

poems, "Between the Rapids," which has been quoted more frequently than perhaps any others by this gifted Canadian. The scene of the poem may be either on the Ottawa or St. Lawrence River, so famous for their rapids; but what gives it a real charm is that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Of all the poems so far written by Canadians none have evoked more praise in critical journals than that by Frederick George Scott, describing in powerful verse the agony of the imprisoned Samson.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell has been called with truth "The Poet of the Lakes," but his best work has yet to be done in poems of human life and passion, as we may well judge from the one, remarkable in its conception and execution, which was printed some time ago in a leading American monthly, and in which the great love of a mother for her child is described as forcing her from her grave to seek it. His genius is essentially dramatic.

The life of the French Canadian *habitant* has been admirably described in verse by Dr. Drummond, who has always lived among that class of the Canadian people, and been a close observer of the national and personal characteristics. He is the only writer who has succeeded in giving a striking portraiture of life in the cabin, in the "shanty" (*chantier*), and on the river, where the French *habitant*, forester and canoeman, can be best seen to advantage. The poet makes each character tell his story in the broken and peculiar English of the French settlements, and in doing so never becomes vulgar or tiresome, but is always spirited and true to nature. His poems are specially suited to recitation by one who knows the people, like the author, and can give the words their proper emphasis and swing. Of course the French Canadian *habitant* is at times idealized by the imagination of the poet, but such departures from the actualities of life in French Canada only give a greater charm to the verses. Still this is, after all, a class of verse which is soon worked out, and a man of true poetic inspiration will not be content with so limited a field on which to build up a lasting reputation.

But if Canada can point to some creditable achievements of recent years in history, poetry and essay writing—for I think if one looks from time to time at the leading magazines and reviews of the two continents he will find that Canada is fairly well represented in their pages—there is one respect in which Canadians had never won any marked success until Mr. Gilbert Parker appeared, and that is in the novel of romance. "Wacousta, or the Prophecy; a Tale of the Canadas," was written sixty years ago by Major John Richardson, a native Canadian, but it was at the best a spirited imitation of Cooper. Even Mr. Kirby's single romance, "Le Chien d'Or," which recalls the