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Canada. Some time ago, one of the leading papers, the *Mail*, characterised Canadian literature as 'Hog's Wash,' and the other day the *Globe* speaking of Monsieur Louis H. Fréchet, the Canadian poet, who sings in French, said, he had a career, but he would not find it on this continent. Why not on this continent? Nay, why not in his own beloved country? The people must take this in hand. The poet and artist cannot look for recognition to the worshippers of gold, some of whom are no better than public robbers. In England, in France, the wealthy and noble will be glad to honour them—shall the traditional disgrace of Nazareth rest, in the opinion of Canada's own children, on Canada? Is no good to come out of her? It is lamentable to think that had M. Fréchet not been crowned in Paris, most of our own people would have thought him a worthless doggerel-monger, deserving only of tolerant pity. If he has to find a career elsewhere he will have to furnish his imagination, which is now steeped in local tints; the lakes, the mighty rivers, the snowy landscape, the bright skies of Canada, the blizzard of winter, the rapid vegetation of May, all these are reflected in his song. He is our first national poet. The heroes of Canadian history call forth the deepest and most touching notes of his lyre. The picture of the old age of Papineau is suffused with more than the atmosphere of Canada; it has over it the simplicity and elevation of heroic times. In the 'Nuit d'Été'—a poem which has all the tenderness and subtle music of Alfred de Musset, with a purity to which the French poet was a stranger—could hardly be understood by any one not a Canadian; the pictures are all racy of this soil; the vast solitudes, the meteoric sky, the sonorous pines, the young man seeing his sweetheart home, the liberty, the confidence, the long farewell. The national poet is a singer, in whose song we find his time and country. In the little poem on

Québec, the contemporary feeling is painted on the back ground of the majestic river, which flows past its storied citadel.

Careful observation of the way the Canadian Parliament gets through its work has given me a high idea of its business capacity. I have been constrained to admire the ability, the statesmanlike manner and workmanlike qualities of the average member. The whole body, as a legislative machine, is, on the whole, efficient. You can hardly conceive a question affecting legislation on which from some member of that body an authoritative opinion could not be had. Skilled farmers, leading merchants, the best lawyers in the Dominion, doctors in abundance, cattle breeders, travellers, pioneers, manufacturers, miners, mechanics, engineers, ex-contractors, and, like leaven in the lump, or steel on the ridge of the wedge, men who have studied the best which has been written on one or two subjects at least, of large experience in public affairs, who have met and communed and fought in friendly contests the leading spirits of other lands—all bring their spoils of experience to the hive.

How would Sir Charles Tupper, or Mr. Blake, or Sir John Macdonald, or Sir Leonard Tilley, or Mr. Macdougall, or Mr. Mackenzie, or Sir Richard Cartwright, or Mr. Langevin, or Mr. Huntington compare with the statesmen of the English Parliament? This question is the summary of a number of questions addressed to me at several times by different persons. Now, it was an admirer of Sir Charles Tupper who said, 'How would Tupper do in England?'—again, a follower of Mr. Blake, who made a similar demand. My answer was, that either one of our leading statesmen would take a prominent place in the House of Commons in England; that, moreover, of three or four of them it might be said with certainty that, unless the stars in their courses fought against them, they would attain the place of First Minister.