

poets and poems most worthy of remembrance. Yet some names may be mentioned ; to begin with, some of our own members no longer in their youth. One remembers a volume consisting largely of real poetry by Mr. George Murray, and wonders, as we do also with Mr. McIvor, that we do not hear of them again. And there are our younger poets.

I was about to mention the names of those who were known to myself when there came into my hands a volume, just published, entitled "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," edited by Professor Theodore Rand, himself a poet of high distinction and excellence. In the preface to that volume Dr. Rand seems to me

(To be continued)

to have characterized the productions of our Canadian poets with so much insight and judgment that I would gladly have reproduced his words in this place. As, however, they are within the easy reach of us all, and as the reading of the preface may lead to our making acquaintance with the very remarkable collection of poems, which fill nearly 400 pages of the volume, this reference may suffice. A survey of the mere list of writers whose poems are collected in this volume makes one shrink from the attempt to enumerate them. As regards the poems themselves, I venture to say that few, even of those best acquainted with our literature, will read them without astonishment.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN THE NATION AND IN SCHOOL.

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"I tell you, gentlemen and ladies, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between New Brunswick and Ireland, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a river in New Brunswick and there is also moreover a river in Ireland . . . and there is salmon in poth. If you mark Ireland's life well, the Province of New Brunswick's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things."

As in Ireland you had a Celtic people filling the land, and discouraging in their own tongue ; so in the lands near the St. Lawrence mouth and southward, you had the tongue of the first European conquerors here, whose French spread along the courses of our rivers.

Now, England,—“Got knows, and you know—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his dis-

pleasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicate in his prains, did in his ales and angers, look you, kill his best friend”—but the lady Erin is not indeed kilt entirely. And doubtless she is England's best friend, of the sort that are no flatterers, but “feelingly remind us what we are.” She still talks back to him ; and sometimes in her old tongue. That shows what a blessing there is in marriage of opposites.

But what then of England and this other lady, our province ? Was he “in his right wits and goot judgments” when he turned her away unless she would speak always to him in English ; or rather, is he wise to-day in discouraging both these ladies from pleasing themselves with variety of idiom, when grumbling or