



Literature is the immortality of speech.—Willmott.

Literature is the fruit of thinking souls.—Carlyle.

It is the life in literature that acts upon life.—J. G. Holland.

A nation's literature is always the biography of its humanity.—Robert Lord Lytton.

The great standard of literature as to purity and exactness of style is the Bible.—Blair.

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of Church and State.—Bacon.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of the nation. The two keep pace in their downward tendency.—Goethe.

Writing is not literature unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said; and that pleasure is only given when the words are carefully or curiously or beautifully put together into sentences.—Stopford Brooke.

From the hour of the invention of printing, books, and not kings, were to rule the world. Weapons forged in the mind, keen-edged, and brighter than a sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and battle-axe.—Whipple.

What is Literature?

Nearly one hundred contributions were received in the competition on the above subject announced in these columns some time ago. From all parts of the country, as far east as Prince Edward Island, from all classes of people, and from city and from country, came the responses. The question set folks thinking, and they will keep on thinking. The "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" appreciates as an honor the privilege of causing people to think, to clarify and to classify their ideas on so important a subject. We thank every contributor who shared in the competition, and trust that all will feel advantaged by the effort made, though only one could receive the prize offered. We are also indebted to Mr. S. J. Radcliffe, B. A., Principal of the London, Ont., Collegiate Institute, who kindly undertook the arduous duty of making the award. We adhered to the single-judge system, and to facilitate his work and be absolutely fair to every competitor, we had the contributions typewritten, as they varied greatly in merit of penmanship, and submitted them to Mr. Radcliffe under numbers. It is well that we should thus have brought clearly to mind, as has been shown, that the great essential of a living literature, whether prose or poetry, is TRUTH—Universal Truth—interpreted or expressed in fitting language, as we find it in the Bible, in Hugo's "Les Miserables," in Tennyson's poems, in the plays of Shakespeare, or in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." It is worthy of remark that certain books bear the test of translation in many languages, showing the universality of their contents to

humanity of different races and tongues, and under vastly different conditions. But we need not enlarge upon the thought. Principal Radcliffe's statement and the successful contribution speak for themselves. The writer of the latter was J. R. Coleman, of Birr, Ont., whose choice was the set of Scott's works. It might interest our readers to know that fifty-one contributors asked for Scott's volumes in case of being successful; twenty-nine asked for the Kingsley set; three said either would do, and nine made no choice.

THE JUDGE'S STATEMENT.

Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Sir,—It was not an easy task that you assigned to me to award the prize in your competition on the definition of literature. There were ninety-two competitors, but fourteen were excluded from the competition by carelessly exceeding the prescribed two hundred and fifty words. I selected in the first place thirty that I deemed worthy of a prize. All of these referred to the more essential requirements of permanent literature.

Now the judicial part of my work began. I remembered that the personality of the writer must be taken into account; that in such a competition our most eminent literary critics would vary very greatly in their expression, from the restraint of Matthew Arnold to the floridness of Taine.

Many of the contributions showed an excess of figurative language, some were not conservative in thought, a few had the "two grains of wheat in the two bushels of chaff," but half a dozen were of outstanding excellence.

I have selected No. 71 as the best. It is comprehensive, philosophical and logical. It shows the basal unity in man, the universality of human experience, and the applicability of truth to all races and ages. The expression in harmony with the thought is the author's spiritual personality manifested by concrete images, in literary form, which varies according to the conventionalities of the age in which the writer lives.

In regard to originality, I may be easily deceived. I feel, however, that no competitor would have the temerity to allow anything not his own to be published under his name in a paper so widely read as the "Farmer's Advocate." I am,

Yours truly,
S. J. RADCLIFFE.
London, Ont.

THE PRIZEWINNING CONTRIBUTION (No. 71).

Written by J. R. Coleman, Birr, Ont.
Literature is an interpretation of man by means of language, written or oral, as his life manifests itself in a concrete world. It is bounded only by man's nature, and includes his entire experience, both objective and subjective. It probes to the depth of his being, expresses his deepest longings and highest aspirations.

Literature appeals to the basal elements of our human nature, and as such it reaches the hearts of each succeeding generation of man with

undiminished effect. Man is the same to-day in essential nature as in the time of Homer or of Job. Thus it is that a true literary production loses none of its power, even though the external trappings of life vary from age to age.

