

that a people of military qualities and peaceful instincts, when aroused by the invasion of its land and hearths, is practically invincible. And lastly, if we look away from institutions and achievements and turn our attention to the living man, the source of all activity, we find a population which without exaggeration may be described as healthy, right-minded, laborious, brave and intelligent, purer in strain than that of our neighbours to the South, because drawn almost entirely from two great kingdoms which for centuries have stood in the van of European civilization.

*Two great kingdoms. Two peoples, speaking different languages, reading different literatures, professing one may say different religions, cherishing with equal tenacity their rival traditions. I must pause here for a moment and perhaps even retrace my steps, for the first element of strength is union, and at the very threshold of this subject we are confronted with a formidable dualism. Let us try to understand it.*

In the national situation of the French Canadian as reflected in his literature we find all the elements of a highly complex state of feeling. That it is possible to survey this field intelligently is due to the fact that one of these elements has obtained complete preponderance over the others.

The French Canadian loves (when he makes an effort of memory) the France of Champlain, Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Brébeuf, Lallemand, Frontenac, Montcalm, Lévis ; he hates (likewise when he makes an