

and answers are carried throughout the twelve verses, continuing :—

“ There are Three Persons in God.
There are four Evangelists.
Moses' books reckon five.
Water turned to wine in six jars at Cana in Galilee.”

In this verse, which is sung very slowly and impressively, the children stop walking around, drop hands and curtsey towards the centre, then to their neighbours on each side.

At the beginning of the seventh verse the children hold hands again, and walk round singing the rest of the verses, viz. :—

“ There are seven Sacraments.
There are eight Beatitudes.
There are nine angel choirs.
The Commandments number ten.
Eleven thousand virgin martyrs.
The Apostles number twelve.”

After the games were over, and we were sipping our raspberry vinegar, madame asked if I would like to see the week's baking, and there on the table were twenty-six snowy loaves of bread just ready to be put into the oven, and such a mysterious looking oven too! not built in the house, but out on the roadside near by. This oven, which is also used by the neighbours, is of brick and cement, with an iron door, and some time before the bread is ready for baking, a wood fire is kindled and fed until the interior becomes very, very hot, the ashes are then taken out and the pans of bread, which are placed on a little flat board at the end of a long pole, are put in one by one and the door closed until the bread is baked.

Finding how interested I was in all household details, madame ventured that perhaps I might like to go *en haut* (upstairs), and on expressing my pleasure she led the way and opened the trap-door, to which was attached a long thick rope with a very heavy iron weight on the end, and

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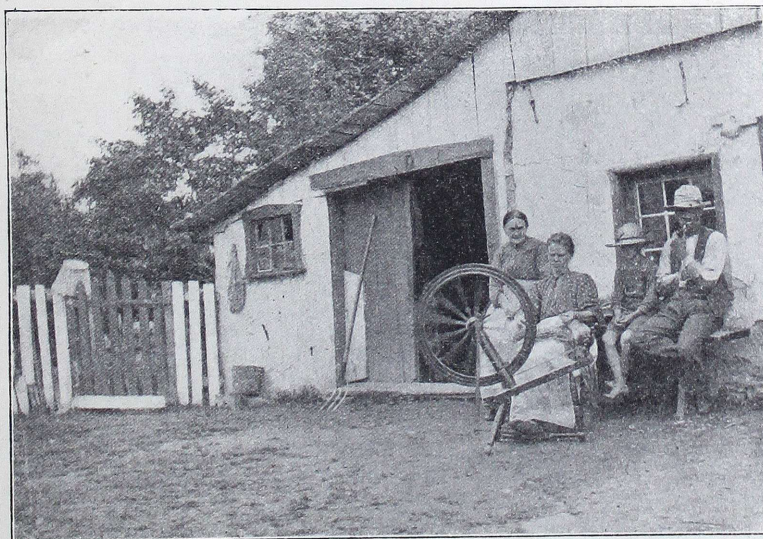
57:6

up the steep stairway we went step by step till the top was reached, and oh! such an interesting big garret it was! The family loom, which was three hundred years old, stood by the window, the wood polished and worn by time was of a soft brown colour, and there on the well-worn log-bench the busy toiler in each generation, year in and year out, had woven the home-spun for her family. On the rafters hung *catagagne* (rag carpet), rolls of linen and dresses, which were carefully hung in linen bags; on the floor were *bottes sauvages* (long boots without heels, made of raw hide, and fashioned somewhat on the graceful lines of the sabot), snow-shoes, harnesses, a pile of oats, chairs, spinning-wheels, and last, but not least, in a corner where the boys and girls I know would have been tempted to stay for an indefinite length of time, were boxes of delicious maple sugar packed away for winter use.

By good fortune I was to see a picture which I can never forget, for it happened that the mother of madame was at work at the loom weaving a bed-spread of dark blue wool and white linen, which was fashioned into small squares as the shuttle flashed back and forth. The sun flooding through the little window glorified the worker and her work, and we could hear her humming one of the old Canadian songs.

