

Then, as to the rank and file—there are young people, and old people, and young old people, and old young people, and children of all ages, from babies upward—and there are deformed and cripples, and dwarfs, and weak, wistful invalids. And, O God of mercy ! how many broken and desolate hearts ! how many shattered hopes and ruined lives, none but Thy all Omniscient Goodness can tell !

On a sofa about midships, lay a young woman, pale and wasted, coughing violently, her feverish pulse, too bright eyes, and sunken cheeks bearing evidence of grave malady. But on the lower deck in a wicker perambulator sat a beautiful boy of five years of age, his poor legs nerveless and limp from some affection of the spine. A few feet behind him a nice looking woman sat alone, her face wearing a singularly patient expression. Addressing her I said : " Is this your first visit to St. Anne's ? " " Yes, " she said, " the weather is very fine. " I tried again, eliciting the reply, " From the parish of Shawenegan on the St. Maurice, " whereupon somebody, taking in the situation, came up and bellowed the enquiry into her ear, and at last hearing answered, Yes, she had never yet prayed at the shrine of the good St. Anne.

Up stairs in the saloon there were some most pleasant groups, one consisting of a nun, with a sweet serene face, and a dear old lady of over eighty years of age, who was as bright and cheerful as a bird, had a magnetic effect upon your correspondent.

In the centre of the smaller saloon was a table whereupon you might buy St. Anne in various attitudes for various sums from five cents up to five dollars. There were also rosaries, medals, books and tapers for sale.

High up on the centre of the galleries above the stair-landing was a statue of the patron of grandmamas with her Immaculate Daughter, and before it slowly consumed many waxen tapers, the offerings of the faithful to the good Saint Anne.