

have the second example of a world literature sending out a vigorous offshoot ; for just as Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson, and other English writers have been, and will be, models for the English-Canadian writer, so have Hugo, Lamartine, Beranger and other French authors been the schoolmasters of the authors in the neighboring province of Quebec.

In an article of this nature, it will be impossible to give a full history of Canadian literature, nor will there be any attempt made to do this. Many names will be omitted as a matter of course, but it is hoped that the general outline here made of both the English and the French-Canadian literature will be serviceable as a guide to further reading on the subject. It is only too true that ninety-nine out of every hundred Canadians are wofully ignorant of the work of Canadian authors, although it is to be hoped that the events of this Jubilee year have conduced to the enlightening of all true citizens as to the possibilities of Canada along all lines of development.

Turning to the French-Canadian literature, we find but little activity before the rebellion, and what literature we have is mostly, if not entirely, in the form of ballads. Up to 1837—indeed, we may say up to 1850, after which date the heated discussions of political questions died out for the most part—the energy and spare time of the French seem to have been used up in political discussion, in which it is curious to find political loyalty to England combined with an idolatry of France in matters of character, taste and literature. Indeed, this may still be said to be a distinguishing characteristic of our fellow-citizens of Quebec, so that there is absolutely no ground for idle talk of disloyalty or of growth of an annexation spirit. Among the numerous followers of the Muses in the Eastern Province—and their name is almost legion—there are a few names which stand out very prominently. Of these, but a very few were at work in the Union period (1841-1867). Octave Crémazie (1830-1878) has been called by his admirers the Canadian Hugo, and in many respects there is a great likeness. The gift of *inspiration* is strong in the Canadian ; he has a great command of language, wide range of thought, is brilliant in coloring and makes astonishing uses of words and phrases, so that his work, though at times uneven, shows flights of poetry not unworthy of the great poets. *Le Drapeau de Carillon* is known to all through the University song-book, and others of his ballads are just as good poetry. A comparison of his ode *Les Morts* with Lamartine's *Pensée des Morts* is favorable to our author, while his unfinished *La*