

superior. After breakfast the sanctuary, the grotto, the fountain, and all the places of sacred interest were visited. Some had come for a first time, and their astonishment knew no bounds; others, who had visited the place before, still marvelled at the grandeur and beauty of the rich temple; and all felt the contagion of devotion they imparted by the thousand pilgrims that they saw.

At 10 a. m. the bugle sounded and the rally, the manœuvres, the music of the band, seemed to create a wonderful and most favorable impression upon the great number of strangers gathered to pay homage to the good St. Anne. For the first year are the large and beautiful groves that surround the fountains of Ste. Anne's gardens open to the public, and the Cadet Band took advantage of the great privilege to make the echoes swell with strains at once devotional and grand.

At 10,30 a. m. the meeting in the church took place, when a touching and eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Heffernan. The Benediction was admirably sung by the choir of St. Ann's Young Men's Society; after which three hundred pilgrims venerated the relic of the powerful and glorious saint.

At noon, amidst the sound of flutes drums and bugles, and devotional cheers, the departure was taken. Down that famous long wharf marched the happy procession, and soon the twin spires of the grand Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupré were lost behind the huge spur of the great intervening headland. Back, upstream, homeward proceeded the vessel, soon the bocages of Orleans were passed and the grand commanding harbor of Quebec spread out before the gaze. From such a position, in 1608, did Champlain contemplate the giant cliffs of old Stadacona. At last the city began to appear in well defined proportions. The citadel, the triple-towered dome of Laval, the rare old Basilica's cupola, and the Chateau Frontenac seemed to crown the vast confusion of houses that appeared to have been flung without order or method against the side of the hill. Landing at the ancient market-place the cadets, with colors flying and band playing, climbed the historic windings of Mountain Hill. Through the narrow, crooked medieval streets they marched until the home of the Christian Brothers at St. Patrick's School