

PEACE.

Breeding of Beauty. A holy face where fairer than the sun...

ST. ANNE LE PEATER. QUB. June 26.—It would take a volume to describe all there is to see in this favor of spot.

The exquisite peace and beauty of the scene can scarcely be surpassed, it is a sublime combination of the glorious worship of God, with the majesty of the everlasting hills.

Across the river is a vast expanse of table land, the most of it dotted with farms and clearings.

Behind, and to the right and left, rises the majestic Laurentian range, their irregular slopes covered with a dense and impenetrable growth of forest.

June 27th.—(Sunday).—Five or six pilgrimages have arrived since yesterday afternoon, and from an early hour this morning the great Basilica has been the scene of ceremonies so striking and impressive as to live in the memory for years.

The roof is painted sky blue with gold stars. Fourteen side chapels open out of the church.

On each side of the great west door is simply an immense mass of crutches, sticks, wooden legs and other appliances that have been left by the fortun-

nate clients of La Bonne Ste. Anne. From the floor right up to the roof of the church they are piled in hundreds, and the sight is such as to inspire the most despondent with faith and hope.

From an early hour this morning the church was crisscrossed with pilgrims of all sexes and conditions. The main and the left, the blind and the deaf were all to be seen kneeling at the feet of the famous statue, imploring the assistance of Ste. Anne, bearing the relic that had been brought from her tomb and is fixed at the base of the column, and touching it with their rosaries and medals.

In the sanctuary the sight was one never to be forgotten. The Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart had come on a pilgrimage from Quebec, and were stationed in the sanctuary, their dark blue coats with sky blue facings, white leggings and leather boots giving a most striking touch that was both picturesque and beautiful.

Four of the soldierly guard acted as servers. They were so devout and served with such perfection and military precision that it was a pleasure to watch them.

It was indeed difficult to realize that they were not real soldiers; their bearing was altogether so gallant and soldierly, and their marching and evolutions so perfect, that I took them for a detachment of French regulars, until I was told they were only the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart, Quebec.

The relics of Ste. Anne were venerated after the Mass, and scores of people were touched with them, on the head, ears, eyes, &c.

Benediction was given four or five times, the Guard of Honor assisting in the afternoon, and leaving with the pilgrims from Quebec immediately after.

The Guard breakfasted and dined at the convent, which was filled for some hours afterwards with a most unconventional and unbusinesslike odor of tobacco smoke, and the members of the band treated the Sisters and lady visitors to a complimentary concert underneath the balcony.

Immediately after Mass the "military" were grouped about the fountain at the base of the old church for the purpose of being photographed with their chaplain, his reverence sitting in a capacious red satin arm-chair borrowed from the presbytery.

Monday morning.—More pilgrims arriving by boat and rail, the great space in front of the church is almost impassable; inside, from five o'clock in the morning until nine, is a seething mass of humanity, for the most part "habitants" of French Canada.

It is a strange and at the same time a sublime thing to see ten or twelve Masses all going on at the same time at different altars. It is a great privilege to assist at so many. One may offer an intention for each Mass. Not that there is not so much virtue and efficacy in a single Mass alone, but that one may be able to offer so many petitions and intentions at once, and all in conjunction with the Divine sacrifice.

There is a confessional in each of the side chapels and also in the sacristy, in which latter confessionals are heard at all hours. The reverend

clergy of Ste. Anne's, who are of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer, are most kind and indefatigable. Their work must be simply unceasing. Even with the assistance of the large number of priests who come with the pilgrims the labor of the priests and his staff of zealous apostles are very great and entail long hours in the confessional, and during pilgrim ages at least almost ceaseless work of all descriptions.

Ascending the steps, kissing each one as we go, we reach the upper chapel. On the right Christ is standing at the pillar, stripped to the waist, and on each side of Him stands an executioner flogging Him with great knotted cords. The face in this group is beautiful in its terrible anguish, with the eyes raised to Heaven as though offering His sufferings and ignominy to God.

On the left Christ is bearing His Cross, before Him kneels Veronica, receiving from His hand the veil whereon is imprinted His sacred countenance. The pictures of the Way of the Cross are set in beautifully decorated panels representing scenes from the Holy Land. Descending by the side stairs, the high lead towards the back of the lower chapel and are not visible from the front, we come upon the three last groups of the series.

The center one, the Crucifixion with the Blessed Virgin and St. John. On the right a Mater Dolorosa, the Blessed Virgin holding her Divine Son in her arms as He has been taken from the Cross, a look of terrible anguish on her beautiful features.

To derive the full benefit of an ascent of the Scala Santa one should try and remember Our Blessed Saviour in His ministrations upon earth, His tender love for sinners, His gentle hands ever held out towards the sick and suffering with health and healing in their touch; the miles that His Divine feet trod in weakness to gather the multitudes and ease them of the weight of their sins.

One may go wrong in many different ways, but right only in one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark, but hard to hit it. When shall we learn that with all true men it is not what they intend to do, but it is what the qualities of their natures bind them to do, that determines their career?

As the same blue sky smiles upon the ruin which smiled upon the perfect structure, so the same beneficent Providence bends over our shattered hopes and our answered prayers.

Chats With the Children.

Brother suggested I ought to begin trying to trim it down. Mother said: "Better a three inch pin than a little half inch frown."

In July St. Nicholas, Captain H. D. Smith, of the United States Revenue Cutter Service, tells of his experiences "Hunting for Shells" from the Island of Ceylon to the Dry Tortugas.

The most celebrated pearl fisheries lie near the coast of Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and in the waters of Java and Sumatra. The Australian coast in the neighborhood of Shark's Bay and at Roebuck Bay furnishes some very large shells, some of them weighing from two to three pounds each.

Pearls are of various colors, and in India the red pearls were highly prized by the Buddhists, who used them in adorning their temples. Pearls are formed to protect the shell fish. They are due to a secretion of shelly substance around some irritating particle, and their composition is the same as that of mother-of-pearl.

When Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon, then new or in crescent, shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was after that adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium they found the crescent in every public place, and, believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.—St. Nicholas for July.

Who lived up in a tower, Named Ptolemy Copernicus Flammarion McGowor. He said: "I can prognosticate, With estimates correct; And when the skies I contemplate, I know what to expect. When dark'ning clouds obscure my sight, I think perhaps 'twill rain; And when the stars are shining bright, I know 'tis clear again."

In the July Century General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," dwells upon Grant's aversion to liars. He quotes the following remarks from General Rawlins: "The General always likes to tell an anecdote that points a moral on the subject of lying. He hates only two kinds of people, liars and cowards. He has no patience with them, and never fails to show his aversion for them."

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