

## MEMOIRS OF A SECRETARY.

---

It is the feast of St. Jean Baptiste, and, languidly sitting by the open window, I listen to the music of a band which—fortunately for my fairly well trained and now particularly sensitive ear—is some distance away and gradually receding. But soon, other sounds are heard, human and not uncultivated nor unpleasant voices, singing the grand old hymns and psalms of the Church; and pushing the curtain to one side, forgetting my good doctor's advice for the time, I stretch my bared head outside into the somewhat moist and breezy atmosphere, and watch the sights below. It is almost worth the risk of a relapse. The procession is singularly picturesque, and probably could not, at the present day, be seen anywhere except in Canada. The vested priests, the members of the religious orders, generally in sombre garments, and the silken banners adorned with holy symbols, cast an air of dignity and solemnity upon the scene, and prevent the eye from dwelling upon much which, without these accompaniments might appear frivolous and, in some respects, grotesque. But the *people* who chiefly compose the procession after all claim a large share of attention, on more accounts than one indeed, but chiefly to a gazer from a second storey window, like myself, from the manifest evidence of their love of color and display. I watch the procession as it passes towards the mouth of the harbor, along the wide grass-grown street, past the dilapidated buildings of the old New Brunswick merchants, which look all the more decayed by contrast with the haunting scarves and flags hanging from the many sashless windows. A group of Americans, from the Carleton shore, also gazes with interest and curiosity at the receding pageant, but, as the balloon-carriage