

wall of the chapel is a confessional box resembling a wardrobe with three curtained doors ; over the middle one is a cross, from which hangs a sign-board bearing the name of the priest who now occupies the box hearing the confessions of the penitent. Each chapel, as I have remarked, opens into its adjoining one, so that you may make a tour of the whole list without disturbing the worshippers in the main edifice.

The dinner hour was approaching, and we were becoming hungry, so we decided to leave the church for the present, and to reach the convent, where plain but substantial dinners are supplied at a moderate charge. Everything in the little village reminds you that this is a sacred place. Here is a grotto modelled after that of Our Lady of Lourdes in France. There is the presbytery in which resides the curé of the parish. Here adjoining the church is a shop where medals, pictures, rosaries etc., are sold. There at the base of the hill is the old church built in the early part of the century to replace one of still earlier date which had been destroyed by fire. Our curiosity led us to visit this quaint little building, for it is really more wonderful than the pretentious Basilica overshadowing it, for here it was, the first miracles were performed, which gave St. Anne de Beaupre the world-wide fame which it to-day enjoys. This venerable steep-roofed church is sur-

rounded by a little cemetery, through which we pass. It is a very small building containing no shrine or ornament of any particular note save a few old scorched paintings of shipwreck scenes and the like. In different parts of the building are contribution boxes, locked and chained to pillars. These are to receive money for various benevolent purposes and for the extension and repairs of the building.

On the street we met several beggars, offering for sale bottles of water from a neighboring spring, which has the reputed power not only of healing all diseases, but of defending people from the dangers of lightning and from the ravages of evil spirits.

We soon reached the convent where the good nuns showed us their modest chapel, and then led us down to the dining hall, where we partook of a hearty meal prepared by the kindly nuns and their assistants.

After dinner we wandered through the village, then drove about seven miles to the Falls of St. Anne. The sight well repaid our toilsome journey (for the carter made us walk the greater part of the way). After partaking of a light luncheon under the shade of the luxuriant trees and within hearing of the falls, we retraced our steps and reached St. Anne's just in time to take the return boat for Quebec after a delightful trip.