

hard by, a wayside cross, before which the devout peasant kneels in prayer for a good harvest. In the middle of the village stands the church, severely whitewashed, with a red-tiled roof and a picturesque steeple. Glance behind it and you see the *cure's* neat cottage, and his reverence (arrayed in black *soutane*) pacing his garden walk. Stiff rows of hollyhocks, dahlias and sun-flowers delight his soul, and are not out of harmony with his prim exterior. Be sure that a convent lurks somewhere near; convents and seminaries are the only educational establishments approved by the orthodox French Canadian. A glimpse over a fence reveals demure nuns superintending the recreations of convent-bred misses, and the white caps and black robes make us breathe the atmosphere of Old France. The avenues of poplar-trees, planted by the early settlers in memory of their beloved country, help the illusion. On all sides we have evidence of the deep love for his mother country, the reverence for tradition and the extreme contentment which mark the French Canadian character.

The *habitant* works hard all summer in the fields, and when the winter's snow covers his land he sets to with a will to make boots of cured bullocks' hide (with uppers of sheepskin) for his numerous family. A skilful mechanic, he makes his own hay-carts and rakes, turns out his own furniture, cures the tobacco grown in his garden, salts his own pork, and builds his own house. Curiously enough, gardening is the one pursuit considered derogatory by the French Canadian. It is thought fit only for his women and children. Vegetables are not much cultivated for home consumption, and are usually intended for market purposes. The *habitant* lives chiefly on rye-bread, sour milk, fat pork and potatoes. Maple-sugar, eggs and fish are appreciated; but fresh meat is little in demand. Omelettes and pancakes, as in France, are reserved for high days and holidays.

All good *habitants* marry young.

Edwin is not usually more than twenty when he woos his Angela of seventeen. Enormous families follow; but they are looked upon as blessings in these lands of vast acreage. Infant mortality is great; and thus the tendency to over-population is somewhat balanced.

The good-wife is no drone in the *habitant* hive. She spins and weaves, making cloth and flannel for her children's clothes, and putting by blankets, sheets, and rough towelling for her daughters' *dot*. She dries rushes, and during the long winter evenings she plaits hats for her family. She knits wool of her own spinning into socks and stockings, and shapes and makes the simple skirts and jackets which her girls wear, and the trousers and shirts which clothe her lads. In point of thrift she is not behind her ancestors. The walls of the kitchen (which is also the living-room) are of pitch-pine, and the ceiling is made picturesque by rafters. Generally a little staircase, painted deep red, leads from one corner of the kitchen to the rooms above. The fireplace is open, and much what one sees in Norman cottages. The chairs, severe but suitable, are made of unpainted wood, which by constant use has assumed a rich tone and polish. The spinning-wheel and distaff gives an air of quaintness to the room, and two rocking-chairs lend the one touch of comfort. Over the chimney-piece is a black wooden cross; near it a print of Sta. Veronica's Veil. Pio Nono's portrait is in every good French-Canadian's house. He has not yet seemed to grasp the fact that another man sits in the chair of St. Peter.

Compared with most peasantry, the French Canadians are wonderfully clean in their houses and persons. Unlike most peasantry, they nearly all ride in their own carriages. On market-days those living outside towns jog long distances in their carts to sell their produce. There can scarce be a more picturesque sight than the old Quebec market-place as it was a few years ago, with its rows of