

still fresh in the minds of the people there, and no doubt, notwithstanding the distance, the numbers will be, considerably augmented next year. At 8.30 High Mass was sung, during which St. Ann's choir rendered some choice sacred music. At the conclusion of the Mass, the articles of devotion were blessed. The procession being reformed, a start was made for the boat. At 10 o'clock the boat started for Quebec. On the way the snowy fall of Montmorency, may be seen far back in its purple hollow; it leaps perpetual avalanche into the abyss, and forms indeed a beautiful sight. »

« On the return to Quebec it was noised abroad that a miracle had been worked on one of the pilgrims. All eyes were watching to catch a glimpse of the privileged one. He who a few hours before could not put his foot on the ground, was now walking a firm step, and a heart overjoyed at the special grace granted to him. The following is a full and true account of the affair. The man's name is Daniel McCarthy, and resides at No. 56 Farm street, Pt. St. Charles. He was engaged as a laborer at the Dominion Coal Works Yard some eight years ago, when his right leg got severely crushed. After some time it became somewhat better, until the 19th February, 1900, when a change came for the worse. The swelling between the knee and the hip, gathered and then broke. He was taken to the General Hospital, where he had two operations performed. A piece of the bone was sawed off. The operations gave no relief, but on the contrary, brought on more pain, and the greater became the discharge of matter. The pain at times became excruciating, and for four months, he never left his bed. When he was able to rise from his bed of pain, for every one hour spent up, he had to lie down for six. The first change for the better came this time twelve months, when his brother made a novena, and accompanied the pilgrimage last year, and prayed at the Shrine for his intention. After that, he felt somewhat better and could move round with the aid of a crutch, but could not rest the foot on the ground, nor bear any weight on it. He dragged himself to the Church, went to Holy Communion, and after coming out of the Church, he attempted to go up the Sancta Scala (the Holy Stairs). In the attempt he dropped his crutch and he told his little son who accompanied him, to go and bring it to him. But when he had reached the top of the stairs he found a change coming over him, and found the leg that was so painful up to that time becoming strengthened, and for the first time in eighteen months, he was able to put it on the ground and walk without the aid of his crutch. He immediately proceeded to the