

should be the intimate, on the most kindly terms, of the "Habitants", of "Lectel Bateese?" that he should so well catch the charm suggested by such pretty names as Rose-Délina, Philomène-Beurepaire? It is true, he has lived in the part of Canada that has best retained the magic and the dream of the days that are gone, and yet we have been so tired or almost so bored by the dialect literature! Dr. Drummond does not impress one with the consciousness of his gift, one would not suspect this rather burly looking man was the author of such exquisitely pathetic things as: *The Curé of Calumette*, *The Old House* and *The New Child Thoughts*, *Little Moise*, *The Country Doctor*, etc., etc. Oh! but all he has written pleases and touches and he must be out of joint who, mentally and morally can resent a line. It is all so true. The higher education has been so long enjoyed by all Canadians, one is much impressed with the unaltered and seemingly unalterable types whom we all recognize as Dr. Drummond presents them; the same pathos and "belle humeur" the same reckless daring and simple domestic reliability, the same good natured shrug that marked them presumably way off in Normandy and in Brittain. A mere critical observer, one simply taking notes to make books entitled: "Folklore" could not so fully and firmly have caught that something in the habitant class, that makes tears and laughter so apt to blend when we sit near the "Bord à Plouffe" and listen to the "Ole tam Cariole bell" and hear the voice of "dat girl from Sainte Angele", and smoke, not "The Havana Cigar from across de sea," but the "only tabac, dat grow on de Rivière de Prairie", and we too, feel, "Sick for de ole placefi way backs dere"

Ready as he is for the keen blows of winter, how gladly does he bid us realize the beauty of our Canadian Summer?

"When de nice warm summer sun is shinin' down on Canadaw."

An' no matter w'at I 'm hearin, still I never feel lak bein' no oder stranger feller, me, but only habitant.

For dere's no place lak our own place, don't care de far you 're goin.

Dat's w'at de whole worl's sayin', whenever day come here

'Cas we got de fines' contree, and de beeges reever flowin, an le bon Dieu sen de sun shine twelve mont' ev'y year".

Drummond and Davin, two Irish Canadians to be proud of, both have served the country of their adoption is seemingly varying lines: one compels the pang that always goes with the thought of what