

covered carts drawn up side by side, and filled with little bright-eyed French women offering their wares for sale. Lamb, butter, eggs, cheese, maple-sugar, syrup, homespun cloth, and home-grown vegetables form the staple commodities of the *habitant*.

The chief religious *fête* is that of St. Jean Baptiste. Not even in papal Italy is the procession more picturesque. Emblematic cars and various bands playing the air of "A la Claire Fontaine" form part of the procession; but all the interest centres in St. John, who is personated by a small lad wearing a golden wig, dressed in sheepskins, carrying a crook, and accompanied in his car by a lamb. Another great day is that of the *Fête de Dieu*, in which the Host is carried through the streets to various stations, the *habitants* prostrating themselves before it. Very picturesque, too, are the ceremonies in connection with the first communion. Troops of little girls in white muslin frocks, wearing white gloves, and caps covered with white veils, are to be seen, accompanied by proud mothers and fathers, walking about the streets.

The manners of the French Canadian are superior to those of his English compatriot in the same rank of life. He condescends on occasions to say "monsieur" and "madame;" but he is absolutely devoid of any feeling of social inferiority, and merely gives these titles from a sense of politeness, and as he would do to his equals. Without the slightest taint of Republicanism or of Communism, the *habitant's* views find expression in John Ball's lines:

When Adam dolve and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

In a country where all men work, the only distinction between classes recognizable to him, is that of wealth and poverty, which he understands. With all his simplicity, M. Jacques is keenly alive to the advantages of money, and no Jew can drive a better bargain.

With the upper class of French Canadians (descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* who fled from the horrors of the guillotine and Reign of Terror) it is not within the province of this article to deal. I may say, however, without undue digression, that there are many French Canadian *seigneurs* who received their lands earlier than the French Revolution, under charters of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

The *habitant*, however, is menaced with a change from his idyllic stagnation. The overflow of French Canadian population is gradually finding its way to the broad lands of Manitoba. Here a struggle for supremacy between the English and the French recently began. The *habitant* wished to apply his limited views of life. He insisted, besides, upon a dual language, and that French should be taught in the schools. Fearful lest the priesthood should become all-powerful, as in the Province of Quebec, and the laws be framed exclusively for the French population, the English Canadian resisted. In the end the Englishman triumphed; but time alone can show how far the French Canadian transplanted to Manitoba will assimilate with English ways. — *The National Review*.

STEPS.

Wouldst thou love thy Lord?
Love thy neighbour then.
Rise to love of God
Through the love of men.

Wouldst thou know thy Friend?
Do His written will.
And His promised word
Jesus must fulfil.

Wouldst thou read His heart?
Linger at the Cross.
VICTORIA, B.C.

Share His cup, and count
Other knowledge loss.

Wouldst thou serve thy King,
Loyal be and true?
They who please Him best
Lowliest work must do.

Wouldst thou reach His throne?
Little steps lead there,
And a pierced Hand
Guides thee up the stair.
—Annie Clarke.