

of the Immaculate Conception, those "wise virgins" who, with their eyes fixed on the Bride, diligently, but fearlessly await the coming of the Sponse.

Why must there be an end to days of such pure delight? It is because this place is a 'thabor, and the splendors of the Transfiguration cannot be prolonged here on earth. From these heights we must once more descend into the plain to fight the good fight, fortified as we have been by this contact with the very source of all strength and salvation, encouraged by the example of our fathers in Jesus-Christ, and assured of the protection of Mary. Farewell then, ye holy mountains, the scene of the most wonderful event of modern times; farewell, blessed grotto which Mary's virginal foot deigned to rest on during her interviews with a young and modest virgin; farewell, ye rocks that trembled with gladness when ye re-echoed the name of Her who is THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Farewell, venerable Basilica, farewell also to thee, Christ (1) hanging between heaven and earth in order to draw all men to thee!

And whilst my soul is breathing these messages of love and filial gratitude to be borne to their destination on the wings of angels, the realistic locomotive is bearing me farther and further from this land of miracles. Although there was no demonstration, the pilgrims' return was a veritable triumph. The hearts of those who had been cured were filled to overflowing with joy and gratitude, whilst those who returned without having been delivered from their infirmities, had their hearts filled with hope and confidence, being entirely decided again and again to storm the Tower of David, and do violence to Heaven by their prayers. All, without exception, returned from their pilgrimage edified, consoled and fortified. The train in which

---

(1) A colossal crucifix stands on one of the neighboring hill-tops.