

whose sublime accents, *Fortunat de Poitiers* embodied the dolorous triumph of the Saviour of man over the enemy of their salvation, the plaintive notes seeming to penetrate the very soul of those for whom Jesus suffered and died. According to a well-established tradition, I am now on the very spot where for the first time resounded in the ears of angels and of men, that wonderful song which tells of the great victory won by the Conqueror of death and hell. Filled with emotion by these salutary reflections, I praise the God of Mercy who hath redeemed us, and go on my way resolving not only to make my pilgrimage to Lourdes courageously, but also to make still more courageously that far longer and more painful pilgrimage which will only end with my last breath.

The next day, August 20th, I was up by dawn of day, for there was a special pilgrimage to Ligugé, at two or three leagues' distance from Poitiers. The train soon arrived at the station where the Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery, with mitre and crozier, was awaiting the pilgrims. The processional cross between two acolytes headed the procession which advanced towards the abbey-chapel, singing a hymn in honor of St. Martin with the chorus *Sancte, sancte, sancte Martine, ora, ora, ora pro nobis*. The chapel of the celebrated monastery founded by St. Martin, whom St. Hilarius had conducted to this holy place, was soon filled to overflowing by the affluence of pilgrims. The priests said Mass, the faithful received Holy Communion and prayed fervently to the great Pannonian whom France is so proud to count amongst her saints. Whilst waiting the hour of High Mass, we gazed through the grating in the old Abbey, rendered illustrious by the virtues and science of so many humble sons of St. Benedict. Not long since the dwelling-place of Dom Chamard, but now uninhabited by its owners since an impious government has decreed that they shall be banished thence. On the door, however, are the following