

the settlement of Petit-Cap began to be known by the little temple which stood in its very heart. Meanwhile, in the passing years, the springtime floods and the winter storms, and even the hand of time itself, began to tell upon the sturdy wooden frame of the good saint's shrine. The project of rebuilding it was first seriously entertained somewhere about 1660. A discussion now arose as to the propriety of changing the site; but the matter was finally decided, and M. Vignal, a priest from Quebec went down to Petit-Cap to bless the foundations. He was accompanied by M. d'Ailloboust, governor of New-France, who went thither expressly to lay the corner-stone. But the people long before this, it seemed even from the very origin of the settlement, had learned to love and venerate the mother of Mary, who had come, as it were, in so extraordinary a manner to their shore. Even the Indians heard in their distant trading-posts from the voice of the Black-gown this message of peace, and, hearing, they believed. So they urged their swift canoes thitherward over the great, wild river from their homes in the trackless wilderness, where only the dauntless hearts of the missionaries had as yet dared to penetrate. Their solemn faces and uncouth figures gave a savage wildness to the groups of pilgrims as their grotesque and unfamiliar tongue mingled often at morn or evening, in prayer or hymn, with the sweet, soft *patois* of Brittany or of Normandy. To the Bretons who were so thickly interspersed throughout the colonies this spot truly was a glimpse of home. Had not St. Anne heard their childish prayers or some passionate heart-cry of fervid youth, and did they not find her here again among these dreary, rugged wilds, where otherwise the soul of the exile found only desolation? Many a tear stole down the weather-beaten faces of hardy mariners as they knelt with the familiar "*Sainte Anne, Mère de la Vierge-Marie, priez pour nous.*" They had found for the moment home,