

Parish" and its successors, wherein he portrayed the character and manner of the middling and lower orders of Scotland. In this field he was a pioneer. Although Sir Walter Scott closely followed him, the author of the Waverleys must take second place in this regard. Because of his power of observation, his attention to details and trick of resemblance, John Galt has been aptly called the Scottish Defoe. And not only in point of literary style is the correspondence true. Like the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, Galt's lasting reputation lies between the covers of one book, "The Annals of the Parish." Both Defoe and Galt were bustling business men, who were interested in all kinds of projects, and who, while possessing abundance of push and sagacity, were in the main unfortunate. Both failed in business and took to writing as a secondary pursuit. If he could revisit the earth, Defoe would probably be very much surprised that scarcely anyone remembers his busy and adventurous life, his connection with King William of Orange, his diplomatic mission to Scotland, and his restless labours as a political journalist. What he considered as intensely important has been forgotten by the mass of mankind; what he considered to be a mere tale, a literary amusement of his old age, has immortalised his name. Now Galt's ambition in life was to do things in the big world of men; actions were more to him than books, and it was only because bad fortune attended his public efforts as a business man in Greece, in London, and in his connection with the Canada Company that he settled down to earn his living as a sober, serious, hard-working, professional man of letters. He believed that he would be remembered for his deeds rather than for his written words. In his "Literary Life," written at the close of his career, when he was a helpless paralytic, he makes the follow-

ing prophecy: "But when my numerous books are forgotten, I shall be remembered. I contrived the Canada Company and will hereafter be spoken of among the eras of a nation destined to greatness." The prophecy has in one respect been amply fulfilled; Guelph, Goderich, and Galt, three flourishing communities in Ontario, Canada, perpetuate his passion for deeds, but to-day it is questionable whether a hundred people in this Province, which owes so much to his endeavours, know even the barest details of his life. It is also true that only the curious student reads his novels to-day, for Galt wrote no desert island romance for boys, but we believe that such books as "The Annals," "The Provost," and "The Entail" will yet be resurrected and widely read. The Scottish Defoe has almost as worthy a claim on the remembrances of posterity as his English namesake.

John Galt was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779. His father was captain of a vessel that traded with the West Indies, and the family, after Galt's tenth year, took up their permanent residence in the port of Greenock. Galt was a delicate child and therefore did not get much regular schooling as a boy. He became an inveterate reader, however, and was never tired listening to the old wives' tales of the neighbour women. He picked up not only strange idioms from Irvine and Greenock women, but also an abundant stock of peculiar metaphors and humours from his mother, who possessed a rich gift as conversationist, especially in character-sketching and mimicry. No doubt Galt inherited all his power of observation and skill in language from his mother. His mildness and benignity of disposition he seems to have owed to his easy, good-natured, sea-captain father. As a youth he was entered in the mercantile office of Messrs. James Miller and Company, of Greenock, where he gained