

lame, the halt, just such a sight as must have met the Saviour at Bethesda—a son on whose arm reclines an aged and crippled father, a mother carrying a sick or deformed infant, a daughter leading a blind sister. Here, too, you may meet some who, more devout than the rest, have walked hundreds of miles under the scorching sun, begging food and shelter by the way.

The church, more properly called a basilica, is a massive stone structure and like all its kindred throughout this province, makes no pretence to mathematical proportion or architectural beauty. In front are two disproportionate towers. Over the apex of the roof is a brazen statue of St. Anne, and in three alcoves in the face of the building are statues of Mary, Christ, and Joseph. We enter by the corner door, and the first objects to arrest our attention are two tall frame-like pillars hung with crutches, canes, spectacles, etc., which have there been deposited by those who, having been miraculously healed, have now no further need for these assistants. The interior of the building is most gorgeous, the walls and ceiling being covered with gaudy frescoes and pictures of shipwrecks, for in such calamities especially is St. Anne said to be most efficacious. The grand altar and chancel are more showy than beautiful, but this never fails to hold the uncultured *habitant* spell-bound. In the

centre aisle and just before the chancel, raised on a marble pedestal is a life-size statue of St. Anne. This is the miracle working statue, the wonder of the place. In one arm she holds her infant daughter Mary, the other hand is uplifted as if in the act of imparting a benediction; on the forefinger of this hand is a ring and on her head a heavily jewelled crown placed there some time ago by Cardinal Taschereau amid great ceremony.

Grand Mass is now in progress, and we walk around to inspect the building. Here I saw what I have never before seen in any Canadian Roman Catholic Church. Along either side of the main building is a row of chapels, each perhaps twenty feet square, and with an arched doorway opening into the next chapel. This is a revival of the idea prevalent in mediæval times regarding the communion of the saints. Each of these chapels was the gift of some particular parish in the diocese. For instance, one was given by St. Patrick's Church, Quebec; all its adornments are suggestive of the patron saint of Ireland. The walls are frescoed in all shades of green, and the harp and shamrock are ever conspicuous in the rich carvings. On the eastern side of the room is an altar on which is a life-size statue of St. Patrick, with mitre on head and staff in hand, crushing under his sandalled foot a wriggling serpent. On the opposite