

OUR TRIP TO ST. ANNE.

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BEING on a visit to the ancient capital of Canada, where I was spending a short but delightful vacation, I had determined not to quit Quebec without a visit to the far-famed St. Anne de Beaupre. Accordingly one Monday morning in September we formed a party of some half-dozen friends and having partaken of a hasty breakfast, at about half-past six a.m., we joined a pilgrimage on the little steamer *Brothers*.

It was a perfect morning. The reflection of the rising sun on the tin roofs and spires of the city and neighboring parishes, contrasting with the gray walls of the gloomy citadel above; the brilliant hues of the distant hills and harvest fields, and the hazy autumnal atmosphere shedding a light glow over the whole scene; the chiming of the convent bells summoning the faithful to morning prayer; the rudely attired *habitant* urging his lazy nag to market; the jabbering of the greedy huxter women; everything, in fact, combined to give a novelty to surroundings to which I had been quite unaccustomed. For a long time we sat on the deck of the little steamer recalling the daring achievements of Cartier, Champlain, Wolfe and others who have made their names illustrious in American History, when suddenly our reverie was disturbed by

the shrill whistle of the steamer, which reminded us we were actually starting for the long contemplated trip to St. Anne de Beaupre.

Being Monday morning it was a small pilgrimage. When I say small, I mean there were between one and two hundred souls on board, including several cleanly shaven, swarthy looking priests attired in that costume so familiar to travellers in the Province of Quebec. Each priest was kept busy attending to his own particular flock, for the French-Canadian, when he travels, displays a most restless spirit. This is characteristic and you only need to travel with him to be convinced. Notwithstanding this fact, however, we must say our fellow passengers were well behaved, smoking and drinking being strictly prohibited. Soon we found ourselves studying their pleasant, innocent faces. They form a peculiar race and whilst we remark their innocent manners we cannot refrain from lamenting the expression that meets one in every countenance. A trivial joke which would fail to elicit even a passing smile from an Englishman would form food for a day's mirth or the jollity of a whole evening in a *habitant* cottage. But if they were wonderful to us, I presume we were no less so to them, judging from the re-