



Whitefish are being netted in the bay at Belleville.
 Another big gold find is reported from Rat Portage.
 Brandon has decided to adopt the electric light system.
 Wheat is quoted at from \$1.05 to \$1.12 throughout Manitoba.
 Coal similar to that at Lethbridge has been found at Cluny, in the N. W.
 Apples are so abundant at Elora, Ont., as to fetch only 10 cents per bag in the orchard.
 Calgary sent oats to the Ontario exhibitions which weighed 49½ pounds to the bushel.
 The Canadian Pacific intend establishing large cattle yards at Strathmore, near Calgary, in the spring.
 Major Bell, of the Bell farm, has sixty thousand bushels of wheat which has been sold for a dollar a bushel.
 The Dominion Parliament will be called together for the despatch of business in the latter part of January next.
 The grape crop in Essex County, Ont., yields three tons to the acre, which is much heavier than any previous year.
 The best wheat yet shown in Birtle was raised by the Indians on the Bird Tail reserve. Ripe Indian corn has also been produced near the same place and by the same people.
 Manitoba No. 1 hard is realizing the highest price of all wheats in the Liverpool markets, fetching 9s 4d, No. 2 Duluth best fetching a penny less. All other wheats are much below these figures.
 A lead of gold about five feet in width has been discovered in Big Bras d'Or Mountain, N. S. A specimen of the quartz has been seen, and it is dark white, transparent, full of copper and pyrites, and containing gold in alloy and nuggets.
 Word comes that some of the Indians who went to Alaska with Mr. Duncan are returning to British Columbia. They say they can make more in British Columbia and are not required to work on Sunday as compelled in Alaska to do. Mr. Duncan's teaching has evidently borne good fruit.
 The Government steamer "Stanley," building at Glasgow for the winter service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland, has been successfully launched. The vessel will leave Glasgow for Canada some time next month under the command of Captain McElhinney, nautical adviser to the Marine Department.

TWO CANADIAN POETS.

I.

I take it that all true Canadians are interested in the development of Canadian literary thought, especially that portion of it to be found within the domain of poesy. Any country, with the life-blood of national independence coursing in its veins, must find at times upon its lip the expression of that independence wrought out in song. That is to say, what is dearest to the heart finds expression in language, whether in friendship's greeting or the warm pulse of song. Our young country, with the fond hope of national autonomy nestling in her bosom, declares at times, through the gift of song, her ambition, her purpose and her goal. With a complex people, patriotic, proud of her past glory, confident of her present, hopeful of her future, she is growing, day by day, in strength of limb, warmth of heart and beauty of form. Surely there is within her the inspiring theme of poesy. The heroism of her early missionaries, armed with the breviary and the cross, may well fire the epic heart, her battle fields, with the thunder of cannon and clash of sabre, proclaim the martial deeds, and bravery of her sons, while every ray and hue and sound of her forest, field and stream, are full of idyllic grandeur, and form a setting to the virtues of her people in their lyric happiness of hearth and home. It is said that genius is oft begotten of tribulation, and the fiery throes of revolution. Yet it not unfrequently manifests itself, ushered in by neither volcanic omens nor the clouds of storm. True, the guns of Sumter were the signal for not only the social emancipation of three millions of slaves, but also for the intellectual emancipation of thirty millions of freemen. The great Civil War, no doubt, gave a strength, independence and national flavour to American literature that it never before possessed. And in Canada, within our own memory, when, some three years ago, an appeal was made to Canadian patriotism to put down rebellion on the

banks of the Saskatchewan, when the sturdiest and bravest of our sons went forth at the call of duty and stained the white snows of the Northwest with the blood of heroes, the poetic heart of our country throbbed in ode and lyric worthy of her national freedom, and the bright promise of her golden future. It is not, however, too much to say that the national poet of Canada has yet to come, and that he must derive his inspiration from the patriotic heart of his country—its throbs of ambition, its memories of early historic days, and more than all, its love and appreciation of every element conducive to the welfare and betterment of our people.

II.

Are there then signs of a distinctively national literature in Canada? We think there are. There has been no drama written on this continent that bears so strongly the mark of genius in its every line as the drama of "Tecumseth," by its gifted author, Charles Mair. It is of deep interest to Canadian people, chronicling as it does the patriotism of our countrymen and their Indian allies in the war of 1812. In it figures, too, Governor Harrison, who, by the way, is of double interest at this moment to Americans, being the grandfather of the present Republican candidate for the Presidency. Down by the sea there sings a true Canadian poet, full of youthful fire and poetic promise—Charles G. D. Roberts. Prof. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N. S., requires no introduction to the Canadian people for the product of his gifted pen. He has oft, during the past few years, graced the best magazines of our public reading-rooms. His last volume of poems, "In Divers Tones," lies before me as I write. Mr. Roberts' chief fault—if fault it be—is too close a faithfulness to classic models. That his poetic genius is Canadian goes without saying. Hear our young poet sing, in his poem on Canada, of our heroic past and our promised future:

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
 These are thy manhood's heritage!
 Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
 The place of race and age.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
 Thy future,—all the growth the gain,
 The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
 Thy shores beheld Champlain.

