

wharf, and amidst prayers and hymns, heading for the grand basilica that points with its twin steeples to the blue above. He knows that it is no mere vision, no creature of the imagination ; he knows that the realization is at hand. Yes the season of Summer approaches and, with it come the pilgrims from all ends of the continent. The lame, the dumb, the blind, the sufferers from all manner of physical ailments, and the martyrs to spiritual trials and tortures ; all are coming to seek relief at the shrine that has witnessed so many prodigies wrought by the power of God through the intercession of the Good Saint Ann.

Cold must be the heart and dull the mind that cannot beat with a fresh pulsation or glow with an unwonted fervor, in beholding such testimony of the Catholic Faith that abides in the people. The sneer of the unbelieving, the scoff of the incredulous, the laugh of the infidel, the mocking tone of the thoughtless are all so poor, so mean, so insignificant when contrasted with the devotion and the sanctity of that spirit which animates the thousands, and tens of thousands of pilgrims to the Shrine of Saint Ann.

At present, and as far as can be judged from the past, this year — the great year of our Holy Father's jubilee — will behold more pilgrims than ever to the holy shrine ; and naturally, will it witness more miracles — for these boons are proportioned to the fervor and the Faith displayed. It is with a joy, that can find no expression in ordinary language, that we note the approach of this grand season of pilgrimages ; for it is ever a source of untold blessings for the land. The thousands that come to Saint Ann, return to scatter the seeds of a livelier faith on all sides, and the glory of God, and the honor of His Church, are proportionately augmented.

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