

women, who have never lost heart in their work, but whose labors have been rewarded in too many instances, I fear, by those soft words, which, however sweet to the ear, fail entirely to butter our parsnips. No one has been able, in Canada, to make the writing of books his sole means of living. We have had to write our books under our breath, as it may be said, and the marvel is that we have been able to produce, under such depressing circumstances, so many works of even respectable merit. The Canadian author is either a professional or a business man, and his literary work must be done, almost as an accomplishment, during the leisure moments which may be snatched from the exacting occupations of real life. Of course, authorship prosecuted under such disadvantages, must suffer, but notwithstanding many drawbacks, the mental output of the Dominion is not inconsiderable. At the recent Indian and Colonial Exhibition, in London, no fewer than 3,000 volumes, all by native authors, were shown in the library of the Canadian section, and this exhibit, as you know, by no means exhausts the list of books actually written by Canadians, during a century of time. The collection represented Canadian authorship in every department of its literature, science, history and poetry being especially large and noteworthy, while the other branches were not neglected.

Territorially, our country is extensive, and our literary sons and daughters are to be encountered, now, from British Columbia to Cape Breton, doing work which is good, and some of it destined to stand. Fr chet te, the laureate of the French Academy, not long ago, said, "Be Canadians and the future is yours." "That which strikes us most in your poems,"