

and fro. sandwiches were being cut, cake packed into baskets and raspberry vinegar stowed away in portable flasks. Motherly dames carefully pulled out the broad bows of their daughter's cambric sashes, and gave tender little pats to obtrusive puffs and wrinkles in gowns—and the fair wearers of the gowns lent themselves to this vicarious vanity the more thankfully in that they did not wish to give too much time to their own toilets—for had not the priest only last evening told them to be wise, and remember that a pilgrimage was not a picnic.

Then in the beautiful old parish church, from five o'clock in the morning, the Maries were grouped praying. Aye, and the Marthas too, but the latter left their baskets at the door.

Surely the richly carved walls of that matchless little sanctuary never enclosed a more devout throng of worshippers than those pious people who :

“ With God's blessing fresh upon them ” began the day with the highest act of Catholic worship.

Eight o'clock was the hour named for starting from the pier, but it was well on to nine before the “ Canada,” carrying about twelve hundred souls, let go her grapplings and steamed down the river, the plashing of her paddle wheels mingling, with the notes of the “ Ave Maris Stella,” the singing of which sacred song appeared to be joined in by all on board.

The city of Three Rivers, or, to give it its more elegant appellation, “ Les Trois-Rivières,” presents a particularly beautiful and picturesque aspect from the deck of a vessel descending the St. Lawrence. The lower town with its slanting streets and quaint old buildings. in the distance the Coteau St. Louis rising above the verdant flats of the Banlieue, whereon grimly stands the ruin of an old windmill, the Plateau (with its pretty trees and flowers), the exquisite peeps up the Rae des Casernes, terminating in the lovely little church of the era of the French occupation, the cathe-