

march through France. Bands of pilgrims arrive hourly at the "gare d'Orleans" (railway station), formed in groups according to their dioceses, and accompanied by their priests, their nuns and their sick. The best places are reserved for these last, the greater part of whom have left their sick bed to drag their suffering bodies to Lourdes, and many of whom have received the last sacraments before starting on their pilgrimage.

How long and fatiguing a journey awaits us! The railway-carriages are very inferior in accommodation and ventilation, to our Canadian cars, and the August heat which is suffocating at starting increases in intensity as we penetrate farther South. But no one dreams of complaining, for the practice of patience and cheerfulness form an integral part of the programme, and I have spoken depreciatingly of the French cars in the name of civilisation not from immortification.

At the appointed hour and minute the train starts. On leaving the railway-station each group of pilgrims intones the *Ave Maris Stella*, and then, until bed-time, succeed meditations, telling the beads, pious hymns, evening prayer intermixed with periods of quiet and sensible conversation. When there is any sufficiently long pause at a station, priests, nuns, noble ladies in long white aprons, Marthas indeed through their holy assiduity, come and go in various directions, giving to the sick that nourishment which will enable them to bear the long journey, and holding to their arched lips that cup of cold water which God will bless because it is given in His name.

We had left Paris at half past three in the afternoon, and on our way had sung the *Tantum Ergo* or *O Salutaris* each time that we had perceived the spire of a cathedral, church or chapel. At half past three on Monday morning the train arrived at Poitiers. Every one got out, for the Sunday must be kept holy and even locomotives must be allowed to rest. Besides we were on the spot where lived and died Raco-