

PILGRIMAGE TO HOLY LAND.

Last (Sunday) night the venerable Father Lacombe addressed St. Mary's congregation, confining himself to a brief description of the pilgrimage made by His Grace and himself. Father Lacombe first spoke of the warm place the parish of St. Mary's held in his heart; he had seen the beginnings of this parish, but since those days he had been among the Indians of the Northwest, and the old familiar faces of the early days had been replaced by those of their sons and daughters. Yet he loved St. Mary's, and the parish, with its handsome new school and other enterprises, shows many signs of progress, in which the parishioners share the honor with the pastor. The speaker also referred to the coincidence that just 25 years ago this season he had been delegated to bring the Brothers of Mary to teach in St. Mary's school, and now, at the end of this generation of time, he is able to congratulate them on their splendid work.

Father Lacombe then spoke of the pilgrimage. Unlike pilgrimages in the general sense of the word, this trip of Archbishop Langevin and himself was not one of curiosity and pleasure chiefly; a religious pilgrimage is held to sacred spots that one's soul may be refreshed with enlarged grace. It must be performed in a prayerful spirit.

"We have many places of pilgrimage in Old Canada, like that at Ste. Anne de Beaupre; in France, at Notre Dame de Lourdes, where so many miracles have been wrought, but there is another place in this world that is more holy than these—the Holy Land, the land where our Saviour Jesus Christ was born, lived, taught and died for mankind. It is of this land I am to speak."

With the serene enthusiasm of a life-long missionary, Father Lacombe gave the details of the trip bringing their company to Jerusalem. He spoke of the arrival at Marseilles, France, and their picturesque departure from that port, beneath a great statue of the Blessed Virgin at the summit of a great rock guarding the harbor; as the statue faded from view a cannon aboard ship was fired and the pilgrims, 300 in all, and among them 90 priests and Archbishop Langevin, sang "Ave Maris Stella." A great black cross was fastened to the ship's mast, and 25 altars had been erected in the chapel on deck, where the 90 priests each celebrated the Holy Sacrifice every morning. His Grace soon came to be called the primate of the pilgrimage, and Father Lacombe, being the oldest, was appointed chaplain. Every day aboard ship was spent largely in prayer, spiritual conferences and ceremonies; the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, etc.

The old Father described with interesting detail the arrival in the land of the East and the approach overland to Jerusalem:

"Upon arriving at Jerusalem, we left the train and walked to the end of the platform, prostrated ourselves and kissed the ground, that ground for which we had been longing and living to see, that ground where our Saviour taught and walked, working out our redemption. I was the first to have the privilege of saying Mass in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. I passed through the big Basilica and came into a hall about fifty feet square and was then shown into a little room ten feet square—this was the holy place. There stood a small altar on four posts and below was a stone slab, that stone which the angel removed from the Holy Sepulchre at the resurrection of our Lord. I kissed the holy memoir, and then said my Mass, according to the rite followed on Easter Sunday, for this Basilica is a perpetual reminder of that first Easter Sunday when the Saviour arose from His grave and thus proved His Divinity.

"We afterward went to the place of the crucifixion, the spot where the cross was planted, and also visited the stations of the Cross. In every Catholic church in the world we have pictures called 'the Stations,' representing different stages in the passion and death of our Lord, and we follow the "Way of the Cross" with the aid of these reminders of different sufferings of Jesus Christ, but in Jerusalem we saw the actual spots. They were marked by numbers on the houses. At each station we sang hymns and said the prayers you sing here when you make the stations.

"Leaving Jerusalem, the pilgrims were led to the River Jordan. We remember reading of the great wonders

wrought by God through Moses on the banks of the Jordan for His people. We went through to Jericho, a small town, to the place where it is said Jesus was baptized. We said Mass on the spot and then journeyed up the river to the Sea of Galilee, that historical and Biblical body of water. Among several other places we visited was Bethlehem, the city of the nativity of Jesus, where Joseph and Mary came and stopped in a stable, wherein our Lord was born. Then we went up to Nazareth, a fine little town, where the child Jesus spent many years and 'grew in grace and wisdom.' Now we turn our backs to these sacred places and board our boat and turn our prow towards the west. Blessed Jerusalem, good bye, adieu, adieu, Jerusalem, the Holy City and Holy Country; O silent, blessed place, adieu, au revoir!"

This last sentence was given with an ecstatic joy by the venerable speaker; he clasped his hands fervently and poured forth his soul's expression.

Father Lacombe mentioned the Mediterranean ports where their ship touched on return and dwelt on their stay in Rome, where the Archbishop had a private audience with Pope Pius X. He spoke of the Holy Father as the parish priest of the Catholic World and concluded with an exhortation to the faithful to remain true to Him by co-operating and supporting their own parish priests in the religious work.

LEGITIMATE INFERENCES.

(Written for the Northwest Review.)
When a woman can talk of nothing but dress there must be many empty places in her brain.

When a vain, worldly man makes up to the clergy, ten to one he is trying to feather his nest.

When a gushful friend bubbles over with offers that never materialize you had better not bank on his promises.

In election time, when each party paints itself dazzling white and the other party deep black, the reality is probably ashen gray, and you can never get a true picture in black and white.

When your neighbor at table sits all of a heap, intent only on his victuals, and makes no effort to be agreeable, you may set him down as a selfish, ill-bred boor.

The roving, restless eye betrays a suspicious mind, uneasy about the past.

The fellow who struts about as if the whole town belonged to him very likely doesn't own anything but debts.

The gruff, blunt man who first refuses a request and then, after mature reflection, grants it, is worthy of all trust.

The creature of impulse, the slave to likes and dislikes, is not a rational being.

When you have found a patient, prudent friend, you have discovered a pearl of great price.

If years of intercourse have revealed no unsuspected depths of mind or heart there probably are none.

A ruler that allows himself to be swayed by the latest persuasive adviser and reverses his decisions at every step is not fit to command an awkward squad.

The girl whose girl acquaintances all praise her won't have any trouble in getting a good husband if she wants one.

The business man who tries all the newest and best methods without success must lack many of those old virtues that never go out of date.

The overset and abnormally quiet boy, unless he be a saint, will probably develop into a lazy cynic.

THE REINDEER AS AN AID TO THE GOLD PROSPECTOR.

(By James Connolly, in Donahoe's for September.)

To the stout-hearted and sturdy-limbed prospector for gold the reindeer is as indispensable as he is to the missionary, teacher, scientist, or artist. The native Indian, Eskimo, or Lapp makes the reindeer serve every purpose which the horse, ox, cow, mule and donkey serve in other zones. The reindeer's docility enables the traveler to descend mountain steeps which would often be otherwise impassable with a pack sled. At the top of such descent the deer is unhitched from the front of the sled. A rope, made fast to the rear end of the sled, is then hitched round the deer's neck. With a couple of fathoms of stray line the traveler mounts his sled and lets go. By bracing back on his stout

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legs, firm-footed in the snow, the deer steadily restrains and graduates the pace to the bottom of the steep. It is this docility which also enables the seamen on the revenue cutters to handle with comparative ease large herds to be shipped long distances. The throwing down and hobbling process, that is lashing the deer's feet together, looks at first glance to have a measure of cruelty about it. But as a rule sailors are kind to dumb animals and the deer take quite submissively to their temporary captivity.

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