

specialize it sufficiently to suit the palate of everybody. There is a literature being produced in Canada which some say is not Canadian literature, just as there is a so-called Canadian literature that is not literature at all, but the cataloguing of an over-glorified personality. And were I to attempt to specialize our Canadian literature, I would have to specialize it as it has been specialized in our host, a Canadian writer who writes for Canadians and the whole world besides. I would have to trace its growth as it has been traced in his training, in the love he has for his native land and the desire he ever has to give voice to the gratitude within his own soul towards the land to whom, as he confesses, he owes so much. The land of the maple leaf is his land as it is ours; and if the flavor of the rose has more of an influence on him now than before, as some say it is beginning to have, it is as the flavor of the heather that still lingers about my own speech. Cosmopolitan if he is becoming, he is as much a son of Canada as ever—as much as ever a son of the land whose benign influences are emblemized, as a cosmopolitanism in itself, in the intertwining of the rose and the thistle, the shamrock and the *fleur de lis*. Which comes first, the bird or the egg, is a solemn problem, as it is said, to the owl; and which comes first, the right kind of *l'amour de la patrie* or the literary spirit which fosters it would perhaps be a philosophical problem too severe for us at this trying moment. But I may safely escape it as did the doctor when he made reply to the old lady's query about the possible effects of a certain hair-dye. In a word, I am not sure that patriotism comes from the writing of poetry, but I am sure that the writing of poetry, the true kind of poetry, the producing of the literature that is literature, the true kind of literature, the true kind of Canadian literature, or

any other kind of true literature, comes from nature's sweetest breath that lingers by our hillsides and our valleys, in our woodland and smiling campagnas, by the singing of the brook or the roar of the rapid—ay, comes from that reverent adoration of nature which old Mother Nature herself has taught us—comes from the sweetness of the environment of our own home, where 'Poesy hums her olden song and plays with history's fingers to assure the tune.' Yes, from these the literary spirit is fed and fostered until it feels that there is no such breath of the pure and the good, no such flavor of the beautiful to be found in any other land; and it is on these I think our host has fed, 'whereby he hath now become so great.' And when I look around this table, sir, when I mark on my fingers the numbers of the members of the *Cercle des Dix* to find that there is within its limits room for more than ten, I feel that beyond it there is room for all Canadian *litterateurs* who follow the literary faith our host has followed—when I think what good old Quebec has done for all of us as literary men, insufficient as our work has been, at the advice of the old song I take my bonnet off my head, and say, God bless Quebec, God bless Canada, God bless the good our Canadian literature has wrought so far in all our hearts, to make us love our country all the more, to make us sing her praises all the better."

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Arbor Day, as a Canadian institution, has been anything but a success. As an exotic from the United States, its fate is merely what some people have expected from the first. The very spelling of its name is a sort of insult to our ways of doing things, and when we come to inquire into its origin and the manner of its begetting and perpetuation, our sympathies get weaker and weaker for its ceremonies