

TO ST. ANN OF BEAUPRE'.

Along the proud St. Lawrence shore,
 How lovely is the scene,
 But none so famed, both far and near,
 Than thine, St. Ann's, has been.

The weary pilgrims wend their way,
 At thy blest shrine to kneel,
 And through thy intercession ask
 That God their wounds may heal.

The lame no longer need a crutch,
 The blind receive their sight,
 And many sad and weary hearts
 Before thy shrine grow light.

St. Ann, thou art our own dear saint,
 Protectress of our land,
 O may thy name become more great,
 Thy church become more grand.

And I shall cull the choicest flowers,
 And twine a garland fair,
 And when I kneel before thy shrine,
 For thee I'll place it there.

QUEBEC.

—JULIA FARLEY.

MONTENEGRO—WHERE IT IS AND WHAT IT IS.

Students of European geography will remember that a district bordering upon the Adriatic, generally supposed to be a part of Turkey, is called Montenegro, or Tchernagora, a name signifying Black Mountains. A few particulars about the country may be interesting at this time. Montenegro is a half independent principality lying adjacent to Turkey and Austria. Its area is about 1,500 square miles and its population is somewhat over 120,000, one-fifth of whom are fighting men. The region is so mountainous and rocky that the people have a common saying: "When God was in the act of distributing stones over the earth, the bag that held them burst and let them all fall upon Montenegro." Every arable spot is tilled, the products being maize, tobacco,