

Nor is it the Literature of Canada, alone, that has reason to regret your departure; but, as well the community at large, to whom you have been known so long for your integrity of character, your kindness of disposition, and your courtesy of bearing.

Trusting that your removal from our midst may be fruitful of fortune and happiness to yourself and your family—though we should not wish to regard your separation from us as permanent—we beg to present you with the accompanying purse as a small token of our esteem and good wishes.

On behalf of the Committee

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Chairman.

DAN. A. ROSE,
Secretary.

Toronto, Aug. 31st, 1883.

Mr. Adam make the following reply, which was afterwards supplemented by a few extempore remarks giving some information about the work on which he was about to enter:—

Mr. Robinson and Gentlemen.—Very few and, I fear, inadequate words must suffice to thank you for the honour you have done me in this gathering; for your more than kind, indeed most flattering address; and for the substantial evidence of your favour and goodwill which accompanies it.

At the present moment it would be difficult for me to say how sensible I am of your thoughtful consideration and courtesy, and I confess to being utterly unable to express to you how deeply I am touched at this leaving-taking. Whatever modest service I have been able to render to Canadian literature, I assure you, is amply repaid in the kind and graceful act which has called me to meet you.

It has been well said (it is an epigram of *Bystander*,) that "good-will, not hatred, is the law of the world," and happy is he who is its object, for to the worker there is scarcely a greater stimulus than goodwill, and as a talisman it is well-nigh all-powerful.

You will note, gentlemen, that I do not unreservedly extol the value of goodwill, for goodwill while it may boil the pot cannot always be trusted to fill it. This, frankly, is why I have decided, for a time at least, to take my pen and my services to a market where one can readily convert them, and thus enable me to exchange a somewhat precarious income for an assured one.

This remark I do not, of course, intend as any reflection upon Canada, for I have not lived five and twenty years in the country without knowing its limitations, and without

making, as you have hinted, some sacrifices to be content in it.

At present the Canadian people, it appears to me, are not in their noblest mood; the wave of national aspiration, despite the Royal Society and other factitious stimulants, seems to be receding rather than advancing, and interest in Canadian literature is with it on the ebb-tide. The reason of this, in some degree at least, is not far to seek.

Politics, as you well know, is, in great measure, the game of the people, and our public men are either absorbed in its service or in the equally engrossing pursuit of wealth. Hence, at no time has the intellectual life of Canada been very vigorous, and of late it has gone hard with Canadian periodicals. We have few men who take literature by the hand, and the party leaders and their organs chiefly use it for lampooning one another. Had our public men more of what the poets call vision—that is, penetration, foresight, and that inspiring force which looks to the future weal of a nation rather than to the immediate objects of personal ambition—the aspect of Canadian literature would be brighter and its future more encouraging. Until party politics in Canada shall have become an extinct vice, it would be vain to look for a more active national sentiment, or to expect increasing interest in the national literature.

A leading Reform politician remarked to me the other day, in speaking of the administration of education in the Province, that both political parties were rotten to the core. Were I a party man and an opponent, I would have replied, that, speaking for his friends, he no doubt delivered himself of an honest judgment. As he knew I was not, I infer that with regard to both parties he told me the truth, and did neither of them an injustice, for he had seen much of the inner workings of the machinery of faction. Here, as elsewhere, the politician is the product of his breed; and in too many instances he cares for little else than party wire-pulling, and is indifferent to the wooings of literature and its elevating influence on the national character.

But there is another and an equally serious obstacle to literary development in Canada, which, unless removed, will continue to handicap its publishing industries, and dwarf the young sapling of native literature. I refer to the anomaly of the Copyright Law, which, while it admits American reprints of English copyrights into the Dominion, and gives the publishers of the United States the *entire* to our markets for their unauthorized reprints, prohibits the Canadian, under the heaviest penalties, from sharing in the trade, except under conditions wholly nugatory. The perpetuation of restrictions of this sort, it should