

entance to the "Via Dolorosa." It is arranged on a scale of one-third the size of that of Jerusalem, the elevation being the same. The Brook Kedron murmurs in the distance, a torrent of the same proportions as its namesake of the Holy Land. Indeed, Père Frédéric says that the imitation is perfect. The Calvary crowning the summit is realistic.

From this spot the view, looking riverwards, is superb. We see parish after parish, east and west, as far as the eye can reach, while the mighty St. Lawrence, widened here almost into a bay, sweeps over a fair sand beach, as hard and pink as if it had been thrown up by the waves of the far off ocean. On the first of the sand hills on this beach and directly opposite the "Via Dolorosa," a fine marble cross, surmounting several steps, has been erected. This can be seen for quite a distance up and down the river: and seen, as the writer saw it first, with a Franciscan, in severe brown habit, with shaven head, and sandalled feet, leaning against the cross, and a Dominican in his white robe, seated upon the lowest step, the effect is very good.

Cap de la Magdeleine as a shrine for pilgrimages bids fair to rival St. Anne de Beaupré. The little church is well garnished with crutches and the like, the usefulness of which being over for their owners, have been left as votive offerings. Pilgrims walk from a great distance to the shrine—and it is not an uncommon thing for householders in Three Rivers to have three or four hurrying pilgrims in one day, begging food on their way to the Cape.

It is not strange that our Lady of the Rosary should accord favors at this her shrine in which, for over two hundred years, the confraternity, canonically established in the early years of the Cure Vachon's administration of the parish, has thriven, giving its unbroken quota of Hail Marys to its Queen.

The faith of the French Canadian people is very edifying, and nowhere is it more animated and striking than in the parish and vicinity of Ste. Marie Magdeleine du Cap.

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