

ed. In the presbytery and the buildings around it is the intellect that thinks for the community, the will that holds and directs its will, the tongue that commands, the eye that sees every detail of their daily lives, the ear to which comes the tattle and the innermost secrets of the dwellers beneath the roofs of each house in the parish. The atmosphere thus created is not national, it is ecclesiastical: it is not French, it is Papal. It is a population trained by the Church of Rome to do the will and advance the interests of the Church of Rome. True the priests exhort the people to be French, and nothing but French. That is merely part of their system to keep them under their thumb. Were the habitants of any other origin they would use the same cry—were they Irish they would tell them to be Irish and nothing else; were they Germans or Poles they would get like advice. In their speaking English, especially in their learning to read English, the priests see danger, and so they reiterate the precept that they are to be first Catholic then French, and that on their continuing to be Catholic depends their being French, and they are made to believe that the Church of Rome is the sole surety of their nationality and their language; that if they leave their Church they lose everything. No pains are spared to keep them isolated from Protestants. The partition-wall is maintained so high that practically there is no social intercourse, no intimate relation permitted. Here, again, the dividing-line is creed, not race, for if the English-speaking neighbor becomes Catholic the priest encourages the freest intercourse. Tho longer the visitor stays and the more intimate he becomes with the people, the more conscious he is of the all-pervading influence of the Church of Rome, how she dominates every concern of daily life, how every interest is made subservient to her interest, how every prejudice is fostered that aids her plans, every cry raised that will bind her followers to her. It may be said all this is true of rural Quebec alone. Let the visitor leave. He is now treading the streets of the city of Quebec. Mark those colossal buildings behind whose barred windows and sentinelled gates are monks, and nuns, and novices by the hundred. At every step he meets a many colored proces-