

on the British Province of Ontario, as well as overflowing into the adjoining States of the Union. The population multiplies apace. There, as in Ireland, the Church encourages early marriage, and does not teach thrift; and were it not for the ready egress into the States, we might have Irish congestion and misery in French Canada. Had French Canada been annexed to the United States, it would no doubt have been absorbed and assimilated like other alien nationalities by that vast mass of English-speaking population. As it is, instead of being absorbed or assimilated, the French element rather absorbs and assimilates. Highland regiments disbanded in French Canada have become French. In time, apparently, there will hardly be anything British left in the Province of Quebec, except the commercial quarter of Montreal, where the more energetic and mercantile race holds its ground. Had the conqueror freely used his power at first when the French numbered only about 60,000, New France might have been made English, but its nationality has been fostered under the British flag, and in that respect the work of conquest has been undone. It is difficult, indeed, if Canada remains separate from the United States, to see what the limits of French extension will be. French Canada (now the Province of Quebec) is a curious remnant of the France before the Revolution. The peasantry retain with their *patois* the pre-revolutionary character, though, of the allegiance once shared between the King, the seigneur, and the priest, almost the whole is now paid to the priest. There were seigneuries with vexatious, feudal incidents; but these have been abolished, not by legislative robbery, in which the rude Canadian is inept, but by honest commutation. The people are a simple, kindly, and courteous race, happy on little, clad in homespun, illiterate, unprogressive, pious, priest-ridden, and, whether from fatalism or from superstition, averse to vaccination, whereby they brought upon themselves and their neighbors recently a fearful visitation of small-pox. They are all small, very small farmers; and, looking down from the Citadel of Quebec upon the narrow strips of land, with their river fronts on the St. Lawrence, you see that here, as in old France, subdivision has been carried to an extreme.—*Nineteenth Century*.

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the success last. The unsatisfactory is generally soonest seen.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

WEDNESDAY, June 21st, 1887, was a most lovely day in the mighty Royal City of London. At five o'clock in the morning every point of vantage along the streets composing the royal procession route was secured. At nine o'clock the line of route was on each side a compact mass of people. Everybody, despite the discomfort of the crowding, manifested the utmost good humor. The scene at Westminster Abbey was most brilliant. Every seat was filled, and every person present was a distinguished person. Every man present entitled to wear a uniform or decoration, had both on, new or burnished up. The first of the royal procession was composed of the Indian Princes and a few minor German Princes. Punctually at 11.15 A.M. the Queen, in an open carriage, emerged from the palace gates. At the sight of her, thousands of voices were lifted up in cheers, the applause being accompanied by the music of the many military bands stationed in front of the palace. The Queen did not wear her state robes, but was dressed in black. Her carriage was drawn by eight ponies. Her sons, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, her sons-in-law the Crown Prince Imperial of Germany, the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and her grandsons, Prince Albert Victor and George of Wales, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, and Prince William of Prussia—all rode in full uniform beside the Queen's coach as a body-guard. When the people at the palace gates had shouted themselves hoarse cheering for the Queen, they continued to cry out, "Long life to the Prince and Princess of Wales." The Queen, as she left the palace, seemed to be in excellent spirits, and she smiled and bowed graciously to the people on every side. Her carriage was a large one of chocolate color, wheels red, and the royal arms in gold emblazoned upon the panels. Red Morocco harness was used for the ponies, which were otherwise decorated with royal blue ribbons. All the servants wore state liveries of scarlet and gold. The other carriages containing members of the royal family were of a gorgeous character, drawn by four bays each, and all open. The procession went at a smart walking pace into Constitution Hill, and then adopted a more deliberate gait. The enthusiasm along the line of march was intense. On the procession nearing the Abbey, the