

Lake." The stages in the development of a literature are, therefore, to be found in these, the industry of the antiquarian, the assimilating powers of the historian, the characterizations of the novelist and the imagery flights of the poet. And leaving Canada as a whole, as too wide a subject for the moment, does this grand old city of ours give any evidence of these various stages of the development of a literature of its own. Has she about her the proper element out of which to give birth to the antiquary, the historian, the novelist and the poet, and when Sir James LeMoine has answered you and Francis Parkman, and William Kirby and Louis Frechette you will have in their replies the answer to the query that disturbs so many people, though it does not disturb me, whether there be a Canadian literature or not. There is a fashion abroad when this subject is on the tapis, which I will not venture to imitate, the fashion of naming with aureolic éclat a list of writers of Canadian birth. With the usual illogical exclamation, "Did I not tell you so,—there is a Canadian literature after all." Were I to do so, I would be sure to omit some one and then the fat would be in the fire. I would rather contemplate the object lesson around us, and see if there is in the history of our own city, as a wee bit of the old world set down on the borders of the new, the elements that encourage us to hope for the very highest literary effects from those born within her borders. Why, we have had these effects already. We have had our antiquarians, our historians, our novelists, and our poets. What more do we want? We have a literature of Quebec, we have a literature of Canada, and what matters it whether it is to be called Quebec literature or Canadian literature. It is literature enswathed in the sweet rhythmic language of *La Belle France*, or the

rounding periods of a wholesome English, and that is about all we need trouble ourselves with unless we would wish to see men laugh at our vanity. And let me go no further than Quebec, the city compassed about with every variety of the picturesque and the beautiful, to learn the lesson that Canada has in itself the elements to produce the highest type of the literary man.

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The statement is frequently made, and by many believed to be a true statement, that the educational system of Ontario is responsible for the large number of our young men, and educated young men to be found in the United States of America. The last census of the United States, 1890, claims that there were then in the States 1,000,000 Canadians, or about 20% of our population. For the accuracy of this statement we do not vouch. A graduate of Victoria University, who has been intimately associated with it and its work for the last forty years or more, and knows the history of all its graduates in Arts (they number now about 600), says that about 10% of these graduates have gone to the United States. Do the people then go in larger numbers than graduates in Arts? The same university has 1,500 graduates in Medicine; a very much larger percentage of them have gone to the neighboring country than of the graduates in Arts, probably 35% at least. These facts do not show that, as far as the graduates of Victoria University are concerned, that the tendency amongst the graduates is much stronger than among the people generally, to go to the United States. And still the impression is strong and general among our people that our system of education leads the young people from the farm to the city, and then, for want of work, they drift off to