

communion service which cost \$20,000. Above the chancel hang the tattered colours of the 69th Foot.

St. Matthew's Episcopal Church is surrounded by an old burial ground, in which is buried Thomas A. Kempis, brother of Sir Walter Scott, and many British officers. One monument bore the date 1750; the stones are very old.

Of the Roman Catholic institutions which we visited, the most interesting were the Ursuline Chapel and the Franciscan. We called at the convent of the former. This convent was established in 1639. The buildings are of grey stone and most extensive. In the nave of the Chapel repose the remains of Montcalm and what are claimed to be the following relics: A piece of the Holy Cross, 1667; a portion of the Crown of Thorns, brought from Paris, 1830; the body of St. Clements, from the Catacombs of Rome, 1687; the skull of St. Justis, 1662, may be seen. In the Chapel of the Saints—an annex through all the startling changes of two centuries—the Votive Lamp, first trimmed by Marie Repentigny in the days of the French regime, is still kept steadfastly burning. Here I saw several nuns at their devotions. We slipped a quarter into the maid's hand as we thanked her and passed out again into the bright sunshine.

The Franciscan Chapel is situated further from the city; it is an imposing building. Here General Montcalm drew up his army prior to his fatal charge upon the British lines which quietly awaited his attack about a quarter of a mile away. The Franciscan Church has many attractions for visitors. The perpetual adoration is one of its features, and there is not an hour in the twenty-four in which white-robed nuns may not be seen on their knees in front of the altar. There were five of them; they looked as if they were carved out of stone, they looked so motionless. I don't know how often they are relieved. How unnatural such posturing and adoration seemed to us. But I must hurry on.

One day we took a trip to Saint Enne de Beaupre, about thirty-five miles from Quebec. At certain seasons the Roman Catholic Churches arrange for a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, and people come from all over this continent to visit the shrine of good St. Anne. Dur-

ing our visit a pilgrimage was being held. St. Anne is supposed to be the mother of the Virgin Mary, and was buried near Jerusalem. In the first century, A.D., the greater portion of her body was brought to France. These poor pilgrims are told concerning the removal of these precious remains, that one day a mysterious barque was seen to approach the shores of France. It had neither sails nor rudder, but God was its pilot. Never had the ocean borne a greater treasure for in this barque was St. Lazarus with his two sisters, St. Mary and St. Martha, together with several saintly women. They were fleeing from Palestine, carrying with them a number of precious relics, the most precious being the hallowed body of St. Anne. This treasure was placed in the hands of the Bishop of Apt, France. Some Breton mariners, while navigating the St. Lawrence, were overtaken by a storm. They promised St. Anne, who had never remained deaf to their prayers, that if she would save them from shipwreck they would build her a sanctuary. Their prayers were heard, and true to their vow, they raised a wooden chapel. This has been replaced by a handsome wooden building.

St. Anne is supposed to have miraculous power, hence these pilgrimages. It was sad and heartrending to see the lame, the blind, and the deformed there, seeking healing. On each side of the entrance doors are large pyramids of crutches and various surgical appliances that have been left by those who have been cured through the intercession of good St. Anne.

At the extremity of the middle aisle of the Basilica a few feet from the communion rail, a statue of St. Anne stands on a pedestal ten feet high. It is the miraculous statue to the church. Here the pilgrims come to kneel and implore the intercession of the Wonder Worker. I sat in the front seat and watched the poor souls. The Church, a large one, was nearly full; sight-seers do not seem to disconcert the people, but they kneel and pray as if no one was near. We saw no cures wrought. At the four corners of the pedestal are receptacles wherein are placed the offerings and written prayers of the saints, nothing unless one pays. People leave money, watches, jewels, etc., for favours received. Some of the jewellery has been melted down and made