

want of tact and tendency to domineer have aroused in and beyond their chosen "sphere." How far the victims of the massacre were to blame it is needless to inquire. The conduct of the Germans, as a whole, has been anything but conciliating, and this is not the first time these provocations have produced reprisals. What there is only too much cause to fear is that the unrest occasioned by these conflicts with the natives will extend until it has environed the mission stations and made residence in the interior a perpetual danger. It was the harsh treatment of the Kaffirs by the Boers that involved England in sanguinary struggles with the tribes of South Africa. The Berlin Conference agreement of 1885 implied, if it did not expressly state, that judgment and moderation should be exercised by all the participant powers in dealing with the native races.

LITERATURE IN CANADA.

Canadians have still much to hope for. They have a grand country and great resources; they are sprung from stocks of which they have no reason to be ashamed; they enjoy the great boon of civil and religious liberty. All this we have repeated to ourselves over and over again. And why do we remind each other so often that we possess these privileges? Is it not because we regard them as simply the foundation for a nobler fabric of national greatness? The position to which we have attained is but the starting-point for grander achievements. Some of us, perhaps, contemplate these manifold advantages merely as the basis of material prosperity. But there are, we are assured, a good many amongst us who look for still higher gains. If we have struggled with natural obstacles and conquered; if we have enlarged our domain till it is continuous with either ocean; if we have pushed the bounds of our habitation farther and farther, till the ends of the earth acknowledge our mastery and the riches of land and sea are at our disposal, and have brought east and west into proximity for our convenience; if we have given laws to the wilderness and fought the battle of freedom, so that we sit fearless, as it were, under our own vine and fig tree, there is surely still something ungrasped, the thought of which quickens our aspirations. We have, indeed, shown that we long for something more than big farms, and busy marts of trade, and fleets of merchant ships and the amassing of wealth. Every church and school, every library and reading-room, every mechanics' institute and debating society is a protest against base contentment with mere bodily ease and sensual gratification, against the ceaseless strife for larger possessions, against the concentration of our energies on mere material development. All that is taught in even the humblest school is not utilized in making a livelihood. There are thousands of men and women who do not require to read in order to discharge efficiently their daily tasks. As for the use of the pen, there are occupations in which it has neither part or lot. Nevertheless, he who would be considered a wise or practical statesman who would withhold these branches of knowledge from the mass of the people. And, in the superior seats of learning, how much seems virtually worthless from the low utilitarian point of view! We learn languages that we do not speak—even brains over abstruse problems that have no relation to anything above or beneath; we interest ourselves in persons that are dead hundreds, thousands of years, and in events with which we have not the remotest vital concern. Yet every one of these branches of education in which we were initiated endows us, if we are earnest in self-improvement, with a golden key that opens the world's best treasures. Even the most work-a-day life has its drudgery softened if the toiler has learned that art which is now so common but was once so rare a boon that the layman who could read might by that very fact claim "benefit of clergy," even for capital crime.

If, then, the protests against any ambition, on the part of either individual or society, which has its goal in mere material well-being, are so numerous and so strong; if, alike, the humblest toil that brings bare competence for modest needs, or

investments the success of which means the acquisition of millions, must, to give satisfaction, be associated with aspirations of the intellectual or spiritual order; if the word is ever true that man was not made to live by bread alone, and that no progress is of real worth which does not include the exercise of man's higher faculties, must not a nation's development, too, be measured by the success with which its mind has found expression in scholarship, in thought, in imagination, in invention? There are some who hold, it may be, that a people situated as we are need not trouble themselves about their literary fruitfulness. "I.o?" they exclaim, "the gathered fruitage of all ages, as well as of our own day, is within our reach. What need of disquietude? Can we not go to them that sell and buy of the best? The flavour may be foreign, but the fruit is good for food and pleasant and edifying. Is it not folly to cultivate native growths, which at best must spring from transplanted seed, while such a harvest, rich and varied, awaits our choosing?" And so they discourage and disdain the domestic crop, feebly struggling upward in the shadow of the great granaries of exotic production. Some of it may look promising, and possibly might thrive if fostered by kindly tending. But to what end? The world is wide and it lays its golden treasures at our feet. Canada is not the only country whose literature has endured this contumely in the day of small things. Our English literature was once a weakling of no repute, cowed by powerful rivals, but those who cherished it held on their way undeterred by scoff or jeer, till it carried captive its haughty conqueror and, enriched by spoils from over the sea, made good its claims to recognition. Less than a century ago our neighbours had to stand the jibes of European critics who taunted them, in and out of season, on the barrenness of their minds and their literary non-productiveness. When the first quarter of the century was nearly through, Dr. Channing deplored the want of a national literature in terms which fifty years later it might seem almost incredible that he could have used. "Do we possess, indeed," he asks, "what may be called a national literature? Have we produced eminent writers in the various departments of intellectual effort? Are our chief resources of instruction and literary enjoyment furnished from ourselves? We regret that the reply to these questions is so obvious. The few standard works which we have produced, and which promise to live, can hardly, by any courtesy, be denominated a national literature. On this point, if marks and proofs of our real condition were needed, we should find them in the current apologies for our deficiencies." One might easily imagine that, instead of being written in the year 1823, with respect to the literary output of the United States, this passage had been indited for the special benefit of Canada in the year 1890.

