

Our time at Saint Ann's is finished, and our hearts are truly regretful as we say. « Au Revoir » (for we mean to come again) to her Shrine, and are whirled away toward Quebec on our homeward journey. We stand on the rear platform of the trolley, and gaze wistfully at the place where peace came to us, until the tall gray towers disappear from view in the white mists of the morning.

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How strangely mysterious is the law that presides over the departure of souls from this world! Young or old, tarnished by vice or resplendent with virtue, they disappear into silence; they go forth without telling who summons them, without saying why or how. Their face suddenly sets towards eternity and looks back on us no more; so irresistible is the beauty that enraptures, or the power that seizes them. A voice has called them in the eternal distance. A sound has vibrated, like a funeral reveille, which they alone can hear. And, while ignorant of what thus absorbs them, we still seek to retain them, to speak to them, noiselessly they escape without bidding us farewell, gliding as invisible phantoms from our loving hand.