

The Yankee in Quebec.

the custom of a Pennsylvania mountain community, might well have been written of a dance in the valley of the Beauport, or many another happy valley along the St. Lawrence. See in this picture the genial host standing in the open door, greeting some late arrivals. Through the doorway you note the cheerful room and the merry dancers. You can well imagine the "fiddler" sitting in some prominent place, playing the music that had for a century or more set going the feet of generations long forgotten. The fiddler is the one important personage of the dance, as he plays and "calls off," ever keeping time with his foot. No, it is not all work—there is much of joy in the humble home of the "habitant" in every land beneath the sun, and I often think the joy is more real than in the homes of those who have naught of earth's goods to wish for.

A beautiful custom these habitants have, in the event of the loss by fire of a neighbour's house or barn. They will gather in for miles around, on the Sunday following the fire, and after mass, set to work and rebuild the house or barn, all contributing material or labor and in most instances both. In one or two Sundays the building is replaced. And again, the loss of a horse or cow is made up by the kind