

And then came the departure in the order of arrival, the solemn, slow marching down the long, long pier; it was low tide, the marshes were bare, and peasants in bright red shirts were swiftly mowing the sweet marsh-hay. Flocks of birds serenely wandered among the waving grass and minnows played in the little pools. Over the Island of Orleans a bright streak of golden light cut in twain a heavy storm-cloud, and its gleam was reflected by the colossal statue of Saint Anne, that wonderful statue of gilded copper, which, standing between the two towers of the church, keeps ward and watch over the Côte de Beaupré.

The air was fragrant and heavy, as if with coming rain, and all silent but for the measured tread of the pilgrims, and a few notes of the "Ave Maris Stella" floating down from the village-street, that dear old village, soon, alas! to be invaded by the iron horse of progress.

Shortly after leaving St. Anne's the Very Rev. Canon aforementioned began the recitation of the rosary, and at the conclusion of the last "Ainsi soit-il" there was a commotion on the lower deck, followed by another at the end of the saloon, where reclined on a sofa a young woman who had been bedridden for two years, and who declared herself perfectly cured, and ravenous for food, of which she had not been able to eat with relish for a long long time. This cure may or may not be genuine, but down below, where I had the day before in vain tried to carry on a conversation with the deaf woman from Shawenegan, joy reigned. She had completely recovered her hearing. Of that there was no mistake. "Are you sure she was deaf?" asked a lady on board, of the curé of her parish. "Ah! madame, indeed I am," he answered. "It was always most difficult for me to confess her."

So the announcement was made, and from the decks and saloons of the "Canada" rose from twelve hundred voices, such a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving as could