

the « Stations », when the bell called them to the last service of the pilgrimage. They not only prayed, but they preached by the good example they set to onlookers. They wore the garb of the Third Order and appeared to be proud of it. Disciples of Christ, they did not fear the scoffs of fools who might have riled their ancient costume of penance. They trampled underfoot all human respect which puts man under the despotism of ridicule. They cared not for the jeering self-question : « What will such a one think of me if he should see me attired in a monk's garb? They did their duty and shall receive their proper reward. »

Monday, 23rd. — At 7.30, A. M. the pilgrim-bell began to toll as 225 parishioners from *St. Ferreol*, accompanied by their Parish priest, Rev. Father Galerneau, drove up to the Church. The weather was anything but agreeable, it did not, however, succeed in dampening the *Ferreolian's* devotion to St. Ann. Such weather would not prevent him from attending some meeting of « pleasure, » why then should it obstruct him in his duties to God?

Wednesday, 25th. — Arrival of the second pilgrimage from *WATERVILLE, Me.* The pilgrims were 200 strong. — The writer would really like to say more about the pilgrimage but is unable to do so. Such devotion to Saint Ann on the part of people coming so far, is certainly deserving of more than *twelve words* to announce its genuineness, but who is to blame? Assuredly not the poor composer. Had any of the pilgrims been kind enough to give him a few facts about what happened on the pilgrimage, he would be only too glad to give them publicity. So please take the will for the deed.

Sunday, 29th. — Feast of Saint Michael. High mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock by Reverend Father Tranchemontagne, O. M. I., for the Members of the *Colonisation Society from Saint Sauveur's, Quebec.* Five hundred people came to implore Saint Ann's protection over the youth of our country, that the rising generation would learn to love its lands and homes. Tilling the soil may be what people call « hard work » ; nevertheless, it is there where life is strongest, longest, happiest, and above all, holiest. This is not intended to cast a blame upon those who leave their happy country homes and try to seek fortune elsewhere. No, man must earn his bread at the sweat of his brow, but he must save his soul at the point of the sword. He must battle with