

effort of memory) the corrupt and dissolute court which, as he believes, traded him off like a cheap article of commerce, betraying him after his heroic struggle for independence; he is bewildered by modern France with its atheism and its "literature of desperation"; he looks askance on the intruding Saxon who dwells on the hill of commercial prosperity while the pioneer dwells in the vale; he recognizes that under no other flag and in no possible situation could he enjoy the peace, security and liberty which he possesses under British rule; he is profoundly attached to his own people and his Church, he gives his *heart* to them alone. England and France are both far away. The French Canadians are loyal British subjects, but they felt no thrill of pride when they read the story of the charge of Dargai ridge. The French Canadians are proud of their Gallic blood and lineage, but they will never shed a drop of blood for France. French Canada has their love. French Canada is almost the only subject of their very prolific authors, and this is so true that without much exaggeration French Canadian literature, which reflects so faithfully the varying moods of the French Canadian people, might be called a literature of one idea. The *Répertoire National*, for instance, which contains the poetry produced in French Canada prior to 1848, has only one important characteristic, Patriotism. The poets, the novelists, the historians of a later period: Lemay, Sulte, Fréchette in his fiery, aggressive style, Crémazie in long-drawn plaint and graceful refrain, Gérin-Lajoie, de Gaspé, Taché, Bourassa, in their narratives of French Canadian life, manners, heroism and virtues, Garneau with eloquence and a commendable