

unsatisfactory. Poetry and history have flourished best, and the lighter essay (called by the French *Chronique*) comes third. In this last form of composition Arthur Buies ranks easily first, though since Hector Fabre left Quebec, we have had nothing so good as he used to give us. The *Chroniques* always afforded Fabre the opportunity of saying those graceful and witty things which dropped from the point of his pen apparently without effort. Long residence in Paris has changed Fabre into the Frenchiest of Frenchmen, and he has lost completely those traces of Canadianism which gave him his fame. To-day he writes like a thousand other brilliant Frenchmen, free from the conventional burrs of the new world. He is more polished perhaps, in some respects, but the Canadian stamp has disappeared. This may be a merit in a literary sense, but individuality is a strong point in authorship, and when a man loses that he loses a quality that cannot be made up by mere elegance of diction. The refining process may be carried too far, just as the realists in fiction these days are riding their hobbies to the verge of vapidness.

Mr. Richardson's self-imposed task is to discover wherein American literature really differs from English literature, and wherein it is but a branch bearing the same fruit in a different corner of the enclosure. It is not necessary to accompany him in his enquiry. His point is suggestive, and may be pursued in any examination of French literature in Canada that may be made with much the same result. English literature may be said to have two branches on this continent, the contribution from the United States, and the contribution from Canada: the latter, it must be confessed, is not extensive, though time may remedy our shortcomings in that respect. But England's French-Canadians are also adding to a parent stem; the stem, however, is French. The French-Canadians are loyal to Britain, and if a plebiscite were taken to-morrow, it would in all probability result in an almost unanimous vote for the maintenance of British connection. But for all that, the poets love to sing the praises of the patriots of 1837, and Papineau is still their hero, though fifty years have passed away since he raised the flag of revolt, and the old wrongs have long ago been redressed. This, perhaps, is only natural, but with all their admiration of British institutions, it is surprising how little in the way of praise the Quebec poets and essayists find to say about them. Many of them are ready to admit at once that on no account would they change their allegiance to that of France, but for all that British valour and the British Throne find little if any expression in the heroic verse of the Province. And yet no one would think of questioning the loyalty of the French-Canadians. Their loyalty is particularly effusive, and at all banquets and places of public amusement, the health of the Queen is drunk with enthusiasm, and the National Anthem closes the entertainment, the people standing with uncovered heads. But notwithstanding all this, the only heroes who are immortalised in French-Canadian poems are men of the blood who fought Englishmen, and the only battlefields which find places in their songs are those in which the common enemy appeared. One exception there is, the great De Salaberry, who fought under the British flag against the Americans. Pæans in his honour are sung, but they are to his personal renown alone, and not always to the general cause.

In a measure then, Mr. Richardson is wrong in his premises. The French language and literature as well as the English have put forth an offshoot in another country. The product in French-Canada, in a way, is inconsiderable, it may be said, and perhaps Mr. Richardson would not be disposed to take it at all into consideration. But it must be observed that letters in British America, French and English, are still in their infancy. They have hardly passed the first stage. But the Colonial period of American authorship was paltry enough also, and its beginnings were trifling and almost entirely valueless. But American authorship to-day is strong, vigorous, and intense in colour, and since the War it has increased with wonderful strides. Its future development no man can determine. Within the last dozen years or so a very large number of able writers has sprung up, and they have done much to stimulate American thought, and to encourage a national feeling. But the splendid group composed of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell leaves no successors. In minor singers the Republic is rich, and there never was a time in its history when it had so many men and women able to write well on almost every conceivable topic, so many novelists of merit, and so many essayists of marked ability and culture. The famous New England coterie gave dignity and solidity to American authorship. Perhaps the needs of the coming generations may not be so exacting. In that case there will be less necessity for future Hawthornes and Emersons.

