

he eschews all the troublesome paradoxes of literature, avoids speculative authors, and reads with delight and appreciation the books which furnish him with the most amusement. He seeks recreation in his reading matter, and, sympathizing with Emerson, though he scarcely knows a line of that author, he makes it a point to read only the books which please him the best. He likes clever verses and a good novel, and as the printing-press of France furnishes exemplars of these in abundance, he is never put to straits for supplies. Naturally enough, when the French Canadian attempts authorship, he writes poetry, romances, *chroniques* and history. The latter he does very well, and exhibits industry and skill in the arrangement of his materials and the grouping of his facts. His work rarely fails in artistic merit, and its strength lies in the easy flow and elegance of its diction, and the spirit in which the author approaches his subject. Quebec's list of poets is a long one. Almost every fairly-educated young man can, at will, produce a copy of well-turned verse, but fortunately all do not exercise their power, nor do those who print poems in the newspapers always make volumes of their lays afterwards. Strange to say, Quebec is singularly badly-off for female poets. I know of but one or two ladies who have courted the muses and printed their verses. We must not forget, however, that a poem is often emphasized in the tying of a ribbon, in the arrangement of the hair, and in the fashioning of a bow, and it would be unfair to describe Quebec's young women as unpoetical merely because they have not seen fit to put their thoughts into song. There are many male poets in the province, but it will be unnecessary to concern ourselves, a