

In 1874, Mr. Roberts, *père*, again removed his family, this time to Fredericton, where he undertook the responsibilities of the rectorship whose duties he continues to discharge, with an unflinching kindness, with a thorough godliness and gentleness of heart that have secured a large share of love among his townsmen. Mr. Roberts, *poet*, entered the College School in that town, upon a two years' course of preparation for college. His only teacher up to this time had been his father; he now passed into the hands of Mr. George N. Parkin, headmaster of the school (whose predecessor, by the way, was Dr. Roberts, Professor Roberts' grandfather), a teacher of remarkable quickening power, whose ideas on English public school life and on "The Re-organisation of the British Empire" we have just been reading in *The Century*. Roberts remained at this school until 1876. In that year he won the silver medal of the school for proficiency in classics, and matriculated at the University of New Brunswick, also in Fredericton. Here he won a classical scholarship at the end of his second year, and graduated with honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in June, 1879. At the end of his summer vacation after graduation he was placed in charge of the Grammar School at Chatham, N. B. In the summer of 1880 Roberts' first volume, "Orion and other Poems", was published. Towards the end of the same year, on December 29th, Mr. Roberts was married to Mary Isabel Fenety, daughter of George E. Fenety, Esq., of Fredericton.

In 1881 Prof. Roberts received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater, and in 1882 was appointed master of one of the public schools in this "Shadowy town of the tall elm trees", a position he retained for a little more than a year. In December of the same year, 1883, *The Week* was started in Toronto, Ontario,—a new departure in Canadian journalism, whose subsequent unqualified success in work of a high grade gives interest to the fact that Roberts was its first editor. His connection with it, however, was not a long one; and in 1885 he was called to the Chair of English and French in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he now lives. His second volume of verse, "In Diver's Tones", appeared in the first months of 1887. "Poems of Wild Life", edited by him, has just been added to the series of Canterbury Poets, and a college text-book of Shelley's *Alastor* and *Adonais*, with critical introduction and notes, will soon be in press.

Not to speak of the original work of Professor Roberts, it is safe to say that his marked success as a teacher is due to an unswerving and strongly individualised energy of purpose, coupled with wide sympathy and an unusually inspiring enthusiasm for literature, and directing a penetrating critical faculty. He is a strenuous lover of his native land (one almost says, of his native soil), sturdy, virile, patriotic, easy of approach, a good friend, and (if one may venture a hazarded opinion) but an indifferent enemy. It is upon the loyal, uncompromising and unquestioning patriotism of such

men that Canada,—the true Canada, mindful of her history, loving her heroes, keeping faith with the greatness of her destiny, rests her bid for fame and honour among the nations.—*From The Magazine of Poetry, January, 1889.*

## ECHOES.

"If Canadians fail to make this country great, powerful, free, a blessing and wonder to the world, history will write them down as dastards, such as never before have proved themselves unworthy of high opportunities."—*Nicholas Flood Davin in The Week.*

"The question as to whether the weekly or monthly paper is the most economical and profitable medium for the advertiser is open to discussion, and a prominent New York advertiser lately informed us that, in arranging his advertisements with weekly papers, he always contracted to have them appear *once a month.*"—*The Land We Live In.*

Among the best and least costly of the American Magazines is *The Cosmopolitan*, which is now in its ninth volume, and excels in beauty of illustration and of letter press. It is published at New York, Fifth Avenue, Broadway and 25th Street, at \$2.40 per annum. The October number contains a fine portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly, with sketch of his life by James Jeffrey Roche.—*Progress.*

"VICTORIA is a wealthy city. Its capitalists carry large interests in mining, lumber, fisheries, ship-building, iron works and furs. Its steamers connect with China, Japan, Australia, Peru, Chili, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, Great Britain and the United States. It is estimated that upwards of 70,000 tourists visited Victoria last summer. Over \$1,000,000 was invested in buildings during 1889, and among the projected ones are a \$250,000 hotel, a \$72,000 Roman Catholic Cathedral, and a \$65,000 Methodist Church."—*Springfield Republican.*

"It begins to look as if there would be a notable shifting of party lines in Canada ere long. The great party which has been hitherto so closely identified with the free trade theory, appears to have adopted at length a platform in which the chief plank is the practical assimilation of our fiscal system with that of the most intensely protectionist of civilized nations. It is not argument, but mere definition, to point out that, of the two great parties in Canada, the face of the one is set towards the United States, that of the other towards Great Britain and her colonial empire. The two parties are beginning to divide sharply on these lines, which can hardly fail to result in much changing of allegiance. It remains to be seen which party is going to be the gainer by the process of exchange."—*The Critic (Halifax).*

"FANCY-WRITING is a grave in which hundreds of young writers are buried. By fancy-writing I mean soaring away over a moonlight, or badly describing a sunset, as so many are doing. Now, my friends, you just leave fancy-writing to some other author; you do the helpful and practical sort. You may not receive the approval of the intense literary set. But that need not worry you. There is another big portion of the public whose approval is worth having. Just try for that first; then, if you can get the other too, so much the better. The helpful writers are the authors of the future, whose work is going to be in demand. Literary sunsets and moonlights are all very pretty, but there is just about one author in every fifty who makes a reputation on them; and, as a rule, that is all he does make."—*E. W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.*