endless quest of the almighty dollar in hideous cities, the romance of the great railways spiderlike spreading their network of lines over the virgin land, the settler's hardships and the pettiness of the lives in semi-civilized districts are not here. But it must be remembered that those French with their artistic sense of form leavening the Teutonic lump around them still cling passionately to the old world charm and grace. The literature of France is the most conservative in the world. After Shakespeare and his contemporaries had built the fairy fabric of the romantic drama we find Racine still patiently striving in his