

giving him tongue—that, perhaps, is more the way with the first-named lady—when romancing over the past, when singing and telling old tales and laughing at gilded butterflies, when softening the heart with the tones of home affections, when praying in the words learnt in youth, even when glorying in the heroism gone by, witnessing that their souls are still proud though tame?

Well, are they tame? Or may they not be tame though proud? I mean, is the submission of Scotland doubtful because the Scotsmen sing

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"

denouncing the English yoke as "chains and slavery"?

"Proud Edward's power" they do not now resist. And Irishmen of the same temper, doubtless might peacefully sing, against "the proud invader," the warlike

"Let Erin remember the days of old."

Moore was a mild sort of nationalist. Burns was a more hearty one, perhaps. But neither of them was a thoughtless or a convinced rebel to the powers that be. And then, even Gaelic words do not make a Highlander more cross with England than he was before; however much that was; nor an Irishman either. No language under heaven indeed, could make some Irishmen crosser with England than they are. Though, on the whole, they are a most gentle lamb-like people, when rubbed the right way.

Still, the point is, that I don't know that you make even ladies, as we have called them, less cross, by thwarting them in their fancies.

Certainly in Ireland, where the Gaelic language has been so much discouraged, the result is not Canadian harmony. In Canada, where on the whole, the French language has been encouraged, is there less of the reasonable live-and-let-live, than

if this conquering English had refused any recognition to French?

But we may go beyond this, a long step. We may say that, whatever be the disadvantages of variety in a country's tongue, there are also advantages in diversity; on the which it is more profitable as well as more generous to dwell; seeing that here we are in our little Babel, each crying out: "*I'm going to stay anyway*"; "*J'y suis, j'y reste, moi.*"

Well, in Ireland, so in New Brunswick, there are a goodly number who speak not English, or who have as their mother speech if not Irish yet French.

Now, it is for us here to consider this matter as it concerns our schools chiefly, and our education. But education prepares for life in such and such circumstances; and all these questions of nationality within one Empire are of the greatest public importance.

We must try to be reasonable with one another. Those who do not feel themselves English, those perhaps who are in no sense English, except that they are under the British flag, may yet feel enthusiastic for this Empire; or if not that, may yet be very willing to accept the present conditions, and may at least judge, by their reason, that for them things are best as they are.

Take the French-Canadians and the present war. I am not saying they all thought the war just or inevitable. But certainly the Canadian French joined as a body with other Canadians; they gave their men anyway, some of whom have given up their lives. Well, the Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bruchesi—Italian, rather than French by race, perhaps, but probably with no ancestor from the British isles—he said, to his fellow-countrymen that look to England or Scotland as home, "What you do from your