

ments, they look on as beneath them, their aim is to conquer the world for their ecclesiastical organization, bringing all subject to its sway. A French Quebec the Dominion could contemplate with complacency, because its people would differ from the other Provinces in speech alone: in every other regard they would be in touch with their fellow-subjects. Far different is a Papal Quebec which has been shaped into and is used as the instrument to rule Canada.

THE HABITANT AT HOME.

To the visitor who travels through the parishes of Quebec for the first time, the outstanding feature is the size and number of conventual buildings. In villages, that are a cluster of one-storey houses, he sees a church large enough and costly enough for a city, and nearby massive structures where, he is told, certain orders of brothers or sisters dwell. Whatever route the visitor chooses, road, steamboat, or rail, he meets men and women in uniform that tells of their being members of some clerical order, and in whatever direction he turns his gaze the gleam of a cross is discerned, while the tinkle of convent-bell or the boom of the big church bell breaks on his hearing from dawn to sunset. Passing along the road he is startled by coming on a cross by the wayside, accompanied by emblems of the tortures of the Saviour of the world. Each house he enters, no matter how humble, has symbols of Christ's humiliation and pictures of saints. These are only appearances, yet, like the faint vapor that rises from the summit of an isle of the Indian Ocean, they indicate the unseen, the strange fire that burns beneath. It takes patience and close observation to ascertain the nature of the pervading influence which enthalls this quiet community, and the knowledge of it comes by slow degrees. As it does, the visitor's prepossessions are dissipated. He thought of them as French, as jealously preserving the customs and traditions of the country whence came their forefathers. He finds they know nothing of France, that France has become merely a name, and that neither in spirit nor sympathy have they anything in common with the France of to-day. There is little reading, few newspapers, and fewer books. The books are de-