

never be heard in this Canada of ours outside of the Province of Quebec. The morning interspersed with religious exercises brought us to Quebec, where some hours were allowed to visit the town. At three we steamed off on our homeward trip, reaching Three Rivers about nine, and over and anon we knelt to pray, or sang the sweet French hymns of the Bonne Saint Anne. Everybody was happy, everybody was good. Not a frown, not an unseemly word, not a rude action, occurred to mar the harmony of the voyage. Among the immense crowd there was not one drop of strong drink, nor any resort to games nor betting to while away the hours. Once indeed a panic threatened. In rounding a point in the river, the boat dipped, everybody ran to the sinking side to see what was the matter, thereby increasing the danger, but one word of explanation from *Monsieur le Curé* and all was righted. The entire pilgrimage was so well managed and so edifying, that it is difficult to give it an adequate meed of praise. "Oh! yes," said a resident of St. Anne's, in speaking of this, but you must remember that we consider the Three Rivers Pilgrimage an exceptionally nice set of people." This doubtless is a fact, but still from many other parts of this dear old province, countless throngs yearly make their way to the shrine at Beaupré in a spirit of piety, of charity and obedience, for is not the whole land from La Gaspésie to Lake Nominungue constant to the motto of the Breton peasant of the old regime.

"One faith, one heart, one tongue."

LORRAINE.

—(From the "Star")