

A month later a young girl from Glen's Falls, New York, received her sight whilst standing, in rapt adoration, before the statue of Ste. Anne, whither she had been led by sympathizing friends.

The following incident I have upon the testimony of one of the most intelligent and well-informed French Canadians I have ever met, who witnessed it with his own eyes, and related it to me. Three years ago a well-to-do farmer, living about ten miles above Quebec, who had been dumb, but not deaf, from his birth, determined to try if Ste Anne would vouchsafe him relief. Accordingly, bare-footed, bare-headed, coatless, and fasting, he walked the entire distance to her shrine. Fainting, but full of faith, he wrote out his confession upon the slate he always carried, attended mass, received the communion, and then lay down to rest. Next morning he was one of the first at the communion service. The church was crowded with reverent worshipers. Suddenly the service was broken in upon by a strange, half-articulate shout that startled every one. All eyes were turned toward the spot whence it came, and there, with countenance whose exultant brightness transcended all expression, stood the mute, a mute no longer, giving vent to his emotions in joyful ejaculations that filled the edifice. Thenceforward he spoke freely, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said to my informant:

"Ah, sir, won't my boys be glad to hear my voice!"

With these and a hundred like marvels to kindle and sustain their faith, one can readily conceive with what sincerity the myriad pilgrims, scorning the logic of unimpressionable rationalists, chant their canticles in honor of their patron saint

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