

marks we overheard as they passed to and fro, and the frequent recurrence of that contemptuous word *Irlandaise*, was sufficient to convince us we were not objects of admiration at any rate. This word, I might explain is an epithet applied to all English-speaking people and simply means Irish, and to be Irish is something most demeaning in the eyes of a French-Canadian.

The scenery through which we passed was grand in the extreme. Shortly after leaving the Quebec wharf with the shipping still in view, to the right we see the historic town of Levis, named after the French General de Levis, and farther on as we sail down the mighty St. Lawrence, there is the Island of Orleans, formerly called Isle Bacchus by Champlain, from the thick net work of wild grape vines which once formed an almost impenetrable wall along its shores. On the left we pass the St. Charles River and harbour, the gray walls of the Beauport Lunatic Asylum sheltering its 900 inmates, now the Beauport Church rises before us with its twin spires; now we pass the Montmorenci Falls pouring its torrent of water over the steep rock several hundred feet high into the natural basin beneath; here, too, are the electric works which supply Quebec with such a brilliancy of light as to make the venerable city eclipse many of greater pretensions on this continent. The scenery

of the lower St. Lawrence is most picturesque, still preserving all that native wildness which so enchanted the early explorers. Here the bank rises in stupendous gray rocks, then rounds into tree-clad mountains all aglow with the brilliancy of a Canadian Autumn. Again the abrupt hills dissolve into sloping plains of cultivated land, and at every turn may be seen a village with its characteristic massive stone church, rejoicing in its red roof and tin spire, but surrounded by poverty. Indeed I think the time will come when it will be a question in history how such gigantic buildings were reared in the midst of so much misery.

The stir of our fellow passengers informs us we are nearing La Bonne St. Anne, and sure enough our little boat is just turning into the long wharf built out to the channel to accommodate the pilgrim boats. The pilgrims are soon landed and a procession formed, each congregation forming a separate company headed by its curé.

St. Anne is a typical French-Canadian village; there you see the proverbial stone church, the adjoining presbytery and in the distance a convent. At a respectable distance we follow the pilgrims up the long wharf and through the only street the little village possesses and soon we reach the church; and what a sight! Here one meets all sorts and conditions of men. The blind, the