

That same day, eight hundred people came from *Saint Romuald*, and joined the Zouaves in their procession through the garden. They were martialled around by Father Cyril, whose gallant, soldierly physique never showed to better advantage.

O dear Saint Ann, this is the second time, this year, that the Pontifical Zouaves have knelt in suppliant prayer before your throne. Ah! in blessing these old faithful Champions of your Daughter's Son, Jesus, strengthen the faith of the rising generation, bind their hearts in undying devotion to the Roman Catholic doctrine, the only one guiding weak faltering man on the road to salvation. Teach them submission, obedience to the Holy See. Grant that they may ever love and stand by their priests in the hour of trial. Grant that charity and mutual confidence may always reign in their hearts. Grant them a fervent love for Jesus that they may always resist temptation and die in His holy love.

Wednesday, 11<sup>th</sup>. — Last night, 333 pilgrims and 10 priests arrived unexpectedly from *Roberval*. Some forty years ago, the district of Lake Saint John was one vast forest, but, to day, the traveler will meet some fifteen parishes or so, that are flourishing where wild woods once stood, and where God is now known, adored and loved.

Sunday, 15<sup>th</sup>. — Eighteen hundred pilgrims. *Saint Joseph de Levis* arrived at the Shrine, at 7 A. M. and departed at 3 P. M. The 700 persons who formed the pilgrimage made good use of the eight hours they had to spend in prayer. What fervent supplications went up to the Throne of Mercy through the intercession of Good Saint Ann, and what peace and consolation descended into the souls of the suppliants. May it never be said that they have been ungrateful to their Benefactress.

Twelve C. P. R. passenger cars brought us 600 pilgrims from *Saint Gabriel de Brandon*, who were accompanied by Rev. Father Sylvestre, P. P.

Sudden Death. — One of the Saint Gabriel's pilgrims, Mr. Plante, 32 years of age, was just finishing his confession when he suddenly said to the confessor: « Father, I feel tired. » They were his last words, he fell heavily backward, and died in a few minutes. The priest had just time to anoint him before Death accomplished its work. Let us hope it was merciful! And, why not? Mr. Plante