

Could we but call up to our view one of the fête-days of the long ago, we might see two long lines of bark canoes, the one ascending, the other descending, the river, converging toward *la bonne Ste. Anne*, their erstwhile savage occupants chanting holy songs as they plied their vigorous paddles. From the leafy wilderness of the West, from sea-girt Gaspésie and the farthest capes of the St. Lawrence Gulf, from the barren shores of Hudson's Bay and the fertile borders of the Great Lakes, the red men came, drawn thither by the wonders they had heard, until oftentimes they even outnumbered their pale-faced brethren.

The gatherings that assemble at Ste Anne to-day are of a far different character. The poetry and picturesqueness of buckler and breast-plate, feathered head-gear and painted face are gone. The people with few exceptions look as modern as ourselves; and though we may not perhaps be very clear in our understanding of their French patois, (1) it constitutes about the only marked distinction between us and them. The pilgrimage season opens with the fête-day of the patron saint, which falls on the 26th of July, and continues all summer long. There are two ways of reaching Ste. Anne from Quebec. You may go either by boat or by carriage. Each route can boast of attractions in which the other does not share. Going by land, you pass through the oldest and fairest portion of the Province of Quebec, the far famed Côte de Beaupré, concerning which Abbé Ferland avers: "If you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré, you know neither Canada nor the Canadians." "All that is lovely in landscape is to be found there," says J. G. A. Creighton, in "Picturesque Canada." "The broad sweep of the great river of Canada between the

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(1) Some tourists and even some English-speaking residents in Canada still insist in calling *patois* the good old French idiom of the 16th and 17th centuries, so providentially preserved in Canada: