

From time to time during the day there were prayers, hymns and instructions from one or other of the priests, and confessions were heard in all parts of the steamer.

The programme did not admit of a stoppage at Quebec on the way down, so that we had the novel experience of steaming past the Fortress City. How beautiful it is, the cradle of our country, seen from the river, and equally beautiful in its smiling verdure is the Côte de Beaupré. The steep fall of the Montmorency glittered like a silver ribbon in the sunshine, and the hamlets of l'Ange Gardien and Château Richer lay basking in the mellow light—as we skimmed past their wave-washed shores, towards the goal for which we were bound. Punctually at four o'clock the "Canada" was made fast to the quay at Saint Anne's, and with glad hearts and a devout demeanor the pilgrims fell into line. At the head of the procession walked one of the priests of the Bishop's Palace, then came the silken flag, with its ancient device, and the motto "*Adveniat Regnum Tuum*," the banner of the League of the Sacred Heart, and then the pilgrims four and four; but even in fours, it takes a procession of over twelve hundred some time to reach a given point. On they marched, chapelet in hand, singing as they went a canticle in honor of the good Saint Anne, up the long quay, along the village-street, and into the magnificent sanctuary, the Basilica of Sainte Anne de Beaupré. After a few words of instruction from the Rev. Father Mallengier, C. SS. R., the congregation dispersed to seek lodging for the night, and refreshment for the inner man.

Much has been said and written about the magnificent church erected at the favorite shrine of the Catholic section of Canada. It is really a gorgeous temple, and one which would repay many visits and much study. The lateral chapels are rendered the more interesting on account of their having been given by various dioceses, parishes and congregations.