As I was saying good-bye, Onésime disappeared for a few moments, quickly returning with a great armful of exquisite hollyhocks for me, and madame, with all the charm and graciousness so typical of her race, assured me that a warm welcome was always ready when I chose to come—“*Quel plaisir que votre visite, Mademoiselle revenez bien souvent!*” and as I walked down the road I saw the father of madame coming across the field carrying his scythe, and as he neared the house I noticed that he looked towards the little window where he knew the old wife was at the loom, and faintly in the distance a strain of the Canadian love-song he was singing was wafted to me, “*Il y a long-temps que j'e t'aime, jamais j'e ne t'oublierai*” (“It is long that I have loved thee, never will I forget thee”).

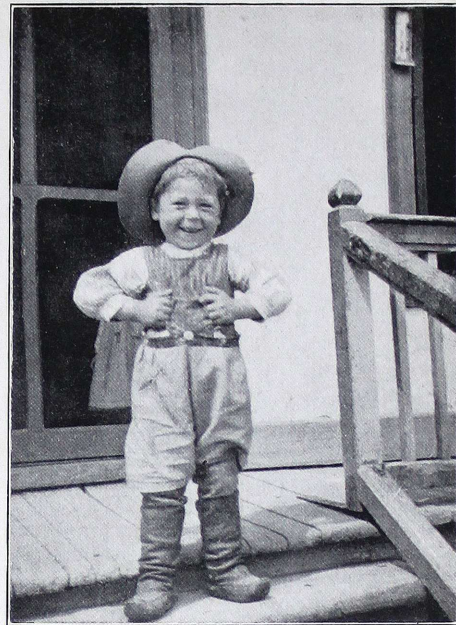
G. C. P.



The home of a French-Canadian habitant.



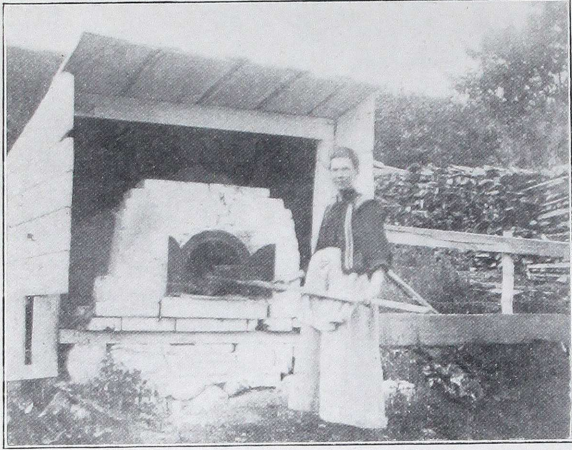
Le Bonhomme.



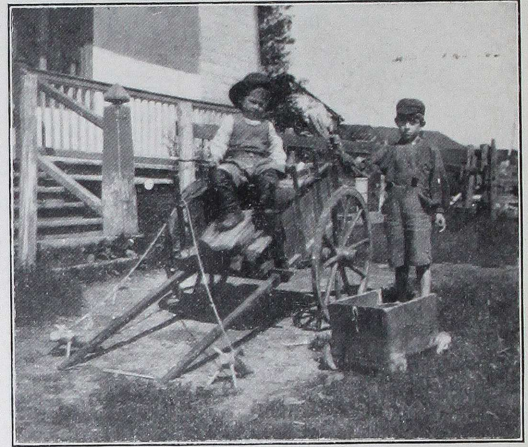
My little friend, Onésime.



This is the dog that dragged the load.



Putting in the last loaf.



Playing horse.



"De lady, she wears a pretty green shawl."

(From "'Marchin' on dis camp groun'.")



“Down on yo’ knees!”
(From “Marchin’ on dis camp groun’.”)



“Yes, gib huh a kiss, mah honey, mah love.”
(From “Marchin’ on dis camp groun’.”)



"Peep, squirrel, peep, squirrel, Yankee doodle dandy."

(From "Your darlin', my darlin'.")



"I measure my love to show you."

(From "I'm walking on the levee.")



“Close up de 'Sembly.”
(From “Bounce aroun’.”)



"That lady's a rockin' her sugar-lump, O turn, cinnamon, turn."
(From "Turn, cinnamon, turn.")



“Fair demoiselle, wilt thou dance with me?”

(From “La Bastringue.”)



“How should a bare-footed maiden appear,
In the maze of the dance with a gay cavalier?”

(From “La Bastringue.”)