

transported to some far-away Utopia of simple content which has slept for centuries an enchanted sleep, and awakes isolated indeed from the Juggernaut of progress. The handsome church, sole token of modern enterprise, arises like a new Aladdin's tower from amid the group of quaint, almost mediæval, dwellings. In the spring and summer-time St. Anne's awakes from a lethargy in which it has been plunged during the long winter, and, as the city of some Arabian Nights' tale, is suddenly aglow with life and animation. Pilgrims of every rank and condition of life fill its street; matron and maiden, priest and layman, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, come thither, an eager, but silent and recollected throng, to the feet of the good St. Anne. Prayers go up, hymns ring out on the stilly evening or at tranquil morn, and the pilgrims take their homeward way, with a vision of the calm, restful loveliness of nature there in that favored spot to haunt them for many days. They remember Nature at St. Anne's, with her dim and night-empurpled hills, amongst which linger the memories of hundreds of years, with her flowing sunlit streams, the waving of trees and grass, the dreamy village-life, and above all, a something indescribable. That something is not, however, of nature, but is beyond and above nature—the solemn spectacle of hundreds of believing souls setting the cold snickers of an infidel world at defiance, and praying heart-prayers that as surely arise to the throne of God as the sun that gilds their course mounts at morning to the mountain-tops. The chant, and the organ-tone, and the murmur of pilgrim voices fade into a distant memory, but the voyager down that sapphire stream, the St. Lawrence, to that hill-shadowed sanctuary, keeps for a lifetime the impression of what he has seen and heard.—(From the "Catholic World").

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