

### THE VENICE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

*For the Carmelite Review:*

BUT a few months ago the press of the country and of all Europe as well, told the story of the dedication of the World's Fair. October 21st, 1892, is one of the memorable dates of Chicago. From earliest dawn the people had been astir; excitement and enthusiasm were in the air. Before eight o'clock the street-cars were thronged, would-be passengers decorated the street corner, and as car after car passed out of sight, were fain to foot it down town.

The streets were thronged. But it was not till you reached Michigan avenue and caught sight of the triumphal arch and the auditorium, which was one blaze of color, that one really caught the enthusiasm of the day. For miles the carriages stretched—the bright morning sun lit up the helmets of the cavalry-men as the bugle sounded the order to mount, and line after line formed on the lake front. Half an hour's jostling and good-humored crowding and the city was left behind—the white domes of the World's Fair palaces rose on every side. 15,000 people under one roof, and yet a two minutes' walk brought one to silence and solitude amid those grassy lawns and picturesque winding-paths. But silence and order were out of place on Oct. 21. The veriest cynic of them all must have felt that enthusiasm wonderfully infectious. There in the centre, like a mighty white monster from the deep, stretched the Manufacturers' Building. Across the many bridges that spanned the lagoon the crowds surged and swept under the columns of Mercury; while like a smooth-flowing stream marched the soldiers with shining sabres and nodding plumes. In the medley of tunes triumphed the strains of *The Star Spangled Banner*,

“ Whose stripes and bright  
Stars thro' the perilous fight  
O'er the rampart we watched  
Were so gallantly streaming;  
And the rockets' red glare, the  
Bombs bursting in air  
Gave proof thro' the night that our  
Flag was still there.”

The scene inside the Manufacturers' Building has been too often described to need comment here. The vast chorus at one end, so soon discovered to be not vast enough, the distinguished visitors on the stage, the sea of up-tur ed faces,— the moment most thrilling of all when by sudden impulse every handkerchief in the hall was waved, and a miniature snow storm seemed to have fallen from on high,— needs no description.

Two facts were, however, significant. Not only was the Woman's Building the first erected at the Fair, but the Dedication ODE was written by a woman, and the Dedication Ceremonies were closed by the prayer of a Catholic Cardinal in all the scarlet regalia of his office.

These two facts may be taken as an omen of the future. In the vanguard of the world she walks, this young giant City of the West. She is modern, she is progressive, she is of the future, and in none of these does she show herself more so than in her attitude towards Woman and Catholicity.

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### Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

BY THE REV. J. B. BROWN, OF AKRON, OHIO.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

IN the year 1890 I had the happiness to make a pilgrimage to Egypt and Palestine. I had the honor of joining the French pilgrims, who leave Marseilles on the second Sunday after Easter. We numbered about 400. On the morning of April 19th we assembled in the beautiful church of Notre Dame de la Garde, where we received the red crosses and the blessing of the good and venerable Bishop of Marseilles. We left about eleven o'clock on the same day for Alexandria, where we arrived about two o'clock on the afternoon of April 23rd. The Christian Brothers, with their pupils, and the Sisters of Charity awaited our arrival, and accompanied us in procession through the principal streets of Alexandria. Having arrived at the grand and beautiful