

## HAMILTON TO QUEBEC.

*(Concluded.)*

The day of our arrival being Sunday, we decided to first see the most important churches. So we turned our steps to the Basilica, the Catholic Cathedral, and found not only every seat occupied but all the space at the back filled by kneeling worshippers. Its interior is magnificent in its gold and white splendour, beautiful chapels and stained glass windows. This church was commenced in 1647, and was consecrated in 1666, and with the exception of the church at St. Augustine, Florida is the oldest on the continent. After hearing some glorious music from a choir invisible to us, we left for the square austere looking English Cathedral, where on entering we found only a handful of worshippers, and those chiefly visitors we afterwards discovered. Such a contrast in every way to the brilliant crowded church we had just left. The only brightness in this bare and gloomy church was the sight of the soldiers from the citadel in the galleries, and a few gallant officers in brilliant uniforms scattered through the congregation. After service everyone waited to see them drawn up in line and march away to the music of the band.

In the afternoon we took the train out to the far-famed village of St. Anne de Beaupré, the Mecca of so many pilgrims of our day. On the way our train conveniently stopped at the station of Montmorenci, so that our car is directly facing those celebrated falls. Beautiful indeed is this silvery sheet of water falling from a height of 264 feet, or 100 feet higher than our mighty Niagara, dashing on the rocks below, forming a sheet of spray higher than the falls itself.

The legend of St. Anne is—that some mariners coming up the river at night were caught in a tremendous storm, and almost gave up hope of being saved in the black darkness, and were in momentary expectation of being dashed to pieces on the rocks, prayed to the good St. Anne, the mother of the virgin (?) to send them help, and promised if they were saved to erect a chapel in commemoration. So this vessel was driven into harbor safely. The thankful seamen, true to their promise, built a little chapel near by, which soon became renowned as a shrine where miraculous cures were effected. To-day a very large church stands on the site of the little old chapel, and thousands and thousands of the sick and afflicted visit it every year. In evidence of the cures effected huge racks stand on either side of the door filled with hundreds of crutches, sticks and bindings of every description,