There are some who assure us that until Canada is independent it can have no real live literary aspiration. National feeling, they say, cannot come to us until we abandon the merely Colonial connection with the Mother Country, and become a nation in the true sense. Complete sever-

ance from the Empire will bring about its responsibilities, and these would be grave enough. I hardly think independence would help us much, and I do not see that it would stimulate the literary faculty to any very great extent. The growth of a large leisure class in the Dominion would do more to encourage Canadian authorship than anything else that I can think of at present. In the meantime our writers are only feeling their way.

GEORGE STEWART, JUN.

### SUNDAY CARS.

CANON DUMOULIN has shown his usual intelligence and courage in taking up the subject of Sunday cars in a sermon. It really is a great thing to have one clergyman who is not the mere mouthpiece of the prejudices of his congregation. We do not mean that there are no more. But, at least, there is one. And the truth must be told, that there are a good many belonging to a very different class, who are simply tyrannised over by their people, and, instead of being the leaders, are the led.

Now, why should we not have street cars on the Sunday? Or, again, why should we? Those who object to the running of cars on Sunday are bound to answer the first question; those who recommend it are bound to answer the second. But, perhaps, it is necessary to go a little further back.

What do we mean by Sunday, the Sabbath, or, to give it neither its secular name nor its Jewish name, but its Christian name, the Lord's Day? What is its meaning? What obligation does it impose upon Christian people? Certainly it is not the Jewish Sabbath. Archdeacon Hessey's Bampton Lectures on that subject have never been answered. Those who want a more concise statement of the argument may find it in Archbishop Whately's Essays. But for Christians, S. Paul has really settled this question once for all. "One man," he says (Rom. xiv. 5., R. V.), "esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let each man be fully assured in his own mind." And again (Coloss. ii. 16), "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day or a new moon or a Sabbath day." In short, the law of the Sabbath is part of the Jewish ceremonial law, which has been abolished by the gospel. And this was the judgment of the Ancient Church, of the Mediæval Church, of the Reformers (certainly of Calvin and Knox), and, in fact, of nearly all Christian communions except the English Puritans, and those who were influenced by them.

Nevertheless, the Lord's Day has a sacred meaning and sacred uses, and these have been recognised through all the Church's history. Early councils recommended that there should be no unnecessary work done on that day, and that it should be a special day for Christian worship. Christian common sense has, therefore, ruled that on the Lord's Day all work should be stopped which could be stopped without considerable inconvenience to the public, and that the general atmosphere of the day should be calm and religious, and that Christian worship should have peculiar prominence on this day.

Indeed, there is almost Scripture authority for the meeting of the Church for worship on the Lord's Day, although not, perhaps, for abstention from work. But, upon the whole, we may say that Christians of all Churches are agreed that the day should be a sacred day, and that people should, as much as possible, be released from work, although there is a wide difference of opinion as to the nature and amount of recreation which should be sanctioned on that day.

Without dealing with the subject generally—which is, perhaps, necessary, if we would have our foundations laid broadly—we will here restrict our remarks to the question of running street-cars on Sunday. That the case cannot be quite so clear as some seem to imagine may be inferred from the fact of the diverse usages which prevail in different cities. In New York, we believe, there is no restriction, nor in Detroit, nor in Buffalo. Crossing the border to our own side, in Hamilton we find street-cars running at Church time, but then only. Coming to Toronto we find none on Sunday.

Now, most people would like to approve of the Toronto fashion, if there were nothing serious to be said against it. But, at starting, one must admit that the whole wisdom of the world is not necessarily to be found in Toronto while all other places are involved in outer darkness. And the real question is, Which plan is the most calculated to promote the best interests of the community, and how far is it expedient that freedom of travelling should be interfered with on the Lord's Day?

Of course, the great argument against all kinds of Sunday traffic, involving as it does the employment of labour, is that men and women are thus deprived of their much-needed day of rest, and partially or entirely prevented from joining in public worship, and this is a good argument; but it is not absolute. A certain amount of work is done of necessity