

affairs. Rescue the rates levied on Protestants for the support of Catholic schools, place them in a general fund, and there will be no need to call for aid from the benevolent, for an increased grant from the government, or for the levying of a special tax on real estate owned by Protestants.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE QUEBEC TOWNSHIPS.

The early days of the townships were full of hope. Each morning work was begun in joyous expectation of plans to be realized. There was activity, progress, life. Periodically there was exultation over what had been achieved: neighbor meeting neighbor to review results, encouraging one another to attempt greater things. The pages in which Bouchette tells of his successive visits to the townships and of their marvellous advancement give a thrill of delight to the reader. A brighter morning no new country could have. How different the picture of to-day! In a few centres there is much industrial activity: Sherbrooke and Granby hum with the revolving wheels of mill and factory, around which cluster the tenements of workers. These are apart from the rural population, and it is with the English-speaking farmer I am concerned. Let us see how he has fared. Here is a concession in which, a few decades ago, in each home was heard the kindly speech of the Lowland Scot; here another where Highlanders predominated; another where Irish Catholics and Protestants dwelt in neighborly helpfulness; another where neatness and taste told of its dwellers being of New England descent. To-day approach one of those homes, and with polite gesture madam gives you to understand she does not speak English. Here is the school the first settlers erected, and which they and their successors kept open with no small denial. Draw near to it and you hear the scholars in their play calling to one another in French. The descendants of the men who cleared these fields of forest and brought them into cultivation have disappeared. The meeting-house where they met for worship stands there on a knoll, with broken windows, and boarded door, dropping to decay. The surrounding acre where they buried their dead, is a mass of