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
 Quebec, thy storied citadel
 Attests in burning song and psalm
 How here thy heroes fell!

O thou who bor'st the battle's brunt
 At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—
 On whose scant ranks but iron front
 The battle broke in vain!—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
 From whose triumphant throats and cheers
 At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateaugay,
 Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

But thou, my country, dream not thou!
 Wake and behold how night is gone—
 How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,
 Bursts the uprising sun.

III.

Note how true a poet Prof. Roberts is in the following beautiful and finished sonnet. Only the eye gifted with internal vision could discern so minutely the subtle charms that grace a poet's morn in May. Indeed, I might almost venture to say that Prof. Roberts is at his best in sonnets. He has all the gifts requisite for a sonnet writer. I think the following a delightful gem. It is entitled "To Fredericton in May-Time."

This morning, full of breezes and perfume,
 Brimful of promise of midsummer weather,
 When bees and birds and I are glad together,
 Breathers of the full-leaved season when soft bloom
 Chequers the streets and the close elms assume
 Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows;
 Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows;
 The yellow willows full of bees and bloom.
 Under their dusty blossoms blackbirds meet,
 And robins pipe amid the cedars higher;
 Thro' the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
 The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
 The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet;
 Yet not quite satisfied to my desire!

Like his poet brother, John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, Roberts is an enthusiast in all kinds of sports. True, he has given us no "Ethics of Boxing," but he has strong faith in the wisdom of the great Roman Satirist's "*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*." Throughout his poems are rare bits of description full of the flavour of holiday pastime, when, with birch and paddle, the poet glided from stream to lake, smoothly as the rhythmic flow of his own finished verse. Here are a few of the opening lines, addressed to Bliss Carman, commemorative of an outing:

Friend, those delights of ours
 Under the sun and showers,—

All through the noonday blue
 Sliding our light canoe,

Or gloating hushed at eve,
 When the dim pine-tops grieve!

What tonic days were they
 Where thy streams dart and play,—

Where rivers brown and strong
 As caribou bound along,

Breaks into angry parle
 Where wildcat rapids snarl,

Subside, and like a snake
 Wind to the quiet lake!

Already Charles G. D. Roberts has been enrolled among the best of Canadian poets. He has much of that inner vision divine, without which verse is but a meaningless jingle. As a poet, it is not too much to say that the years before him are years of great promise.

Toronto.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A.

THE GORDON MONUMENT.

The memorial to General Gordon, in Trafalgar Square, takes the form of a bronze statue on a square pedestal of hard grey limestone rising from a base of two steps. The figure, by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., represents the hero of Khartoum in the undress uniform of a British staff officer, standing in a contemplative attitude, his left foot resting on a broken cannon. The head, slightly inclined downward, is supported on the right hand, the elbow of which rests on the left hand, in which is clasped a closed Bible. The figure is bareheaded and swordless, but under the right arm is the historic wand with which Gordon won some of his greatest military triumphs. Mr. Thornycroft has succeeded in producing an admirable life-like portrait. The down-turned face wears a dreamy look, and the slightly drawn forehead and tightly compressed lips indicate that the thoughts of Gordon are far away from his surroundings. Upon the shaft of the pedestal are two allegorical reliefs—the first representing Charity and Justice, as characteristic of the man; and the other Fortitude and Faith, the two great spiritual attributes which enabled him, in the face of overwhelming difficulties, to carry out the mission of his life. The height of the figure is ten feet, and with the plinth and base twenty-eight feet.

ANACREONTIC.

Marion, I as well might strive
 To check the pleasures of the hive,
 As paint a line in friendship's hue,
 For alien tints come oozing through.
 My wild-geese quill I oft reprove,
 The truant speaks of naught but Love,
 And when, as now, my fate I moan,
 Puts out in doubly tender tone.
 Hast heard of the Ambrosian bird,*
 That oft of Eld, when winds had stirr'd
 The Indian wave, and bade it rise
 Its silver top to darkled skies;
 Was wont upon that sea to lie,
 And calm it with a lullaby,
 To skim along each shimm'ring crest,
 And sooth each ruffled wave to rest.
 O thus may Love his wings expand,
 And Peace smile on us soft and bland,
 May joy his genial warmth bestow,
 And Health bid roses round thee blow;
 Or, oh! might health his art disclose,
 Of planting roses on a rose;
 Methinks I'd find a rich parterre,
 And set them blooming wildly there.

Quebec.

J. M. Foy.

*See Goldsmith on the king fisher.