

paragraphs, in the *New York Critic*; but, at the same time, he felt constrained to acknowledge that in Canada there was considerable "literary feebleness." The cause of this he ascribes to our "humble political status." "As a colony," he writes, "Canada possesses neither the higher attributes nor the graver responsibilities of national existence; and where such attributes and responsibilities are wanting, national life and feeling, the source and inspiration of all literary achievements, will be equally wanting." Of course, this simply means that the colonial position is fatal to the development of our higher intellectual life and movement,—literary genius in fact,—and that the panacea for our ills in that respect is independence alone. I cannot go as far as that, though I must admit that the idea is suggestive and may be discussed. American letters, we know, during the colonial period, were feeble and insignificant. After years of independence came a literature, full of promise and character. But has its present robust condition been reached by independence merely? Must Canada pursue a similar course of political advancement, if she would have a literature of marked individuality, color and strength? I should be sorry to think so. Canada is still young in years, and time will work a change. American literature has grown with the increase in the ranks of the leisure class in the United States, and education has done the rest. Only a few decades ago, the people of the great Republic, were largely dependent on British and European authors for their intellectual food. Even the serials in the leading magazines of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, were from the pens of English novelists. The literature which we all admire to-day, is really almost of yesterday. Most of