In order to ascertain whether the Dominion is more advanced to-day than the Republic was when Dr. Channing wrote, let us ask what he means by a national literature. The answer may be given in his own words. "We mean," he says, "the expression of a nation's mind in writing. We mean the production among a people of important works in philosophy and in the department of imagination and taste. We mean the contribution of new truths to the stock of human knowledge. We mean the thoughts of profound and original minds, elaborated by the toil of composition and fixed and made immortal by books. We mean the manifestation of a nation's intellect in the only form in which it can multiply itself and send itself abroad. We mean that a nation shall take a place by its authors among the lights of the world." In this sense, then, can it be said that Canada has a national literature?

Two writers have been contributing to the *New England Magazine* certain data which may help us in framing an answer to the question. Dr. George Stewart gives a succinct account of the literary work of French Canada. His summing up, after mentioning some dozen or so of names, is as follows: "At best, about five hundred French volumes have been published since 1837. The successful ones might be counted on one's fingers and thumbs. Their weight on the events of the time,

in nearly every instance, has been *nil*. In another half century, however, the order of things may be changed. Meanwhile, the independent observer, looking carefully about him, will find much in the letters of Lower Canada to admire, but little to grow enthusiastic about. He will be amused but not enthralled, and he will sigh in vain for one volume of substantial criticism. Indeed, in the way of critical writing, even the English Canadian is as badly off, that department being practically untouched, though the field offers inducements of the most tempting description." Mr. W. Blackburn Harte (who has made his article attractive by a couple of dozen of portraits) deals with the English side of Canadian book-making. He is more lenient to our shortcomings than Dr. Stewart. "It will be seen," he says, in concluding a number of brief criticisms, "that Canada takes a high position in the realm of science, and even in *belles lettres* is doing remarkably well, when her position as a colony, not a nation, is duly considered. The United States had no such list as I have enumerated in the old colonial days, and removing the artificial barrier between the two countries to-day, it is easily seen that Canada has practically shared in the development of American literature in no small degree." That is quite true. Indeed, when the free population of the United States was at the figure of Canada's now, our neighbours had no such list of poets, historians and scientific writers as Canada has to-day. At the time in question Washington Irving was practically unknown, and Bryant, Hallek and Cooper were yet to come. It must also be considered that most of the poets mentioned by Mr. Harte are young men, some of them at the outset of their careers. He has omitted to mention some names which did not deserve to be passed over, but his title does not imply an exhaustive survey of the whole field. If we bear in mind that our English-reading community is a limited one, and that until comparatively lately the different provinces were, practically, as distinct as the Spanish states of Central and South America, that public attention was almost monopolized by the labours of the field, the factory and the shop and the adjustment of old-world institutions to a new country with a peculiarly mixed population, it need not be wondered at if native literature did not flourish. It is only within the last twenty years or so that the educated class in Canada has been strong enough to exert a collective influence on matters of taste. But the change has been clearly appreciable. Although, as yet, for obvious reasons, there is no scope in Canada for the profession of letters (that is, pure literature—poetry, fiction, criticism), and those who would live by their pen must either write for the daily press, do all sorts of miscellaneous work, or contribute to alien periodicals; the transition has begun, and a few years may bring us to the stage at which the literary, like every other labourer, will be deemed worthy of his hire. It must also be remembered that the competition will be correspondingly intense, and that only writers of real worth—or who happen to please the popular taste for the time being—will even then make a living out of literature. But, apart from the state of the market and its effect on the wares of individual writers, it is essential that a great people should have a voice, by the tones of which it can be recognized in the world, and it is some satisfaction to know that already the silence has been broken and that our bilingual utterance is not altogether contemptible.

The Land We Live In.

The last number (September) of this enterprising periodical contains an entertaining and instructive contribution from Mr. J. M. Le Moine, entitled, "Lake St. Charles Camp Fire Stories;" a biographical sketch (with portrait) of Mr. J. U. Gregory, who represents at Quebec the Department of Marine; Miss Ollie Wood's prize story, "A Dusky Friend," and other interesting reading. The illustrations are numerous and include a view of Spencer Grange, Mr. Le Moine's charming and hospitable country seat (of which we hope ere long to have more to say), several Quebec views, and a number of picturesque scenes of forest life. *The Land we Live in* is published at Sherbrooke, P.Q., and is devoted to original hunting, fishing and descriptive articles. It is the only parallel to *Forest and Stream* published in Canada and is deserving of encouragement.