Man is a unity. Love of beauty, memory, imagination, desire, etc., as elements in this unity, are such only in relation. Literature, then, in appealing to one, appeals to all. This unity is a nicely-attuned musical instrument, as it were, and literature calls forth a harmony. Now one string has the dominant note, now another, yet always in accord with the others, as making a unity, a single whole.

God, man himself external nature as related to God and man, love, faith, home, sin, struggle, aspiration, defeat, achievement, etc., ever speak powerfully to a self-conscious, thinking being, and their appropriate and worthy treatment, both as to matter and form, rouses the answering echo of the poet or author dwelling universally in the human heart.

A Celebrated Nova Scotian.

Look at the portrait which appears to-day in our Canadian authors' column. Note the shrewd, humorous lines of the face, the unkempt hair, the twinkling eyes which look forth from above the loosely-knotted cravat of more than a half century ago, and hazard a guess as to who this merry old gentleman with the up-curving lip- corners is. You may think twice ere you recog-



T. C. Haliburton—"Sam Slick."

nize him as "Sam Slick," not only writer and humorist, but one-time barrister, politician, "man of affairs," one of the few Canadians whose work in political as well as literary lines has been widely known beyond the confines of the Dominion.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton is another of Nova Scotia's laurel leaves. He was born at Windsor, in that Province, in 1796, and was educated at King's College; afterwards building up a lucrative legal practice at Annapolis Royal, one time capital of Nova Scotia. Later in life he was elected member of the Legislative Assembly, and by his writings did much toward turning the attention of the Imperial Government to young Canada and her growing needs. In 1828, he was made judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1856 he moved to England, where he was for some time member for Launceston, in the British House of Commons.

It was in Canada, however, that Haliburton established his claim as

a writer. In 1835 he began contributing to the Nova Scotian newspaper, writing over the signature of "Sam Slick," supposedly a shrewd Yankee peddler, who went about chronicling his observations on men and events in an originally caustic and humor-out style. "Sam Slick" immediately became popular in the United States, where his philosophizings were widely circulated, although in Canada, where his outspoken criticisms and sarcastic jokes sometimes hit rather severely, he was at first received with less favor. At a later date his works were translated into several foreign languages.

In 1839, "The Clockmaker, or Saying and Doings of Sam Slick, of Slickville," first appeared in book form, and in 1843, after a visit of the author to the Old Country, "The Attache, or Sam Slick in England," was issued. These with "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony," are perhaps Sam Slick's best-known works at the present day. He was, however, a very prolific writer, and among other works which have emanated from his brain and pen may be mentioned the following: "An Historical Account of Nova Scotia"; "The Letter Bag of the Great Western, or Life in a Steamer"; "The Bubbles of Canada"; "A Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham"; "Traits of American Humor by Native Authors"; "Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances"; "The Americans at Home"; "Rule and Misrule of the English in America"; "Nature and Human Nature"; "Address at Glasgow on the Condition, Resources and Prospects of British North America"; "Speech in the House of Commons on Repeal of Duties on Foreign and Colonial Wool," and "The Season Ticket," published in 1860.

In 1865, Thomas Chandler Haliburton died, leaving two most illustrious sons, Sir Arthur Lawrence Haliburton for some time Permanent Under-Secretary of War for England, and Robert Grant Haliburton, noted as litterateur and scientist. The elder Haliburton was the first writer who used the American dialect, and the acknowledged founder of the American School of Humor, but it was not for this, but for his genuine interest in and for Canada that he is beloved. In 1889, a society, called in his honor, "The Haliburton," was established at King's College for the purpose of furthering the development of a distinctive Canadian literature. This object has not been ideally achieved, but steps are being taken, and the day draws surely nearer in which we shall have a distinctive and creditable School of Canadian Literature.

"Not thine to complete the work,
yet neither art thou free to lay it
down."—The Talmud.

"So, Friend, with ears and eyes,
Which shy divinities
Have opened with their kiss,
We need no balm but this—
A little space for dreams
On cure-unsullied streams—
'Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on Nature's face!
—Chas. G. D. Roberts.