

slotting shores of St. Romuald. The gray battlements of old Quebec frowned down upon the great river from one side, while the fortified declivities of Levis looked equally as threatening from the other. But not with Quebec and its memory-haunted surroundings had they to do ; their goal was miles further down the stream.

The confusion of antiquated and more modern buildings that form the city of Champlain faded away—even as a grand scene in some panorama disappears as gradually as it had recently appeared. Past the white cataract of Montmorency, past the verdant Isle of Orleans, with its seven parishes and its countless charms of landscape and surroundings ; past the frowning precipices of Cape Tourment ; on glided the vessel, and expectancy grew more intense as the purple summit of Mount St. Anne loomed up against the northeastern sky.

An eagle sailed away in the far distance, like a messenger bearing into the unknown regions of God's glory the petitions that were presented in the magnificent temple at the mountain's base. At last the long wharf was reached—that wharf over which have walked tens of thousands, over which the decrepit, the halt, the lame, the suffering, have gone up to the shrine of Ste. Anne, and over which they returned cured and «made whole», over which hundreds have past landward making the air vibrate with their groans and petitions, over which they came back chanting the undying «Te Deum» of gratitude. The procession of pilgrims being formed, headed by the Cadet Band, and followed by the relic of St. Anne, taken from their parish church and carried by eight cadets, the long line wound its way up to the door of the Basilica and entered, as conquerors in the hour of triumph, to the sound of clarion and drum.

It was a beautiful spectacle to behold those young lads in uniform, marching with military precision into the sanctuary and kneeling devoutly during the holy sacrifice of the Mass and then and there receiving the sacraments of the Altar. Truly did they appear soldiers of the Church Militant. When the first and important visit to Ste Anne's holy shrine was paid, they enjoyed a splendid breakfast in the convent of the Rev. Fathers, where a hearty welcome was extended them by the