

is an altar-hanging whose golden stars and flowers dazzle and charm the eyes of the admiring congregation.

The astonished Christians asked each other whence came all these lovely ornaments, and I, not less happy than they, murmured in the secret of my heart the names of dear and generous friends of *Sto. Anne d'Auray*.

A final peal of bells, accompanied by a rattling volley of musketry, strikes the ear; everything is ready. But before the ceremony begins, the three priests present at the feast go in procession before a veiled statue. After it is blessed, I uncover and expose to the veneration of the faithful a beautiful statue of *St. Anne d'Auray*.

Vespers were chanted with all possible solemnity: a choir had come expressly from Colombo, the capital, and a band of music gave relief to the whole, if not by its harmony, at least by a deafening noise,—just what pleases an Indian ear.

It is useless to mention that the church was literally full to overflowing, not only the church, but the porch and a long portion of the walk. During vespers, a little shower of rain fell, and gave us some apprehensions, but, thank God! we suffered nothing worse than fright. Not that the missionaries are afraid of the cholera, but we have to watch over the health of our flock. We had some difficulty in finding a shelter for them, in an almost exclusively Buddhist country, and our Christians had fresh in their memory the murder of one of their brethren, assassinated in broad day-light by a fanatical Buddhist procession. But at last, by huddling them together, the women inside the church and the men outside, we succeeded in sheltering them conveniently for the night.

The next day was a real triumph for *St. Anne*. *Navagomuwa* visibly attracted pilgrims; the Christians of the place told us that, for more than twenty years past, they had not seen such a crowd at the