

prized in proportion to its success. Yet since Literature, like Faith, is for all races and for all time, the study of their own should lead Irishmen to that of France, and of Britain, to a love of all Literature.

For, in truth, to gaze too long on the sun of Mammon, blinds the eyes of a man's soul to the true proportion of things, distorts his mental vision. In no land is this more evident than in the Great Republic, since in no land is mediocrity more successful in passing as genius. *Au pays des aveugles le borgne est roi.* The man—or or woman—whose books are “among the best sellers” is he—or she—who has “succeeded in literature.

Nor is this all. In no land is “insularity” more blatant than in the States. The Britisher, indeed, is supposed to be pre-eminent in this respect. As regards many things, he is; as regards literature, he is not, as no man is more ready to admit merit in the literature of other nations, few, possibly, better able to judge of it. In this he is brother to the Frenchman; a freeman of the True Republic of Letters. In this, again, Canada must make choice between the treasures of three literatures and the glitter of success.

The matter, however, is of nearer application to the Canadian Catholic, of English speech especially, than he is, probably, aware. The three great literatures named are, at least, Christian, which is more than can be said of American. English literature, if not Catholic, at least Christian, all, that is, that can be truly called literature. And, apart always from what it owes to the Classics—which is much—it owes most, as was said of John Bright, to Shakespeare and the English Bible.

To the Canadian Catholic, then, the matter presents itself as something due, not to his Country's literature alone, but to his Faith. The standard of Catholic literature, Cis—and Transatlantic, is, notoriously, lower than it should be, since all pre-reformation, all Elizabethan literature—*teste* Carlyle—belongs, of right, to the Church; in which sense, too, and a very real one, the English Bible is hers, as well, since the English Bible is but the flower of an age which began with Shakespeare and ended with Milton.