



The Time of Pilgrimage.

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THE seasons are regular, and each thing in all this vast creation has its special time to flourish, to decay, to repose and to revive. From the very beginning of time the sun has daily arisen, has passed to its noon-tide splendor, and has gone down in the west; nature has clothed herself in the garments of spring, has put on the flaming robes of summer, has donned the brown and yellow of autumn, has slept in winter's winding-sheet of snow white texture, and has again came forth, to wear the bridal robes of rejuvenation. There has never been a moment's hesitation, in all God's universe, nor one retrograde movement.

God bade the sun, with step sublime, Advance ;
He whispered in the listening ear of Time, Advance ;
He said unto the myriad twinkling stars, Advance ;
Revoling in their silver shining cars, Advance ;
Sun, Time and stars, and all —
At that omnipotent call, Advance.

And so it is with the affairs of life, be they temporal or spiritual. The hour comes and man mories and a supreme voice tells him that there is no turning back. The winter has gone; the dawn of Easter glory has flashed on the world: the whole of nature is once more jubilant. The rivers have been freed from their barriers of ice, and the great ships begin to go and come, bearing the products of otherlands and peoples of other climes or our shores.

The peasant, who stands on the hill slope, near the shrine of Saint Ann, looks out on the blue St. Lawrence rolling seaward, and detects the ocean steamers and the glinting sails as they dot the horizon, and grow larger as they approach. He also sees the steamboats that soon will be carrying their precious freight of faith-inspired pilgrims to the hallowed spot where the good Saint has performed so many astounding miracles in the years that are gone. He sees those long processions of Catholic devotion winding up-ward from the distant