

rapidly for all Aptesians. But, if the feast is over, there remains in our hearts a lasting remembrance and an ardent fervor for the veneration of St Anne, and we feel, more then ever, the want of praying for those persons who labor to extend her renown.

LOUISE P.

Apt, feast of St Joachim, August 19, 1888.

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THE PILGRIMAGE OF "LOUGH DERG."

I

In a girdle of green, heathy hills,
In song-famed Donegal,
An islet stands in a lonely lake,
(A coffin in a pall)
A single stunted chestnut-tree
Is sighing in the breeze,
While to and fro "the pilgrims" flit,
Or kneel upon their knees;
Down to the shore, from North and East,
From Antrim and the Rosses,
Come bare-foot, pilgrims, men and maids,
Through water-ways and mosses;
And some from Dublin city, far,
Where sins grow thick as berries,
From Sligo some, and Castlebar,
Come crossing by the ferries.

II

Oh! blessed Isle, a weary wight,
In body and in spirit,
Last year amid your pious ranks
Deplored his deep demerit;
And though upon his youth had fall'n
A watchful tyrant's ban,
Though sorrow for the unfought fight,
And grief for the captive man,
Peopled his soul like visions
That cloud a crystal sleep,
These sorrows there passed from him—
'T was his sins that made him weep.
And forth he went confessed, forgiven,
Across the heathy hills,
His peace being made in heaven
He laughed at earthly ills.

(*) -Charles Garan Duffy.