

INTRODUCTION.

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"MANITOBA.

"Softly the shadows of prairie-land wheat
Ripple and riot adown to her feet;
Murmurs all Nature with joyous acclaim,
Fragrance of summer and shimmer of flame:
Heedless she hears while the centuries slip:—
Chalice of poppy is laid on her lip.

"Hark! From the East comes a ravishing note,—
Sweeter was never in nightingale's throat,—
Silence of centuries thrills to the song,
Singing their silence awaited so long;
Low, yet it swells to the heaven's blue dome,
Child-lips have called the wild meadow-land 'Home!'"

One peculiar feature of this literature, indeed, is its strength in lady singers. The number who have produced true poetry seems to indicate something special in the conditions of a new country. Verily one has not to read far in that noble, patriotic book, "*Laura Secord*," to acknowledge that Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon writes with the power and spirit of masculinity. The best war-songs of the late half-breed rebellion were written by Annie Rothwell, of Kingston. "*Fidelis*" (Agnes Maule Machar), who is frequently given the credit of being the first of our poetesses, shows some of the same spirit, but excels in a graceful subjectivity which unfortunately is unfitted for representative quotation here; a remark which applies, with still more hapless effect to the philosophic thought of Mary Morgan ("*Gowan Lea*"). Agnes Seymour Maclean, authoress of "*The Coming of the Princess*," is mistress of a style of singular richness; and some of the brightest writing, both prose and verse, is done by "*Seranus*," of Toronto (Mrs. S. Frances Harrison), who is working good service to our literature in a number of ways. Her "*Old Régime*" and "*Rose Latulippe*"