

and verses palpitating with religious emotion. Her poetry is almost invariably very sweet, and her thought is invariably elevated. Her work presents numerous points for study; the execution is marked by ability, and the trend of her thought is towards the beautiful and the good; her inspiration is thoroughly American, and gathered from the soil she treads and the air she breathes. The sun and winds of other minds shone and blew on her, of course, and fed her growth, but the flower of her genius is her's alone. For style and form, pattern and tone, she has gone to school just when and where she liked. The result is that each of her poetic graces has the blush of its own special bloom, and when the song of "D. C. Deans" is given to the public in a book, the most exacting of critics will adjudge it an independent voice, not an echo.

As a humorist, the author I am now about to introduce is, to cite a line from Tristram of Lyonesse, "divisible from all the radiant rest and separable in splendor." All my readers have, I take it, perused, or heard, the "Wreck of the Julie Plante," a ballad which Mr. James Barr (Luke Sharp) correctly terms "the most popular humorous song Canada has produced." Yet perhaps not one in fifty knows that the author of the famous lines is Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal. Dr. Drummond was born in Co. Antrim, Ireland, about thirty-six years ago. He is by no means a poet of one poem, although the universal popularity of "The Wreck" might start that assumption. He has written many others besides his inimitable legend of Lake St. Pierre. Indeed, his, "De Papineau Gun," the authorship of which has been attributed to another, is a rival of his "Wreck." He has also miscellaneous poems of merit, and poems on Irish subjects replete with patriotism and bubbling over with wit and humor; for Dr. Drummond is "Kindly Irish of the Irish." Peradventure, the day is near that will witness a volume issue from the press with the name of Dr. Drummond on its title page, and behold the Spirit of Laughter "holding both his sides" while he roars and roars over its diverting contents. The editor of "American Humorous Verse" declares that Dr. Drummond "has mastered the

peculiarities and humors of the French Canadian vernacular and in verse has a field of his own." Long may he remain over his domain! An ounce of mirth is better than a ton of physic. This is a hard saying for the ear of a doctor of medicine, but it is a true saying. The mirth of Dr. Drummond is alike breezy and stingless. His fun is genuine, the absurdity he laughs at is essentially true to human nature, and the laugh it raises is very genial. The poems of his which I have perused, except one, were mainly concerned with the surface of life, but the exception proved, beyond peradventure, that he can dip below the surface when he chooses.

I now approach a name well and favorably known to Catholic readers—that of Mr. J. A. J. McKenna. He differs from the writers already mentioned in as much as that he confines himself to prose and ignores the tuneful Muses. It is said he did commit a few versified indiscretions in his salad days but they need not be remembered against him here. Mr. McKenna was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, when the world was thirty years and more, younger than it is to-day. He received his preliminary training at St. Patrick's School and St. Dunstan's College, in his native city; and his education was continued under a private tutor. He came to Ottawa, in the beginning of 1886, having accepted a position in the Civil Service. He acted as private secretary to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and is now a trusted officer of the Department of Indian affairs. He is an indefatigable charitable and religious worker, having held high office in that most worthy of lay societies, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and in the Catholic Truth Society, as president of which he preceded Mr. Joseph Pope, who now fills that position.

The work of which Mr. McKenna is author consists of papers on such subjects as, "A Canadian example"; "Are Canadian Catholics Priest-Ridden"; "What fills our jails"; "The Indians of Canada," and "The Indian Laws of Canada." The articles which bears those titles appeared in the Catholic World. The present number of that magazine contains a charming paper by Mr. McKenna entitled