

FROM HUGO.

O Sun, O face divine,
 Wild flowers, that valleys line,
 Grottoes where voices sound,
 Grass-hidden odors we divine,
 O woods, where thorns abound ;
 O sacred mountains, high as fame,
 White as marble temple's frame,
 Aged rocks, time-conquering oak,
 Whose scattered soul, I wish your name,
 To enter in my heart invoke,
 O virgin forest, purest courses,
 Limpid lake with shadow'd sources,
 Waters that mirrored heaven's cave,
 Conscious of all nature's forces,
 What think you of this bold knave?

F. M. L.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE.

To every one there comes at times the feeling that after all the routine, the regularity of city life is not life in reality. It is a sham. It cannot be the ideal existence. It must be a mere transition stage of our lives, which having been endured for a time, will be succeeded by some brighter and more wholesome existence. To any such, if there are any, and I imagine there are not a few, no better tonic could be recommended than a short stay of two or three months in some French-Canadian village. There he will not find the busy-ness, the exclusiveness, the everybody-mind-himself-ness which so hurts him in city life.

A year ago, after a rather hard session of University work, it was my lot to spend vacation in this manner. The object I had before me was not merely recreation but education (in speaking French); but nevertheless the feeling of relief, of ease, and of relaxation, which intercourse with the gay, light-hearted French conduces, was not unwelcome after the monotony of a grind.

The most marked feature of French-Canadian life is its primitiveness, for they are unprogressive to a degree almost painful to a methodical, stolid Anglo-Saxon. The village will not be laid out in regular squares, but its site having been chosen for some natural advantage, as a stream, its streets follow every bend of the creek, and give the village a very picturesque appearance.

Advancing along the main street, which usually bears the name of some saint, a ramshackle sort of building with a sign in front, "Voiturier," first gains our attention. The owner of the shop fills the same place in the village economy that is filled by our village blacksmith, but his office is not held in the same high esteem among the French that it is with us. Above his shop lives his family, sure to be a large one, who descend to the lower level by means of a ladder-like stairway running up the outside of the house. An elevated balcony, which with the roof serves as a drying-ground for the family washing, is the only other remarkable feature of the establishment.

Further on is the centre of the village, the market on one corner with an hotel and the grocery shop for vis-a-vis. Turning to the right, towards the "Pont Rouge," over the little creek, on one side is the house of the "membre," and across the road the offices of the "avocat" and the "notaire," where the village lads and young men meet every night to talk politics and gossip.

But you have not seen all the village yet. Do you hear those bells? Well, that's the church; and grouped around it you will find the boy's college and the convent and the hospital, showing that the duties of the church are not limited to spiritual matters. Beyond that still, on the very outskirts of the village, you will find the Palais de Jus-

tice. It is almost in the country. All around are farm houses of a plain, substantial type, and stretching away from these are the long, narrow farms, sometimes no wider than an "arpent et demi" and nearly a mile long, which are so common and so fruitful in Quebec. Often a pious, tithe-paying farmer, will feel very like not praying for the release of his ancestors from purgatory, when he reflects on the weary pilgrimages he has made to the other end of his farm after some frisky colt that has broken loose. In front of almost every door may be seen the tobacco plant, destined to afford the hard-working Canuck enjoyment during the long winter nights, whilst the less vigorous or perhaps more refined taste of his English brethren can only be gratified by more expensive foreign brands.

A taste for the picturesque, the most marked feature of the French race in no matter what country or clime, is here apparent. Plants in every window, pretty flower beds are common; whilst young trees endeavor to assert themselves in all possible corners. But this refinement does not extend below the surface in the majority of cases, for although I had great good fortune in falling in with a family much above the ordinary level, nevertheless the French are not fastidious as to their cleanliness. Everywhere groups of dirty, barefooted children are to be seen playing by the side of the road or by the stream. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is an Anglo-Saxon maxim, I think.

The church, as might be expected, is all-pervasive, nowhere is the parishioner free from the supervision of the curé. The curé is bound up with the life of the people; with the men he is friendly and is liked for his bonhomie and liberality and is looked up to with not a little respect as a being of a superior order to themselves; while as to the women, he is their spiritual father, their confidant in all things. In religion, as in every day matters, the love of the French for beauty is manifest; in fact, it is because the clergy recognise this national passion, as it were, that it is hopeless to expect any great overthrow of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church in Quebec. All the appointments of the church are attractive to eye and ear. Large spacious churches, graceful spires, painted windows, pictures and images combined with a solemn, ritual and brilliant music, all render the church peculiarly congenial to the French habitant. In truth, to an outsider it is attractive; I do not think I ever saw anything more impressive than the solemn procession of the whole village, old men and young, mothers of families, girls and little children, through the green arches and avenues of little birches, headed by the clergy bearing the sacred wafer, on the feast of Corpus Christi.

Their simplicity of manner and habits is striking after the city. A freedom of speech which we would term license pervades their conversation and allows them to discuss topics, strictly beyond the pale in our more refined society. But the truth of the matter is, that being educated in this manner they find nothing strange in it and where no harm is thought surely there can be no harm. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Nor does it lead to undue freedom of action. Rousseau himself might here have met the ideal which, sick of the venalities of the society of his day, he was seeking; and if there be any modern Rousseau among us, I cannot do better than to tell him to spend a vacation alone in a French-Canadian village.

W. M. B., '94.

The Lehigh Glee Club will take an Eastern trip through the State of Pennsylvania.

President Eliot is in favor of bestowing degrees on Annex graduates, and it is hoped Harvard will soon open its graduate school to women, as Yale has already done.

The South is woefully lacking in libraries, there being only one library south of Washington of 50,000 volumes. The average number of volumes of fifty-seven libraries in North Carolina is 300.