

"Do not rejoice too much," said Ferdinand, in a grave tone.

"Why, this grave tone?" asked Mr. Herbelin. "Have we not reason to rejoice to see you safe and sound after traversing that unhappy Lebanon, which is one huge field of carnage and murders?"

"Are the massacres still continuing?" interrupted Mrs. Herbelin.

"Yes, beyond doubt," answered Ferdinand. "They slay everywhere; all Lebanon is on fire. The holy war, as they call it, is preached at all points. The ministers of Haeckem emulate the zeal of the Imans and Santons. Druse and Turk join hands in the destruction of the unfortunate Maronites, and indeed of all that is Christian."

"And you have dared to cross Lebanon under such circumstances?"

"Yes, in order to warn you of your danger."

"What! here? Let us return immediately to Damascus and take our friends with us."

"But my dear sister, it is at Damascus that danger especially exists."

"Oh no, Ferdinand; do not think that," replied Mr. Herbelin. "All is tranquil in the plain. We have nothing to fear. Achmet Pasha watches over the security of the city, and has ordered a fresh levy in order to defend it."

"Ah, alas; it is this security which will be your ruin. Achmet secretly protects the assassins; he will soon raise the mask. The city is doomed. To-morrow,---perhaps to-night the signal for slaughter will be given. Why should they spare Damascus when in all the rest of Syria they burn, pillage and assassinate?"

"Then, brother, it is only a conjecture, you have formed, not a certainty, of which you are in possession," asked Mrs. Herbelin.

"Unfortunately, nothing is more certain; I am exactly informed."

(To be continued.) H. B.

He who vainly trumpets his own praises is a fool, but he who speaks evil of himself is worse than a fool; he is either a crafty knave or a madman.

The strongest force in the world is that exerted by love.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

For several years back the Irish Catholics of Montreal reflected credit upon themselves in a most peculiar manner. They displayed a spirit of religion which attracted public attention and elicited the most flattering encomiums. As pilgrims they would fain honor the illustrious Mother of the Blessed Virgin, and in thus honoring her they shrink before no sacrifice whatever. This year singularly pleasing must have been the homage which she received at their hands. No feature did it lack which it should possess. It was enhanced by every possible charm. Piety held sovereign sway. On all sides it shed its most benign influences and nobody could resist them. In previous years it was always under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Patrick's parish that the Irish pilgrims of this city had placed themselves. This year the St. Patrick's Temperance and Benefit Society was privileged to take them under its care. Great indeed was the responsibility which it assumed. Yet greater still is the merit which it acquired. In discharging this responsibility it gave nothing less than supreme satisfaction, and proved eminently qualified for the task which it had undertaken. The 30th of July, 1881, should be written in characters of gold in the annals of this organization. It inaugurated for its history an epoch of unprecedented glory. It was the day when the pilgrims were advertised to start on their journey to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. From the outset till the return nothing could be more delightful than the weather which they enjoyed. No ill-omened clouds loomed upon the horizon. The sky was clear and bright. There was a luxury in every breath of the atmosphere, and an exquisite sense of comfort and ease evoked by the aspect of the waters. The St. Lawrence donned all its majesty. Its shore-scenery looked most enchanting amid the variety of its matchless beauties. Suddenly the last signal for departure rang out. It was half-past four o'clock p.m. The *Canada*, laden with over 700 passengers, began slowly to leave its moorings. Mean-